A Jacobite Exile

G. A. Henty

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"YOU WON'T TELL YOUR FATHER?" CICELEY ASKED EAGERLY.

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A JACOBITE EXILE:

BEING

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN IN THE SERVICE OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

BY

G. A. HENTY,

Author of "Beric the Briton;" "The Dash for Khartoum;" "The Lion of St. Mark;" "With Clive in India;" &c.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL HARDY, AND MAP OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

MY DEAR LADS,

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

Yours sincerely,

G. A. HENTY.

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CONTENTS.

CHAP.		Page
I.	A SPY IN THE HOUSEHOLD,	11
II.	DENOUNCED,	30
III.	A RESCUE,	49
IV.	IN SWEDEN,	68
V.	NARVA,	86
VI.	A PRISONER,	103
VII.	EXCHANGED,	122
VIII.	THE PASSAGE OF THE DWINA,	140
IX.	IN WARSAW,	160
X.	IN EVIL PLIGHT,	180
XI.	WITH BRIGANDS,	199
XII.	TREED BY WOLVES,	218
XIII.	A RESCUED PARTY,	237
XIV.	THE BATTLE OF CLISSOW,	255
XV.	AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE,	273
XVI.	IN ENGLAND AGAIN,	291
XVII.	THE NORTH COACH,	307
XVIII.	A CONFESSION,	325

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page

"You won't tell your father?" Ciceley asked eagerly, *Frontis.* 23

Charlie and his Friends rescue Sir Marmaduke, . . 62

Storming the Intrenchments at Narva, ... 94

"It is as much as I can do to keep my saddle,". . . 133

Charlie encounters Ben Soloman in the Wood, . . . 195

Charlie and the Travellers are surrounded by Wolves, 239

"The King of Sweden speaks very highly of you both," 318

Charlie comes Home again, ... 347

Map of Central Europe, ... *to face* p. 10

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A JACOBITE EXILE.

CHAPTER I.

A SPY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

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

Sir Marmaduke was at that time only a child, but he still remembered how the Roundhead soldiers had lorded it there when his father was away fighting with the army of the king; how they had seated themselves at the board, and had ordered his mother about as if she had been a scullion, jeering her with cruel words as to what would have been the fate of her husband if they had caught him there, until, though but eight years old, he had smitten one of the troopers as he sat, with all his force. What had happened after that he did not recollect, for it was not until a week

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after the Roundheads had ridden away that he found himself in his bed, with his mother sitting beside him and his head bandaged with cloths dipped in water. He always maintained that had the house been fortified it could have held out until help arrived, although in later years his father assured him that it was well it was not in a position to offer a defence.

"We were away down south, Marmaduke, and the Roundheads were masters of this district at the time; they would have battered the place around your mother's ears, and, likely as not, have burnt it to the ground. As it was, I came back here to find it whole and safe, except that the crop-eared scoundrels had, from pure wantonness, destroyed the pictures and hacked most of the furniture to pieces. I took no part in the later risings, seeing that they were hopeless, and therefore preserved my property when many others were ruined. No, Marmaduke, it is just as well that the house was not fortified. I believe in fighting when there is some chance, even a slight one, of success, but I regard it as an act of folly to throw away a life when no good can come of it."

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

From that time he became a strong Jacobite, and emptied his glass nightly "to the king over the water." In the north

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

"It is enough to drive one to become a Whig," he exclaimed. "I am ready to fight Dutch William, for he occupies the place of my rightful sovereign, but I have no private feud with him, and if I had I would run any man through who ventured to propose to me a plot to assassinate him. Such scoundrels as Barclay would bring disgrace on the best cause in the world. Had I heard as much as a whisper of it I would have buckled on my sword and ridden to London to warn the Dutchman of his danger. However, as it seems that Barclay had but some forty men with him, most of them foreign desperadoes, the Dutchman must see that English gentlemen, however ready to fight against him fairly, would have no hand in so dastardly a plot as this.

"Look you, Charlie, keep always in mind that you bear the name of our martyred king, and be ready ever to draw your sword in the cause of the Stuarts, whether it be ten

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years hence or forty that their banner is hoisted again; but keep yourself free from all plots except those that deal with fair and open warfare. Have no faith whatever in politicians, who are ever ready to use the country gentry as an instrument for gaining their own ends. Deal with your neighbours, but mistrust strangers from whomsoever they may say they come."

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

"The boy is a chip of the old block, cousin, and he did right. I myself struck a blow at the king's enemies when I was but eight years old, and got my skull well-nigh cracked for my pains. It is well that the lads were not four years older, for then instead of taking to fisticuffs their swords would have been out, and, as my boy has for the last four years been exercised daily in the use of his weapon, it might happen that instead of Alured coming home with a black eye, and, as you say, a missing tooth, he might have been carried home with a sword-thrust through his body. It was, to my mind, entirely the fault of your son. I should have blamed Charlie had he called the king at Westminster Dutch William, for although each man has a right to his own opinions, he has no right to offend those of others—besides, at present it is as well to keep a quiet tongue as to a matter that words cannot set right. In the

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same way your son had no right to offend others by calling James Stuart the Pretender.

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

John Dormay did not reply hastily—it was his policy to keep on good terms with his wife's cousin, for the knight was a man of far higher consideration in the county than himself. His smile, however, was not a pleasant one as he rose and said, "My mission has hardly terminated as I expected, Sir Marmaduke. I came to complain, and I go away advised somewhat sharply."

"Tut, tut, man!" the knight said. "I speak only for the lad's good, and I am sure that you cannot but feel the truth of what I have said. What does Alured want to make enemies for? It may be that it was only my son who openly resented his ill-timed remarks, but you may be sure that others were equally displeased, and maybe their resentment will last much longer than that which was quenched in a fair

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stand-up fight. Certainly, there need be no malice between the boys. Alured's defeat may even do him good, for he cannot but feel that it is somewhat disgraceful to be beaten by one nearly a head shorter than he."

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

"He is a disagreeable fellow," Sir Marmaduke said to himself, as he watched John Dormay ride slowly away through the park, "and if it were not that he is husband to my cousin Celia, I would have nought to do with him. She is my only kinswoman, and were aught to happen to Charlie, that lout, her son, would be the heir of Lynnwood. I should never rest quiet in my grave were a Whig master here. I would much rather that he had spoken wrathfully when I straightly gave him my opinion of the boy, who is growing up an ill-conditioned cub; it would have been more honest. I hate to see a man smile when I know that he would fain swear. I like my cousin Celia, and I like her little daughter Ciceley, who takes after her, and not after John Dormay; but I would that the fellow lived on the other side of England. He is out of his place here, and though men do not speak against him in my presence, knowing that he is a sort of kinsman, I have never heard one say a good word for him.

"It is not only because he is a Whig; there are other Whig gentry in the neighbourhood against whom I bear no ill-will, and can meet at a social board in friendship. It would be hard if politics were to stand between neighbours. It is Dormay's manner that is against him. If he were anyone but Celia's husband, I would say that he is a smooth-faced knave, though I altogether lack proof

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of my words, beyond that he has added half a dozen farms to his estate, and in each case there were complaints that, although there was nothing contrary to the law, it was by sharp practice that he obtained possession, lending money freely in order to build houses and fences and drains, and then directly a pinch came demanding the return of his advance.

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

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

To Sir Marmaduke's disappointment three more years went on without the position changing in any way. Mes-

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sengers went and came between France and the English Jacobites, but no movement was made. The failure of the assassination plot had strengthened William's hold on the country, for Englishmen love fair play and hate assassination, so that many who had hitherto been opponents of William of Orange now ranged themselves on his side, declaring they could no longer support a cause that used assassination as one of its weapons. More zealous Jacobites, although they regretted the assassination plot, and were as vehement of their denunciations of its authors as were the Whigs, remained staunch in their fidelity to "the king over the water," maintaining stoutly that his majesty knew nothing whatever of this foul plot, and that his cause was in no way affected by the misconduct of a few men who happened to be among its adherents.

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

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

Therefore, once a week or so, Charlie rode over early to Rockley, which was some five miles distant, and brought

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

Ciceley never troubled her head about the matter; her visits to Lynnwood were very pleasant to her. She was two years younger than Charlie Carstairs; and although when he had once brought her to the house he considered that his duties were over until the hour arrived for her return, he was sometimes ready to play with her, escort her round the garden, or climb the trees for fruit or birds' eggs for her. Such little courtesies she never received from Alured, who was four years her senior, and who never interested himself in the slightest degree in her. He was now past eighteen, and was beginning to regard himself as a man, and had, to Ciceley's satisfaction, gone a few weeks before to London to stay with an uncle who had a place at court, and was said to be much in the confidence of some of the Whig lords.

Sir Marmaduke was about this time more convinced than ever that ere long the heir of the Stuarts would come over from France with men, arms, and money, and would rally round him the Jacobites of England and Scotland. Charlie

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saw but little of him, for he was frequently absent from early morning until late at night, riding to visit friends in Westmoreland and Yorkshire, sometimes being away two or three days at a time. Of an evening there were meetings at Lynnwood, and at these strangers who arrived after nightfall were often present. Charlie was not admitted to any of these gatherings.

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

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

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

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

It was indeed but a short time until he returned.

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

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

"Don't you?" the boy said carelessly. "I have not noticed him much; he has not been many months with us. What are you thinking of?" he asked a minute later, seeing that his cousin looked troubled.

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

"I should rather think he doesn't," Charlie laughed. "There is no secret about that, Ciceley; but they don't quarrel over it. Last time your father and mother came over here I dined with them for the first time, and I noticed there was not a single word said about politics. They chatted over the crops, and the chances of a war in Europe, and of the quarrel between Holstein and Denmark, and whether the young king of Sweden would aid the duke

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who seems to be threatened by Saxony as well as by Denmark. I did not know anything about it, and thought it was rather stupid; but my father and yours both seemed of one mind, and were as good friends as if they were in equal agreement on all other points. But what has that to do with Nicholson, for that is the man's name who came out just now?"

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

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

"But it concerns you and Sir Marmaduke."

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

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

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

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"It has to do with it," she said pettishly, starting the swing afresh, and then relapsing into silence until it again came to a stand-still. "I think you ought to know," she said suddenly. "You see, Charlie, Sir Marmaduke is very kind to me, and I love him dearly, and so I do you, and I think you ought to know, although it may be nothing at all."

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

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

"I daresay not, Ciceley. He does not wait at table, but is under the steward, and helps clean the silver. He waits when we have several friends to dinner. At other times he does not often come into the room. What you tell me is certainly curious. What can he have to say to your father?"

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

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

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

"I shall not tell him. You need not be afraid that what you have told me will come out. It is curious, and that is all, and I will look after the fellow a bit. Don't think anything more about it. It is just the sort of thing it is well

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to know, but I expect there is no harm in it one way or the other. Of course he must have known your father before he came to us, and may have business of some sort with him. He may have a brother or some other relation who wants to take one of your father's farms. Indeed, there are a hundred things he might want to see him about. But still, I am glad you have told me."

In his own mind Charlie thought much more seriously of it than he pretended. He knew that at present his father was engaged heart and soul in a projected Jacobite rising. He knew that John Dormay was a bitter Whig. He believed that he had a grudge against his father, and the general opinion of him was that he was wholly unscrupulous. That he should, then, be in secret communication with a servant at Lynnwood, struck him as a very serious matter indeed. Charlie was not yet sixteen, but his close companionship with his father had rendered him older than most lads of his age. He was as warm a Jacobite as his father, but the manner in which William with his Dutch troops had crushed the great Jacobite rebellion in Ireland, seemed to him a lesson that the prospects of success in England were much less certain than his father believed them to be. John Dormay, as an adherent of William, would be interested in thwarting the proposed movement, with the satisfaction of, at the same time, bringing Sir Marmaduke into disgrace. Charlie could hardly believe that his cousin would be guilty of setting a spy to watch his father, but it was certainly possible, and as he thought the matter over as he rode back after escorting Ciceley to her home, he resolved to keep a sharp watch over the doings of this man Nicholson.

"It would never do to tell my father what Ciceley said. He would bundle the fellow out neck and crop, and perhaps break some of his bones, and then it would be traced to her. She has not a happy home as it is, and it would be

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far worse if her father knew that it was she who had put us on our guard. I must find out something myself, and then we can turn him out without there being the least suspicion that Ciceley is mixed up in it."

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

"If this fellow is a spy," Charlie said to himself, "he will be wanting to hear what is said, and to do so he must either hide himself in the room or listen at the door or at one of the windows. It is not likely that he will get into the room, for to do that he must have hidden himself before supper began. I don't think he would dare to listen at the door, for anyone passing through the hall would catch him at it. It must be at one of the windows."

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

In five minutes he heard a twig snap, and then a figure came along noiselessly and placed itself at the window. Charlie gave him but a moment to listen, then he sprang forward, and with his whole strength brought his cudgel

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down upon the man's head. He fell like a stone. Charlie threw open the window, and as he did so the curtain was torn back by his father, the sound of the blow and the fall having reached the ears of those within. Sir Marmaduke had drawn his sword, and was about to leap through the window when Charlie exclaimed:

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

"Well done, my boy! Bring lights, please, gentlemen; let us see what villain we have got here." But as he spoke Charlie's head suddenly disappeared, and a sharp exclamation broke from him as he felt his ankles grasped and his feet pulled from under him. He came down with such a crash that for a moment he was unable to rise. He heard a rustling in the bushes, and then his father leapt down beside him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But how came you here, Charlie?"

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"I will tell you that afterwards, father,—don't ask me now;" for at this moment some of the others were coming up. Several of them had torches, and as they approached Sir Marmaduke saw something lying on the ground under the window. He picked it up.

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

"He fell so suddenly when I hit him that I thought I had either killed or stunned him; but of course I had not, for it was but a moment after, when I was speaking to you, that I felt my ankles seized and I went down with a crash. I heard him make off through the bushes; but I was for the moment almost dazed, and could do nothing to stop him."

"Was the window open when he came?"

"Yes, sir, two or three inches."

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

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

Sir Marmaduke looked at Charlie.

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

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fellow stole quietly up and placed his ear at the opening of the casement, and you may be sure that I gave him no time to listen to what was being said."

"Well, we had better go in," Sir Marmaduke said. "There is no fear of our being overheard this evening. Charlie, do you take old Banks aside and tell him what has happened, and then go with him to the room where that fellow slept, and make a thorough search of any clothes he may have left behind, and of the room itself. Should you find any papers or documents, you will, of course, bring them down to me."

But the closest search by Charlie and the old butler produced no results. Not a scrap of paper of any kind was found, and Banks said that he knew the man could neither read nor write. The party below soon broke up, considerable uneasiness being felt by all at the incident of the evening. When the last of them had left Charlie was sent for.

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

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

"So the worthy Master John Dormay has set a spy upon me," Sir Marmaduke said bitterly. "I knew the man was

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a knave—that is public property—but I did not think that he was capable of this. Well, I am glad that at any rate no suspicion can fall upon Ciceley in the matter; but it is serious, lad, very serious. We do not know how long this fellow has been prying and listening, or how much he may have learnt. I don't think it can be much. We talked it over, and my friends all agreed with me that they do not remember those curtains having been drawn before. To begin with, the evenings are shortening fast, and at our meeting last week we finished our supper by daylight; and had the curtains been drawn it would have been noticed, for we had need of light before we finished. Two of the gentlemen who were sitting facing the window declared that they remembered distinctly that it was open. Mr. Jervoise says that he thought to himself that if it was his place he would have the trees cut away there, for they shut out the light. Therefore, although it is uncomfortable to think that there has been a spy in the house for some months, we have every reason to hope that our councils have not been overheard. Were it otherwise I should lose no time in making for the coast and taking ship to France, to wait quietly there until the king comes over."

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

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

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CHAPTER II.

DENOUNCED.

"CHARLIE," Sir Marmaduke said on the following morning at breakfast, "it is quite possible that that villain who acted as spy, and that other villain who employed him—I need not mention names—may swear an information against me, and I may be arrested on the charge of being concerned in a plot. I am not much afraid of it if they do. The most they could say is that I was prepared to take up arms if his majesty crossed from France; but as there are thousands and thousands of men ready to do the same, they may fine me, perhaps, but I should say that is all. However, what I want to say to you is, keep out of the way if they come. I shall make light of the affair, while you, being pretty hot-tempered, might say things that would irritate them, while they could be of no assistance to me. Therefore, I would rather that you were kept out of it altogether. I shall want you here; in my absence there must be somebody to look after things. Mind that rascal John Dormay does not put his foot inside the house while I am away. That fellow is playing some deep game, though I don't quite know what it is. I suppose he wants to win the good-will of the authorities by showing his activity and zeal; and of course he will imagine that no one has any idea that he has been in communication with this spy. We have got a hold over him, and when I come

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back I will have it out with him. He is not popular now, and if it were known that he had been working against me, his wife's kinsman, behind my back, my friends about here would make the country too hot to hold him."

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

"Yes, you are right there. I will be careful that he shall not know the little maid has anything to do with it. But we will think of that afterwards; maybe nothing will come of it after all. But if anything does, mind, my orders are that you keep away from the house while they are in it. When you come back Banks will tell you what has happened. You had better take your horse and go for a ride now. Not over there, Charlie. I know if you happened to meet that fellow he would read in your face that you knew the part he had been playing, and should nothing come of the business I don't want him to know that at present. The fellow can henceforth do us no harm, for we shall be on our guard against eaves-droppers; and for the sake of cousin Celia and the child I do not want an open breach. I do not see the man often myself, and I will take good care I don't put myself in the way of meeting him, for the present at any rate. Don't ride over there to-day."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"Hullo, Banks, what is it—no bad news, I hope?" And he leapt from his horse, alarmed at the pallor of the old butler's face.

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

"Why shouldn't I go the house?"

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

"And my father?"

"They have taken him away."

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

The butler shook his head sadly. "It is worse than that, Master Charles; it is worse than you think."

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

"Well, sir, at three this afternoon two magistrates, John Cockshaw and William Peters" ("Both bitter Whigs," Charlie put in) "rode up to the door. They had with them six constables and twenty troopers."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sir Marmaduke was angry now. 'I can guess the name of the dog who signed it,' he said, 'and kinsman though he is by marriage I will force the lie down his throat.' Then he cooled down again. 'Well, gentlemen, you have to do your duty. What do you desire next?'

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

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

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

"'We will first go into the study,' John Cockshaw said; and I led them there. They went straight to the cabinet with the pull-down desk, where Sir Marmaduke writes when he does write, which is not often. It was locked, and I went to Sir Marmaduke for the key.

"'You will find it in that French vase on the mantel,' he

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said; 'I don't open the desk once in three months, and should lose the key if I carried it with me.'

"I went to the mantel, turned the vase over, and the key dropped out. 'Sir Marmaduke has nothing to hide, gentlemen,' I said, 'so you see he keeps the key here.' I went to the cabinet and put the key in. As I did so I said, 'Look, gentlemen, someone has opened or tried to open this desk. Here is a mark as if a knife had been thrust in to shoot the bolt.' They looked where I pointed, and William Peters said to Cockshaw, 'It is as the man says. Someone has been trying to force the lock—one of the varlets probably who thought the knight might keep his money here.'

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

"'Probably not, Mr. Cockshaw, but at the same time I will make a note of it.' I turned the key and pulled down the door that makes a desk. They seemed to know all about it, for without looking at the papers in the pigeonholes they pulled open the lower drawer, and took two foreign-looking letters out from it. I will do them the justice to say that they both looked sorry as they opened them and looked at the writing.

"'It is too true,' Peters said. 'Here is enough to hang a dozen men.' They tumbled all the other papers into a sack that one of the constables had brought with him. Then they searched all the other furniture, but they evidently did not expect to find anything. Then they went back into the hall. 'Well, gentlemen,' Sir Marmaduke said, 'have you found anything of a terrible kind?'

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

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ago to assassinate his majesty the king.' Sir Marmaduke sprang to his feet.

"'You have found letters of that kind in my cabinet?' he said, in a dazed sort of way. The magistrate bowed but did not speak.

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

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

"Sir Marmaduke unbuckled his sword and laid it by. He was quieter than I thought he could be in such a strait, for he has always been by nature, as you know, choleric. 'I am ready, gentlemen,' he said. Peters whispered in Cock shaw's ear. 'Ah yes,' the other said, 'I had well-nigh for gotten,' and he turned to me. 'Where is Master Charles Carstairs?' 'He is not in the house,' I said. 'He rode away this morning and did not tell me where he was going.' 'When do you expect him back?' 'I do not expect him at all,' I said. 'When Master Charles rides out to visit his friends he sometimes stays away for a day or two.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They might not believe it in their hearts, but people often believe what suits their interest. This accusation

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touches Sir Marmaduke's life, and his estate, even if his life were spared, would be confiscated. In such a case it might be granted to anyone, and possibly even to the son of him they would call the traitor. But the accusation that the son was concerned, or was at any rate privy to the crime intended by the father, would set all against him, and public opinion would approve of the estates passing away from him altogether. But now, sir, what do you think you had best do?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, sir, you count four bricks below that, and you press hard on the next, that is the fifth, then you will hear a click, then you press hard with your heel at the corner, in the angle, of the flag below, and you will find the other corner rise. Then you get hold of it and lift it up, and below there is a stone chamber two feet long and about eighteen inches wide and deep. It was made to conceal papers in the old days, and I believe food was always kept there in case the chamber had to be used in haste. Sir Marmaduke uses it as a store-place for his money. He has laid by a good deal every year, knowing that money would be wanted when troops had to be raised. I was with him about three weeks ago when he put in there half the rents that had been paid in. So if you want money for any purpose you will know where to find it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Unfortunately that is not the charge against my father. It is a much more serious business." And Charlie repeated the substance of what Banks had told him, interrupted occasionally by indignant ejaculations from Mr Jervoise.

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

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

"I am afraid that will be the case. It is serious for us

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all," Mr. Jervoise said thoughtfully. "That man will be prepared to swear that he heard the plot discussed by us all. They seized your father to-day as being the principal and most important of those concerned in it, but we may all find ourselves in the same case to-morrow. I must think it over. It is well that your man warned you. You had best not stay here to-night, for the house may be surrounded at daybreak. Harry shall go over with you to one of my tenants, and you can both sleep there. It will not be necessary for you to leave for another two or three hours. You had better go to him now; supper will be served in half an hour. I will talk with you again afterwards."

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

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

"He deserves it, Harry; and if I thought it would do good I would gladly fight him, but I fear that it would do harm. Such a scoundrel must needs be a coward, and he might call for aid, and I might be dragged off to Lancaster. Moreover, he is Ciceley's father, and my cousin Celia's husband, and were I to kill him it would separate me altogether from them. However, I shall in all things be guided by your father, he will know what best ought to be done. It is likely that he, too, may be arrested. This is evidently a deep plot, and your father thinks that, although the papers alone may not be sufficient to convict my father, the spy we had in our house will be ready to swear that he heard your father and mine and the others making arrangements for the murder of William of Orange, and their own word to the contrary would count but little against such evidence backed by those papers."

They talked together for half-an-hour, and were then sum-

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moned to supper. Nothing was said upon the subject until the servitors had retired and the meal was cleared away. Mr. Jervoise was, like Sir Marmaduke, a widower.

"I have been thinking it all over," he said when they were alone. "I have determined to ride at once to consult some of my friends, and to warn them of what has taken place. That is clearly my duty. I shall not return until I learn whether warrants are out for my apprehension. Of course, the evidence is not so strong against me as it is against Sir Marmaduke, still the spy's evidence would tell as much against me as against him. You will go up, Harry, with your friend to Pincot's farm. It lies so far in the hills that it would probably be one of the last to be searched, and if a very sharp look-out is kept there, a body of men riding up the valley would be seen over a mile away, and there would be plenty of time to take to the hills. There Charlie had better remain until he hears from me.

"You can return here, Harry, in the morning, for there is no probability whatever of your being included in any warrant of arrest; it could only relate to us who were in the habit of meeting at Sir Marmaduke's. You will ride over to the farm each day, and tell Charlie any news you may have learnt, or take any message I may send you for him. We must do nothing hastily. The first thing to learn, if possible, is whether any of us are included in the charge of being concerned in a plot against William's life. In the next place, who are the witnesses, and what evidence they intend to give. No doubt the most important is the man who was placed as a spy at Sir Marmaduke's."

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

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

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

"Lancaster jail is a very strong place," Mr. Jervoise said, "and I fear there is no possibility of rescuing him from it. Of course, at present we cannot say where the trial will take place. A commission may be sent down to hold a special assizes at Lancaster, or the trial may take place in London. At any rate nothing whatever can be done until we know more. I have means of learning what takes place at Lancaster, for we have friends there as well as at most other places. When I hear from them the exact nature of the charge, the evidence that will be given, and the names of those accused of being mixed up in this pretended plot, I shall be better able to say what is to be done. Now I must mount and ride without further delay. I have to visit all our friends who met at Lynnwood, and it will take me until to-morrow morning to see and confer with them."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I shall be looking out for you, Harry. Remember, it

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will be horribly dull for me up here, wondering and fretting as to what is going on."

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

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

Charlie sprang to his feet.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Master Harry bade me tell you, sir, that a magistrate and four constables and ten soldier men came to-day at nine o'clock. He had returned but a half-hour when they rode up. They had an order for the arrest of Mr. Jervoise, and have been searching the house high and low for papers. No one is allowed to leave the place, but Master Harry came out to the stables and gave me his orders, and I did not find much difficulty in slipping out without their noticing me. Mr. Harry said that he had no news of Mr. Jervoise, nor any other news save what I have told you. He bade me return at once, as later on he may want to send me again. I was to be most careful that no one should see me when I got back, and if I was caught I was on no account to say where I had been to."

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

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

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

It was not until after dark that the messenger returned.

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

Charlie was very glad to hear this. Harry could, of

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

He was longing to be doing something. It seemed intolerable to him that he should be wandering aimlessly among the hills, while his father was lying in Lancaster with a charge affecting his life hanging over him. What he could do he knew not, but anything would be better than doing nothing. Mr. Jervoise had seemed to think that it was out of the question to attempt a rescue from Lancaster; but surely if he could get together forty or fifty determined fellows, a sudden assault upon the place might be successful. Then he set to work reckoning up the grooms, the younger tenants, and the sons of the older ones, and jotted down the names of twenty-seven who he thought might join in the attempt.

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

The next morning the hours seemed endless. Half a dozen times he went restlessly in and out, walking a little distance up the hill rising from the valley, and returning again with the vain idea that Mr. Jervoise might have arrived. Still more slowly did the time appear to go after dinner. He was getting into a fever of impatience and anxiety, when

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about five o'clock he saw a figure coming down the hillside from the right. It was too far away to recognize with certainty, but by the rapid pace at which he descended the hill he had little doubt that it was Harry, and he at once started at the top of his speed to meet him. The doubt was soon changed into a certainty. When, a few hundred yards up the hill, he met his friend both were almost breathless. Harry was the first to gasp out:

"Has my father arrived?"

"Not yet.

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

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CHAPTER III.

A RESCUE.

THE two lads walked slowly down the hill together. Harry had heard no more than Charlie had done of what was going on. The messenger from his father was a young fellow of seventeen or eighteen, with a gipsy face and appearance; how he had managed to elude the vigilance of the men on watch Harry did not know. He himself had only learnt his presence when, as he passed some bushes in the garden, a sharp whisper made him stop, and a moment later a hand was thrust through the foliage. He took the little note held out, and caught sight of the lad's face through the leaves as he leant forward and said—"Go on, sir, without stopping; they may be watching you."

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

"I don't know whether I could get as many men as you say, Charlie. I don't think I could. If my father were in prison as well as yours I am sure that most of the young fellows on the estate would gladly help to rescue him, but it would be a different thing when it came to risking their

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lives for anyone else. Of course I don't know, but it does not seem to me that fifty men would be of any use at all towards taking Lancaster Castle. It always seemed to me a tremendously strong place."

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

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

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

It was not until eight o'clock that Mr. Jervoise arrived. He looked grievously tired and worn out, but he spoke cheerfully as he came in. "I have had a busy two days of it, boys, as you may guess. I have no particularly good news to tell you, but on the other hand I have no bad news. I was in time to warn all our friends, and when the soldiers came for them in the morning it was only to find that their nests were empty. They have been searching the houses of all Sir Marmaduke's tenants, Charlie, and questioning man, woman, and child as to whether they have seen you. Ah! here is supper, and I am nearly famished. However, I can go on talking while I eat. I should have been here sooner, but I have been waiting for the return of the messenger I sent to Lancaster

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"Yesterday morning there was an examination of your father, Charlie, or rather an examination of the testimony against him. First the two letters that were discovered were put in. Without having got them word for word, my informer was able to give me the substance of them. Both were unsigned, and professed to have been written in France. The first is dated three months back. It alludes to a conversation that somebody is supposed to have had with Sir Marmaduke, and states that the agent who had visited him, and who is spoken of as Mr. H——, had assured them that your father was perfectly ready to join in any well-conceived design for putting a stop to the sufferings that afflicted the country through the wars into which the foreign intruder had plunged it, even though the plan entailed the removal of the usurper. The writer assured Sir Marmaduke of the satisfaction that such an agreement on his part had caused at Saint Germains, and had heightened the high esteem in which Sir Marmaduke was held for his long fidelity to the cause of his majesty. It then went on to state that a plan had been already formed, and that several gentlemen in the south were deeply pledged to carry it out, but that it was thought specially advisable that some from the north should also take part in it, as from their persons being unknown near the court they could act with more surety and safety. They would, therefore, be glad if he would take counsel with the friends he had mentioned as to what might seem to them the best course of proceeding. There was no occasion for any great haste, and indeed some weeks must elapse before the blow was struck, in order that preparations should be made in France for taking instant advantage of it.

"The rest of the letter was to the same purpose, but was really a repetition of it. The second letter was dated some time later, and was as before an answer to one the knight was supposed to have written. It highly approved of the

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suggestions therein made, that Sir Marmaduke and his friends should travel separately and at a few days' interval to London, and should take lodgings there in different parts of the town, and await the signal to assemble near Richmond when it was known that the king would go hunting there. It said that special note had been made of the offer of Sir Marmaduke's son to mingle among the king's attendants and to fire the first shot, as in the confusion he would be able to escape, and being but a boy, as he said, none would be able to recognize him afterwards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Having agreed to take this course, we drew up a document, which we all signed, and which will be sent in when we have got clear away. In it we declare that being informed that accusations of being concerned in a plot against the life of William of Orange have been brought against us, we declare solemnly before God that we, and also Sir Marmaduke Carstairs and his son, are wholly innocent of the charge, and that although we do not hesitate to declare that we consider the title of the said William to be king of this realm to be wholly unfounded and without reason, and should therefore take up arms openly against it on behalf of our sovereign did occasion offer, yet that we hold assassination in abhorrence, and that the crime with which we are charged is as hateful in our sight as in that of any Whig gentleman. As, however, we are charged, as we learn, by evilly disposed and wicked persons, of this design, and

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have no means of proving our innocence, we are forced to leave the realm until such time shall arrive when we can rely on a fair trial, when our reputation and honour will weigh against the word of suborned perjurers and knaves.

"We were not forgetful of your father's case, and we debated long as to whether our remaining here could do him service. We even discussed the possibility of raising a force and attacking Lancaster Castle. We agreed, however, that this would be nothing short of madness. The country is wholly unprepared at present. The Whigs are on the alert, and such an attempt would cost the lives of most of those concerned in it; besides we are all sure that Sir Marmaduke would be the first to object to numbers of persons risking their lives in an attempt which, even if for the moment successful, must bring ruin upon all concerned in it. Nor do we see that were we to remain and to stand in the dock beside him, it would aid him. Our word would count for no more than would this protest and denial that we have signed together. A prisoner's plea of not guilty has but a feather's weight against sworn evidence.

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

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a close one. During the day we will go far up over the hills, but to-morrow night we will make for Lancaster. I have warned friends there to expect us, and it is the last place where they would think of searching for us."

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

"Yes, I intend to take you with me, Harry. They will pretend, of course, that in spite of our assertions of innocence, our flight is a confession of guilt, and you may be sure that we shall be condemned in our absence, and our estates declared confiscated, and bestowed upon some of William's minions. There will be no place for you here. My own plans are laid. As you know, your mother came from the other side of the border, and a cousin of hers, with whom I am well acquainted, has gone over to Sweden, and holds a commission in the army that the young king is raising to withstand Russia and Saxony; for both are thinking of taking goodly slices of his domains. I could not sit down quietly in exile, and being but forty I am not too old for service, and shall take a commission if I can obtain it. There are many Scottish Jacobites, who, having fled rather than acknowledge Dutch William as their king, have taken service in Sweden, where their fathers fought under the great Gustavus Adolphus; and even if I cannot myself take service, it may be that I shall be able to obtain a commission for you. You are nearly sixteen, and there are many officers no older. Should evil befall your father, Charlie, which I earnestly hope will not be the case, I shall regard you as my son, and shall do the same for you as for Harry. And now I will to rest, for I have scarce slept the last two nights, and we must be in the saddle long before daybreak."

The little bed-room that Charlie had used the two previous

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

After riding for three hours they stopped at a lonely farmhouse, at which Mr. Jervoise and his friends had held their meeting on the previous day. Here they changed their clothes for others that had been sent for their use from Lancaster. Mr. Jervoise was attired as a small trader, and the lads in garb suitable to boys in the same rank of life. They still, however, retained their swords and the pistols in their holsters. Three miles farther they met their host as arranged at some cross-roads, and rode on until within three miles of Lancaster. They then dismounted, placed their pistols in their belts, and handed their horses to the two men, who would take them back to the hut in the hills, where they would remain until required. It was two o'clock in the morning when they entered Lancaster, and going up to a small house standing in a garden in the outskirts of the town, Mr. Jervoise gave three low knocks in quick succession. The door was opened almost immediately. No light was shown, and they entered in the dark, but as soon as the door was closed behind them a woman came out with a candle from an inner room.

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

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

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

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

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

The fugitives had before learned that the search for

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

Harry and Charlie had both been away for two or three days, and had been occupied in getting together ten young fellows from the two estates, who would be willing and ready to attempt to rescue Sir Marmaduke from his captors' hands. They were able to judge with tolerable accuracy when the messenger would return from London, and two days previously the men had been directed to ride singly and by different roads, and to put up at various small inns in Manchester, each giving out that he was a farmer in from the country, either to purchase supplies or to meet with a customer likely to buy some cattle he wished to dispose of. Charlie had paid a visit to Lynnwood, and had gone by the long passage into the Priest's Chamber, and had carried off the gold hidden there. As soon as it was known that the messenger had returned, Herries had borrowed a horse and had ridden with a note to the farmer, telling him to go up to the hills and bring the horses down with one of his own to the place where he had parted from them when they entered Lancaster.

There he was met by Mr. Jervoise and the lads, and mounting, they started with the spare horse for Blackburn, choosing that line in preference to the road through Preston, as there were troops stationed at the latter town. The next day they rode on to Manchester. They went round that evening to the various inns where the men had put up, and directed them to discover whether, as was probable, the escort was to arrive that night. If so, they were to mount at daybreak and assemble where the road crossed the moor three miles north of Chapel-le-Frith, where they would find

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

Mr. Jervoise led them back to a spot that he had selected, where the road dipped into a deep valley, in which, sheltered from the winds, was a small wood. Leaving one at the edge to give warning directly the escort appeared on the road over the brow, he told the rest to dismount. Most of them were armed with pistols, all had swords. "Do you," he said, "who are good shots with your pistols, fire at the men when I give the word—let the rest aim at the horses. The moment you have opened fire dash forward and fall on them. We are already as numerous as they are, and we ought to be able to dismount or disable four or five of them with our first fire. I shall give the order as Sir Marmaduke arrives opposite me. Probably the officer will be riding. I shall make the officer my special mark, for it may be that he has orders to shoot the prisoner if any rescue is attempted.

"I don't suppose they will be at all prepared for an attack. They were vigilant, no doubt, for the first two days, but once out of Lancashire they will think that there is no longer any fear of an attempt at rescue. Pursue those that escape for half a mile or so, and then draw rein, and as soon as they are out of sight strike due north across the fells. Keep to the east of Glossop, and then make your way singly to your homes. It will be better for you to travel up through Yorkshire till you are north of Ingleborough, so as to come down from the north to your farms. I know that you have all engaged in this affair for love of Sir Marmaduke or myself, and because you hate to see a loyal gentleman made the victim of lying knaves, but when we come back with the king you may be sure that Sir Marmaduke and I will well reward the services you have rendered."

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It was an hour before the man on the look-out warned them that the troop had just appeared over the hill. They mounted now, and, pistol in hand, awaited the arrival of the party. Two troopers came first, trotting carelessly along, laughing and smoking. A hundred yards behind came the main body, four troopers first, then the lieutenant and Sir Marmaduke, followed by the other six troopers. With outstretched arm and pistol pointed through the undergrowth, Mr. Jervoise waited till the officer, who was riding on his side of the road, came abreast of him. He had already told the boys that he intended to aim at his shoulder.

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

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

"It is all over, Sir Marmaduke, and you are a free man. We have nothing to do now but to ride for it." And before the knight had fairly recovered from his astonishment, he found himself riding south across the moor with his son on one side of him and Mr. Jervoise and Harry on the other.

"You have saved my life, Jervoise," he said, holding out his hand to his friend. "They had got me so firmly in their

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806

CHARLIE AND HIS FRIENDS RESCUE SIR MARMADUKE.

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clutches that I thought my chances were at an end. How are you, Charlie? I am right glad to see you safe and sound, for they had managed to include you in their pretended plot, and for aught I knew you had been all this time lying in a cell next mine in Lancaster Castle. But who are the good fellows who helped you?"

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

Suddenly Sir Marmaduke reined in his horse.

"We are riding south," he said.

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

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

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

"Besides, father," Charlie put in, "much as he deserves

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any punishment you can give him, you could not kill cousin Celia's husband and Ciceley's father. When the truth is all made known his punishment will be bitter enough, for no honest man would offer him a hand, or sit down to a meal with him. Ciceley has been as a young sister to me, and her mother has ever been as kind as if she had been my aunt. I would not see them grieved even if that rogue came off scot-free from punishment; but at any rate, father, I pray you to let it pass at present. This time we have happily got you out of the clutches of the Whigs, but if you fell into them again you may be sure they would never give us another chance."

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

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

"You have prevailed, Charlie; your last argument decided me. I have no right to risk my life after my good friends have done so much to save me. John Dormay may enjoy his triumph for a while, but a day of reckoning will surely come. Now tell me of the others, Jervoise. Have all escaped in safety?"

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

"And now, what are your plans, Jervoise—that is, if you

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have any plans beyond reaching a port and taking ship for France?"

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

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

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

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

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

"What mean you, lad?"

"I mean, father, that I have the whole of the hoard that was stowed away in the priest's hiding-place;" and he then

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related how Banks had revealed to him the secret of the hiding-place, and how he had, the night before Sir Marmaduke was removed from Lancaster Castle, visited the place and carried away the money. "I could not see Banks," he said, "but I left a few words on a scrap of paper, saying that it was I who had taken the money, otherwise he would have been in a terrible taking when he discovered that it was gone."

"That is right good news indeed, lad. For twelve years I have set aside half my rents, so that in those bags in your holsters there are six years' income, and the interest of that money laid out in good mortgages will suffice amply for my wants in a country like Sweden, where life is simple and living cheap. The money itself shall remain untouched for your use should our hopes fail and the estates be lost for all time. That is indeed a weight off my mind. And you are, I hope, in equally good case, Jervoise, for if not, you know that I would gladly share with you?"

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

"Do you know this country well, Jervoise?"

"Personally I know nothing about it save that the sun tells me that at present I am travelling south, Sir Marma-

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duke; but for the last few days I have been so closely studying a map that I know the name of every town and village on the various routes."

"And whither think you of going?"

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

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CHAPTER IV.

IN SWEDEN.

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

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

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

"Not as yet," the landlord replied. "They say that all the northern and eastern ports are watched, and they make

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sure of catching him if he presents himself there. The general opinion is that he will for a time go into hiding with his friends in the hills of Cumberland or Westmoreland, or perhaps on the Yorkshire moors; but they are sure to catch him sooner or later."

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

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

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

"Do you carry any passengers?"

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

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

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"Have you any goods with you?"

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

There was a little haggling for terms, as the two gentlemen did not wish to appear eager to go; but the matter was finally settled to the satisfaction of both parties. On their return to the inn Mr. Jervoise took the host aside. "We have business connected with our trade in cloth in Sweden, where we hope to obtain a large contract. The matter may occupy us a week, or a month or two for aught we know, and we do not want our horses to be eating their heads off here while we are away. Besides, we may be able on our return to take a passage to one of the Devonshire ports, which would suit us much better, but we should not be able to do so if there were need for returning here for our horses. Therefore, we would fain dispose of them, and if you can find us a purchaser by to-morrow night we will pay you a fair commission on the money we receive."

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

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

"No, I would rather not," Mr. Jervoise said cautiously. "If we asked too high a figure we might frighten the purchasers away; if we should ask too little we should be the

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

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

The lads, accustomed to spacious and airy rooms, were quite taken aback at the small and stuffy cabin allotted to their joint use, and slept but badly, for the loading of the ship continued by torchlight, until within an hour of the time of their departure. After tossing about for some hours in their narrow beds they were glad to go on deck and to plunge their heads into a pail of water, and were then, after combing their long hair, able to take an interest in what was passing round them. The sailors were busy stowing away the cargo last received, tidying the decks, and coiling down the ropes. There were but few persons on the quay, for those who had been engaged in loading the cargo had gone off to bed as soon as the last bale was on board.

In half an hour the sailors began to hoist the sails, the

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hawsers were thrown off, and with a gentle wind blowing aft the ship glided along past the shore, being helped by the tide, which had begun to ebb half an hour before. The lads were greatly interested in watching the well-wooded slope on the left, with the stately ruins of Tintern Abbey rising above the trees. Then they passed the round fort at the water's edge on their right, and issued out from Southampton Water into the broad sheet between the island and the mainland. It was dotted with sails, fishing craft and coasters for the most part, but with some larger ships bound from the east to Southampton, and others that had come in through the Solent. This was very entertaining to the boys, and they were still more pleased when they saw the fortifications of Portsmouth, with cannon pointing seaward, and with many vessels riding in the strait by the side of the town.

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

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

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

"No, indeed," Mr. Jervoise agreed. "It may be, Sir Marmaduke, that it would be better if we had talked and thought less of it during the last twelve years, better for ourselves and for these lads. We might still have been ready to join His Majesty as soon as he landed, but as, till then, we could do nothing, it seems to me now that it would have been wiser had we gone about our business without worrying our heads, to say nothing of risking them, about a

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matter that may not take place during our lives; as we know well enough the King of France uses the Stuarts only for his own convenience, and at heart cares nothing for them or their cause. It is convenient to have the means of creating trouble here, and of so weakening William; and it may be that some day or other it may suit him to send over an army here to fight William with the aid of the Stuarts' friends, instead of fighting him in Holland or elsewhere. But whether he may think fit to do so in one year or in twenty years hence who can say? It is a question solely of military policy.

"The Stuarts are simply used by the French king to puli English chestnuts out of the fire. I would that they had established themselves anywhere rather than in France. It does them harm with vast numbers who would otherwise be their friends, at any rate in England. In Scotland it is otherwise, for Scotland has always been in alliance with France; but in England it is different. France has always been the national foe; and had not Charles and James proved themselves so subservient to Louis, William of Orange would never have been crowned king. There are vast numbers in England who would rather see a Stuart than a Dutchman on the throne, but who will never strike a blow to replace them there, and that because they will come over backed up by French bayonets. Well, let us talk of something else. If the time ever comes to act, we shall be ready, but till then we can let the matter sleep, the more so as we have a new life before us, and plenty of other things to occupy our thoughts."

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

"It is a difficult question, Harry; but there can be little doubt that Denmark is in the wrong. The King of Sweden died in April, 1697. His death was unfortunate, for the

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powers contending in Europe had all agreed to refer their quarrels to his mediation. At his death Denmark endeavoured to obtain the honour, but failed; and by the mediation chiefly of the Swedish regency peace was concluded between France, England, and Holland in the autumn of that year; and shortly afterwards the struggle between the German Emperor, France, and Spain was also concluded, but not at all to the satisfaction of the Swedish mediators. While Sweden was occupied in this matter of the pacification of Europe, the King of Denmark thought to take advantage of the fact that Charles of Sweden was but a minor, to oppress Frederick, Duke of Holstein, who was in close alliance with him.

"There had long been serious differences between the rulers of Denmark and Holstein, both of whom were branches of the Oldenburg family, and this in reference to the Duchy of Schleswig. The quarrel had arisen from the act of Christian the Third of Denmark, who decreed that the descendants of his brother Adolphus should govern Holstein jointly with the King of Denmark, and that Holstein and Schleswig should belong to them in common, neither making any change in Holstein without the consent of the other. A more foolish arrangement could not have been conceived, for anyone might have foreseen that it would lead to disputes and troubles. In fact, quarrels continually arose until, at the Peace of Rosahild in 1658, the duchy was adjudged to Denmark. Holstein, however, never acquiesced in this, and in 1675 there was war, when Holstein being defeated, the Danes imprisoned its duke, Christian Albertus, until he signed a renunciation of all his rights.

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

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possession of his estates and rights of sovereignty. But this did not last long. New troubles arose, but Sweden, England, and Holland interested themselves in favour of the duke, and a peace was concluded in 1689, by which he was confirmed in the rights given him ten years before, with full liberty to raise a certain number of troops and of building fortresses, on the condition that he should raise none to the prejudice of Denmark. This was another of those stipulations which inevitably lead to trouble, for it afforded to Denmark a pretext for continual complaint and interference. When Frederick the Fourth succeeded his father as Duke of Holstein in 1694 the quarrel grew so hot that Denmark would have invaded Holstein had not the parties to the treaty of '89 interfered and brought about a conference. This lasted all through the year 1696, but the negotiators appointed to settle the matter were unable to arrive at any conclusion.

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

"By the will of the late king, Charles was not to ascend the throne until he reached the age of eighteen, but the diet passed a vote overruling this, and as the regency concurred, he was at once crowned, and the alliance with Holstein

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was cemented by the marriage, that had been previously arranged between Charles's eldest sister and the Duke of Holstein, being celebrated at Stockholm. Charles XII. at once concluded treaties with France, England, and Holland, while Denmark is reported to have prepared for war by making a secret alliance with Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, and the Czar of Russia. Both these monarchs were doubtless desirous of extending their dominions at the cost of Sweden, whose continental possessions are considerable.

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

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

"The King of Poland was more successful in disguising his leaning towards Denmark, sending the warmest assurances to Charles, requesting him to act as mediator in the quarrel between himself and the Duke of Brandenburg, and signing a treaty of alliance with Sweden. But while Sweden had no idea of the triple alliance that had been

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formed against her, the intention of Denmark to make war was evident enough, for King Christian was gathering a great naval armament. The Duke of Holstein, becoming much alarmed at these preparations, hastened on the fortifications of Tonningen, on the Eider, three leagues from its mouth. The garrison of the place was a weak one, and a thousand Swedish troops were thrown in to strengthen it. The King of Denmark complained that this was a breach of the treaty, but as his own preparations for war were unmistakable, no one could blame the Duke of Holstein for taking steps to defend his territories. As you know, Christian of Denmark died about this time, and was succeeded by his son Frederick the Fourth.

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

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

"A few days later, however, came the news that they were advancing against Riga. The governor prepared for defence and hastily mounted cannon on the walls. His powers of resistance, however, were lessened by the fact that the river Duna was frozen over. Fleming, who commanded the Saxon troops, arrived before the town early in February with four

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thousand men. The governor had set fire to the suburbs on the previous day; and Fleming was surprised to find that instead of taking it by surprise, as he had hoped, the place was in a position to offer a stout resistance. However, he attacked the fort of Cobrun, on the opposite side of the river, and carried it by assault.

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

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

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

The lads quite agreed with this opinion, but were, in spite of their efforts, presently prostrate. They remained on deck for some hours and then crawled to their cabin, where they remained for the next three days, at the end of which time they came on deck again, feeling better, but as weak as if they had suffered from a long illness. Mr. Jervoise had been in frequently to see them, having escaped the malady, from which, as he told them, Sir Marmaduke was suffering to the full as severely as they were.

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

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

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

The lads both looked astonished. "Then why should we roll and toss about so much?" Harry asked.

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

The boys both felt rather crest-fallen, for they had flattered themselves that their sufferings were caused by some-

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thing quite out of the ordinary way, and it was mortifying to know that the weather had been really fine, and there had been nothing even approaching a storm. The rest of the voyage was a pleasant one. They found they had regained their appetites and were able to enjoy their meals; still they were not sorry when they saw the coast of Sweden, and a few hours later entered the port of Gottenburg, where Sir Marmaduke for the first time came on deck, looking a mere shadow of his former jovial self.

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

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

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

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previous day arrived at Gottenburg, accompanied by the Duke of Holstein.

Mr. Jervoise went the same afternoon to find out some of his friends who resided at Gottenburg. He was fortunate enough to find one of them, who was able to inform him that his wife's cousin was now a major in one of the newly-raised regiments stationed at Gottenburg. He found him without difficulty. Major Jamieson was delighted at the coming of his former friend.

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

Mr. Jervoise related shortly the events by which he had been driven into exile, and expressed his desire to serve in the army of Sweden, and that his son and young Carstairs should also enter the army. "They are but sixteen yet," he said, "but are stout, active fellows, and could hold their own in a day's march or in a stout fight with many men. Of course, if I could obtain commissions for them all the better, but if not they are ready to enlist in the ranks. Roughing it will do them no harm."

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

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

"You know how the Scots fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and there is scarce a glen in Scotland where there are not traditions of fathers or grandfathers who fought in Hepburn's Green Brigade. Therefore, it is natural that, seeing there is no chance of military service at home, there should be many young fellows coming out to join. I can go across this evening to the minister of war, who is a personal friend of mine, and get him to give you permission to raise a company of Scotchmen for service. I shall, of course, point out to him that you will enlist them here. I shall show him the advantage of these men being gathered together, as their ignorance of the language makes them for some time useless as soldiers if enrolled in a Swedish regiment. I shall mention that I have twenty in my own corps who are at present positively useless, and in fact a source of great trouble, owing to their understanding nothing that is said to them, and shall propose that they be at once handed over to you. As to the exchange, we can manage that quietly between ourselves. You would have no difficulty with fresh-landed men, as these will naturally be delighted at joining a company of their own countrymen."

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

"Two of my men are sergeants, and having been in the army for some years, speak Swedish well. They will do the drilling at first, the manœuvres are not complicated, and for a pound or two they will be glad to teach you all

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the orders necessary. I don't know how you are situated as to money, but I can assure you my purse is at your service."

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

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

Mr. Jervoise's news was, on his return to the inn, received with delight by the two lads; and Sir Marmaduke said, "I wish I could shake off twenty of my years, Jervoise, and join also. Well, well, I dare say I shall get on comfortably enough. I know there are a good many English and Scotch Jacobites settled in the town or neighbourhood, and I shall not be long before I meet some one I know. As the matter seems settled, I should advise you lads to go down the first thing in the morning to the wharves, there is no saying when ships may come in; moreover, it is likely enough that you may light upon young fellows who have landed within the last few weeks, and who have been kept so far, by their ignorance of the language, from enlisting."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On returning to the inn, they found that Mr. Jervoise had already received his commission as captain, and by ten o'clock fifteen young Scotchmen had been sworn in. All of them had brought broadswords and dirks, and Captain Jervoise at once set to work buying at various shops iron head-pieces, muskets, and other accoutrements. During the next three days ten other English and Scotchmen had joined, and then a ship came in from which they gathered another four-and-twenty recruits. Arms had already been purchased for them, and on the following day Captain Jervoise marched off to Malmoe with his forty-nine recruits. Harry accompanied them, Charlie being left behind with his father to gather another fifty men as the ships arrived.

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

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

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CHAPTER V.

NARVA.

FOR the next fortnight drilling went on from morning till night, the officers receiving instructions privately from the sergeants, and further learning the words of command by standing by while the men were being drilled. At the end of that time both officers and men were sufficiently instructed to carry out the simple movements which were alone in use in those days. It was not, however, until two months later that they were called upon to act. The English and Dutch fleets had arrived, and effected a junction with that of Sweden, and the Danish fleet had shut themselves up in the port of Copenhagen, which was closely blockaded. A large army had crossed to Zeeland and repulsed the Danes, who had endeavoured to prevent their landing, and had then marched up to within sight of the walls of Copenhagen, which they were preparing to besiege, when the King of Denmark, alarmed at this unexpected result of his aggression on Holstein, conceded every point demanded, and peace was signed.

The negotiations were carried on in Holland, and the Swedes were extremely angry when they found that they were baulked of their expected vengeance on their troublesome neighbours. The peace, however, left Charles XII. at liberty to turn his attention to his other foes, and to hurry to the assistance of Riga, which was beleagured by the Saxons

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and Poles, and of Narva, against which city the Russians had made several unsuccessful assaults. Without losing an hour the king crossed to Malmoe. The troops there were ordered to embark immediately in the vessels in the harbour. They then sailed to Revel, where the Swedish commander, Welling, had retired from the neighbourhood of Riga, his force being too small to meet the enemy in the open field. No sooner had the troops landed than the king reviewed them, and General Welling was ordered at once to march so as to place himself between the enemy and Wesenberg, where a large amount of provisions and stores for the use of the army had been collected.

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

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

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

The Swedes however gathered in a body, and charged the Russians so furiously that they cut a way through their ranks, losing, however, many of their men, while Major Patkul and another officer were made prisoners.

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

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

"Well Jervoise, what do you think of the orders?" he

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asked, as he seated himself on a log that had been brought in for the fire.

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

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

"That I have not the slightest idea."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That is true the cavalry are certainly scarcely fit for

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

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

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

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

The next morning the men fell in, Captain Jervoise, who, like all of his rank, was mounted, took his place at the head of his company, and the little army marched away from Wesenberg.

It was a dreary march to Purts, but the sight of the ruined villages and devastated fields aroused a feeling of indignation and fury among the troops, and a fierce longing to attack men who had so ruthlessly spread ruin through a fertile country. Orders were issued that evening that the men were to husband their provisions as much as possible, and the order was more strictly obeyed than such orders usually are, for the men saw for themselves that there was no possibility of obtaining fresh supplies in the wasted country, and were well aware that there existed no train of waggons and horses capable of bringing up stores from Wesenberg. There were a few aged men and women remaining at Purts, and from these they learned that their next day's march would take them to a very difficult pass,

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which was held by six hundred of the Russian cavalry, together with a force of infantry and some guns.

It was the intention of the king to encamp that evening near the pass, and when within three or four miles of it, General Meidel, who had with him the quarter-master of the army and four hundred cavalry, rode on ahead to choose a site for the camp. He presently saw a large body of Russian foragers in front of him, and sent back to the king for permission to attack them. Charles ordered the army to continue its march, and hurrying forward with some of his officers joined General Meidel and charged the foragers, killing many, taking others prisoners, and putting the rest to flight. He followed close upon their heels, and rode right up to the mouth of the pass in spite of the heavy fire of artillery and musketry opened by the Russians. He at once determined to take advantage of the alarm produced by the defeat of the Russian cavalry, and although darkness was now drawing on, brought up some of his infantry and artillery and attacked with such vigour that the Russians fled after offering a very feeble resistance.

A battalion of foot were ordered to occupy the pass, while the rest of the army piled their arms and lay down where they stood. In the morning they were astonished at the strength of the position that had been gained so easily. The defile was deep and narrow, a rapid stream ran through it, and the ground was soft and marshy. A few determined men should have been able to bar the advance of an army. The troops were in high spirits at the result of this their first action against the enemy, and were the more pleased that they found in the Russian camp sufficient provisions to replace those they had used; after a hearty meal they again advanced at a brisk march. The defile was captured on the evening of the 17th November, and early in the morning of the 20th the army reached Lagena, a league and

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a half from Narva, and ordering the troops to follow, the king rode forward to reconnoitre the Russian position.

The troops were weary with their long marches, and many of those who had but recently recovered from fever were scarce able to drag themselves along, while great numbers were unfit to take part in a battle until after two or three days of rest.

The officers of the Malmoe Regiment, for it had taken its name from the camp where it had been formed, were gathered in a group at its head discussing the situation. Most of the officers were of opinion that to attack at once with men and horses worn out with fatigue was to ensure destruction, but there were others who thought that in face of so great an army as that gathered in front of them, the only hope was in an immediate attack. Major Jamieson was one of these.

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

The halt was but a short one, and as soon as the regiments had arrived at the positions assigned to them they advanced. As soon as they appeared on a rise of ground facing the intrenchments the enemy opened fire. The king had already reconnoitred a portion of their position, exposing himself recklessly to their shot, and as soon as the troops

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came up he issued orders for them to prepare to attack in two columns. First, however, several of the regiments were ordered to fall out and to cut down bushes and make fascines, to enable the troops to cross the ditches. The intrenchment was a formidable one, being provided with parapets armed with *chevaux-de-frise* and flanked by strong exterior works, while several batteries had been placed to sweep the ground across which an enemy must advance.

The right column under General Welling was to march to a point nearly in the centre of the great semicircle, while the left under General Rhenschild was to assault a point about half-way between the centre and the river, where one of the largest and most powerful of the enemy's batteries was placed. The king himself was with this wing with his body-guard, and he hoped that here he might meet the czar commanding in person. The Russian emperor had, however, left the camp that morning to fetch up forty thousand men who were advancing from Plescow, and the command of the army had been assumed by the Duke of Croy.

The Swedish left wing had with it a battery of twenty-one guns, while sixteen guns covered the attack on the right. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when two guns gave the signal for the advance.

Hitherto the weather had been fine, but it had become gradually overcast, and just as the signal was given a tremendous storm of snow and hail began. It set right in the face of the Russians, and concealed from them the movement of the Swedes, for which, indeed, they were wholly unprepared, believing that the small force they saw was but the advance-guard of a great Swedish army, and that no attack need be expected until the main body arrived. The consequence was the Swedes were almost at the edge of the ditch before they were perceived, and both columns

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attacked with such vigour and courage that in a quarter of an hour they had gained a footing in the intrenchments and had so filled up the ditch with the fascines that the cavalry were able to follow them.

The Russians were so astounded at this sudden attack that they lost heart altogether. The Swedish left, as soon as it entered the intrenchments, swept along them, the Russians abandoning their guns and batteries and making for their bridge across the river. Unfortunately for them their huts were built close behind the works, and in rear was another intrenchment designed to repel assaults from the town, and the terrified crowd, unable to make their way rapidly along over ground encumbered by their huts, crossed the interior intrenchments, thinking to make their way faster through the fields to the bridge. The Swedish king, however, placed himself at the head of his body-guard, and, followed by the rest of his horse, charged right upon them, cutting down great numbers, and driving the rest before them towards the river, while the infantry kept up a heavy fire upon the fugitives in the intrenchments.

The panic had spread quickly, and the Russian troops nearest to the bridge were already pouring over when the mass of the fugitives arrived. These pressed upon the bridge in such numbers that it speedily gave way, cutting off the retreat of their comrades behind. Ignorant of the result the terrified crowd pushed on, pressing those in front of them into the river, and the number of drowned was no less than that of those who fell beneath the bullets, pikes, and sabres of the Swedes. In their despair the Russians, rallied by some of their generals, now attempted to defend themselves, and by occupying some houses and barracks, and barricading the passages between these with overturned waggons, they fought bravely and repulsed for some time every effort of the Swedes.

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806

STORMING THE INTRENCHMENTS AT NARVA.

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Darkness was now falling, and the king hastened to the spot where the battle was fiercely raging. As he ran towards it he fell into a morass, from which he was rescued with some difficulty, leaving his sword and one boot behind him. However, he at once pushed on and placed himself at the head of the infantry engaged in the assault, but even his presence and example did not avail. The Russians maintained their position with desperate courage, and when it became quite dark the assault ceased. The right column had met with equal success; it had penetrated the intrenchments, defeated all the Russians who opposed it, and now moved to assist the left wing.

The king, however, seeing that the Russian defences could not be carried by a direct assault without great loss, gathered the army in the space between the town and the Russian intrenchments, and placed them in a position to repel an attack should the Russians take the offensive, giving orders that at daylight the hill on which the enemy had their principal battery should be assaulted. The guns here commanded all the intrenchments, and the capture of that position would render it impossible for the Russians to continue their defence, or for the now separated wings of the army to combine.

The officers in command of the Russian right wing, finding themselves unable to cross the river on their broken bridge, and surrounded by the Swedes, sent in to surrender in the course of the evening, and two battalions of the Swedish Guards took possession of the post that had been so gallantly defended.

The king granted them permission to retire with their arms, the colours and standards being given up, and the superior officers being retained as prisoners of war. The broken bridge was repaired, and early the next morning the Russian troops passed over. Their left wing was, after

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the surrender of their right, in a hopeless position, for on that side no bridge had been thrown over the river, and their retreat was wholly cut off. On learning before day-break that the right wing had surrendered, they too sent in to ask for terms. The king granted them freedom to return to their country, but without their standards or arms. They filed off before him, officers and soldiers bareheaded, and passed over the bridge, their numbers being so great that all had not crossed until next morning.

The Russians lost over 18,000 men killed or drowned, a hundred and forty-five cannon and twenty-eight mortars, all of which were new, besides vast quantities of military stores and provisions. A hundred and fifty-one colours and twenty standards, and the greater proportion of their muskets, together with the military chest, the Duke of Croy, their commander-in-chief, and the whole of their generals, colonels, majors, and captains, fell into the hands of the Swedes as prisoners of war. The total loss in killed and wounded of the Swedes was under two thousand, the chief loss being due to the desperate resistance of the Russians after the battle was irretrievably lost.

It may be doubted whether so complete and surprising a victory between armies so disproportionate in force was ever before gained.

The king had exposed himself throughout the day most recklessly, and was everywhere in the thick of the Russian bullets, and yet he escaped without so much as a scratch. The Malmoe Regiment had been with the left wing, but suffered comparatively little loss, as they were one of the last to enter the intrenchments, and it was only when darkness was closing in that they were called up to take a part in the attack on the position held by the Russians.

"Never was the saying that fortune favours the brave

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more signally verified, Jervoise," Major Jamieson said as he sat down to a rough breakfast with the officers of the Scottish company on the morning after the Russian surrender.

"That's true enough, but Russians are brave too, as they showed at the end of the day. I fancy you have a Scotch proverb to the effect that fou folk come to no harm; I think that is more applicable in the present case."

The major laughed. "The fou folk relates rather to drunkenness than madness, Jervoise. But of course it would do for both; I own that the whole enterprise did seem to me to be absolute madness, but the result has justified it. That sudden snowstorm was the real cause of our victory, and had it not been for that I still think that we could not have succeeded. The Russian cannon certainly continued to fire, but it was wholly at random, and they were taken by surprise when we suddenly appeared at the side of the ditch, while we were across before they could gather any force sufficient to defend it. After that, panic did the rest. The commander-in-chief fell early into our hands. There was no one to give orders, no one to rally them, and I expect the Russian soldiers gave us credit for having brought on that storm, to cover our assault, by the aid of malign spirits. Well, lads, and how did you feel when the shots were whistling about?"

"I did not like it at all, major," Charlie said. "It seemed such a strange thing marching along in the thick of that snowstorm, hearing the rush of cannon-balls overhead, and the boom of guns, and yet be unable to see anything but the rear files of the company in front."

"It was an uncanny feeling, Charlie. I felt it myself, and was very grateful that we were hidden from the enemy, who of course were blazing away in the direction in which they had last seen us. We only lost three killed and twelve

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wounded altogether, and I think those were, for the most part, hit by random shots. Well, if this is the way the king means to carry on war, we shall have enough of it before we are done."

The sick and wounded were sent into the town the first thing, but it was not until the Russians had all crossed the river that the king himself rode triumphantly into the place surrounded by his staff, amid the wild enthusiasm of the inhabitants, whom his victory had saved from ruin and massacre. The town, although strongly fortified, was not a large one, and its houses were so dilapidated from the effects of the Russian bombardment that but few of the troops could be accommodated there; the rest were quartered in the Russian huts. On the 26th a solemn service of thanksgiving for the victory was celebrated, with a salute from all the cannon of the town and camp, and by salvos of musketry from the troops. The question of provisions was the most important now. It was true that large quantities had been captured in the Russian camp, but beyond a magazine of corn, abandoned by the fugitives at Tama and brought in, there was no prospect of replenishing the store when exhausted, for the whole country for a great distance round had been completely devastated by the Russians. These had not retreated far, having been rallied by the czar at Plescow, and quartered in the towns of the frontier of Livonia, whence they made incursions into such districts as had not been previously wasted.

"This is dull work," Archie Cunningham said one day, "the sooner we are busy again the better. There is nothing to do, and very little to eat; the cold is bitter and fuel scarce; one wants something to warm one's blood."

"You are not likely to have anything of that kind for some months to come," Major Jamieson replied dryly.

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"You don't suppose we are going to have a battle of Narva once a week, do you? No doubt there will be a few skirmishes and outpost encounters, but beyond that there will be little doing until next spring. You can make up your mind for at least five months of the worst side of a soldier's life—dull quarters and probably bad ones, scanty food, cold, and disease."

"Not a very bright look-out, major," Forbes laughed. "I hope it won't be as bad as that."

"Then I advise you to give up hoping and to make up your mind to realities, Forbes; there is a good deal of illness in the camp now, and there will be more and more as the time goes on. There is nothing like inaction to tell upon the health of troops. However, we certainly shall not stay here, it would be impossible to victual the army, and I expect that before long we shall march away and take up quarters for the winter. As to operations on a great scale, they are out of the question. After the thrashing they have had, the Russians will be months before they are in a condition to take the offensive again; while we are equally unable to move, because in the first place we are not strong enough to do so, and in the second we have no baggage train to carry provisions with us, and no provisions to carry if we had it."

On the 13th of December the king quitted Narva with the army, and on the 19th arrived at Lais, an old castle six miles from Derpt, and here established his head-quarters. A few of the troops were stationed in villages, but the greater part in rough huts in the neighbourhood and along the frontier.

It was not long before Major Jamieson's predictions were verified. A low fever, occasioned by the fatiguing marches and the hardships they had endured, added to the misery from the cold and wet that penetrated the wretched

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huts, spread rapidly through the army. Many died, and great numbers were absolutely prostrated. The king was indefatigable in his efforts to keep up the spirits of the troops. He constantly rode about from camp to camp, entering the huts, chatting cheerfully with the soldiers, and encouraging them by kind words and assurances that when the spring came they would soon gain strength again.

At Narva the four young officers had all purchased horses. Most of the Swedish officers were mounted; and the king encouraged this, as on occasion he could thereby collect at once a body of mounted men ready for any enterprise; but their own colonel preferred that on the march the lieutenants and ensigns should be on foot with their men, in order to set them an example of cheerful endurance. Those who wished it, however, were permitted to have horses, which were on such occasions led in the rear of the regiment.

Captain Jervoise had approved of the purchase of the horses, which were got very cheaply, as great numbers had been captured. "If we can get over the difficulty of the forage," he said, "you will find them very useful for preserving your health during the winter. A ride will set your blood in motion, and wherever we are quartered there are sure to be camps within riding distance. The king approves of officers taking part in dashing expeditions, so you may be able to take a share in affairs that will break the monotony of camp-life."

They found great benefit from being able to ride about. Forage was indeed very scarce. They had no means of spending their pay on luxuries of any kind, their only outlay being in the purchase of black bread, and an occasional load of forage from the peasants. Their regiment was with the force under the command of Colonel Schlippenbach, which was not very far from Marienburg, a place open to the incursions of the Russians. Baron

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Spens was at Signiz, and Colonel Alvedyhl at Rounenberg, and to both these places they occasionally paid a visit. In order to keep the company in health, Captain Jervoise encouraged the men to get up games, in which the four young officers took part. Sometimes it was a snowball match in the open; at other times a snow fort was built, garrisoned, and attacked. Occasionally there were matches at hockey, while putting the stone, throwing the caber, running and wrestling matches, were all tried in turn, and the company suffered comparatively little from the illness which rendered so large a proportion of the Swedish army inefficient.

Colonel Schlippenbach was an energetic officer, and had several times ridden past when the men were engaged in these exercises. He expressed to Captain Jervoise his approval of the manner in which he kept his men in strength and vigour.

"I shall not forget it," he said one day, "and if there is service to be done I see that I can depend upon your company to do it."

In January he took a party of horse and reconnoitred along the river Aa to observe the motions of the Saxons on the other side, and hearing that a party of them had entered Marienburg he determined to take possession of that place, as, were they to fortify it, they would be able greatly to harass the Swedes. Sending word to the king of his intention, and asking for an approval of his plan of fortifying the town, he took three companies of infantry and four hundred horse, made a rapid march to Marienburg, and occupied it without opposition. He had not forgotten his promise, and the company of Captain Jervoise was one of those selected for the work. Its officers were delighted at the prospect of a change, and when the party started Captain Jervoise was proud of the show made by his men, whose active and

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vigorous condition contrasted strongly with the debility and feebleness evident so generally among the Swedish soldiers.

As soon as Marienburg was entered, the men were set to work to raise and strengthen the rampart and to erect bastions, and they were aided a few days later by a reinforcement of two hundred infantry, sent by the king with some cannon from the garrison of Derpt. As the place was surrounded by a morass, it was ere long put into a position to offer a formidable defence against any force that the Russians or Saxons might bring against it. The Swedes engaged on the work gained strength rapidly, and by the time the fortifications were finished they had completely shaken off the effects of the fever.

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CHAPTER VI.

A PRISONER.

A FORTNIGHT after the fortifications of Marienburg were completed, Colonel Schlippenbach sent off Lieutenant-colonel Brandt with four hundred horse to capture a magazine at Seffwegen, to which the Saxons had forced the inhabitants of the country round to bring in their corn, intending later to convey it to the head-quarters of their army. The expedition was completely successful. The Saxon guard were overpowered, and a thousand tons of corn were brought in triumph into Marienburg. Some of it was sent on to the army, abundance being retained for the use of the town and garrison in case of siege. It was now resolved to surprise and burn Pitschur, a town on the frontier from which the enemy constantly made incursions. It was held by a strong body of Russians.

Baron Spens was in command of the expedition. He had with him both the regiments of Horse-guards. Much excitement was caused in Marienburg by the issue of an order that the cavalry and a portion of the infantry were to be ready to march at daylight, and by the arrival of a large number of peasants brought in by small parties of the cavalry. Many were the surmises as to the operation to be undertaken, its object being kept a strict secret. Captain Jervoise's company was one of those in orders, and paraded at daybreak, and after a march of some distance the force

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joined that of Baron Spens. The troops were halted in a wood, and ordered to light fires to cook food and to prepare for a halt of some hours. Great fires were soon blazing, and after eating their meal most of the troops wrapped themselves in the blankets that they carried in addition to their greatcoats, and lay down by the fires.

They slept until midnight, and were then called to arms again. They marched all night, and at daybreak the next morning, the 13th of February, were near Pitschur, and at once attacked the Russian camp outside the town. Taken completely by surprise the Russians fought feebly, and more than five hundred were killed before they entered the town, hotly pursued by the Swedes. Shutting themselves up in the houses, and barricading the doors and windows, they defended themselves desperately, refusing all offers of surrender. The Livonian peasants were, however, at work, and set fire to the town in many places. The flames spread rapidly. Great stores of hides and leather, and a huge magazine filled with hemp, added to the fury of the conflagration, and the whole town was burned to the ground; numbers of the Russians preferring death by fire in the houses to coming out and surrendering themselves.

Many of the fugitives had succeeded in reaching a strong position on the hill commanding the town. This consisted of a convent surrounded by strong walls mounted with cannon, which played upon the town while the fight there was going on. As Baron Spens had no guns with him he was unable to follow up his advantage by taking this position, and he therefore gave orders to the force to retire, the peasants being loaded with booty that they had gathered before the fire spread. The loss of the Swedes was thirty killed and sixty wounded, this being a small amount of loss compared with what they had inflicted upon the enemy.

"I call that a horrible business, Captain Jervoise," Charlie

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said, when the troops had returned to Marienburg. "There was no real fighting in it."

"It was a surprise, Charlie. But they fought desperately after they gained the town."

"Yes, but we did nothing there beyond firing away at the windows. Of course I had my sword in my hand; but it might as well have been in its sheath, for I never struck a blow, and I think it was the same with most of our men. One could not cut down those poor wretches, who were scarce awake enough to use their arms. I was glad you held our company in rear of the others."

"Yes; I asked the colonel before attacking to put us in reserve, in case the enemy should rally. I did it on purpose, for I knew that our men, not having, like the Swedes, any personal animosity against the Russians, would not like the work. If it had come to storming the convent, I would have volunteered to lead the assault. At any rate I am glad that, although a few of the men are wounded, no lives are lost in our company."

Harry cordially agreed with his friend. "I like an expedition, Charlie, if there is fighting to be done; but I don't want to have anything more to do with surprises. However, the cavalry had a good deal more to do with it than we had; but, as you say, it was a ghastly business. The only comfort is they began it, and have been robbing the peasants and destroying their homes for months."

Many small expeditions were sent out with equally favourable results; but Captain Jervoise's company took no part in these excursions. Charles XII. was passionately fond of hunting, and in spite of his many occupations found time occasionally to spend a day or two in the chase. A few days after the attack upon Pitschur he came to Marienburg to learn all particulars of the Russian position from Colonel Schlippenbach, as he intended in the spring to attack the

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triangle formed by three fortresses, in order to drive the Russians farther back from the frontier.

"I hear that there are many wolves and bears in the forest five leagues to the north. I want a party of about fifty footmen to drive the game, and as many horse, in case we come across one of the parties of Russians. I want some hearty, active men for the march. I will send the foot on this afternoon, and ride with the horse so as to get there by daybreak. Which is your best company of infantry?"

"My best company is one composed chiefly of Scotchmen, though there are some English among them. It belongs to the Malmoe Regiment, and is commanded by Captain Jervoise, an Englishman. I do not say that they are braver than our Swedes; they have not been tested in any desperate service; but they are healthier and more hardy, for their officers since the battle of Narva have kept them engaged in sports of all kinds—mimic battles, foot-races, and other friendly contests. I have marked them at it several times, and wondered sometimes at the rough play. But it has had its effect. While the rest of Suborn's regiment suffered as much from fever as the other troops, scarce a man in this company was sick, and they have all the winter been fit for arduous service at any moment."

"That is good indeed, and I will remember it, and will see that, another winter, similar games are carried on throughout the army. Let the company be paraded at once. I will myself inspect them."

The company's call was sounded, and, surprised at a summons just as they were cooking their dinners, the troops fell in in front of their quarters, and the officers took their places in front of them and waited for orders.

"I wonder what is up now," Nigel Forbes said to Harry. "You have not heard anything from your father of our being wanted, have you?"

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"No; he was just as much surprised as I was when a sergeant ran up with Schlippenbach's order that the company were to fall in."

Five minutes after they had formed up, three officers were seen approaching on foot.

"It is the colonel himself," Forbes muttered, as Captain Jervoise gave the word to the men to stand to attention. A minute later Captain Jervoise gave the order for the salute, and Harry saw that the tall young officer walking with the colonel was the king. Without speaking a word, Charles walked up and down the line narrowly inspecting the men, then he returned to the front.

'A fine set of fellows, Schlippenbach. I wish that, like my grandfather, I had some fifteen thousand of such troops under my orders. Present the captain to me."

The officers were called up, and Captain Jervoise was presented.

"Your company does you great credit, Captain Jervoise," the king said. "I would that all my troops looked in as good health and condition. Colonel Schlippenbach tells me that you have kept your men in good health all through the winter by means of sports and games. It is a good plan. I will try to get all my officers to adopt it another winter. Do the men join in them willingly?"

Captain Jervoise and his officers had all, during the nine months that had passed since they landed in Sweden, done their best to acquire the language, and could now speak and understand it thoroughly.

"They like it, your majesty. Our people are fond of games of this kind. My four officers take part in them with the men."

The king nodded. "That is as it should be. It must create a good feeling on both sides. Present your officers to me, Captain Jervoise."

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This was done, and the king spoke a few words to each. Charlie had often seen the king at a distance, but never before so close as to be able to notice his face particularly. He was a tall young fellow, thin and bony; his face was long, and his forehead singularly high and somewhat projecting. This was the most noticeable feature of his face. His eyes were quick and keen, his face clean-shaven, and had it not been for the forehead and eyes would have attracted no attention. His movements were quick and energetic, and after speaking to the officers he strode a step or two forward, and raising his voice said: "I am pleased with you, men. Your appearance does credit to yourselves and your officers. Scottish troops did grand service under my grandfather, Gustavus Adolphus, and I would that I had twenty battalions of such soldiers with me. I am going hunting to-morrow, and I asked Colonel Schlippenbach for half a company of men who could stand cold and fatigue. He told me that I could not do better than take them from among this company, and I see that he could not have made a better choice; but I will not separate you, and will therefore take you all. You will march in an hour, and I will see that there is a good supper ready for you at the end of your journey."

Colonel Schlippenbach gave Captain Jervoise directions as to the road they were to follow, and the village at the edge of the forest where they were to halt for the night. He then walked away with the king. Highly pleased with the praise Charles had given them, the company fell out.

"Get your dinners as soon as you can, men," Captain Jervoise said. "The king gave us an hour. We must be in readiness to march by that time."

On arriving at the village, which consisted of a few small houses only, they found two waggons awaiting them, one with tents and the other with a plentiful supply of provi-

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sions and a barrel of wine. The tents were erected, and then the men went into the forest and soon returned with large quantities of wood, and great fires were speedily lighted. Meat was cut up and roasted over them, and regarding the expedition as a holiday, the men sat down to their supper in high spirits. After it was eaten there were songs round the fires, and at nine o'clock all turned into their tents, as it was known that the king would arrive at daylight. Sentries were posted, for there was never any saying when marauding parties of Russians, who were constantly on the move, might come along. Half an hour before daybreak the men were aroused. Tents were struck and packed in the waggon, and the men then fell in and remained until the king with three or four of his officers and fifty cavalry rode up. Fresh wood had been thrown on the fires, and some of the men told off as cooks.

"That looks cheerful for hungry men," the king said as he leaped from his horse.

"I did not know whether your majesty would wish to breakfast at once," Captain Jervoise said; "but I thought it well to be prepared."

"We will breakfast by all means. We are all sharp set already. Have your own men had food yet?"

"No, sir; I thought perhaps they would carry it with them."

"No, no; let them all have a hearty meal before they move, then they can hold on as long as may be necessary."

The company fell out again, and in a quarter of an hour they and the troopers breakfasted. A joint of meat was placed for the use of the king and the officers who had come with him, and Captain Jervoise and those with him prepared to take their meal a short distance away, but Charles said: "Bring that joint here, Captain Jervoise, and we will all take breakfast together. We are all hunters and comrades."

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In a short time they were all seated round a fire with their meat on wooden platters on their knees, and with mugs of wine beside them, Captain Jervoise by the king's orders taking his seat beside him. During the meal he asked him many questions as to his reasons for leaving England and taking service with him.

"So you have meddled in politics, eh?" the king laughed, when he heard a brief account of Captain Jervoise's reason for leaving home. "Your quarrels in England and Scotland have added many a thousand good soldiers to the armies of France and Sweden, and I may say of every country in Europe. I believe there are some of your compatriots, or at any rate Scotchmen, in the czar's camp. I suppose that at William's death these troubles will cease."

"I do not know, sir. Anne was James' favourite daughter, and it may be she will resign in favour of her brother, the lawful king. If she does so there is an end of trouble; but should she mount the throne she would be a usurper, as Mary was up to her death in '94. As Anne has been on good terms with William since her sister's death, I fear she will act as unnatural a part as Mary did, and in that case assuredly we shall not recognize her as our queen."

"You have heard the news, I suppose, of the action of the parliament last month?"

"No, sir, we have heard nothing for some weeks of what is doing in England."

"They have been making an Act of Settlement of the succession. Anne is to succeed William, and as she has no children by George of Denmark, the succession is to pass from her to the Elector of Hanover, in right of his wife Sophia, as the rest of the children of the Elector of the Palatinate have abjured Protestantism, and are therefore excluded. How will that meet the views of the English and Scotch Jacobites?"

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"It is some distance to look forward to, sire. If Anne comes to the throne at William's death, it will, I think, postpone our hopes, for Anne is a Stuart, and is a favourite with the nation in spite of her undutiful conduct to her father. Still it will be felt that for Stuart to fight against Stuart, brother against sister, would be contrary to nature. Foreigners are always unpopular, and as against William, every Jacobite is ready to take up arms. But I think that nothing will be done during Anne's reign. The Elector of Hanover would be as unpopular among Englishmen in general as is William of Orange, and should he come to the throne there will assuredly ere long be a rising to bring back the Stuarts."

Charles shook his head.

"I don't want to ruffle your spirit of loyalty to the Stuarts, Captain Jervoise, but they have showed themselves weak monarchs for a great country. They want fibre. William of Orange may be, as you call him, a foreigner and a usurper, but England has greater weight in the councils of Europe in his hands than it has had since the death of Elizabeth." This was rather a sore point with Captain Jervoise, who, thorough Jacobite as he was, had smarted under the subservience of England to France during the reigns of the two previous monarchs. "You Englishmen and Scotchmen are fighting people," the king went on, "and should have a military monarch. I do not mean a king like myself, who likes to fight in the front ranks of his soldiers; but one like William, who has certainly lofty aims, and is a statesman, and can join in European combinations."

"William thinks and plans more for Holland than for England, sire. He would join a league against France and Spain, not so much for the benefit of England, which has not much to fear from these powers, but of Holland, whose existence now as of old is threatened by them"

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'England's interest is similar to that of Holland," the king said. "I began this war nominally in the interest of the Duke of Holstein, but really because it was Sweden's interest that Denmark should not become too powerful. But we must not waste time in talking politics. I see the men have finished their breakfast, and we are here to hunt. I shall keep twenty horse with me; the rest will enter the forest with you. I have arranged for the peasants here to guide you. You will march two miles along by the edge of the forest, and then enter it and make a wide semicircle, leaving men as you go, until you come down to the edge of the forest again a mile to our left.

"As soon as you do so you will sound a trumpet, and the men will then move forward, shouting so as to drive the game before them. As the peasants tell me there are many wolves and bears in the forest, I hope that you will inclose some of them in your cordon, which will be about five miles from end to end. With the horse you will have a hundred and thirty men, so that there will be a man every sixty or seventy yards. That is too wide a space at first, but as you close in the distances will rapidly lessen, and they must make up by noise for the scantiness of their numbers. If they find the animals are trying to break through they can discharge their pieces; but do not let them do so otherwise, as it would frighten the animals too soon, and send them flying out all along the open side of the semicircle."

It was more than two hours before the whole of the beaters were in position. Just before they had started the king had requested Captain Jervoise to remain with him and the officers who had accompanied him, five in number. They had been posted a hundred yards apart at the edge of the forest. Charlie was the first officer left behind as the troop moved through the forest, and it seemed to him an endless time before he heard a faint shout, followed by

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another and another, until at last the man stationed next to him repeated the signal. Then they moved forward, each trying to obey the orders to march straight ahead. For some time nothing was heard save the shouts of the men, and then Charlie made out some distant shots far in the wood, and guessed that some animals were trying to break through the lines. Then he heard the sound of firing directly in front of him. This continued for some time, occasionally single shots being heard, but more often shots in close succession. Louder and louder grew the shouting as the men closed in towards a common point, and in half an hour after the signal had been given all met.

"What sport have you had, father?" Harry asked as he came up to Captain Jervoise.

"We killed seventeen wolves and four bears, with, what is more important, six stags. I do not know whether we are going to have another beat."

It soon turned out that this was the king's intention, and the troops marched along the edge of the forest. Charlie was in the front of his company, the king with the cavalry a few hundred yards ahead, when from a dip of ground on the right a large body of horsemen suddenly appeared.

"Russians!" Captain Jervoise exclaimed, and shouted to the men, who were marching at ease, to close up. The king did not hesitate a moment, but at the head of his fifty cavalry, charged right down upon the Russians, who were at least five hundred strong. The little body disappeared in the mêlée, and then seemed to be swallowed up.

"Keep together, shoulder to shoulder, men. Double!" and the company set off at a run. When they came close to the mass of horsemen they poured in a volley, and then rushed forward, hastily fitting the short pikes they carried into their musket-barrels; for as yet the modern form of bayonets was not used. The Russians fought obstinately, but the infantry

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pressed their way step by step through them until they reached the spot where the king with his little troop of cavalry were defending themselves desperately from the attacks of the Russians. The arrival of the infantry decided the contest, and the Russians began to draw off, the king hastening the movement by plunging into the midst of them with his horsemen.

Charlie was on the flank of the company as it advanced, and after running through a Russian horseman with the short pike that was carried by officers he received a tremendous blow on his steel cap, that stretched him insensible on the ground. When he recovered he felt that he was being carried, and soon awoke to the fact that he was a prisoner.

After a long ride the Russians arrived at Plescow. They had lost some sixty men in the fight. Charlie was the only prisoner taken. He was, on dismounting, too weak to stand, but he was half-carried and half-dragged to the quarters of the Russian officer in command. The latter addressed him, but finding that he was not understood, sent for an officer who spoke Swedish.

"What were the party you were with doing in the wood?"

"We were hunting wolves and bears."

"Where did you come from?"

"From Marienburg."

"How strong were you?"

"Fifty horse and a hundred and forty foot," Charlie replied, knowing there could be no harm in stating the truth.

"But it was a long way to march merely to hunt, and your officers must have been mad to come out with so small a party to a point where they were likely to meet with us."

"It was not too small a party, sir, as they managed to beat off the attack made upon them."

The Russian was silent for a moment, then he asked· "Who was the officer in command?"

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"The officer in command was the King of Sweden," Charlie replied. An exclamation of surprise and anger broke from the Russian general when the answer was translated to him. "You missed a good chance of distinguishing yourself," he said to the officer in command of the troops. "Here has this mad King of Sweden been actually putting himself in your hands, and you have let him slip through your fingers. It would have got you two steps in rank and the favour of the czar had you captured him, and now he will be in a rage indeed when he hears that five hundred cavalry could do nothing against a force only a third of their number."

"I had no idea that the King of Sweden was there himself," the officer said humbly.

"Bah, that is no excuse. There were officers, and you ought to have captured them instead of allowing yourself to be put to flight by a hundred and fifty men."

"We must have killed half the horsemen before the infantry came up."

"All the worse, colonel, that you did not complete the business. The infantry would not have been formidable after they discharged their pieces. However, it is your own affair, and I wash my hands of it. What the czar will say when he hears of it I know not, but I would not be in your shoes for all my estates." As Charlie learned afterwards, the colonel was degraded from his rank by the angry czar, and ordered to serve as a private in the regiment he commanded. The officer who acted as translator said something in his own tongue to the general, who then, through him, said—"This officer tells me that by your language you are not a Swede."

"I am not. I am English, and am an ensign in the Malmoe Regiment."

"All the worse for you," the general said. "The czar

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has declared that he will exchange no foreign officers who may be taken prisoners."

"Very well, sir," Charlie said, fearlessly. "He will be only punishing his own officers. There are plenty of them in the King of Sweden's hands."

The general, when this reply was translated to him, angrily ordered Charlie to be taken away, and he was soon lodged in a cell in the castle. His head was still swimming from the effects of the blow that had stricken him down, and without even trying to think over his position he threw himself down on the straw pallet, and was soon asleep. It was morning when he woke, and for a short time he was unable to imagine where he was, but soon recalled what had happened. He had been visited by some one after he had lain down, for a platter of bread and meat stood on the table, and a jug of water. He was also covered with two thick blankets. These had not been there when he lay down, for he had wondered vaguely as to how he should pass the night without some covering. He took a long draught of water, then ate some food. His head throbbed with the pain of the wound. It had been roughly bandaged by his captors, but needed surgical dressing.

"I wonder how long I am likely to be before I am exchanged," he said to himself. "A long time, I am afraid; for there are scores of Russian officers prisoners with us, and I don't think there are half a dozen of ours captured by the Russians. Of course no exchange can take place until there are a good batch to send over, and it may be months may pass before they happen to lay hands on enough Swedish officers to make it worth while to trouble about exchanging them."

An hour later the door opened and an officer entered, followed by a soldier with a large bowl of broth and some bread.

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"I am a doctor," he said in Swedish. "I came in to see you yesterday evening, but you were sound asleep, and that was a better medicine than any I can give; so I told the man to throw those two barrack rugs over you, and leave your food in case you should wake, which did not seem to me likely. I see, however, that you did wake," and he pointed to the plate.

"That was not till this morning, doctor; it is not an hour since I ate it."

"This broth will be better for you, and I daresay you can manage another breakfast. Sit down and take it at once while it is hot. I am in no hurry." He gave an order in Russian to the soldier, who went out, and returned in a few minutes with a small wooden tub filled with hot water. By this time Charlie had finished the broth. The doctor then bathed his head for some time in hot water, but was obliged to cut off some of his hair in order to remove the bandage. As he examined the wound Charlie was astounded to hear him mutter to himself:

"It is a mighty nate clip you have got, my boy; and if your skull had not been a thick one, it is lying out there on the turf you would be."

Charlie burst into a fit of laughter. "So you are English too," he exclaimed, as he looked up into the surgeon's face.

"At laste Irish, my boy," the doctor said, as surprised as Charlie had been. "To think we should have been talking Swedish to each other instead of our native tongue. And what is your name? And what is it you are doing here as a Swede, at all?"

"My name is Charles Carstairs. I come from Lancashire, just on the borders of Westmoreland. My father is a Jacobite, and so had to leave the country. He went over to Sweden and I with some friends of his got commissions."

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"Then our cases are pretty much alike," the doctor said. "I had gone through Dublin University, and had just passed as a surgeon when King James landed. It didn't much matter to me who was king, but I thought it was a fine opportunity to study gunshot wounds, so I joined the royal army, and was at the battle of the Boyne. I had plenty of work with wounds early in the day, but when, after the Irish had fairly beat the Dutchman back all day, they made up their minds to march away at night, I had to lave my patients and be off too. Then I was shut up in Limerick; and I was not idle there, as you may guess. When at last the surrender came I managed to slip away, having no fancy for going over with the regiments that were to enter the service of France. I thought I could have gone back to Dublin, and that no one would trouble about me; but some one put them up to it, and I had to go without stopping to ask leave. I landed at Bristol, and there for a time was nearly starving.

"I was well-nigh my wits' end as to what to do for a living, and had just spent my last shilling, when I met an English captain who told me that across at Gottenburg there were a good many Irish and Scotchmen who had, like myself, been in trouble at home. He gave me a passage across, and took me to the house of a man he knew. Of course, it was no use my trying to doctor people when they could not tell me what was the matter with them, and I worked at one thing and another, doing anything I could turn my hands to, for four or five months. That is how I got to pick up Swedish. Then some people told me that Russia was a place where a doctor might get on, for that they had got no doctors for their army who knew anything of surgery, and the czar was always ready to take on foreigners who could teach them anything. I had got my diploma with me and some of my friends came forward and subscribed

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enough to rig me out in clothes and pay my passage. What was better, one of them happened to have made the acquaintance of Le Ford, who was, as you may have heard, the czar's most intimate friend.

"I wished myself back a hundred times before I reached Moscow, but when I did everything was easy for me. Le Ford introduced me to the czar, and I was appointed surgeon of a newly-raised regiment, of which Le Ford was colonel. That was eight years ago, and I am now a sort of surgeon-general of a division, and am at the head of the hospitals about here. Till the war began I had not for five years done any military work, but had been at the head of a college the czar has established for training surgeons for the army. I was only sent down here after that business at Narva. So you see I have fallen on my feet. The czar's is a good service, and we employ a score or two of Scotchmen, most of them in good posts. He took to them because a Scotchman, General Gordon, and other foreign officers, rescued him from his sister Sophia, who intended to assassinate him, and established him firmly on the throne of his father. It is a pity you are not on this side. Perhaps it isn't too late to change, eh?"

Charlie laughed. "My father is in Sweden, and my company is commanded by a man who is as good as a father to me, and his son is like my brother. If there were no other reason I could not change. Why, it was only yesterday I was sitting round a bivouac fire with King Charles, and nothing would induce me to fight against him."

"I am not going to try to persuade you. The czar has treated me well, and I love him. By the way, I have not given you my name after all. It's Terence Kelly."

"Is not the czar very fierce and cruel?"

"Bedad, I would be much more cruel and fierce if I were in his place. Just think of one man with all Russia on his

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shoulders. There is he trying to improve the country, working like a horse himself, knowing that, like every other Russian, he is as ignorant as a pig, and setting to to improve himself—working in the dockyards of Holland and England, attending lectures, and all kinds of subjects. Why, man, he learnt anatomy, and can take off a leg as quickly as I can. He is building a fleet and getting together an army. It is not much good yet, you will say, but it will be some day. You can turn a peasant into a soldier in six months, but it takes a long time to turn out generals and officers who are fit for their work.

"Then, while he is trying everywhere to improve his country, every man jack of them objects to being improved, and wants to go along in his old ways. Didn't they get up an insurrection only because he wanted them to cut off their beards? Any other man would have lost heart and given it up years ago. It looks as hopeless a task as for a mouse to drag a mountain, but he is doing it. I don't say that he is perfect. He gets into passions, and it is mighty hard for anyone he gets into a passion with. But who would not get into passions when there is so much work to be done, and every one tries to hinder instead of to help? It would break the heart of St. Patrick! Why, that affair at Narva would have broken down most men. Here for years has he been working to make an army, and the first time they meet an enemy worthy of the name, what do they do? Why, they are beaten by a tenth of their number of half-starved men, led by a mad-brained young fellow who had never heard a shot fired before, and lose all their cannon, guns, ammunition, and stores. Why, I was heart-broken myself when I heard of it; but Peter, instead of blowing out his brains or drowning himself, set to work, an hour after the news reached him, to bring up fresh troops, to re-arm the men, and to prepare to meet the Swedes again as soon as the

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snow is off the ground. If James of England had been Peter of Russia he would be ruling over Ireland now, and England and Scotland too. But now I must be off. Don't you worry about your head, I have seen as bad a clip given by a blackthorn. I have got to go round now and see the wounded, and watch some operations being done, but I will come in again this evening. Don't eat any more of their messes if they bring them in; you and I will have a snug little dinner together. I might get you put into a more dacent chamber, but the general is one of the old pig-headed sort. We don't pull together, so I would rather not ask any favours from him. The czar may come any day—he is always flying about. I will speak to him when he comes, and see that you have better entertainment."

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CHAPTER VII.

EXCHANGED.

LATE in the afternoon, Dr. Kelly came in again to the cell. "Come along," he said; "I have got lave for you to have supper with me, and have given my pledge that you won't try to escape till it is over, or make any onslaught on the garrison, but will behave like a quiet and peacable man."

"You are quite safe in giving the pledge, doctor," Charlie laughed.

"Come along.then, me boy, for they were just dishing up when I came to fetch you, it is cold enough outside, and there is no sinse in putting cold victuals into one in such weather as this."

They were not long in reaching a snugly-furnished room, where a big fire was burning. Another gentleman was standing with his back to it. He was a man of some seven- or eight-and-twenty, with large features, dark brown hair falling in natural curls over his ears, and large and powerful in build.

"This is my friend, Charlie Carstairs," the doctor said. "This, Carstairs, is Peter Michaeloff, a better doctor than most of those who mangle the czar's soldiers."

"Things will better in time," the other said, "when your pupils begin to take their places in the army."

"I hope so," the doctor said, shrugging his shoulders.

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"There is one comfort, they can't be much worse." At this moment a servant entered bearing a bowl of soup and three basins. They at once seated themselves at the table.

"So you managed to get yourself captured yesterday," Dr. Michaeloff said to Charlie. "I have not had the pleasure of seeing many of you gentlemen here."

"We don't come if we can help it," Charlie laughed. "But the Cossacks were so pressing that I could not resist. In fact I did not know anything about it until I was well on the way."

"I hope they have made you comfortable," the other said sharply.

"I can't say much for the food," Charlie said, "and still less for the cell, which was bitterly cold. Still, as the doctor gave me two rugs to wrap myself up in, I need not grumble."

"That is not right," the other said angrily. "I hear that the King of Sweden treats our prisoners well. You should have remonstrated, Kelly."

The Irishman shrugged his shoulders. "I ventured to hint to the general that I thought an officer had a right to better treatment even if he were a prisoner, but I was told sharply to mind my own business, which was with the sick and wounded. I said as the prisoner was wounded I thought it was a matter that did come to some extent under my control."

"What did the pig say?"

"He grumbled something between his teeth that I did not catch, and as I thought the prisoner would not be kept there long, and was not unaccustomed to roughing it, it was not worth while pressing the matter further."

"Have you heard that an officer has been here this afternoon with a flag of truce to treat for your exchange?" Dr. Michaeloff said, turning suddenly to Charlie.

"No; I have not heard anything about it," Charlie said.

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"He offered a captain for you, which you may consider a high honour."

"It is, no doubt," Charlie said with a smile. "I suppose his majesty thought, as it was in his special service I was caught, he was bound to get me released if he could."

"It was a hunting party, was it not?"

"Yes. There was only the king with four of his officers there, and my company of foot and fifty horse. I don't think I can call it an escort, for we went principally as beaters."

"Rustoff missed a grand chance there, Kelly. What regiment do you belong to?" And he again turned to Charlie.

"The Malmoe Regiment. The company is commanded by an English gentleman, who is a neighbour and great friend of my father. His son is an ensign, and my greatest friend. The men are all either Scotch or English, but most of them Scotch."

"They are good soldiers the Scotch; none better. There are a good many in the Russian service, also in that of Austria and France; they are always faithful and to be relied upon even when native troops prove treacherous. And you like Charles of Sweden?"

"There is not a soldier in his army but likes him," Charlie said enthusiastically. "He expects us to do much, but he does more himself. All through the winter he did everything in his power for us, riding long distances from camp to camp to visit the sick and to keep up the spirits of the men. If we live roughly so does he, and on the march he will take his meals among the soldiers, and wrap himself up in his cloak, and sleep on the bare ground just as they do. And as for his bravery, he exposes his life recklessly—too recklessly, we all think—and it seemed a miracle that, always in the front as he was, he should have got through Narva without a scratch.

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"Yes, that was a bad bit of business that Narva," the other said thoughtfully. "Why do you think we were beaten in the horrible way we were—because the Russians are no cowards?"

"No; they made a gallant stand when they recovered from their surprise," Charlie agreed. "But in the first place, they were taken by surprise."

"They ought not to have been," the doctor said angrily, "They had news two days before brought by the cavalry, who ought to have defended that pass, but didn't."

"Still it was a surprise when we attacked," Charlie said, "for they could not suppose that the small body they saw were going to assail them. Then we had the cover of that snowstorm, and they did not see us until we reached the edge of the ditch. Of course, your general ought to have made proper dispositions, and to have collected the greater part of his troops at the spot facing us, instead of having them strung out round that big semicircle, so that when we made an entry they were separated, and each half was ignorant of what the other was doing. Still, even then they might have concentrated between the trenches and the town. But no orders had been given. The general was one of the first we captured, the others waited for the orders that never came until it was too late. If the general who commanded on the left had massed his troops, and marched against us as we were attacking the position they held on their right, we should have been caught between two fires."

"It was a badly managed business altogether," Dr. Michaeloff growled; "but we shall do better next time. We shall understand Charles's tactics better. We reckoned on his troops, but we did not reckon on him. Kelly tells me that you would not care to change service."

"My friends are in the Swedish army, and I am well satisfied with the service. I daresay if Russia had been

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nearer England than Sweden is, and we had landed there first, we should have been as glad to enter the service of the czar as we were to join that of King Charles. Everyone says that the czar makes strangers welcome, and that he is a liberal master to those who serve him well. As to the quarrel between them, I am not old enough to be able to give my opinion on it, though, as far as I am concerned, it seems to me that it was not a fair thing for Russia to take advantage of Sweden's being at war with Denmark and Augustus of Saxony, to fall upon her without any cause of quarrel."

"Nations move less by morality than interest," Dr. Michaeloff said calmly. "Russia wants a way to the sea—the Turks cut her off to the south, and the Swedes from the Baltic. She is smothered between them, and when she saw her chance she took it. That is not good morality, I admit that it is the excuse of the poor man who robs the rich; but it is human nature, and nations act in the long run a good deal like individuals."

"But you have not told me yet, doctor," Charlie said, turning the conversation, "whether the proposal for an exchange was accepted."

"The general had no power to accept it, Carstairs. It had to be referred to the czar himself."

"I wish his majesty could see me then," Charlie laughed. "He would see that I am but a lad, and that my release would not greatly strengthen the Swedish army."

"But then the czar may be of opinion that none of his officers who allowed themselves to be captured by a handful of men at Narva would be of any use to him," Dr. Michaeloff laughed.—

"That may, doubtless, be said of a good many among them," Charlie said, "but individually none of the captains could be blamed for the mess they made of it"

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"Perhaps not, but if all the men had been panic-stricken, there were officers enough to have gathered together and cut their way through the Swedes."

"No doubt there were; but you must remember, Dr. Michaeloff, that an officer's place is with his company, and that it is his duty to think of his men before thinking of himself. Supposing all the officers of the left wing, as you say, had gathered together and cut their way out, the czar would have had a right to blame them for the capture of the whole of the men. How could they tell that at daybreak the general would not have given orders for the left wing to attack the Swedes? They were strong enough still to have eaten us up had they made the effort, and had the czar been there in person I will warrant he would have tried it."

"That he would," Dr. Michaeloff said warmly. "You are right there, young sir. The czar may not be a soldier, but at least he is a man, which is more than can be said for the officer who ordered sixty thousand men to lay down their arms to eight thousand."

"I am sure of that," Charlie said. "A man who would do as he has done, leave his kingdom and work like a common man in dockyards to learn how to build ships, and who rules his people as he does, must be a great man. I don't suppose he would do for us in England, because a king has no real power with us, and Peter would never put up with being thwarted in all his plans by parliament as William is. But for a country like Russia he is wonderful. Of course, our company being composed of Scotchmen and Englishmen, we have no prejudices against him. We think him wrong for entering upon this war against Sweden, but we all consider him a wonderful fellow, just the sort of fellow one would be proud to serve under if we did not serve under Charles of Sweden. Well, Dr. Kelly, when do you think the czar will be here?"

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The doctor did not reply, but Michaeloff said quietly, "He arrived this afternoon."

"He did!" Charlie exclaimed excitedly. "Why did you not tell me before, Dr. Kelly? Has he been asked about ny exchange, and is the Swedish officer still here?"

"He is here, and you will be exchanged in the morning. I have other things to see about now, and must say good-night; and if you should ever fall into the hands of our people again, and Dr. Kelly does not happen to be near, ask for Peter Michaeloff, and he will do all he can for you."

"Then I am really to be exchanged to-morrow, doctor?" Charlie said as Dr. Michaeloff left the room.

"It seems like it."

"But did not you know?"

"No, I had heard nothing for certain. I knew the czar had come, but I had not heard of his decision. I congratuláte you."

"It is a piece of luck," Charlie said. "I thought it might be months before there was an exchange. It is very good of the king to send over so quickly."

"Yes; and of the czar to let you go."

"Well, I don't see much in that, doctor, considering that he gets a captain in exchange for me; still, of course, he might have refused. It would not have been civil, but he might have done it."

"What did you think of my friend, Charlie?"

"I like him; he has a pleasant face, though I should think he has got a temper of his own. He has a splendid figure, and looks more like a fighting man than a doctor. I will write down his name so as not to forget it, as he says he might be able to help me if I am ever taken prisoner again and you did not happen to be with the army. It is always nice having a friend; look at the difference it has made to me finding a countryman here."

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"Yes, you may find it useful, Carstairs; and he has a good deal of influence. Still I think it probable that if you ever should get into a scrape again you will be able to get tidings of me, for I am likely to be with the advanced division of our army wherever it is, as I am in charge of its hospitals. You had better turn in now, for I suppose you will be starting early, and I have two or three patients I must visit again before I go to bed. This is your room next to mine, I managed after all to get it changed."

"That is very good of you, doctor, but it really would not have mattered a bit for one night. It does look snug and warm with that great fire."

"Yes, the stoves are the one thing I don't like in Russia. I like to see a blazing fire, and the first thing I do when I get into fresh quarters is to have the stove opened so that I can see one. This is a second room of mine. There were three together, you see, and as my rank is that of a colonel I was able to get them, and it is handy if a friend comes to see me to have a room for him."

An hour later, just as Charlie was dozing off to sleep, the doctor put his head in to the door. "You are to start at daybreak, Carstairs. My servant will call you an hour before that. I shall be up; I must put a fresh bandage on your head before you start."

"Thank you very much, doctor; I am sorry to get you up so early."

"That is nothing; I am accustomed to work at all hours. Good-night."

At eight o'clock, having had a bowl of broth, Charlie descended to the court-yard in charge of an officer and two soldiers, the doctor accompanying him. Here he found a Swedish officer belonging to the king's personal staff. The Russian handed the lad formally over to his charge, saying, "By the orders of the czar, I now exchange Ensign Carstairs

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for Captain Potoff, whom you on your part engage to send off at once."

"I do," the Swede said; "that is, I engage that he shall be sent off as soon as he can be fetched from Revel, where he is now interned, and shall be safely delivered under an escort; and that if either by death, illness, or escape I should not be able to hand him over, I will return another officer of the same rank."

"I have the czar's commands," the Russian went on, "to express his regret that, owing to a mistake on the part of the officer commanding here, Ensign Carstairs has not received such worthy treatment as the czar would have desired for him, but he has given stringent orders that in future any Swedish officers who may be taken prisoners shall receive every comfort and hospitality that can be shown them."

"Good-bye, Doctor Kelly," Charlie said as he mounted his horse, which had been saddled in readiness for him. "I am greatly obliged to you for your very great kindness to me, and hope that I may some day have an opportunity of repaying it."

"I hope not, Carstairs. I trust that we may meet again, but hope that I sha'n't be in the position of a prisoner. However, strange things have happened already in this war, and there is no saying how fortune may go. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey."

A Russian officer took his place by the side of the Swede, and an escort of twenty troopers rode behind them as they trotted out through the gate of the convent.

"It was very kind of the king to send for me," Charlie said to the Swede, "and I am really sorry that you should have had so long a ride on my account, Captain Pradovich."

"As to that it is a trifle," the officer said; "if I had not been riding here I should be riding with the king elsewhere,

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so that I am none the worse. But in truth I am glad I came, for yesterday evening I saw the czar himself. I conversed with him for some time. He expressed himself very courteously with respect to the king and to our army, against whom he seems to bear no sort of malice for the defeat we inflicted on him at Narva. He spoke of it himself, and said, 'you will see that some day we shall turn the tables upon you.' The king will be pleased when I return with you, for we all feared that you might be very badly hurt. All that we knew was that some of your men had seen you cut down. After the battle was over a search was made for your body. When it could not be found, questions were asked of some of our own men, and some wounded Russians who were lying near the spot where you had been seen to fall.

"Our men had seen nothing, for as the Russians closed in behind your company as it advanced they had shut their eyes and lay as if dead, fearing that they might be run through as they lay by the Cossack lances. The Russians, however, told us that they had seen two of the Cossacks dismount by the orders of one of their officers, lift you on to a horse, and ride off with you. There was therefore a certainty that you were still living, for the Russians would assuredly not have troubled to carry off a dead body. His majesty interested himself very much in the matter, and yesterday morning sent me off to inquire if you were alive, and if so, to propose an exchange. I was much pleased when I reached Plescow yesterday to learn that your wound is not a serious one. I saw the doctor, who, I found, was a countryman of yours, and he assured me that it was nothing, and made some joke that I did not understand about the thickness of North Country skulls.

"The czar arrived in the afternoon, but I did not see him until late in the evening, when I was sent for. I

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found him with the general in command, and several other officers, among whom was your friend the doctor. The czar was at first in a furious passion. He abused the general right and left, and I almost thought at one time that he would have struck him. He told him that he had disgraced the Russian name by not treating you with proper hospitality, and especially by placing you in a miserable cell without a fire. 'What will the King of Sweden think?' he said. 'He treats his prisoners with kindness and courtesy, and after Narva gave them a banquet, at which he himself was present. The Duke of Croy writes to me to say he is treated as an honoured guest rather than as a prisoner, and here you disgrace us by shutting your prisoner in a cheerless cell, although he is wounded, and giving him food such as you might give to a common soldier. The Swedes will think that we are barbarians. You are released from your command, and will at once proceed to Moscow and report yourself there, when a post will be assigned to you where you will have no opportunity of showing yourself ignorant of the laws of courtesy. Doctor,' he went on, 'you will remember that all prisoners, officers and men, will be henceforth under the charge of the medical department, and that you have full authority to make such arrangements as you may think necessary for their comfort and honourable treatment. I will not have Russia made a by-word among civilized peoples.' Then he dismissed the rest of them, and afterwards sat down and chatted with me, just as if we had been of the same rank, puffing a pipe furiously, and drinking amazing quantities of wine; indeed my head feels the effects of it this morning, although I was quite unable to drink cup for cup with him, for had I done so I should have been under the table long before he rose from it, seemingly quite unmoved by the quantity he had drank. I have no doubt he summoned me especially to hear his rebuke to the general,

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896

"IT IS AS MUCH AS I CAN DO TO KEEP MY SADDLE."

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so that I could take word to the king how earnest he was in his regrets for your treatment."

"There was nothing much to complain of," Charlie said; "and, indeed, the cell was a palace after the miserable huts in which we have passed the winter. I am glad, however, the czar gave the general a wigging, for he spoke brutally to me on my arrival. You may be sure now that any prisoners that may be taken will be well treated; for Doctor Kelly, who has been extremely kind to me, will certainly take good care of them. As to my wound, it is of little consequence. It fell on my steel cap, and I think I was stunned by its force rather than rendered insensible by the cut itself."

After three hours' riding they came to a village. As soon as they were seen approaching there was a stir there. A man riding ahead waved the white flag that he carried, and when they entered the village they found a party of fifty Swedish cavalry in the saddle. The Russian escort, as soon as the Swedish officer and Charlie had joined their friends, turned and rode off. A meal was in readiness, and when Charlie, who was still feeling somewhat weak from the effects of his wound, had partaken of it, the party proceeded on their way, and rode into Marienburg before nightfall. Two or three miles outside the town they met Harry Jervoise. Two soldiers had been sent on at full speed directly Charlie reached the village, to report that he had arrived there and was not seriously wounded, and knowing about the time they would arrive, Harry had ridden out to meet his friend.

"You are looking white," he said after the first hearty greeting.

"I am feeling desperately tired, Harry. The wound is of no consequence, but I lost a good deal of blood, and it is as much as I can do to keep my saddle, though we have been coming on quietly on purpose. However. I shall soon be

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all right again, and I need hardly say that I am heartily glad to be back."

"We have all been in a great way about you, Charlie, for we made sure that you were very badly wounded. I can tell you it was a relief when the men rode in three hours ago with the news that you had arrived, and were not badly hurt. The men seemed as pleased as we were, and there was a loud burst of cheering when we told them the news. Cunningham and Forbes would have ridden out with me; but Cunningham is on duty, and Forbes thought that we should like to have a chat together."

On his arrival Charlie was heartily welcomed by Captain Jervoise and the men of the company, who cheered lustily as he rode up.

"You are to go and see the king at once," Captain Jervoise said as he dismounted. "I believe he wants to hear especially how you were treated. Make the best of it you can, lad; there is no occasion for the feeling of Charles against the Russians being embittered."

"I understand," Charlie said; "I will make things as smooth as I can."

He walked quickly to the little house where the king had taken up his quarters. There was no sentry at the door, or other sign that the house contained an occupant of special rank. He knocked at the door, and hearing a shout of "Enter," opened it and went in.

"Ah, my young ensign; is it you?" the king said, rising from a low settle on which he was sitting by the fire, talking with Colonel Schlippenbach.

"Hurt somewhat, I see, but not badly, I hope. I was sure that you would not have been taken prisoner unless you had been injured."

"I was cut down by a blow that clove my helmet, your majesty, and stunned me for some time; but beyond

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making a somewhat long gash on my skull, it did me no great harm."

"That speaks well for the thickness of your skull, lad, and I am heartily glad it is no worse. Now, tell me, how did they treat you?"

"It was a somewhat rough cell into which I was thrown, sir, but I was most kindly tended by an Irish doctor high in the czar's service, and when the czar himself arrived and learned that I had not been lodged as well as he thought necessary, I hear he was so angered that he disgraced the general, deprived him of his command, and sent him to take charge of some fortress in the interior of Russia, and I was by his orders allowed to occupy the doctor's quarters, and a bed-room was assigned to me next to his. I heard that the czar spoke in terms of the warmest appreciation of your treatment of your prisoners, and said that any of your officers who fell into his hands should be treated with equal courtesy."

Charles looked gratified. "I am glad to hear it," he said. "In the field, if necessary, blood must flow like water, but there is no reason why we should not behave towards each other with courtesy when the fighting is over. You know nothing of the force there at present?"

"No, sir, I heard nothing. I did not exchange a word with anyone save the doctor and another medical man; and as the former treated me as a friend rather than as an enemy, I did not deem it right to question him, and had I done so I am sure that he would have given me no answer."

"Well, you can return to your quarters, sir. Your company did me good service in that fight, and Colonel Schlippenbach did not speak in any way too warmly in their favour. I would that I had more of these brave Englishmen and Scotchmen in my service."

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Charlie's head, however, was not as hard as he had believed it to be; and the long ride brought on inflammation of the wound, so that on the following morning he was in a high state of fever. It was a fortnight before he was convalescent, and the surgeon then recommended that he should have rest and quiet for a time, as he was sorely pulled down and unfit to bear the hardships of a campaign; and it was settled that he should go down with the next convoy to Revel, and thence take ship for Sweden. He was so weak, that although very sorry to leave the army just as spring was commencing, he himself felt that he should be unable to support the fatigues of the campaign until he had had entire rest and change. A few hours after the decision of the surgeon had been given, Major Jamieson and Captain Jervoise entered the room where he was sitting, propped up by pillows.

"I have a bit of news that will please you, Charlie. The king sent for the major this morning, and told him that he intended to increase our company to a regiment if he could do so. He had heard that a considerable number of Scotchmen and Englishmen had come over, and were desirous of enlisting, but from their ignorance of the language their services had been declined. He said that he was so pleased not only with the conduct of the company in that fight, but with its discipline, physique, and power of endurance, that he had decided to convert it into a regiment. He said he was sorry to lose its services for a time; but as we lost twenty men in the fight, and have some fifteen still too disabled to take their places in the ranks, this was of the less importance. So we are all going to march down to Revel with you. Major Jamieson is appointed colonel, and I am promoted to be major; the king himself directed that Cunningham and Forbes shall have commissions as captains, and you and Harry as lieutenants. The colonel has

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authority given him to nominate Scotch and English gentlemen of good name to make up the quota of officers, while most of our own men will be appointed non-commissioned officers to drill the new recruits. The king has been good enough at Colonel Jamieson's request to say, that as soon as the regiment is raised and organized, it shall be sent up to the front."

"That is good news, indeed," Charlie said with more animation than he had evinced since his illness. "I have been so accustomed to be attended to in every way that I was quite looking forward with dread to the journey among strangers; still, if you are all going, it will be a different thing altogether. I don't think you will be long in raising the regiment. We only were a week in getting the company together, and if they have been refusing to accept the services of our people, there must be numbers of them at Gottenburg."

Early on the following morning Charlie and the men unable to march were placed in waggons, and the company started on its march to Revel. It was a heavy journey, for the frost had broken up and the roads were in a terrible state from the heavy traffic passing. There was no delay when they reached the port, as they at once marched on board a ship, which was the next day to start for Sweden. Orders from the king had already been received that the company was to be conveyed direct to Gottenburg, and they entered the port on the fifth day after sailing. The change, the sea air, and the prospect of seeing his father again greatly benefited Charlie, and while the company was marched to a large building assigned to their use, he was able to make his way on foot to his father's, assisted by his soldier-servant Jock Armstrong.

"Why, Charlie," Sir Marmaduke Carstairs exclaimed as he entered, "who would have thought of seeing you? You

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are looking ill, lad; ill and weak. What has happened to you?"

Charlie briefly related the events that had brought about his return to Gottenburg, of which Sir Marmaduke was entirely ignorant. Postal communications were rare and uncertain, and Captain Jervoise had not taken advantage of the one opportunity that offered after Charlie had been wounded, thinking it better to delay till the lad could write and give a good account of himself.

"So Jervoise, and his son, and that good fellow Jamieson are all back again? That is good news, Charlie; and you have been promoted? That is capital too, after only a year in the service. And you have been wounded, and a prisoner among the Russians? You have had adventures indeed! I was terribly uneasy when the first news of that wonderful victory at Narva came, for we generally have to wait for the arrival of the despatches giving the lists of the killed and wounded. I saw that the regiment had not been in the thick of it, as the lists contained none of your names. I would have given a limb to have taken part in that wonderful battle. When you get as old as I am, my boy, you will feel a pride in telling how you fought at Narva, and helped to destroy an entire Russian army with the odds ten to one against you. Of course you will stay here with me; I suppose you have leave at present?"

"Yes, father, Colonel Jamieson told me that my first duty was to get strong and well again, and that I was to think of no other until I had performed that. And how have you been getting on, father?"

"Very well, lad. I don't pretend that it is not a great change from Lynnwood, but I get along very well, and thank heaven daily that for so many years I had set aside a portion of my rents, little thinking that the time would come when they would prove my means of existence. My

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friends here have invested the money for me, and it bears good interest, which is punctually paid. With the English and Scotch exiles I have as much society as I care for, and as I find I am able to keep a horse,—for living here is not more than half the cost that it would be in England,—I am well enough contented with my lot. There is but one thing that pricks me: that villain John Dormay has, as he schemed for, obtained possession of my estates, and has been knighted for his distinguished services to the king. I heard of this some time since, by a letter from one of our Jacobite friends to whom I wrote asking for news. He says that the new knight has no great cause for enjoyment in his dignity and possessions, because, not only do the Jacobite gentry turn their backs upon him when they meet him in the town, but the better class of Whigs hold altogether aloof from him, regarding his elevation at the expense of his wife's kinsman to be disgraceful, although of course they have no idea of the evil plot by which he brought about my ruin. There is great pity expressed for his wife, who has not once stirred beyond the grounds at Lynnwood since he took her there, and who is, they say, a shadow of her former self. Ciceley, he hears, is well. That cub of a son is in London, and there are reports that he is very wild, and puts his father to much cost. As to the man himself, they say he is surrounded by the lowest knaves, and it is rumoured that he has taken to drink for want of better company. It is some comfort to me to think, that although the villain has my estates he is getting no enjoyment out of them. However, I hope some day to have a reckoning with him. The Stuarts must come to their own sooner or later until then I am content to rest quietly here in Sweden."

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