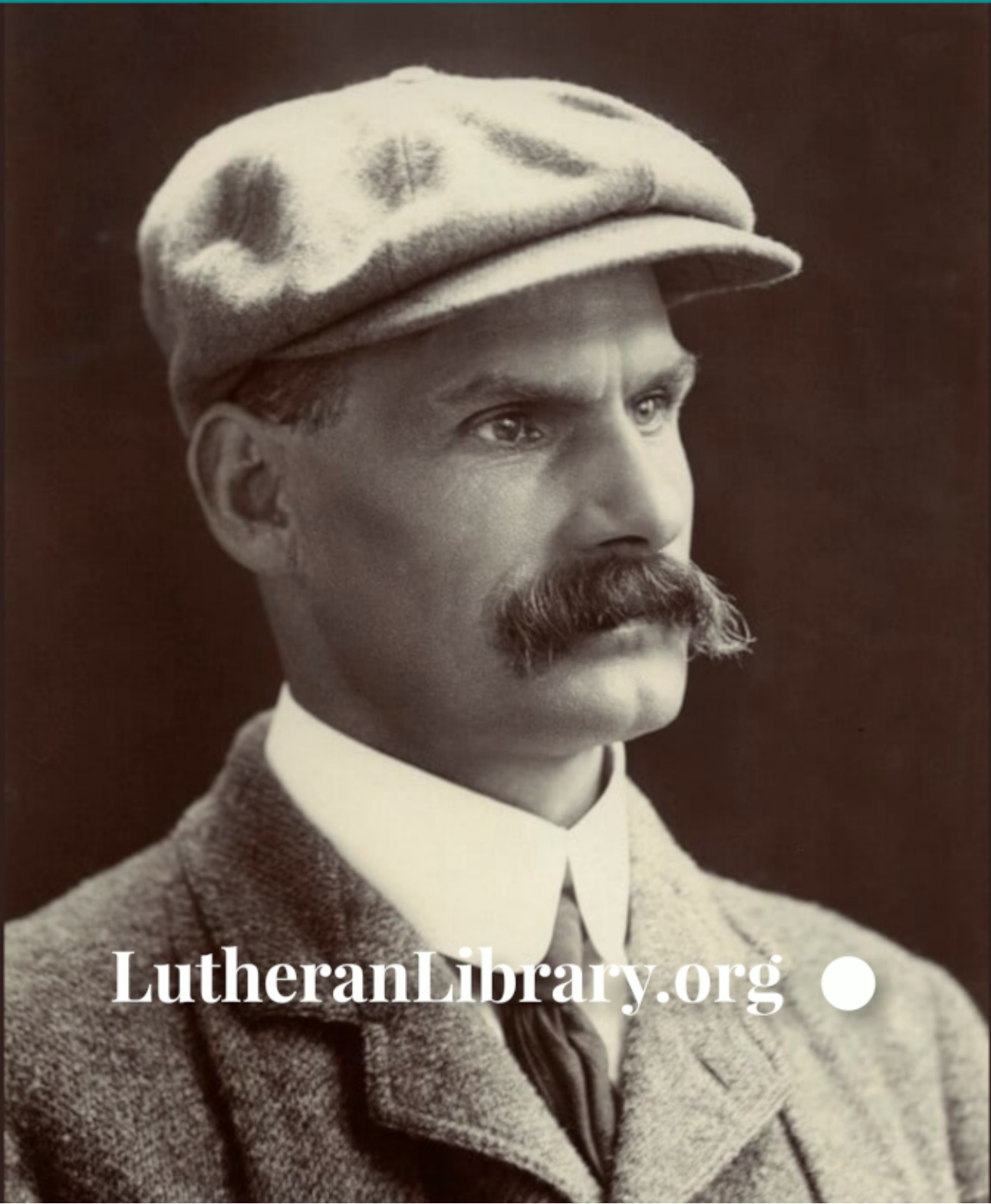


**Joseph Hocking**

**The Chariots of  
the Lord**



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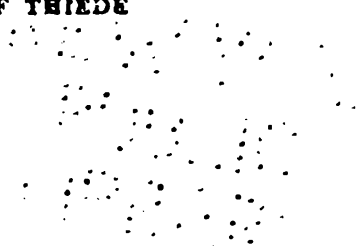
THE GIRL LOOKED AS THOUGH SHE WOULD HAVE ANNIHILATED HIM  
[see p. 217.]

# THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

BY  
D. C. .  
JOSEPH HOCKING

Author of 'Follow the Gleam,' 'A Flame of Fire,' etc.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY  
ADOLF THIEDE



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# THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

## CHAPTER I

### THE JUDGE AND THE PRISONER

**A**H, you are there, Master Baxter. Well, I will see to it that you are there for a purpose. Oh, you shall have justice. For that reason the most Christian of kings hath appointed me to dispense it.'

A great crowd had gathered at the Guildhall, London, soon after King James II. had come to the throne, and the eyes of the people were turned alternately towards a benevolent-looking divine who stood in the prisoner's dock and the judge who sat on the bench. Nearly every spectator showed signs of excitement, on many faces strong anger was expressed, yet no man dared to proclaim his anger abroad. All were cowed by the judge, who with an angry scowl on his face, and a gleam of savage joy in his eyes, scanned the faces of both prisoner and counsel.

The prisoner was Richard Baxter, an old Puritan clergyman, who had been a chaplain of the Parliamentary forces during the civil war, but was everywhere beloved for his piety, his good learning, and his gracious deeds. The judge was Jeffreys, who had been promoted by

# The Judge and the Prisoner

Charles II., and was now the trusted servant of the new king.

'Oh, you shall have justice,' went on Jeffreys, exultantly. 'I will see to that; oh yes, I will see to that. You wanted time to prepare your case, did you, Master Baxter? Time to bring lying witnesses, and time to bolster up their lies by pious cant? But no, not a minute. Oates or Baxter, which is the worse? If you, Master Baxter, stood on one side of a pillory and Oates on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together.'

Baxter only replied by a sigh, but the spectators muttered angrily.

'Silence!' cried Jeffreys, looking intently at a man whose voice had been heard in protestation. 'Think you I will be frightened by the snarls of curs? Oh yes, I am marking you. I see you, you hypocritical knave, and some day I will have you before me, and then I will see what your snarls are worth. Who is here for the defence of this villain, Richard Baxter?'

At this two barristers spoke, whereupon Jeffreys went on: 'Pollexfen, and Master Wallop, eh? Well, you have glib tongues, but you will not alter me. Now, what have you to say?'

Master Pollexfen began to speak, but he had not uttered six words before Jeffreys broke forth angrily—

'Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy, he would have nothing but long-winded cant without a book. This is how he wants to worship God. Just listen.'

On this Jeffreys sat back in his chair, turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began singing through his

# Jeffreys' Epithets

nose in most lugubrious tones: 'Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people.

'That is how these Presbyterians would have us pray, and think you his Majesty will have it? Besides, the fellow is a traitor, a villain.'

'But, my lord,' said Pollexfen, 'his late Majesty offered Master Baxter a bishopric, so he could not be——'

'Silence!' cried Jeffreys. 'If his Majesty offered him a bishopric, why did not the old blockhead take it? Nay, is this not a sign of his evil heart! For he hath an evil heart. Ah, you Baxter, you plotting villain, you hypocritical knave, you lying blackguard. Oh, you shall have justice; I will see to that!'

Upon this the other advocate, Master Wallop, tried to speak; but again Jeffreys interrupted.

'No, I will not let you go on,' he cried. 'You are in all the dirty cases, Mr. Wallop. Gentlemen of the long robe ought to be ashamed to assist such factious knaves. If you do not know your duty, I will teach you.'

At this Mr. Wallop tried to expostulate. 'What!' cried Jeffreys, 'you dare to answer me! Am I not appointed by his Gracious Majesty to see that knaves get their due? You would bully me, would you? I'll let you know! I'll have you all packed into gaol sooner or later, you fly-blown carrion.'

On this the old divine arose, and began to speak.

'My lord,' he said, 'I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops.'

'Ho, ho!' cried Jeffreys. 'Baxter for bishops, that is a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops. Factious, snivelling Presbyterians.'

'My lord,' said Baxter, 'if you will allow me to speak, I will prove——'

# The Judge and the Prisoner

'Prove! prove! ay, I doubt not,' bellowed the judge. 'Thou wouldst prove that the devil was an angel of light, and that King James was a false knave like thee. Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court. Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written enough books to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. But, by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. Ay, and at your side is the pious, learned Dr. Bates. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I'll crush you all. Speak? No, you shall not speak. You shall have the justice of a Christian judge—not a Presbyterian hypocrite—who hath been appointed by a Christian king.'

At this, Richard Baxter lapsed into silence, but one of the advocates tried to show that a wrong interpretation had been put upon Baxter's words.

'You shall not turn this court into a conventicle,' cried Jeffreys; 'have I not read his book, called *The Paraphrase of The New Testament*, and have I not said that it is full of sedition? Is not that enough? Am I to be taught my duty and the law by men who do not know a great "A" from the track of a goose? I say the fellow is a knave and hath written seditious books, and that is enough.'

At this some who were in the hall fell to weeping; but this aroused Jeffreys more than ever.

'Silence, you bleating calves!' he cried. 'If I hear another sound I will e'en have you whipped at a cart-tail.'

'My lord,' said Pollexfen, 'I crave your leave to bring witnesses, who will speak as to Master Baxter's character.'



# The Jury's Verdict

'Oh, let them come, let them come,' cried the judge; 'they cannot deceive me. I can smell Presbyterianism in their clothes. But I am a just judge, so I will hear them.'

On this many witnesses, including several clergymen of the Established Church, sought to witness as to Richard Baxter's character, but Jeffreys drowned their voices by angry shouts.

'What is the use of your saying that he is a pious, Godfearing man?' he cried. 'Hath he not refused the Bishopric of Hereford, offered him by that saintly King, Charles II.? Why did he refuse it? Because he was a traitor. Was he not a chaplain to the rebel army? did he not refuse to take the oath of Uniformity? Is he not a Dissenter, a snivelling Presbyterian? I tell you he shall suffer.'

At this Richard Baxter rose to his feet again.

'My lord,' he said, 'do you think any jury will convict a man on such a trial as this?'

'Don't trouble yourself about that, Mr. Baxter,' said Jeffreys. 'I will see to it that you are convicted and that judgment shall be passed. I and my three brethren here will give you what you deserve.'

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, even as the judge had said, and as they uttered the word, Jeffreys gave a derisive laugh.

'Guilty!' he cried, 'of course he's guilty. You've acted like honest Christian gentlemen. Had you dared to bring in another verdict it should have been worse for you. Now, then, for the sentence, and to show how fair I want to be, my three brethren and I will retire and consider the matter.'

During the whole of the proceedings a youth had stood among the spectators, never uttering a sound, but

# The Judge and the Prisoner

who had missed never a word nor a look. Now and then his eyes flashed fire, and again his hand crept to his sword-hilt, as though he could barely control his feelings, but, as I have said, he continued throughout the trial without uttering a sound.

He appeared to be between nineteen and twenty years of age. He might have been more than that, for although a moustache had only just begun to dawn on his upper lip, his form was tall and muscular, giving evidence of more matured strength than was to be expected of a youth in his teens. He was richly attired in the fashion of the time, and appeared to be a man of good family. His sword-hilt was bejewelled, and his velvet cloak bore evidence of wealth. His skin was somewhat dark, his eyes and hair were jet black, and there was, in spite of his youth, a bold, determined look on his face.

Some who were near him noted the tremble of his lips and the flash of his eyes during the trial, and wondered who the gay court gallant might be, who appeared to sympathize so deeply with the old divine who had suffered so shamefully.

While the judges were discussing the verdict, there was much conversation in the court, for the departure of Jeffreys seemed to be hailed by the people, even as pure air and sunlight might be hailed by those who had dwelt in a dungeon. One of the men who had been watching the youth, therefore, tried to obtain speech with him.

'There seems to be no justice in England now, young master?' he said. 'Is it not so?'

The young man looked towards his questioner, but vouchsafed no reply.

'I tell you the Lord will have His vengeance one of

## A Youth's Indignation

these days. Sorrow may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

The youth shrugged his shoulders, French fashion.

'The Lord!' he said; 'what doth the Lord care? That devil is allowed to do his work, and the Lord taketh no heed!'

'Ay, speak not so. Another Oliver Cromwell may arise, even as Josiah arose of olden time.'

'Hush!' said a voice near. 'There are spies everywhere. Speak not of Oliver in so loud a voice.'

'Ay, but the Lord is not dead.'

'If we trusted in ourselves a little more, it may be we should please God the better,' said the youth.

'Say not so. Say not so. But perchance you have suffered also, young man. Perchance the Lord has caused you to be like Daniel of olden time, and you have dared to hold to your faith in God even in the court of a Babylonish king.'

The youth looked at him angrily, and then turned away his head. The other made several other attempts to enter into conversation with him, but he seemed vexed with himself for having said so much.

Meanwhile Jeffreys consulted with his brother judges as to the fate of Richard Baxter.

'I tell you what must be done,' he cried. 'The fellow must be tied to a cart's-tail, and whipped through London streets. This hath befallen Oates, and this meddling, prating Presbyterian is as bad as he.'

'Nay,' cried the others, 'even the King would not consent to that.'

'King! I'll answer for the King!' cried Jeffreys. 'The King knows me, and trusts me. That is why I am what I am. Nothing would please his Majesty better than that this seditious rascal should be made an example

# The Judge and the Prisoner

of. I tell you King James would rejoice to hear him crying for mercy.'

'It would mean a riot,' the others urged.

'Riot! I would love to see it. It would rejoice me to mete out justice to the rioters. By our holy religion, I would make every man in England shudder at the thought of riot.'

'But I tell you this cannot be. A fine now——'

'A fine! No, God helping me, there shall be no fine. If there is, it shall be an impossible one. Yes, a fine of a thousand marks, which if he cannot pay without delay, he be whipped and sent to prison for five years.'

But this the others, in spite of Jeffreys' persistence, would not agree to. Moreover, one of his brethren, although his inferior in rank as Justice, was nevertheless one of whom Jeffreys was afraid, and as a consequence yielded to his desires.

A deadly silence prevailed in the court, as the judges again resumed their seats. For some minutes Jeffreys did not speak. Instead, he gazed around the court, his cruel, evil-looking eyes making many to shudder as it rested on them. Evidently he desired to make the people dread his power.

'Silence!' said Jeffreys at length, as though he would add terror to his words, for, indeed, there was no need to command silence, seeing that every one waited breathlessly for the verdict.

'Richard Baxter,' said Jeffreys, 'it has been proved here to-day, in spite of lying witnesses and bullying advocates, that thou art a double-dyed knave, and that thou dost deserve hanging and quartering. I dare not descant on thy naughtiness; if I did, even I might lose patience, and use harsh language, and this no man in his senses can accuse me of doing. Still, this is proved, and

# Jeffreys' Charges

for the sake of justice I must e'en repeat it. Thou hast written seditious books, Richard ; thou hast tried to stir up people to rebellion. Thou hast spoken disrespectfully of kings and holy churches ; thou hast proclaimed false doctrines, and thus thou art a public danger. Nay, thou art a plague, an incest, even as thou art a false knave, a lying villain, and a snivelling, hypocritical Presbyterian. I will therefore fine thee five hundred marks, or to lie a year and a half in King's Bench Prison in default of payment. Now, then, get down on thy false knees, and thank us for our mercy. What, thou canst not pay such a large sum ? Serve thee right. Officer, pack him off to gaol, and free the court of his foul presence !'

Upon this the old man looked around upon the faces of the angry spectators, and seemed about to speak.

'No, not a word ; pack him off, I say.'

Two officers came forward to lead him away to prison, but they were evidently moved with pity towards him, for they offered him no violence, but rather showed him kindness.

Just as he was leaving the court, he turned towards Jeffreys, and said—

'My lord, there was once a Chief Justice who would have treated me differently.'

This was a reference to Sir Matthew Hale, who during Charles' reign had endeavoured to give justice to Dissenters.

'Then he would have betrayed his country,' cried Jeffreys, 'ay, betrayed his king, and his country, I tell thee ;' but by this time Richard Baxter had left the court, although he could still hear every word the judge said. 'There's not an honest man in England but looks on thee as a knave.'

'It is a lie !'



# The Judge and the Prisoner

The voice rang out clear and strong throughout the room, and a second later all eyes were turned towards the youth of which we have spoken.

‘What!’ roared Jeffrey’s.

‘It is a lie!’ repeated the youth, in the same clear steady voice. ‘There is not an honest man in England but looks upon him as a Christian and a man of God.’

The youth stood perfectly calm and fearless, looking straight into the eyes of Jeffrey’s. His lips were compressed and his hands were clasped tightly, but he showed no other sign of perturbation. Jeffrey’s, however, seemed for the moment too angry to speak. His eyes gleamed with a greater rage than ever, his face worked with passion, and he showed his large yellow teeth, just as a savage lion shows his fangs when he is about to spring.

‘Ah!’ cried Jeffrey’s, presently, ‘what have we here? Silence in the Court! Ah, I see, we have another traitor, and not only a traitor but a brawler, who has treated his Majesty’s court and his Majesty’s judges with contempt. One who dares to take exception to my words.’

‘You told a lie,’ said the youth, ‘you have been doing this throughout the whole of this mockery of a trial. I have spoken only the truth.’

By this time a breathless silence prevailed; every neck was strained so that a better view might be gained of the youth who dared to beard the man who was a terror to the community. That the public sympathized with him there could be no doubt. He had done only that which nine out of every ten would have done had they the courage.

‘We will see to that,’ cried Jeffrey’s, ‘and we will see, too, whether brawling and bullying can go on

# Jeffreys' Justice

without punishment. Oh yes, we will see. What is your name ?'

At this the youth, whose face had been very pale, flushed, but he did not speak.

'Tell me, thou varlet, tell me quick, or I will have thee cat-o'-nine-tailed here in the court.'

'That seems quite possible,' said the youth. 'Give any beggar a horse and he'll ride it to the devil, and I take it that thou art no exception.'

At this Jeffreys' face became purple with passion. Many thought he was meditating leaving his seat and attacking the youth in person ; but he only cried hoarsely, 'Thy name, varlet, thy name !'

At this the youth became again silent, but his eyes did not quail, neither did he show sign of fear.

'Take him !' cried Jeffreys. 'Drag him into the streets, tie him to a cart-tail. Strip him, whip him soundly, and afterwards take him to the pillory and command that the offal of London Town be thrown at him. After that clap him into the most stinking hole in Fleet Prison.'

There was a moment's hesitation on the part of the officers ; but presently, fearing the anger of Jeffreys, two of them stepped forward to obey. But before they reached the youth one of the other judges motioned them to stop. After this there was a whispered consultation among them.

'I tell thee, Jeffreys, it will not do,' said one. 'This youth doth not belong to the Dangerfield or Oates class. He is a youth of good family and good breeding. Any one can see that.'

At this Jeffreys again protested, but was presently checked by one of the other judges, whom he seemed to fear.

# The Judge and the Prisoner

'You must tell me your name,' said this judge to the youth; 'and tell us why you have behaved in this unseemly manner.'

'My name is not unknown to you, Lord Huntingdon,' said the youth. 'The Trelawneys of Cornwall have held a place not inferior to your own in the history of the country. My name is Benedict Trelawney.'

'Related to my Lord Bishop of Bristol?'

'Yes.'

'But why did you insult the Court?'

'I did what no honest man who hath courage could help doing,' said the youth, boldly. 'He insulted and outraged the feeling of a godly old man, and I could not help but speak.'

At this Jeffreys was about to speak again when some one passed him a letter emblazoned with the royal arms.

'I must e'en leave the court,' he said. 'His Majesty desires my presence. As for this varlet'—he looked at his brother judges, and then at young Benedict Trelawney, who stood looking at him steadily with a smile on his face—'well, I have not time to deal with him now. Let him be sent to prison till I have the leisure to consider his wickedness.'

With that he left the court, but my Lord of Huntingdon called an officer to him and whispered some instructions in his ear.

Without a word Benedict Trelawney walked away between two officers, while Judge Jeffreys was carried rapidly towards Whitehall. As to the advocates and the spectators, they talked eagerly concerning the young stranger. Some praised his courage, while others shook their heads concerning the fate that awaited him.

## CHAPTER II

### THE JUDGE AND THE KING

**J**UDGE JEFFREYS made his way towards Whitehall with mingled feelings. He rejoiced that he had been able to send Richard Baxter to gaol, and promised himself that he would be able to wreak his vengeance on many others of a similar persuasion before many months had passed away, but he was not altogether pleased at the course events had taken. He had desired to see the old divine whipped at the cart-tail. On more than one occasion he had been angered at Baxter's denunciation of unjust judges, and had promised himself that he would make him pay for his words when King Charles' brother ascended the throne. For he knew King James thoroughly, and rejoiced in his ascent. Charles, although he was a weak, sensual, and unjust man, did not delight in cruelty. His voice was cheery, and he loved a song and a jest. Jeffreys knew that a man who had a keen sense of humour would not rejoice in extremes. Thus, while Nonconformists were treated with great injustice during Charles' reign, there were certain of them, among whom was Baxter, whom he treated with thoughtfulness and care. Although he was practically outlawed during the time when the Act of Uniformity was in force, this divine had lived in Acton, where he was able to write his books, and when the Act of Indulgence was passed, he was able

# The Judge and the King

to return to London, where the King considered him kindly. It was after the Act of Indulgence that Baxter had spoken of the injustices of judges, and Jeffreys believed that he was specially in Baxter's mind. It was for this he bore him a deadly hatred. When James ascended the throne, therefore, he determined to have his revenge. He knew James' character, and he knew, too, that he would have full license to do his worst. It was not of the King, therefore, that he was thinking when he consented to a mitigation of the old Puritan's punishment. He was afraid of Lord Huntingdon, and thus had been obliged to yield to his wishes. Nevertheless, this made him more bitter than ever against the man he had sentenced that day.

Moreover, he was disturbed at the outburst of young Benedict Trelawney. How dare he speak against anything he might say or do? He would that very day mention the matter to King James, and obtain his sanction to some terrible form of punishment. And yet he did not feel altogether at ease about the matter. Although he was Lord Chief Justice, the willing tool of his King, and possessed of almost unlimited power, there was something in the young man's demeanour that daunted him. The shining black eyes, the scornful smile, the steady strong voice, and the youthful vigour of the young man made him pause.

He knew that the Trelawney family was among the noblest in England. The Trelawneys had fought for the King's father, even while he, Jeffreys, had declared himself a Roundhead. He knew, too, that Richard Baxter was not the man he had described him to be, and that the desire to whip him at the cart-tail was only to appease his own anger. His bitterness towards Presbyterians was largely to please the King, while the



# The King and the Judge

nature of his sentences on them was because he loved to see men writhe with pain, and because he delighted when the people regarded him with terror.

Still, the young varlet was safely housed in prison, and he would see to it that he suffered for his pertness, even although all the Trelawneys that ever lived should rise from their graves, and dare him to proceed with his work.

When Jeffreys was ushered into the presence of the King, all his brutal rudeness departed, all his haughty insolence passed away in a moment. But James took but little heed of his servility. Indeed, the monarch of but a few weeks seemed much perturbed.

‘My Lord Jeffreys,’ he said, ‘have you heard aught of this rumour?’

‘I pay no heed to rumours, your Majesty,’ said Jeffreys, ‘except that when those who start them come before me I quickly shut their mouths.’

‘Ay, but those I have heard cannot be stopped so easily. These Scotch people have not yet learnt their lesson, it seems. But they shall, they shall. How dare they, after I have expressed my wish, have the temerity to complain?’

‘The Scotch have always been rebellious,’ said Jeffreys. ‘They are Presbyterians, and a Presbyterian is always a traitor.’

‘Ay, I think you speak truly. Our brother Louis across the channel hath the same trouble with the Protestants there. And yet have I not sacrificed my own convictions? Here am I, a devoted member of the one true Church, and yet I have allowed none but Episcopalians to have either a seat in or a vote for the Scottish Parliament. They do not seem to realize that this works against those of my own faith as well as against them.’

# The Judge and the King

'Of course Scotland is riddled with Presbyterians, your Majesty,' said Jeffreys.

'Ay, in truth there seems naught else there. I have done my best, by the aid of the Episcopal Bishops, to crush them, but they are as stubborn as pigs. There is a rumour of a rising in Scotland.'

'Surely not, your Majesty.'

'I have just said so,' said the King, angrily.

'Send me thither,' said Jeffreys. 'Let me go to Scotland, supported by a sufficiently strong force, and I will e'en play such havoc among those canting, snivelling Presbyterians, that there shall not be one left in a year.'

The King lifted his head and looked steadily at Jeffreys. For a moment his eyes became brighter, as though he were pleased with the thought of Jeffreys' suggestion; but a moment later a lowering look came upon his face.

'Ah, my Lord Jeffreys,' he said sourly, 'I know something of your power in that direction. The man who used to frighten faithful Catholics by threatening them that he would have them disembowelled and a part of their own bodies burnt before their eyes, would doubtless delight in torturing Presbyterians.'

'That was while I was in the gall of bitterness,' said Jeffreys, sanctimoniously. 'I did not know your Majesty then, neither were my eyes opened. Since your Majesty hath come to the throne, and I have listened to your arguments for the Holy Roman Catholic Church, I have been much shaken in my faith concerning the Protestant religion.'

The King's eyes flashed again. Nothing pleased him more than to win a pervert to his faith, no matter what might be the motive of the persuasion. But presently he became doubtful.

# The Rumour of Rebellion

'That thou wilt eventually be converted to the true faith I doubt not,' he said. 'But if thou art, it must not be known. Thou canst do my work better as a Protestant. I remember that I have to reign over this country as a Protestant, even while I am of the true faith, therefore it will be best that the Lord Chief Justice should be known as a zealous Protestant.'

'Doubtless your Majesty is right,' said Jeffreys, with fawning bows.

'I will not send you to Scotland for the present,' said the King, 'for I have heard that Monmouth is meditating a raid upon our shores, and men have it that he will land in Somersetshire.'

'Surely this cannot be,' said Jeffreys.

'Have I not said that it is so?' said the King, angrily.

'Your Majesty mistakes my badly spoken words,' said Jeffreys. 'Doubtless you have been informed of this; but what I doubt is that any man, much less the late King's own son, could think of taking up arms against your sacred Majesty.'

'What would not Monmouth do?' snarled James. 'He is the child of Lucy Walters, and hath all his mother's evil nature. He pretends to be a Protestant, and, from what I have heard, many are persuading him to land in Somersetshire, where there is much disaffection towards the throne.'

'The West is eaten out by Dissent,' said Jeffreys. 'Every other man is a canting Presbyterian, or an Independent, or a Baptist. They have no respect for your Majesty's sacred person. They do not believe in the divine right of kings. Even to-day I have had proof of that.'

'In what way?' asked the King.

# The Judge and the King

'I have had before me that old treason-monger, Richard Baxter the Presbyterian. I have convicted him because of his seditious books.'

'Richard Baxter,' said James; 'was it not he to whom my brother offered a mitre?'

'The same,' replied Jeffreys, 'and his counsel actually had the audacity to mention the fact in his defence to-day. But I quieted them, by the grace of God, I quieted them. I have sent Baxter to King's Bench prison for eighteen months.'

'Is that all?' asked the King, sourly.

'Ay, that is all. I would have given him five years, besides the hangman's lash every month, but in a moment of weakness I allowed myself to be persuaded by brethren on the Bench. But the end is not yet. What is not done to-day can be done to-morrow.'

The King smiled, but did not speak for some time. Then he said, 'I did not expect moments of weakness from my Chief Justice.'

'And you shall not see them in aught that concerns you. Have I not already given proof of my loyalty? What other Justice would have so completely fulfilled your desires about Algernon Sidney? Did not the whole country cry out against me? But what of that? Your Majesty's will was done; the man is dead. Again, have I not repaid your Majesty for my seat in the Cabinet, and the peerage? Your Majesty knew that it was I who settled the Customs revenue which was granted to the late King for his lifetime only? It was not legal that these moneys should revert to your Majesty, but did I not override the law?'

'Yes,' said the King, 'thou hast been a faithful servant, Jeffreys. And I know how to honour a faithful servant.'

# The King's Promise

'I desire naught but to be your Majesty's devoted slave, and to do your Majesty's will,' said Jeffreys. 'That being so, I am sure you will pay but scant heed to any clamour that may arise against me.'

'I am not given to heed clamour,' said the King, 'nevertheless I must e'en give attention to these rumours concerning the rising in Scotland, and the faction in Holland.'

'The nation is with your Majesty,' said Jeffreys.

'If it is not it shall be,' said the King. 'It may be that those who hate my faith will seek to thwart my purposes; but let them beware if they do.'

'Who can dare to hate the faith which your Majesty favours?' asked Jeffreys, in a tone of pious wonder.

'Who? Why, some of the Bishops?'

'Sure not, your Majesty. But if they do, you shall see that I have not been appointed Lord Chief Justice for naught.'

'These Bishops have a great hold upon more than half the nation.'

'But they are loyal to your Majesty.'

The King was silent.

'Your Majesty doth not suspect any of them?'

'I am not sure. As you know, I spoke somewhat hastily when my brother died. I said that I would maintain the established government both in Church and State, and that I would especially maintain the rights and privileges of the Established Church. Much hath been made of this. "We have now for our Church the word of a king, and of a king who was never worse than his word." That, as you know, was said by one of these Protestant preachers, and hath been echoed all over England. And now because I have seen fit to have divines of my own faith, and worship according to the

# The Judge and the King

ceremonials of the one true religion, I am e'en accused of breaking my promise.'

'By whom, your Majesty?'

'It is said that his Grace of Canterbury is not pleased, while Trelawney of Bristol speaketh treason.'

'Ah!' cried Jeffreys, with flashing eyes, 'say you so, your Majesty? I can well believe it. But to-day I have had a taste of the Trelawney treason.'

'What? Where?' cried the King.

'Why, at the Guildhall this very day a young sprig of the Trelawneys told me I was a liar, even while I did but speak to Baxter.'

'Tell me more of this,' said the King.

Whereupon Jeffreys, in his own fashion, related what had taken place at Baxter's trial, watching as he did so the purple flushes of anger which arose to the King's cheeks.

'But do not trouble, your Majesty,' cried Jeffreys. 'I will make him smart, and if one of the family do dare to protest, we can e'en make it a handle to use against them.'

The King was silent a moment. 'This recalls to my mind a request that hath been made to me. On three occasions a man named Trelawney hath sought an audience, but I could not be troubled. This, however, changes my mind,' and for a time he relapsed into silence. 'I would see this youth,' went on the King, presently. 'You arouse my interest. I would e'en see him.'

'When, your Majesty?' asked Jeffreys.

'Even here, and now.'

'Your slightest wish must be obeyed,' said Jeffreys; and he forthwith gave orders for Trelawney to be brought hither.

# The Judge's Daughter

'And now there is another matter, my Lord Jeffreys,' said the King, 'and for this reason I sent for you. I knew not that you had a daughter.'

'I did not consider the matter of sufficient importance to tell your Majesty.'

'I would see her,' said the King. 'And if she pleaseth me, I will see to it that she is well wedded.'

'She is but a chit of a girl, your Majesty, and is but poorly favoured.'

'I must be the judge of that. But thou wilt be able to dower her liberally.'

'I am but a poor man,' said Jeffreys. 'I depend solely upon your Majesty's favour.'

'And I, as you know, depend much upon our brother Louis' generosity.'

'Your Majesty's reign is young yet. Give me but a little while, your Majesty, and I will not only punish your naughty subjects, but I will make you independent of the favour of France.'

'How?' asked the King, eagerly.

'There are many traitors in England,' said Jeffreys, 'many rich Presbyterians. What is to hinder the estates of these traitors reverting to the Crown?'

The King answered not a word, but a pleased look came into his eyes.

'Yes,' he said presently, 'even yet there are those who say I murdered my brother, and that I have proclaimed a falsehood concerning his reception into the Holy Catholic Church at his death. I tell you there is much work for you, my Lord Jeffreys.'

'Ay, and it shall be done to your Majesty's satisfaction,' said Jeffreys, eagerly.

After this the King asked many other questions concerning Jeffreys' daughter, which, to the King's

# The Judge and the King

annoyance, his Chief Justice answered somewhat evasively.

Presently a lackey entered.

'The prisoner whom you sent for awaits your pleasure,' he said. A few minutes later young Benedict Trelawney stood before the King.

His sword had been taken away from him, but otherwise no change had been made in his attire or accoutrements. Evidently he had not been ill-treated in prison, for there was no sign of dishevelment on his person. His face was free from all sign of fear, except that he looked somewhat pale. His eyes were bold and steady, his lips showed no tremor.

When he saw the King he knelt reverently, and having arisen, he stepped back as if to await his Majesty's pleasure.

'What is this I hear about thee?' asked the King, sourly.

'I know not, sire,' said the youth. 'But, doubtless, if this man hath spoken of me, he hath spoken ill.'

'Why?' asked the King, astonished at his boldness.

'Because I dared to tell him the truth, your Majesty.'

At this Jeffreys' eyes became as those of a maniac. His cheeks were purple with rage.

'Your Majesty,' he cried. 'You see——'

'Silence,' said the King, sourly, 'Thy name, young man?'

'Benedict Trelawney, sire.'

'From whence did you come?'

'The Trelawneys are, as your Majesty knows, a Cornish family. My father was related to my Lord Bishop of Bristol, and fought for your Majesty's father during the Rebellion.'

'And thy mother, who is she?'



# Benedict Trelawney

**'My mother is dead, your Majesty.'**

**'Ay, but who was she?'**

**'She was a cousin of Richard Baxter, who was unlawfully sent to King's Bench Prison to-day,'** said the youth, boldly.

**'Ah!'** snorted Jeffreys. **'Now we begin to see, your Majesty. No wonder he is a traitor. He hath the blood of that canting Presbyterian in his veins. A Trelawney and a Baxter. It is a bad mixture. What must such a man be?'**

**'One who scorns such as you,'** said the youth.

**'Silence!'** said the King. **'What, wilt thou be insolent in our very presence?'**

**'Pardon me, sire, but I have been in London a month, and I have on many occasions seen, and on more occasions heard of this man's devilry.'**

The King seemed more astonished than angry, while Jeffreys' rage was so great that he could not speak.

**'Why did you come to London?'** asked James.

**'To seek my fortune,'** said the youth. **'My father was but a younger brother, and thus his patrimony was small. My mother brought him but little dowry. My father died less than a year ago, leaving Trelawney House and a small estate behind to my brother and myself. But it was not enough for both, so I took only my share of the money, and left him with the lands. Your Majesty had just ascended the throne, and I determined to come hither.'**

**'And what hast thou done this last month?'**

**'I have gone around London, your Majesty.'**

Evidently the youth knew nothing of court etiquette. He spoke to the King boldly and frankly, and both in his speech and presence there was the suggestion of the free wild life, the rugged scenery, and the pure air of his

# The Judge and the King

native county. He treated the King respectfully, even reverently, but no touch of servility or of flattery was evident. Moreover, the fires which ran in the blood of the ancient race to which he belonged gave him a sense of assurance and pride. He had come of a race which scorned lies and cruelty. Fighting and daring deeds they had always loved, but they had always seen to it that swift vengeance descended on the unjust and the cruel.

Even the King felt this, and he looked at him for some moments with a certain degree of admiration before he spoke again.

## CHAPTER III

### THE HAPPENING IN FLEET STREET

**A**ND you came to London to seek your fortune ?'

'Yes, sire.'

'Know you this man Baxter ?'

'I never saw him until to-day, sire.'

'And yet he is distantly related to you.'

'He was, so I have been told, sent to prison from Westminster Hall, and kept there until his trial to-day. I tried to see him but could not.'

'Did you call on the Bishop of Bristol on thy way thither ?'

'Yes, sire.'

'And what did he tell you ?'

'To serve the King, and uphold the Protestant faith, sire.'

'Did he give you no letter recommending you to our presence ?'

'He did, sire. And truly I have tried three times to obtain audience with your Majesty ; but I was told that your Majesty was too much occupied.'

'I remember,' said the King, 'and it is well I did not trouble to see one who is evidently a brawler, a disturber of my Courts, and a traitor.'

'A traitor, sire !'

'Ay, a traitor. How can a man be other than a

# The Happening in Fleet Street

traitor, when he dares to question what my Chief Justice hath done, ay, and when he opposes him in open court ?'

'He called me a liar, your Majesty,' cried Jeffreys.

'But, your Majesty, is not a man who tells lies a liar ?' cried the youth, ingenuously. 'He said there was not an honest man in England but who looked on Richard Baxter as a knave. And yet, sire, even while I have been in London, I have heard him spoken of by many honest people as a man of God. Why, my relative, the Bishop of Bristol, told me that while he did not believe in many of Master Baxter's doctrines, he still regarded him as a man who was faithful and God-fearing.'

The bold simplicity of the youth again appealed to James II. He was angry because of his plain speech, and yet the frank, truthful way in which he spoke presented such a contrast to the speech of his courtiers that, in spite of himself, he grew more and more interested. Sullen, and often brutal as James was, he was not uninfluenced by the young man's transparency. Therefore he adopted a tone which would otherwise have been impossible. The absolute fearlessness of Benedict Trelawney made him speak almost kindly. Nay, more, he even contemplated taking him into his service. The loyalty of such a youth, he thought, must be worth having.

'But know you not that it is disrespect to your Sovereign to show disrespect to his Chief Justice ?' said James. 'My Lord Jeffreys represented the Crown. Therefore, when you insulted him, you insulted your King.'

'Truly I never thought of such a thing,' said the youth. 'Moreover, I am sure your Majesty cannot know what is done in your name. Let me tell you what I have seen, sire. The first night I came to London I

## Concerning Jeffreys

chanced to go into a tavern. There I saw this man Jeffreys drinking in company with a number of low buffoons. He joined them in lewd, coarse songs, such as no man of honour would pollute his lips with. I heard language pass his lips, which, had I heard from the lackeys in my home, I would have horsewhipped them soundly. I saw him encouraging his companions to use still baser language, and still more ribald jests.'

'It is lies, your Majesty,' roared Jeffreys, beside himself with rage. 'Can't you see the lies coming from his black heart.'

'Silence!' said the King. He seemed to be enjoying the recital of the youth, even although an angry frown was on his forehead, and a cruel look in his lack-lustre eyes.

'What I have told you is the truth,' cried young Benedict Trelawney. 'I knew you could not know of such things, or you would never permit them. Why, I saw this man that same night, grow so drunk that he took these same filthy wretches in his arms and kissed them in a kind of ecstasy of drunken fondness, until when I was told that he was your Majesty's Chief Justice, I left the tavern in very shame, for truly I had thought him to be some pothouse loafer of low repute. The next day, your Majesty, I went into one of your law courts, and there I saw this man mete out punishment to one far less worthy of punishment than he. The prisoner was a woman, your Majesty, and her fault had been slight, yet did he condemn her to be whipped at the cart-tail. "Hangman," he said, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man! Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is frosty weather, therefore a cold time for madam to strip in. See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly."

# The Happening in Fleet Street

I heard and saw this with my own ears and eyes, sire, and yet he is your Majesty's Chief Justice.'

At this the frown deepened on the King's face. He looked alternately at the purple face of the judge, and then at the earnest features of the youth, and as he looked his anger increased. He thought he saw in Benedict Trelawney's face evidences of the same treason which marked the words of the outspoken Bishop of Bristol, and a feeling of dislike, in spite of his admiration for his frank bearing, came into his head.

'And what then?' said James II.

'What then?' said the youth, fearlessly. 'Then, as you are a Christian King, loving only the truth and the good, and hating the cruel and the base, I doubt not you will send this fellow to the same prison as he has to-day sent a better man.'

Again, in spite of the youth's unwise words, the King had a feeling of admiration for him. He turned and looked at Jeffreys, and although he knew he was a useful tool, he despised him. Often he had condemned himself for having as his most trusted servant one of the basest and most cruel men in England. But he knew that he needed such as Jeffreys if he were to carry out the plans born in his mind. He saw plainly that only by gaining the support of such, could he bring laws into the country which were dear to his heart, and yet which he had promised to pass. Thus, while he admired the outspoken youth, his every word was a condemnation.

'Did you think that by gaining an audience with me you would also find a road to fortune?' said the King, presently.

'I trusted so, your Majesty.'

'And what can you do?'

'I can be a faithful servant, sire. I know how to

## Benedict Trelawney's Desires

ride a horse, I can handle a sword, I know how to obey my master, and I am not a fool.'

'And who do you wish for a master?'

'There can only be one master for a descendant of the Trelawneys, sire.'

'And who is that?'

'The King, sire.'

'Ah!'

Again James' anger died away, and he became more and more pleased with him. He was in need of devoted, faithful servants. Such a youth as this would be worth a dozen court-bred striplings. Evidently he knew nothing of fear, he was strong, and quick-witted.

'You would fight for your King, then?'

'My family hath always done so, sire.'

'Have you heard aught of the coming of Monmouth?'

'There are rumours afloat, sire, but they may be of no import.'

'But if Monmouth came, you would fight for your King?'

'How could I do other?' said the youth, as if surprised that such a question should be asked.

'But if he comes as the supporter of the Protestant faith?'

'That would count for naught, sire.'

'Why?' said James, eagerly; 'are you not a Protestant?'

'Ay, that I am,' said Trelawney, quickly; 'and, saving your Majesty's presence, I do not see how an Englishman can be aught else; but Monmouth coming as a Protestant would mean naught to me.'

'Why, do you doubt his word?'

'I do not doubt yours, sire. You have declared that

# The Happening in Fleet Street

you will reign as a Protestant King according to the laws of the land, and the word of a King must never be doubted.'

Again a sour look passed over the King's face.

'And would you fight against your King if he sought to bring true religion into the country?'

'What do you mean by true religion, sire?'

'The only religion,' said the King, angrily.

'You mean, doubtless, the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ?' said the youth.

'Yes, and represented on earth by His Vicegerent his holiness the Pope of Rome.'

'You ask me, sire, if I would fight for the King who sought to bring back Popery?' said the youth.

'Yes,' said James. He did not like the bald way his thoughts had been put into words, but he did not seek to restate them. Besides, he was anxious to see what was in the youth's mind.

'I should no longer owe him any allegiance,' said Benedict Trelawney.

'Not owe your King allegiance?'

'No, for he would cease to be King. He would have broken his sacred word, and when a King breaks his word he ceases to be King.'

The King's eyes became blood-shot with anger. He arose to his feet as though he would have struck the youth with his own hand.

'Back to prison with him,' he snarled.

'Yes, your Majesty,' said Jeffreys, with a cruel gleam in his eyes. 'Has your Majesty any wish as to how he should be treated.'

'Treat him as you will,' said James. 'Have his treason flogged out of him, my lord Jeffreys.'

'Yes, yes, your Majesty shall be obeyed,' cried the





THE KING'S EYES BECAME BLOOD-SHOT WITH ANGER.

# The King's Justice

Chief Justice, delightedly. 'Officers, guard him safely to prison. I will attend to him to-morrow.'

Benedict Trelawney looked around in wonder. Why the change in the King's attitude? He had spoken only the words of a loyal Englishman, only according to the code of honour, which had ever been the watchword of the Trelawney family. Then a change came into his eyes. He saw the angry scowl on the King's unlovely face, he marked the sinister gleam in the eyes of Jeffreys; and it came to him that they were treating him unjustly. He saw, too, that the King supported his Chief Justice, and that the two were of one mind.

'What have I said or done that is wrong, your Majesty?' he asked.

'Away with him,' said James, 'and see to it that he gets his deserts.'

'A canting Presbyterian, a lying knave,' snarled Jeffreys.

'I am neither the one nor the other,' said Benedict Trelawney; 'and although you are not worthy of an honest man's sword I will e'en meet you when and where you will.'

'A brawler,' cried Jeffreys. 'Officers, drag him back to prison; I'll make him smart to-morrow.'

A few minutes later Benedict Trelawney was dragged up Whitehall and along the Strand. At first he was dazed by all that had taken place, but presently it all became clear. This was King James, then. This was the King who was never worse than his word. This was the man from whom, in spite of all he heard, he was sure he would get justice.

His heart burned with anger as he was dragged along. A crowd surrounded him, some jeering, while others evidently sympathized with him.

# The Happening in Fleet Street

It was now nearly dark, and thus it sometimes became difficult to walk, for great heaps of rubbish lay along the street, over which he more than once well-nigh fell.

Now and then he heard some member of the crowd give a yell, as some dirty water was emptied on his head from a window above, and again a young gallant would swear because a scullion had spoiled his brave attire by covering it with filth from some kitchen.

Presently one of his warders stumbled and nearly fell. This was caused by a great heap of bricks in the street, but which he had not been able to see in the gathering darkness. Besides, as they went farther towards the city, Benedict Trelawney saw that they were entering a fog, which was moving slowly westward.

‘What hath the youth done?’

‘Naught but called Jeffreys a liar.’

‘Surely he hath not done that?’

‘Ay, but he hath. I was at the Guildhall myself this very day, and heard him with my own ears. A relative of the Bishop of Bristol, too.’

‘A relative of Trelawney, eh? And he dared to call Jeffreys a liar?’

‘Ay, he did, and made no bones about it.’

‘What will happen to him?’

‘What happens to all against whom Jeffreys hath a grudge? The pillory, the cart-tail, ay, and who knows, the gallows. You know what Jeffreys is.’

All this and more young Benedict Trelawney heard as he trudged towards Temple Bar, and he began to realize the fate that awaited him. He remembered the words of both the King and the Chief Justice, and he knew what he might expect. For the first time he noted his warders. There were four in all. One walked on

## Trelawney's Guard

each side of him holding his arms, one went in front and another behind. All around was a straggling crew, some watching the little procession with curious eyes, others shouting to the people who looked out of the windows, others jibing at the officers who guarded the young Cornishman.

'Some good strong drink would be acceptable on such a cold night,' said one of the guards to another.

'Ay, we will take this young fighting-cock back to his perch, and then we will get it.'

'It would not be safe to stop and get a drop on the way, would it? The marrow in my bones is fair chilled.'

'Nay, it is but a few minutes to Fleet Prison.'

'Ay, but when we get there, perchance there will be other jobs to do, and then we shall not get our drink. Here is a tavern.'

'Ay, there be taverns enough; but you know what my lord Jeffreys said.'

'What doth five minutes matter? Besides, we owe no grudge to this young springald? He hath done us no harm, save to keep us in the cold. Let him have a little fresh air while he can. He will have little of it this night.'

'I will pay for your drink,' cried Trelawney. 'Come, let us stop here.'

One of the warders looked as if he would have agreed, but another, who was evidently in charge of the escort, would have none of it.

'Work first, and drink after,' he said. 'Besides, the rabble is not in a good temper.'

This he said, because more than once some one had jostled him and had called him 'Jeffreys' hireling.'

By this time they were nearing Temple Bar, and the fog having thickened, it was more difficult to see what

# The Happening in Fleet Street

lay in the road. But Benedict Trelawney, although he knew but little of London fogs, had keen eyes. Reared in the heart of the country, and accustomed to roaming around the fields and lanes on dark nights, he had learned to discern objects in the dark. Besides, while on his way to the King, he had noticed a deep trench which workmen had dug in the street, and knew now that he was drawing near it.

As the fog thickened the crowd grew less, in truth, as they passed near the old Globe Theatre, Benedict saw that only a few accompanied them. One, however, remained near by, which he noticed particularly. This was a young girl, not clothed as a peasant, and yet one who wore not the attire of a gentlewoman. Several times during the journey she had drawn near him and had made motions to him which he could not understand. He had noticed, too, that she had been foremost in inciting the rabble to flout the officers who guarded him. He felt sure that if he could gain his freedom, she would be his friend.

Without attracting the notice of those who held him fast, he looked out keenly for the trench which had been dug in the street. He noticed, too, that the girl marked his action, and seemed to understand it.

'Come,' said one of the guards, as the street became empty, 'this is better. Better fog than the rabble.'

'Ay, but I can scarce see my way.'

'What of that? We can see the houses on either side.'

'Ay, but there is many a pitfall and rubbish heap in the way.'

'And thou art as blind as a bat,' said the girl.

'Get away, or I'll é'en clap thee into gaol with this young springald.'

# The Pit-fall in the Street

'Now would you?' said the girl. 'But it would be much trouble; so much that you would be glad to get rid of me before you got me there. Why, if I were your prisoner I'd be free in less time than it takes Westminster clock to strike twelve.'

'Would you? and how, my long-tongued wench?'

'I would e'en take you to the pit-falls on the other side of the street, instead of keeping this side.'

'What pit-falls?'

'Why, the one just before you get to the end of Chancery Lane, and then, now then! I would just give you a push, like that!'

She had marked the time exactly, for they had at this moment come to the hole which Benedict Trelawney had seen. What he had intended to do himself had been done for him; two of his guard lay floundering in the hole which some workmen had been digging, and had relaxed their hold on their prisoner as they fell. Eluding the remainder of his guard in the confusion, Trelawney darted away, led by his unknown deliverer.

'Come!' she whispered. He followed her as quickly as possible, but was unable to go as fast as he would have liked. His hands were closely pinioned by leathern straps, and this checked his speed.

'My hands!' he said. 'Have you a knife?'

He saw the gleam of steel in the darkness, and a moment later he felt himself free.

He heard footsteps close behind him, and the shout of angry pursuers.

'Shall we hide here?' he whispered. 'The fog is so dark they cannot see us.'

'No; come on. There! Hold my hand; I know the way.'

He grasped her hand, and she led him swiftly by the

## The Happening in Fleet Street

Temple Church, where they hid for a time, and through the cloisters into the gardens. Behind them he heard the footsteps of pursuers.

No sooner had they reached the broad space outside the cloisters than the girl, instead of making for the river, as he had expected, turned again towards Fleet Street. She led the way through a narrow, winding alley, until they were in the main thoroughfare. Arrived here, the girl stopped and looked around.

'We are not followed,' she said; 'but never mind, let us turn up here.'

Still holding her hand, he kept by her side up one of the many courts which stood on the north of Fleet Street, and when they had gone some little distance the girl stopped and laughed.

'You are a brave girl,' said Benedict, 'and I thank you with all my heart.'

'Ay, but what are you going to do to-night, Sir Squire?'

'Truly, I have not thought,' he replied.

'The hue and cry will be out in ten minutes, and then woe be to us if we are caught. Oh! but what fools men are. Hark! There!'

Benedict heard an angry shout near by, and, to his dismay, he saw that although daylight had now quite gone, the fog was lifting.

'Come!' she said, 'it is your only chance;' and again taking his hand, she led him away in the direction of Holborn.

THE HOUSE OF THE PURITAN

‘WHO are you?’ said the youth, presently. ‘I would e’en know your name. I would like to see your face too.’

‘Why, Sir Squire?’

‘A man always likes to see the face and know the name of a friend. And you have been a friend to me. I doubt if ever I should have got away but for you. I think I should have upset those fellows in the trench, but my hands being tied I should have had no means of defending myself.’

‘Leathern straps! Faugh!’

‘Ay, but they were fastened tightly around my wrists. I might have broken them, but I do not think so. But you were a friend in need. You cut them just in the nick of time. And I must get back my sword, too.’

‘Your sword?’

‘Ay; it was taken from me this morn in the court house. I must get it back whatever befalls. Not so much because it is valuable, but because it has been in our family for generations. I must get it, even although I break into Fleet Prison and take it.’

He said this quietly, but with such an air of assurance that, although he mentioned a task that seemed impossible, the maid did not laugh.



# The House of the Puritan

'But tell me who you are,' he went on; 'and, look 'ee, there is a light close by. Let me see your face.'

'Why should you see my face?'

'Because I would like to know you again. You kept it hidden all along the Strand, so that I caught scarcely a glimpse of it. I am glad you did this, for I would not like those rough men to be peering at you. But, now tell me, what is your name?'

'Mary,' said the girl.

'Mary. Well, it is the sweetest name we have, although it makes one think of a cruel queen. Nevertheless, the Mother of our Lord was also called Mary, and it also makes one think of purity and loveliness. But what besides? Mary what?'

'I shall not tell you,' replied the girl.

'Why will you not tell me?'

'My name is naught to you. Why should it be? I am going to see you to a safe place, and then you will never behold me again.'

'Nay, but I cannot allow that.'

'You cannot help it. Besides, I can never be aught to you. You are a relation of my Lord Bishop of Bristol. Even such as I have heard of the Trelawneys of Cornwall. Therefore how can you care to know me a poor girl?'

'That is where you puzzle me. Sometimes you speak as though you were a grand lady, and again as though you were the daughter of some shopkeeper.'

'And what if I were the daughter of a shopkeeper?'

'I should still think of you with a grateful heart; but let me see your face, and I can tell whether this is true.'

'Can you?' said the girl, with a laugh. 'Can you

## The Vision of a Face

tell whether I am a lady of quality by looking into my face ?'

'Ay, let me look at your hands, and your face, and I shall know.'

'Well, I will try you. Now, then, here is a light, and no one is near.'

She threw back her head-gear, and stood in the light of a window close by. The candles which burnt within were not brilliant, but they revealed her face with sufficient clearness for young Benedict Trelawney to trace its outlines without difficulty. He noticed, too, that she was tall, so tall that, although he stood six feet high, he had scarcely to stoop at all in order to place his face on a level with hers.

As far as he could judge she could not be more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, and it was a face which, when once seen, was not easily forgotten. Moreover, it seemed to change several times while young Benedict Trelawney looked at it. When his eyes first caught hers, he saw the features of a careless, happy, mischievous girl. He saw a pair of large gray eyes, which were brimming over with fun, a pair of rosy lips parted by laughter, revealing even rows of white teeth. He saw a face, flushed by adventure, and crowned with a wealth of glossy brown hair, which, in spite of all her endeavours, had escaped from its fastenings and hung in stray tresses over her forehead and neck.

'A mischievous child who has escaped from her father's house, and followed the crowd out of pure mischief,' was Benedict Trelawney's first impression ; but before the thought had fastened itself upon his mind, he saw the maid's eyes gleam with anger, while her face worked as if in pain. This expression was again followed by an expression of sorrow and despair. A

# The House of the Puritan

look of unutterable longing and sadness came into her eyes, and he saw her lips tremble, as though she would burst into sobbing.

‘I can’t make her out,’ said Benedict, half to himself, half to the girl.

At this, she hastily covered her face, and drew herself up proudly.

‘Good night, Master Trelawney,’ she said. ‘I have been foolish enough to give you your liberty. Pray leave me before I repent, and give you over to justice.’

‘Leave you!’ said Benedict. ‘What! before I have told you whether you are a lady born or a peasant? Leave you before I know your name, and how we can meet again?’

‘We shall never meet again,’ said the girl; ‘but——’ she was silent a moment, and then she seemed to shake off her graver feelings. ‘Let us go on with our play-acting, Sir Squire. Now tell me what I am—a woman of quality, or a scullery-wench, a play-actress, or an orange-girl?’

‘I must see your hands first,’ said Benedict. He had forgotten all danger, forgotten that even then men were searching for him. Neither had he noticed that the fog had nearly lifted.

She fumbled with her hands a moment, as if in doubt, then she extended them both. There could be no doubt about it, they were coarsened by labour, and yet the hands of a queen could not be more beautifully shaped. The fingers were slim, and her nails pink and well-shaped. They were the hands of a lady, and they might be the hands of a scullery-maid.

‘Now tell me,’ she said. ‘Tell me, Master Wiseacre. What am I—maid of quality or a kitchen-wench?’

‘Neither.’

## A Youth's Opinion

The word was on Benedict Trelawney's lips, but he did not utter it. She might be either, and yet he could not make up his mind. If she were a lady born, whence the coarsened hands, the signs of menial labour? If she were a kitchen-wench, how could she speak such pure English, whence came the appearance of authority? How could a low-born maid speak to Benedict Trelawney—she had mentioned his name—as though she were his equal?

He thought of Nell Gwynne, one of the favourites of the late King. Might not this girl be a stage actress? If she had learnt to recite Shakespeare's plays, or even those written during the Stuart period, coarse and poor though they were, would she not by so doing acquire that purity of language which he had noticed. But play-actresses were different from the maid by whose side he stood. They were mostly coarse, brazen-faced, painted women, while she was modest, even although she were mischievous, and her eyes were limpid with the sweetness of innocence.

Her mood changed again.

'Now, Master Wiseacre,' she laughed, 'tell me, or you will be captured and taken to prison before you have made up your mind. Hark! don't you hear the hue and cry? Now tell me what I am.'

'God meant you for a lady,' said Benedict Trelawney, 'but man has tried to make you a kitchen-wench. Nay, I will tell you. You are the daughter of a noble family that hath fallen upon evil times. You have inherited all and learnt all that becomes a gentlewoman, but because fortune hath been hard on you, you have to do a serving-woman's work.'

At this she became silent again.

'Am I not right?' said Benedict Trelawney.

# The House of the Puritan

‘Since you know, it is enough,’ she replied; ‘but tell me what you will do to-night?’

‘I shall seek out some tavern, and sleep there,’ replied Trelawney.

‘But my Lord Jeffreys will have every tavern in London searched.’

‘Then I must e’en try to gain admission into the house of some citizen.’

‘By this time the criers will be out, and by to-morrow all London will be warned against you.’

Benedict Trelawney laughed. ‘Then I must think of something else. Now then, Mistress Mary—you see, I must call you that, for you will tell me no other name—I will see you safely home, and then I will set to work to find a lodgment for to-night.’

‘You must not accompany me beyond this square.’

‘Ay, but I must. I must see that no harm befalls you, and I must know where you live that we may meet again.’

‘No, no,’ cried the girl, ‘you must never try to find out who I am or where I live. It would be at your peril if you did this.’

‘Do not fear,’ said Trelawney; ‘I am not to be turned aside from my purpose. I must see you again.’

‘But you dare not. Think of what might happen to you. You will be searched for.’

‘What then? I tell you I vowed as I came along the street that I would never rest until I had dragged Jeffreys in the mud.’

‘Be careful,’ cried the girl, as if in fear.

‘I am not afraid,’ said Benedict Trelawney. ‘I told him to his face what I thought of him. He is a liar and a drunken sot. He is a cruel, evil-minded man, and a coward. Some day I will pay him for the indignity he

## The Maid's Threat

has heaped upon me. I have escaped from him to-day, and I will keep myself from his clutches.'

'Oh, but you do not know,' said the girl.

'Do not know what?'

'I tell you his power extends everywhere. He is both feared and obeyed. He is the cleverest judge in England; he can do what he will.'

'He is a coward and a low-bred cur,' said Trelawney. 'If he has children they are of the same breed.'

The girl was silent for a moment, then she lifted her head as if in anger.

'I think I have wasted my time in giving you your freedom, Master Cornishman,' she said. 'I thought by your face you were worth serving; but I am mistaken. Good night.'

'Nay, but I must go with you, Mistress Mary.'

'Not a step. Good night.'

'But tell me when we may meet again?'

'Never.'

'But we must. Tell me who you are? I will follow you until you tell me?'

'If you follow a step I will see that you are thrown into the foulest den in the Fleet,' she said, 'and——' At that moment there was the noise of voices. 'The woman said she saw them come this way. She knew the Cornishman by his feather,' he heard some one say.

'Come,' the girl whispered, hoarsely. 'Come.'

She caught his hand and led him swiftly on, until she came to a small square that was little more than a yard. He saw, however, that the houses were large, and, as far as he could judge, owned by people of substance.

'Knock at that door,' she whispered; 'tell them who you are without delay, and demand protection.'

'Are they friends of yours?'

# The House of the Puritan

‘No, no; but be quick. Why have you wasted so much time?’

Perhaps he would have waited longer, but he heard voices in the distance, and they seemed to be coming nearer. He therefore knocked as the girl had told him. A minute later he saw a tall grave-looking man before him.

‘What do you desire?’

‘I am pursued,’ said Benedict. ‘I have escaped from Judge Jeffreys’ officers, and they are following me.’

‘Your name, young sir?’

‘Benedict Trelawney.’

‘Come in; come in. Have you friend or companion?’

Benedict looked around, in order to see whether his deliverer were near, but could see no one. He thought he saw a swiftly retreating figure, but he was not sure.

‘There is none but I seeking shelter,’ replied the young man.

A moment later he stood within a well-lighted room, which, however, was closely shuttered so that no light could be seen from the outside. The room was comfortably furnished, and showed signs of taste, and even of culture. Pictures of merit hung upon the walls, while many books stood upon the shelves which had been placed in the room. Many of these books, moreover, were strange to Benedict, who had been inclined to be proud of his learning. He therefore judged that the man before him was some divine, especially as reading was not a common accomplishment of the time. Indeed, he knew of many in his native country who carried their heads high, and boasted ancient names, who knew but little of books or of learning. In truth, books of any sort, save the Bible, were practically confined to those belonging to the clerical or the legal profession, and

# The Hiding Place

even the squires of country parishes were obliged to go to the clergy in order to have their letters read.

The man who stood before him, moreover, was of a benign and thoughtful countenance, and might have belonged to any of the learned professions.

'I saw you this morning. Tell me how you have escaped!'

'You saw me this morning?'

'Ay, in the Guildhall. You had the courage to say what was in many of our hearts, but we did not dare. Tell me what hath befallen you, young sir, and how you discovered this abode.'

The recital of his story did not take long, but he noticed that the man paid great heed to the last part.

'A young woman, you say, young sir?'

'Ay, less than twenty.'

'And of gentle birth, you say?'

'Of that I am not sure,' said Benedict, recalling his endeavours to form a judgment. 'Sometimes she spoke as though she might be a court dame, and yet, when she bandied jests with the officers, I thought she might be an orange-girl or a kitchen-wench.'

'But she led you hither?'

'Ay, she led me here.'

'I cannot think who she can be. I know of none who in any way corresponds with your description. Yet must she be our friend, so there is naught to fear. But tell me more of your audience with the King, Master Trelawney.'

Benedict's heart was very sore, and he felt very bitter towards the King. His words flowed fast, as was natural to youth, and his judgments were coloured by his experience.

'You must be faint for want of food,' said his host,



# The House of the Puritan

when he had finished ; 'forgive me for not thinking of this before. After you have eaten there is much that I would tell you. Methinks the Lord hath brought you hither.'

'What do you mean ?' asked Benedict.

'I mean,' said the man, 'that any man who loves truth is called to arms. I mean that devilry walks unchecked, and that the blackest of deeds are done in the name of Christ. But of that anon. After you have eaten I will speak of these things. I will also present you to my family. Perchance they may be able to help you in finding out the name of the maiden who brought you hither to-night.'

## CHAPTER V

### THE MAN FROM SCOTLAND

**I**T had been a strange day to Benedict Trelawney. He had little thought when he made his way to the Guildhall that morning that events of such importance would follow so thick and fast. He was drawn thither by curiosity as much as interest. Although he was slightly related to the old Puritan divine, he had but little sympathy with his teachings or his career. His forefathers had fought always for the King, while Richard Baxter had sided with the Parliament. He had been taught always to uphold the Church, and Richard Baxter had refused to conform to her teachings. Thus he had entered the law court prejudiced against the man with whom he had ties of blood. But when he saw the course of so-called justice his heart became aflame with anger. He had loathed Jeffreys when he had seen him on previous occasions, but now he could maintain silence no longer. Moreover, his heart was drawn out to the old preacher. He saw that his mother's relative was a good man, he discovered that his life had been blameless. Patience and fortitude sat upon his countenance, and he needed no one to tell him that the prisoner was a man of God.

He had not meant to speak, but as one foul epithet

# The Man from Scotland

after another fell from Jeffreys' lips he could no longer refrain himself.

During the few hours he was in Fleet Prison he took but little note of anything, but presently, when he was brought before the King, all his faculties were fully alive. He felt sure that James II. would annul the verdict of the unjust judge, and he hoped that he himself would find favour in the eyes of the King, the man appointed by God to be King, who had come to the throne after a strange career. But his experiences before James and Jeffreys had dispelled his fond fancies, and he realized that the unknown woman had saved him from what he felt sure would be a terrible doom.

Not that he felt fear. Fear was almost unknown to Benedict Trelawney. He had been reared amidst the wilds. His boyhood's days had been spent beneath the shadow of Router and Brown Willy, the highest peaks in Cornwall. Around them were vast stretches of wild moors, and the spirit of these moors had entered the youth's life. A descendant of one of the most ancient families in England, he had the pride of race, but reared amidst the rough surroundings of the Altarnun moors he knew nothing of the intrigues and sophistries of court life. All his book learning he had obtained from the parson of Altarnun, who, although he had been little heeded by his family, was a man of knowledge. The youth had been taught something of the history of England, and had learnt to hate popery with a deadly hatred. Master Polzeath, the vicar of Altarnun, was a staunch believer in the principles of the Reformation, and had thoroughly drilled his pupils in those forces which led to the upheaval in the ancient Roman Church. But with all this he had urged the doctrine so common at the time, that it was the duty of the subject to obey

# The Trelawney Code of Honour

the King. More than that, Master Polzeath had been nursed on the motto of the Trelawney family. This, when translated into common speech, may be briefly summed up as follows: Fear God. Uphold the Protestant Faith. Fight for the King. All Kings are elected of God, but when a King acts in an unkingly way he ceases to be a King. This latter doctrine was enforced by examples from Jewish history. Always speak the truth. Never see virtue and honour trampled under foot. Crush the oppressor. Never be afraid, and never dissemble. Never be slow to fight, and never yield to despair. Honour women, and give help to all who need it. Never sully honour.

It is true that certain members of his race had at times been unfaithful to this code, but Benedict knew little of them. The Trelawney code of honour was sacred to him, and he believed in it implicitly. His life, too, had been singularly pure. Living away among the Cornish wilds, he knew nothing of the corruption and debauchery of the Court. He had fed rather on the chivalry of the knights of old, his heart had been warmed by the stories of men who had fought for distressed maidens, for good causes, and the love of fighting. To break his word, or to sully his honour, was to the young Cornishman a thing to be loathed. Danger he had been taught to court, death in a noble cause was glory; but to lie, to betray, was unworthy a Christian and a gentleman.

Thus he came to London to seek his fortune, with the dew of youth upon his brow, and the innocence of youth in his heart. He knew nothing of life; it was the first time he had ever passed the Tamar. On coming to London he had been almost stunned by the scenes which passed before his eyes, but they had not caused him to

# The Man from Scotland

waver in his desire to be on the side of the good and the pure.

This was the youth, then, who had spoken so frankly to King James II., this was he who had defied the terrible Judge Jeffreys. He did not realize that he had done anything which savoured of bravery. He had acted according to the instincts of an unsophisticated nature, he had spoken because he could not help speaking.

‘You have fallen upon evil times, Master Trelawney, but I am thankful my poor house is open to receive you.’

Benedict looked at his host closely. He wanted to know who he was, he wondered whether he were a man of family.

‘It may help us to speak more freely if I tell you who I am,’ said his host. ‘My name is Henry Dugdale. I was imprisoned during the late King’s reign under the Five Mile Act and the Test Act. I also am a Presbyterian.’

The youth lifted his brows. He did not quite know what the words meant, whereupon Master Dugdale went on to tell him that, because he would worship God according to his conscience, he had been dragged from his house and committed to gaol.

‘But I have heard naught of this,’ said the youth.

‘Ah, you lived in a desolate region,’ said Master Dugdale, ‘and knew but little of the persecutions of God’s noblest saints.’

‘I have heard of the Presbyterian clergy who refused to agree to the Act of Uniformity,’ he said; ‘were you one of those?’

‘No, I was simply a country gentleman. My father was a merchant of this city, but he bought an estate in

## A Puritan Gentleman

Surrey, and gave it to me. My tastes were those of a student. For a long time both I and mine were without home and friends. When the Act of Toleration was passed I came hither to live. Since then I have been able to help my unfortunate brethren. Methinks this maiden must in some way have heard of this, and for that reason brought you hither. But I fear that even my power to do this is coming to an end.'

'Why?' asked the youth.

'Because the new King is intent upon punishing Dissenters, and bringing back popery. He seems to favour the State Church, because he can do no other, but all forms of Dissent he is determined to destroy. Think of what he hath done in Scotland.'

'But it is said that the King professed to be very tolerant towards all forms of faith,' said Benedict.

'Such was his cant when he himself complained that his papacy made him the victim of injustice, yet no sooner did he become King than he did things which the devil himself must surely have invented.'

Benedict looked at Master Dugdale and noticed that a crimson flush had mounted his pale cheek, and that his lips trembled with passion.

'This is surely one of the fanatics of which I have heard,' he thought, and yet his heart warmed towards him. Evidently the man was kind-hearted and sincere.

'But I will introduce you to my family,' went on Master Dugdale, 'for you must spend the night with us. In truth, it may be many days before it will be possible for you to escape from London.'

'Escape from London!' said Benedict. 'I had not thought of leaving London.'

'Then what had you thought of doing?' asked Master Dugdale.

# The Man from Scotland

The young man thought a moment and was silent.

'I am afraid,' went on the older man, 'that you do not realize the purport of what you have done. Even now you are doubtless being searched for, and truly I know not how you can long be kept from your pursuers. Every place of suspicion will be examined, and I am afraid that, careful as I have been, my house will come under that category. I will hide you as long as I can, but how long that may be I know not. On the other hand, if you are taken, I dread to think of what may befall you.'

'But the King is king,' said the youth. 'He will see to it that no great harm happens to one whose father fought for his father.'

'The King!' cried Master Dugdale. 'What did you experience at his hands? Did he not tell that inhuman devil Jeffreys to work his will on you?'

'Ay, but,' said Benedict, 'I am a Trelawney. There is no name more beloved in Cornwall than mine. If aught of harm happens to me, my people will rise in their thousands, and march to London, demanding my liberty.'

Master Dugdale smiled at the youth's airy thoughts. 'You do not know, Master Trelawney,' he said; 'but come with me, and perchance you may be convinced as to how matters really stand.'

He led the way into another compartment where there sat a woman of about forty-five or fifty years of age, and two young maidens not much past their teens. Beside them was a man in the prime of life, besides a youth of perhaps twenty-five.

'Here,' said Master Dugdale, turning to the woman, 'be my wife and two daughters, Elizabeth and Priscilla. This young man is my son Halberty, while here is a friend who did but yesterday arrive from Scotland.'

# The Puritan's Family

Benedict Trelawney cast his eyes around him quickly. He noted that Mistress Dugdale had a kind, patient face, and that Elizabeth seemed to take of her mother's nature. But Mistress Priscilla was different. She was very comely to look upon, and was dressed in the same quiet garb as her mother and sister, but instead of revealing patience and forbearance, her appearance suggested resolution and passion. Her eyes were dark and brilliant, her manner told of pride. No one could think of her as one who would patiently undergo suffering, or one who would sit quietly under wrong. She had all Joan of Arc's daring and resolution, without her quiet meekness.

The youth evidently partook of Mistress Priscilla's nature. He was strongly built; not tall and stately, like his father, but short and sturdy, with great breadth of shoulder and thickness of limb. His hair was jet black and closely cropped, and he wore the garb of the Puritans. The man from Scotland was different from either. His head was covered by a thick mat of sandy coloured hair. His eyes were light gray, while his high cheek-bones and freckled skin suggested his Gaelic blood.

All looked towards young Trelawney with great respect, and this, as the youth quickly discovered, was not because of his name or race, but because he had that day defied Judge Jeffreys, and because he had escaped from the clutches of the law.

'Let me welcome you, Master Trelawney,' said young Halbert Dugdale. 'I would I had been there to stand by your side. God knows we have become a race of slaves, and this Stuart king, although a Scotsman, makes me ready to forswear my Scots blood.'

'Nay, nay,' said Master Donald Stewart the Scotsman. 'If you had been in Scotland these last few weeks,



# The Man from Scotland

you would have seen that we have not become a nation of slaves. Nay, by the great God above, the blood of our forefathers still runs in our veins. It is true we did a bad turn to England by giving her a Scots king, but we'll e'en make amends by destroying the whole brood of the Stuarts, root and branch. Ay, and take note, Master Trelawney, that my name is not spelt with "u," but with "ew," which makes all the difference. The Stewarts are clean Scots, but the Stuarts are a Frenchy lot, which are enough to curse any nation.'

'I say naught against the King, in spite of all he hath done,' said Trelawney, trying to fan into a flame the patriotism of which he had been so proud.

'Say nothing against the King!' cried Master Donald Stewart; 'as well say nothing against the devil.'

The young Cornishman looked eagerly around as though he were astonished at such treason.

'Oh, ay, I know,' went on the Scotsman, 'I know what such as you think. But I come of the blood of the Covenanters, and I say that this same James Stuart is a child of the devil. Why, man, think of my own country at this moment. Charles was bad enough, but James is ten times worse. Think, man, think,' and the Scots accent with which he spoke became more marked; 'no sooner did this man become King than persecution commenced. You do not know my people, Master Trelawney, but we are e'en a religious people. The bairns who live on our bare mountain-sides are all nurtured on the Word of God. For generations now we have known the cursedness of priests and popery. We would have none of it when Charles I. was King, and we are of the same mind still. Jeannie Geddes threw a stool at a Mass-mongering priest, and the people all said Amen to it. We would have the pure milk of the Word,

## The Scotsman's Anger

the simple Gospel, and would not be bound by the chains of popes or priest. Ay, man, you do not know. The Word of God, and liberty in that Word, is dear to the Scots. We can be quiet and patient about many things, but we will not give up one jot nor tittle of the faith for which our fathers shed their blood. Well, what has happened? No sooner did this wolf's whelp become King than he got his tools in Edinburgh to pass a law that whoever should be true to the teaching of the Word of God should be put to death.'

'But surely, No,' cried Benedict Trelawney. 'Put to death for being true to the Word of God!'

'It is e'en as I say,' said the Scotsman. 'This James Stuart hath had a law passed that if a preacher should preach the Word of God he should be put to death, and that if any man should come to hear him, he should die.'

'But is this true?' cried Trelawney.

'It is God's truth,' said Stewart. 'Ay, and many of the bravest and truest in Scotland, women as well as men, have been hanged at the gallows, butchered by the King's minions, and their blood has been lapped up by the dogs.'

'Then they must have committed some crime,' said the young Cornishman.

'Crime! Ay, the crime of being faithful to their faith. The crime of claiming liberty in prayer, the crime of reading God's Word. But naught else, Master Trelawney, naught else.'

'But can you vouch for this?'

'Vouch for it! I have seen it with my own eyes. This King hath hired the bloodiest cut-throats in the land to carry out his desires. While he was there as Vicegerent of his brother he was terrible, but since he hath become King he is ten times worse. He hath hired

# The Man from Scotland

men like John Graham of Claverhouse, who go around Scotland turning godly places into hell.'

'But in what way?' cried Trelawney, much carried away by the fervour of the other's words.

'In such ways as this,' said Donald Stewart. 'There lived a man in Lanarkshire named John Brown. I knew him well. As good a man as ever lived. He was a carrier, and so famed for holy life was he, that he was called the Christian carrier. Well, he was cutting turf to burn in his cottage one day, when Claverhouse and his dragoons seized him. He was accused of naught, Master Trelawney, but of being one who read his Bible, and worshipped God according to the faith of his fathers. In short, he was not an Episcopalian, but a Presbyterian. That was all; but the King enacted that this was enough. He was sentenced to death. His wife, poor soul, came to see the end, hoping and praying for his deliverance. She led one little child by the hand, and was soon to become mother to another. Even among the King's butchers it was hard to find any one base enough to be executioner, although at last one wretch consented. But it was not he who did the bloody deed. John Brown knelt down to pray, and Claverhouse, the trusted servant of this devil's cub, James Stuart, was so maddened to hear him pray, that he killed him with his own hand.'

'But, surely,' cried Trelawney, his cheeks pale, and his eyes aflame at the recital, 'this is but a rare instance.'

'Rare!' cried the Scotsman, 'it is happening every day. All who will not subscribe to the State Church stand in jeopardy of their lives. Why, think, two peasants named Peter Gillies and John Bryce were condemned to die not a month ago, for naught but holding to the faith of God as they had received it from their fathers. They were hanged, and their bodies thrown into a hole under

## Doings in Scotland

the gallows. Since then men without trial—ay, within an hour after their arrest, were murdered for their faith by these servants of King James, and their blood was lapped by the dogs.’<sup>1</sup>

‘But this is devilish,’ cried Trelawney. ‘The man who could do this is not worthy of life, much less of being King.’

‘And yet such things as these are but the common everyday stories of my native land,’ cried the Scotsman. ‘It is not one case simply, but hundreds. This King James hates the Puritans, hates Presbyterians, hates all those who hold to the simple faith of the Gospel, and he is for ever urging that no mercy shall be shown to them, that they shall be taken and slain without mercy, and their property confiscated. He expressed regret that he could not himself proclaim such laws in person from the throne, but he caused the laws to be passed, and now the cry that went up in Judea when Herod commanded the children to be slain, is naught compared with the cries that go up to God in Scotland.’

‘But why do not the people rise?’

‘Ay, you have come to that, have you?’ cried Donald Stewart. ‘Ay, and my people have risen and will rise, but as yet the servants of the devil have been too strong. Everywhere are bands of the King’s soldiers, and many—ah, God forgive them, but they are weak, and have turned traitors.’

‘But,’ cried Trelawney, ‘you are a man of family.’

‘There is none nobler in Scotland,’ cried the Scotsman. ‘My family have for generations used their claymores for God, and truth, and liberty.’

‘And yet you are in London,’ said Trelawney, scornfully—‘you, who, as a man of family, should strike

<sup>1</sup> See Macaulay’s *History of England*, vol. i. pp. 388-391.

# The Man from Scotland

for freedom and lead your people to battle, are even here in London, while your countrymen suffer unnameable horrors !’

‘Stop!’ cried the Scotsman, his light-gray eyes emitting gleams of anger. ‘Stop, I tell you, or I shall forget I am a Christian man. Have I been faithless? Look here!’

He took off his jacket, and bared his arms.

‘Do you see this torn flesh?’ he cried. ‘See, it is not yet healed. All my body is marked in this way, so much so that I cry out in my sleep. Why? Because I am a Covenanter, and I will not swear away my faith. I was taken by the command of this King, but because I was a man of family I was allowed a mock trial. But this was not before I was put to the torture, as you see. I was told that if I would forswear my Presbyterianism, and become an Episcopalian, I should have favour and honour, but if I would not——’

The Scotsman looked at his scarred arms, and was silent.

‘I was condemned to die,’ he went on presently, ‘and my property was confiscated to the Crown. I was thrown into a foul-smelling prison, mocked at and kicked by my gaolers, and told that I should go to hell the next day. But the Lord had mercy on me. Some of my people broke into the prison and set me at liberty. They carried me to a vessel which lay in the Firth of Forth, and I was brought here, to the house of Henry Dugdale, who hath long been known as a friend to the faithful. Now, Master Trelawney, am I faithless to my faith, and to my people? You have to-day escaped from gaol; you are in danger of the vengeance of Judge Jeffreys; by this time a price will be set upon your head; but what of me and mine, Master Trelawney?’

‘And this is but a part of the truth,’ said Henry



A SERVING MAID RUSHED INTO THE ROOM.

# The Judge and his Searchers

Dugdale. 'While this is going on in Scotland, James Stuart is doing the same in England. He is in league with the Pope; already he hath introduced his blasphemies into his very Court. He is on every hand bestowing favours on Papists, and he is discharging faithful Protestants from places of power. Already he declares among those who are of his faith, and those who pretend to be, that he will not rest, until the cloven foot of Rome hath set its mark upon our land again. He is choosing men like Jeffreys to do his will, and there is scarcely an honest man who——'

At this moment there was a loud shout of voices outside demanding admittance in the King's name, and a serving maid rushed into the room saying that men were demanding to search the house.

Young Halbert Dugdale seized a sword that hung upon the wall, while Benedict Trelawney looked around for a weapon. Master Donald Stewart also rose to his feet, his steely gray eyes shining with the light of battle.

'Useless,' said Henry Dugdale, in a whisper. 'The time is not yet come for that. Come, I may be able to save you.'

With swift, silent footsteps he led them to the other side of the room; there he touched a spring and opened a door which seemed to form a panel of the room. A moment later Benedict Trelawney and Donald Stewart stood in a dark cupboard-like place, which, however, was large enough for them to move with perfect ease. Moreover, it was in some way ventilated, for the air was pure.

'He hath told me of this place,' said Stewart, when the door closed again; 'it leads to—— But, hark! what is that?'

Benedict Trelawney felt a shiver pass through his body, for he heard the voice of Judge Jeffreys—a voice terrible at all times, but now hoarse and strident with passion.

## CHAPTER VI

# THE RETURN OF TRELAWNEY'S SWORD

**Y**ES, Master Dugdale, you snivelling Presbyterian,' cried Jeffreys. 'It is I. You did not expect to see me. You thought you could go on harbouring traitors and brawlers, and still go scot free. But, as I am a Christian man, you shall not. Come, where is he?'

'Where is who?' asked Master Dugdale, quietly.

'Where is who?' cried Jeffreys. 'You know well enough. Were you not at the Court-house this morning; did I not see your hypocritical face when that young Cornish varlet called me a liar? You said no word? Nay, but I saw the look in your eyes. He is of your tribe, and I have tracked him here?'

'Tracked him here? Tracked who here?'

'Have I not told you?' yelled Jeffreys. 'Nay, I know you, Henry Dugdale. You are a friend of that rogue Richard Baxter, and you rejoiced when that young Trelawney scouted me. But I'll be even with you. Was it one of these wenches of yours who pushed the officers into that hole in the Strand awhile ago, and helped Trelawney to escape in the fog? I can quite believe it. That black-haired hussy there is game for any mischief.'



# The Puritan and the Judge

He pointed to Priscilla as he spoke, whereupon the girl rose angrily.

'I do not know what you mean,' she said. 'I have not been out of this house to-day; but if I could help any one to escape your clutches I would do so.'

'Would you?' yelled Jeffreys; 'would you? Ah, well, the time will come when I'll make you pay for those words. By the grace of God, I will.'

'If you will but calm yourself,' said Henry Dugdale, 'you may perchance see the uselessness of coming hither, and leave me in peace.'

'Calm myself!' cried Jeffreys. 'How dare you speak to me in such a fashion! Calm when talking with traitors! calm when you harbour the king's enemies! Come now, bring Trelawney hither, or I will have this barracks razed to the ground, and you whipped at the cart-tail.'

'If you will but listen——'

'Listen! No, I will not listen, you lying, canting hypocrite! Come, is Trelawney here?'

'I refuse to say another word to you, my Lord Jeffreys,' replied Dugdale. 'No honest man will stand such words.'

'Oh, you won't, eh? Well, we'll see! When I was told of what had taken place, I thought of you in a moment. That Dugdale, and all his tribe, I said, are lying, canting traitors. Oh, I've had my eye on you, and when I've found this fellow, I'll make you suffer. Up to now you have escaped; but now I'll have God's vengeance on you. Here, you fellows, go through the house, from scullery to cockloft. Two of you stand at the door, and the rest search. As for me, I'll sit here and keep my eye upon this lying knave.'

Both Benedict Trelawney and Donald Stewart heard

# The Return of Trelawney's Sword

every word which fell from Jeffreys' lips, but both remained silent. The men dispersed themselves to search the house, while Jeffreys seated himself in a large armchair, and glowered angrily upon Master Henry Dugdale.

'You did not think to see me, eh?' went on Jeffreys. 'You did not think the King's Chief Justice would himself do the work of a constable. Ay, but you do not know me yet. By King Harry's bones, those fellows who were duped by a girl, and let young Trelawney go free, shall suffer. Oh, but I will make them smart! Oh, you may hang your head and look pious, Master Dissenter, but I will let you know. You thought the King would be even more tolerant than his sainted Majesty Charles II., did you? You thought you could go around praying as you list, did you? But you will find out the truth. Not a Dissenter shall live in these realms! Do you hear? Not one. The King hath sworn it, and I have sworn it. So expect no mercy, Master Hypocrite. God's true religion shall be accepted everywhere, or I'll know the reason why. As for this bull-headed son of thine, and these brazen-faced hussies, they shall be ready to lick the dirt in London streets. I'll have the whole tribe of Dissenters, of every sort, either hanged or whipped out of the land. The law hath been too merciful, too merciful by half.'

'You are not the King,' cried Halbert Dugdale.

'Not the King! Nay, but I know the King's mind, young saucebox. I know that naught will please him better than to see every sour-faced Presbyterian and every canting Puritan of every sort sharing the same fate as the vilest in the streets. Ay, and they shall too. You know what the King hath done in Scotland. You know that if a man prays in any conventicle in Scotland

## The House is Searched

he is put to death. Ay, Graham of Claverhouse is seeing to that. And what has been done in Scotland is to be done in England. It is the King's will. It is only a matter of time. So if you escape me this time, which you will not, it will not be for long.'

'There is still a Parliament,' cried Halbert Dugdale.

'Parliament! Let Parliament go hang. The King is King, and his will must be obeyed. I will see to that. Oh, I will let you poisonous Presbyterians know, by the grace of God, I will. Ay, and that reminds me. There is a fellow named Donald Stewart, who was found red-handed, and full of treason. He was condemned to die, but he hath wickedly escaped. It is said that he hath escaped to London. Know ye aught of him, Master Hypocrite?'

He turned to Henry Dugdale as he spoke, but the old man met Jeffreys' angry glare with quiet calm.

'You called me a liar, my Lord Jeffreys,' he said. 'You would not believe me, whatever I said.'

'No, that I would not. Besides, if he is in the house he will be found. That I swear. And find him I will. It is the King's especial command, for this Stewart hath angered his Majesty sorely. He is to be made especial example of. The King saith he will put the fear of God into these Scotch. They betrayed his martyred father, and are but a lot of vipers.'

Jeffreys still continued talking, now vaunting aloud his favour with the King, and again vowing vengeance on all who opposed his will. Presently, however, his men returned empty handed.

'We have searched the house, my lord,' they said. 'We have examined every room, and not a sign of Master Trelawney is to be seen.'

'You lying knaves,' roared Jeffreys. 'You be as

# The Return of Trelawney's Sword

blind as beetles. You are in league with these canting hypocrites.'

The men protested ; but Jeffreys would have none of it. He continued to pour out threats of vengeance, and to demand the instant surrender of the young Cornishman, until his passion exhausted itself.

Presently, however, he arose. 'Think not to escape,' he said to Henry Dugdale. 'The net is all around you, and you'll soon be drawn in, and then may God have mercy upon you, for I will not.'

Soon after he left the house, and Master Dugdale listened while they made their way towards Fleet Street. When they were out of hearing he went towards the panel.

'You had better stay there for some time yet,' he said, in a low voice. 'His going away may be but a ruse, and we must be as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. Besides, there is a couch there, on which you can both lie. May God be very gracious to you.'

All was silent for some time, and then two men rushed suddenly into the room. They gazed eagerly around, and again made search of the house, but this time Jeffreys was not with them.

'It is not our will to treat you thus, Master Dugdale,' said one of them as he left, 'but he is the mouthpiece of the King, and we dare not disobey.'

Even after this Master Dugdale insisted on the two men remaining in their hiding-place, but for this there was no need : the house remained unmolested during the remainder of the night.

When morning came, the whole family, including Benedict Trelawney and Donald Stewart, met in the room which opened into the secret place. The room was in the back part of the house, and could be reached

# The Words of Henry V

only by passing through other apartments. Nevertheless, Master Dugdale saw to it that the door was safely bolted.

'Let us thank God for His mercies,' said Master Dugdale, 'after which we will to breakfast, which you must surely need.'

They had barely finished their meal when there came a messenger to the house.

'Do you go, Halbert, and see what it means,' said Master Dugdale.

A few minutes later the young man returned, bearing a parcel.

'It was left by a slip of a boy,' said Halbert. 'He gave no message, spoke no word, but left this, and then went away whistling.'

'Let us be careful it is no trick,' said Donald Stewart, cautiously.

'But there can be no harm in opening it,' said Mistress Priscilla. 'It seems to be but a stick.'

Whereupon she took off the wrappings.

'It is my sword!' cried Benedict Trelawney.

'Your sword?'

'Ay, it was taken from me but yesterday, when I was led to Fleet Prison. See, here is the Trelawney crest, and here are the words which Henry V. wrote concerning one of my ancestors:

"He that will do aught for mee,  
Let hym love well Sir John Trelawnee."

'True,' said Henry Dugdale. 'But this is passing strange. Who could have brought it here?'

'A slip of a boy, I tell you,' said Halbert Dugdale. 'He gave it to the serving-maid, and went away whistling.'

# The Return of Trelawney's Sword

'And who had it yesterday?' asked Master Dugdale of Benedict Trelawney.

'I was told that it was taken to the governor of the gaol; but I know not.'

'And is there no word of writing?'

'Not a word.'

Each looked at the other in astonishment.

'Can you guess who hath sent you the sword, Master Trelawney?' asked his host.

'No, I can think of no one.'

'Methinks this is the work of a friend,' said Master Dugdale. 'If it were an enemy this sword would not be returned.'

'Nevertheless, it behoves us to be careful,' said Donald Stewart, cautiously.

For a long time they discussed the ways and means by which the sword could have been returned, but at the end of it all no one was the wiser.

As for Benedict, he listened like a man in a dream. In spite of himself, his mind reverted to his deliverer of the previous night, and he wondered whether the maid who had rescued him in such a timely way could have also returned the sword. He said nothing, but he determined that when he was alone he would again examine the wrappings in which the sword had been placed.

'Master Trelawney,' said Henry Dugdale, presently, 'have you thought of any plans for your future?'

'Nay, I know not what to do,' said the young man, moodily. 'Presently, when I am alone, I must e'en cudgel my brains.'

'That is what I have been doing for weeks,' said Master Dugdale. 'Young man, are you afraid of the word Treason?'

# The Proclamation

**'Yes,' replied Trelawney. 'Those of my name have ever been loyal to the King.'**

**'When doth a man cease to be King?' asked Henry Dugdale.**

**'When God sees fit,' replied the youth.**

**'And meanwhile Jeffreys and his master may do their work,' said the old man.**

**'God forbid,' said Benedict.**

**'Because I would e'en show you something,' said Master Dugdale. 'It hath been sent to me from a faithful friend, and it hath been scattered all over London this morning.'**

**Hereupon he passed a piece of paper to the young Cornishman.**

**'Read,' he said.**

**Trelawney's heart burnt with rage as he read—**

**'Whereas, one named Benedict Trelawney hath been guilty of wickedly disturbing the course of his Majesty's justice, and behaving in a devilish way, and whereas this same Benedict Trelawney hath for the present escaped the just and merciful punishment of the law, and is now at large within the environs of this city, it is commanded that he be immediately arrested. If this meets the eyes of Benedict Trelawney, he is hereby commanded to give himself up to the King's officers forthwith, the which if he fail to do, he is condemned to be hanged without further trial. It is also commanded that if any one knows of the whereabouts of Benedict Trelawney, he gives information without delay, and if any one from this time do give food, shelter, or do in any way help Benedict Trelawney, he shall be regarded as one who has feloniously broken the laws of the Crown, and therefore worthy of death.**

# The Return of Trelawney's Sword

**'Moreover, authority is hereby given, to any that may have suspicion of Benedict Trelawney's whereabouts, to enter any habitation or dwelling in order to make search for him.**

**'God Save the King.'**

The young Cornishman started to his feet, his eyes flashing with anger.

**'Nay, speak not yet,' said Master Dugdale. 'There is a similar notice here concerning our friend and kinsman, Donald Stewart. You see upon what kind of times we have fallen. There is nothing that Jeffreys will be afraid to do. The King supports him in everything, and if either of you be found, then God have mercy upon you. It is said that Jeffreys swears he will raze this house to the ground before three days are over, if you are not found.'**

**'I will leave here,' said Trelawney. 'I will not be a danger to you.'**

**'But whither can you go? The streets will be full of spies, and be well assured that a watch is set upon this house.'**

**'Great God, help us!' cried the youth.**

**'Ay, but God will have us help ourselves,' said Donald Stewart. 'The question for you to answer, Master Cornishman, is, what are you going to do?'**

**'Do?'** cried Trelawney. **'I will break the power of this Jeffreys. I will not rest until I have ruined him, disgraced him, and taken away all his power. This man is a devil, and I will not rest until I have ruined both him and his offspring.'**

**'This is sinful, young man,' said Master Dugdale.**

**'Sin or no sin,' cried the young man, 'I will do as I have said.'**



# The Writing on the Sword

'Then you are not afraid of treason,' said Donald Stewart, 'for what you have said is what the world calls treason.'

'Nothing can be treason which destroys such as he,' cried the young man, his Celtic blood growing hotter and hotter. 'The man is a devil, and not fit to live.'

Master Dugdale looked at Donald Stewart questioningly, and then turned to the young Cornishman again.

'When you have grown calmer there is much I would say to you,' he said. 'Meanwhile, you have need of rest. You did not sleep during the night. Go into this room and rest awhile. Depend upon it, I will warn you if there is danger.'

A little later the young man was alone, but he did not lie on the couch prepared for him; instead, he again examined his sword. He wondered whether, after all, some message might not have been sent with it. Presently, he gave a start, for he saw that by some means words had been scratched on the sword-blade. These were the words he read—

*'Midnight. Temple Church.'*

## CHAPTER VII

# THE SUMMONS TO THE MIDNIGHT MEETING

**B**ENEDICT TRELAWNEY thought long and anxiously about the words scratched on the blade of his sword. *Midnight. Temple Church.* What did it mean? There seemed but one answer. He remembered that on the previous evening, when the guards were taking him towards Fleet Prison, and he had been so wonderfully delivered, he had found a hiding-place behind one of the buttresses of an old church near Temple-Bar.

'It must be she,' he said to himself. 'She hath by some means obtained this sword, and written her message. I will be there, Mistress Mary,' and his heart warmed at the thought of meeting her.

Again he examined the wrappings, but found nothing. Only the words *Midnight* and *Temple Church*, scratched on the sword-blade, could be discovered. 'It must be she,' he repeated. 'No one else knew about the sword; no one but she knows where I am. She must be my friend. Perhaps she had something of importance to tell me. Yes, I will go.'

He recalled the experiences of the previous night, and his heart became eager. He saw again the laughing eyes, the beauteous features and the rosy lips of the

## Trelawney's Plans

young maid. He remembered her coarsened hands, too. But the thought of them did not alter his determination. She was no scullery-wench or waiting-maid, even though her clothes were those of low degree, and her hands hardened by menial work. No ignorant wench of the people could speak so perfectly as she. Besides, at times she spoke like a queen. No, he would go and see her.

But how? If the house was watched, if the town were filled with descriptions of his person, if a reward was offered for his arrest, how dare he make his way to Temple Church? The place was within a few minutes of Fleet Prison, and the King's men would be everywhere. But he must go, and when he found her he would discover who she was. Doubtless she was an enemy to Judge Jeffreys, or she would not have helped him. Perhaps this man had injured some one near and dear to her, and she, like him, had sworn to be revenged on him. If so she would help him in the vow he had made.

For, although his life seemed scarcely worth a day's purchase, he thought not so much of his own danger, as of his determination to drag this foul wretch from his high position, and make him suffer something of the torture and the shame he was so often inflicting on others.

Rest was out of the question. It is true that he had not slept for the night, but sleep was out of the question now.

Ere long he found his way back to the room where he had left the Dugdale family, but only found Mistress Dugdale and her two daughters.

'Is Master Dugdale in the house?' he asked.

'No, he hath gone out with Halbert,' was the reply.

# Summons to the Midnight Meeting

‘At present nothing hath been proved against him ; but I fear that soon Jeffreys will trump up some case against him.’

‘It would go ill with him if I were found here !’ said Benedict.

Mistress Dugdale looked at him anxiously, but did not reply.

‘This must not be,’ went on the young man. ‘Neither Master Dugdale nor his family must suffer because of me. I can find a hiding-place somewhere.’

‘But how ?’ It was Priscilla who spoke. ‘I know this house is watched. Even now we are expecting the entrance of soldiers, in which case we have only the hiding-place of last night.’

‘But you have some other outlet than the front door?’

‘Even if you could get out,’ went on the girl, ‘nothing could avail you. You have been described everywhere, and hundreds are hoping for the reward offered for your capture.’

‘Still, if my presence is such a danger,’ went on Trelawney, ‘I cannot consent to remain here.’

‘My husband would never consent for you to leave us while such dangers surround you,’ said Mistress Dugdale.

‘That is why I speak to you,’ said Trelawney. ‘You must have many means whereby I could disguise myself. Besides, a fog still hangs over London, and I could escape in the darkness.’

‘Ay, but where could you go?’

‘Oh, I could find some place, never fear.’

Mistress Dugdale seemed relieved at his words, but Priscilla spoke strongly on the other side.

‘I am sure my father would never consent to this,’

# The Difficulty of Escape

she said hastily. 'At least, you must wait until he returns.'

'And where is Master Stewart?' asked Trelawney.

The women looked at each other meaningly. They did not seem certain whether Trelawney was to be trusted.

'He hath business at a house not far from here,' one of them said presently.

'But if he can get out of the house, why not I?' asked Benedict.

'We do not know all my husband's plans,' said Mistress Dugdale, evasively, 'but be sure that whatever is done is wise. You seem very anxious to leave us, Master Trelawney.'

'As to that,' replied the young man, 'I cannot tell you how warmly I thank you for your great goodness. But for you, I might be in prison by now. At the same time, I cannot allow you all to continue in danger for my sake. Your house is already under suspicion, and if aught of harm happened to you through me, I should never forgive myself. Therefore I will e'en take the risk of being caught. If I may further encroach upon your kindness, I would ask you to help me to get away by the secret way of which I heard Master Stewart speak last night.'

'At least you will speak to my father before deciding this,' said Priscilla Dugdale. 'He would be very angry if we aided you in doing aught of which he might not approve;' and the girl looked at the young man with keen interest in her eyes.

At this moment Henry Dugdale entered the room. Trelawney saw that he was thinking of matters of great moment, for his face was pale and anxious, while in his eyes was a look almost amounting to fear.

# Summons to the Midnight Meeting

'I trust you have been resting, Master Trelawney,' he said kindly. 'It is only just past noon, and I hoped to hear that you were asleep.'

'No,' said Trelawney, 'I cannot sleep, I am too much troubled at the thought of the danger in which I am placing you.'

'Those who serve God's cause must not fear danger,' said Master Dugdale. 'You did not fear danger yesterday, when you espoused a good man's cause, neither must we fear danger in seeking to shelter you.'

Benedict Trelawney opened his lips to tell Master Dugdale of his discovery of the writing on his sword-blade, but no words came. Somehow he felt as though he could not speak concerning this matter. He wanted the meeting to be in secret, especially from the women who were listening so eagerly to his words.

'Master Trelawney,' went on the old man, 'I would speak to you alone; will you come with me to the next room? And do you see,' turning to his wife, 'that we are not interrupted without cause.'

He led the way into the adjoining room, and having pointed to a chair, looked nervously around.

'I am sure you are a brave young man, Master Trelawney,' he said; 'I have had proof of that.'

Benedict was silent. He was wondering what was passing in the other's mind.

'You said last night that you would never rest until you had destroyed the power of Jeffreys,' continued Henry Dugdale, presently.

'Yes,' replied the young man, eagerly; 'the fellow is not fit to live. It is an outrage to humanity that such as he should possess so much power. What I said I repeat, I will never rest until I have cast that man from his high position.'

## Dugdale denounces the King

'And how are you going to do it?' asked the other.

'Do it?' cried the youth. 'God will show me the way somehow.'

'Yes, but how?'

Trelawney was silent. In his hatred of Jeffreys' brutality and tyranny, he had not realized the difficulty he had in performing his vow.

'What is he but the tool of another higher than he?' cried Dugdale. 'And if Jeffreys were thrown from his high place, he who employed him would find another to do his work. Why was he made Chief Justice? Why was he made a peer of the realm? Because he was a willing tool of the man who hath bestowed these honours upon him. Did you hear Donald Stewart speak last night of Graham of Claverhouse? He is just another such as Jeffreys. You hate the hangman; but what about the judge, but for whom the hangman can do nothing?'

'You mean the King?' said Trelawney, his eyes wide with fear and wonder.

'Would men and women be murdered as they are to-day but for him?' went on Dugdale. 'Who demanded the unrighteous laws against Presbyterians in Scotland? And, mark you, you can always obtain a set of cut-throats who will do the work of a King. But which is most to blame, the cut-throats or the King? What is Jeffreys? A tool. A willing tool, I admit. A vile monster who delighteth in deeds of cruelty—that I will admit. An inhuman wretch whom even devils must loathe and despise. But what of that? Doth not the man who employs him, and who hath given him honour, and power, and riches, also delight in his cruelty? Master Richard Baxter lieth in prison. Why? Because Jeffreys sent him there? Nay, but Jeffreys would not have dared to send him there, but that he knoweth that he who gave him his power rejoiceth

# Summons to the Midnight Meeting

in his work. Blood is being spilt like water in Scotland. Black, damnable deeds are being done daily by such men as Claverhouse; but who is responsible for them—Claverhouse or he who gave Claverhouse commands to do them?’

‘You mean the King?’ repeated Trelawney.

‘You are a Protestant, Master Trelawney? You believe in the Reformed faith?’ went on Henry Dugdale.

‘Yes,’ replied Trelawney, ‘I have not read the history of my country for naught.’

‘Your uncle, the Bishop of Bristol, is also a Protestant, although he loveth not Dissenters,’ went on Dugdale. ‘He is an honourable man, too.’

‘As to that, he is a Trelawney,’ said the young man, proudly. ‘How, then, could he help being an honourable man? This was his advice to me when I saw him less than two months ago: “Fight for the faith, my boy; the curse of God will come upon our country if Papacy ever comes back.”’

‘Ah, he said that, did he?’ said Dugdale, eagerly. ‘Ay, and he spoke the truth. Listen, Master Trelawney. I was among the foremost to welcome King Charles II. back to the throne. I believed that he would be just to all shades of religious thought within these realms. Well, you know what followed. I spent more than two years in prison during the reign of the late King. Tell me this, Master Trelawney; why did the King die so strangely? Why did he, who had spoken of his great love for the Holy Scriptures and of his desire to see them read by all men, let a Roman priest administer the Communion to him at the last?’

‘You surely do not believe in the story that the King poisoned his brother?’ said Trelawney.



# The First Words of Treason

‘What matter what I believe? Is it not true that ever since James ascended the throne the country has been full of Mass-mongering priests? Hath he not, in spite of Parliament and Bishops, been preferring Papists to Protestants? Why, even now, Papists are constantly at his side planning how England can be made a Papist land. Think of Jeffreys’ so-called justice. Let a Puritan or a Dissenter, ay, let an Episcopalian who hath strong Protestant leanings be brought before him, and what happens? The cart-tail, the hangman’s whip, the filthiest dungeon he knows of. But let a Papist be brought before him and excuses are found for him forthwith, and the fellow is acquitted. Jeffreys was an Independent and a Roundhead. He would be anything that suited his purpose. But why is he so zealous for Papists now? Because he is an echo of his master.’

‘But the King is King!’ cried Trelawney.

‘But when a King breaks his kingly oath every day?’ cried Dugdale. ‘When he who swore he would uphold the Protestant religion is day by day seeking to destroy it, when he is having all sorts of popish blasphemies performed in the purified Church of Christ, and when the enemies of our faith are vowing that they will have Mary’s days back again, all because of the King’s commands, what then?’

‘Then,’ cried Trelawney, his eyes ablaze, ‘he is no longer King. He is but a traitor, and a blasphemer.’

‘Ah,’ said Henry Dugdale, with a sigh of satisfaction, ‘but what can you do, Master Trelawney? He sits firmly on the throne, while the nation is being enslaved. He hath told Jeffreys to do his bloody work, and no man stays his hands.’

Trelawney started from his chair. ‘You have something in your mind, Master Dugdale,’ he cried.

# Summons to the Midnight Meeting

'Something in my mind! How can I help it, when day by day the lives of my dear ones are imperilled? Jeffreys hath sworn to ruin both me and mine, and, as you have seen, he is all-powerful. He hath spies everywhere, while no one is his more willing or dangerous spy than his own daughter.'

'His own daughter! Hath he a daughter?'

'Ay, he hath. I have been told that it was she who directed him to come to this house last night.'

'But how?'

'That I know not. This I have heard from reliable sources that it was Jeffreys' daughter who told him of your hiding-place. That was why he was so certain of finding you here. That was why he came himself, so that he might enjoy my torture. But God had mercy on us. You are not the first who hath been hidden here, and by the mercy of God you shall not be the last. But here is the question: are you willing to do aught for God and true religion?'

'What mean you by that?'

'This. Are you willing to join the faithful followers of God, in destroying the power, not only of Jeffreys, but of the man whose smile he gains by his bloody deeds.'

'And if I am?' asked Trelawney.

'If you are, will you meet a few of those who are determined to have the Protestant religion in our land, to-night?'

'The time?' asked Benedict, eagerly.

'An hour past midnight.'

'Where?'

'At a room above the cloisters, close by the Temple Church.'

The young man's heart beat rapidly. What did this mean?

# The Word of a Trelawney

‘I have been told that descriptions of my person are scattered abroad everywhere,’ he said at length. ‘How can I get there without recognition?’

‘Great care must be used,’ said Henry Dugdale. ‘We must leave this house at various times, and no two men must be seen together. But that we can manage. There is a way out of this house known only to a very few. It leads from your hiding-place of last night. You see, I am trusting you fully. I am depending wholly on your word as a gentleman.’

‘As to that, Master Dugdale,’ said Benedict, ‘I belong to a family whose boast is that its members never break their word. I shall not break mine.’

‘And if, after you are present at our assembly to-night, you do not agree to their propositions?’

‘Then I will never speak a word as to what took place. Treason or no treason, I will promise that.’

‘It is well, and I believe you,’ said Master Dugdale. ‘And seeing you have given your word, I will keep nothing from you. There is bloody work to do—work which, if it fails, will bring many a head to the gallows and to the block, but which, if it succeeds, will mean the expulsion of Popery and the establishment of the true religion.’

‘And the means?’ asked Trelawney. ‘What are your plans?’

‘That you shall hear from the lips of the assembled brethren, not from mine. But I will tell you the means by which you shall arrive at our meeting-place. You may know the door of the house we meet by one thing. On it, just below the lintel, will be one drop of blood, so small that a man may cover it by the end of his forefinger. Nevertheless it can be plainly seen, because it will be made luminous. The password to the man who will meet

## Summons to the Midnight Meeting

you is "*Right is Might.*" After that you will be ushered among the faithful brethren.'

'But to get there?' cried Benedict, his eyes gleaming brightly. It seemed to him that the way was being made easy whereby he could keep his tryst at Temple Church without making it known, and still be present at the meeting an hour past midnight.

'You are described as a youth of twenty-one,' replied Master Dugdale, 'and it is such an one that Jeffreys' minions are seeking. Methinks there will be no difficulty in altering your appearance somewhat.'

'Ay, I see,' said Benedict, eagerly.

'We must leave at different times,' went on Master Dugdale. 'At eleven I will leave this house openly, and will make my way towards Holborn; my son Halbert will then take a well-nigh opposite direction. After that you will go by the road that shall be shown you. But all this shall be made plainer in good time.'

Benedict Trelawney spoke no word; but his heart beat high with hope. The thing he longed for was coming to pass.

## CHAPTER VIII

### UNDER THE SHADOW OF TEMPLE CHURCH

**S**OON after eleven that same night, a tall figure clothed in sombre garments emerged from the door of a small house which stood not far from the dwelling of Henry Dugdale. He stooped somewhat, and seemed to walk with difficulty. He might have been a retired haberdasher, or a clerk to an attorney. If any one noticed him, they would probably be led to the conclusion that he suffered somewhat from rheumatics, for his steps seemed laboured and uncertain. The little alley upon which the door opened was deserted, and he was well into another street which ran directly into Fleet Street before he saw any signs of life. He was on the point of turning into a thoroughfare which ran parallel with Fleet Street, when two men stepped suddenly to his side.

‘Who are you, and where go you?’ they demanded.

‘What is that, my masters?’ he asked, in a slow and somewhat quavering voice. ‘I am somewhat deaf i’ th’ left ear.’

‘Who are you, and whither go you?’

‘Is it of importance?’ he asked, in the same halting and quavering way. ‘For i’ faith it is the first time I have had such a question asked, since the time when old Nol the rebel fought against King Charles of blessed memory.’

# Under the Shadow of Temple Church

'Ay, but these are strange times, old man,' said one of the men; 'besides, there is a reward offered to any who will lay hands upon a young Cornish blood who hath defied my Lord Jeffreys, and escaped from his officers.'

'Ah, say you so? I have not been out of the house all day, neither doth it suit one of my age to be out so late at night; but I cannot refuse the message sent me by my poor sister, who lives up beyond St. Paul's Cross, and who is sorely ill. Having some knowledge of drugs, I have twice before given her relief; but I fear it will be no use to-night. She is too old, and these seizures grow stronger each time. I' truth I need a doctor myself, rather than to go a-doctoring others. I suppose it would be too much to ask you to give me your arm as far as St. Paul's Church. After I am up the hill, I can, I hope, manage it.'

Thus he meandered on, while the men listened impatiently.

'No, no, old friend. We have more paying games on hand. But this we will do. If you will step into the "Star and Garter," we will e'en give you a sup of ale to help you on your way.'

'Ah, thank you, good friends; but I may not wait for that. Good morrow to ye, if ye will not go so far as St. Paul's Cross with me.'

'Good night, father, and may your potions to your sister take good effect.'

'Thank you, young men. You have kind hearts.'

He crept along slowly, leaning heavily upon his staff until he reached Fleet Street. Here, all was silent. It had now turned half-past eleven, and folks were abed.

He walked quickly towards Ludgate, and when

## A Circuitous Route

arrived there, he seemed more alert, more watchful. He looked eagerly towards Fleet Prison, and somewhat quickened his steps as he passed by the 'Old King Lud' tavern, and listened for a moment to the sound of the carousers within. One or two passers gave him a searching glance as he passed along, but no one spoke.

Halfway from Ludgate to St. Paul's Church he crossed the road, but still made his way eastward, when suddenly he turned in at a narrow alley which led riverward. Here he quickened his steps, and then, seemingly without purpose, he threaded his way in and out among a number of narrow pathways, until he found himself by the banks of the river.

The waters of the Thames reached high, for the tide was rising, but there were no signs of life among the poor-looking dwellings which were built close to the water's edge.

He seemed to see what he desired, however, for he gave a murmur of satisfaction, and then he turned westward again, crossing Farringdon Road, which was in those days an exceedingly dirty and squalid-looking thoroughfare, scarcely lit by a single lamp. After crossing here, he again threaded his way through a network of alleys, until he came to an open square.

'Temple Church,' he said to himself. 'I will go to the same spot.'

Cautiously he found his way to the church, and then crept into the shadow of a huge buttress.

Here he heaved a sigh of relief, but looked eagerly around, nevertheless.

'A long journey to go a short distance,' he said; 'but it may be it was best.'

He placed his hand on his left hip, as if in search of something there; after that, he unfastened something

# Under the Shadow of Temple Church

by his leg, and a sword hung loose. This done, he stretched himself, and gave vent to a low-pleased laugh.

'At any rate, I can give a good account of myself now,' he said.

The night was very still. Scarcely a sound was to be heard, save the muffled voices of revellers in the taverns near by. Orange girls and hawksters were abed, save those in and around the theatres, and the night was so cold and damp that the nighthawks, which had infested London since Oliver Cromwell's days, found no prey. No countrymen, whose pockets they might rifle, paraded the streets, while it was too far east for them to find plunder among the playgoers.

For a time the man waited in silence behind the buttress. Once or twice he thought he heard whisperings and stealthy footsteps, but he was not sure. Then he heard the clock of St. Paul's striking midnight. Scarcely had the echo of the last chime died away, when he felt a light touch upon his arm.

'Ah, you have come, Mistress Mary,' he said quietly.

'Yes, I have come, Master Benedict Trelawney,' she said, mimicking his tone. 'But I did not go out of my way to get here, as you did. Neither did I tell any one that I had a sick sister beyond St. Paul's who was subject to seizures. But, prithee, Master Trelawney, give me of your potions, for I may need them some day.'

She spoke in tones scarcely above a whisper, but every word reached him clearly. Moreover, he heard her laughing like one well pleased.

Benedict Trelawney laughed too. The night was cold and dark. A heavy mist lay on everything,



# The Youth and the Maid

making the trees close by seem like ghostly spectres, but the presence of the maid made the dark night seem like a June morning.

‘Well, Master Trelawney,’ she went on, ‘have you made up your mind?’

‘About what?’ he asked.

‘Whether I am a scullery-wench or a lady’s serving-woman.’

‘Neither,’ he answered promptly.

‘What then?’

‘A beauteous maid who hath befriended me, and bidden me come here to-night.’

‘Oh, have done with foolish speeches. This is no time for them.’

‘A man must needs say what is in his heart,’ replied Benedict.

‘Your sword came safely, this morning?’

‘Else had I not been here. But tell me, Mistress Mary, how did you get it, how did you send it, and how did you know what course I took to-night?’

‘Hush! Speak not so loud,’ said the maid, for in his eagerness he had raised his voice. ‘Believe me, Master Trelawney, you walk on a sword-edge, and if others knew what I know I would not give a groat for your liberty, and may be your life.’

‘And what do you know, Mistress Mary?’

She was silent a moment. Then she opened her mouth as if to speak, but uttered no word.

‘Tell me,’ urged Trelawney, ‘and tell me also how you came here without my seeing you. Tell me how you could appear before me so suddenly, as though you had risen from one of the graves close by.’

‘Ask me nothing,’ she replied. ‘For I tell you this, I shall not speak a word as to who I am or where I

# Under the Shadow of Temple Church

come from. Not that it matters, for we shall never meet again after to-night.'

'You said that last night,' said Trelawney.

'Ay, and I meant it. But after I left you I learnt something. It was by chance, but still something that concerns you.'

'Concerns me?'

'Ay, you; that is why I sent you your sword, and wrote the words on it which brought you here.'

'Ah, but, Mistress Mary, how did you get it?'

'Ask me no questions, I tell you; I can tell you nothing, nothing. But I was able to help you last night, and then it came to me that my help of last night would be of no avail without further aid.'

'Further aid! Ah, aid from you is good, indeed, Mistress Mary, and I shall pray that I may need it often, so that it may lead to such meetings as this.'

'What do you care about such meetings as this?' she asked quickly. 'They can be nothing to you.'

'I have been thinking of this time all the day,' said Benedict. 'Since I saw the writing on the sword-blade, I have thought of but little else. How could I, when I remembered the bright eyes I saw last night?'

'Whose bright eyes?'

'Whose? Why, yours. There are no others.'

'I fancied you might be thinking of those belonging to Mistress Priscilla Dugdale.'

'Hath she bright eyes? I never looked at them, therefore I never thought of them. How could I? Yours dazzled me. As to this meeting being nothing to me, I would gladly brave Judge Jeffreys every night for the privilege of seeing you afterwards.'

'Hush! Do not mention the name! He vows vengeance. He says he will be content with nothing

## The Maid's Advice

less than to see you hanged, or sent away to the Indies as a slave.'

'How do you know?' asked Benedict, quickly.

She hesitated a moment like one somewhat confused, but a minute later she spoke quietly enough.

'I must e'en know what is in everybody's mouth.'

'Am I, indeed, so much talked of?' and young Trelawney laughed gaily.

'Hush! I tell you. You do not know. Spies are everywhere, everywhere. Lord Jeffreys swears he will take you and make an example of you.'

'And I swear,' said the young man, 'that I will never rest till I have thrown him from his place of power, until I have had him dragged through the streets, whipped at the cart-tail, and thrown into prison, even as he has done to others.'

The girl started from him like one afraid.

'I tell you,' went on Trelawney, 'the fellow is a devil and not a man. He is not fit to live. He belongs to a tribe of venomous serpents, and both he and his children, if he has any, should be treated as we treat serpents. Oh, I am not afraid of him, although he does snarl like a mad dog, and swear like the drunken bully he is.'

He spoke savagely. The very thought of Jeffreys aroused him to anger, and for a moment he appeared to be forgetful of the presence of the girl.

'And I, on the other hand, warn you to do nothing to anger him further,' said the girl, earnestly. 'Nay, more, I beseech you to leave London while you may. If you will follow the instructions I will give you, you can be ten miles from this city by to-morrow morning, and no one will know where you are. Go back to your home, Master Trelawney, and do not anger Lord Jeffreys further.'

# Under the Shadow of Temple Church

'Nay, nay,' said Benedict, 'if I leave London I should be going away from you.'

'Well, and what of that?'

'Only that I am not going to do it. If you can once meet me like this, Mistress Mary, you can meet me again.'

'Oh, but you do not know that I have come here at the peril of my life.'

'Then you need a protector,' said Benedict. 'But who threatens your life? Of whom are you afraid?'

'Of whom is every one afraid?'

'What, you afraid of that brawling, boasting bully? Why, then, all the more reason why I should stay near you.'

'Oh, you fool!' cried the girl, impatiently. 'Do you think you can do aught against him? He is all-powerful, I tell you.'

'All-powerful? Nay, we still have a Parliament.'

'Parliament! He laughs at Parliament. Do you know why? The King is greater than the Parliament, and the Parliament will do whatever he bids. I tell you Lord Jeffreys can do whatever he bids, because he knows he has the King's smile.'

'Sometimes even the smiles of kings become of no value,' said Trelawney.

'Hush!' cried the girl again. 'Even the walls of this church may have ears. Even now your words may be heard and carried to him, and—Master Trelawney, you said something just now about caring for my peace of mind.'

'Yes, yes,' said Benedict, eagerly.

'Then, go away.'

'No, I shall not do that. And I need scarcely tell you why, Mistress Mary. You have made me feel that you are in danger, and I will not leave you unprotected.'

# The Coming of Love

The girl laughed bitterly. 'And do you think you could protect me? Do you know who I am, Master Cornishman? Do you know that——' She stopped suddenly, then she went on, 'Please go away, please let me lead you out of danger.'

'Why should you care whether I am in danger or no?' said the young man, suspiciously. 'You never saw me till yesternight.' Then, his heart growing warm because of the girl's kindness, and at the memory of the way she had helped him the night before, he went on: 'Do you think of me as I think of you, Mistress Mary? Do you? Do you? I tell you I could not sleep last night for thinking of you. I vowed I would never rest until I had seen you again. Why is it?'

He caught the girl's hand in his, and held it fast. 'Speak,' he whispered eagerly, 'speak.'

The mystery of this meeting, the romance of her help on the previous night, the memory of the bright eyes and rosy lips he had seen, the laughing face surmounted by a crown of glorious hair had aroused his imagination, and fired his Celtic blood. Impressionable by nature, and unaccustomed as he had been to the society of women, this maid had aroused thoughts, hopes, and heart-throbs, to which he had been a stranger.

'And if I do,' she said, 'what then? What would you say, if I told you that ever since I parted from you last night I have never closed my eyes for thinking of you? What if I told you that no other name has been on my lips than yours, Master Benedict Trelawney? What if I told you that I would die to serve you, and to save you from harm? What then?'

'Then,' cried the youth, his heart aflame, 'I should be the happiest man in England. I should laugh at Judge Jeffreys and all his brood. I should care for nothing

# Under the Shadow of Temple Church

save to make myself worthy of you, and to obtain a home where I could take you.'

'Nay, nay,' said the girl, half laughingly, half scornfully. 'You surely would not be such a fool.'

'Fool!' cried Benedict. His blood was on fire now, and he hardly knew what he was saying. 'Tell me, ay, tell me quickly. Have you thought of me in that way? Oh, you have! you have!'

She seemed convulsed with mirth. 'Oh, Master Cornishman,' she said, 'how easy it is to gull you. Why, here am I, a scullery-wench, my hands all coarsened by my work, who have managed to crawl out of my kitchen by stealth, and who when I return shall perchance be thrashed by a fat cook, I have made a conquest of a gay Cavalier, a gentleman of an old name, who wears a jewelled-hilted sword. Think of it, think of it!'

'You are no scullery-wench,' cried the impetuous youth. 'Your blood is as noble as my own.'

'Oh, you fool, you fool!' repeated the girl. 'Think you if I thought of you in such a way I would tell you? And, moreover, do you think if my blood were noble, and I bore a good name, I would meet you here to-night like a kitchen-wench? Why, the cats must be laughing at you from the housetops.'

'Then why did you ask me to meet you here?' asked Benedict.

'For my own pleasure, to be sure. I have little in life to amuse me, and it doth amuse me to speak to such a Simple Simon, and to see him befooled in such a pleasant way. I made a wager last night with another kitchen-maid that I could e'en make a young gallant make love to me, and I have succeeded.'

For a moment anger overcame the feeling which the

## A Woman's Way

girl had aroused in his heart ; still, he was able to check the angry words which arose to his lips.

'I think you are right,' he said. 'I am a fool to think kindly of you, or to fancy that you care aught for me. Doubtless, moreover, you have brought me here for your own amusement. Nevertheless, you are no scullery-wench, neither are you without knowledge of the ways of the world. Still, I do not know your name, nor your degree, but I do know that you saved me from prison last night ; I do know that through you I possess my sword. For this I thank you. For all that, I did not come here to be the laughing-stock of any one. So good night, Mistress Mary.'

He took a step away from the girl, but only a step. Before he could leave the shadow of the great buttress which supported the church she caught him by the arm.

'Nay, not like that,' she cried, 'not until I have told you what is in my heart.'

'What can be in your heart ?' he said, her words still rankling within him. 'You desire pleasure, and that is all. Perchance it was for that you outwitted Jeffreys' soldiers last night, for that reason also you returned my sword, and brought me here to-night. Well, I am glad you have had your pleasure. But I have other matters to think of.'

'What other matters ?'

'They can be naught to you. The thoughts of a Cornish numskull can be of no interest to you.'

'Have they aught to do with the Chief Justice ?'

'Yes,' cried Trelawney, savagely. 'I will never rest till I have rid the world of that monster and his family.'

'How do you know he hath a family ?'

'I know he hath. Only to-day I was told he had a

# Under the Shadow of Temple Church

daughter who followed in her father's footsteps, and who was his tool and his spy.'

'You speak as one who hates her.'

'Hates her! How can I help hating any one who bears the name of Jeffreys?'

'I do not wonder at it, Master Trelawney,' she said quietly; 'nevertheless, before I leave you, let me tell you what I brought you here to tell you. Have naught to do with the plans of Master Dugdale. I tell you they will come to naught. And more, all who are in league with him will suffer, suffer in a way that you cannot even dream of. I tell you that Lord Jeffreys' vengeance on all who seek to help Master Dugdale's schemes will be beyond the power of telling. If you will not leave London, at least promise that you will not put yourself in greater danger, by—by; but you know what. Everything becomes known to him.'

'Does he know of our meeting to-night?'

'Possibly; but I think not. Such as I are too unimportant for him to notice, that is why I have been able to be of some assistance to you. Were I some high-born dame, as you said just now, he would suspect me; as it is, I can pass unnoticed.'

The tone of the girl's voice had caused all the young man's anger to pass away.

'Mistress Mary, tell me your name. Tell me when I may see you again.'

'Neither the one nor the other.'

'Why?'

'Why? Because—— Nay, I will not tell you why. Hark! What is that?'

Both heard the sound of voices, and as they heard them, the young man felt her hand trembling upon his arm.



## Strange Behaviour

'I tell you he is not far from here. She said she would get him to meet her near the tree not far from the church.'

The young man's heart grew cold as he heard the words. What did they mean?

'Good-bye,' she whispered. 'Think not unkindly of me. You will never see me again, yet perchance there was truth in what I said. Why should I bring your sword if I had not been thinking of you. But—but——' Again they heard the sound of voices which seemed to draw nearer.

'She said she would whistle,' he heard some one say.

She caught his hand eagerly. 'If you love me as you said,' and he heard a sob in her throat, although she did but whisper, 'have nothing to do with Master Dugdale's plans. If you do, perhaps even I may not be able to save you. God be with you. Perhaps some day you will pity me. I could tell you why, if you came here to-morrow midnight.'

She was gone before he had time to realize her departure, leaving him bewildered. What did it all mean? He started to follow her, but reflected that it would be vain. How could he tell which way she had gone in the darkness of the night.

So he waited where he was, listening intently. A minute later he heard the sound of some one whistling. It was a low whistle, and was not unlike the notes of a wood-dove. It was some distance away, at least two hundred yards nearer the river. After that he heard the sound of hasty footsteps, followed by cries of disappointment. Then the voice died away in the direction of Blackfriars.

What did it all mean?

When all was silent again, he heard St. Paul's clock strike one.

## CHAPTER IX

### A MOMENTOUS MEETING

**W**HEN Benedict heard the sound of the clock, he realized that this was the time he was expected at the room above the cloisters close by ; but he did not immediately make his way thither. He was too confused, too bewildered. What was the meaning of what he had heard. Who was this maid who had laughed at him, cajoled him, called him a fool, and yet who had saved him ? What was the meaning of those words which he had heard ? Who was she of whom they had spoken, and who had promised to lead some one that night ? Why did she disappear so quickly, and who gave the whistle he had heard ?

Even as he stood there, he loved her even while he was angry with her. Her voice was to him sweeter than any music he had ever heard. He remembered the face he had seen the night before. No ; it was not the face of a scullery-wench. The features were refined, and although once or twice she had spoken like he had heard the orange girls speak, she could not be mistaken for one of them. No, no, there were times when she made him believe she was some great lady, some one who had influence in high places, one who could make the high and mighty obey her.

It was all bewildering. He could not piece things

## Trelawney's Questionings

together. What did she mean by warning him against Master Henry Dugdale's plans? What could she know of them, or of the danger which they involved? Her voice was pleading as she spoke of this; he knew that tears were in her eyes, had he not heard the sob in her throat?

Did she care for him? Else why should she endanger herself to save him, why should she hint that she had been thinking of him through the long hours?

It is true she had scorned him a minute afterwards, and laughed at him as a fool whom any one could cozen. The very thought of this angered him, nevertheless his heart was still warm at the thought of her.

Evidently, too, she dreaded the power of Judge Jeffreys. Had she ever received injury at his hands? The very thought of this made him desire vengeance on this man and to repeat the vow he had made.

Yes, he would go to the meeting which Henry Dugdale had mentioned to him, he would listen to what these men had to say, and if they could devise means whereby the country could be rid of this inhuman wretch, he would strike a blow for the cause.

But should he? Her last words were to plead with him to have nothing to do with the plans of the old Presbyterian. Should he not heed her?

He had told her nothing; neither, for that matter, had she asked him a question about himself. Was not that all the more reason for refraining to embark on a mission which she said was hopeless?

He heard stealthy footsteps near. They were not coming towards him. Rather they seemed to be going in the direction of the room which Master Dugdale had spoken of. These men, then, were not afraid to brave the anger of both King and judge for their country's

## A Momentous Meeting

good, while he hesitated, and all because an unknown strip of a girl had bidden him to refrain from joining them. But what should he do, if he did not? He could not go back to Master Dugdale's house if he failed to keep the appointment he had made. Moreover, he knew that even then Jeffreys' men were searching for him high and low. Master Dugdale would conclude one of three things. Either he was captured, or he had turned traitor, or he was afraid.

This thought decided him. The words of the unknown woman still rung in his ears; but he set his teeth firmly together, and made his way towards the cloisters. All was silent here. No sound either of footsteps or of human voices. The noise of revellers, moreover, was becoming more and more rare. Evidently London was falling asleep. Only a few pot-house loafers would still be hanging around Fleet Street taverns.

A spot of blood made luminous! Had he not been looking for it, he might have passed it a hundred times, without notice, but now there could be no mistake. He gave one gentle tap at the door.

'Yes,' said a voice, it was scarce above a whisper, 'what have you to say?'

'Right is might,' said Benedict.

The door opened noiselessly, and he was ushered into a small room. He heard the noise of whispering voices, and shuffling feet. They did not seem far away, but he was not sure. Everything seemed ghostly and unreal. No light was seen anywhere. He was in Egyptian darkness.

A little later a hand was laid upon his arm.

'Come,' whispered a voice.

'Whither?' he asked. 'I cannot see.'

'I know the way, and will lead you.'

## ‘ Right is Might ’

He allowed himself to be led along, but keeping his hand on his sword-hilt all the time. He did not like the mystery, even although he felt its necessity.

‘ Is this over the cloisters ? ’ he asked presently.

‘ No. A better chamber hath been found. The early Christians worshipped in the Catacombs of Rome. Why should not we, who have the same cause to advance, meet where the sons of Belial cannot find us ? ’

He felt that they were descending a long flight of stone steps, after which they walked along a long passage. Presently Benedict’s guide hesitated.

‘ Right is might ! ’ he said aloud.

He had scarcely spoken the words, when the door opened, and he entered a low long room lit only by a number of candles. There might have been fifty men present, all told, and, as far as Benedict could judge, they were nearly all men of substance. He noticed that three of them were dressed like clergymen, while nearly all the others were clothed in sombre-coloured garments which were common to the Presbyterians and other Dissenters of the time. Only one present had the appearance of a Cavalier, or man of high rank, but all of them were evidently there with serious purpose. The light of resolution shone in their eyes ; their lips were compressed as though they were deciding on a matter of weight.

At one end of the room was a table on which lay an open Bible. Behind the table stood a clergyman wearing a black Geneva gown. He was a strong-looking man. Severe he appeared, yet not without a kindly gleam in his eye, or a suggestion of humour upon his face.

All turned as Benedict entered, and Master Dugdale came up to him, and took him by the hand.

‘ All hath gone well with you, I trust, ’ he said.

# A Momentous Meeting

The young man threw off the long black cloak he had worn, and also laid aside the hat which had hidden his face. He heaved a sigh of relief as he did so. He was glad to stretch his limbs and to feel that he had no longer need of a disguise.

'This is the young man,' said Master Dugdale to those assembled, and Trelawney saw that they regarded him with eyes of favour.

'We welcome you with great warmth,' said the clergyman who stood before the open Bible. 'We have heard how you did but yesternoon dare to speak boldly to that son of Belial, and how, because of it, you were thrown into prison. But the Lord took care of you. He hath confounded the judgments of the wicked, and hath laughed at their designs. Surely the Lord will use you for His purposes, and crown you with His own lovingkindness.'

Benedict did not speak. The scene was so strange, and the events of the last two days had followed each other with such rapidity, that he was in no mood for speech. Besides, he wanted to see those who had gathered together, and to judge what manner of men they were. He soon became aware, moreover, that he had somewhat misjudged them. He saw by the soldierly bearing of many that he was not among a crew of Dissenting fanatics, as he had at first feared. Some of them looked like old campaigners, and might well have belonged to Cromwell's Roundheads twenty years before. Others again might have been well-to-do merchants or shopkeepers.

Others, again, had the appearance of wild unreasoning fanatics ; but these were in the minority. Among the rest he was much struck by a very old man, his head sunk between his shoulders, and his long white beard

# The Gathering of Elders

reaching almost to his waist. This man would be noted in any crowd, especially because of his keen flashing eyes. Old as he was, moreover, he did not seem decrepit or infirm. He moved with ease and vigour, and was evidently treated with respect by those to whom he spoke. Benedict also noted that Donald Stewart was there, looking somewhat pale and haggard, but his eyes bright with the light of determination. Only a few young men were present. Nearly all were middle-aged or old. It was a gathering of elders, who were evidently moved not so much by passion as by strength of conviction.

The clergyman who stood before the open Bible asked for silence, after which he read out of the First Book of Kings, wherein was described the gathering of the people on Mount Carmel, where Elijah the prophet had given his great challenge : 'The God that answers by fire, let him be God.'

After this the clergyman prayed, and besought the Lord to show to them the means whereby the idolatry of the land might be destroyed, and the Scarlet Woman of Rome be for ever banished from their midst. A fervent 'Amen' followed his prayer, and then he began to speak. The discourse he gave was calculated to arouse the most lethargic. He described the conditions of the country under Charles II., a weak, sensual man, and told how, one by one, national ideals had been lowered, and national standards degraded. He portrayed in vivid language the sufferings of the Nonconformists, who preferred imprisonment, spoliation, and even death, to the denial of what they believed to be the will of God. Still, Charles, with all his faults, was not destitute of the milk of human kindness. There were occasions on which he had sought to do right, and as a consequence

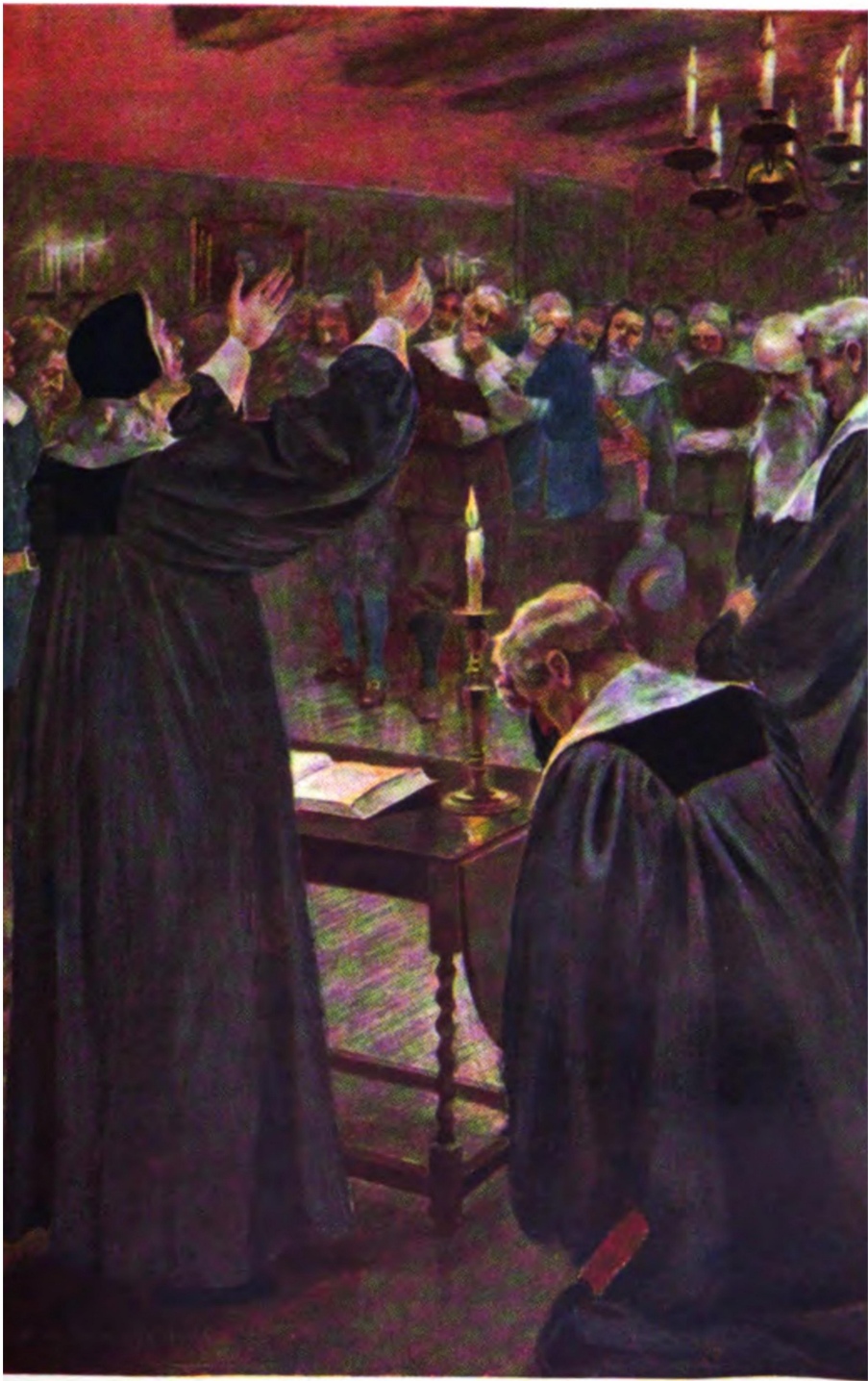
## A Momentous Meeting

the sufferings of the faithful had been much mitigated during the last years of his reign.

He then dwelt upon the suddenness of the late King's illness, the peculiarity of his death, and of the fact that the King's brother, James, Duke of York, had a Papist priest ready to receive the dying confessions of the King. Then followed a description of the promises of the new King. He had promised justice to all. He had sworn to maintain the Protestant religion, yet no sooner was his brother buried than he began to violate his promises. On every hand he had sought to degrade Protestants and to honour Roman Catholics. The King, moreover, was every day breaking his promise to be faithful to the Reformed Church. A Roman Catholic himself, he spared no pains to force his views upon the community. He boasted among his friends that he could bring back the days of Bloody Mary. Everywhere idolatries were being practised, everywhere the faithful were persecuted. What should they do? In sober truth, was James Stuart King at all? But for the Exclusion Act, the son of Charles II. would have succeeded to the throne. Was not the Duke of Monmouth the true King of England? Moreover, this same Duke of Monmouth was kind of heart, winning in manners, eager to do justice to all, and above all, he was loyal to the Protestant faith. Was it not the duty of all who loved God and the true religion to throw the Popish usurper from the throne, and bring back a Christian King? If this were done, Popery, which had been the curse of England, would be destroyed, all the Protestant religions would be regarded with equal favour by the State, and righteousness would again be the watchword of the nation.

This discourse was delivered amidst murmurs of approval and cries of joy. The preacher spoke with





AFTER THIS THE CLERGYMAN PRAYED.

## Monmouth's Chances

great vigour, and illustrated his points by scenes from Bible history, wherein it was shown that God was mindful of His own, and turned to flight the armies of the alien. As he spoke, the fires of youth burned in the eyes of the aged, while those who had been timorous and hesitating became loud in their affirmations that they should arise and crush the Popish tool.

After the sermon was finished a council of war was held.

'Is it not a fact,' said one, 'that this James Croft, whom you call the Duke of Monmouth, and whom you say should rule over England, is at this time living in sin with a vain woman? How, then, can he lead the armies of the Lord on to battle?'

In answer to this, it was admitted that, owing to the evil influences by which he had been surrounded all his days, he had been willing to be led astray, but that he had repented of his sins, and had decided to live in righteousness.

'Ay, but,' said another, 'he is cold of heart. He is afraid to undertake this great work. In spite of all that hath been said to him, he hangs back like a frightened child.'

'That,' said Master Henry Dugdale, 'is because he hath received no sufficient promise of support. If he do but receive the assurance that we can give him, all will be changed.'

'And what assurances can we give?'

Upon this rose and spoke men from Somerset, from Wiltshire, from Gloucester, from Scotland, and from other parts of the country, declaring that if once the Duke of Monmouth's standard were raised, the whole countryside would flock to it.

Others rose and spoke, one raising this objection,

## A Momentous Meeting

and another that, but each in turn was answered satisfactorily, until one man who had stood apart from the rest came forward.

'Brethren in the Lord,' he said, 'it is fully agreed among all that James Stuart is faithless to God, and faithless to man. Nevertheless, we must be wise. We must see to it that we know the will of the Lord. Ye be all for bringing back James Croft, who hath been created Duke of Monmouth. But consider awhile. If bloody work is to be done, then must it be done according to God's Word. "Give us a King ; a Protestant King," we cry. But what will our enemies say? Surely they will cry out that James Croft is but the bastard of Lucy Walters. How can a child of shame be the Protestant King of England! Even were he all you say, we should be the by-word of the nations. Is there not another to whom we can go, and say: "In the name of the Lord we ask you to be our King"?''

Upon this the old man whom Benedict had noticed came near to the table, where the open Bible still lay. His eyes gleamed red from behind his shaggy eyebrows, his hands trembled with passion.

'Hearken,' he cried. 'Hither I am come to prove that the woman Lucy Walters was the true wedded wife of Charles Stuart ; hither I am come with proofs to show that the man whom you call James Croft was born under wedlock, and is therefore the rightful heir to the throne of England.'

## CHAPTER X

# THE SIGNATURE OF CHARLES STUART

**W**HO is this man, and how came he hither?' said the one who had raised the question of the legitimacy of Monmouth. 'Who can speak for him?'

'I can,' said the only man in the assembly who, besides Donald Stewart, had the appearance of a Cavalier. 'It was I, Roland Rashcliffe, who brought him hither.'

A murmur of excitement went around the room. The name of Roland Rashcliffe was well known. He had been imprisoned in the time of Charles II. for defying the King; he had wedded a woman falsely accused of attempting to murder General Monk, and had been for many years a well-known defender of all those who struggled for liberty of conscience, as well as a powerful pleader for justice to all, regardless of their religion.

'And what do you know of the man, Master Rashcliffe?'

'Ask the old man what questions you will,' was the reply, 'and then I will tell you if I can bear out the words he may speak. He is very old, as you can see, so I trust he may be treated with gentleness.'

'I desire no gentleness,' replied the old man. 'Old

# The Signature of Charles Stuart

I am, but my eye is not dim, neither is my natural strength abated. But ask your questions.'

'Who are you, then, and what is your name?'

'I am the father of the woman who should have been Queen of England; I am the father of Lucy Walters, who in her time was called the nut-brown mayde, the most beauteous woman in England.'

'The father of Lucy Walters!'

'Of Lucy Stuart, ay, the woman who was married to Charles Stuart when he was an exile.'

Some laughed incredulously.

'The late King took a solemn oath that he never married your daughter.'

'Then he perjured his soul, and took his solemn oath to a lie. This I say boldly, for I have in my possession the marriage contract signed by the King—ay, and signed by two Papist priests.'

'The story of the black box was proved to be a falsehood,' said Donald Stewart.

'By whom?' said the old man. 'Far be it to decry against my own son-in-law. He is dead now, and I would speak kindly of the dead. But look you—who here hath seen the handwriting of King Charles, second of that name, and son of Charles I.?''

'I! I!' cried voices all over the room.

'Then come hither and behold,' said the old man. 'Look and prove!'

He took a parchment from his garments and placed it upon the open Bible. 'Those of you who can read in the French tongue, come! Those of you who know the Latin tongue, come! Those of you who know the signature of Charles Stuart, come!'

Many thronged around the table, and examined the parchment.

# Monmouth's Rights

'In truth, it is what the world hath been searching for these last twenty years,' said the man who had spoken of the Duke of Monmouth as a child of shame; 'but who can vouch for its genuineness? Who will attest to its value?'

Again Master Roland Rashcliffe came forward, and told how he, long years before, had set out to find this very parchment, and how he had soon found it, buried in the bowels of the earth, five miles from the town of Folkestone. He also gave it as his opinion that the document was probably genuine.

The effect was electric. If King Charles had married Lucy Walters, then he was not only King in virtue of the will of the people, but by right of birth. Not only their religion, but loyalty to their country demanded that the usurper James should be dethroned, and that the true King should reign in his stead.

'The news of this should be taken to Monmouth without a moment's delay,' was the cry. 'It will quiet his fears, it will hearten his followers. It will ensure an army. Let the true King be able to show this as he wanders through England, and all men will flock to his standard.'

'But who will take it?' cried the preacher. 'The bearer must be both brave and wise. On every hand we are surrounded by danger. Only this day have men been arrested as disloyal to the King, and doubtless by to-morrow they will be hanged, for Jeffreys hath declared that he will make an example of them, so that others may learn what to expect.'

'No man shall take it,' cried the old man, with flashing eyes. 'Let some one carry the news to my beloved grandson, and so hearten him to undertake his great work; but I, and I only, will place this in his hands.'

# The Signature of Charles Stuart

At this there was some dissent, but presently it was agreed that it should be as the old man had said. For the council of Puritans decided that night that should Monmouth come to England, they would take up arms on his behalf, and that they would fail in no endeavour to gather recruits for his army.

‘And now,’ said the preacher, after this was decided, ‘who shall carry our thoughts to Holland? Who are the most befitting messengers?’

A dozen came forward offering to go thither; but the eyes of nearly all were turned towards Master Roland Rashcliffe.

‘I think the way is clear,’ he said, when appealed to, ‘and I will give you my reasons for selecting the two whom I shall presently name. I would have you bear in mind that the Duke of Monmouth, for thus I will still call him, until he sees fit—or the people see fit—to declare him King, hath been much disheartened because very few men of name and position have been among those who have asked him to come and claim the throne. Moreover, he is a man who payeth much attention to these things. Now, it so happens that the only two against whom warrants are out are men of high standing. One is Master Donald Stewart, of Scotland, who hath in a marvellous way escaped from the hands of Claverhouse, and upon whose head a price is set, and the other is Master Benedict Trelawney, a member of one of the oldest families in England, who but yesterday faced the wolf in his den, and who hath also had a marvellous escape. These men are most fitting as our ambassadors, and moreover, they are in great danger while they remain in England. Is it not clear that they shall henceforth proceed to Holland, and tell the Duke what they have to-night seen and heard?’

## Trelawney's Mission

In spite of the disappointment of many there was much approval at this, and all eyes were turned towards the Scotsman and the young Cornishman.

'As for me, sore as I am, and sick as I am,' cried the Scotsman, 'I would e'en go without a moment's delay. I believe the Almighty hath led me in strange paths for this purpose. Moreover, I desire no braver companion than the young Cornishman who hath been named this night.'

As for Benedict, his brain was in a whirl as he heard this. The warning of the unknown maiden was still ringing in his ears. Moreover, although his heart was hot with anger against both King and Jeffreys, he did not feel altogether at ease with those among whom his lot had been cast. Much of their religious talk seemed to him to be foolish fanaticism, while some of them spoke of the Church of which his relative was a bishop almost as bitterly as they spoke of the abominations of Rome. Besides, in going out of London, dangerous as it was for him to remain in the city, he was going away from the woman he longed to see again and again. She had captivated his young heart in a way he could not understand, and he thought continuously of her parting words, even amidst the wild speeches he heard that night.

'There is sound judgment in the words of Master Rashcliffe,' said Henry Dugdale. 'It is true, we know but little of Master Trelawney, but all we know is in his favour. The Lord touched his heart when, yesterday, he cried out against that wicked monster who acts as the tool of a false and idolatrous King, and the Lord hath wondrously protected him since. Yet I have troubled sorely as to what was to become of him. On every hand he is being searched for, and in truth my house is no longer a safe refuge for him. By some means Jeffreys hath heard of the secret hiding-place in which both he



# The Signature of Charles Stuart

and Donald Stewart escaped his clutches last night, and I know not where he can continue to hide in safety. For in truth Jeffreys hath his spies everywhere, worst among whom is his daughter.'

'I knew not that Jeffreys had a daughter,' said some one.

'Ay, but he hath; and she appeareth in various disguises that she may do her father's work. Lying and cruel as he is, she more than outmatches him. Jezebel was not more cruel, nor was Sapphira more false, than she. True, she is but a slip of a girl about eighteen or nineteen, and yet is she learned in all wicked devices. One day she appears as a fine lady, and the next as a scullery-wench. She is fair to look upon, yet in her heart as false as lies. I hear that she is searching for Master Trelawney, and the King hath promised her great favours if she succeeds. She is not to be trusted in any way. Ofttimes she appears among God's faithful ones, and deceives the very elect. Moreover, her manner of action is mysterious, for while she seemeth to help, she plans to drag her victims into her father's net. Even those who to-day have been arrested, have been arrested through her. I mention this that you may beware of her, as well as to show you what danger our friends are in while they remain in London.'

'What is she like? Who hath seen her?' asked some one.

'Young and fair to look upon, she is,' said Henry Dugdale. 'She hath coarsened her hands by menial labour, so that she can disguise herself as a kitchen-wench; but she can, when needs be, assume the manners of a Court dame. Fortunately, I have to-day had given to me a picture which was drawn of her by one who hath great gifts with brush and pencil.'

# The Face of Mary Jeffreys

Benedict, who was thankful that Henry Dugdale had at that moment drawn attention from him, made his way towards the spot where the old Puritan stood. When he drew near, he cast his eyes upon the portrait which the old man exhibited, and directly he saw it his heart became like lead. The picture was rudely drawn, but no one could mistake the face. He remembered her face as he saw it the night before in the light of the window, and the features traced on the paper before him were the same. The same laughing gray eyes, the same parted lips, the same crown of curling hair. His brain whirled as he looked at it, for the face seemed to mock him. This woman who had delivered him from Jeffreys' minions was Jeffreys' own daughter. The woman towards whom his heart was drawn, as a needle is drawn by a magnet, was the child of the man whom he had sworn to hurl from his place of authority, and drag in the mires of disgrace. Nay, more, he had vowed that he would never rest until Jeffreys, and all who belonged to him, should suffer day by day the same torments as day by day he was condemning others.

He looked again and again. There could be no doubt about it. In this woman's veins ran the blood of the foulest and most cruel man in England. She rejoiced in her father's crimes, and helped him to perpetrate them. Even while she pretended to deliver him from her father's servants, she had some deep-laid scheme in mind whereby he was to be dragged deeper into disgrace. Was that the reason why she had hinted at another meeting the next night?

He could have cursed himself for being such a fool. Why had he not realized that none but a tool of Jeffreys could have returned his sword, or had so much power

# The Signature of Charles Stuart

with his minions? And yet she had appeared sincere, and she had given him his liberty!

'It is well that you should be informed against this Mary Jeffreys,' went on Henry Dugdale, 'for it is possible she may find means of trying to gain our confidence. That is, she may seem to render one of us a service, in order that she may discover something of our plans. But now that you have seen the face of this Jezebel, you will not be deceived.'

'All this strengthens my reason for urging that Master Trelawney be sent away without loss of time,' said Master Rashcliffe. 'His life is in danger here, while he will be a fitting messenger to the Duke.'

'Is the boat ready?' asked Henry Dugdale of Benedict.

'Yes, it is safely moored on the riverside at the place you told me of,' said the young man.

'And you will accept this commission at our hands?'

'Ay, gladly,' he replied, but he hardly knew the meaning of his words.

For an hour or more they discussed the message which should be given to the Duke, carefully considering the amount of help they could promise him, and the probable result of his appearance in the country. Donald Stewart joined eagerly in these discussions, but Benedict Trelawney scarce spoke a word. He was for ever thinking of Mary Jeffreys, the maid with a fair face and a false heart, the maid whose object was to lure him to destruction.

'She is worse than her father,' he repeated to himself again and again. 'He at least doth not hide his cruelty, but she is a liar, and a spy, in order to carry out his designs.'

But even while such thoughts filled his mind his

## The Order to Depart

heart grew warm towards her. He longed to see her again, and more than once he found himself making plans whereby he could meet her at the Temple Church the following night.

‘Then we start to-night?’

It was Donald Stewart who spoke. For a moment Benedict Trelawney had ceased to pay heed to what was being decided upon, so full was he of his own thoughts.

‘Ay. The boat lies at the mooring. You will row quietly down the river, until you see the two blue lights. There are those on the vessel who will be ready to receive you. They know the password.’

‘The password of to-night?’ said Donald Stewart.

‘Ay. *Right is Might*. Then one of them will show you the palm of his hand. On it you will see a spot of luminous blood, shaped like a heart.’

‘Do you hear, Master Trelawney? We start to-night.’

‘Ay, and this very hour,’ said Master Dugdale.

‘Let us kneel down and pray for the safety of those who undertake this commission,’ said the man, who had never left his post behind the open Bible.

But Benedict Trelawney heard scarcely a word of the prayer that was offered up. His mind was filled with other thoughts. He did not think of the danger which lay before him, nor of what might befall him on his way to a distant land. Neither did he heed the stern faces of the men who knelt on the cold floor and prayed for his safety. He saw only the fair laughing face of the maid who had delivered him on the previous night. He heard only the dulcet tones of the voice of the one whom he both loved and hated, and whom he trusted, although he believed her heart was as false as lies.

## CHAPTER XI

### 'DRAW SWORDS!'

**A** FEW minutes later, Donald Stewart and Benedict Trelawney made their way silently towards the river. It was now well on to four in the morning, and the city was silent as death. Not a sound, not a footstep was to be heard. The river rolled onward to the sea, but no lights were to be seen. London seemed to be a city of the dead.

'It's cauld,' said Donald Stewart, as they stood in Farringdon Road.

'Ay——'

Benedict spoke like a man in a dream. Everything was unreal to him. Nay, more, at that moment naught seemed to matter to him; he could not tell why. He felt as though his heart was numbed, even while it burned with a great anger. He hated both Judge Jeffreys and his daughter; nevertheless the laughing eyes and fair face of the latter were constantly appearing before him. He almost hoped that something would happen to keep him from starting for Holland that night, so that he might meet her the next night beneath the shadow of the Temple Church.

'You know the exact place?' whispered Donald Stewart.

'Ay, I saw it four hours since.'

## ‘ Draw Swords ! ’

‘ Dugdale prepared for it. He was sure of the result of the Council. It could not be otherwise. It is the call of God.’

They struck into an alley, and crept cautiously along, Donald Stewart keeping a watchful eye on the right and on the left as they walked.

‘ Here’s the place,’ said Trelawney, stopping.

The river had at this spot encroached further upon the land than at any other spot close by, and thus a little bay was formed.

‘ But the boat is not here ! ’

Each looked at the other in a kind of stupefaction, for what Donald Stewart had said was true. The dark waters of the outgoing tide glided rapidly towards the sea, and the waters curled into the little bay, but the boat he had seen a few hours before was gone.

‘ What shall we do ? ’ said Stewart, like a man dazed.

‘ Draw swords.’

The voice set Benedict’s blood tingling. He knew it well, even although it was not loud.

Almost as if by instinct each of them obeyed the command of the invisible speaker ; and it was well they did so, for four men rushed upon them with swords drawn. The command was evidently given to the enemy, not to them. They had only profited by their quickness of hearing.

The four men attacked them furiously, but spoke no word. The odds seemed terrible : how could they two meet four ? A minute later they were more hopeful. Their assailants were not skilled swordsmen, and Benedict, who had not learnt the art of swordcraft for nothing, was able to disarm one of the four—all of whom attacked blindly, and without method—at the very outset of the fray. He could not tell whether he had wounded him,

## ‘ Draw Swords ! ’

there was not enough light ; he only knew that only one man faced him, while Donald Stewart wielded a great claymore with great effect against the two men who attacked him furiously.

How the fight would have gone it is hard to say, for the man whose sword Benedict had sent flying into the darkness had recovered his weapon, and was returning for the attack. But before he reached them, the same woman's voice was heard again :

‘ Fly ! fly ! A band of armed Puritans ! ’

The men hesitated, and seemed undecided what to do.

‘ Fly, I tell you ! They will cut you to pieces ! Hark ! ’

There was the sound of hoarse voices in the distance, and their attackers, evidently believing the new-comers to be enemies, fled precipitately.

‘ What doth this mean ? ’ panted Donald Stewart.

‘ Hark ! ’

‘ It is all right, ’ they heard the woman say. ‘ They can never see the boat under the jetty, and before they can get away we will return with more help. No, not that way. The Puritans are there. ’

‘ The jetty ? ’ whispered Trelawney.

‘ Ay, where is it ? ’

Without hesitating a second, the young Cornishman waded out towards the river.

‘ Come, come quickly, ’ he said.

The tide was going out rapidly, and he was scarcely knee-deep in water.

‘ See, see, ’ he whispered, pointing to a dark object as Stewart came to his side.

‘ Yes, I see. Come. ’

They waded towards the jetty, and there they saw a boat fastened to a piece of wood.

Stewart laughed grimly. ‘ It's good to have quick

## Down the River

ears, Trelawney,' he said. 'The device is plain. They put away the boat, and then lay in wait for us. They will be one of the many parties on the watch. Master Dugdale told me to-day that a close watch was to be kept on the river, and that every one who sailed was to be questioned. Surely, the Lord is with us. That'll be Jeffreys' lass, I'm thinking. She did not think, when she told them to draw swords, that we should also hear. But it is well we did: we should be either dead or prisoners by now if we had not.'

'This way! This way!'

They heard the noise of confused voices.

'But that is not the bay.'

'Quick! quick! I tell you, or we shall lose them! A hundred pounds—you know the price!'

By this time they had unfastened the boat, and were being carried down the river by the force of the outgoing tide.

'Use your oars, man, use them quick. I'll steer,' said the Scotsman, in a low, hoarse voice.

'And thus tell them where we are. No.'

'Ay, but the lad has a headpiece,' muttered Stewart, as he felt himself silently carried down the river.

'She said the Puritans were coming,' said Benedict, presently. 'But they were not our friends.'

'Nay, but she thought they were. Ay, that is where the cleverness of a woman always fails. Besides, the Lord bewildered her giddy brain.'

'It seems as though she were in command of these men,' said Trelawney, presently, but he spoke more to himself than to his companion.

'Did not Henry Dugdale say this very night that Jeffreys used his daughter as a spy? Besides, Jeffreys hath asked the King for the right to seek out all who are



## ‘ Draw Swords ! ’

not contented with his reign, so that he may have the pleasure of passing judgment on them.’

‘ How did you learn this ? ’ asked Trelawney.

‘ I tell you Henry Dugdale hath friends at Court. The King discovered that there was a movement on foot to bring back Monmouth, and Jeffreys is busy hunting down every man upon whom the least suspicion falls. He hath bands of spies everywhere, and chief among them is this evil-hearted lass.’

‘ Hark ! ’ continued the Scotsman, presently.

‘ Well, I’m hearkening ! ’

‘ Do you hear nothing ? ’

‘ Nay, nought.’

‘ Then you must be deaf. We are followed. I hear the sound of oars.’

Trelawney listened attentively. ‘ You are surely mistaken,’ he said ; ‘ I can hear nothing.’

‘ But I can, and the vessel we have to board is seven miles away. There is some more fighting to do to-night, or I’m much mistaken. There are seven men on board that boat. Six are rowing, and one is steering.’

‘ How can you tell ? ’

‘ I’ve not lived among the Scottish lochs all my life without knowing the sound of oars,’ he replied. ‘ Mind, I’m not sure about the seventh, but there are six for sure. Ay, there are seven. They would not row so steadily if there was no man to steer.’

‘ Seven against two,’ said Trelawney, quietly. ‘ Had we not better use our oars ? ’

‘ Ay, seven to two,’ repeated the Scotsman, grimly. ‘ There’ll be a bit of fighting, Master Trelawney.’

The young Cornishman saw to it that his sword was loose in his scabbard.

Dark as it was, the Scotsman noted the action.

## The Scotsman's Plans

'Nay, nay,' he said, 'cold steel is all right when the occasion demands it, but it's no good to-night. We must have recourse to better weapons. Have you your pistols primed?'

'Ay.'

'That is well.'

He looked out over the dark waters of the river, and saw a dark object. Trelawney also saw that their pursuers had so gained upon them that even the darkness of the night could no longer hide them. The young man felt his nerves quiver, while his heart beat fast. He felt no fear, but he wanted to do something. It was he who had refused to use their oars when he started at first, now he was anxious to see whether they could not escape their pursuers by this means.

'Be quiet,' said the Scotsman when he urged this, 'we have better use for the oars than rowing with them.'

'How? In what way?'

'Get one by you ready to hand. I'll tell you why all in good time.'

Benedict did as he was bidden. He recognized the fact that the Scotsman knew what course to take better than he.

The little boat was carried silently down the broad bosom of the Thames. The tide was ebbing rapidly and they made good headway; but, fast as they went, they could not help seeing that their pursuers gained steadily on them. Evidently the six men at the oars were strong rowers.

'Could we not double, and escape in the darkness?' asked Trelawney.

'Nay, they have their eye upon us. Our only chance is a bit of rough-and-ready fighting. Still, that chance is a good one.'

## ‘ Draw Swords ! ’

‘ How can that be ? There are seven against two of us.’

‘ That’s our chance. They look upon us as easy prey, and they are determined to get that hundred pounds. Never despise your enemy, Master Trelawney, no matter how weak he may seem to be.’

‘ But—but——’

‘ Cease your buts, and keep your head clear and your hands ready. Have ye no read your Bible, man ? In the First Book of the Chronicles, the twelfth chapter, and the thirty-second verse we read about the men of Issachar who had understanding of the times, and knew what Israel ought to do. Well, I reckon that these two hundred men were about of as much value as all the rest of the nation put together. Now, those seven men know not what to do. They are told to capture us, and they just think they are going to do it easy. But they’ll be mistaken, if I am not mistaken in you. Can ye swim, young Cornishman ?’

‘ Like a duck ?’

‘ Ay, that is well, although I’m a-thinking you’ll have no need for swimming. Hark ! they’re calling on us to stop in the King’s name. Have your pistols ready.’

‘ They are ready.’

‘ Can ye see the oarsmen plainly ?’

‘ Ay.’

‘ They’ll be by our side in a minute. Fire your pistols on the rowers on this side of their boat when I tell you. I’m thinking we can cause a bit of stir that way.’

‘ And after that ?’

‘ Well, in the course of my life, I’ve learnt the art of upsetting a boat, and this one looks just suited to my

## ‘Stop, in the King’s Name’

purpose. It’s long and it’s narrow. Now, mark : we wait until they are close by our side, when we fire. On that, there’ll be a bit of confusion. During that confusion I’ll just give them a bath.’

‘Can I do nothing to help you?’

‘Ay, keep your oar ready. It’s long, and it’s strong. Just you stick it where you see me stick mine, and then put forth all the strength you have.’

Benedict Trelawney could not help admiring the cold courage of the Scotsman. He sat quietly in the boat as though there were no danger, but every fibre of his being was alert. Donald Stewart was a dangerous man at that moment.

‘Stop, in the King’s name!’

‘Is the King with you?’ asked the Scotsman.

‘Stop, or it’ll be worse for you. Stop, or we fire.’

‘Fire away.’

It might have been play-acting, so composed did he seem ; nevertheless, both men knew that their lives were scarcely worth a groat.

The boat containing their pursuers was scarcely as large as their own. In truth, it was far too small to carry seven men. Doubtless, in their departure to gain their reward, they had taken the first they could lay their hands on.

A moment later the pursuing boat shot close to them.

‘Fire!’

A few seconds later the spark caught the powder ; there was an explosion, followed by a yell among the King’s men. Again, before they had time to recover themselves, Stewart and Trelawney discharged their second pistols, and again there was a cry of pain and confusion.

## ‘ Draw Swords ! ’

‘ Now, then, Master Cornishman ! ’

The Scotsman seized his oar, and struck at a man who rose to fire. Then, before one could well count ten, the boat containing the King’s men had capsized, while every man was floundering in the water.

‘ Now, row for your life,’ cried the Scotsman ; and the Cornishman obeyed.

The craft shot down the river at a great speed now. Each put forth his whole strength, and in a few minutes they were out of sight and hearing of the men they had so easily discomfited.

‘ It was just a trick,’ said the Scotsman, presently. ‘ Just a trick, and as easy as turning your hand upside down when you know how to do it. Not but what it took a good bit of practice before I was what you call proficient. I’m a thinking they’ll not all get back to their wives to-night.’

‘ It seems like a miracle,’ said Trelawney.

‘ Did I not tell ye that the men of Issachar were of more value than all the others. But for understanding of the times, Claverhouse would have given my carcase to the dogs long since, but I just knew what to do, and so got free. I’m a thinking, Master Trelawney, that we’ll e’en get to that vessel. But may be ye’ll have forgotten the password.’

‘ *Right is might,*’ said Trelawney.

‘ Ay, Right is might, but even the right needs a bit of judgment mixed up with it.’

Trelawney would hardly have recognized him for the same man he had seen at the house of Henry Dugdale the night before. Then, he had become almost fanatical in his religious fervour and his desire for vengeance ; but now, he was cool and calculating. Moreover, present danger had aroused in him a kind of grim humour.

## The Scotsman's Opinion

'I would give something to see Judge Jeffreys' face when he hears the news,' he said presently.

'How did they find out that we were going to the riverside to take the boat?' asked Trelawney, half to himself.

'Who knows?' said the Scotsman. 'But I'm not far from thinking that Jeffreys' lass is at the bottom of it. Ay, but she must be a fiend, man. It was she who gave the command to draw swords.'

'But everything was arranged in secret,' urged Benedict.

'Ay, it was, but I have never yet known an enterprise but some woman got to the bottom of it somehow, and caused mischief. Besides, although Henry Dugdale is a godly man, he is somewhat long of tongue, Master Trelawney, and I fear that his friends at Court learn just as much as they tell. What I feel just now is this: It behoves us to distrust that lass of Jeffreys' as we distrust the man himself. The blood of her father runs in her veins, lad, only she is cunning as well as cruel.'

Benedict Trelawney did not reply. He did not feel that he could tell the Scotsman all he knew, neither could he explain what had taken place, try as he might.

## CHAPTER XII

# THE ORTHODOXY OF ROBERT FERGUSON

**I**T hath been a wondrous voyage,' said Donald Stewart two days later. 'Truly we have been beset on the right hand and on the left; but we have been delivered out of the hands of our enemies.'

Benedict had been sitting on the deck of the vessel, and watching with wondering eyes the land on either hand. During those two days he had thought much of the mission upon which he had gone, and into which he had been drawn by a series of circumstances, which, it seemed to him, were beyond his control. All that had happened had been the outcome of what he had done in the court where Master Richard Baxter had been tried, and condemned to imprisonment. He had had no intention of denouncing Judge Jeffreys when largely out of curiosity he had been led to witness the trial. His tie of blood to the great Puritan divine was of the slightest nature. His father had married a relative, and that was all. But it had been enough to lead him to the trial. After that he could not help himself. The man Jeffreys had so aroused his indignation that he would never have forgiven himself if he had remained silent. Having spoken, all the rest followed. He had no doubts but that he had done what was right, and yet

## Reflections

he felt that he was now proscribed as an outlaw. He was in league with those who would take up arms against their King. This to the youth trained to uphold the Royalty, and the son of a man who had fought against the Parliamentary army, was a step of terrible import. And yet he could not have done otherwise. He had seen the King, he had come into contact with the King's willing tool. He had seen that James II., instead of upholding the principles of justice as he had promised, sought to rule in his own way, a way that violated the first principles of righteousness. But more. He was bent on bringing the bondage of Papacy back to England. Thus, in spite of himself, he was led to feel that he who would overthrow the King would be doing the work of God. Nay, more, he had, in the heat of passion, made a vow that he would never rest until he had robbed Jeffreys of his power, and made him suffer all that he had been making his victims suffer.

He knew but little of the state of feeling in England, but he did know that injustice was rife, and that the man who not only suffered, but inspired it, was the King. He was a willing tool of Louis XIV. of France, who was himself a tyrant, and one who had caused the Protestants of his country to be murdered wholesale, while thousands more had sought refuge in other countries. It was also stated at the Council that Louis XIV. had promised subsidies to James II. only on the condition that he should seek to bring back the Catholic faith to England.

For the rest, Benedict had acted largely according to the impulses of a youthful heart. He had fled from England, not so much from fear of what Jeffreys would do with him, as because he desired to break the power of the cruel tyrant that sat upon the throne, and the no less cruel tyrant who had been appointed his Chief



# The Orthodoxy of Robert Ferguson

Justice. Because of this, although he did not forget his family's code of honour, he forgot his family's traditions, and thus he was now sailing towards Amsterdam, bearing messages to the late king's son, who was said to be, in spite of his youthful follies, a Protestant, and an upholder of the people's liberties.

In the midst of all these things, however, he had not forgotten the maid who had so strangely crossed his pathway, and whose actions he could not understand. He said no word of her to Donald Stewart, and yet he could not help remarking that but for her he would even then be in prison. This Mary Jeffreys had enabled him to escape from her father's minions; she had brought back to him the sword which even then he wore by his side, and yet she had planned to deliver him into the hands of his enemies. Try as he would, he could not unravel the mystery that surrounded her. Doubtless she was her father's spy; doubtless, too, she rejoiced in his deeds of cruelty, and yet, as he had looked into her eyes, he had seen only what told him of a kind-hearted maiden, who rejoiced in her youth and loved to do that which was kind and womanly. But she was the daughter of Judge Jeffreys, and therefore she must be evil. During their voyage Donald Stewart had related other matters concerning her, which Henry Dugdale had told him, and which proved beyond a doubt that she was a black-hearted creature who delighted in her father's evil.

Nevertheless, his lips trembled as he thought of her, even while his heart burned at the looks she had given him, and the words he had spoken to her. And even while he set his teeth, and vowed vengeance on both her and her father, he longed to see her again, longed to hear the music of her voice.

## Donald Stewart's Question

'Ay, we have had a wondrous voyage,' repeated the Scotsman, 'and in two hours we shall be in Amsterdam. Ay, man, but the day of the Lord draws near.'

Benedict Trelawney was silent.

'Man, but you seem sad of heart,' said the Scotsman. 'You have no repented so soon.'

'Nay, I have not repented,' said Trelawney; 'I would do the same again.'

'The hand of God, the Lord of hosts, is upon us.'

'Ay, I trust so,' said Benedict, 'although I am not one to talk about such matters freely.'

'Ay, I fear that the spirit of the Prelacy is still strong upon you. How can it be otherwise, when your uncle is one of them? But get rid of it, man. The Prelacy is but the natural child of Popery. There can be no true religion unless under a Presbytery.'

'As to such matters I know but little,' said Benedict; 'of this I am sure, if you try to dethrone James on those lines you will miserably fail. You can never make England believe that such men as my uncle are the children of Popery. He will fight against it to the very death.'

Donald Stewart drew himself up for an argument. His light-gray eyes shone with eagerness, and he began to arrange his thoughts in order that he might convert this young child of the Episcopacy. But fortunately at that moment the captain of the vessel came to him.

'We shall be asked questions on landing,' he said. 'Have you thought of what you shall say?'

'Nay, man, it's a' right,' he replied.

'How is that?' said the captain.

'I mean that Amsterdam is not the Hague,' said the Scotsman. 'It's little I know of the land of Holland, but this I do know. If we landed at the Hague, the

# The Orthodoxy of Robert Ferguson

Prince of Orange might have to take some notice of us ; but Amsterdam is a different matter. There, all Scotsmen and good Protestants go and come unnoticed. You see,' added Stewart, 'all Amsterdam men are ordered to be blind in one eye.'

'I hear that the governors of Amsterdam have promised King James to take note of all English refugees, and clap them in gaol,' said the captain.

'I've heard something o' the sort myself,' replied the Scotsman ; 'but the discipline in Amsterdam is wonderful, man, simply wonderful. That's why I shouldn't be surprised a bit if Robert Ferguson himself will be waiting for us.'

'Robert Ferguson !' said the captain in surprise.

'Ay, man, that's his name.'

'But I've heard that he's in hiding, that he dares not show his ugly face anywhere. That the King has offered a big reward for him, and that spies are hunting him down.'

'Did I no tell you that the discipline of Amsterdam is wonderful ?' retorted the Scotsman.

'Well, it's your affair,' replied the captain, doubtfully. 'I was ordered to be in readiness to take you here, and risky as the business was, I undertook the work.'

'Ay, and you'll be well paid,' replied Stewart.

'The pay is all right,' replied the captain, 'but I wouldn't have risked my neck for that. I fought under Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor, and I got religion there ; that's why I'm ready to do my share in driving a popish King out of England.'

'Ay, you are one of Cromwell's men, eh ? Weel, Cromwell was a man who could fight, but as for religion, he never got to the marrow of the matter.'

'Cromwell never got to the heart of the matter !' cried the captain.

## Stewart's Love for Theology

'Nay, man. I've naught to say against Independents at all. Doubtless they are honest people, but they are terribly in the dark.'

Benedict Trelawney saw that the Scotsman was eager for a theological argument, while the captain's face became red with anger. Young as he was, he feared a discussion on religion at this juncture, especially as Donald Stewart's theological bristles were all on end.

'Isn't that Amsterdam?' he said, pointing to a town that just appeared to his view.

'Ay, ay,' cried the captain, 'that it is. I've no time now to prove to you, Master Stewart, that Presbyterianism is little better than Popery, and that if the English had fought no better than the Scots at the battle of Marston Moor, Prince Rupert's men would have cut us to pieces.'

The Scotsman started up in a great heat, but by this time the captain had moved away.

'I tell ye,' shouted the Scotsman, 'I can prove to ye that——'

'I should like to know what your plans are,' cried Benedict, for want of something better to say. They had discussed their mode of procedure a hundred times, and he knew exactly what the Scotsman proposed to do, but he felt sure that trouble would follow if the Scotsman finished the speech he had begun.

'The fellow is a coward,' said Donald Stewart. 'He has not even learnt the first principles of a sound religion; as for the fundamentals, he is as blind as a new-born kitten.'

'That may be,' said Benedict, 'but I want you to tell me more of Robert Ferguson. And do you think we shall see Monmouth to-night?'

'I care naught about Monmouth,' said Stewart, still

# The Orthodoxy of Robert Ferguson

angry, 'but I would e'en seen Lord Argyle. Ay, man, there'll be gay doings when the Campbells get fighting. They're all ready in the country of MacCallum More.'

'Is Lord Argyle in Amsterdam?' asked Trelawney.

'Ay, he's been in Friesland, but he's followed the call of duty, and gone to Amsterdam. He's none like the lad Monmouth. He's spent his time in thinking out the great problem of religion, and devising means how he can rid his country of the Episcopacy.'

'Hasn't this man Ferguson a bad name?' asked Trelawney.

'Ay, well, you see, he fell in with the Independents, and may be he has been led astray. But he's a powerful persuader, man, and but few men know sound doctrine better.'

'Have you ever met Lord Grey?'

'Nay, I know naught of these English lairds, but I hear that his religious views are very loose.'

'Is he not a good man?'

'I know naught of that; but he's no grip of doctrine, man. I dare swear that he's never grasped the principles of the Covenant.'

'But he's dead against Popery,' said Benedict.

'I trust so, I trust so,' replied Stewart. 'It may be I'll be able to get hold of him, and instil into his mind a knowledge of the fundamentals.'

Donald Stewart had only revealed the theological side of his character during the last day. When first the Cornishman had met him, he was filled with savage fury against the cruelties of the King and the bloody deeds of Claverhouse; during their sail down the Thames, and the first day of their voyage on the vessel they had found waiting, he had been a grim intrepid fighter, cool in danger, and watchful as a cat, but as they

## A View of Amsterdam

drew near Amsterdam, the theological side of his character came uppermost. In whichever garb he appeared he interested the young Cornishman ; moreover, each hour increased his respect for him. Everything had proved him a brave man, while their common danger bound them together. As fanatic, fighter, or theologian, Trelawney was sure he was sincere and honourable, and therefore he looked forward with interest to the experiences they might have together.

Presently Donald Stewart forgot his theological differences with the captain in his interest in the new scene by which he was being surrounded. The sun was setting, and flat although the country was, it looked very fair to the young Cornishman's eyes. The green of the early spring appeared everywhere, while the city, which was situated at the confluence of two rivers, presented an attractive appearance to the beauty-loving youth. Numerous church towers and spires rose above the other buildings, thus relieving what might have been otherwise a somewhat monotonous view, while the many ships which lay in the harbour suggested a prosperous trade.

'It's a poor flat place compared with Edinbro', or even Glasga', said the Scotsman.

'Let us not speak ill of a place which has been a harbour for persecuted Englishmen,' said Trelawney.

'Nay, I'll say no harm of it,' replied Stewart. 'The town which holds MacCallum More cannot be over bad. But it's a curious government, lad. As you may say, it's not attached to any country, and it just governs itself. Ay, and it's not a bad government either, from all I've heard. It would ha' none of the Prince of Orange, and, from what I've heard, the town held its own against him. The burgomaster or governors of the town just manage

# The Orthodoxy of Robert Ferguson

things in their own way, and being good haters of Popery, they are glad to give shelter to good Protestants like us from other countries. Ay, but it is said that they've already sent some curious answers to James, who has complained of their harbouring refugees.'

The vessel made its way up the broad river, and presently, as it drew near the harbour, the Scotsman started to his feet.

'Ay, man, it's as I thought,' he cried, 'it's as I thought. That's Bob Ferguson, as sure's I'm Donald Stewart.'

Trelawney looked eagerly out on the wharf, expecting to see a man in the dress of a clergyman, but there was no man of that appearance anywhere. He saw what seemed to him a strange medley of mankind, but there was no man who seemed to call for special attention, save a tall, lean figure clothed in somewhat strange garments. As the vessel drew nearer, he saw that he was almost evil to look upon. Lantern-jawed, his skin inflamed by an eruption, his shoulders deformed by a stoop, he repelled the young Cornishman from the first. His eyes, fierce and glaring as they were, looked malignant and cruel, while presently, as he moved nearer the wharf, the young man saw that he walked with a shuffle. His wig hung low over his eyes, which accentuated his sinister appearance, while once or twice when he turned and spoke to some one near him, he reminded Trelawney of a hornet which longed to sting.

He was watching the incoming vessel with great eagerness ; evidently he was expecting some one, and so anxious did he appear that he came to the very edge of the wharf as the vessel drew up.

'I'll not show myself yet,' said Stewart. 'Ay, he belongs to the curious cattle, does Bob Ferguson.'



'THAT'S BOB FERGUSON, AS SURE'S I'M DONALD STEWART.'



## A Strange-looking Divine

He stood behind some bales as he spoke, and could see without being seen.

'What!' said Trelawney, 'is that evil-looking fellow Robert Ferguson?'

'Ay, that's Bob Ferguson. But remember the First Book of Samuel, the sixteenth chapter, and the seventh verse: "The Lord looketh not at the outward appearance, but at the heart." I'm free to admit that Bob is not over good-looking, and I've never heard that the lasses have run after him in great numbers. But he's sound in his doctrine, even although he did join the Independents after the Presbyterians kicked him out. He wears many coats, does Bob, but he knows the fundamentals. Now, mark his face when I speak to him.'

The vessel stopped at the wharf, amidst the creaking of timbers and the straining of ropes.

'And which family do ye most favour, Master Ferguson,' said Stewart, coming into sight, 'the Campbells, the Macgregors, or the Stewarts?'

The man's eyes gleamed with a strange light, his lips worked nervously; then he caught sight of the Scotsman.

'Ay, Master Donald Stewart,' he said piously, 'ye are just a Joseph come to Egypt.'

## HOW TRELAWNEY FIRST SAW THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH

**A** LITTLE later, the three men stood on the soil of the Netherlands, Trelawney subdued and full of wonder at the strangeness of everything ; Stewart silent, watchful, and somewhat saturnine ; Ferguson looking from one to another, as though eager to ask questions, yet not decided whether it was wise to do so.

‘The Lord hath delivered you from the den of lions, even as He delivered Daniel of olden time,’ he said presently.

‘Ay,’ replied Donald Stewart.

‘I heard of ye escaping Claverhouse. A vessel came here fra Edinbro’ not lang syne,’ he went on, carefully watching Stewart all the time. ‘A man on board told me it was believed ye had gone to London. Then, knowing that Henry Dugdale was sending news from that Babylon concerning the work of God, I said in my heart, “Maybe Donald Stewart will come.” Ay, Donald, ye’ll never know how I’ve wrestled wi’ the Lord in prayer for your safety.’

‘Nay, I never shall,’ replied Stewart.

‘But the Lord hath answered my pleadings,’ went on Ferguson, piously. ‘The Lord can do what He will, and He hath delivered you. Mayhap you’ve passed through many dangers, Donald?’

# The Streets of Amsterdam

He spoke with a strong Scotch accent. Even although he had lived many years in England, his speech betrayed his birthplace far more than Stewart's, who had spent but a little time away from his native land.

'Ay, we've had the wind in our faces as well as in our backs,' was the reply.

'And who is this well-favoured youth? Doubtless he also is one whose heart the Lord hath touched, although his garments speak rather of Babylon than of Zion.'

'There are many things which will be made known when we arrive at the proper place,' replied Stewart.

'Ay, man, that is so. And sadly are we needing ye, for the spirit of this world is getting hold of those in high places. The wind blows hot, and then it blows cauld. At present it blows cauld, so cauld that but for the grace of God I'd be hanging my harp on a willow-tree and sitting down to weep.'

Trelawney had a difficulty to keep from laughing, in spite of his dislike for the man. His lantern face, his overhanging wig, his stooping shoulders, and shuffling gait, all made him think of a harlequin rather than of a religious leader, who was said to have tempted Monmouth away from Lady Hamilton and a life of ease.

They passed through the streets unmolested. On all sides they were regarded with curiosity, but no one asked them questions, or tried to hinder them in their progress.

'You needn't be afraid to speak,' went on Ferguson, 'for one thing the Lord hath so touched the hearts of the people, that we are as those sitting beneath our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid. But besides that, they know not our tongue, man; so you may speak freely to one who has not only worked, but prayed for the cause. Yea, unto one who is willing to

## How Trelawney first saw the Duke

lay down his life for the cause. Have ye read the eleventh of Hebrews lately, Donald? If you'll turn to verse thirty-two, and read on to verse thirty-eight, you'll read the history of my life.'

'Ay,' said Stewart, 'I can well believe that you are one of those of whom the world is not worthy.'

'You speak the truth, Donald Stewart. I've been wonderfully sustained. When I think of all I've done, I fair wonder at it. But for me, the lad James Croft would be still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of sin; as for Argyle—well, I'm never one to boast. But ye may tell me the news, Donald. I'm e'en thinking that ye'll have much to say, and that ye'd rather pour it into the ears of a vessel of the Lord than into the ears of those who are far from understanding sound doctrine.'

'I'm thinking I'll wait a bit,' replied Stewart.

'But ye come with good tidings,' said Ferguson, looking at him keenly, 'ye come with good tidings. It's sair work, this dealing with worldly men, for the glory of this world is more to them than sound doctrine. Did the men of London promise well, Donald?'

'Ay,' replied the Scotsman.

'They have faith?'

'Ay.'

'But have they backed up their faith by works? Are they like the blessed Philipians, ready to minister to our necessity, or are they like the foolish Galatians, who sent naught to the Apostle?'

'Mayhap you are thinking of the siller?' said Stewart.

'Ay, we need siller, Donald. I'll no deny that the Lord can do without it, but it seems His will that we shall need it. I have dealt mainly with spiritual things; nevertheless, I'm trusted much with material things, so if the men of London have sent you with the filthy lucre,

## The Two Scotsmen

you may e'en hand it to me, so that I may see that it is wisely used.'

'Ay, Master Ferguson,' replied Stewart, 'I wouldn't cumber ye with the stuff, e'en though I were ower-much burdened with it. I should say to myself: "What! burden Robert Ferguson, who thinks only of the glory of God and sound doctrine, with the flesh-pots of Egypt?" Nay, man, you are so keen about spiritual manna that you would despise such things as gold and silver.'

Ferguson looked at the Scotsman with an angry gleam in his eyes, and appeared to be on the point of denouncing him; but evidently remembering the un-wisdom of such an action, he closed his lips with a snap. Presently, however, he said:

'You haud tightly to carnal things, Donald.'

'Ay, at the proper time and places, I do,' replied his compatriot grimly.

Afterwards, Benedict Trelawney learnt more about this man Ferguson, and even although his history was related by one who believed much in both his wisdom and his piety, the impression the Scotsman had made upon him on first seeing him was not removed by what he heard.

He was told that Ferguson was wrongfully accused of being implicated in the Rye House Plot, and the Lord having watched over His own, he had been able to escape to the Continent. Before that time he had been both a Presbyterian and an Independent preacher, by which means he had learnt the art of being a powerful persuader. Arrived on the Continent, he was still in danger, for the French Government had offered five hundred pistoles to any who would seize him, but again he had been able to elude his enemies, and finally reached the Low Countries. Here he began to form

## How Trelawney first saw the Duke

projects against the English Government, but although he was able to persuade many to listen to his counsels, a great number of those who had fled from English shores hoped that Charles would soon allow them to come back in safety. As for the Duke of Monmouth, who still hoped to resume his former position in the English Court, he utterly refused to listen to Ferguson, and while Monmouth remained obdurate, all plans were hopeless.

When Charles II. died, however, the face of matters was utterly changed. All knew that no mercy would be shown by James II., and, as far as Monmouth could see, nothing remained to him but banishment. Moreover, he knew that the moneys which his father constantly sent him would cease, and he had but little faith in the Prince of Orange.

This was Ferguson's opportunity. He made his way to Brussels, and pleaded, as he said, the cause of the Lord. James, his uncle, he told Monmouth, was but a Popish, blood-thirsty usurper, 'a man who had killed his brother, and who would never rest until Popery was brought back to England.' He persuaded the young Duke, moreover, that England was only awaiting his arrival to arise as one man, and hurl King James from the throne. The hope of the Protestant religion was in him, and children yet unborn would bless his name as the great deliverer of the nation.

The man told Trelawney, moreover, that although Ferguson's appeal to Monmouth was eloquent, and full of Scripture promises, the latter did not yield until Lady Wentworth added her prayer to Ferguson's, and told him that all her rents, money, and diamonds were at his disposal. This, added to Ferguson's appeal, at length decided him, and Monmouth went to Amsterdam to



FERGUSON LOOKED AT THE SCOTSMAN WITH AN ANGRY GLEAM IN HIS EYE.

# The History of Robert Ferguson

discuss the position of matters with those who, like himself, were exiled from their country.

James had not long been on the throne before dreadful news concerning his doings reached Amsterdam. But even although Monmouth had met those who regarded him as a leader, he often wavered in his designs. Promises of men and money were sent in a vague way, but, especially from London, no definite offers of help were received. Ferguson had communicated with Henry Dugdale, beseeching him to assure Monmouth of the faithfulness of that city, and to send faithful messengers, who would bring good tidings of their prospects.

Thus this man Robert Ferguson, unprepossessing as he appeared to the young Cornishman, had taken no unimportant share in the design to dethrone James, and to bring back a Protestant king to England.

Night had fallen before the three men had proceeded far into the town, but there was light enough to reveal to the young Cornishman the kind of scenes through which he was passing. He was much impressed by what was called the New Church, and which had been founded two hundred and fifty years before. Many of the buildings, moreover, were so imposing that, forgetting for the moment the mission upon which he had come, he stopped and looked at them.

‘And who might this youth be, Donald?’ asked Ferguson when Trelawney for a moment lagged behind. ‘Methinks he is ruddy and of a beautiful countenance, like David of old. Is he a godly youth?’

‘He is a brave fighter,’ replied Stewart, ‘and went so far as to call Jeffreys a liar in his own court.’

‘Ay, that sounds well. But is he a man of blood? It’s little I care for such things, but I believe the Duke



# How Trelawney first saw the Duke

would rather have one man who bears an old name than fifty commoners. That's why I'm so pleased to welcome ye, Donald. The Stewarts may not be ower muckle rich in siller, but they bear a good old name.'

'Ay, no man can deny that.'

'And this youth, Donald, what do men call him?'

'He bears an outlandish name,' replied Stewart, 'he is called Benedict Trelawney.'

'What, of the Trelawneys of Cornwall?'

'Ay.'

'Any relation to the Bishop of Bristol?'

'Ay, I'll be thinking that the Bishop is some sort of an uncle.'

'Now, may the Lord be praised,' said Ferguson, quietly. 'And has he siller, Donald?'

'As much as Robert Ferguson,' replied Stewart.

'Ay, I'm thinking ye are ower short with a compatriot, and a man of God, Donald Stewart; but I'll e'en forgive you as a Christian man, for are we not going to fight the Lord's battles together?'

'And will ye bear a sword, Master Ferguson?'

'I'll e'en bear the sword of the Spirit, which I doubt not will prevail mightily.'

At this Trelawney joined them again.

'And what may ye be thinking of Amsterdam, Master Trelawney?'

'I think it is mostly canals and bridges,' replied the youth curtly, for he took no trouble to hide his dislike of the man.

'Ay, it strikes a man as strange at first, and maybe ye'll think it looks heathenish. But it's a godly town for all that. The doctrine is sound, and the people feed on the pure milk of the Word from week to week. The doctrine is Calvinistic, sound Calvinistic, with not a flaw

# James Croft, Duke of Monmouth

in it. I inquired into it the very day I came. But we are at our journey's end now, and it is my purpose to take ye straight to the new King of England.'

They made their way towards a passage which led to a large house. This Ferguson entered without let or hindrance, and ere long they heard the sound of many voices.

'Is the Duke of Monmouth here?' asked Trelawney.

'Ay, that he is. Nay, do not trouble about your clothes, man, and as for food for the body ye shall ha' plenty after you have seen the Duke and MacCallum More. For what is attire? It is only the covering of our vile bodies, while the food that we eat is perishable, it is perishable. Besides, there is a council meeting to-night, and the wind blows cauld, man, it blows cauld, and it is for you to make it warm.'

Ferguson opened the door of the room, and spoke to the man who kept guard.

'Ye must e'en be quiet for a bit,' he said, 'for there's a bit of a discussion between Lord Grey and MacCallum More. As for the Duke, he's in a sair temper.'

As they entered they saw that some twenty or thirty men had assembled, and so eager were they in debate that they did not notice the new-comers.

Trelawney eagerly looked around the room, and was not long in singling out the Duke from the rest. As he looked, moreover, he did not wonder that he had been so favoured in England. A more handsome or gallant-looking man he had never seen. Tall, dignified, and although not strongly built, his figure was one of peculiar elegance. Moreover, he was clad in brave attire, which added new charm to his frank and still somewhat boyish-looking countenance. He did not seem happy, however. There was a somewhat impatient and petulant look on

# How Trelawney first saw the Duke

his face, although he seemed to agree with the sentiments uttered by the man who was speaking.

This was a man who appeared much older than the Duke, though he was not so elegantly proportioned. Nevertheless, he presented a brave appearance, and spoke with much eloquence and effect.

'I tell you I like it not,' he was saying. 'Never yet have I known a battle won by an army with many generals. It means confusion, indecision, and defeat.'

'That's MacCallum More,' said Ferguson. 'A brave man, and a great man, but very stubborn. This hath been his bone of contention ever since we have talked of attacking the enemy in two places.'

'You speak,' went on the Scotsman, 'of the necessity of my going to my own people, and arousing the Campbells. And I say this can be done. You ask me to be the general, and yet I am to be no general. I am to be governed by a council. Ay, but a council means confusion, it means defeat.'

'Ay, but, my Lord of Argyle,' said another, 'you speak as though this were a mere carnal battle, where we depend on the power of the sword only. In the council will be godly men, whom the Lord of hosts will guide. Besides, why should you object to what the son of a king hath consented to? Whenever hath there been a battle without a council of war? Besides, we do not want to dethrone one King in Scotland to set up another.'

'What is that?' cried Monmouth.

'I mean to say, your grace, that Master Ferguson hath been asked to draw up a proclamation to the effect that the King shall be chosen by Parliament.'

Monmouth looked around the room angrily. 'I like not the look of things,' he cried. 'As yet we have only

## Trelawney's Welcome

vague assurances of either men or money. No man of standing hath communicated with us from England. As for the City of London, it seemeth to obey my uncle without question.'

'So please your grace,' said Ferguson, stepping forward, 'I think you'll be mistaken. The Lord is kinder to us than you thought. For here are two noble gentlemen, who have but an hour ago come from the City of London bearing glad tidings of great joy.'

'Ah, Ferguson,' cried Monmouth, a change passing over his countenance. 'Step forward, man, and tell your news.'

'Nay, your grace, as all the world knows, I am not a man of words, but a man of prayer and of deeds. I have prevailed with the Lord. This, your grace, is Master Donald Stewart, who, as you know, bears one of the best names in Scotland, while here is Master Trelawney, a descendant of the great Sir John Trelawney and nephew to the Bishop of Bristol.'

Ferguson's voice grew sonorous as he spoke. He had evidently prepared this speech for effect, and it had not altogether failed.

The Duke's eyes shone with pleasure. 'Trelawney, eh,' he said eagerly, 'and nephew to Bishop Trelawney. I welcome you gladly, Master Trelawney, and trust you have good news for us.'

## CHAPTER XIV

### TO BE OR NOT TO BE

**T**HE Duke of Monmouth seemed to take no note of Stewart ; perchance this was because that worthy was a Scotsman. Not that he despised those who hailed from the north of the Tweed ; nevertheless, he would rather have two men, bearing an old name, from England, than twice as many from Scotland.

‘ My Lord Bishop of Bristol is your uncle, it seems,’ said the Duke, presently.

‘ Yes, your grace,’ replied Trelawney ; ‘ my father was his younger brother.’

‘ And the Bishop, I have been told, is a stout Protestant ?’

‘ Yes, your grace. He upholds with all his heart the principles of the Reformation.’

‘ Ah, that is well. And know you of the feeling which prevails in the town of Bristol ?’

‘ Not much, I am afraid. My uncle told me there was much discontent there, on account of the King’s behaviour ; but as far as I can learn it was mainly among the lower classes.’

‘ Ah, it is always the same,’ said the young Duke, angrily and petulantly. ‘ I am constantly hearing the same cry. The common people ! the common people ! But never do the heads of great houses send me messages.



ADOLF THIEDE

‘TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW, MASTER TRELAWNEY.’

# The Duke's Discontent

They all profess to uphold the Protestant faith, yet do they follow at the heels of my uncle like a flock of sheep. I did wrong to listen to you, Ferguson. A battle was never yet won by clodhoppers.'

'As to that, I think your grace is mistaken,' replied Ferguson. 'It seems not so long ago that the lairds and men of high degree fell back before Oliver Cromwell. His men of the fens were sneered at because there were none of quality among them, yet did they rout Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, while even King Charles himself fled before them at Naseby.'

'Yes, yes, but I am not Oliver Cromwell,' replied Monmouth. 'Besides, there were men of name in the Parliamentary army. But I have heard nothing of the news from London. Tell me what you know, Master Trelawney.'

'It is difficult to answer,' replied the young man. 'There is much discontent there, especially with the King's Chief Justice. The cry everywhere there is, that the King is in league with a devil, and all good men would rejoice to see his power destroyed. Moreover, London is being filled with Popish priests. This is causing much anger among the Protestants, and especially among the Dissenters.'

'Ay, Dissenters, Dissenters! But among the Dissenters only a few men of influence are to be found. The dissenting clergy are good men, doubtless, but they have no following.'

'Ay, but your Grace is mistaken,' cried Ferguson. 'They have a great following.'

'But among whom?'

'Among men of God,' cried Ferguson—'among those who hate Popery and love the word of God.'

'Ay, but have they followers among the men who

## To be or not to be

can command horses and swords? But you have spoken of a council in London. Who were at this council?’

Trelawney mentioned such names as he had heard of.

‘Shopkeepers and commoners to a man,’ cried Monmouth. ‘Beyond Rashcliffe, there was not a man of family there. This Henry Dugdale, who seems to be a leader, is a man of no name.’

‘He comes of a good Scottish family,’ cried Ferguson again. ‘His father was a godly man; I myself knew him. A God-fearing merchant, that was what he was. A man who made plenty of siller too.’

‘Ah, and that introduces another question,’ cried the Duke. ‘What promises of money were made?’

Trelawney again told what had taken place in respect to the promises which had been made, whereupon Monmouth again broke out impatiently—

‘What is the good of that?’ he cried. ‘If I am to dethrone my uncle, we shall need great treasure to buy horses and provisions. When I have led armies to victory before, we have had gay uniforms and merry music. The country will not arise because a few clodhoppers rally around my standard. I would you had left me alone at Brussels, Ferguson.’

‘But the religion!’ cried Ferguson, in apparent fury. ‘What of the call of God? “Cursed be ye Meroz, ay, curse ye bitterly, because ye would not go up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.” Is that to go for naught? I tell ye James is setting idols up all over the country, he is giving power to the Scarlet Woman, he is driving those who dispense only the pure milk of the word from their churches. He is placing a crown on the head of the devil.’



## Trelawney's Doubts

But Trelawney saw that this did not move the young Duke. The Protestant religion to him was only one of the cards which he had to play, neither had he any deep conviction concerning it. It soon became apparent to him, moreover, that confusion reigned among them. Each was more eager for his own interests than for any great cause. He saw, too, that there was no man of great power among them, no master mind to which all others yielded. MacCallum More seemed to be the only one fit for a great general, and yet they were seeking to hedge him around by conditions and restrictions. As for the young Duke, he was the creature of passing influences. When his vanity was appealed to, when he was pictured as King of England, and James humbled to the dust, then his eyes glistened, and he talked gaily; but when the cause for which they were supposed to fight was the chief topic, he grew petulant and gloomy.

Young as he was, Trelawney saw that here was no leader of men. In the day of victory he would be jubilant and over-confident, but if the battle went against him, he would be ready to cry like a disappointed child. He saw that scarcely one of them was filled with a great conviction, and that, come what would, they would fight to the very last. There were a few soldiers of fortune among them, but the young Cornishman, taught as he had been to believe that hirelings always failed in the day of trial, thought little of them. As for the ravings of Ferguson, he paid them no heed. The fellow struck him from the very first as a time-server, a man who would be always ready to wear the livery of those whom he thought would pay him best.

One incident confirmed this after he had been in the Council Chamber some two or three hours. Donald

## To be or not to be

Stewart, whose pride had been somewhat hurt because of the way Monmouth had ignored him, had kept silent, but at length he was led to speak.

'Methinks we have forgotten many matters,' said the Scotsman. 'We have forgotten that Claverhouse is still doing his bloody work in Scotland, and that men who love the true faith are being killed like rats. We have forgotten that the man of God, whether he be a laird or a peasant, should be protected. We have forgotten that James II. is a devil, and that he hath appointed his own creatures to do his work. We have forgotten that the Kirk of Christ is in danger, and we have spent our time in talking about gewgaws.'

The young Duke looked at Stewart impatiently as he spoke, but presently, as he went on, his eyes flashed with eagerness and pleasure.

'We have forgotten, too, that James is a usurper,' went on Stewart. 'There is one matter which Master Trelawney hath not mentioned. Not that it is his fault for keeping silent about it, for truly you have confused his mind with other matters. At the Council meeting in London, there was a document exhibited of great importance.'

'What? what?' cried Monmouth.

'The marriage lines of the late King,' said Stewart.

'By whom?' cried Monmouth.

'By your own grandfather,' replied the Scotsman—'at least he said he was the father of Mistress Lucy Walters.'

Monmouth did not reply, but a dozen others eagerly asked questions.

'I'll no say that I was altogether convinced,' said the Scotsman, 'but of a truth he showed a paper which purported to be the marriage contract of Charles Stuart

# The Wind blows Warm

with Mistress Lucy Walters. It was attested to by two Papist priests, and signed by Charles himself.'

'And where is it now?' cried many.

'The old man is in safe keeping in London, and he saith he will give it to his grandson when he lands on English soil.'

There was a great shout of joy at this, but Trelawney noticed that Monmouth did not seem so elated as one would have expected him to be.

'There was a talk of this not long after Charles came on the throne,' said Lord Grey, 'but Charles took a solemn oath that there never was a marriage. I have heard of this old man: but it is said that he had to fly to save his life. It is said there never was any proof that he was Mistress Lucy Walters' father at all, and that he was a madman or a wizard.'

'But Master Rashcliffe told us he believed it to be a genuine document,' cried Stewart, and thereupon he related the story which had been told in the Council Chamber.

'Anyhow,' cried Ferguson, 'the Lord hath put this in our hands for a purpose. In spite of what Lord Grey hath said, there are thousands who believe in the story of the Black Box, and if when the Duke lands on English soil it is brought to him, and the thing is made known, it will cause thousands to flock to his standard.'

'But what saith his Grace?' said MacCallum More, looking steadily at Monmouth.

'Say?' replied Monmouth. 'I say that this is the one thing that hath tempted me to leave Brussels. My mother was an honest woman, and was legally married to my father. I know that proofs of this exist somewhere, and who knows but this is what I have been searching for for years?'

## To be or not to be

But Trelawney saw that he spoke without conviction, even although he tried to make some show of belief.

'I tell you the Lord hath answered our prayers,' cried Ferguson, who seemed anxious to fan the Duke's ardour into a flame.

'Ay, but the proofs,' said MacCallum More. 'Will those whom the Duke of Monmouth desires to attach to his standard be convinced, when they see it, that he is in truth the late King's lawful son, and, therefore, the rightful heir to the throne?'

'We must trust in the Lord to convince them,' cried Ferguson. It was evident that he had no faith in the value of the document, but he was willing to snatch at any false thing, if thereby his own plans could be forwarded. Moreover, he interlarded his speech with many pious phrases in order to give weight to his words. 'I tell you,' he went on, 'I have prayed for this while you have been asleep, and the Lord hath answered my prayers. The Almighty hath delivered power in our hands, and shall we not use it for His glory? Besides, who's to say it's not the genuine contract? The Duke saith it doth exist, and we have the word of Master Rashcliffe that he believeth it to be what we need.'

Some assented to this, but many professed grave doubts.

'I tell you,' cried Ferguson, 'the Lord hath a meaning in all this. Do you go on with your councils. As for me, I, like Elijah of old, will go away and pray. If it be, in truth, the late King's marriage lines, it will be revealed to me.'

He left the room as he spoke, protesting that the Lord would tell him what to do.

Trelawney, keen of sight, and hating lies, could not help seeing that this was pure chicanery, and his heart

## Indecision

grew cold. Everything had proved to be different from what he had expected. When he had been in London, he had vowed that he would never rest till he had destroyed the power of Jeffreys. By circumstances over which he seemed to have no control he had been led to throw in his lot with those who would dethrone the King. The Duke of Monmouth had been described to him as a brave, valiant man, who was a champion of the Protestant faith, and of justice to all men. He had been told of the brave men who had been driven from their country for conscience' sake, and who were all united in their one desire to return and fight the battle of the Lord. Instead, he had found jealousy, dissension, and indecision. He saw that Monmouth was the sport of passing sentiments, and that the man who sought to urge them on to battle was a trickster. Try as he might to believe otherwise, he knew that Ferguson was thinking ever of his own gain. He was as cunning as a fox, and as slippery as an eel. Unsophisticated as he was, the young Cornishman felt that all the man's religious fervour was so much empty cant, and that his protestations were so many hollow lies.

That night, as he and Donald Stewart were alone together, he thought of these things, but he said naught to his companion. The events of the last few days had been so confusing that he had a difficulty in comprehending all through which he had passed. He could not sleep, because a great battle was going on in his heart. Almost for the first time in his life he knew not what course to take. Celt as he was, reared as he had been among the wild moors of his native country, the lad had, during his life, been governed by what his heart thought to be just and right. That was why he denounced Jeffreys in his own court; that was why he spoke in such a way as to

## To be or not to be

arouse the King's anger ; that was why he had made a vow never to rest until Jeffreys were driven to the earth like the vermin he was, and why he had consented to come to Amsterdam. But here all seemed different. His interview with Monmouth had disillusioned him, and he was in sore straits what to do.

'Weel, and are ye satisfied ?' asked Stewart.

'I cannot quite make up my mind,' replied Trelawney.

The Scotsman laughed grimly. 'Ferguson will have proofs in the morning !'

'Proofs of what ?'

'Proofs that the document we saw is the real marriage contract of the late King.'

'How can he get them ?'

'Oh, he will find the proofs in a dream,' said the Scotsman, with a laugh.

'You believe, then, that he is willing to drag in his religion to prove what he does not believe ?' said the young man.

'Ferguson hath a wondrous gift,' replied Stewart. 'This contract was just the thing he needed. By tomorrow it'll be all clear, and the wind'll blow hot. He'll have a vision through the night, man, and he'll have a speech ready to melt the hardest hearts.'

'But can we expect to conquer England in the name of a lie ?'

'Nay, but we can in the name of the Lord. For my own part, I pay but little heed to this. If the English Parliament decide to make Monmouth king, then let them. But we have a man in MacCallum More.'

'Ay, but your people do not trust him. They hedge him in on every side.'

'What of that ?' cried Stewart. 'Let him get among his own people, and all will be changed.'

## Stewart's Arguments

'You will go on with this business, then?'

'Go on with it! Ay, man, though the devil stood in the road. My country shall be freed from James Stuart and those who do his evil will. Nay, man, I have not suffered for naught, neither shall the cry of my brothers go up to God without avail. It is the call of God that we go. You will see that there will be two expeditions. MacCallum More will go to Scotland, and I will e'en go with him. Ay, man, I will, and in a week from our landing Scotland will be in arms, and James' sodgers will be running like a flock of sheep.'

'Well, what then?'

'Then, man? Do ye call yourself a Celt, and yet have no imagination? Why, then James will e'en send his sodgers from England to Scotland. By that time Monmouth will have landed in England, away down in Somersetshire, where, I am told, he is much beloved.'

'But can he succeed?'

'What have we to do with that? It is the call of the Lord. The people's blood is being shed and the word of the Lord is mocked at. Nay, man, I do not believe much in Monmouth, but I do believe in Argyle, and I do believe in the cause of the Lord.'

'And Ferguson?'

'Ay, Ferguson is a man of rare gifts. He's a rare man at collecting facts too, and those he cannot collect he makes. But what would you, man? The Lord hath need of strange cattle.'

'But not such creatures as Ferguson.'

'Man, man. You are a lad o' pairts, a lad o' courage, and a good comrade, but I doubt ye much; I doubt ye much.'

Before three days were over Trelawney had made up his mind what to do. Another Council meeting was

## To be or not to be

held, and a course of action was planned similar to that which Donald Stewart had surmised, and on the day the final decision was made the young Cornishman had decided upon a course, the results of which were utterly undreamt of.



## THE STABILITY OF THE DUKE

**B**ENEDICT TRELAWNEY did not decide what to do without many heart-searchings. Warm-blooded and impulsive, he was not one to turn his back upon an enterprise once undertaken. He had come to Amsterdam with the full intention of throwing in his lot with the Duke of Monmouth, and he had expected to find a man wise in council and brave in the hour of danger. Instead, he had found him to be moody and petulant. One hour he was buoyant and hopeful, the next he was moody and despairing. His counsellors were divided among themselves, and confusion prevailed. He saw, too, that many of them cared but little for the real issues at stake ; rather, they looked forward to the emoluments of office and to a gay life at Court. They talked much of a triumphal march from Somerset to London, and of the confusion and flight of the King, but they had but little thought as to the well-being of the country, and of doing justice to those religionists who, ever since the coming of Charles, had been oppressed and persecuted. He saw, too, that those who were religiously inclined were the creatures of Ferguson, whom the wily Scotsman moved according to his will.

All these things he realized, and yet he felt he could not turn back. His heart burned at the thought of the

# The Stability of the Duke

cruelities and injustices of the King, and of the things which were done in his name by Jeffreys ; he remembered the vow he had taken. No ; he would go straight on. Possibly—ay, even probably—Charles II. had married Lucy Walters. If so, the Duke was the lawful heir to the throne, in spite of the Act of Exclusion. Moreover, he remembered when he had ridden through Devon and Somersetshire how he had been told of the triumphal march which the Duke had made. The people worshipped him. Perhaps when he planted his standard the whole country would flock to it. In any case, there was a great cause to fight for, and he would not turn his back on those he had joined. Whatever the leaders were, the cause was noble, and that must be enough for him. So he joined with the rest in the cry : ‘Down with tyrants ; down with Popery ! Fight in the name of the Lord !’

It is not my purpose to describe at length the ill-fated expedition of Monmouth, only in so far as it affects the story of the youth whose history I am writing. All the world knows how MacCallum More sailed for Scotland, and of the terrible doom he suffered. Had he been unhindered by counsellors all might have been different ; but he, the only man among his comrades capable of being a great leader, was not allowed to carry out his designs, and he became the sport of evil circumstances. He lived a brave man ; he fought for a great cause, and he lost. When the end came, he died like the hero and the Christian he was. But Benedict Trelawney did not know of this. While Argyle was marching towards his doom, Monmouth and his eightymen were sailing towards Somerset, in full hope that the country would flock to the standard of the new king. For so the young Duke declared himself on landing on English shores, in spite of Ferguson’s first Proclamation.

## A Weak Leader

Often during the voyage had the young Cornishman dreamed of Mary Jeffreys. Many were the fancies that he had weaved, many were the dreams that had come into his heart. In spite of everything, he could not hide the fact from himself that he loved her, even while he was sure she was but the willing tool and spy of her father. At one time he set his teeth together, and vowed that he would never rest until she, like her father, had been torn to pieces by an infuriated mob, and again he found himself making excuses for her, and trying to believe that she had all the time been acting as his friend, and without an evil thought in her heart.

On landing in Somersetshire, the whole countryside flocked to Monmouth, and for a time all went as merry as the marriage bells. Trelawney was given a captaincy in one of the newly formed regiments, and every day he worked hard to bring his raw recruits into something like fighting order, but even although he did his best he had no great faith in the result. He could not help being depressed by the fickle character of the man who had allowed himself to be proclaimed king. The Duke, who had fought with great gallantry in Scotland, and who, after his victory, had been as merciful as he was gallant, was during this campaign more like a wayward child than a great general. One day when a band of volunteers came flocking to his camp, he seemed like a child with a new toy; but the next he complained bitterly that no men of position came to his side, and suggested returning to Amsterdam, where he could live his life in quietness.

On no occasion was this fickleness more manifest than at Frome, to which town Monmouth's forces had marched. On their way thither, a small company of the King's army had attacked them and had been routed,

# The Stability of the Duke

and when they met in council that night, Monmouth, elated with his victory, spoke confidently of the future. |

‘Nothing seems to stand against us,’ he cried ; ‘our arms are continuously victorious.’

‘Ay,’ cried Ferguson, who constantly kept near him, ‘it is e’en as I prophesied ; the battle is the Lord’s, and His right arm hath gotten Him the victory. I tell you the Scarlet Woman shall be cast into hell, even as shall all those who forget God.’

‘Captain Trelawney,’ cried Monmouth, turning from Ferguson, whose constant harangues he little liked, ‘let me congratulate you on your action this day. Your bravery and skill were both wonderful. When we come into our own, I trust I shall be able to reward your valour in a fitting way. I would that your ancestors could have seen how you fought for your King.’

‘The young captain did very well,’ said Ferguson, ‘but do not forget, your Majesty, that the Lord is on our side.’

‘Ay, ay,’ replied Monmouth, impatiently ; ‘but what think you, Captain Trelawney, ought we not to march towards Bristol without delay ?’

‘Bristol is strongly guarded,’ replied the young man, ‘and ought not to be attacked without assurance of victory. If we fail there, we fail everywhere.’

‘What ! you think our fortune depends on this one throw of our dice,’ replied Monmouth. ‘Well, and what then ? I am in favour of throwing it. I tell you I have no doubt about our success. We must press right onward ; nothing but firm and steady resolution will give us our rights.’

‘I’m e’en of your opinion, your Majesty,’ cried Ferguson, again breaking in. ‘Trust all to the Almighty ; attempt the impossible, and all things will become possible.’

# The Wind blows Cold

'Then my mind is made up,' cried Monmouth. 'To-morrow we will march towards Bristol.'

He had scarcely spoken, when a man entered bearing a despatch. The Duke snatched it impatiently, and a moment afterwards gave a cry of despair.

'Lost! Lost!' he said, 'all is lost!'

'What is it, your Majesty?' asked Lord Grey, anxiously.

'Poor Argyle, poor Argyle!' wailed Monmouth, and he laid his head upon the table and rocked to and fro in misery.

'Let us return. Let us tell the poor soldiers to go back to their farms, and then escape for our life.'

'But why?'

'Poor Argyle hath been taken and 'put to death,' he cried. 'You know that we depended on him to draw much of James's forces to the North, while now he will be able to concentrate all on us.'

For a moment they were staggered by the news, especially as the Duke went on—

'All is lost in Scotland—all! all! Ay, and all will be lost in England. Oh, woe is me!'

'But all is not lost,' cried Ferguson. 'I tell you the Lord of hosts will scatter the armies of the false King, even as chaff is scattered on the threshing-floor.'

'Ay, but not only is Argyle put to death,' cried Monmouth, 'but Rumbold and Ayloff. Oh, woe is me! woe is me!'

'Is the Lord's arm shortened?' cried Ferguson. 'What though Elijah was taken to heaven? there was another left who had a double portion of power. Ay, if I—even I only—were left besides your Majesty, I would still march forward in the name of the Lord.'

# The Stability of the Duke

‘It is no use, no use,’ cried Monmouth. ‘Ah, what have we here? More evil news?’

As he spoke an officer came forward, and stated that an old man asked to see him on important matters.

‘Show him hither,’ cried Monmouth; ‘naught matters now.’

A minute later a very old man came forward. He still walked strongly, although bent nearly to a double with age. Looking eagerly around, he at length cast his eyes upon Monmouth, and then moved rapidly to the place where he was.

‘It was a long journey,’ he cried, ‘but I have come. Oh, joy! joy! joy! My daughter’s son. Blood of my blood, and bone of my bone!’

‘Who is this?’ cried Monmouth, haughtily.

‘It is I, the father of the fair maid whom your Royal sire took as his first wife,’ cried the old man. ‘I, known under many names, but really Robert Walters, father of Lucy Walters. I, who have carefully treasured my daughter’s marriage contract. I, who wondered why the Lord dealt so hardly with me through the long years, but who, now that I lay it before your Majesty, can say: “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”’

‘Ah!’ cried Monmouth, his eyes flashing. ‘Have you of a truth the marriage contract of my father and mother?’

‘It is here! here!’ cried the old man tremulously. ‘Look! Look!’

He drew a parchment from among his garments, and placed it before the young Duke, who, having unfolded it, read with great eagerness.

‘Proof! proof!’ he cried exultantly. ‘Behold, gentlemen. Here is verily what we have waited for so long.’

# The Wind blows Hot

‘Did I not tell you?’ cried Ferguson. ‘The Lord hath done this; He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.’

Monmouth’s followers crowded eagerly around him and read.

‘This is worth more to us than ten pitched battles,’ said one.

‘It is the doom of James the Usurper,’ cried another.

‘To-morrow we will have this matter proclaimed,’ cried Monmouth. ‘It will mean that all the nobility will flock to our standard. Master Scrivener, see to it that copies of this are scattered broadcast. To-morrow we will march towards Bristol, and in good time we will speedily avenge the sufferings of Argyle.’

All the effects of MacCallum More’s doom had now passed away. The young Duke was full of eagerness, full of hope. He lavished gentle words and deeds of kindness upon the old man who claimed to be his grandfather, and began to talk of the conditions he intended to place before his uncle.

‘The wind blows hot,’ said Ferguson to Trelawney when presently the council broke up. ‘Ay, this was surely the Lord’s doings. Even I began to fear when the news about Argyle came. Of a truth, I never felt the wind so cauld. Man, it fair nipped my nose. But it blows hot now, right hot. We must e’en try and keep it hot till we reach Bristol.’

‘We have not enough force to attack Bristol,’ cried Trelawney.

‘Ay, you’ll be fearin’ your uncle the Bishop,’ said Ferguson. ‘But, never fear, man, never fear. I have power with the King, and I’ll see to it that he shall be made Archbishop of Canterbury.’

# The Stability of the Duke

The young Cornishman walked away with an angry feeling at heart. He believed in the cause for which he was fighting, but he ill-liked some of the men with whom he constantly came into contact. He had not gone far when he heard his own name.

'Captain Trelawney.'

He turned and saw one of his own soldiers by his side.

'What do you wish, William Bolton?'

'I was walking on the outside of the camp to-night, Captain, when I yeard a woman's voice,' said the man.

'A woman's voice, eh?' said Trelawney with a laugh. 'Well, and what then, Bolton?'

'She axed me if I should by any chance be zeein' you,' replied Bolton.

'Seeing me?'

'Ay, you, sir. When I zed I wud, she comed up close agin me, and axed me questions about you.'

'What kind of a woman was she?'

'I c'n 'ardly tell 'ee, zur. She might be a laady born, or she mightn' be. She might be young or she might be ould. I cudden tell 'ee, zur. Zumtimes she spok as ef she was a laady born, and then again she didn'.'

'But what did you tell her about me?'

'Telled 'er, zur? I telled 'er that you wos a good young gentleman, I did fer sure, zur. One who was always kind to me, and one who knawed our ways, bein', as you might zay, zur, one of oursells, bein' a west-country man, though not Zomerzet. Then, zur, she did give me this bit ov paaper vur 'ee.'

'What paper?' cried Trelawney, eagerly.

'This, zur,' and the man handed him a letter. 'Directly she'd gived it to me, she skittered like wind,



# The Letter

and I cudden zee 'er no more. Zo I've kummed straight to 'ee, zur. And tha's oal, I do reckon.'

Directly Trelawney got away by himself and obtained a light, he tore open the wrapper, and read the following words—

'Even now it may not be too late. Return to your home. Your mission is hopeless, and if you persist your doom is sealed. Remember the pitfall in the Strand; remember the sword by your side, and remember Temple Church. But if you will be mad, keep not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor.'

That was all. He read it again and again, and as he read his heart grew warm. Again the laughing eyes and rosy lips of the maiden who had saved him in London appeared before him. Again he heard the music of her voice as she told him to look at her face, and tell her if she were a lady or a scullery-wench. Could this be the daughter of Jeffreys, the cruellest and basest man in England? Could this be the woman who was her father's spy, and who did a thousand evil things at the behest of the Chief Justice? Then, as he remembered what he had heard of her, his heart grew hard and bitter. He called to mind the picture which Henry Dugdale had shown, and the stories which were told of her. She, the woman of fair face and laughing eyes, delighted in cruelty, and gloated over the deeds which her father did, and to this end she adopted all sorts of *rôles*, only to draw her nets more tightly around her victims. What was the meaning of this letter? His mind fastened itself upon the last sentence. 'If you will be mad, keep not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor.' Was not this the wile of a wicked woman, who sought to play him some cruel trick? True, she had led him to the house of Dugdale, but she had also informed her father, who

# The Stability of the Duke

himself came that very night to his hiding-place. She had warned him against following what was in his mind, but in the direst hour she had told Jeffreys' minions to draw swords. Surely the woman was false through and through, and he determined never to rest until he had dragged both her and her father through the mire of London streets, and yet all the while he longed to take her in his arms and cover her with caresses.

How had she come to Somersetshire? What was her purpose in coming? By what means had she been able to learn that he was there?

The mystery of the woman's life was past finding out, save that she was the child of the vilest monster in England, and that she delighted to do his will.

The next day Monmouth started his northward march, still elated at the parchment, which he declared would draw all England to his feet, and still believing that his force was strong enough to capture the city where Trelawney's relative held the high office of Bishop in the Established Church of the land.

On the evening of July 4, 1685, the men who were afterwards known as rebels camped on the south side of Sedgemoor, some little distance from Bridgewater. By this time the wind blew, to use Ferguson's phrase, somewhat cold again. The proclamation of the news of the marriage contract had not drawn the recruits he desired. Volunteers he had in abundance, but they had neither horses nor arms, and because of the want of arms, many of them were rejected; but those for whom he yearned kept away from his standard. Still, the parchment which the old man had brought had so elated him that he was still confident of success.

After they had camped, a council of war was held, and Monmouth was persuaded to attack Faversham's

## Before the Battle

troops, which lay between him and Bristol, on the following day. Early on July 5, the little army of two thousand five hundred foot-soldiers and six hundred horse-soldiers were ready for the attack, and even Trelawney's faith grew strong as he saw them, so eager for the fray were they. Poor fellows, they little knew of the doom which awaited them, neither did they seem to care. To a man they were ready to die. They knew that King James was a Papist and a tyrant, and they believed that God had called them to fight His battles. They longed for liberty, and were ready to fight and die for it. Their fathers had suffered for their faith, suffered because they had determined to worship God according to the dictation of their own consciences, and it was for them to fight for freedom and the Protestant faith. Thus they went forward with songs of praise upon their lips, neither fearing nor doubting. God was on their side, and the victory would be theirs.

'Captain Trelawney,' said the Duke, as he passed him, 'to-day will be a great day; what think you will be the end of it?'

'If faith in their cause and bravery count,' said Trelawney, 'then we shall give a good account of ourselves.'

'Ay, we shall, we shall,' cried the Duke. 'Forward, then. You will keep near our person, Captain Trelawney.'

The march began, and presently the young man's heart gave a leap, for he saw that which gave a new meaning to the letter he had received, and which he believed came from Mary Jeffreys.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE FIGHT AND THE FLIGHT

**'KEEP** not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor.'

These were the words which closed the letter Trelawney had received.

Not more than a mile or so away, Faversham's army was encamped. It numbered far more than the little company which Monmouth led to battle, but such was the zeal of the peasants who fought under his standard that nothing seemed impossible.

'Let us at them!' they cried; 'let us at them in the name of the Lord!'

And in truth it was not an army to be laughed at. If it had been a matter of fighting man to man without fire-arms, there is little doubt but that the King's men would have fled before them. Their minds were inflamed with the exhortations they had heard from the preachers, their hearts were on fire, because they believed in their cause. They were soldiers of God, fighting for liberty, the word of the Lord, and the Protestant religion. Behind them were years of oppression and persecution; before them, if James continued to reign, was worse oppression, and more cruel persecution.

Their weapons, poor and clumsy though they were.

# An Army of Brave Peasants

consisting in many cases not in implements of war, but in implements of agriculture, were dangerous things in the hands of strong, determined men. But muskets were few, ammunition was scarce. Their only chance lay in a hand-to-hand encounter, and this they longed for, prayed for.

‘Forward!’ cried the preachers. ‘Fight, in the name of the Lord. He is on our side. God, ay, even our God, will give us the victory.’

And the men responded eagerly. They had obeyed their leaders with great readiness when they had been commanded to march through the night, and to surprise the enemy in the darkness, and they showed no cowardice when over the marshy lands through which they travelled the sun began to rise. If ever men went to battle bravely, it was those miners and peasants at Sedgemoor.

The boom of a gun sounded in their ears, and then Trelawney saw what set his heart beating. Between him and the King’s army he saw some well-nigh stagnant water. On each side of it was bog, deep treacherous bog.

*‘Keep not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor.’*

This was the advice of Jeffreys’ daughter; but it was only by crossing the ditch that they could touch the King’s soldiers.

Again the artillery of the King sounded across the broad lands, and Trelawney saw with dismay that men fell on his right hand and his left.

‘We must come to close quarters!’ was the cry of one of the leaders. ‘Cross the water!’

A hundred rushed forward to obey, only to be swallowed up by the treacherous swamp.

# The Fight and the Flight

When Monmouth saw this his courage went in a minute. 'Doomed! doomed!' he wailed.

'Nay,' cried Trelawney. 'We must e'en give them shot for shot, until we can throw a bridge across this treacherous swamp.'

'Impossible, impossible. Oh, why did I allow myself to be persuaded by that preaching fellow! All is lost, I tell you!'

'Nay, all is not lost. Let us fight to the very last!'

The young man's blood was on fire now, the heat of battle was upon him. But he soon saw that it was impossible to come into close quarters with Faversham's men without tremendous loss of life. Had they plenty of ammunition all might have been different, but the little powder they possessed was soon exhausted. Still, even as it was, it would be possible to cross the stream, if they could withstand the fire of the King's artillery until a bridge could be thrown across. Ay, and the men would have withstood it, too. Calmly they stood in the face of death, while their companions were struck down around them. Even when every ounce of powder was used, they would have struggled to gain a crossing, if their leader had not fled like a frightened child.

And now Trelawney's fears concerning Monmouth were realized.

'Fly, fly, Trelawney!' he cried. 'Fly, I tell you. All is lost! Oh, woe is me! Fly for your life!'

'Fly!' cried the young Cornishman; 'we are here to fight for liberty, ay, and to die for it, if needs be!'

'But it is useless, I tell you. God is against me. Besides, if I remain I shall be taken,' and, without another word, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away, leaving the brave fellows, who had left all to follow him, to their terrible fate.

## Trelawney's Anger

After that there was little more fighting. Like lightning the news went through the camp that Monmouth had fled, leaving them to their fate. Even then many of them would have struggled to have crossed the stream, but the others seeing how hopeless their condition was, and knowing that their leader had fled, broke up in confusion.

'Oh, the coward! the coward,' cried the young man, as he saw Monmouth's retreating figure. 'What cause would not be hopeless when led by such as you?'

The little army fled, but even then they would have turned had Monmouth been a brave man, so much did they believe in the cause for which they were fighting.

And now Trelawney realized the gravity of the step he had taken. He knew that acts which would be applauded if victory attended them, would in defeat be followed by execration and death. He saw too that everything was lost. The morning sun gilded the skies, and made even that broad swampy land fair to look upon. Away in the distance was the town of Bridgewater, where women waited and prayed for the return of their husbands and sons, while children sobbed at the thought that their father would never come back to them. But Trelawney thought not of these things. In his anger against Judge Jeffreys, and maddened by the way in which the King had acted, he had taken the most serious step a man could take. He had taken up arms against his lawful king, he had followed a man who fought to place the crown on his own head. Men of his race had fought for the Stuarts, but he had joined an army of rebels, who were now flying for very life.

He knew the kind of man James was. Ever since he had ascended the throne, the whole country had been filled with stories of his outrages. He was sure,

# The Fight and the Flight

moreover, that no mercy would be shown to the men on whose side he found himself. And yet he did not repent. He was angry at Monmouth, angry at his cowardice, angry that he, the accepted leader, should basely desert the brave fellows who had left all that they might fight for him, and the religion in which they believed.

He knew that his family would feel that he had disgraced them; and although he belonged to but an obscure branch of the race whose name he bore, they would feel he had been unworthy of the blood which ran in his veins. But this did not trouble him so much as the thought that the Duke had betrayed his cause by cowardice, and, instead of standing by them to the very last, had run away like a whipped cur. He had feared for Monmouth's courage during the whole campaign, but he had never dreamed he would have been such a coward as this. To fight in a losing cause might be honour, but to run away, leaving his followers to their fate, was ignominy too deep for words.

All these thoughts flashed through his mind in a moment. All around him he heard the groans of dying men. On his right hand and on his left he saw others flying for their lives. Behind him were Faversham's men, endeavouring to cross the deep dyke which had proved so fatal to those who fought against King James and tyranny.

'Keep not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor.'

The words came back to him again, and yet he remained not far from the fatal stream.

A bullet passed by him, almost grazing his leg, and causing a slight flesh-wound on his horse's chine. The animal gave a cry and a bound, and then, before Trelawney



# The Flight

was aware, tore away across the plain, in the very track which Monmouth had taken. He did not seek to check him. Why should he? He had been betrayed, even as the bravest and best in that gallant little army had been: They had fought even after their so-called leader had left them; hundreds of them even then lay a-dying on the sedgy grass.

The horse galloped on. The wound which had been inflicted on the animal was of no consequence; it had only grazed the skin, and its only effect was to make him angry, and eager to get away from the noise of cannon. The sun was now rising high in the heavens, and the heat of the July morning was oppressive. But he felt neither faint nor hungry. His heart was mad with a great anger. He believed, even then, that had Monmouth been a man of courage, and had he truly believed in the cause he had come to fight, all might have been different. He had been reared to believe that flight was cowardly, and yet he was even then flying from the forces of a tyrant King.

Still, he could do nothing. Whither he was going he knew not—cared not. He was not ashamed of what he had done—rather, he was proud of it. He had enlisted on the side whose watchword was ‘justice and pure religion,’ and on this side he had staked his all. Perhaps his relative, the Bishop of Bristol, would condemn his act—ay, he might, if he were taken, say that his death was deserved. He was not quite sure, for he knew that the old man hated the King’s deeds, and loved not the King himself. But, be that as it might be, he was not ashamed of his course; he was only ashamed that he had allied himself to a man who was unworthy his followers, and who was the sport of passing circumstances.

# The Fight and the Flight

The horse galloped on as if pursued by the furies. A large, raw-boned animal he was, but sound in wind and limb, and with great powers of endurance. He seemed to regard his rider as of no more than feather weight, and dashed on, regardless of hill and dale.

Presently Trelawney heard the sound of voices, and before he was well aware his horse had stopped. Before him were Monmouth, Grey, Buyse, and a few others. Evidently they had stopped for food. The horses had drunk from a clear stream of water which purled by them, and were now eagerly eating the fresh green grass that grew on its banks.

The men started to their feet as he came up, but, on recognizing him, welcomed him eagerly.

‘Any news?’ asked Lord Grey.

Trelawney shook his head. He dared not trust himself to speak.

‘All is lost! all is lost! Oh, woe is me!’

It was Monmouth who spoke, and he was sobbing like a child. The gay, dashing, handsome Cavalier which had attracted the young Cornishman at Amsterdam had ceased to be. His clothes were dishevelled; his face was haggard with fear and disappointment.

‘Oh! why was I such a fool?’ he wailed. ‘It was that villain Ferguson who tempted me—ay, he and Argyle. There never was a chance of victory from the first. I was happy where I was. Why did I not remain at Brussels with the woman I loved?’

‘Because you said you were the King’s lawful son, and because you believed in the Protestant religion,’ said the young Cornishman.

‘Ah! this is how my friends turn against me,’ said the Duke.

‘No man hath turned against you,’ cried the



'NO MAN HATH TURNED AGAINST YOU,' CRIED THE HOT-BLOODED  
YOUNG MAN.

# The Courage of the Duke

hot-blooded young man. 'We were all ready to die by your side. But you left us—left us to fight without a leader.'

'Oh, I am a doomed wretch! Let us on!'

'Whither?' cried Lord Grey.

'Where do you think, my friends? Oh! let us stand by each other.'

'To Wales,' cried Grey. 'It is possible to remain there undiscovered.'

'No,' said Buyse; 'let us push on towards Hampshire. We can hide in the New Forest till we find means of escaping to the continent.'

'Ay, ay, that is best,' cried the Duke, feverishly. 'I can eat nothing more. Let us on.'

'Will you go with us, Trelawney?' cried Grey.

'No,' said the young man, looking towards Monmouth—'no, I would rather not.'

'What will you do, then?'

'I know not.'

He watched Monmouth and his friends ride away, and then he sat down by the banks of the stream. What should he do? Where should he go? He knew not. Before long searching-parties would be out everywhere, and most probably he would be taken. Well, what then? The love of life burned hot in his heart, but he was not afraid to die.

He called to mind all that had taken place since the day when he had seen Richard Baxter tried before Judge Jeffreys, but that which haunted his memory most was the way in which Jeffreys' daughter had come into his life. Even then he found himself smiling at the remembrance of the night when she told him to look at her face, and to tell her whether she was a gentlewoman or a scullery-maid. He saw her again as he had seen her then, and

# The Fight and the Flight

the picture of her fair face, laughing eyes, and rosy lips filled his heart with gladness. Why was it? She was the child of the man whose whole life was an outrage to humanity, and she was her father's spy and willing tool. Yet he would have given almost anything to be by her side and to hear the music of her voice.

He took from his pocket the piece of paper which the soldier had given him, and read again the words written thereon: 'Keep not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor.' This was a friendly warning, but it was more than this; it was the warning of one who evidently knew Faversham's movements. If Mary Jeffreys wrote these words she must be somewhere in the neighbourhood, and she must have been acquainted with the movement of both armies. She must have known the position of Faversham's forces, and of the difficulty in crossing the dyke. But why should she write to him?

What should he do?

His safety lay in getting out of the country, and of hurrying with all speed to the continent, but the thought that Mary Jeffreys was probably within a few miles of him led him to discard this plan. Probably, if he stayed in England, he might be able to see her. It is true he had been warned against her. He had been told that she was more cruel than Jeffreys himself, yet the thought of seeing her decided him. He would not leave England.

But where should he go? His heart turned towards his old home. In Cornwall little or nothing would be known of what had taken place. He would travel thither and again take up his abode in the home of his fathers: Then the thought of what he had vowed to do came to him again. He had sworn never to rest until he had

# The Coming of a Comrade

broken the power of Jeffreys—until he had dragged the father of the woman he loved into the mire of disgrace.

He mounted his horse again, but he had formed no plans as to his movements. He knew he must be full twenty miles from the place where the fatal engagement had taken place—that, however, meant but little. The whole countryside would be scoured. Even now pursuers might be close upon him.

He still possessed money. Perhaps if he could get away a few miles farther he could lie in hiding until the King's vengeance would be satisfied, and then he could again go to London.

Hours passed away, and his horse wandered on, he knew not whither. He was in a desolate part of the country, and he noticed no sign of human life; but beyond that all was blank. He was utterly weary, and as the hot sun poured its rays upon him he felt that he cared little what might happen.

Presently he heard stealthy steps, and, turning, he saw a young Somersetshire yeoman, who had been given command of one of Monmouth's regiments.

Captain Trelawney! cried the young yeoman. 'Ah, thank God, it's you.'

'Ah, Ridgeway,' said Trelawney, 'you've escaped, then?'

'So far; but it hath been by a miracle. I lay in a ditch for hours—a ditch covered by long, rank grass. Oh, my God, may I be spared from ever seeing such things again.'

'Why, what have you seen?'

'Seen, man! I have seen hell at work.'

The young man was pale to the lips. In his eyes was a look of terror, and his words were uttered by gasps.

# The Fight and the Flight

This roused Trelawney from his lethargy. He felt the blood of interest flow through his veins again.

'I've seen it go on all around me,' continued Ridgeway. 'I lay there in the deep ditch, the rank grass all around me, yet could I peer through it, and see what took place.'

'But what hath taken place?'

'Oh, man, I can hardly tell you. I have seen men quartered by the score. Many were caught all around me, and Faversham commanded that they should be put to death right away. Not shot, mark you; but put to death by torture. I saw them have their arms cut off, and after that they were forced to run about. I saw some quartered. I tried to close my eyes, but I could not. I dared not move, I dared not cry out. But, hark! what is that?'

Both heard the sound of voices in the near distance.

'They are coming,' said Ridgeway—'they are coming. I would not mind being put to death, but to be—oh, God help me. Hark! they are coming nearer, and I am too spent to go another mile.'

'Jump up behind me,' cried Trelawney; 'my horse is still fresh.'

A second later Ridgeway was behind him, and the horse darted forward.

'Down the hill, Trelawney. If we can keep out of their sight for a couple of miles I know a place to hide. I know every inch of this countryside. Did I not I should have been taken before now, and perhaps have been—that's it—faster, faster!'

The sun was now sinking low in the west. Before them was a hill, most of which was bare, but on the eastern end was a belt of trees.

'Make for the trees, Trelawney. They will help

## Pursuit

us to keep out of sight. If once we can get over the brow of the hill without being seen I can save us both.'

But even as he spoke the sound of men's voices and the clatter of horses' feet drew nearer.



## CHAPTER XVII

### IN HIDING

**B**ENEDICT TRELAWNEY'S lethargy had all left him by this time. Throughout the day he had been so stunned, so bewildered by what had taken place that he had cared little as to what might happen, but the appearance of Ridgeway had aroused him. The old passion had come back, and he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. The horse dashed down the hill, bearing his double burden without difficulty, but before they reached the belt of trees which Ridgeway had said would hide them from sight, they heard a savage cry behind them.

'I fear they have seen us,' said the young yeoman, 'but all is not lost yet. There, we are out of sight now. Dismount, Trelawney, dismount! The horse is no use here. He will only be in the way.'

The young man did as he was bidden, but he was careful to take his pistols from the holster. The old fighting instinct was strong upon him again. As for Ridgeway, the rest which he had been taking while seated behind Trelawney, and the sound of a friendly voice, had given him new strength. He led the way to the top of the hill, unheeding the undergrowth that hindered Trelawney sorely, and then stopped and listened.

# The Hiding Place

'We are not caught yet,' he cried; 'follow me quickly.'

The young Cornishman looked around him and noticed that this side of the hill was covered with trees. Moreover, the nature of his surroundings had changed. Instead of broad lands the countryside was broken into small hills and dales, and he imagined that a hiding-place would be easy to find. He followed Ridgeway in silence, and presently they came suddenly upon a small space which was shut in on every side. Around them, moreover, were great heaps of overgrown *debris*, which reminded Trelawney of the disused mines of Cornwall.

Here Ridgeway stopped. 'We are safe,' he panted; 'no man can find us here.'

'Why?' asked Trelawney. 'If we came here why cannot our pursuers come also?'

'Why? Come, man, you shall see!'

He led the way over one of the heaps of rocks and rubbish, but still crouching among the bushes and ferns which well-nigh covered them, until he came to a shaft which was nearly hidden by the undergrowth. To his surprise, Trelawney saw a ladder suspended.

Again they stopped and listened, and again they heard the sound of voices.

'Not a minute too soon,' whispered Ridgeway. 'I will go down first, and you shall follow.'

Benedict saw his companion descend into the darkness, and then when he was out of sight he still heard his footsteps on the ladder staves. Presently the footsteps ceased.

'Now, come.'

He did not hesitate a second, but followed the example of his companion. A few seconds later he stood by his side again.

# In Hiding

'Now, then, stay there. Do not move; it means death if you do.'

They had descended several fathoms into the shaft, but there was light enough for him to see that Ridgeway lifted the ladder and then dropped it slowly and steadily down the shaft, which was cut still deeper into the earth.

Presently the bottom of the ladder rested upon solid earth, many feet farther down, while the top was some feet above him.

'Did I not tell you we could be saved?' asked the young yeoman. 'Ah, and I owe it all to my Martha.'

'To whom?'

'To my Martha. My sweetheart. I should never have thought of it; but she did. I thought it would have been a triumphant march to London. Even now I cannot believe we have been beaten. Was not the Duke chosen, like David of old, to lead his people to victory?'

'He ran away like the coward he was,' cried Trelawney.

'Is there not some mistake?' cried Ridgeway. 'Was it not some other, bearing a resemblance to him, who ran away? How could one so brave and so strong fly like that? Was he not chosen of the Lord? Did he not come in the name of Liberty and the Protestant religion?'

'Ay, but his heart was never fired with a great zeal. Why, I saw him at seven o'clock this morning whimpering like a whipped child.'

'You saw him?'

'Ay, I saw him with Buyse, and Lord Grey.'

'They were running away?'

'Ay.'



BENEDICT SAW HIS COMPANION DESCEND INTO THE DARKNESS.

## A Woman's Forethought

'But only to return again. The battle is not lost. It is only a seeming defeat. Meanwhile we are safe. I thought we should march straight to London. I told Martha so ; but she had her fears. So we decided upon this place. We found it as we came out here a-courting one day, and it was decided between us that if we were beaten I should escape hither. It was she who thought of the ladder. True, I made it, but it was she who thought of it. Her father had worked in this old mine, and had told her about this shaft, and this platform which he called a sollar, and of the great winze close by.'

'The great winze ?'

'Ay, it's a big open space close by here, as big as a house. Twenty men could hide here, and no one be the wiser. Oh, I wish I could have spoken to King Monmouth. I could have brought him here, and kept him, till all danger was over.'

'But what about food ?' asked Trelawney.

'Ah, trust my Martha for that. She would have brought food, as she will bring it to us. Bless you, sir, when she hears of the defeat, she will hie here with all speed, bringing us what we need. I laughed at her when she told me what she was going to do, but she knew better than I. Her father was only a miner, and mining hath never been prosperous in Somersetshire, but he made money by it, and bought land, ay, and good land too. Besides, he gave Martha schooling, so that she can read and write like an attorney. Why, a great lady from London who hath been staying at Holdsworthy thinks greatly of her.'

'A great lady from London ?' cried Trelawney.

'Ay, she hath been staying at Holdsworthy, Martha's home, for a goodish while, almost ever since King Monmouth landed.'

## In Hiding

'But what should a great lady be doing at a Somersetshire farmhouse?'

'Pardon me, sir, but Holdsworthy is better than a farmhouse; it is well-nigh a manor house. As I told you, her father, John Bagshaw, made a deal of money, and he bought the place. This lady from London told him that some relation of hers once owned it, and that was why she wanted to stay there through the summer months.'

'And what is her name?'

'I have forgotten, although Martha told me the last time we were together.'

'And have you ever seen her?'

'Nay, I never saw her, although Martha thinks great things of her. She is great at many things, and hath been very kind to my sweetheart.'

'Hark!' said Trelawney; 'there is some one overhead.'

They heard the sound of voices.

'They can't be far away.'

'No; but we can't see them.'

'I tell you it'll be worth our while to take them. They were dressed like officers.'

'Yes, but where are they? Let us not waste our time over them, there are plenty of others. Besides, we shall miss all the sport if we hang around here.'

'I have had sport enough. I have seen at least twenty men quartered to-day, and that's enough for any one man. Let's make for Taunton.'

'But what will Faversham say?'

'Naught. Even he must have had his fill of killing to-day. Ay, man, I thought I had a strong stomach, but it fair makes me sick. Hanging and quartering, hanging and quartering, surely it's the devil's business.'

# Help for the Fugitives

‘Still, I would like to catch those two fellows. They can’t be far away.’

‘No; but the thing is to find them.’

Ridgeway laughed quietly to himself. He seemed to be pleased by what he had heard.

For a time they heard the sound of voices, and the trampling of feet, and then all was silent.

‘They are gone,’ said Ridgeway. ‘Now let us see if Martha hath left anything for us.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘She is a careful soul is my Martha, and she is ever one who looks ahead. Besides, she never believed that Monmouth would be victorious. I believe the great lady persuaded her that we should never stand against the King’s men. Let us look. Here, I have tinder and steel.’

He struck a light, and ere long came across a package which had evidently been placed there quite recently. They found candles, a loaf of bread, a piece of boiled bacon, and a jar of cider.

‘Just like my Martha,’ said Ridgeway. ‘Now let us eat, sir.’

Trelawney, nothing loth, joined him in his repast, after which they fell to talking again.

‘It hath been a terrible day.’

‘Yes,’ replied Trelawney.

‘Do you think all is lost?’

‘Ay, all is lost.’

‘Have you any plans?’

‘No. Have you?’

‘Yes, sir. My Martha thought it all out for me. As I have told you, she hath not believed that Duke Monmouth would win the Crown. It seems also that the great lady who is staying at Holdsworthy hath told

## In Hiding

her that no mercy would be shown by King James if he routed King Monmouth.'

'Well?' said Trelawney, as the other hesitated.

'Well, she planned that I should escape, and then hide here till the trouble was over, after which we should sail to the New World. Oh, Martha is a careful maid—I expect she will be here before daylight in the morning. God is very good in giving me such a sweetheart. But oh, the others! Why, sir, I can't get them out of my mind. Never did I see such sights, and I pray God I never may again.'

He placed his hands before his eyes as he spoke, as though he would shut out the ghastly sights which were constantly appearing before him.

As for Trelawney, he soon became too utterly weary even to think. The events of the day seemed very far away, and even while he heard the booming of cannon, and saw men falling on every side, everything seemed to be a ghastly dream, rather than the reality through which he had passed a few hours before.

Presently he fell asleep, neither did he awake for many hours. He dreamt that Mary Jeffreys had come to him in his strange hiding-place, and told him that she loved him. Moreover, he believed her eyes were shining with love, and her voice was low and sweet.

'Come with me,' he thought she said to him, 'and I will lead you to perfect safety.'

Then, as it seemed to him, a strange power was given to him whereby he was able to rise with Mary Jeffreys out of the deep shaft into which they had descended, and soon they wandered among the green fields above. Ere long, however, he heard the clank of steel, and the sound of hoarse voices. He thought he drew his sword to defend himself, but before he could strike a single blow



# William Ridgeway's Sweetheart

the maid had grasped his sword-arm, and with a mocking laugh, had bidden the soldiers take him prisoner.

'You swore to destroy my father, did you?' she cried, and her face had changed to the face of a demon. 'Now you know what a fool you are. You believed that I loved you, did you? Oh, you fool, you fool! I am my father's spy, and I hate you. Take him, soldiers, and of all those who suffer torture let his be the worst.'

Still he thought he struggled, but the maid held fast to his sword-arm, and then, as he imagined himself regaining his freedom, he awoke.

He heard whispering voices, and then his heart gave a great leap, for one of the voices was that of a woman.

'Oh, my love, my love,' he heard her say. 'I grieve for you; but never fear, I will save you.'

But it was not the voice of Mary Jeffreys. His senses had sufficiently returned for him to understand that this was Martha Bagshaw, the sweetheart of William Ridgeway.

He did not speak, but lay looking at the two who were locked in each other's arms. Close by them a tallow candle was flickering, the light of which fell directly upon the face of the farmer's daughter.

She was an honest-looking girl, not destitute of homely beauty. Moreover, she gave the young man confidence as he looked at her. There was nothing timid or shrinking in her demeanour, rather she looked strong, and brave, and confident. The light of resolution shone in her quiet gray eyes, while her face suggested courage and faithfulness.

'You told me, Martha, but I would not believe you,' said William Ridgeway. 'You were right and I was wrong.'

'Lady Mary told me,' said the girl. 'She said that

## In Hiding

the King had thousands upon thousands of trained soldiers, and I could not help believing her. Still, I do not blame you, William. You did what you believed to be right, and you fought for the Lord. Besides, you are safe and sound, that is why I am rejoiced. I can keep you here for days, or weeks. I can come at night-time, and bring you all you need. No one will know—and then when all danger is over we can go away together. Master Barchester will marry us, and we can sail to that land where we can worship God according to the Bible.'

'But say nothing to Lady Mary.'

It was Trelawney who spoke, and the girl started up as she heard his voice.

Evidently Ridgeway had told her who he was, for beyond her surprise when he first spoke, she showed no fear.

'Say nothing to Lady Mary, whoever she may be,' continued the young Cornishman. 'Do not let her know that you come here. Take every precaution against her seeing you.'

'Why, what do you know of her?' asked the girl.

'Nothing,' replied Trelawney; 'but if you wish to save your sweetheart's life never let her know, even by a whisper, where he is.'

'She is a kind, beautiful lady,' said the girl.

'What is she called beside Mary?'

'Beaumont,' replied the girl.

'Lady Mary Beaumont?'

'Ay, Holdsworthy was once the property of the Beaumonts. Her grandfather lived there, that was why she came to stay with us.'

'Tell me what she is like,' said Trelawney.

The maid's description was not very clear, but

## Trelawney's Warning

Trelawney felt that every word might apply to the woman whom he loved, and feared, and hated. Besides, he had every reason to believe that she was in Somersetshire. Who but she could have written him that letter? What woman but she could have known that he was with Monmouth's men? It is true the letter seemed to warn him of a grave danger, but he remembered past events, and he felt sure that she was her father's spy. Besides, the influence of his dream had not left him, and try as he might to think otherwise, he could not help believing that she was his enemy.

'Have you told her anything about your sweetheart?'

he asked presently.

'She knows that he went to the wars.'

'Hath she ever seen him?'

'No.'

'Have you told her of this hiding-place?'

'No. I have told her that I knew of a hiding-place which William would fly to if Monmouth's army were routed, but nothing more.'

'Doth she know you are here now?'

'No; how could she? She is doubtless fast asleep, seeing it is yet early morning. Late last night news came that the Duke had fled, so as soon as all was quiet at home, I e'en came hither as I had said.'

'Then tell her nothing more. Nothing. I tell you this for your own love's sake.'

'Do you know aught of her?'

'I am not sure. But you cannot do wrong by taking every precaution. Keep out of her sight, tell her nothing, and be careful when you come to see your sweetheart that she knows naught of your coming.'

'I will be careful, young master,' replied the girl; 'nevertheless, I do not believe there is any danger.'

## In Hiding

After that Benedict Trelawney said no more, and a little later the girl departed.

For three days they remained in the great winze near the shaft, and each morning just before sunrise Martha Bagshaw visited her lover. She made known her coming by a curious whistle, and when William Ridgeway heard it, he lifted up the ladder out of the lower shaft, placed it on the sollar which was some few fathoms from the surface, and then the brave girl descended, bringing food not only for her sweetheart, but also for the young Cornishman.

During the first two days she seemed cheerful and brave. She seemed perfectly certain that her lover would be able to escape, although the whole countryside was filled with soldiers who were searching every nook and corner in order to discover runaway rebels, but on the fourth visit her eyes were filled with a great terror, and she lay trembling in her lover's arms, as though she sought to shield him, and yet begged his protection at the same time.

'What is it, my dear maid?' asked the young yeoman.  
'Tell me, Martha, tell me everything?'

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER

'OH, it is terrible,' went on the girl. 'Never did I believe that such things could be. Oh, William, my love, my love!'

'Tell me, Martha, my dear,' cried William Ridgeway. 'Who has been frightening you?'

'Oh,' cried the girl, 'on my way hither I took another road than that which I have come these last two mornings. You see, I was afraid I was watched, so instead of coming by Coombe Lane, I took Sadler's Road. I thought it safest. Well, just as I was crossing Bayswater Downs the sun began to rise, and right by the roadside I saw three men hanging. Oh, it was ghastly. The crows were there picking out their eyes. One of them I knew. He was one of father's shepherds. David Dawe, you know him, William. For a minute I looked at them, and then a strange dog came up, and began to mangle him. I ran away with a scream. But I had only gone a little way farther when I saw two more. And, oh, William, one of them looked like you!'

'My little maid, my little maid!' said the yeoman, tenderly.

'I hear they are everywhere,' sobbed the girl. 'Lads we used to know, goodly lads, God-fearing lads. They

# The Judge's Daughter

have been hanged up without a trial. Some of them were tortured first. I heard one crying not far from Walzick farm only yesterday. O God! O God!

'Never fear,' said William, 'they died in a good cause, and their souls have gone home to God.'

'Oh, it's terrible, terrible! but that's not all. It is said that the wicked Judge Jeffreys is on his way here, and soldiers are everywhere. There's not a port, there's not a farm or a house, in all the West of England but is watched night and day. Oh, William, William! how can we escape?'

'God will provide a way,' said the young yeoman, although his lips trembled.

'But that is not all,' sobbed the girl. 'I believe I am watched. If I am, how can you live? Oh, sir,' turning to the young Cornishman, 'you are clever and wise, can you not think of something?'

'Why do you think you are watched?' asked Benedict. 'Do you in aught suspect the woman you call Lady Mary?'

'I do not know. Lately she hath been asking me many questions.'

'Questions. About what?'

'About William; and about you, sir.'

'About me? You have never mentioned my name to her, have you?'

'No, sir; but she hath asked me whether I ever heard of you, and whether you had escaped.'

'And what did you say?'

'I hardly know what I did say, sir. But I am afraid I acted a lie, sir; a lie for William's sake. I professed to know nothing of you.'

'And she believed you?'

'I know not, sir. She looked at me very strangely,

# The Mystery of Lady Mary

and then she told me that I was so good and truthful that no one could doubt my word. What did she mean, sir ?'

'Have you found out any more about this Lady Mary ?'

'No, sir. How could I ? She is a great lady, and she hath her own rooms at Holdsworthy. All the same, I cannot help wondering why she stays there. For why should she, a London lady, stay at my father's house ? It is true she saith she is staying there for her health, and because she loved the house in which her grandfather lived ; but I cannot understand.'

'Cannot understand what ?'

'Cannot understand why she should turn pale and tremble when I told her that the terrible Lord Jeffreys was coming to Somersetshire. Besides, I saw her talking yesterday with one of the King's officers.'

'And do you think she is watching you ?'

'I am not sure, but I am afraid so. Only last night she asked me to sleep in the same room with her, and when I refused, she watched me like a cat watches a mouse. Then she kept me up talking with her after she saw I wanted to go to bed. That was why I was so late in coming this morning.'

'You are sure she did not see you coming ?'

'Yes, for I crept down the servants' stairs, and went through the orchard, but I dread to think what she'll say when I go back. You see, sir, I dare not ask father to help me. He does not like William, and he wants me to marry Thomas Dawe. He has a better farm than that belonging to William's father, and he says that Thomas is a better match. But I cannot marry him. How can I when I love William ? Can you think of anything, sir ? I am strong, and I am not afraid to do anything to save William.'

# The Judge's Daughter

Trelawney saw that the eyes of both the young yeoman and his sweetheart were fixed on him, and his heart went out towards them. William Ridgeway was one who had been oppressed because of his religion, and who firmly believed that in fighting for Monmouth he had been fighting for God. The maid, on the other hand, seemed to care not so much for religion as for the man to whom she had given her heart. It was easy to see that he was her king, and that she was willing to dare all, and to suffer all for his sake. That she was brave and loyal it was easy to see. A country girl she was, simple at heart, and strong in faith. Moreover, she was wiser than he had at first thought. The more he saw of her, the more he realized that she thought not only for herself but for her sweetheart as well.

'Have you told me all?' said the young man, presently.

The girl hesitated a second, and then went on.

'My father is a loyalist, and hates Dissenters,' she said.

'Yes, and what then?'

'Only this. I heard him say to Lady Mary, "If you watch my maid, you'll soon find out where that rascal William Ridgeway is."'

'Have you ever talked with Lady Mary about the war?' he asked.

'Yes. She is very bitter against those whom she calls rebels. She says they all deserve to be hanged.'

Benedict Trelawney's heart grew bitter. He felt sure that this was Mary Jeffreys, and he believed in all he had heard concerning her falseness and cruelty. She had inherited her father's nature, and she rejoiced to see suffering, even as he did. And yet, in spite of everything, he loved her. Even at that moment he called to



## Martha Bagshaw's News

mind her bright eyes as he had seen them on the night when she had helped him to escape from Jeffreys' men. It was she, moreover, who had returned the sword which hung by his side. All the same, she was false and cruel: She was a spy, and she gloried in her infamous work.

'There is something else I am afraid of,' said the girl, presently, with a shudder.

'What?'

'I have heard that they have put people to torture,' said the girl. 'It was told me, only yesterday, that Anna Davis knew where her brother was. The King's men asked her to tell them, but she refused, and then they put her to torture.'

William Ridgeway gave a cry like a wounded animal.

'Let us give ourselves up, Captain Trelawney,' he said. 'We can't stand that. Oh, we can't stand that!'

'But that cannot be,' cried Trelawney. 'You say, Martha, that your father is a zealous King's man. Thus he would have enough influence to save his daughter from that.'

'My father is angry with me,' cried the girl. 'It is no use trying to hide it; he hates William, and he hath told me more than once that he would rather see me dead than married to him. I believe he would even see me put to torture, if thereby I could be made to confess where William is.'

'But are they sure that you know?'

'I cannot tell, but I know that they suspect; and, oh, they are saying on all hands that he will be hanged if he is caught! You see, William hath said so much against the King.'

'Ay, and I meant it!' cried Ridgeway. 'He is a liar, and a Papist, and an enemy to God. Ay, and God

# The Judge's Daughter

will be avenged on him yet! I tell you, the day of the Lord draweth near.'

'But what can we do? What can we do?' cried the girl, in agony.

Trelawney thought a minute.

'We have enough food and water for a few days,' he said. 'In the mean while you, Martha, must not come hither. You must go back, and talk as though you had a light heart. Also you can try if you cannot get horses for us. But more. Can you not get some clothes whereby we can be disguised? If you can, bring them here; bring them just after sunset, and we will ride westward towards my old home. Once there, I know of hiding-places where the King's soldiers cannot find us. From there, too, we can find means of escaping to another country.'

'Yes,' she said eagerly, 'I can do that. You will take me with you, William, will you not?'

'Yes,' cried the young man. 'I'll not go without you.'

'I know it is a bad plan,' cried Trelawney, 'but it is the best I can think of. We must simply make a dash for it. If we ride hard through one night, we shall get beyond the suspected district before morning.'

'But if we are taken?' cried the girl.

'We must not be taken. You know the country, Ridgeway?'

'Every inch of it, sir.'

'That is right. Then go back, Martha, and keep a brave heart. But say nothing to the woman called Lady Mary. Remember, I believe she is our enemy. But do nothing to arouse her suspicions. Nay, let me think again. It will be better not to bring the horses near here, only to some place whither we can find them.'

# Suspense

**'Yes, sir, I see, I see. Do not be afraid. I will save him, I will, I will!'**

She tenderly embraced her lover; then, he having placed the ladder for her to ascend, she climbed to the surface.

**'I hope she will not be seen near here,'** said Trelawney, after they had dropped the ladder into the second shaft.

**'Never fear. Martha will be a match for the whole lot of them. She was always better than her word. I should not be surprised if she doth not think of a better plan than yours.'**

**'I hope she may, for mine is poor. But I must think again. Perhaps things are not as bad as she says.'**

**'I trust not, sir, but I fear terribly, all the same. I thank God every day for Martha. With her by my side I fear nothing.'**

Three days passed away, and the young woman did not come near; still another day passed and she did not come.

**'She is afraid,'** said William. **'She knows that she is closely watched, and will not endanger us. Oh, I trust in Martha. Besides, we have food enough for a day or two more.'**

At the end of the fifth day, however, their courage began to fail.

**'I fear something hath happened to her,'** said the young yeoman. **'Suppose they were putting her to torture!'**

**'I feel I cannot bear this much longer,'** cried Benedict Trelawney. **'If she doth not come by to-morrow night——'**

**'We will go to her!'** cried Ridgeway.

**'And to our death!'** said Trelawney.

# The Judge's Daughter

'I care not. I tell you she is in danger. Perhaps one of those King's men hath got hold of her.'

'What o'clock is it now, think you?'

'It is two hours after sundown.'

'Anyhow, she will not come yet. She will wait until all the people at Holdsworthy have been in bed two hours, before she starts to come to us.'

'Hark! what is that?'

'It is a woman's voice,' said Trelawney.

'It is my Martha's voice.'

'Are you sure?'

'Sure! As though I could be mistaken!'

'Hark!'

A low whistle followed. The whistle which was agreed on between them.

They waited a second, and the whistle was repeated.

'It is Martha; but why doth she not come down? Shall I speak to her?'

'No; wait a second. It may be a trick.'

'William, come up, quick! I have arranged everything, and there is not time for me to come down.'

'Is all safe?'

'Ay, all is safe; but come quickly, both of you.'

The young farmer lifted the ladder from the shaft, placed the end of it on the sollar, and began to climb.

'Keep close to me, Master Trelawney,' he said.

With many doubts in his mind, yet longing to get away from the imprisonment which had become almost unbearable, Trelawney kept close at the heels of Ridgeway. He heard the latter leap from the ladder to the earth, but the night was dark, and he could see nothing. He felt that he was breathing the fresh, pure air of heaven, however, and was about to speak to his companion, when he heard a cry, a fearful cry.

# The Struggle for Liberty

'Betrayed! Save yourself, Trelawney!' This was followed by a gurgling noise.

By this time he felt his feet on *terra firma*, and in the darkness he saw two men rushing towards him.

For a moment he knew not what to do. In the excitement of the moment it seemed to him as though he had lost his power to act.

'Quick! take him!' said a voice which he knew well, and which made his blood rush through his veins madly.

'Escape, Trelawney; they've got me,' cried Ridgeway, and then he felt his strength and power of action return to him.

He took a leap over the bush-covered *débris*, while he heard a savage oath come from the dark forms which he dimly saw in the darkness of the night.

'After him; you know what Colonel Faversham said.'

It was Mary Jeffreys' voice, and to the young man it was full of mocking cruelty. At that moment everything was plain to him. She had somehow obtained the secret of their hiding-place from Martha Bagshaw, and then had communicated with the soldiers. They dared not rush upon him while he stood at the mouth of the shaft, but now they would follow him like sleuth-hounds.

He rushed madly on; now stumbling over great rocks, which had been hidden by the growth of years, and again, making progress as he passed an open place. But he had little hope of escape. His pursuers were close upon him, and they were two to one. Still, he was fleet of foot, and he determined to sell his liberty, and most likely his life, as dearly as possible. He drew his sword as he ran, the sword which Mary Jeffreys had returned to him, and vowed that he would give a good account of himself before he should be taken prisoner.

# The Judge's Daughter

'Stop, in the King's name.'

He ran straight on, never heeding the command.

'Stop, I tell you,' again panted the voice behind him.

But he still ran on, feeling sure that whatever the upshot of the race might be he was now gaining on them.

It seemed to Benedict Trelawney like fatality, but just as he fancied that he might escape, his foot caught in the root of a tree, and he fell heavily. He sprung up quickly, however, but before he could start running again, his pursuers were upon him.

'Now we have you,' they cried, as they endeavoured to seize him.

But Trelawney was in a dangerous mood. His sword-hand was free, and he struck a furious blow at the foremost. The man fell with a groan.

'Ah!' cried Trelawney, joyfully, and he made a leap at the other, a giant of a fellow, who was ready for battle.

Trelawney's only chance was either to kill or wound his adversary before help could come to him. The moon, which up to now had been hidden by a great black cloud, just then emerged into the clear sky, and thus the young man was able to see his antagonist plainly.

For a minute they fought with seeming equality, then Trelawney, by the practice of a well-timed ruse, caused the other's sword to go spinning to the ground.

'Ah!' cried the young fellow again. He leapt forward to finish the encounter, when he felt his sword-arm gripped as if by a vice.

'Quick! Quick! I'll hold him while you get your sword.'

Again it was Mary Jeffreys who spoke, and her voice



'WELL, SIR SQUIRE,' SHE SAID WITH A LAUGH.

# The Enmity of Mary Jeffreys

made him mad with passion. He struggled to free himself from her, but in vain. She hung at his sword-hand like grim death. A moment later he felt his other arm pinioned, and then he knew that all was over. Two other soldiers had come up, and they bound him fast.

‘Ha! ha!’ grunted one of the soldiers, hoarsely. ‘The Cornish cock can fight.’

‘Ay, and you would have lost him,’ cried another.

‘Stand back from him,’ cried Mary Jeffreys, when they had closely pinioned his arms and legs.

The men stood back, while the girl went and stood before him.

‘Well, Sir Squire,’ she said with a laugh.

He looked straight at her. The moonbeams shone upon her face, revealing every feature clearly. Even then Benedict Trelawney could not help loving her. She looked so beautiful, so bewitching in the pale light of the moon. Her eyes shone like stars; her lips were slightly parted, and her whole face betokened eagerness and excitement. She looked so fair, so girlish, that he could scarcely believe in the black heart that beat beneath her bosom.

‘You do not speak, Sir Squire,’ she continued, and her voice seemed tremulous with joy.

Still he was silent. The sight of her beautiful girlish face stunned him while it maddened him.

Then she laughed, and as she did so Trelawney felt as though he would have gladly struck her dead.

‘It is a long journey to Taunton, soldiers.’

‘Fifteen miles, mistress.’

‘Fifteen miles,’ she repeated like one musing. ‘And you have the other safe?’

‘Yes, thanks to you, mistress, we have him safe.’



# The Judge's Daughter

'Is he wounded?'

'No, he's not wounded. We took him too easily for that.'

'You say that Lord Jeffreys is expected soon?'

'It may be to-morrow; but we cannot tell. He hath Mistress Lisle to deal with.'

Again the girl laughed.

'Have you nothing to say, Master Squire?' she said, turning to Benedict Trelawney.

'Nothing to you.'

'Ah, but I think you have. Even if you have not, I have something to say to you. Captain Gorham, could you give me a horse to ride to Taunton with you this night?'

'It is not a journey for such as you,' said the officer; 'but if you will deign to be our sunlight this dark night, it will give us great joy.'

'Then I will accompany you. The horses are near by?'

'They are at the place you told us to bring them.'

'That is well.'

Upon this she tripped away ahead of the others, while Benedict Trelawney followed like a man in a dream

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE JOURNEY TO TAUNTON GAOL

**A** H, here are the horses!

‘Come, Master Rebel, mount.’

‘That’s it, tie his legs firmly. Are his arms pinioned?’

‘Treat him gently,’ said Mary Jeffreys. ‘Yes, I mean it, treat him gently. He is but a carpet-knight, and he is as tender as a young girl.’

The soldiers laughed. ‘He will not be treated with over-much gentleness when he’s in Taunton lock-up,’ said one. ‘Besides, I hear that Judge Jeffreys is going to give all the prisoners rare sport. Faversham hath only been playing with them, but Jeffreys means business.’

‘Still, treat the carpet-knight with gentleness,’ she said mockingly. ‘He is but a baby, after all.’

‘Faith, the sword-cut he gave me was not that of a baby,’ said a man with his head bandaged.

‘Oh, but he is. Why, look at him. He has the face of a girl, and the heart of a rabbit. Yes, I must insist on his being treated gently.’

‘Oh, anything to oblige you,’ said Captain Gorham. ‘Besides, you have a reason for saying this.’

‘Yes; I want to talk with him on the way, and although he’ll have enough pin-pricks by-and-by, I

# The Journey to Taunton Gaol

cannot bear to see such a gay cavalier suffering while I hold converse with him.'

The Captain laughed as he gave his orders.

'You have rendered us such services, Lady Mary,' he said, 'that I can refuse you nothing.'

'Ah, that is kind of you. Do you know I have been looking forward to this night? When I heard that you were baffled in your endeavours to find the carpet-knight and the lover of Martha Bagshaw, I determined I would make it my business to help the cause of justice. Besides, I want to see Taunton gaol. I want to see the rebels waiting their doom.'

'It will be but a sorry sight for you, Lady Mary.'

'Still, let me see it. Besides, it is but fair that I should see my prisoners safely lodged, for are they not my prisoners?'

'In truth they are. Captain Trelawney would have escaped had you not held his hand, carpet-knight though you call him.'

'But oh, it was easy to hold him. His arms are as soft as mine. Of a truth, Captain Gorham, your soldiers must be poor swordsmen, to allow themselves to be vanquished so easily. Terrible rebels they are; but treat them both kindly, seeing I wish it.'

The party rode forward, William Ridgeway and Benedict Trelawney bound closely to their horses, while the rest rode close by, watching them narrowly.

'Are you Lady Mary?' asked William Ridgeway.

'Why?' asked the girl.

'Because I would have you tell me what you have done to my Martha.'

'Your Martha! Do you call her your Martha? Have I not heard that she hath promised to wed some one by the name of Dawe?'

## Trelawney's Taunt

'No, you have not!' cried Ridgeway, savagely. 'whoever says that, be it man or woman, is a liar.'

The girl laughed merrily.

'Well, it doth not matter; but rest assured that Martha Bagshaw is safe and well. She will also receive a reward from the King for telling me where you were hiding.'

'You say that Martha told you?'

'Else how should I know?'

'But you do not mean that. Tell me you do not mean that!'

His voice was full of agony. It was as though the girl had wounded him with a burning dagger.

Again the girl laughed. She seemed to delight in mocking them.

'Oh, not that, not that!' cried the farmer.

'No, not that, Ridgeway,' said Trelawney. 'Do not fear; it is not that.'

'Then how did she find out?'

'How? A spy who is clever enough can find out anything.'

The girl started as though she had been stung.

'A spy!' she said, almost hoarsely.

'Ay, a spy, for that is what you are,' said Benedict Trelawney. 'The spy of your father, the most cruel and the most fiendish man in England.'

Again she laughed, but even Trelawney detected that there was no merriment in it.

'Do not believe anything she saith,' went on Trelawney. 'And never doubt your sweetheart because of what she saith. Martha Bagshaw loves you, and tried to save us.'

'Then this woman——'

'Hath ferreted out our hiding-place. But the end is not yet.'

# The Journey to Taunton Gaol

'Oh, my Martha, my poor dear Martha,' cried Ridgeway, bitterly; 'but there is one thing that comforts me, they cannot hurt her now. It is only I who have to suffer.'

'Let us not give up hope,' said Trelawney.

'Hope! I have no hope. What hope can there be now? Look, look!'

Right across the road on which they travelled, a great oak tree had thrown its bough, and on it hung two men. Evidently they had been lately placed there.

The soldiers laughed. 'A couple of rebels,' they said. 'Look, Master Cornishman; look, master farmer. There is a goodly sight.'

Trelawney glanced at the woman, and noticed that she urged her horse forward, as though she wanted to be away from the ghastly spectacle.

'What! will Martha see me like that?' moaned Ridgeway.

'No,' said Trelawney; 'do not fear.'

'Ah,' cried the girl, riding near to him, 'and do you anticipate that you will escape?'

'I will not answer you,' cried Trelawney. 'Perchance when I am brought before your——'

'Captain Gorham,' interrupted the girl, eagerly, 'did you hear what our young paper-rebel said?'

'Ay, I heard, Lady Mary; but what of that? In two hours from now, both of them will be safely locked in Taunton gaol. They all hope to escape, but what of that?'

'Only this; these are my prisoners, and I am determined they shall not escape. You must show me the place where they are to be confined.'

'Oh, we will throw them in with the rest. The gaol is crowded, so they must lie in the wool-market.'

## Lady Mary's Taunt

'That will not do. They must be imprisoned alone.'

'But the gaol is full, and they cannot have a cell all to themselves.'

'But they must, and a strong cell too. I must be satisfied that it is safe. If they got away I should never forgive myself.'

'You need not fear; nevertheless, it shall be as you say,' said the officer. 'As you know, I can refuse you nothing.'

'You see, Sir Squire,' said the girl, presently, 'that I am especially interested in you.'

'Do you think I fear you?' said Trelawney.

'A fool does not fear,' replied the girl.

Trelawney looked at her eagerly, but he could see nothing but the mocking smile upon her lips.

'Methinks your vow will come to naught,' said the girl, with a laugh.

He was silent.

'It will come to naught,' she repeated. 'Oh, you must be very happy. You have been such a valiant knight; and you have fought in such a noble cause!'

The mockery of her words made him writhe with pain. The sting of a hornet was easier to bear than this woman's tongue.

'You are a plaything for children,' went on the girl, and this time she spoke in a low voice. 'Who saved you from the soldiers by Temple Bar? Do you remember? Who led you to the house of Henry Dugdale? Do you know who it was? Was it a lady of quality or a scullery-wench? You boasted that you could tell me. Can you? Why did the kitchen-maid meet you by Temple Church, do you know? Was it she who told the soldiers to draw swords by the banks of the river? You vow that you will ruin the wicked judge, *you, you!*'

# The Journey to Taunton Gaol

There was wild mockery in her voice, although she spoke in tones that were scarcely above a whisper.

‘Why am I here?’ she went on. ‘How came I to have such power with these soldiers? Do you know? I tell you, you are a child’s plaything.’

‘And you are a noble woman,’ said Trelawney, answering her in spite of himself. ‘You are one of those creatures whom the devil must surely delight in. You are as false as lies and as cruel.’

‘Do you understand me, Master Paper-Knight?’

‘It is not for an honest man to understand creatures like you. But I do not fear. God will help me, even yet.’

‘I tell you, Sir Squire,’ and she spoke so loudly that Captain Gorham heard her plainly, ‘in a week from now, you will be hanging on one of the many gibbets which are being made in Taunton town, hanging just like the carrion we passed on the road just now.’

‘Well, and what then?’

‘What then?’

‘Yes, and what then, madam? I can e’en die like a man. But it will not be. Since you know my vow, I will e’en speak of it again, and, as surely as God lives, I will perform it.’

‘And what will you do?’

‘I will drag that inhuman fiend from his high place, and I will make him suffer as he hath made others suffer.’

Captain Gorham had come close to them and was listening to what was said. He could not understand the meaning of it all, but he knew that the prisoner was threatening the lady to whose office he owed the capture of the prisoners.

‘What is he saying to you, Lady Mary?’ he said.

# The Officer and the Woman

'Enough to confirm me in my determination to see that he is safely imprisoned,' she replied. 'Nay, nay, touch him not now. His punishment will soon come.'

'But if he hath dared to insult you?'

'Never mind. I know how to defend myself. How far are we from Taunton?'

'It is a long way yet. I fear that you have repented taking this long journey. Not that it has not been a great joy to me that you should be near. You know that, Lady Mary.'

'Let us ride ahead,' said the girl.

'Gladly,' said the officer, giving orders that the prisoner should be safely guarded.

'I cannot understand why you should desire to take this journey,' continued Gorham, when they were a few yards in advance of the others.

'I am sorry you are displeased because I have taken it,' said the girl, coyly.

'Displeased!' said the Captain. 'As you well know, nothing could delight me more. Little did I think, when I came to this benighted region to fight these clodhoppers, that I should have such joy. It hath in truth turned a December night into a June morning. May I hope to meet you again under more pleasant circumstances? Ah, Lady Mary, you surely know what is in my heart.'

The girl was silent.

'For that reason,' went on the officer, 'there is nothing I would not do for you. You have only to tell me your desires, and I will fulfil them.'

'You mean that?' said the girl, coyly.

'Try me, try me,' said the officer.

'Perhaps I shall put you to the test,' she replied.

'Tell me how?' cried he.



# The Journey to Taunton Gaol

‘Is it right to punish one you hate?’ she asked, ‘to hate one who hath sworn to be your enemy, and who hath vowed he will never rest until he hath ruined you and yours?’

‘And you do this!’ cried Gorham. ‘Is it that young Trelawney? I heard something of what you said. But you need not fear. Lord Jeffreys will be here shortly, and he vows that he will make the whole of this Western country tremble at the mention of his name.’

‘Yes, but there is a vengeance that cannot take place in a day,’ said the girl; ‘there is a vengeance which is slow and silent.’

‘I think I understand.’

‘That is why I would see him safely imprisoned; that is why I must constantly know of his whereabouts. It was for that reason I discovered his hiding-place, and gave him into your power. You understand.’

‘Ay, I think I understand. I will not fail you, Lady Mary. How could I, when, ever since I first saw you, the one thought of my life hath been how to gain your smile.’

They rode on through the night, until presently they found themselves near Taunton.

‘You will see to it that the two men are placed together.’

‘You only have to breathe a wish for it to be granted,’ said the officer, gallantly.

‘And they must be guarded carefully, very carefully.’

‘Trust me for that.’

‘And you will be staying in Taunton?’

‘I have orders to stay there until after the Chief Justice hath been. And would you believe it, soldier as I am, I almost dread the thought of the butchery I shall have to witness?’

‘Why?’

# The Woman and the Jailer

'We know what Jeffreys is. No cruelty is too devilish for him, no punishment too ghastly. Oh, you need not fear. Your paper-knight, as you call him, will suffer enough to satisfy Bloody Bonner, if he could come to life again.'

The little party clattered into the town; but all was quiet, and no notice was taken of them. They made their way straight to the gaol, where they were received with surly glances.

'A separate cell,' grumbled the governor; 'nay, it cannot be found.'

'It must be found,' said Captain Gorham.

'And I tell you it cannot be. There are so many prisoners here waiting for the coming of Bloody Jeffreys that I know not where to put them; as for asking me to provide the two new-comers with a private cell—why, man, why do you not ask me for the use of my own best parlour?'

Mary Jeffreys stood by and listened without a word; but now she came forward.

'By my faith, Captain, but you keep rare company,' said the governor, as he saw her. 'A wench, eh? A wench travelling with the prisoners. But, perchance, she is the sweetheart of one of the rebels. I have had lots of them here. Bribes! Why, I could have had hundreds of pounds if I would have been blind in one eye. But no, I know my work.'

'I am not a sweetheart of a prisoner,' said the girl.

'Who, then?'

'I am Lady Mary Beaumont.'

'Lady Mary Beaumont. I never heard the name before.'

'That is because you never lived in London town,' said the girl. 'It is well known there.'

# The Journey to Taunton Gaol

‘Still, orders are orders,’ cried the governor, ‘and they have come to me from General Faversham. I do not say that money will not count at headquarters, but not with me.’

‘But this will,’ said the girl.

‘What will?’

‘This bit of paper. These are no ordinary prisoners, Master Bilsom. They must be especially guarded. There, read.’

The governor took the letter Mary Jeffreys had given him, but whether he was able to read it, I cannot say. There could be no doubt, however, but that he examined the signature carefully and seemed about to speak.

‘Hush! not a word,’ said the girl.

‘It came from him?’

‘From his own hands. You see what it says. He must be treated with special care, because he is to receive special punishment.’

‘You shall be obeyed, Lady Mary,’ said the governor.

‘Now, then, this way, Captain. It’s very late, and I need sleep sorely.’

The prisoners were led along a corridor, until they came to a door at the end thereof.

‘You need not fear, Lady Mary, they will be safe here,’ said the governor.

He unlocked the door as he spoke, while Trelawney and Ridgeway, who had been watching and listening closely, entered.

‘How does the vow progress, Master Carpet-Knight?’ said the girl, mockingly.

Trelawney drew himself up angrily.

‘It goes well, Mistress Spy,’ he replied. ‘Never fear, the vow will be brought to pass.’

‘And yet your great Duke of Monmouth, with his

## News of Monmouth

Bible, and his Protestant religion, is to die in two days,' said the girl. 'Ah, you did not know? He offered to become a Papist if he might have his life. The King was very kind to him, and offered him a priest, but as for his life—well, you have seen King James. Oh, your King Monmouth has turned out to be a great man, a noble man. He kissed the King's feet; he swore eternal loyalty; he said it was not his fault. He declared that he had been urged on by Argyle, and Ferguson, and a young Cornishman named Trelawney.'

'Coward!' cried the young man.

'Oh, but he is to die by the axe, Master Cornishman. As for you, it is said that a special torture is being invented. You have heard of Titus Oates; well, what he suffered was only child's-play to what you will suffer.'

The governor and Captain Gorham laughed.

'You see you have much to hope for.'

'I never give up hope,' said Benedict Trelawney.

'That is a part of the Trelawney Code, is it not?'

'It is, Mistress Spy.'

The girl looked as though she would have annihilated him, she even stepped forward as if to strike him, but she refrained. She only said—

'Judge Jeffreys will soon be at Taunton, Master Rebel.'

## CHAPTER XX

### THE PLANS OF JAMES II

**'G**REAT news, sire! The Lord hath been on your side. Your enemies have been smitten by the angels from on high, and you may have your vengeance.'

King James smiled grimly.

'No one can grumble now if I show no mercy on these canting Dissenters,' he said quietly; but his voice was hoarse with passion.

'No man. Naught could have been better. Hitherto they have had much sympathy; they have been looked upon as an oppressed people. "Look," men have said, "see what a beautiful pious book the Bedfordshire Tinker hath written; is it not wrong that they be treated harshly?" That was why your sainted brother signed the Act of Indulgence. But now they are rebels. They have lifted up their hands against the King, they have followed Lucy Walters' baseborn son. They have killed many of your Majesty's soldiers. Think of it, sire! And you have everything in your own hands. Monmouth is in London with the rest of the chief ring-leaders; Faversham hath killed hundreds, while thousands more lie in Somersetshire prisons waiting your justice.'

'And they shall have it,' said the King. 'It was not for nothing that I appointed you Chief Justice.'

'Ah, now you shall see what a faithful servant I can

# The King and the Judge

be, your Majesty. Now you shall see how I will make the people love you and fear you at the same time. Oh yes, it shall be done. Why, your Majesty; nothing could have fallen out better. These Presbyterians have played into your hands. As for the Independents and Baptists, why, it makes me laugh to think of what I will do with them. You grant me full powers, your Majesty.'

'Grant!' said the King. 'Nay, I command you. You will proceed Westward without delay, and you will tread out every vestige of Dissent; and, mark you, my Lord Jeffreys, you will lose no opportunity of showing that these people's naughtiness is because of their Presbyterianism, their Dissent, and of showing that the King's religion is the only true one. I look forward to this Western Assize of yours as a great and holy crusade in the cause of true religion.'

'Ay, your Majesty, and I will make it such. I will exalt the King's Majesty, the King's justice, the King's mercy, and the King's religion. Oh, the West of England shall never forget my coming among them. Trust me, your Majesty, in six weeks from now not one Dissenter shall remain in the West, and hundreds, nay, thousands, shall be converted to the King's Holy Faith. Trust me, your Majesty, it shall be a great and holy crusade in the cause of religion.'

'As for Monmouth, and Grey, and Buyse, and the rest of them, I will deal with them,' said the King, with a hoarse, cruel laugh.

'You will not need me to deal with them, your Majesty,' said Jeffreys.

'No,' said the King, grimly, 'I will deal with them, and I will make the whole nation tremble at the thought of another rebellion. I will make them see that I mean to be King, and that I will have my will obeyed in

## The Plans of James II

everything ; ay, everything. You will see that this is made known in the West.'

'I will see to it, your Majesty ; I will see to it.'

'The ordinary forms of the law must be complied with.'

'Oh yes, sire, they shall be complied with !' said Jeffreys, with a laugh ; 'but what of that ? I tell you that every footstep I shall leave behind shall be bloody. There shall not be a Presbyterian of any sort but shall tremble.'

'Ay, and make the Episcopalians believe that their safety lies in accepting the King's religion.'

'I will see to it,' cried Jeffreys, his eyes gleaming with savage cruelty.

'Have you heard aught of that young springald, Trelawney, who escaped from you so easily ?'

'Ay, you shall be avenged, your Majesty. It is true he escaped from London ; but he is in Somersetshire. He landed with Monmouth, and I have given special instructions concerning him. You need not fear ; he shall not escape.'

'That is well. I like not men of his name. You are having the Bishop of Bristol watched ?'

'A faithful Catholic, who pretends to be a Protestant, hath been placed near him to watch his every movement, and to note every word that falls from his lips.'

'If he drops a word of treason——' the King ground his teeth savagely, 'if he be guilty even of a breath of treason, he shall die.'

'Trelawney is a name much beloved in Cornwall,' said the Chief Justice.

'Ay, and in Bristol too. Episcopalian as he is, he hates my religion. He might almost be an Independent by the way he is for ever glorifying the Protestant cant.'

# Judge Jeffreys' Piety

'The whole family is tarred by the same brush,' said Jeffreys, with a pious snuffle.

'One might think you were a Catholic yourself,' said the King.

'Ah, I have had my eyes opened since I have known your Majesty. I have also learnt many things by attending the services which you have caused to be conducted by the Catholic priests. Ah, they have been very beautiful.'

'You see it yourself?' said the King, eagerly.

'See it!' said Jeffreys, piously; 'how can one help seeing it? After all, the Episcopal Church is but a mockery. It broke away from the true Church, and since then it hath claimed powers of which it became deprived when it became a schismatic body.'

'True, true,' said the King; 'but be silent about this, Jeffreys. The time for you to publicly proclaim yourself as one of the true faith is not yet come. You can do my work better as a Protestant. But you have much to do, and there must be no delay in punishing the rebels. If you wait, people will begin to sympathize with them.'

'Sympathize!' cried Jeffreys. 'Let any one dare! But your Majesty is right in this, as in all things. I will go.'

After Jeffreys had gone, the King sat for a long time in deep thought. Again and again a smile would come across his coarse unhealthy looking face, but only to be followed by a look of sullen vengefulness.

'King! King!' he muttered. 'Yes, I will be King, even as our brother Louis is. He will have none but Catholics in his realms, and neither will I. He will drive out the Huguenots; even so will I destroy Dissenters, root and branch. As for the Episcopalians, I know not.



## The Plans of James II

They profess loyalty, and the Holy Father tells me the time is not yet ripe for a religious reformation. But it must come, ay, it must come. But how? how?’

Again he thought deeply. ‘How dare any man oppose the King’s will?’ he went on. ‘How dare any man think on religious matters other than that which the King thinks? Our brother Louis is so great a king that he even defies the Pope. Well, why not I? I must free myself from Louis, though. I must reign by myself, even as he does. When his father lived, Richelieu was king. While Mazarin lived, Mazarin was king. But when Mazarin died, Louis was king. Well, I have no man who rules over me in England. Jeffreys delights to do my will, and he is as cruel as the devil himself. Yes, I have a faithful servant in him, and he will help to extend my religion; and yet the Church is not mine. The bishops are too Protestant. Well, I must get rid of them; but how? how?’

He rang a bell as he spoke, and his *valet de chambre* appeared at the door.

‘Tell Father Leyburn that I await him,’ said James II.

The *valet de chambre* disappeared, and a few minutes later a priest appeared.

‘Good day, Father Leyburn,’ said James, as he gave him his hand.

‘Good day, your Majesty,’ said the priest; ‘and surely your Majesty must be a happy man to-day.’

‘I have much to be thankful for, but I have also much to do,’ said the King.

‘You have done so much, sire,’ said the priest.

‘I have done something,’ said the King, ‘but nothing to what I will do. I have been King only a few months, but there hath been a change made already. What would men have said but a short time since if they were

# Father Leyburn

told that such as you would have been received at St. James's Court?'

'The Lord, through your Majesty, hath done great things,' said the priest; 'nevertheless, I need not remind your Majesty that even the Holy Father is of opinion that we should make haste slowly.'

'The Holy Father doth not know what we know,' said the King. 'He is not aware of this Monmouth rebellion, or how it hath ended. He doth not realize what a tremendous weapon this hath put in our hands.'

'That I quite realize,' said Father Leyburn, 'although he will be acquainted with these events in the course of a few days.'

'You have sent messengers?'

The priest bowed.

'This places the whole of the Dissenting heretics in your hands,' said the priest.

'You see that?' said James, eagerly.

'Plainly,' said Father Leyburn. 'You will have no need to fear them further.'

'I have sent Jeffreys to the West,' said the King.

The priest smiled. 'No man will dare to declare his Dissent after my Lord Jeffreys hath been there a month,' he said quietly. 'No, your Majesty, you will have no further need to trouble about the Dissenters; but the Episcopal Church is a different matter.'

'The King is King!' cried James. 'You have heard what our brother Louis is doing in France?'

'He is making the Edict of Nantes wastepaper,' said Father Leyburn. 'But France is not England. France hath never been cursed with what is called a Reformation. The strong woman in France was not a she-wolf like Elizabeth, but a lover of the Church.'

# The Plans of James II

Even King James smiled grimly. 'Catherine de Medici was no gentle saint,' he said.

'No; but she was never cruel to the Church. Rather, she laboured for the Church. Be that as it may, the people of England will never turn to the true Church in great numbers until some great event takes place. Many will doubtless give up Dissent through the failure of this Monmouth rebellion; but the Episcopalians are loyal; therefore we are powerless.'

'Am I not King?' cried James, angrily.

'Yes, your Majesty; and doubtless God will use you to wean the nation from its apostasy.'

'What can I do?—that is, how can I do it?' asked the King.

'The whole matter needs careful treatment,' said the priest; 'but the Lord, with His saints, is working for us. People are now believing that his late sainted Majesty, King Charles II., died a Catholic by his own will. That is our great step. Moreover, the people are becoming accustomed to our presence, and to the rites of the one true Church. Titus Oates and his followers are regarded with loathing; the Rye-House Plot stinks in the nostrils of all but rabid Dissenters. All this is to the good.'

'Yes, yes,' said James II., eagerly.

'Then,' continued the priest, 'the Monmouth rebellion is another nail driven in the coffin of the foul heresy called Protestantism.'

'I know, I know,' cried the King, impatiently; 'all this is to the good, as you say; but the Established Church is anti-papal.'

'It hath sworn allegiance to your Majesty,' interrupted Father Leyburn.

'But it hates my religion, nevertheless.'

## Father Leyburn's Advice

'That is only for the time,' said the priest—'only for the time. Do not fear. Since the news of Monmouth, I have thought long and deeply.'

'But to what purpose?'

'All the things I have mentioned have brought the people nearer the true religion, and alienated them from Protestantism. Dissent in all its forms will have to hide its head now. Hitherto many have sympathized with it, else your brother would never have been so foolish as to sign the Act of Toleration. But that is over. For months, now, my one aim has been to make the people regard Dissent and treason in the same way, and Monmouth's death will set its seal to all that I have done. Oh, the emissaries of our Holy Mother Church have been working quietly, but they have been working surely.'

'Yes, yes; but the people are Protestant still. These bishops love their power too much to submit to the Holy Father. And they are much trusted by a large number of the people.'

'Then we must get them distrusted.'

'How, how?' asked the King, eagerly.

'We must prove treason against them also.'

'But is that possible?'

'Everything is possible,' said the Dominican, quietly; 'especially since this Monmouth rebellion. This hath caused the people to grow stronger in their affection towards you, and as a consequence they will be quick to suspect any against whom a breath of treason can be raised, but we must work warily, quietly, your Majesty. Little by little the Faithful must obtain power and position at the Universities; little by little the nation must again be accustomed to the rites of the true Church.'

'Yes, yes—then——?'

## The Plans of James II

'Then, sire, at the proper time, we must make our charges against certain of the bishops who are most pronouncedly Protestant.'

'But charges have to be proved. Even Jeffreys cannot do what he will with *them* !'

'The charges shall be proved, sire. I have already placed spies in every diocese in England. The actions of every one of them shall be watched closely.'

'Jeffreys told me he had arranged for Trelawney of Bristol to be watched.'

'Did my Lord Jeffreys tell you that? Well, let him have all the credit. Perhaps it is better he should have it. I am content to work quietly and in the dark. But did he tell you he had also arranged for the Faithful to mark the deeds of even their Graces of Canterbury and York? Did he tell you that, unknown to the world, their every word and deed shall be reported to your Majesty? No, he did not, because he did not know.'

'But if nothing can be proved?'

'The wise and faithful can find proofs. The men and women I have appointed are both faithful and wary. It is not always that Dominicans and Jesuits work harmoniously together, but in this matter they will.'

'Some of your spies are Jesuits?' asked the King, eagerly.

'They are suitable for such work,' said Leyburn, with a smile; 'their training is peculiar, and nothing is too hard for them.'

The King's dull eyes sparkled with pleasure. 'It is a great plan,' he said eagerly.

'It is very simple,' said the Dominican father. 'Nevertheless, we must be careful. There are several things we must avoid.'

'And they are?'

## The Priest exhorts Patience

‘We must be careful not to pluck our apple before it is ripe. Oh, be not deceived, sire. The Holy Father rejoices in your zeal, and thinks gladly of your desire to reign over a nation that is again received into the bosom of the Church. But if we force things on too rapidly, we ruin our own plans. Therefore, we must learn patience. Your Majesty is too wise a King and too great a man not to see this. Then we must keep our work out of sight. I mean that such as I must not appear. Already there hath been much jealousy and heart-burning because your Majesty hath lodged me so royally, and hath given me such a generous allowance. This being so, it must seem as though all changes come, not from Catholics, but zealous Protestants. Therefore every servant which I have placed is believed to be a Protestant, and seeing that they will take every opportunity to denounce Popery, they will be much trusted. Of course this must be done discreetly and wisely.’

‘And how long will this take?’

‘In two or three years all should be ready.’

‘Two or three years!’

‘There is much to do,’ said the Dominican father. ‘During this time our people will be working in a hundred ways, and thanks to the aid which your Majesty gives us, our work shall go on everywhere—down among the mines of Cornwall, as well as among the bare hills of Scotland.’

‘You will not forget the Bishop of Bristol. In spite of his professed loyalty, I have no bitterer enemy than he, now that Argyle is dead.’

‘I have all prepared, your Majesty. But I beseech you to be patient. We must be very cautious. This was the Holy Father’s last injunction to me. Beseech our faithful son the King of England to be patient,’ he said.

## The Plans of James II

'I am not a young man,' said James II. 'It is true I may live many years, but I may not. And it is the dream of my life to reign over a Catholic nation. It is in my heart to do what Mary tried to do before Elizabeth sat on the throne. Even Philip II. of Spain was not so eager to convert England as I. Think of it, father! to convert all these heretic Protestants to the true faith! to undo the work of that German fiend!'

'And this shall all come to pass, your Majesty; ay, all this and more. When once the curse of heresy is lifted from this land, you shall be free from the Dominion of France. You shall crush the heretics of Holland, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in your hand.'

After the priest had departed James II. again sat in deep thought. Father Leyburn had evidently caused hope to burn strongly in his heart, for his usually dull eyes were bright, and his features worked nervously.

'People do not think it is my ambition to be as great as Louis XIV.,' he said presently. 'He aims at being absolute king. So do I. He declares that he will make Richelieu's Edict of Nantes waste paper. Well, I have a greater work than that to do; but I will do it. He hath only comparatively a few Huguenots to deal with, for the nation is Catholic; but I, with only a remnant of my people belonging to the true faith, will destroy all the work of Elizabeth and the Puritans. After that we will see who will have the greater influence on the life of Europe, he or I. But the Holy Father says I must be patient. Well, I will be; but I will not wait for my vengeance on Monmouth, and Grey, and Buyse, and the rest of them. As for the cursed Dissenters of the West, with their Protestantism, and their Bible-reading, even lost souls in hell may well pity them.'

## CHAPTER XXI

# BENEDICT TRELAWNEY AND JUDGE JEFFREYS

**W**HILE King James II. rejoiced in the fate of Monmouth, and made plans concerning the future, Benedict Trelawney and William Ridgeway remained in Taunton gaol. Altogether about a thousand prisoners were huddled together in various places in Taunton town. Some were in the great wool-market, many more were in the gaol, while others were stowed away in the most convenient places which could be found, in order that they might await the coming of Jeffreys. At first, Benedict thought his judgment would be speedy, but week after week passed away before the terrible Judge appeared. From time to time he heard various rumours of what had taken place. First, came the news of the happening to Lady Alice Lisle. Her guilt consisted simply of giving food and shelter to those who were guilty of taking part in the rebellion, but Jeffreys was determined that this his first trial should end in the death of the victim. It was generally believed that Lady Alice would be set free, but, in spite of every endeavour, even among those who were most faithful to the King, Lady Alice died on the scaffold at Winchester. When Trelawney heard of this he knew that no mercy



# Benedict Trelawney and Judge Jeffreys

was to be expected. After that, news came to the people at Taunton, and reached even the ears of the captured rebels, of the terrible scenes which were taking place. From Dorchester and Exeter came the same dread tidings, but although the Somersetshire farmers and labourers besought God to have mercy upon them, no man shrank from his doom, no man asked mercy of men. In this they were different from the man who had claimed to be their leader. He had become a whining coward, but the brave Somersetshire yokels showed no signs of fear; they even spoke cheerfully of the doom that awaited them.

At last news came that the terrible judge was on his way to Taunton, which was the centre of rebellion, and where it was expected that the most terrible scenes would be enacted.

‘Well, one thing is in our favour,’ said William Ridgeway; ‘it will soon be over. I hear that hanging is not such a very hard death.’

‘Ay,’ replied Trelawney, ‘besides, we have much to be thankful for. For although we have been guarded with special care, we have been better treated than many. We have been able to sleep at nights, and the straw is clean.’

‘Ay, and the food hath been good, too. Hark! what is that?’

‘They are putting up the scaffolds. Do you hear them driving in the nails?’

‘Yes, well, we shall be soon hanging there; but I do not fear. I have fought with a clear conscience, and I am not afraid to meet my Maker. There is only one thing that——’

‘What?’ asked Trelawney, as the yeoman ceased speaking.

## Comrades in Prison

'I have been thinking about my Martha,' said Ridgeway. 'Not a word have I heard from her. I can't make it out.'

Trelawney was silent. He, too, had often wondered what course the hatred of Mary Jeffreys would take. Hour after hour he had pondered over her behaviour towards him; but although he pondered long and sorely, nothing could he understand. Never since he had been immured in the gaol had he heard of her.

'I am sure my Martha will never let me die without trying to set me free,' said Ridgeway, presently. 'She was not willing for me to join Monmouth's army, but she promised, in case I was taken prisoner, never to rest until I was set free again. Ay, but the sounds of the hammers driving the nails into the scaffold do make me shiver. And oh, Master Trelawney, it must be hard for you. It doth not matter so much about me, for I am but a simple farmer. But you come of a great family, and are related to the Bishop of Bristol.'

'The main branch of the Trelawney family knows but little of me,' replied the young Cornishman. 'Doubtless I shall be disowned altogether by all my relations; but I could not have done other. Nay, not even Sir John Trelawney himself, if he were alive, could have done other, had he been placed as I was. Besides, I am not afraid to die.'

'You think we shall die.'

'You know what we have heard. If Lady Alice Lisle was murdered for giving men shelter, what will become of us?'

'Ah, well,' said Ridgeway, quietly, 'I shall make no fuss about it; but oh, Master Trelawney, I do want to see my Martha.'

Another day passed away, and still naught happened;

# Benedict Trelawney and Judge Jeffreys

but the following day they could not help being aware that there was a great stir in the town.

‘Judge Jeffreys is on his way,’ said a gaoler, as he came to them with food. ‘In an hour he will be here.’

At this William Ridgeway looked at Trelawney sadly.

‘The trial will commence first thing in the morning,’ went on the gaoler, ‘and I do hear how you rebels are to be tried in big batches. Men say that he is going to get rid of you quickly, especially as here in Taunton there be so many. Besides, the Judge is getting tired of his work.’

At this Trelawney laughed incredulously.

‘Well, so I do hear,’ went on the gaoler. ‘Not that he doth not delight in killing Dissenters, but I am told he suffers much with a painful disease, and he is anxious to get his job over. He hath a stone in his inside, I am told, and it fair doubles him up with pain, and that makes him all the harder on rebels.’

‘He can but hang us,’ said Trelawney, after the man had gone.

‘He may torture us,’ replied Ridgeway.

‘Torture us!’ repeated the young Cornishman, like one in a dream.

‘Ay, was not that what Lady Mary said to you? I have often wondered why she hates you so, Master Trelawney. Evidently, moreover, she hath much power. When she told the governor that her name was Lady Mary Beaumont, he treated her with much reverence, while, when she gave him that bit of paper, he obeyed her as though she were the Queen herself.’

At this Trelawney was silent. He had not told Ridgeway of his previous meetings with this girl. Somehow he could not, for even as he lay in gaol, he

# The Coming of Judge Jeffreys

thought tenderly of the way she had delivered him in Fleet Street, and treasured in his heart the words she had spoken to him in the shadow of Temple Church. Moreover, she still remained a mystery to him, for while at one hour she had seemed to be his friend, she had at the next become his most determined foe.

Presently they heard a great shout, which was soon after followed by a silence, save that they heard the trampling of feet outside the walls of their prison.

‘What can it mean?’ asked Ridgeway.

‘Perhaps some one hath sighted the Judge’s carriage,’ replied Benedict.

Neither of them knew that at that moment the Judge’s carriage was passing along the road outside the prison walls. Yet so it was. When he had entered the town, the King’s soldiers had given him a cheer of welcome, but it was not heartily given, for even they looked with loathing upon him. The crowd of yokels had filled the street to see the man, of whom the whole country was talking, but no man regarded him with affection, rather they looked on him with fear and loathing, although they dared not express the rage that burned in their hearts.

And yet many wondered as they saw his face. He lay back in his carriage, occasionally giving a careless glance on the crowd, and then closing his eyes as if in pain.

‘He’s only a young man either,’ one townsman would say to another.

‘Not much above forty, I should think.’

‘And not a bad-looking man either.’

‘Bad-looking! Why, he’s handsome! Surely people have told lies about him.’

‘Have they? Well, I shall see to-morrow. I shall be in the court-house.’

# Benedict Trelawney and Judge Jeffreys

‘So shall I. I’m summoned as a witness.’

On the following morning the whole town of Taunton was in a state of great excitement, for the trial of the thousand prisoners which lay in their prisons was about to commence. In the court-house, officers and men of law were fluttering hither and thither, some of them laughing merrily, while others were talking eagerly of the trial which was soon to come off. The Judge’s bench, as well as the wall behind, was all hung with red, while even the table on which gray goose quills, bottles of ink, and rolls of paper were placed, was covered with material of the same sanguinary colour.

‘What time is the trial to commence?’ asked one.

‘It’s timed for nine, but it’ll be later.’

‘How is that?’

‘Why, my Lord Jeffreys was up drinking half the night with Colonel Kirke, so he’s sure to be late.’

‘Ah, then, that will mean that he’ll be in a terrible temper.’

‘Ay, that’s well known. I hear that in Dorchester, on the night before their trial, the rebels used to pray that he might be led to go to bed early, and get a good night’s rest. They said it meant that he would be a little more mild with them, and perhaps condemn them to the colonies, instead of to the gallows.’

‘Well, for that matter, I should think hanging would be better than the Barbadoes and the Indies, where they are to be slaves. Hark! what’s that?’

‘The Judge’s trumpeter. Now then, the fun will soon begin.’

But the Judge did not enter immediately. Evidently he had gone into some ante-room; nevertheless, there was much excitement in the court-house, for a large number of prisoners were brought in. For the most

# The Court-House

part they were simple country fellows, who had spent their lives on the farms, but who, at what they believed to be the call of duty, had taken up arms for a Protestant King.

Among these came Benedict Trelawney and William Ridgeway. No sooner did the young Cornishman enter than he gazed eagerly towards the raised dais where the Judge's throne was placed, and then gave a sigh of relief as he saw it was empty.

The court-house was thronged to excess, even as it was during the days which followed ; but to-day the excitement was at its greatest, for all eagerly awaited the first appearance of the terrible Judge.

They had not long to wait, for although Jeffreys might have spent half the night drinking with Colonel Kirke, he seemed eager for his first day's work in Taunton. Scarcely had Benedict gazed around the court-house than a cry of silence was heard, which was immediately followed by a great hush, while every one looked eagerly towards the door at the back of the platform.

Like people entranced they watched, while one after another entered the court-house, and then came a sound like a deep sigh.

Clad in a flowing red robe, and his head covered with a great white periwig, entered Judge Jeffreys. For a moment he stood still, and gazed around the chamber, then he went to the seat prepared for him.

' Handsome, isn't he ? '

Some one said this aloud, so loud that it reached Jeffreys' ears. Evidently it pleased him, for a smile passed over his face. Faint as the smile was, it created a feeling in his favour. After all, he was human ; and so handsome a man could not be so terrible as he had

# Benedict Trelawney and Judge Jeffreys

been described. Besides, he was still young. He had only just reached the prime of life, and his face might have been the face of a poet instead of 'the devil of the white wig,' as he has been called.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, so much did that smile lead the Taunton people to hope for mercy at his hands, that some went so far as to try and raise a cheer. At this the man's face changed as if by magic. A look of mad rage leapt into his dark eyes, his hands trembled with passion, and he yelled out furiously—

'Who dares create such a noise in his sacred Majesty's court. Silence, you bawling calves.'

In a moment there was a dead silence again, while Jeffreys rose to his feet, his eyes eagerly scanning the prisoners that stood before him.

'Yes, look well at me!' he cried. 'Ah, do you tremble? And well you may. Expect mercy, do you? Well, you will not get any. Justice you shall have—ay, justice, justice. You do not deserve it, no, not an atom. You deserve only vengeance, vengeance. But so kind, so tender, so gracious, so forgiving is his sacred Majesty, King James II., that he hath sent me to administer justice. Now then, let us proceed.'

He took a piece of paper, and began to read the names of some of the prisoners who stood before him.

'Yes, yes,' he cried, 'these be all guilty, every one of them, there is no doubt about that—ay, as guilty as Judas Iscariot himself, but I see no names of the so-called Puritan Divines here. Where are they?'

In answer to this, some one said that Faversham had hung all that he could catch on the day of the Battle of Sedgemoor.

<sup>1</sup> The picture in the National Portrait Gallery fully bears out this description.—J. H.

# The Judge commands Trelawney

‘Then he hath exceeded his duty,’ cried Jeffreys. ‘Ay, I say it plainly. It was my purpose to have dealt with them myself. Ay, and I would have dealt with them too. Hath Ferguson been caught?!’

‘No, your lordship; he hath escaped.’

‘Escaped! Ferguson escaped! A murrain on you all. How dare you stand before me, and tell me that the ringleader, the man more guilty than Monmouth himself, hath escaped. Oh, but I would that Ferguson and the rest of the praying, ranting, preaching, snivelling, hypocritical Presbyterians and Dissenters were brought before me. Have all been dealt with—all?’

‘All the preachers, your lordship.’

‘Then, seeing I have no shepherd, I must e’en deal with the sheep. Sheep, did I say? Nay, wolves, wolves.’

He looked round the court-house again. ‘I wonder God hath not stricken you all dead,’ he cried. ‘Ananias and Sapphira were angels compared with you; the men who mocked the bald-headed prophet were innocent babies compared with you; Achan, nay, Judas himself was like the Blessed Virgin herself compared with you. Oh, you fiends, to take up arms against his loving, tender-hearted Majesty, and yet to stand shamelessly by, and not repent.’

Again he looked down the list of names, as if in search for some particular one, and suddenly his eyes gleamed with savage joy.

‘Ah, who have we here!’ he cried. ‘Benedict Trelawney, one time captain in Monmouth’s army. Let Benedict Trelawney stand out from among the rest.’

The young Cornishman felt the blood rush into his face as he heard his name mentioned; nevertheless he did as he was commanded.



# Benedict Trelawney and Judge Jeffreys

'Ah, Master Benedict Trelawney,' he cried exultantly. 'Your sins have come home to you, eh? What, even Master Helstrop hath not a word to say for you, eh? No wonder, no wonder! A youth, ay, a youth, bearing an old name to be such a sink of iniquity! Ay, look at him well, gentlemen, look at him well. Yes, he, that villain there, hath some of the best blood in England in his veins. True, he belongs to but an obscure branch of the family whose name he bears, nevertheless his name is Trelawney. But that is not all; he hath Dissenting blood in him. He is related to that arch-hypocrite and Dissenter, Richard Baxter, who is even now in prison. Well, let me tell you this. I have had this villain before me ere this. In London he was guilty of the foulest of crimes, but managed to escape justice; but he shall not escape this time, I'll warrant. Now then, Master Benedict Trelawney, I will e'en deal with you first. You were a ringleader in this vile rebellion. You have been caught red-handed, Benedict Trelawney. Now, what have you to say for yourself?'

'Nothing,' replied Benedict.

'Nothing! I should think not. Hath some sense of shame come into your heart at last? Else, why nothing?'

'Because it would be useless to say anything.'

'Ay, useless, that it is; but why useless?'

Trelawney was silent.

'What, will you not answer me? Do you dare to mock his Majesty's Chief Justice by refusing to speak when he asks you a question? Why will you not answer me? You have committed one of the deadliest sins ever committed against the most noble, the most loving, the kindest and best king that ever lived; I have given you the opportunity to defend yourself, and yet you will

## Trelawney answers Jeffreys

not speak when I tell you. Why, you blackguard, why? Do you expect justice?’

‘No.’

‘You do not expect justice; why? Tell me that, scoundrel.’

‘Because you are the judge,’ replied Trelawney, not able to resist the answer that sprung to his lips.

‘What!’

The man’s eyes flashed fire. His dark skin became purple, he gnashed his teeth in his rage, while his voice was hoarse with passion. He started from his seat as if he would rush upon him, but seeing that all eyes were fixed upon him, he managed to control himself.

‘Because you are the judge,’ repeated the Cornishman, ‘and no one ever found you guilty of administering justice. Besides, as you say, you and I have met before. And I know you will do your worst. Well, do it. I am prepared.’

‘Can you not see the poison coming from his mouth,’ cried the Judge. ‘Can you not see that he is as full of venom as a viper? Oh, what shall I do in order to make an example of black damning sin?’

He was about to proceed, when some one passed a piece of paper to him, which he read eagerly.

‘Ah!’ he cried exultantly. ‘Ah, my painful duty hath been spared to me. Listen, gentlemen, listen!’

## THE KING'S JUSTICE

**S**O great was the silence in the judgment-hall that it seemed almost audible. It was such a silence as one experiences far from the rush of life; in some deep valley, or away among the mountains when the winds have gone to rest. No man dared to move or speak. Many seemed to forget to breathe. All eyes were fixed on the Judge as he again scanned the paper which had been handed to him.

'It is well, it is well,' he went on again presently. 'And yet I almost regret this. Such a viper as this, such a poisoned-tooth viper as this, should not have an hour's respite. He should be tarred and feathered. He should be bathed in boiling pitch, and then put on a slow fire. Look at him. He is Dissenter at heart. He is filled with all the poison of his tribe; he is a traitor too, double-dyed traitor. He hath taken up arms against the kindest and most loving of Kings that ever breathed, and he should be dealt with as I have said, and that without delay. But do not encourage hope, Master Poison-tooth. You are to have no mercy. Your punishment is only to be prolonged and refined. What I have spoken of would be mercy compared with what is written here. Do you not believe me? Eh, do you not believe me, you young adder?'

# A Young Man's Daring

'No,' cried Benedict.

'He doth not believe me. Listen to him. He is even worse than I thought. But why do you not believe me?'

'Because it doth not lie in the heart of man to think of baser cruelties than you have in your mind.'

'Ha, we shall see. But it is—oh, thank Heaven, it is! Even the soul of Judas Iscariot might pity you.'

'Then tell me what it is.'

Benedict had no fear of Jeffreys now. He had prepared his mind to bear the worst, and thus he even took a delight in opposing the man of whom every one seemed afraid.

'Tell you; no, I will not tell you. You shall e'en stand by and see the justice I will mete out to others, and make you feel all the time that their doom shall be heaven to what you shall suffer. Oh, you son of Apollyon; oh, you black-hearted knave! there, stand in the sight of all as the blackest-hearted and the bloodiest-minded villain that ever drew breath.'

Heated, and regardless of consequences as he was, Trelawney laughed aloud.

'Coward and liar!' he cried aloud.

'Seize him!' cried Jeffreys. 'Throw him into the most stinking hole in this nest of Dissenting vipers. Pour ants upon him, let wasps and hornets sting him, let rats tear the flesh off his bones.'

'Ay, ay,' said the young man, his heart all aflame with anger, 'do your worst; but do you think God will let you escape? Do you think that the anger of Heaven will not fall on you? I tell you your doom is sealed, and the day of God's vengeance will fall upon you.'

Jeffreys seemed too astonished to speak. During the whole of what the King had called 'Jeffreys' holy

# The King's Justice

campaign,' no one had dared to oppose him. He had cowed to silence any who had even dared to raise a dissentient voice, and for this young man to defy him to do his worst, and to beard him while in his seat of authority, almost deprived him of his power to speak.

As for Trelawney, all thoughts of caution left him. The wild Celtic blood of his race flowed madly through his veins. All those influences which in those days were so powerful in the county from which he came mastered him. He seemed to be able to look into the future and see the vials of God's wrath poured upon the inhuman wretch. For the moment he felt as though he were the judge, and Jeffreys the prisoner.

But he did not speak the things which rose to his lips; he did not utter a word. Rather he felt a shiver pass through his veins, and a great dread came into his heart. And it was no wonder, for at that moment a great hoarse cry rang through the building.

'Woe, woe, woe upon the unjust Judge!' said the voice. 'The youth hath spoken the truth, and the vengeance of the Lord is at hand. He hath heard the cry of His afflicted people, and He will tread down the oppressor. Ay, tremble, monster, for the murderer of Lady Alice Lisle rushes on to his doom. See, see! I behold the armies of the Lord, and the chariots thereof. I see the chariot wheels flashing in the sun. The Lord cometh in His wrath to pour out His vengeance upon a bloody King, and his bloody hearted servant. Ay, the day of the Lord is at hand; His chariots are appearing, and the Papist King and Bloody Jeffreys shall fall by the might of His power.'

'Who is this?' cried Jeffreys. 'Who dares blaspheme by daring to mention the name of his sacred Majesty.'

'It is Peter the Madman,' said a voice.

## Peter the Madman

'Peter the Madman, eh? Some Dissenting viper who hath taken part in the rebellion, I warrant.'

'No, your lordship. He is a harmless old madman, over seventy years of age.'

'Let him be hanged! Let him be hanged, I say.'

But no man laid hands on the old man. Rather many eyes were bent upon him pityingly.

'He is dead,' said some one. 'He hath fallen down dead.'

'Then drag his carcase out of the Court,' said Jeffreys. 'Ay, drag him out, and cast the carrion to the dunghill.'

He wiped his brow, for thick beads of perspiration had gathered there, and his hands trembled.

'Ah,' he went on. 'He called down vengeance on the King, did he? He told of the doom which was to come on the King's Chief Justice, did he? And the Lord hath stricken him down dead. Surely, surely, gentlemen, this is the judgment of God; this is the voice of God telling us to proceed in our work. Ah, he is gone. The Court is cleared of his foul presence. In this way shall all the enemies of the most noble King that ever breathed be punished. Let this matter be recorded, Master Clerk, ay, and let my words be carefully written, so that his most sacred and loving Majesty may see how I have vindicated his noble name.'

During this time Benedict Trelawney looked around like a man in a dream. To his imaginative nature it seemed as though God had indeed spoken.

'Ah, you young Cornish viper, you are still there,' cried Jeffreys, 'ay, and you shall stand there and see the judgments of the King's Chief Justice. Yes, tremble, tremble; you have seen how God hath stricken that old Presbyterian dead for daring to raise his voice against

# The King's Justice

his sacred Majesty. I do not mention myself; I am but the instrument of God in the King's name; but thus, thus shall all be destroyed who dare breathe a word against the noblest King that ever breathed. Now, then, let us to work.'

There is no need to describe what took place further. The story has been recorded too often. Enough to say that nearly a hundred were condemned to die that day, and before the sun went down the town of Taunton was made terrible by the ghastly sight of old men and boys, besides young men and strong, dangling on the hideous gallows that had been erected.

'Oh, repent of your sins,' cried Jeffreys, after the sentence had been passed. 'Our noble King, even although you have rebelled against him, hath allowed you time for this; repent, I say, so that you may not swelter in everlasting fires. Not that I can see any hopes for you. How can there be when you have lifted the puny arm of rebellion against the Lord's anointed! I say, how can the righteous God forgive you? Nevertheless, I bid you repent; it may be that He who hath made me so merciful may have mercy upon you. Yes, you, you old gray-headed sinner. Do you not fear your doom?'

'No,' replied an old man, who had been condemned to die, 'I have done naught against my God, I have done naught against my conscience!'

'Conscience, conscience! You will be saying that the devil hath a conscience next. I say the gallows awaits you. Do you not fear that?'

'No, George Jeffreys,' replied the old man. 'I am not afraid.'

'Despatch them quick,' cried Jeffreys, as he prepared to leave the hall. 'There is a big week's work

# The Threat of Vengeance

before us all. How many prisoners are there, do you say ?'

'Nearly a thousand,' replied the clerk.

'Ay, and every one of them guilty of death, I'll warrant, in spite of witnesses to prove *alibis* and all the rest of it. Oh, the foul black lies of these Dissenters. Depend upon it, gentlemen, wherever you have a Presbyterian, or a Dissenter of any sort, you have a foul heart and a lying tongue. But they shall have justice, yes, by the mercy of Christ, I will make them think twice before they say or do aught against the King or his religion.'

He was moving towards the door which led to the ante-room, when again the hoarse cry which all heard in the morning reached them.

'Woe! woe! Woe upon the King who clothes himself with robes of the Scarlet Women! Woe upon the unjust Judge! The day of God's vengeance is near! The chariots of the Lord are coming.'

'Who is that?' cried Jeffreys, his face livid with rage.

'It must be Peter the Madman,' replied some one in a frightened whisper.

'You said he was dead! Seize him, I say. Here, you constables, you soldiers! Haste to the street and seize him, and let him be brought before me to-morrow.'

A few minutes later the Court was cleared, while Benedict Trelawney, and not only he but William Ridgeway, were taken back to their prison again.

'What is the meaning of this?' cried Ridgeway, 'for by my faith, this hath been a terrible day.'

'I heard some one whispering that we were to be brought before the King,' replied Benedict.

'Ay, you; but not I. Why am I allowed to live, while better men are to be hanged?'



# The King's Justice

'I do not know. It is passing strange.'

'Can it mean liberty?' said the young yeoman, hopefully.

'Liberty. Liberty from King James? Nay, Jeffreys is but his tool. It is even as he said, we are to be reserved for a more fearful doom even than the others.'

'I can understand why you should be brought before the King,' said Ridgeway, presently, 'for you are of a grand family; but not I, no, I cannot understand that.'

'Then why are you here with me?' said Benedict. 'For I heard Master Halstrop say that the letter which was handed to Jeffreys contained a message from the King, telling him that I was to be brought before him. Perchance it hath been told the King that we have been taken prisoners together, and so he hath willed that you appear with me.'

'I see my Martha's hand in this,' said Ridgeway.

'My dear friend, it cannot be. Martha is a good girl, and I am sure she loves you truly, but how can she help you? She is but a country girl, and her father is terribly bitter against Dissenters.'

'I do not care. She is a sharp girl, a clever girl, is my Martha. Do you think she hath been idle all this time? Nay, not so. Her hand is surely in this matter. Hark! what is that?'

'It is only the gaoler bringing our supper. Listen!'

The door opened and the governor of the gaol entered.

'Ah, Master Trelawney,' he said, 'not dead yet; it seemeth that his Majesty hath a special interest in you.'

Benedict Trelawney looked steadily into his face. 'What have you heard, Master Bilsom?' he said.

'Only that I must keep a special eye on you, seeing the King hath sent a special message concerning you.'

'What message?'

# William Ridgeway's Faith

'That to-morrow you are to be sent with a strong guard to London.'

'To-morrow?'

'Ay, to-morrow.'

'And what is to become of William Ridgeway?'

'Faith, I do not know. I have received no orders concerning him.'

'None at all?'

'Not a word.'

'Then why was he not condemned with the others?'

'As to that, I know not; but it doth not matter. Judge Jeffreys will deal with him right enough. He hath a week's work here. I hear that he swears to finish by Saturday night. How he's to do it I don't know, but no doubt he will. I'm afraid William Ridgeway will be hanging outside the "White Hart" inn before to-morrow at this time. Well, all is safe here, anyhow. To-morrow, Master Trelawney, you will be on your way to see the King.'

Master Bilsom laughed as he went away, while William Ridgeway looked eagerly into the young Cornishman's face.

'I tell you, I see Martha's hand in this,' he said.

Trelawney was silent. The proceedings of the day were not only terrible, they were mysterious.

'I have never been able to give up hope,' continued William. 'I have prayed and prayed for light and guidance; I have tried to prepare myself for death; but I have a feeling that I am not going to die. Not that I fear death,' he added, presently, especially after what I have seen to-day.'

'After what you have seen to-day?'

'How can a man fear death after the way our companions met it? Did not Jeffreys bully them, swear

## The King's Justice

at them, scowl upon them, threaten them? And did they flinch? Did one ask for mercy? Did one turn pale? Nay, not one man showed the white feather. They said good-bye to each other with a smile upon their lips. They thanked God for His mercies, and comforted each other by the thought that they would all soon meet in heaven. Shall I fear death after that? No; but for all that, I can't feel that I am going to die. I believe Martha is working for me, planning for me.'

Benedict had no hope in his heart, but he would not say a word to cast a gloom upon his companion.

'That was wonderful, those words of old Peter,' continued Ridgeway, presently.

'Do you know aught of him?' asked Trelawney.

'Many think of him as mad,' replied Ridgeway, 'but there are others who say that he hath the prophetic gift. He is what they call a Quaker, and is a follower of a man who came to these parts a few years ago, called George Fox. How he got into the court-house I do not know. He spends most of his time in prayer, and in reading God's word. I tell you, Master Trelawney, I believe he saw a vision.'

'A vision?'

'Ay, a vision. He saw what he cried aloud. Monmouth may be a false king; but the true King will surely come. He saw the chariots of the Lord, master. He saw them, he saw them. Master Trelawney, I feel happy.'

Benedict Trelawney was silent. He had not the simple faith of his companion, but, like him, he could not feel that death was near. The vow which he had taken months before in the house of Henry Dugdale seemed to him almost like a prophecy. Even at that moment he felt that it was for him to destroy the dread power of

# Hopes of Escape

Jeffreys, and of the man whose tool he was. Every vestige of feeling which led him to hesitate in taking up arms against King James when he had been in Holland had left him now.

‘It’s a long way from here to London,’ said William Ridgeway, presently.

‘Yes, it’s a long way.’

‘Surely there should be a chance of escape on the way.’

Trelawney’s heart beat quickly at the thought.

‘My sword is taken from me,’ he said sadly.

‘God lives,’ said William Ridgeway, ‘ay, and God will bring the power of His might upon them all. Not one of them shall escape ; nay, not one.’

Like lightning Benedict’s mind flew to Judge Jeffreys’ daughter. He had vowed to destroy them all, and yet, in spite of everything, his heart was still warm at the thought of this maid. He hated himself for caring for her, and yet he felt that even now he loved her. He knew that the blood of the cruelest man in England ran in her veins ; he knew that she was tainted with her father’s cruelty. She was his spy ; she aided him in wreaking vengeance upon those he hated—and yet he loved her.

What was the mystery which surrounded her ? He had asked himself the question a hundred times. Why did she help him with one hand, and hurt him with another ? He called to mind the stories he had heard concerning Jeffreys’ marriages. He had first married when quite a boy, before his name became infamous, a woman of comparatively low degree, by whom there were children. It was said that Jeffreys refused to speak of this marriage ; but surely this maid, Mary Jeffreys, must have been one of those children. Then the first wife died, and Jeffreys married again ; but Mary must be too old to be the

# The King's Justice

child of the second wife. Mary Jeffreys! The daughter of that fiend, who that very day had condemned in the most bloodthirsty way a hundred men to death; ay, and many of them were innocent. It had been fairly proved that at least twenty of them had had no part nor lot in the rebellion, and yet such was his love for bloodshed that he had condemned them to death. And he loved the child of this man! No, no; he would kill the love, and even although death stared him in the face, he would never give up hope of ridding the world of such a monster, and of helping to hurl from the throne the man whose tool Jeffreys was.

'Look!' cried William Ridgeway, hoarsely, 'the bars have been moved since this morning.'

He pointed to the window as he spoke. 'They are loose, I tell you,' he went on, 'don't you see? ay, and one of them hath been taken away.'

Benedict Trelawney saw that his companion had spoken the truth.

'I tell you Martha hath been at work,' said William. 'She is near to me. I feel it, man, I feel it.'

Night had now fallen, and all was quiet outside, but the rays of the harvest moon shone full upon them; this had enabled the young farmer to see that the bars of the window had been tampered with.

'Let me jump upon your back, then I can see whether they are loose,' cried Trelawney. 'It was but yesterday that I noticed how firmly they were wedged.'

He leapt on Ridgeway's back, and was stretching forth his hand towards the iron bars, when he heard a faint whistle.

'Listen!' cried Ridgeway; 'that's my Martha's whistle. Don't you remember? We heard it when we lay in the shaft.'

# The Letter

They listened, and again they heard the whistle. It was low, but they heard it plainly.

'Get off my back, and I will answer,' cried Ridgeway; and a moment later he answered back.

No word was spoken, but they heard something fluttering, not unlike the fluttering of a bird.

'What is that?'

'I do not know. Whistle again.'

Again William Ridgeway gave forth the sounds by which he and his sweetheart had agreed to communicate with each other; but there was no answer.

'She is gone,' said Trelawney. 'There is no one there.'

'What is that?'

'What did you hear?'

'Look, there is something white lying.'

Trelawney saw it at the same moment. It was a ball of paper. He unfolded it eagerly, while Ridgeway watched him with feverish anxiety.

'It is too dark; I cannot read it,' said Trelawney.

'What! is there writing?'

'Yes.'

'Get on my back again. Hold it up to the light of the moon!'

HOW THE PRISONERS LEFT  
TAUNTON

THE window was about seven feet from the floor of the prison, so that when Trelawney stood on William Ridgeway's back, he was easily able to hold the paper to the light. The moon was nearly at its full, and not a cloud was upon the sky. The writing on the paper was clear and distinct, otherwise, bright as the moonlight was, he would not have been able to read.

'Be as quick as you can, master,' said the yeoman, 'for i' faith, you are no light weight. Can you read it?'

'Another minute—yes, all right.' He clambered from the yeoman's back, and then stood like one distracted.

'What is it? Tell me quickly!' cried Ridgeway.

'There are but a few words,' replied Trelawney.

'It's Martha, it's Martha, I tell you!' said Ridgeway.

'What doth she say?'

*'When the clock strikes twelve to-night, look out for a rope. One bar in the window remains firm. It is fifteen feet to the ground. Do not fear to follow your leader.'*

'It's Martha, it's Martha!' said the young yeoman, joyously. 'I see her hand in all this. Is that all she saith?'

'That is all.'



HE WAS EASILY ABLE TO HOLD THE PAPER TO THE LIGHT.



# William Ridgeway's Faith

'Is there no name?'

'No; only the words I have repeated to you.'

'Oh, my love, my love,' cried Ridgeway, 'I shall soon see you again. She hath been thinking for me, planning for me. The Lord will aid her to give us our liberty. It was her whistle, master; it was she who thought it all out.'

Trelawney did not speak. In spite of his companion's assurance, he did not believe that Martha Bagshaw had done this. How could she? She had no influence with the governor; she could not devise means of communicating with them. But who had written this letter?

He carried it to the corner of the room where the rays of the moon fell, and in their light he again examined the writing; but he could see nothing clearly. He tried to trace a resemblance between the handwriting before him, and that which came to him before the battle of Sedgemoor; but he was unable.

'What hour should you think it is now?'

'I should say it was after ten.'

'Two hours! Just think of it, in two hours I shall see my Martha again. Is there anything we can do?'

'No, nothing; we must wait.'

'Yes, wait. Ah, it is easy waiting now, after all we have gone through. Can you think who unloosed those bars, Master Trelawney?'

'It was a man—ay, and a strong man. It must have been done while we were in the court-house to-day.'

'Ay, but my Martha did it all. I want to be quiet, and think about it. I want to thank God for all His mercies.'

William Ridgeway sat on the straw in the corner of the room in silence, while Trelawney tried to understand

## How the Prisoners left Taunton

all that had happened, but his mind refused to act. Nothing came to him plainly. At one time he thought of seeking to escape before midnight. If it was only fifteen feet from the window to the ground, he could fall so far without much harm. But what of the sentinels? The town was full of the King's soldiers. No, he must follow the instructions which had been so strangely delivered.

The time passed slowly away. They heard the old church clock strike eleven, and the echoes of the deep-toned bell die away in the silence of the night. After that all was silent again.

'Hark! what is that?'

They heard the sound of men's voices.

'That's not my Martha,' whispered William.

'Be quiet, it's not the time yet. Listen!'

Two men stopped just under the window of their prison.

'I tell you,' said one, 'I shall never forget this day, though I live to be a hundred.'

'Nor I,' said the other. 'Ay, to think of it. Nearly a hundred, and some of 'em I knowed. Some I played with as a boy. Good God-fearing men they was too, who took their ale quietly, said their prayers, and tried to serve their Lord. I saw them hanging outside the "White Hart," I saw them grinning. Oh, I can never forget their faces.'

'Nay, nor I; but then some of them did fight against the King.'

'Ay, they did, they did. But do you love the King, William Jory?'

'Love a Papist liar! How can I? Why, think of what he hath done. I do hear as how the great lords in London had hard work to persuade him not to let Lady

## What the Gaolers said

Alice Lisle be burned alive. Bad as Jeffreys is, I do hear it is all the King's doing. "Show 'em no mercy, Lord Jeffreys," he did say when he sent him off. Besides, think of the doings of the King's men. Bribery and corruption everywhere. If you have money you can get a prisoner off easy. And then lots have been sold as slaves, even before they were tried. And this is a free Christian country !'

'I do hear that old Peter terribly frightened the Judge.'

'Ay, so did I hear it. But old Peter hath not been caught. Did the constables try to catch him, think you?'

'Anyhow, treason or no treason, I'm glad they've not got him. Old Jeffreys will surely hang him, if he can get him.'

'Ay, that he will.'

'Well, all seems quiet.'

'Ay, none can escape. Soldiers everywhere, everywhere. It must be getting on for twelve, and then I shall go to bed.'

'So shall I. Who takes your place?'

'John Cory.'

'Ay, well, John is a zealous King's man. He hates Dissenters.'

Their steps died away in the silence. The two prisoners heard every word that was said, but nothing shook William Ridgeway's confidence.

'I tell you my Martha is at work,' he said; 'my Martha will save us.'

Presently the old church clock began to strike the hour of midnight. The hearts of both men almost stopped beating as they listened. Each turned his eyes towards the window, but neither saw nor heard anything.

## How the Prisoners left Taunton

'If nothing comes, we will escape without help,' said Trelawney. 'The window is but fifteen feet from the ground outside, and that distance will not hurt us.'

'No, no, we will wait. If my Martha is late, there is good reason somewhere. I tell you, I trust her altogether.'

The minutes dragged slowly on, while Benedict Trelawney grew more and more impatient.

'I tell you I will wait no longer,' he cried; 'in a few more hours daylight will be here, and then all hope will be gone.'

'Wait, I tell you. My Martha will not fail us. Look, look!'

A ball of string fell at Trelawney's feet.

'Did I not tell you?' cried the farmer. 'Ah, thank God for my Martha.'

Trelawney drew the string towards him. At first it came easily, but presently he felt that there was something heavier attached to it. Yes! That was the end of a rope!

He still continued to pull, but presently it became rigid. He put forth his strength, but it did not move.

'Ah,' he cried, 'we can both climb to the window, and then we must fasten the rope to the bar that has not been tampered with. Will you go first?'

'No. You are cleverer than I; but it is not you who will save us. It is my Martha.'

A few seconds later Benedict Trelawney reached the window. With the exception of one, all the bars were loose. With deft hands he fastened the rope to this, allowing a piece to dangle by the side of the wall, long enough for Ridgeway to reach.

He listened attentively. Not a sound was to be heard. All was silent as death.

## Outside the Prison Walls

'I am going to descend, Ridgeway,' he whispered. 'When I am through the window, do you come.'

Swiftly but silently he slid down the rope. A few seconds and his feet stood on the yard outside the prison. He heard Ridgeway clambering up the wall inside the cell, then his head appeared through the window. Presently he squeezed his body through.

No sound was to be heard, and although Trelawney looked eagerly around, he could see nothing.

William Ridgeway stood by his side. 'Where now?' he whispered.

Trelawney did not answer, for at that moment they heard the low, peculiar whistle which had reached them hours before.

'Martha, my Martha,' whispered the young farmer.

They rushed towards the spot from whence the sound came, but still they saw no one. They had come to the wall of the prison yard, but they could see nothing else.

'What now, Master Trelawney?' said Ridgeway. 'This wall is too high to climb; besides, it is higher from the top to the street outside.'

'At any rate, we are hidden from sight. This great bush keeps any one from seeing us. Hark!'

Again they heard the signal which had brought them so much joy, but no one could they see. Besides, the sound seemed beneath them.

Trelawney threw himself upon the ground and looked eagerly. His heart gave a leap as he discovered a handle to a trap-door.

'Come, come!' he gasped.

He lifted the door, and his hands quickly found the iron staves of a ladder.

'Come, come, Ridgeway,' he whispered.

# How the Prisoners left Taunton

Step by step they descended, until presently they found themselves at the bottom.

'Quick! Quick!'

It was a man's voice, hoarse and vibrating. Turning their eyes in the direction from which it came, they saw a faint gleam of silver light.

'Come quickly.'

Neither hesitated. They rushed forward, and saw a postern door open as if by unseen hands. Suddenly they found themselves in the main street of the town. Close by them was the 'White Hart' inn, in front of which was a hideous scaffold from which three bodies hung, swaying to and fro in the breeze.

'It is Matthew Winter,' whispered a hoarse voice in Trelawney's ear. 'I knew him well. A man of God, a man who loved the house of God, and read the word of God. Do you see him? Ay, and a hundred others have hung like that to-day. Oh, woe, woe! But follow—follow quickly!'

It was Peter the Madman. Silently he turned into a side street, and then led the way through narrow alleys and unknown ways, while both men followed close at his heels.

A little later they passed away from the houses, and entered an orchard from whose trees the apples hung thickly. The air of the summer night was sweet with the smell of flowers, and of the ripening fruit which grew all around.

Suddenly Peter the Madman stopped.

'This is God's earth,' he whispered hoarsely. 'Do you see how the moon sails in the silent heavens? It is not the colour of blood—nay, its light is fair and silvery. There is not even a fleck of cloud in the sky. Do you hear the wind playing with the corn in the fields? All

## An Old Man's Prophecy

is fair and sweet ; and yet think of the bloody work done to-day. Think how the devil hath been at work, and yet God hath not spoken a word. Why, oh, why are the chariots of the Lord so long delayed ? What hinders Him from sounding forth His trumpets ? The fields of the King's iniquity are ripe unto the harvest. Why then doth He not put forth His sickle and reap ?'

But before they had time to reply he strode forward again. His body was much bent, and they saw his long beard waved by the wind as he went ; but he walked rapidly, through the orchard, then along by a hedge bordering a cornfield.

Again he stopped, and lifted his right hand to heaven.

'Woe, woe, woe upon the wicked !' he cried. 'Ay, and there shall be woe ! For who am I to doubt the power of the Conqueror from Edom ? He treadeth the wine-press alone ; but He treadeth it. He will break the yoke of the oppressor, for hath not His word gone forth ? Ay, the chariots of the Lord may be delayed, but they will come !'

He spoke like one who saw visions, and so tremulous was his voice that neither Trelawney nor Ridgeway spoke a word. They were eager to increase the distance between them and the town, but they did not dare to interrupt the old man, mad though he might be.

'Are you leading me to Martha, Father Peter ?' said Ridgeway, when he ceased speaking.

'To whom ? I forgot. I must go quickly, as I said. Come, then.'

Again he went quickly forward, and ere long they found themselves some distance from the town. They had escaped as if by magic. There was no suggestion of armed soldiers or the clash of steel. All was silent and serene.

## How the Prisoners left Taunton

'You may think what you will, Master Trelawney,' said William Ridgeway, as if divining the thoughts in his companion's mind, 'but it was my sweetheart who did this, and no other. I feel I shall soon see her. God Almighty will not mock me.'

He had scarcely spoken than they both heard the low sound of a whistle again. A minute later they had left the fields and entered a narrow lane. The trampling of horses' feet reached them.

'Father Peter!'

Trelawney's heart beat aloud as he heard the voice. He knew not why. He thought he had never heard it before, and yet it seemed strangely familiar to him.

'Martha! Martha!'

'William! Oh, thank God!'

The two were locked in each other's arms, for all had come to pass, even as the young farmer had said.

In the road were two horses saddled. They were quietly nibbling the grass that grew at the roadside. Near them stood a carriage to which was attached two horses. On the driver's seat was a man sitting staring straight in front of him, taking no notice of the lovers who were locked in each other's embrace.

The heart of Benedict Trelawney sank. In spite of everything, he had believed that the hand of Mary Jeffreys was in this escape; but she was nowhere to be seen.

'Quick, enter the carriage, young Master Cornishman.' It was Peter the Madman who spoke. 'But before you do, bid your fellow-prisoner a long farewell.'

'What! Do we separate?'

'Ay. There is no safety in England—neither will there be until God hath swept away its abominations.'



## Trelawney and Ridgeway separate

‘But I do not understand,’ said Trelawney. ‘Why should we be separate?’

‘It is all right, sir,’ said Martha Bagshaw. ‘It could not be otherwise. I cannot explain now, but some time all will be made plain to you. William and I must ride to Exmouth, where all is arranged for us to sail to Holland. As for you, sir, you will find in the carriage means of disguising yourself, and instructions what to do. Everything hath been carefully thought out, sir. Good-bye; there is no time to spare.’

Like a man in a dream, he bade good-bye to the young farmer and his sweetheart, and then watched as they mounted their horses.

‘Was I not right, sir?’ said William Ridgeway. ‘The Lord is good to me. Mayhap, we shall meet again sometime. We have fought a good fight together, although we have been beaten.’

‘The day of the Lord is at hand,’ said the old man who had guided them; ‘but go quickly—quickly.’

‘Good-bye, sir, and God be with you,’ said William Ridgeway.

‘Good-bye, and be of good cheer,’ said Mary Bagshaw.

‘Do you not come with me?’ said Trelawney to Peter the Madman, as he stood by the door of the carriage.

‘No, no. Chariots are not for me. Nevertheless, God hath a work for me to do. Enter, and be gone, Master Cornishman, and be not forgetful to give thanks unto God for saving you, like Daniel of old, from the mouth of the lions.’

‘But whither do I go?’

‘I know not. My own journey is mapped out for me, but I know naught of yours.’

# How the Prisoners left Taunton

'But doth the man know where to drive me?'

'I know not. My commands were to see you into the carriage; and then, like Elijah of old, I must go away into the wilderness. Be quick and enter.'

Without a word Trelawney leapt into the carriage. The driver gave rein to the horses, and immediately they dashed forward.

Benedict Trelawney lay back in his seat and closed his eyes. For a moment he thought he was going to lose consciousness. His head swam, while sparks of red light seemed to appear before his closed eyes. His imprisonment, and his experiences that day, had told upon his nerves, and sapped his strength. He who knew little of faintness or weariness felt almost overcome. But it was only for a moment. He remembered that his danger might not yet be over. Still he was unable to think clearly. The events of the last few hours were like a dream to him. That terrible look in Jeffreys' eyes as he had dared to answer him back, the letter which had been brought, the hoarse cry of the old madman, all came back to him, as memories of a dream come to one during waking hours.

But it was no dream. All was real enough. He saw again the prisoners huddled together like a flock of sheep. He saw the look of exultation on Jeffreys' face as he poured insult and abuse upon them. He remembered the Judge's anger, when it was proved that some of them had nothing whatever to do with the rebellion, but had been arrested by the soldiers, who thought they would gain credit by so doing. He called to mind Jeffreys' words too.

'What, tell me that they are not guilty! How dare you! I can see evil in their eyes—treason upon their faces! What, Master Helstrop, you have witnesses to

# Memories

prove that they were miles away at the time! But who are your witnesses? Respectable farmers? Nay, lying, hypocritical Presbyterians! What, you dare to answer the King's own Chief Justice! Have a care, Master Helstrop, or I shall be seeing you in the dock. I tell you, they are all guilty—ay, every one of them—and the jury dare not say otherwise.'

Yes, he remembered it all. Remembered his experience in the prison afterwards. Who planned it all? Who loosened the iron bars? Who threw the ball of string? Who wrote the letter?

He tried to understand, but could not. His mind would not work. His brain refused to answer the questions put to it.

But it was all real enough, the escape from the prison, the descent by means of the iron bar, the ladder, and the opening of the postern door. Even then, as he lay back on the carriage-seat with his eyes closed, he could see the three dead bodies hanging on the gallows, their legs swaying to and fro in the summer wind. It might be like a ghastly nightmare, but it was real. Besides, he was alone. He could hear the carriage wheels jolting over the stones in the road outside. He had seen William Ridgeway ride away with his sweetheart, and he was left alone. William Ridgeway was going towards Exmouth, where he would sail for Holland, but where was he, Benedict Trelawney, going?

The question came to him suddenly. Up to now he had scarcely realized what entering this carriage meant, but now he wanted to know. He had a right to know. Not that he feared. He must have been brought hither by friends, for no one could have a worse doom in store for him than that which Jeffreys had conceived concerning him. Wherever he was going, he was escaping

## How the Prisoners left Taunton

from something worse than whatever might happen to him.

His mind became clearer. He opened his eyes and tried to look around, but all was darkness. Evidently the carriage windows had been covered so that he could see nothing. Neither could he hear anything, save the trample of the horses' hoofs, and the rumble of the carriage wheels.

What was that ?

He heard nothing, but he was sure he was not alone. He was conscious of some one near him. There was something in the air he breathed, something that made him conscious of a presence near him.

'Who is there ?'

No answer came, but that did not matter. He had no doubt but that some one beside himself occupied the rumbling chariot.

He stretched forth his hand. He touched nothing but empty air, but still he was sure some one was with him in the carriage. He put his hand in another direction. This time he was more successful. He touched another hand.

He held it fast in his. It was a woman's hand, small and delicately formed, and he felt it tremble in his own.

'Tell me who you are,' he said.

He thought he heard a low laugh, and the laugh made him angry. He had just escaped from a terrible doom and was, he believed, flying towards liberty, but he was angered.

'It is I, Master Carpet-Knight,' was the answer he got.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### MISTRESS MARY JEFFREYS

**I**N spite of himself his heart bounded with joy. It was impossible to mistake the voice. The last time he had heard it was weeks before, when at the door of Taunton gaol. He called to mind the words she had spoken to him, of the insults she had heaped upon him. He remembered how angry she had made him, and how he hated her as the child of the most cruel man in England. And he hated her still. But for her, he need never have spent those weeks in Taunton gaol; but for her, he had never witnessed the terrible scenes of that day.

‘Mistress Mary Jeffreys!’

‘Yes, and what then?’

‘Do I owe my liberty to you?’

‘And if you do?’

Angry words came to his lips, but he did not utter them. After all, he had hoped that it was she who planned his escape. He rejoiced in the thought that it was she who was leading him to liberty. Yes, he loved her; in spite of his hatred, he had loved her all the time.

‘If I do, I thank you,’ he said quietly; ‘but I do not understand.’

‘What do you not understand?’

# Mistress Mary Jeffreys

'Why you should endanger yourself for me; for you have endangered yourself. You, who hate me.'

'Have I not reason to hate you?'

'Yes,' replied Benedict, quietly, 'you have. Your father is a bloodthirsty man. I have sworn never to rest until I have destroyed him.'

She laughed scornfully. He could not see her face, but he felt sure that her eyes were turned towards him in anger.

'You see what you can do,' she said. 'You went and joined King Monmouth's army. Well, he was beheaded a month ago. As for his army, you know what hath happened to it.'

'And, but for you, I should have been dead by now,' he said, 'hanged by the command of your father.'

She did not speak, but he thought he felt her shiver.

'And yet I am glad it was you who saved me,' he said.

'You are glad it was I? Why?'

'You remember the first time I saw you,' he went on. 'It was by the light of a window in that little square between Holborn and Fleet Street. The face I saw was the face of a pure laughing-eyed maid. The remembrance of it has never left me. Since then I have heard strange things about you. I have heard that you are as false and as cruel as your father, and yet all the time I remembered the face I saw, and my heart refused, in spite of my mind, to believe that this was true.'

'You have not been guilty of quick understanding,' she replied.

'No,' replied the young man, 'you have baffled me. And yet I am glad I owe my rescue to you.'

'How do you know you owe it to me?'

She had withdrawn her hand from his almost as soon

## A Strange Lovemaking

as he had taken it ; the young man felt the barrier that existed between them. There was no confidence ; there was no sympathy.

‘I knew it was you,’ he replied quietly. ‘No one else could have done it. And you have your own reasons for doing it ; what they are I do not know. It was you who sent me the letter not long before the fatal day when Monmouth was doomed. It was you who told me to keep away from the deep water. But it was you who betrayed the hiding-place of William Ridgeway and myself as we lay in the shaft. It was you who heaped insult upon me during the ride to Taunton ; but it was you who planned our escape.’

‘Why should I ?’

‘I do not know. I cannot think. You are my enemy.’

‘And you hate me, don’t you ?’

‘Yes,’ he replied slowly. ‘I do. You are the child of your father ; you are his tool, his spy. You have been the means of sending innocent men to their doom.’

Dark as it was, he felt that she drew herself away from him. He knew that her heart was burning with rage ; he felt sure that, although she had planned his liberty, she was at the same time scheming how she might be revenged upon him.

‘And yet,’ he went on, ‘I love you. Yes, I know what I am saying ; I love you. I have loved you ever since that night when I looked into your eyes in that square at the back of Fleet Street. I have loved you even while I hated you. Many and many’s the time since I left you that night when you told the King’s soldiers to draw swords, yonder by the banks of the Thames, I have felt that I could fall down and worship you ; and yet all the time I felt that you were a viper

## Mistress Mary Jeffreys

to be trodden under foot, a venom-toothed snake, whom I would like to strangle.'

He heard her laugh bitterly. He wondered what thoughts were working in her mind.

'I wonder you do not leap out of the carriage,' she said. 'We are far away from Taunton now. I do not suppose there are any houses near. You have naught to do but to leave me. I can take care of myself.'

'No, you cannot. The countryside is full of footpads.'

'And you would defend me, I suppose, Master Carpet-Knight?'

'Yes, I would defend you.'

'Why would you?'

'I do not know.'

A silence fell between them, while the carriage rolled on. The curtains of the windows were drawn, so that even the light of the moon did not reach them.

'Where are we going?' he asked presently.

'Where would you go?' she asked.

'I would go to London,' he said, after hesitating some time.

'And when you get there, what would you do?'

'I do not know.'

In truth, everything was confused. He still seemed like a man in a dream. He was riding away from Taunton, away from the cruel power of Jeffreys; but he was in the presence of the Judge's daughter, a woman with all the cruelty of her father, and with even more cunning. He could explain nothing; he could see light nowhere.

Again there was a silence between them. As the carriage rolled on, he thought more than once of leaving her, of escaping into the night and then fending for himself as best he could. But the thought did not take



## Trelawney fails to Understand

action. Even while he loathed the woman who sat opposite him, he dreaded the thought of leaving her.

‘Why did I urge you not to take part in the plans of Henry Dugdale?’ she asked presently. ‘Why did I return your sword to you? Why did I meet you by the Temple Church?’

‘I do not know,’ he replied, ‘neither do I know what plans are in your mind now. You may have some black scheme in your mind, with more cruelty in it than ever was born, even in your father’s heart.’

‘If you believe that, then I ask you again, why do you not escape now?’

‘Because you may have a pistol in your hands, even now. I do not know what helpers you have near. You, whose life is so full of secrets, would not be wanting in means to hinder my escape. Besides, I do not want to leave you. Yes, I hate you, but I love you, and if I could I would always remain by your side.’

‘And yet you would ruin my father?’

‘Yes, I would.’

‘Do you know you are a fool, Master Trelawney?’

‘Why?’

‘Because you tell what you would do. Your plans are of no avail, because you reveal them to your enemy.’

‘You admit you are my enemy, then?’

‘You say that I am. But tell me this; why should I seek to deliver you from the hands of Judge Jeffreys?’

‘Do you think I have not asked that a hundred times, during the time we have been together. But what can be as deceitful as the heart of a woman? Yes, I know that I am riding away from Taunton. My hands are free, nothing harms me; but then——’

He ceased speaking. He seemed afraid to utter the thoughts in his mind.

# Mistress Mary Jeffreys

‘Halt! Stop, I tell you!’

Trelawney’s heart sank as he heard the stern command. The carriage came to a standstill.

‘Who are you, and whither are you going?’

The man on the seat mumbled something, but the young man could distinguish no word.

Swiftly the girl drew aside the curtains. She put her head out of the carriage window.

‘Is that you, Captain Winthrop?’ she said brightly.

‘Who are you?’

‘You do not recognize my voice, then? I thought you remembered your friends better.’

‘But—but I do not understand. Gracious heavens, at this time and in this place!’

‘Yes, it is rather a strange hour for a young gentleman to be travelling, isn’t it? But affairs of State, Captain Winthrop. How far are we from Harpinghey? We must change horses there.’

‘Three good hours yet. But how is it that——’

‘I shall be ready for my breakfast by that time. Will you kindly give orders for me to go forward, Captain? I am on a matter of importance, and I have no time to explain now. Forgive my rudeness, will you not?’

‘Of course, of course,’ said the Captain. ‘Let the carriage go forward. Sergeant Crimpley and Corporal Bingley, do you go forward, and see that no opposition is offered.’

‘Oh, thank you, Captain. Now I can go to sleep in peace. Good morning.’

‘Good morning, Lady Mary. I hope I’ve committed no offence by delaying you.’

‘How could you? The times are still troublesome, and the King needs trusty officers.’

# The Heart of a Woman

Again the driver cracked his whip, and the journey proceeded.

'Why did you not give me up to him?' asked Benedict, his voice full of wonder.

'Why?' replied the girl.

Surely never was a young man more strangely placed, and yet the strangeness was full of charm. Everything was full of mystery, and yet he would not have it otherwise.

He leaned back in the carriage again, and tried to realize his situation. For some time neither spoke a word.

The moon had gone down, but through the carriage window, the curtain of which had not been replaced, Benedict thought he saw signs of dawn. There was a suggestion of a glow in the eastern sky, and above the rumble of the carriage wheels he thought he heard the chirping of birds. It was still dark and he could see nothing in the carriage, except something black in the opposite corner. He longed to take her hand in his again, and yet he loathed the thought of doing so. The woman had the blood of a demon in her veins.

Presently he heard a sob; then another, and still another, and as he heard his heart changed from anger to pity.

'Lady Mary.' He spoke kindly and gently, but there was no answer. 'Do not cry, Lady Mary. If I have said aught to offend, please forgive me. I only——'

But he could not finish the sentence. Impulsive, warm-hearted as he was, he could not tell her that he had not meant what he said.

Still she continued to sob convulsively.

'What is it?' he asked. 'Tell me; perhaps——'

'Oh, I am so tired, so very tired.'

## Mistress Mary Jeffreys

‘Then go to sleep. I will wake you if aught happens. I am sorry you are tired. I was a brute not to remember. I have been thinking so much of myself that I have forgotten you. Forgive me, will you? Please go to sleep. I do not know what your plans are concerning me, but I give you my word of honour that I will not try to escape.’

‘Oh, you do not know! You do not know.’

Her voice was sad and plaintive. He felt the tears in it. He was sure, too, that her heart was bleeding with pain. He stretched out his hand again, and as he did so he felt a sword handle. But even this did not harden his heart. In the growing light, he saw her white hand. He took it in his own, and as he did so he felt his heart burn. This maid was not what he had thought her. She was kind and good and womanly.

‘Do not grieve, neither be afraid,’ he went on. ‘The morning will soon break, and then all will be well again.’

She allowed her hand to remain in his, while sobs shook her from head to foot.

‘O God, most merciful, help me!’ she cried. ‘O Lord Jesus, aid me!’

He longed to take her in his arms, and comfort her, but he dared not. All he could do was to speak kindly.

‘If you would tell me your sorrows, perhaps even I could help you,’ he said. ‘I will if I can, even though, being a prisoner, I cannot do much.’

She snatched her hand from him angrily.

‘How dare you?’ she cried. ‘How dare you to——’

She drew herself up in her seat, and then, as if by a great effort, mastered her feelings.

‘Oh, it is easy to fool you, Master Carpet-Knight,’

## A Change of Mood

she laughed. 'You are blown whichever way the wind veers. One can make you believe anything, and just because I thought I would do a little play-acting to relieve the monotony of your company, you must e'en try to play the lover.'

Her words rendered him speechless, even although he did not believe them.

'Have you made out what I am yet?' she went on in the same bantering tone. 'Am I a scullery-wench or a high-born dame? Tell me, for I long to know if you have any sense at all beneath your thick skull. No, do not sulk. And yet I do not know. I like you when you look black, better than when you seek to be a wooer of women's hearts. So let us go back to realities again, Master Cornishman. I am Judge Jeffreys' daughter, and you are a rebel. I have brought you to justice, and am even now taking you to the King. What kind of a death do you think you will die? Oh no, you will not be beheaded, like Monmouth. You have no Royal blood in your veins. Neither will you be hung, like the wretch we saw on the gallows a few hours ago. Hazard a guess, Master Cornishman.'

Still he did not speak. Her words cut him like poisoned knives.

'You said you would not try to escape,' she went on mockingly. "'Go to sleep, my pretty lady," you said; "I will not run away." Why, where would you run? Do you not know that a single cry from me would bring ten men to the carriage doors? You do not know, perhaps, that when I was play-acting just now, I had a pistol in the very hand that I held before my eyes. *You* escape!'

'Ay, I could have escaped a score of times,' he said angrily.

# Mistress Mary Jeffreys

‘Then why didn't you? Tell me that.’

He was silent because he would not tell her that the very thought of being by her side was like heaven.

By this time day had dawned, and he saw that the road led through a dreary and lonely countryside. No horsemen were at the carriage windows. What was before or behind he did not know. He pulled aside the other curtain, and the light of the morning streamed full upon her face. Again, in spite of his anger, his heart burned. This was the first time he had ever seen her in the light of day.

He looked at her steadily and silently. He tried to trace a resemblance between her and the man before whom he had stood the previous day. As we have said previously, Judge Jeffreys had a strikingly handsome face when it was in repose, therefore it was no wonder that she should have inherited some of his beauty; but beautiful though she was, she did not remind him of the man, who that very day would doom so many of his fellow-creatures to death—or worse. The face he saw was fair and winsome. The hair was bright and glossy, the eyes free from guile, the mouth as innocent as that of a young child.

‘You must be a good woman,’ he said involuntarily.

‘Ah,’ she cried, ‘let us carry on our play-acting a little further. Master Carpet-Knight, you are bare-headed. You need the hat of a Cavalier, with a feather nicely curled. Behold, here it is. You need a cloak highly embroidered and made by a tailor who knows his work; and here is one to your hand. But more, Master Cornishman, you need a sword and belt, and here also I am your most useful servant.’

‘My own sword!’ he cried, taking the weapon from her hand.

## Trelawney's Sword

'Look at it again, so that you may be sure. True the hilt is jewelled, and it may look like your own : but are you sure?'

Eagerly he drew it from its sheath, and examined the blade keenly.

'Yes, it is mine.'

'How do you know?'

'I know it by a hundred things. I know it best by this.'

'By what?'

He pointed to the words scratched on the blade.

*Midnight. Temple Church.*

'No one would take you for one of Monmouth's rebels, now, would they?' She laughed. 'Behold a gaily attired Cavalier. True, your hair needs curling, and you look somewhat dishevelled ; but then, have you not fought in the service of your King? Your cloak is of the finest material, and richly embroidered, while your sword looks well. An hour at the hands of a barber, and you would be ready for revels.'

In truth, everything seemed like play-acting. What did it all portend?

'We stop at Harpinghey for breakfast,' she went on. 'I' faith, I'm hungry. Are you not? The innkeeper will wonder to see us arrive together, but his wonder will cease when you give our names. Sir Charles and Lady Beaumont are returning from the wars. Lady Beaumont accompanied her husband to Somersetshire and stayed near him during the rebellion. Now they are returning to their house in Lincoln's Square. Sir Charles was summoned from his duties hastily, in order to bear despatches to the King, and this will account for his attire. Do you understand, Master Benedict Trelawney?'

# Mistress Mary Jeffreys

Her bantering tone caused him to be gay in spite of himself. The sun had now risen, and its bright rays had dispelled many of his dark thoughts. The terror of the previous day seemed like a far-off dream. After all, he was young, and care sits lightly on young shoulders. The mystery which surrounded everything no longer disturbed him.

'I quite understand, Lady Mary Beaumont,' he said.

'You can give news of the great doings at Taunton, too,' she said. 'You can tell them how faithfully his Lordship, the King's Chief Justice, is carrying out his Royal Master's commands. Of course you can, no one better.'

'And after that, Lady Mary,' he said. 'After breakfast at Harpinghey, what then?'

'Why, then, have we not the promises of a King, and of a King that is never worse than his word?' she said.

He would have questioned her further, but at that moment the vehicle stopped at one of those fine old inns which abounded in those days.

'Dismount, Sir Charles,' she said with a smile, 'and then give me your arm, as we walk together into the inn.'

Like a man in a dream he did as he was commanded. At the door of the inn, early as it was, mine host stood waiting.

'Breakfast in all haste,' said Benedict.

'Ay, breakfast, and that of the best, most honourable sir. Have you travelled far?'

'Far. I have come from the King's army.'

'Then I have the honour, doubtless, to be speaking to one of the King's officers.'

'Sir Charles and Lady Beaumont,' he said as his companion pressed his arm.





'I CRAVE YOU, SIR CHARLES, AND YOUR WORSHIPFUL LADY  
TO FOLLOW ME.'

## Whither she led him

**' Ah, yes, I crave you, Sir Charles, and your worshipful lady to follow me.'**

**He could not understand the look on the man's face, but he followed him without fear.**

**' Oh, I am tired and hungry, Sir Charles,' said Mary Jeffreys, laughing into his face. ' I hope, Master Innkeeper, that you have prepared a good breakfast.'**

**' There are great preparations made for your reception, my lady,' said the innkeeper.**

**He opened a door, and the two passed side by side into a large room ; but no sooner had they done so than Benedict Trelawney laid his hand on the sword which but a few minutes before he had fastened to his side.**

**The room was full of armed soldiers.**

## CHAPTER XXV

### BETRAYED

TRELAWNEY looked eagerly at the woman whose hand rested on his arm, as if in explanation; but she spoke no word. At the end of the room a table was set for two. Hither the innkeeper led the way, and then placed chairs for them. Not one of the soldiers spoke. They stood silently by, furtively watching them, but paying them no special attention.

‘My first thought was wrong,’ said Trelawney to himself. ‘She hath not delivered me from one trap only to lead me to another. It is by pure accident that the soldiers are here. Perhaps they are some of Faversham’s men who are on their way to London.’

He looked at them steadily. They were not common troopers. Some of them appeared to be men of quality. They were neither rough nor coarse. Moreover, they all moved to the opposite end of the long room, as if to enable him and his companion to converse quietly.

‘Did you expect to find these soldiers here?’ he asked.

‘I expect anything in such times as these,’ she replied. ‘The whole of the west country is full of the King’s men. What wonder, when even now the fires of the rebellion are burning?’

Her answer checked other questions that rose to his

## He trusts her fully

lips ; nay more, it made him feel doubtful about the future. He had begun to hope that Mary Jeffreys had indeed intended to set him free, but now it seemed impossible. And yet perhaps all was well. If they regarded him as Sir Charles Beaumont, travelling with his wife, nothing but respect would be showed him, and at the end of an hour they could resume their journey. Indeed why had she given him a cavalier hat and cloak, as well as his own sword, but for this purpose ?

‘Are you not hungry ?’ laughed the girl. ‘I am.’

‘Yes, I am,’ he replied. ‘Evidently mine host thought we should be, too. There are enough steaks of broiled ham for six. It is long since I have seen such a breakfast.’

But for the fact that the soldiers remained in the room he would have been happy. He felt refreshed and strengthened by every mouthful of food that he ate, and the presence of the girl made all things gay.

Again and again did he look at her bright young face. Yes, it was as free from guile as the face of a child. She could not be the creature he had imagined her to be.

‘Do you know,’ he said presently, ‘that I withdraw all the harsh things I have said to you. I can understand nothing, but I trust you fully.’

She looked up into his face, and their eyes met.

‘Fully ?’

‘Yes, fully, and I thank you with all my heart for what you have done.’

He was not sure, but he thought he saw her eyes fill with tears ; he fancied, too, that her lips trembled.

‘Do you withdraw *all* you have said ?’ she asked presently.

‘No, not all. I could not do that. Pray do not be angry with me ; but, rebel as I am, hating your father as I do, I love you.’

# Betrayed

In a moment her face changed. The soft dove-like eyes became black with rage, the tender pouting lips formed themselves into a scowl. She seemed on the point of speaking angry words, but checked herself.

'Nay, nay, do not be angry with me,' went on Trelawney, 'for I cannot help myself. I am sure that everything can be explained. You are not a spy for your father; you hate him as I do, that is, you hate the terrible things he does. I could not love you so else. For I do love you so dearly. Willingly would I spend weary days in prison again, ay, with nothing before me but the expectation of death, if at the end of it all I could be delivered by you. And you have your trouble too. I know it by the way you were overcome with grief when we were in the carriage together. If you would tell me about it, poor as is your opinion of me, I might be able to help you. Truly, I would give my life to serve you.'

'Would you? would you? Say it again.'

She spoke the words eagerly, her voice trembling with emotion, yet so low were her tones that no man heard them but Trelawney.

'I would indeed!' Trelawney's heart was on fire now. His wild imaginative nature was aroused; all was forgotten, save that the maid's eyes looked beseechingly into his. 'I know you do not love me,' he went on. 'How could you? There is nothing in me to love. Besides, I have been a rebel. I have been the follower of a man who was a coward. Not that I would not do it again, for, after all, I could not help it. James II. is no true king, and God would have him driven from the throne, ay, and I believe He will drive him from it, too! And I pray that He will let me have a share in the destruction of such a monster. But whatever you may

## The Promise she exacted

think of me, I love you, I love you heart and soul, ay, and I trust you. Will you not tell me of your sorrow, that I may be able to render you some return for the way you have helped me ?'

His heart went out with his words, and the girl heard his voice tremble. She looked into his face. Worn as it was with weeks of hardship and imprisonment, it was still the face of a strong and brave youth. Those dark eyes had for months looked steadily into the face of death, yet they showed no signs of wavering. Whatever might be her thoughts, she could not but feel that his love was something to be proud of. Some of the best blood in England flowed in his veins ; and even though the enterprise in which he had been engaged had ended so fatally, he had still fought for what he had believed to be the side of truth and liberty.

The fact seemed to impress her more and more.

'Are you sure of what you say, Master Trelawney ?'

'Sure, sure !' cried the young man, eagerly.

'So that if ever I need a friend I shall know where to turn ?'

'If I am at liberty I will come to you wherever you are.'

'Think what you are saying,' she made answer. 'I may put you to the test some day.'

'The sooner the better,' he cried.

'And yet you understand nothing.'

'No ; but you do, and I trust in you.' He spoke eagerly, and his eyes gleamed with expectation. 'Listen,' he went on. 'When I reach London I will find some hiding-place, and I will let you know where I am ; then, if you will send me just this message, "*Midnight.—Temple Church,*" I shall know what you mean.'

'No matter when ?'

# Betrayed

'No.'

'No matter what happens?'

'No.'

'And I can depend on you?'

'Always.'

Her eyes gleamed with a strange light, and Trelawney saw that her hands clasped and unclasped themselves nervously. For a moment she seemed to hesitate, then her face became rigid and as pale as death. She rose to her feet and looked towards the door of the dining-hall in which they had been sitting.

'Captain Trevor,' she said, 'here is your prisoner. Guard him safely.'

One of the soldiers came up and placed his hands on the young man's shoulder.

'Your sword, Captain Trelawney,' he said.

The young man looked from one face to another in blank astonishment. He could not speak a word.

'Just a word, Captain Trevor,' said Mary Jeffreys. 'There is no need, is there, that he should be degraded in the eyes of the people among whom he passes.'

'I do not quite understand,' said the officer.

'Well, you are twenty, and he is only one. Can he not keep his sword?'

'If you wish it, certainly.'

'Then let him keep it. Moreover, there is surely no need for him to be bound like a prisoner.'

'If he will give me his word of honour that he will not try to escape us, he can ride side by side with us and as one of us.'

'Will you give that word of honour?' said the girl, as she turned towards him.

'No,' said the young man, angrily; 'no! I will give no such promise.'





THE YOUNG MAN LOOKED FROM ONE FACE TO ANOTHER IN BLANK  
ASTONISHMENT.



## How Mary Jeffreys left him

'You see?' said Captain Trevor.

'Still,' went on Mary Jeffreys, 'you are twenty, and he is only one.'

'It is not ordinary; but if you wish it——'

'I have such faith in you that I do wish it.'

'Then it shall be as you say.'

She seemed on the point of speaking again. She looked into Trelawney's face, and her lips parted as if to utter something, but no words came. She turned away from him, and without a word left the room, walking between the soldiers as if she never saw them.

As for Trelawney, he was like a man who had received a blow. His brain reeled, his mind refused to work. For a moment he could believe nothing. But the facts were before him in hard, grim reality. In spite of his words expressing implicit faith, she had betrayed him. He was again a prisoner. He had been her dupe, her plaything. She had treated him as a child. At one moment she had laughed at him; the next, she had appealed to him for help; the next, she had become mad with anger.

And he had told her he loved her! He had, in a moment of madness, forgotten who she was, and had made profession of undying affection. He, Benedict Trelawney, had so far disgraced his name as to love the child of the man who even then would be on his way to Taunton court-house on his mission of cruelty and devilry. He had declared that he trusted her implicitly even while she was waiting to deliver him to the King's officers.

But he mastered himself presently. After all, he had to deal with men now, and he would not give up hope. Death had been staring him in the face for weeks, and he was not going to turn coward. Presently he might have an hour of quiet in order to think out things; but

# Betrayed

now—well, he must make the best of it. But, oh, what a fool he had been not to escape through the night!

‘Well, Captain Trevor,’ he said, ‘and how long before we start?’

‘Not for some hours. The horses need rest; and, for that matter, so do we.’

‘And where do we go when we start?’

‘That is not for me to say, nor for you to know.’

He shrugged his shoulders carelessly. ‘Oh, very well,’ he said quietly.

Captain Trevor laughed. ‘That is good,’ he said. ‘I like a prisoner who neither frets nor fumes, although, by my faith, you might be excused if you lost your head.’

‘I have lost it too lately to lose it again so soon,’ replied Benedict, bitterly.

‘I should not have wondered if you had lost your heart either,’ laughed the Captain.

‘The heart,’ said Trelawney; ‘oh, the heart is a different matter.’

Captain Trevor looked at him closely—evidently he was trying to form an estimate of the man he was to guard carefully.

‘Well,’ he said presently, ‘we shall not leave this place till after noon. Perchance you will want to rest.’

‘No; I have rested enough these last few weeks. I have no need of rest.’

‘Then let us make the best of our surroundings. A pipe of tobacco, now.’

‘As you will.’

‘Ah, that is good. You have a steady nerve.’

‘Have I? Well, I came of a race of men who have been renowned for steady nerves.’

‘I’ faith, so you have.’

‘Am I forbidden to ask questions?’

## A New Experience

‘No ; but I shall use my own judgment as to whether I answer them,’ replied the Captain.

‘That is to be expected. I may sit down, I suppose ?’

‘Ay, sit down. Be as comfortable as you can.’

‘This is better than Taunton gaol, at all events,’ thought the young man. ‘At least, I am treated as a man, and not as a beast. Besides, I would rather receive the judgment of King James than of Jeffreys. At least, he can be a gentleman if he tries.’

His spirits rose as if by magic. Freedom from a gloomy prison and the black thought of Jeffreys’ judgment was something to be thankful for. Besides, he had partaken of a good breakfast. The Trelawneys were always good trenchermen. As for Mary Jeffreys, he would drive her from his mind. He had been a fool—a blind fool—but he would no longer think of her. But he found it hard to do this. Again and again did she appear to him as she looked in the early morning when the sun shone upon her winsome, girlish face ; but he strove against her. He would fight against his madness—ay, and in spite of everything, he would have his revenge. No, he would not give up hope. True, there were twenty to one, and his chances of escape were as one to a million ; but from his earliest childhood he had been trained never to give up hope. During the time he was at Taunton gaol nothing seemed possible ; but now—well, he was to keep his sword, and he was not to be tied to his horse’s back like a common prisoner. He was not a fool, in spite of his infatuation, and in spite of what the girl had said. If he was not a free man before the next forty-eight hours had passed away—well, it should not be his fault. During the night he had been too excited to understand ; but now he had men to deal with.

# Betrayed

So he lay back in his chair, and puffed out clouds of tobacco with seeming enjoyment. Two of the officers besides Captain Trevor joined him.

'It's early to start drinking,' said Trevor; 'but a bottle of wine will not harm us.'

'This is astonishing,' thought Trelawney; but he said nothing. Nevertheless, he determined to be abstemious. 'When the drink's in the wit's out,' he said to himself, quoting the old proverb.

'I suppose Jeffreys is still at work?' said Trevor.

Trelawney shrugged his shoulders. 'What would you?' he said. 'As the late King used to say, "The fellow is no gentleman." Give such as he power, and we know what follows. Still, he only obeys the King's will.'

'That is true,' said Trevor; 'but, if faith, never have rebels died so bravely. It hath been told me that at Dorchester and at Exeter not a man cringed or craved for pardon. Each man—preachers and all—walked to the scaffold without a shiver. Some, I have been told, went thither singing hymns.'

'Ay, braver men never went to battle.'

'But Monmouth——'

'Speak not of him,' said Trelawney; 'he makes me sick.'

'He makes any brave man sick. Why, the fellow cried like a child. First he pleaded with the King, then with the Queen. Then he tried to throw the blame on others. First on Argyle, then on Ferguson, then on Grey, and finally, to crown all, he offered to change his religion. Well, he's dead, besides hundreds more. Still—I say, Captain Trelawney, you are not the man to retail private conversation between gentlemen?'

'Do not speak if you think I am.'

## Captain Trevor's Confidences

'But I know you are not. I have met men of your name before. Besides, it's the talk of the country.'

'What is?'

'The rising feeling against the King. Yes, this campaign of Jeffreys' is doing the King's cause no good. I don't so much mind the King being a papist, although papists have been the curse of England any time these last hundred and fifty years. But to pretend to support the Protestant Church of England, and then to drag in his priests at every hole and corner. I tell you, I am no man at religion; but there—it makes me sick. As you say, Jeffreys is but a tool.'

'A willing tool,' said Trelawney.

'Yes, he's hand in glove with the King.'

'He seems to have many spies, too.'

'Spies! There are spies at every corner. But no man dares oppose Jeffreys; he is listening at every keyhole.'

'And there is no cleverer listener than his own daughter,' said one of the others.

'Speak not so loud, Lieutenant Grimshaw,' said Captain Trevor. 'Who knows what she may hear?'

The three men who guarded Trelawney looked nervously around.

'She is a mystery to me, gentlemen,' said the young Cornishman.

'Mystery! She is a mystery to every one. I simply cannot believe in all the stories I have heard about her.'

'It was she who betrayed me into your hands, I suppose?'

'Yes; and 'pon my soul, Trelawney, I am sorry for you. Ay, I dare say that much. I have no grudge against you; and while you are with me you shall have

# Betrayed

all the courtesy and consideration which a prisoner of quality may expect.'

'But I was a prisoner at Taunton——'

'Yes; and that is where I can see no light. The report came to me while I was at Salisbury that some of the rebels were planning to escape, and, among others, Captain Trelawney. This, so I was told, led to extra precaution in Taunton gaol; and, not only that, but means were to be used whereby, if the said Captain Trelawney were to escape, he was to be delivered into my hands. It was only a few hours ago that I received commands from Colonel Gorham to make my way to this inn, and hold myself in readiness to take you into my charge.'

'That is all you know?'

'That is all I know concerning the past.'

'But the future?'

'Ah, that I must not reveal.'

Trelawney tried to look into the bottom of this, but he was baffled. He could see no light anywhere. He was a prisoner; he had been taken from one prison only to be delivered into another, and that was all he knew.

'I have heard that Jeffreys treats her like a dog, too, for all the way she serves him,' said Lieutenant Grimshaw, after a minute's silence.

'Ay, there are stories enough to that effect,' replied Captain Trevor. 'Some say that she walks in fear of her life, and that Jeffreys sets her to do work that even his paid spies refuse to undertake.'

'And she's so clever, too. You can never tell what is in her mind.'

'No; that's what makes it so hard for those who trust in her,' said Trevor. 'Ah, what's this?'

## Another Letter

The innkeeper entered bearing a letter which he gave to Captain Trevor, casting a curious look at Trelawney while he did so.

A look of perplexity passed over the Captain's face as he read.

'That's the worst of these young colonels,' he grumbled. 'Only a few weeks ago Gorham was but a simple captain like myself; and now, since he's been made colonel, he lords it over us finely. There are some who say that he owes his promotion to Judge Jeffreys' daughter.'

## THE INN AT BASINGSTOKE

TRELAWNEY would have given a great deal to know what had disturbed the Captain so. He had been struck by the name of Gorham; and the remarks made about him had led him to believe that the man who commanded Trevor was he who had guarded him from his hiding-place to Taunton gaol weeks before. Whatever his commands were, however, they could not be friendly to him.

‘Colonel Gorham?’ he said. ‘I think I have met him. Tell me what he is like.’

‘Oh, a gay spark, about twenty-eight. He wears a light, drooping moustache, and lisps in his speech.’

‘Then it is as you say. He took me prisoner soon after Sedgemoor, and guarded me to Taunton. He was only a captain at the time.’

‘Well, he is colonel now, and he lords it finely. He’s a kind of lady-killing spark, and is, so I am told, a wooer of Mistress Jeffreys. But I must leave you for a moment, gentlemen. Grimshaw and Fernley, I am sure you will entertain Captain Trelawney.’

A few minutes later he returned again, and it was evident that he was still less pleased than before.

‘I am sorry I have to leave you, Captain Trelawney,’ he said. ‘I had intended to have gone all the way to



## Sergeant Binks

London with you, and have made your journey pleasant, that is, as pleasant as the circumstances would permit, but I am summoned to Bristol. What is worse, I have to place you in charge of one of my sergeants, Sergeant Binks his name is, a fellow who doth not know how to treat a gentleman. He and three others are to take you to London.'

'To London?'

'Ay, I have let that out; but it is no matter.'

'I am sorry, Captain,' replied Trelawney. 'I am told that King James hath a special form of torture that he is preparing for me, and so the journey could not have been over gay. Still, I would like to have gone thither as a man should, and not under the care of four clodhoppers.'

'Oh, they are no clodhoppers. Binks is a good swordsman, while the others are brave fellows. Still, Gorham cannot be a gentleman, or he would not have chosen such as they for your guard. At least a man of rank should be guarded by a man of rank. I thought first, when I was ordered to Bristol, that I should have had to accompany Mistress Jeffreys there; but mine host tells me she hath departed.'

'Departed?'

'Ay, ten minutes ago.'

'Where is she gone?'

'No one knows, unless it be mine host. But he swears ignorance. Well, I must go. Good morning, and good luck to you, Captain Trelawney. I have told Sergeant Binks to treat you with all the courtesy he may. Who knows, perhaps we may meet again. Here, Sergeant Binks, you will pay every attention to Captain Trelawney.'

The Sergeant and three other men came up and saluted the Captain.

# The Inn at Basingstoke

'What hour do we depart, Sergeant?' asked Trelawney.

'Twelve o'clock, sir.'

'Good! Sergeant, I feel sleepy. I would e'en lie down somewhere, and go to sleep. Thus, you see, your duties will be light.'

'The Captain to keep his sword, sir?' said Sergeant Binks to Trevor as Benedict lay down on an old settle.

'Yes,' said the Captain, doubtfully.

'We are only four, sir.'

'Ay, four to one. Besides, those are my orders.'

'Very well, sir. I've no doubt it's all right, sir. But for a rebel captain to be taken to London with a sword by his side and his hands and legs at liberty is somewhat out of the ordinary, sir.'

'I know; but I have received my orders. Besides, you must keep good guard. To-night you must stop at Basingstoke at the "King Charles." I will give you a letter to the innkeeper, and to-morrow you must go direct to London.'

'Yes, sir.'

'And mind, no hard drinking at the "King Charles." Remember you have an important prisoner.'

'I'll remember, Captain.'

'Ay, and remember, too, that the innkeeper, William Trumble, knows what discipline is. He fought under Prince Rupert in old Nol's time. He's a safe man is Trumble, well known for his loyalty.'

'Yes, sir.'

A little later the 'Black Bull' at Harpinghey was occupied only by Trelawney and four soldiers, one of whom was strangely uneasy as he thought of his responsibilities.

Soon after twelve o'clock Trelawney was on his way to London, accompanied by four soldiers, each armed

# The Journey to Basingstoke

to the teeth, and each regarding him with watchful eyes.

Scarcely a word was spoken during the whole afternoon. Sergeant Binks was watchful and nervous, and determined that, happen what might, he would deliver his prisoner safely into the hands of Colonel Wilton at Whitehall. Although no promises had been made to him he felt sure that promotion must follow in the train of such important duties. He would have liked to have conversed with this prisoner of whose noble name he had heard, but he dared not. As for Trelawney, he had much to think about. He was watching for a chance of escape too, and but for the fact that each of the soldiers held his pistol ready to shoot, he would more than once have endeavoured to show them a clean pair of heels. Presently, however, he gave up all thoughts of escape through the day, but began to formulate plans whereby, when night came, and they were safely ensconced at the 'King Charles' inn at Basingstoke, he could rid them of his presence.

It was no easy matter, for he could not make free with them as he could with Captain Trevor. Their suspicions would be aroused if he were to show any affability towards them. After all, they were only common soldiers, while he, rebel as he was, bore one of the oldest names in England. Still, he was not without hope—nay, more, he set his teeth together and vowed that he would have his revenge on Mary Jeffreys.

The sun was setting as they stopped at the village of Basingstoke. They had no difficulty in finding the 'King Charles' inn, for it was the only place of entertainment where a man might stay with comfort. Beer-shops abounded, but not one of them could have found accommodation for five men. Besides, Sergeant Binks

# The Inn at Basingstoke

had received his orders to come thither. There were two common rooms in the inn, the one where peasants resorted, and the other a kind of parlour, where the five men were presently ushered.

Master Trumble eyed them curiously as he gave orders for food to be placed on the table, but he asked no questions.

'Are we your only guests to-night, Master Trumble?' asked Trelawney, as though he were the leader of the little party rather than a rebel prisoner.

'All at present, most worshipful sir,' said the inn-keeper; 'but a man never knows who will stay at a place like Basingstoke, especially in these troublous times.'

'Ay, I suppose that, being in the main track from London, all sorts of people stop here?'

'Ah, that there do, sir. Of course many prefer going by Reading. Nevertheless, we are directly on the way from Windsor to Salisbury. Besides, although I ses it as shouldn't, there is no place in Reading equal to the "King Charles" inn, neither for drink, for comfort, or for company. My father kept the place before me, when I was fighting against old Nol with Prince Rupert, and it was well known for a loyally kept place then, even as it is now.'

After this each man fell to eating the victuals that had been prepared, consisting of roast beef and boiled puddings. Master Trumble likewise placed a tankard of ale before each of the soldiers, but ostentatiously set a bottle of wine before Trelawney.

Sergeant Binks scowled as he saw this, but said nothing. When Master Trumble paid special attention to the young Cornishman, however, the Sergeant protested.

# The Newcomers

'This is the first time ever I heard of when a prisoner was treated better than his guard,' he said.

'Ay, and this is the first time I ever saw a common sergeant placed in charge of a man of quality,' said Master Trumble, blandly. 'But I know my duty, nevertheless. For what did Prince Rupert say at the time when we fought against the Roundheads? A man of quality is still a man of quality, whether he be loyalist or rebel. Therefore he must be treated as a man of quality, even if he is ordered to be shot.'

'But this doth not hinder the man of quality sharing his wine with his inferiors,' said Trelawney. 'Therefore, Master Trumble, do you bring a bottle of your best for each of these brave fellows.'

'Your honour shall be obeyed,' said the innkeeper.

Scarcely had Master Trumble left the room to execute the order than two men entered and called loudly for food and drink.

It was now after eight o'clock, and the night had begun to fall. Indeed, so dark was it, that Trelawney could not see their faces plainly. At that moment, however, a serving-maid entered bearing candles, and revealed two men, well armed, and apparently of some substance. Their clothes, though not finely made, were of good material, while their general appearance denoted some standing.

'God save the King! and down with rebels!' cried one to the innkeeper, who followed the serving-maid, bearing bottles of wine.

'Amen, worshipful sirs,' said Master Trumble.

'Amen. Ay, you do say amen as though you were a canting Puritan. Down with all Puritans, and down with all those who oppose his sacred Majesty.'

'Why, amen again to that,' said Master Trumble ;

# The Inn at Basingstoke

'and I hope I may say it without being taken for a Puritan, having fought with Prince Rupert against old Nol.'

'As to that, the man who hath fought with the brave Prince against old Nol can say what he will. But what have we here? By my faith, there must be some mistake. Here is a man of quality sitting down to his meal with common soldiers.'

'If it please you, I am no common soldier,' said Sergeant Binks, loftily. 'A sergeant in his Majesty's army is no common soldier.'

'Sergeant! sergeant! Faith, and is a man who hath followed a dung-cart to sit down at meals in the parlour as though he were a gentleman? Is this what I find at the "King Charles" inn at Basingstoke, Master Trumble? Ay, and with wine set before him, too! One might think old Nol were alive again, and that officers were made out of shoemakers, and blacksmiths, and farm labourers. Besides, Sir Charles Baynton and Master Inglenook will be here in a minute, and Sir Charles will never stand it, mind that.'

What this portended Trelawney could not understand, but his mind was made up. He believed that fortune had thrown a means of escape in his way.

'Ay, and who knows but that Sergeant Binks may be as good a gentleman as you,' he cried, with apparent anger. 'You come here parading your Sir Charles, but who is Sir Charles?'

'I am Sir Charles,' said a deep voice at the door, 'and I stand by all that Master Springle hath said. Besides, you have finished your meal. Do you, therefore, go into the kitchen and drink your ale.'

'Go into the kitchen yourself,' cried Trelawney. 'No, Sergeant Binks, you shall not be driven from your

# How Trelawney provoked a Quarrel

seat by these fellows. If they have a better right to sit here than we, let them prove it.'

'Prove it! Do you think that we will fight with such as you?'

'A coward is always afraid to fight,' cried Trelawney, laying his hand upon his sword-hilt.

'Coward! coward!' cried the man who had been called Sir Charles. 'Master Springle, Captain Brindle, Master Inglenook, do you hear? Cowards! Do you hear?'

'Gentlemen, gentlemen, for God's sake don't fight here!' cried Master Trumble. 'We will try and arrange the matter somehow if you will be patient.'

'Patient!' cried Trelawney. 'Are we to be driven from the table by a number of braggarts who call themselves by great names? Nay, if they are better men than we, let them prove it?'

'And who are you, Master Bantam-cock, that you crow so loudly?' said Sir Charles.

'One who does not tell his name to every passer-by,' he answered.

'Swords are for gentlemen to fight with, I tell you,' cried Sir Charles, 'not for sergeants and troopers.'

'That is always the cry of a man who cannot use a sword,' said Trelawney. 'Binks, I stand by you. This is a good room for fighting. Just a little cramped, but big enough to prove who have the best right to it. Now, then, Sir Charles!' He drew his sword and placed himself in a posture of defence before the man who had been called Sir Charles Baynton, a tall, strong man, of about forty years of age. 'What, you are afraid? You can do nothing but bawl.'

'Tell me who you are, then?'

'Nay, I will not; but if you are a man of quality,

# The Inn at Basingstoke

prove it. What! you insult us, and think we will meekly swallow all you say? There!' He struck him on the face with his left hand, while with his right he held his sword, ready to defend himself.

In a minute the room was a scene of confusion. Thrusting, parrying, shouting was the order of the day. Sergeant Binks and his soldiers, forgetting their prisoner in their anger, had thrown themselves into the fray with great eagerness.

A few minutes later the fighting ceased as if by magic.

'Where is Captain Trelawney?' cried Sergeant Binks; 'where is my prisoner?'

'Where is who?' said Sir Charles Baynton.

'Captain Trelawney,' replied Binks; 'a captain in the rebel army.'

'But he was taken prisoner more than a month ago, and brought before my Lord Jeffreys at Taunton. I heard about him only this evening,' said Master Inglenook.

'Yes, yes; but where is he now? I tell you I am undone if I lose him.'

'But where can he have gone?' cried Sir Charles Baynton. 'I tell you I was fighting with him only a moment ago. I thought what a fine swordsman he was.'

'He can't have gone far,' cried another.

'Let us find him; let us find him. The King will give a big reward for whoever may lay hands on him.'

'Did any one see him go out?'

'No, I did not.'

'But I saw the door open.'

'Where is Master Trumble? Perhaps he knows.'

All their quarrel seemed to be forgotten at the news of Trelawney's escape.

'He may have hidden somewhere in the house,' said



## Sir Charles Baynton's Diplomacy

Sir Charles Baynton. 'Ah, I see now. He urged us on to fight that he might escape in the general scuffle. I tell you it was a clever trick. Let us lock all doors and search the house from cellar to cockloft.

'But he may have gone out?' said the Sergeant.

'How could he? I was standing with my back to the door when we were fighting.'

'But look here,' said another, 'who's to say that this was Captain Trelawney at all?'

'Here's my commission from Captain Trevor,' cried Sergeant Binks.

'Yes, yes; but commissions are easily made in these days. What I want to know is this. If he is Captain Trelawney, an officer in the army of Monmouth, if he is the man who hath been in prison at Taunton, and was brought before Lord Jeffreys yesterday, how is it that he is here, with his hands free and a sword by his side?'

'I tell you this was Captain Trevor's orders. I objected to it; but what could I do when the Captain commanded?'

'That's all very well; but how do we know? I am a magistrate, and it is well known that a gang of highwaymen have been in these parts. How do I know that you are not a set of spring-heeled Jacks posing as the King's soldiers?'

'But I wear the King's uniform!' said Sergeant Binks.

'King's uniform! Yes, but they have been cheap enough lately. Hundreds of the King's uniforms have been stolen during the rebellion—hundreds, I tell you. Why, the most famous thief in these parts, Tom Bildad, was boasting the other day that he robbed a coach, and no man doubted but that he was a King's man. You see, he showed the King's warrant and wore the uniform. What think you, Master Inglenook? Do

# The Inn at Basingstoke

you not think we ought to keep these men for the night and have them publicly examined in the morning ?'

'Unless they can prove that they are genuinely the King's soldiers, most certainly. For truly this is a strange business. A rebel captain, condemned to die, is travelling with his sword by his side, his arms free, a gay cloak on his back, and a courtier's hat upon his head.'

'But, gentlemen, gentlemen, our prisoner is all this time escaping. Stand out of our way?'

'What! Do you threaten us? This looks bad, Sir Charles. We must take them prisoners.'

'Take us prisoners!' cried Sergeant Binks. 'Take the King's soldiers prisoners!'

'Yes,' cried Sir Charles, 'until you can prove that you are the King's soldiers. Do you think we cannot do it? Come, we are four to four. I know it is an ill business for four gentlemen to fight with four common fellows like you; but we will do it in the King's service.'

Binks looked at them like a man in despair. He was not a coward, and he had no doubt but that he and his companions could hold their own against the four men who talked so loudly, but in the mean while their prisoner was escaping. Every moment he lost was a moment gained by his prisoner. He believed that Trelawney had sought this quarrel in order to escape them, and while he admired the ruse, he determined not to be a disgraced man.

'Gentlemen! Worshipful sirs!' he cried, 'I do not wish to offend you, but of a truth I must get out and find my prisoner. I shall be undone for ever if he escape. Why, look again, gentlemen, the King's arms are on the paper which contains my instructions. I tell you it will go hard with you when it is known that you have hindered me in my duties.'

## How Time was lost

**'Let us look at it again,' cried Master Inglenook. 'As is well known, I am a zealous servant of the King, and I would be the last to hinder the King's business. If I am convinced that you are truly the King's men, we will no longer hinder you, but we will lend you what aid we can to discover him.'**

**Again Sergeant Binks unfolded the letter.**

**'Yes, but how do we know this paper hath not been stolen?'** said Sir Charles.

**'There is the signature of Captain Trevor,'** cried Binks.

**'Who is Captain Trevor? I have heard of him.'**

**'Captain Trevor? Why, he is—stay, Master Trumble knows him. Let us call Master Trumble.'**

Master Trumble had left the room. At this time it was no rare occurrence for a brawl to take place at a tavern, during which time the innkeeper generally made himself scarce. When Master Trumble was found, however, he asserted that without doubt this letter was written by Captain Trevor, and that Sergeant Binks had been commissioned to take the prisoner to London.

**'I withdraw all opposition,'** said Sir Charles. **'I only wanted to be assured that these were King's soldiers and not highwaymen.'**

At this Sergeant Binks cast a look of anger upon him, but darted away with his soldiers to find the prisoner.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE LEADERSHIP OF FATHER PETER

**M**EANWHILE Trelawney had, according to the plans he had made, slipped out of the door, and without waiting a second, had made his way to the inn yard. Here he hesitated a second as to what he should do. Two courses lay, before him ; one was to leave the high-road and escape on foot ; the other was to take the horse he had been riding and trust to his speed to get away from the inn before the hue and cry could be after him. He had just decided upon the latter course as being the best when he heard a stealthy footstep behind him.

‘ Follow me.’

‘ Who are you ?’

‘ Follow me, I tell you ! You have escaped without my aid, but it does not matter. You need me still.’

‘ Peter the madman !’

‘ Ay, that is what men call me. But what is madness ? Was not John the Baptist called mad ? was not Paul called mad ? Nay, but I am one who sees visions and dreams dreams. Come with me.’

Benedict Trelawney did not hesitate a second. He did not believe he could do better than follow this man.

A few minutes later they were away from the inn and walking rapidly through harvest fields, where the corn was cut and bound ready to be garnered.

# The Way of Escape

'The way of the Lord is in the deep sea,' cried the old man, presently.

'Whither are we going?'

'You will know at the right time. I had planned your escape, but you have accomplished it without me. Better so, for now I know that the hand of the Lord is leading you on. Tell me how you escaped.'

'Who were the men who entered the inn?' asked Trelawney.

'Who? A still tongue maketh a wise head, it is said, Master Cornishman. That is true sometimes, but not always. I have known great fools who have held their peace. Still, a silent fool is better than a babbling one; and concerning these men I will be silent.'

'You know who they are, then?'

'What if one calls himself Inglenook, and another Baynton, Master Cornishman? Whoever they were they played into your hands. You did not escape in the way I had planned, but you did escape. Tell me how?'

'I got up a quarrel. We got to fighting, and I escaped in the midst of it.'

'Ah, I see, I see; but the end is not yet. The Lord hath great things for you to do, before His will is done. Listen.'

They were now a mile or more from Basingstoke. They had crossed several fields, and were now far away from human dwelling.'

'Listen. Do you hear? It is the cry of God's oppressed children. It is the cry of those who seek to worship God in purity and truth. It is the cry of souls which have to-day been liberated from their bodies. It is the cry of an oppressed nation which is under the yoke of the oppressor. Oh, my son, my son, the nation is under the heel of a false King, a cruel King, a bloodthirsty,

# The Leadership of Father Peter

a godless King. Don't you hear the voices? "Why are the Chariots of the Lord so long delayed?" they are saying. But the Chariots of the Lord are coming. Do you not hear them? see them? They may be delayed; but they are coming. Onward, Master Cornishman.'

He sped with great speed across hill and dale, over hedges and ditches, all the time keeping a northward direction.

'Let them seek, ay, and seek diligently,' he cried at length; 'but they shall not find him. No, they shall not find him. The Lord will protect His anointed one.'

'Would you mind telling me how you knew where I was?' said Benedict, presently. 'I left you just outside Taunton Town. How is it that within twenty-four hours I find you at Basingstoke?'

The old man answered never a word. He sped on with long eager strides, and Trelawney, young and agile as he was, had difficulty in keeping pace with him.

'Do you know,' went on the young man, presently, 'who that woman was who sat in the carriage last night?'

'What carriage?'

'The carriage which awaited me outside Taunton Town.'

'What of her?' cried the old man. 'Cannot the Lord use even His enemies to do His will? Let us, then, rejoice in our freedom. Let us also listen to the voice of the Most High, and seek to obey Him.'

During the journey Benedict Trelawney tried again and again to obtain information from his companion. He would not tell from whence he came, or whither he was going. Occasionally, as the moon shot into the clear sky, he would lift his hands to heaven and tell of the judgments of God which would surely fall on the King and his unjust judge, but not a word would he

# The Town of Reading

speak concerning his plans, nor of the things which Benedict longed to know.

And yet the young man trusted him. Whatever else he might be, he felt sure that he hated the King, and that he was leading him to liberty. Moreover, but for him the young Cornishman would not have known what to do. He did not know the country, and he felt sure that Sergeant Binks would lose no effort to take him to London.

After walking for several hours Benedict saw they were nearing a town. They were passing through a low level tract of country, from which it was difficult to see far; nevertheless, the houses grew more numerous, and the footsteps of men and women were not rare.

‘Where are we?’

‘This is a town where the Lord hath made bare His arm. Here a battle was won, and here again it was lost. But the armies of the Lord conquered at the last. Here also, in spite of evil times, there are many faithful ones.’

‘Ah, here is a castle, while yonder runs a river. I have been here before. This is Reading.’

‘Yes.’

‘But the place is full of the King’s soldiers,’ whispered Benedict.

‘Yet doth the Lord lead here.’

Without a word more he led the way to a large house that stood near the outer walls of Reading Castle. He found his way into the gardens like a man who knew every step of the way; and when at length he reached a great arched doorway, he looked for a bell-pull, as though his mind were fully made up.

Trelawney laid hold of the old man somewhat roughly.

‘You are leading me into danger,’ he cried. ‘I

# The Leadership of Father Peter

followed you because I believed in you ; but now you must tell me why you are here, and what is in your mind.'

'As the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth,' cried the old man, 'I am thy friend, and I lead thee to liberty. Fear not, answer boldly, and all will be well.'

He spoke with such vehemence that Trelawney trusted him in spite of himself.

He heard a great clanking bell within the house, and a minute later there was the sound of footsteps. The door opened and a serving man looked at them wonderingly.

Peter the Madman gave him a piece of parchment.

'To him who hath the mitre,' he said, 'ay, even to him who speaketh the word of the Lord boldly. The chief shepherd is here, is he not?'

The serving-man left them with a look of fear in his eyes, but quickly returned.

'Will you be pleased to follow?' he said.

Trelawney followed his companion like a man in a dream. All was strange to him ; but the spirit of adventure was strong upon him. He was eager to know whither Peter had led him.

Ere long they were ushered into a large, low-ceiled room. On one side some bulky tomes were placed, and there were other evidences that the apartment was used as a library. Mostly, however, the walls were covered with war-like weapons and trophies of battles.

Peter looked eagerly around him when the serving-man had left him.

'Everywhere, everywhere do men trust in carnal weapons,' he cried ; 'yet is the arm of the Lord not shortened, neither is His ear heavy.'

'Tell me why you have brought me here,' Benedict



# Bishop Trelawney

cried angrily. 'You treat me as though I were a child. Whose house is this, and whom have you brought me here for to see?'

'One of whom you think constantly,' said Peter. 'Listen.'

Trelawney's heart beat loud as he heard footsteps. Was he again to see the woman whom even yet he loved. Was she behind all this mystery?

The door opened and he started forward. But he only took one step. The one who had entered the door was not Mary Jeffreys, but John Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol.

The young man's face was pale as his eyes met those of his relative, but he did not quail. The older man stood before him, looking more like a general who would lead armies to battle than a prelate of the Church, yet was his face kindly though grave.

Bishop Trelawney was at this time head of the great Cornish house whose name he bore, and this, added to his position as Bishop of Bristol, caused him to be one of the most respected men in the nation. His family had for many generations faithfully followed the fortunes of the reigning King, and although James II. hated him, a pronounced Protestant, he looked upon him as the representative of a family which had ever been loyal to the crown.

The two looked steadily towards each other, neither allowing his eyes to droop. In the eyes of the Bishop was affection, in spite of his stern glances, while the look of his young relative was defiant, though somewhat fearful.

'Well, and what have you to say?' said the Bishop.

'Nothing.'

'What, neither sorrow nor regret?'

# The Leadership of Father Peter

‘Neither.’

For the moment the anger in the Bishop’s glance was stronger than the affection.

‘Do you know,’ he said steadily, ‘that you are the first Trelawney who hath ever been a rebel? Do you know that you have disgraced the name, and dragged the purest name of England in the mire of disgrace?’

‘No, I do not know it.’

‘And yet you have followed that base-born Monmouth, you have lifted your hand against your King.’

‘King!’ said the youth, boldly. ‘In what is he a king? By what right doth he wear the crown?’

‘By the right of descent. He is the son of a man for whom your fathers have fought.’

‘He is a papist who hath denied the true religion,’ cried the youth. ‘He is the cruelest man in England, excepting the tool which he employs. There is not a promise which he keeps, and he hath made the whole nation into a land of wailing. He hath outraged the most sacred feelings of life, and neither the life nor honour of Englishmen is safe.’

‘And who hath taught you to utter these cant phrases?’

‘Prove to me that they are cant phrases,’ said the youth, boldly. ‘Think of his reign. He hath been on the throne but a few months, and yet his every footstep is marked with blood. As for his being King by right of descent, it was well-nigh by an accident that he was made King. As all the world knows, it might easily have been otherwise.’

‘These are the sentiments of a rebel,’ said the Bishop; ‘from whom did you learn them?’

‘From no one,’ said the youth. ‘They came into

## Benedict Trelawney's Defence

my heart against my desires, against my will. You say I am the first Trelawney who was ever a rebel. Well, it will be easy to disown me. I belong to but an obscure branch of the family.'

'A man who bears your name cannot be obscure,' said the Bishop. 'The Trelawney blood is in your veins, and you cannot deny your kinship.'

'Then let me tell you what hath happened to me since the day I left you, long months ago,' he replied. 'Let me tell you what I have seen and heard, and then pass your judgment.'

He told his story well. Possessed of that wild Celtic fervour for which the west country people were at that time famous, he breathed life into his words. He made the Bishop see what he saw, and feel what he felt. Ofttimes, as he went on with his narrative, the Prelate's eyes flashed fire, his right hand clasped itself as though he felt a sword-hilt within his grasp. Especially did his eyes grow hard as he spoke of his interview with the King, the story of Stewart, and of the judgments of Jeffreys. It was easy to see that, though he was a prelate of the Church, the blood of a warrior ran in his veins, and that, although he sought in all things to be loyal to the King, his sympathies went out to his young relative. He saw, too, that the young man had followed his heart, ay, followed the leadings of what he believed to be his conscience, although he had been led astray from the path which the Trelawneys had ever trod.

'Why did you not come to me before you ever took such a step?' he asked, when Benedict had finished.

'Why? Because I was chased like a fox by Jeffreys' minions,' cried the youth. 'Because I should have dragged you into danger by seeking to come to

# The Leadership of Father Peter

you; and because I believed it to be the will of God that he should be hurled from the throne even as his father was.'

'But this is treason,' said the Bishop. 'Think of it. I helped to fight the King's battles against Monmouth, even while one of my own name was a rebel! Think of it.'

'Ay,' cried Peter the Madman, who had not spoken at all during the interview, 'think of it; and yet you, proud Bishop, will be called a rebel by that same King before many months have passed away. Ay, thou, John Trelawney, wilt be asked whether thou wilt obey God or man, and thou wilt cry, "I will obey God."'

'Cease, Peter, cease,' said the Bishop; 'this is but the cry of a madman.'

'It is the cry of one who waits night and day upon the Lord,' cried the old Quaker; 'it is the cry of one who communes with the Great Spirit in the silent places. And this I say boldly that what I have spoken shall come to pass, ay, and more. Thou, my Lord Bishop, thou shalt do what this kinsman of thine hath attempted, thou shalt seek to drive this bloody King James from his throne, so that a man who fears God and loves true religion may reign over us. Oh, I have not prayed for naught. The Chariots of the Lord may be long in coming, but they will come.'

The old Prelate was silent in spite of himself; it seemed to him that the Quaker, much as he disliked the sect to which he belonged, spoke with the voice of a prophet.

'Nay, the arm of the Lord is not shortened,' went on Peter, 'neither is His ear heavy, and His will will surely be accomplished. You who oppress Dissenters, and consent to their being despoiled and oppressed,

# The Bishop's Blessing

you shall turn to them for help. For the time cometh when all who love the word of God will have to band themselves together to keep the Scarlet Woman from ruling over this land.'

The Prelate paced up and down the room in deep thought. Evidently he was thinking of things other than those of which he had spoken. Presently he turned to the old Quaker.

'Art tired, Peter?' he said.

'The Lord ever gives me strength to do His work,' he said.

'Thou hast served me well in many things,' he said. 'Still continue to do this.'

He went to a table and wrote rapidly, and then gave Peter what he had written.

'In an hour from now two horses will be at the gates. Take them and ride to the place which is here written down. I have also given full instructions for your journey. And do you,' he said, turning to Benedict, 'faithfully follow his leadings in this matter. But for him and another you would not be here now. More I could tell you if it were wise. May God forgive me for not giving up a rebel to justice. But blood is thicker than water. Yes, in truth it is; and, after all, the boy——'

The latter part of the sentence he spoke rather to himself than to Benedict, but he did not express all that was in his mind.

'My Lord,' said Benedict, 'if I have been a rebel I could not help it. I know now that Monmouth was not worth fighting for. But give me your blessing ere I go.'

The Bishop looked at his kinsman, and at first his eyes flashed with anger, but as he looked at the face of the

# The Leadership of Father Peter

youth and remembered all through which he had passed, he relented.

'Bless you, lad,' he said. 'May the Lord of Hosts bless you and keep you safe from harm.'

Tears sprang into Benedict's eyes. 'Thank you,' he said. 'I am sorry that I have grieved you; but in truth I could not help it. And will you add to your kindness? Will you tell me who that other is who saved me from death? Was it you?'

'It was not that I meant,' said the Bishop.

'Then was it a woman, the child of Jeffreys?'

Again the Bishop's eyes flashed with anger. 'Lord Chief Justice he may be,' he said, and his voice was rather that of a soldier at the head of his clan, 'but if ever you can get that villain in your power, I charge you do not spare him!'

A little later they were again on the road, but this time they were mounted on two fleet horses. Trelawney's heart was light. Often he had wondered what his kinsman had thought of him, and one of the things which troubled him was the thought of what his family would say concerning him. But now, although the old Prelate was angry with him, he knew that he loved him still; nay, more, he had blessed him and had provided means for his escape. Moreover, another question came to him often. How much had Bishop Trelawney to do with his escape? Perhaps he should never know, but at least he treasured in his heart the thought that he was forgiven.

'You ride well, Peter,' he said, after some time.

'Ay, I learnt to ride while I was in the gall of bitterness,' said Peter.

'When was that?'

'I fought at Bristol in old Nol's time,' said Peter.

# In London Town

**'On which side?'**

**But Peter was silent.**

**Presently, when day was well advanced, they saw some soldiers coming towards them.**

**'You need not fear,' said Peter.**

**'Why?'**

**'I have papers that will take us anywhere,' he said.**

**'The word of a Bishop is still mighty. But it is only for a time. Oh, a dark time is coming on. But after that the Chariots will appear.'**

**That same night they rode into the city of London. Many glanced at them curiously as they rode along, but there was no fear in Peter's eyes. He believed that he was led there on a Divine mission. But Trelawney, who remembered the circumstances under which he had left the city, and what had happened since, wondered much as to what the future would bring forth.**

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE GREATNESS OF JAMES II

**A**S may be imagined, Trelawney sought diligently to discover to whom he owed his escape from Taunton Gaol, and the meaning of the events which followed. But all was in vain. Peter the Madman left him directly after he had been lodged at the house of a widow named Barbara Williams, while, after that night at Basingstoke, he neither saw nor heard anything of Sir Charles Baynton, Master Inglenook, or their companions. They had come into his life for an hour, and then had passed out of it for ever. Of Bishop Trelawney he had discovered that the night on which he saw him at Reading he was on his way to London, and had simply stayed at the house of a friend. For some time after he had taken up his abode at Mistress Barbara Williams' house, he had scarcely dared to go outside the doors, nevertheless he had heard that Judge Jeffreys had returned to London in great triumph, and that he had been made Lord Chancellor. He also learned that the King had, in reward for his services, given him not only a large sum of money from the Treasury, but had given into his hands a rich Puritan by the name of Prideaux, to do with him as he felt disposed. Jeffreys therefore bargained with this man for his life, and had at length succeeded in extracting fifteen thousand pounds from



## At the House of Barbara Williams

him, much as a robber obtained a ransom from some rich traveller whom he might have captured. Thus the man whom he hated was at the height of his power ; he stood in favour with his king, and even those who shuddered at his devilry dared to speak no word, for fear of what might befall them as a consequence. Of Mary Jeffreys he had never heard a word. Since that morning when she had passed out of the room at Harpinghey, she had also passed out of his life. If she had helped to deliver him from prison she had also given him into the hands of the King's soldiers. It is true he had escaped them, but it was by no help from her. Nothing had happened to cause him fear while at the house of Mistress Barbara Williams. She was an Independent, and at times she went secretly to her Meeting-house ; but while many other Dissenters were caught while engaged in the act of worship, and dragged to prison, Mistress Barbara Williams was allowed to remain unmolested. He did not wonder at this. She was a woman who had learnt the rare art of making no confidences. She kept her own counsel, and asked no one for information. Often Trelawney had sought to obtain from her something of her history, but she told him nothing ; he also asked her why Peter the Madman had been led to bring him to her abode for shelter ; but beyond telling him that the Lord had guided him, she would say nothing.

Meanwhile the character and desires of the King were made more and more manifest each day. He persecuted without mercy not only those who had been known to give shelter to rebels, but those who favoured dissent in any way. For weeks and months thousands walked in fear of their lives, especially when the trial and death of such as Elizabeth Gaunt became known. If a woman of blameless life was to be burned at the stake

## The Greatness of James II

for giving bread to a starving family, who could be safe ? All this Trelawney learnt, and because of it, much against his will, he was compelled to live in rigid seclusion. He had heard that Jeffreys had vowed never to rest until he had found him, and thus, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of Mistress Barbara Williams, he gave no one an opportunity of discovering his whereabouts. As may be imagined, he found this terribly hard. For a young man who loved action, to be immured as he was, without friends and without occupation, was something far more to be dreaded than the danger through which he had been passing. Still, he dared not walk abroad, Peter had told him that his capture would possibly mean not only his own death, but that of the widow who gave him shelter, and would undo the work which had been done. What he meant by this latter sentence Trelawney had troubled much, but he could not discover.

If Trelawney had ever regretted joining Monmouth in his endeavour to overthrow King James during his imprisonment at Taunton, that regret passed away. He learnt that never, even in the days of Laud, was there such persecution as now. Although reared a Churchman, his distant relationship with Richard Baxter had caused him to have sympathy with the Puritans ; moreover, that sympathy had been strengthened and deepened by their gallant behaviour in Somersetshire. While there were doubtless rogues and fanatics among them, the Dorsetshire and Somersetshire men were among the bravest and truest he had ever met. If they had rebelled, they had rebelled because a bad king sat upon the throne, and because they longed for liberty of conscience. If they had sinned they had paid the penalty of their sins by their lives. He also discovered that the Dissenters of London were, in the main, godly people, who lived

# The Condition of Dissenters

pure and honest lives, and yet the vilest criminals were treated better. They could not pray together except under such conditions as false coiners or receivers of stolen goods might meet. Their worship had to be held at break of day or at the dead of night. When they met for worship, sentinels had to be placed around to give warning. Never were magistrates, grand jurors, rectors, and churchwardens, so much on the alert. Many would have been captured had they not made secret passages from one house to another. Puritan ministers, however blameless in life, however renowned for learning and abilities, could not venture to walk the streets for fear of outrages, which were not only not repressed, but encouraged by those whose duty it was to keep the peace. Ecclesiastical pamphleteers boasted that not one Dissenter dared move tongue or pen in defence of his religious opinions. Many Puritan divines, such as Richard Baxter, were in prison, while others, like John Howe, had fled the country. Meanwhile the King did all in his power to advance the position of the Papists. The deanery of Oxford was given to a Papist, while bishoprics were bestowed upon those who, either covertly or openly, professed to adhere to the Papacy. The Mass was observed in many churches; monasteries and Papist institutions sprung up as if by magic. Monkish costumes were common in the streets of London, until the Protestants in the Church of England held up their hands with horror.

Thus it came to pass that within a few months after the Monmouth Rebellion, James II. rose to the height of his power. He boasted that he was as much a king as Louis XIV. of France, and that just as Louis' reign would be remembered by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, whereby hundreds of thousands of Protestants

# The Greatness of James II

were driven from the land, his reign should be remembered by something far greater.

'My brother Louis,' said James, 'hath destroyed the work of Richelieu in a Catholic country; but I will destroy Protestantism in a Protestant country. He hath succeeded in driving away the few who are heretics; but I, a Catholic king, whose religion is inhibited, will make that religion triumphant. Not even in Spain itself shall the true religion be more universally accepted. I will play Churchman and Dissenter against each other, only to advance my own faith.'

It is true the Pope had bidden him to make haste slowly, and not to press acceptance of his faith too eagerly; but James II. became more and more the plaything of that section of the Roman Catholics who were at this time under the ban of the Pope.

At this time there existed in London a Jesuitical Cabal which had banded itself together for the purpose of advancing its own interests, under the profession of seeking to establish the Romanist religion in a Protestant land. At the head of this cabal was one Father Petre, a Jesuit priest, who had as his coadjutors, the Earl of Castlemaine, Richard Talbot, Dover, Abbeville, and others, most of whom were Irish Catholics, but all of whom were influenced by Father Petre.<sup>1</sup> This party met every Friday to dine, and to discuss means whereby the country could be induced to accept the Romish faith. Lord Sunderland, while outwardly a Protestant, was a Jesuit at heart, and one of the members of this cabal, who made plans as to what should be done, when the Church of England should be made Roman Catholic: Father Petre was to have a cardinal's hat, Castlemaine was to have a splendid embassy to Rome, Dover was to

<sup>1</sup> See Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i. pp. 558-576.

# The Jesuit Cabal

be rewarded with a lucrative command in the Guards, and on Tyrconnel was to be bestowed high employment in Ireland.

King James was cognizant of the meetings of this company, and was heart and soul with them in their plans.

'It is on these I depend,' he said, more than once, 'and woe be to them who do not fall in with the plans of their King.'

In truth, the plans and hopes of the King were no longer kept a secret, and more than one loyal member of the Church of England regretted the harsh measures which had been taken against the Nonconformists who had been the strongest opponents to the Papacy.

Benedict Trelawney, although living in seclusion, heard of these things from those who from time to time secretly visited the house of Mistress Barbara Williams, and, but for certain events, he would have escaped from his hiding-place, and joined those who longed for the power of King James to come to an end. Not that he had great hopes of doing much. He knew that he was under a ban, and that, should his hiding-place become known, he would be forthwith dragged to his doom. He had even heard that the King had demanded of Jeffreys an explanation of his, Trelawney's, escape, and had given orders that he be found forthwith and condemned to death.

'I can bear this no longer,' he said to himself one day. 'To stay in London, to be kept in this house like a rat in a hole is worse than death. I will find means of escape. What is the use of Henry Dugdale telling me to be patient, and that the time for action will come presently? England is becoming the home of cowards, and no man dare to speak aloud except these Jesuits, who openly boast that they have the King under their

## The Greatness of James II

thumb, and that in a few years all England will be at their feet.'

But he took no steps to carry this determination into effect, for that same night a letter was left for him at the house of Mistress Barbara Williams.

This letter was very brief, containing only a few words. Moreover, it was so obscure that for some time he could not understand it. This was what he read—

*'Remember all things. Remember especially your promises. Be patient. Wait.'*

But it was not the letter itself that caused his heart to throb wildly. He detected, or thought he detected, a remarkable resemblance in the handwriting of this letter and of that which he had received before the battle of Sedgemoor. If his fancy was correct, Mary Jeffreys had written him this letter. It was she who was thinking of him.

Again and again did he compare the two, and the more he compared, the more he was convinced that they had been written by the same hand. In spite of himself a new interest came into his life, a new joy stirred his heart. Moreover, all his old wonderings came back to him. As his mind swept back over those long weary days, since the time when he had first seen her, he saw that while it was possible to accuse her of being a spy, and an enemy, her conduct was also capable of other interpretations, and it was these other interpretations which he hugged to his heart.

'She cannot help her parentage,' he cried again and again. 'It doth not follow, because her father is an inhuman and bloodthirsty villain, that she is possessed of the same nature.'

He remembered the morning at Harpinghey, when the sun shone through the carriage windows and revealed

## A Strange Disguise

a beautiful girlish face, a face as free from guile as that of a child. But what did it all mean? Again and again he asked the question, only to be baffled in his inquiries.

But he still loved her. Try as he might, he could not hide the fact. Child of Jeffreys, spy, informer though she might be, he still loved her, and he felt as though he would willingly die to win her love.

This missive determined him to accept still the hospitality of Mistress Barbara Williams, and to wait there in the hope that he might yet be able to accomplish the task which he had set himself long months before. For if he had been a rebel then, he was far more of a rebel now. Trelawney as he was, boasting a name ever noted for loyalty, his anger knew no bounds as he thought of James Stuart, and his tool Judge Jeffreys.

And so he waited until one night another messenger came, bearing a package for him. This he opened eagerly, and discovered the attire of an old man. An old man's wig, an old man's coat, an old man's hat, an old man's staff. Nothing else. Just such attire as was worn by the elderly merchants of that period. Not unlike the Puritan attire, and yet with many marks of difference. But no word of any sort.

'Some one is mocking me,' he said to himself, and yet he believed that this package was sent to him for a purpose. No one would send him an old man's attire for naught. Partly as a diversion, and partly for curiosity, he clothed himself in the garments he had received, and so great was the change made in him that he hardly knew himself. The dark sombre clothes, the white hair, the hat, all gave him the appearance of an aged man, and not of an eager restless youth, who felt like a caged bird as he remained in his hiding-place.

## The Greatness of James II

He cast his mind back to the night when he had left Henry Dugdale's house, in order to join in the consultation near the Temple Church. He had worn such attire then. Might it not be possible that this came from the old Puritan, and not from the maid who was constantly in his mind?

Probable as it was, he discarded the thought. No, no. If Henry Dugdale had sent it, there would have been no secrecy, and the widow Williams would have known the messenger.

It had the effect of helping him to remain in his hiding-place. It suggested work for him to do. What or when he did not know, but the thought helped him.

Three more days passed away, and then the long weary waiting became as nothing. Another missive came. It could only have been sent by one person, for only one person knew of the words written.

'*To-night. Midnight. Temple Church,*' he read, exultantly.

As he read, he heard the church clocks striking the hour of nine. In three hours he would see her. What it might mean he knew not, cared not. He would be at the trysting place, even though King James and Judge Jeffreys both stood in his way and forbad him. Eagerly he put on the clothes which he had received three nights before. He hated masquerading in an old man's attire, but it was evidently her will.

The house of Mistress Barbara Williams was situated at some little distance west of Westminster Abbey, and he reckoned that it would take him at least an hour to get to Temple Church. He would start at once. It would be safer to take a circuitous route, for by that means, if any one had any suspicions concerning him, he would be able to mislead them.



## Trelawney becomes an Eavesdropper

He never gave a thought to the fact that possibly this letter might lead to his capture. Even if he had, it would only be to discard it as of no value. That which burned in his mind and heart was the hope that he would soon see Mary Jeffreys again, and that perchance he would be able to find means to do the work which, in spite of everything, he had never given up hope of doing.

For some little time after leaving widow Williams' house he walked westward; then he turned his steps towards Westminster Hall, passing by the great houses which faced the river. Here he turned to the left and passed close to St. Margaret's Church, which looked little and insignificant, standing as it did beneath the shadows of the Abbey.

The night was cold and dark, and he called to mind that it was Friday. No moon was to be seen and gray clouds hung in the sky. It was now early spring, and while the leaves had not yet begun to appear, the young man felt that spring was in the air.

Benedict Trelawney realized that danger was all around him, yet the smell of spring made his heart light; he even found himself humming a tune. What though Bishop Trelawney was angry with him? What though his own family might disown him in Cornwall, he had done what he believed to be right, he had followed what he had believed to be the call of duty. Besides, in an hour or two he would see the woman who, although she might bear the most hateful name in England, was still the woman he loved.

He found himself in St. James' Park, and he walked northward.

Presently he heard the sound of voices, and he stopped.

'No, no, Castlemaine, that will never do.'

'Yes, it is the plan we must adopt.'

# The Greatness of James II

**'I tell you it will ruin all we have done.'**

**'Patience, a moment,' said another voice ; 'the matter may be urgent, but we need time.'**

**'Time!' cried an impatient, angry voice ; 'I have heard that word too often, Father Petre.'**

**Trelawney felt himself shiver, for the last speaker was no other than James II., King of England.**

## CHAPTER XXIX

### JESUIT AND KING

**D**OUBTLESS the situation was grave. The King was close by him, surrounded by his friends. He might easily be stopped, and he knew that if he were detected his life was not worth a silver groat. Scarce knowing what he was doing, he placed himself behind one of the many trees that grew in the park. The night was dark, and it was possible that he might be passed unnoticed. At that moment it began to rain heavily, while the night wind blew coldly round him.

‘Let us take shelter, your Majesty,’ said a voice. ‘It is only a shower, and we can keep dry under this tree for a few minutes.’

In a few seconds they stood within ten yards of the spot where Trelawney was in hiding.

This was one of the nights when the Jesuitical Cabal dined together. It was only on rare occasions that the King attended these gatherings, but to-night he had joined their weekly council. After dinner, at which all of them had partaken freely of wine, the King had expressed his will to walk in St. James’ Park, and his friends had accompanied him.

James II. was not in a good humour. Things were not going as well as he desired. He had again received a message from the Pope of Rome, which, while it praised his fidelity and devotion to the Church, besought him to

## Jesuit and King

take no rash steps, nor undo the work which had been done by unwary action. Father Petre, who was a Jesuit, was at this time under the ban of the Pope, yet feared the power of Rome. He had, therefore, on this occasion counselled patience, especially in relation to appointing a Papist to the Archbishopric of York, which for a long time had been vacant.

‘The country is not yet ripe for it,’ said Father Petre; ‘the harvest time hath not yet come, the heads of corn are but green.’

This had made the King more angry, and as they walked through the park, he spoke even with less caution than usual. Moreover, he was flushed with wine, and Castlemaine, thinking only of his own aggrandisement, had been doing his best to lead the King to adopt the plan he had at heart.

It was against Father Petre’s advice that they had come out at all that night.

‘Why proclaim to the world what we have in our minds?’ he had asked. ‘No one knows who may be prowling around, and it is not seeming for his Majesty to be seen walking abroad late at night in such a fashion.’

‘Am I not king?’ cried James, angrily. ‘Am I to be cooped up like a prisoner, or only appear before my people with a guard at my back?’

And so they had found their way to St. James’ Park, and as we have described, had taken shelter under a tree only a few yards from where Trelawney was standing.

‘I am weary of this everlasting cry of wait, wait,’ said the King, angrily. ‘In truth, I would that I had struck my blow directly after Monmouth was beheaded.’

‘Methinks you struck heavily enough, your Majesty,’

## A Secret Council

said Father Petre. 'I hear that the western counties are no more loyal now than before the usurper landed.'

'Ay, but they dare not utter a sound,' said the King, harshly. 'Nay, not a sound.'

'But people are muttering elsewhere,' replied Father Petre. 'Forgive me for speaking so plainly, your Majesty, but I do so because of my love for your person, and because I long so truly for your wishes to be realized. Of a truth the country is not pleased with the Western Assize, neither do they rejoice that Jeffreys is made Lord Chancellor.'

'But what do you counsel?' asked the King. 'Would you have me play our brother Louis false? Would you have me pay heed to Rome, when the holy father is not truly acquainted with our affairs?'

Trelawney could not help but hear. Moreover, he dared not move. If he made a sound and was detected, all hope was gone. So, fascinated by what he heard, he stood still and listened.

'Of a truth, it is not easy to say in a few words what we should do,' said Father Petre, 'but if you will be patient with me, I will tell your Majesty what I think is likely to succeed. As you know, we have placed spies in the house of every bishop in England, and I think, if we have patience, we may have valuable evidence against them.'

'I have heard of that before,' cried James. 'These spies have been at work for months, yet these Bishops have never yet been detected in treason.'

'But they will be,' said Petre.

'Which of them?' asked the King, angrily. 'Not Sancroft?'

'No; I think the Archbishop of Canterbury is too

# Jesuit and King

cautious. But the Bishop of London and Trelawney of Bristol.'

'Have you heard aught against him?' asked James, eagerly.

'He is not prudent of speech,' said the Priest; 'he comes of a hot-blooded race.'

'He hath a proud stomach,' said the King. 'He comes of an old family, and he thinks he may speak boldly. He protested against my Lord Jeffreys' holy crusade in the West, and I cannot help believing he hath sheltered that young springald who bears his name. Who forged the letter that was taken to Jeffreys? But for that, young Trelawney would have been carrion long ago. Who aided his escape? Where is he now?'

The King spoke incoherently. He forgot affairs of State in his personal dislikes.

'Sir John Trelawney is hot against our religion,' said the Priest. 'He protests against the King's army being officered by Papists; his voice is loudest against your Majesty's doings in Oxford.'

'So much the worse for him,' snarled James; 'but go on, Father Petre. What are your plans?'

'This,' said the Jesuit. 'At present those of us who are of the true faith are forbidden to occupy certain positions.'

The King laughed. 'I have made naught of that,' he cried. 'Am I not King? Can I not choose my own officers and my own counsellors.'

'Not according to the Law of England,' said the Priest.

'But I will alter the law,' cried James; 'I am above the law, and will act as though it did not exist. It is my right to be above the law, and I will be.'

'You must be; you shall be,' said the Priest; 'but let us have patience.'

# The Sop to Cerberus

‘Patience! Patience! I am sick of it; but how?’

‘The Dissenters have been much oppressed.’

‘Ay, they have been, and shall be; I hate them. The Bishops support me in that. In that I have received their assent ungrudgingly.’

‘Yes, you have in the past; but the feeling against them is dying out.’

‘Well, let it die out. What then?’

‘There are three parties in the State—the Established Church, the Dissenters, and our Holy Church. At present only those belonging to the Established Church have civil rights.’

‘But I have made an end to that.’

‘Yes, your Majesty, in a way; but there is a better way.’

‘What way?’

‘Let there be a Declaration of Indulgence. Go back to the position you held before your ascension. Urge that religious opinion should not stand in the way of civil position. By that means you will win the Dissenters to your side again.’

‘But I hate the Dissenters!’

‘Surely a believer in the true Church can do no other,’ said the Jesuit, quietly.

‘But you are suggesting that I tolerate them!’

‘Your Majesty hath heard of the sop given to Cerberus, the three-headed poisonous dog?’ replied the priest.

‘Well, go on.’

‘Issue your Declaration of Indulgence,’ went on the Priest. ‘By that means you will appease the Dissenters, and win them over to you. For a few months you can seem to grant them favours, but during that time you can fill all your important posts with the Faithful. Then,

# Jesuit and King

little by little, you can shut out the Dissenters, until, in say two years, every important office will be filled by sympathizers of your Majesty's views.'

'I like not the thought of even considering a Dissenter except to crush him,' said the King; 'but i' faith, the plan seems sound. Let me think.'

'By that means you will gain everything,' went on the Priest. 'The Dissenters, and the Moderate Churchmen who sympathize, will then form a large portion of the community; with these and the Roman Catholics your Majesty can do what you will.'

'But if the Bishops refuse to read the Declaration of Indulgence?'

'Then they become rebels. And for rebels the Tower stands open.'

'And if they obey?'

'Then your end is obtained,' replied Father Petre.

During this conversation the others had remained silent, but now one spoke.

'I see one weakness in the chain you are forging,' he said.

'And that?'

'The Dissenters. Cerberus may not swallow the sop.'

'Trust him,' said Father Petre. 'He hath been so terribly treated that he will be glad of any opportunity to turn on the Churchman who hath persecuted him.'

'What will the Lord Chancellor say to this?' said another.

'Oh,' replied Lord Castlemaine, 'Jeffreys is full of other thoughts just now. He is gloating over the gold gained from Prideaux, the Western Puritan, and he is seeking also to appropriate the Beaumont estates.'

'But he can never do that?'

'Why not? He holds all the proofs, all the



# A Gleam of Light

parchment. Suppose the claimant urges her rights? Where are the proofs? The Lord Chancellor hath them. Ha! Ha! Still, he deserves them. He hath served His Majesty well. I would I could become guardian on similar terms,' said Castlemaine.

'Especially if there were doubts raised about the validity of the marriage of the ward's father,' laughed another.

'Ay, and if the ward is taught to fetch and carry like a dog,' said Castlemaine.

The King had not listened to the latter part of the conversation. Evidently he was deeply pondering over Father Petre's scheme.

'It promises well. It promises well,' he muttered again and again.

'I see your Majesty's desires fulfilled in it,' said Father Petre. 'By this means you will first of all establish your character for justice to all, and afterwards, when your plans are fully matured, you will be able to deal with both Dissenters and rebellious Churchmen as you see fit.'

'I hate them both!' cried the King, savagely. 'I hate those Protestant, Bible-quoting Dissenters, and I hate such proud bishops as Trelawney who strove to oppose my will. I believe, moreover, that he harbours that young traitor who bears his name. How did he escape, I wonder? I would pay the man well who would bring him before me.'

Trelawney's heart beat fast as he heard this. He heard the snarl in the King's voice, and knew what he might expect if he were in his power. But he forgot his fear in the happening of that moment.

No sooner had the King ceased speaking than all of them startled with fright. Above the moaning of

# Jesuit and King

the wind, and the patter of the raindrops, a voice was heard.

'Ay, and he shall stand before you, wicked King, slave of the Scarlet Woman!' it cried. 'Your cup of iniquity is full, and he shall stand before you. Ay, and more, his coming shall not bring destruction upon himself, but upon you, for the Chariots of the Lord shall follow him, and they shall sweep you away as with a besom of destruction.'

So startled were the King and his followers that they listened like men petrified. No man was to be seen. Only the awful voice rose above the moaning of the wind and the patter of the rain. The park seemed utterly deserted. Not a light was visible. Only the trees were to be seen, standing in black outline, against the darkness of the night.

'It is one of these dissenting hot gossellers,' said Castlemaine.

'Ay, let him be got hold of and made an example of,' said the King, fearfully.

'He cannot be far away; let us search everywhere. Doubtless he hath been hidden behind one of the trees.'

Trelawney felt that his hiding-place was no longer of use. He was on the point of escaping as best he might, when he heard the King speak again.

'There, there! I see him. Don't you see that dark object creeping among the trees?'

A moment later they had darted away in the direction directly opposite to that where Trelawney stood. Moreover, all eyes were turned thither, so, without hesitation, he crept silently away, until the sounds of his footsteps could no longer reach them, and then he ran with all speed towards the river.

He doubted not that the man who had cried aloud

## Reflections

was Peter the Madman, and such was his faith in the old man's wit, that he did not fear but that he would escape. In truth, he did not think much of his danger. His mind was too full of what he had heard. He knew now of the plot, which the Jesuit Cabal, headed by Father Petre, had weaved; he saw, too, what it portended. This was no king, this son of Charles Stuart, but a man to whom no trickery was too mean, no cruelty too great to accomplish his ends. Even Jeffreys, cruel as he was, was no worse than this Papist King, who sought to bring back his cruel superstitions to the country which had suffered so much because of them. One was as bad as the other, and the whole country was crying out for deliverance. Again his heart burned with anger, again he fretted because of his helplessness, and again he vowed that he would not rest until both the King and his servant were driven from power. Moreover, the words of old Peter the Madman burned themselves into his heart. They seemed like the cry of an old Hebrew Prophet. What did they mean? Could it be that he would even stand before James II. again; could it be that he would be the forerunner of a power that would hurl this wicked and lying King from the throne? His heart beat wildly at the thought of it, and he prayed that the old madman's words might come true.

But that was not all. What were those mysterious words of Castlemaine, and Jermyn, and the others, concerning Jeffreys and the Beaumont estates? What other crime was the wicked judge guilty of? Could it be that——? No, he dared not hope.

What o'clock was it? How long had he been in the Park? The thought that he was to be at the Temple Church at midnight came to him. Nay, great as was

# Jesuit and King

his interest in the plot of the Jesuits, the hope that he would soon see Mary Jeffreys banished it.

With eager steps he threaded the streets and alleys which existed behind the Strand. Sometimes he lost his way in the darkness, and again he found himself on the banks of the river, whose waters in those days covered the ground where the Temple Gardens now stand. Only a few people were about, and no one molested him. The people still walked abroad in the main street only a little distance away ; but here no one would be abroad, save perhaps thieves, and night-hawks who might be likely to pounce upon an old man, such as he seemed to be. Not that he feared them. He still carried his own sword, and although his health had suffered through his long imprisonment, he felt strong to battle with difficulties.

At length he was near his trysting-place. He saw the walls of the old cloisters where he had gone many months before. A great fear came into his heart. Was the hour past midnight, and would Mary Jeffreys, when she failed to find him there at the time appointed, go away without waiting ?

Scarcely had the thought come into his mind than he heard the clock striking. Yes, the hour was midnight, and he arrived in time. He remembered the shadow of the great buttress behind which he had hidden before, and thitherward he went.

He had scarcely reached the spot than he heard the rustle of a garment ; but the shadow of the buttress was so deep, and the night was so dark, that he could see nothing. He stretched out his hands, and then his heart quivered with joy. He felt a soft hand in his.

‘ Mary—Mary Jeffreys.’

There was no answer to his words.

# The Lovers

'Mary,' he said, not realizing all that had passed since last he had stood on this spot. 'Mary, is that you?'

He had forgotten that he had sworn to be revenged on her for all she had done, forgotten the scorn she had heaped upon him, forgotten danger, imprisonment, and the shadow of death. The court-house at Taunton and the scowling face of Jeffreys were as nothing now. Neither did he fear treason or danger. The hand he held would never lead him into the hands of the enemy.

'I was afraid you would not come,' she said, with a sob.

The sound of the voice thrilled his being. There was no other like it, and he could not be mistaken.

He gathered her unresisting form in his arms. He felt the wild beat of her heart. His lips found hers, and the black night was full of the light of heaven.

All the black mystery of the past was as nothing. He could not tell why. Only one thing remained. He loved, and he held the woman of his love in his arms. She was no daughter of the cruelest man in England, she had naught to do with him, against whom the blood of hundreds of innocent victims cried out. None of his blood ran in her veins, her hands were not red with the blood of savage butchery as his was. She was the woman he had loved ever since that foggy night, when, long ago, she had delivered him from the hands of Jeffreys' minions, and whose laughing, girlish face he had seen in the light of a neighbouring window.

'Mary, I love you.'

He felt her bosom heaving with great sobs, and he held her nearer to him.

'You love me, Mary.'

Again their lips found each other.

# Jesuit and King

**'You do not doubt it, do you?' she said.**

**'No!'**

**'In spite of everything?'**

**'No!'**

**'Benedict, will you help me?'**

**Help! All his life went out to her. Nothing mattered now. He understood nothing, but he doubted nothing.**

**'Tell me what you wish me to do?' he said.**

**'I want you to save me from the man you hate?' she said.**

## CHAPTER XXX

### LADY MARY BEAUMONT

‘FROM George Jeffreys? The man who is loathed by every honest man in England?’

He said the words quietly. His mind was working rapidly now. The thought that she needed help aroused in him the longing for service. For love ever seeks to express itself in service. There is no other love that is true.

‘Yes.’

‘He is not your father at all.’

‘Oh, you know that! You believe that! But how?’

She spoke eagerly, almost incoherently, like one afraid to think of something in which she rejoiced.

‘I have felt it ever since we have known each other, even though I had no other thought than that you were his child. Ay, I felt it when you did those things which you are going to explain to me, felt it when I lay in Taunton Gaol. I know it now.’

‘And—and you love me in spite of all—of everything you have seen and heard and suffered?’

‘I could not help it.’

‘Oh, I was afraid you could not—afraid that you would hate me, as I thought you must. But I could not explain, I dared not; but let me tell you now.’

# Lady Mary Beaumont

'No, no; not yet. Tell me how I can help you! Tell me your danger.'

'I must tell you everything that you might know that. Oh, how I have prayed that your love for me might not die.'

She spoke as artlessly as a child. There was no thought of coyly keeping back from him the knowledge of her love.

'You wanted me to love you?'

'How could I help it? And yet—yet how could I believe you might? Let me tell you. Let me tell you why I had to make you think I was your enemy; why I heaped scorn upon you; why I seemed to lead you into danger, when all the while I would so gladly have died for you.'

But for her voice he might have thought it was another woman speaking to him. This was not the woman whose words had cut him like a knife, who had scornfully derided him, who had bidden the King's soldiers drag him to prison. Even as she spoke he felt that the mystery of her actions could never be explained. But he did not doubt her. In spite of everything her heart beat truly, and her life was as true and pure as the sunlight.'

'You remember the morning we rode into Harpinghey?' she said.

'Yes.'

'I told you I might claim the help you offered?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, I longed to tell you everything then, but I dared not. The time had not come. Instead, I had to play my old part; I had to give you to the King's officers. But I trusted you.'

'How?'



# Mary's Story

'I knew you would escape.'

'It was you who sent Peter the Madman,' said Benedict—'it was you who sent those other men. I see your hand everywhere.'

'No, they were what they seemed; but I felt sure you would use them as a means of escape. Oh, let me tell you everything from the beginning—let me prove to you that he is not akin to me!'

She spoke eagerly, excitedly, like one anxious to lift a great burden from her heart.

'I must tell you the story of my life,' she said. 'Nothing must be hidden from you. Not that I can tell you everything as I would, for some things are hidden from me. I can remember but little of my childhood; but I have a recollection of an old house, built of gray stones covered with lichen. I can remember an old deer park. I can call to mind, too, the old park gates where, on great granite pillars, there were two carved lions. It is all dim and shadowy, but I remember it as my early home.'

'And your father?' said Trelawney.

'I have no remembrance of him—none at all; but my mother I remember plainly. I am sure of that. A lady with a kind, pure face, who caressed me much, and who heard me say my prayers at night. I could not be more than three or four, but I remember it.

'Then all was changed. I was brought to London, and I had to live in the house of the man you hate. He was not rich or great at the time, and the house we lived in at the back of Lincoln's Inn Fields was small. George Jeffreys told me I was his daughter, and that my mother was dead. Presently he told me that he was bringing home another mother for me—a great lady, who would care for me better than a servant; but when she came,

## Lady Mary Beaumont

although I was but a little child, I knew she was not a great lady—rather, she was coarse and vulgar. But she treated me kindly, and I had naught of which to complain. Especially was this so when Jeffreys became a great lawyer, and earned much money. But even in those days there were things which I could not understand. Once I remember Jeffreys and his wife quarrelling about me, and the woman asked why she should have a nameless child to look after, while Jeffreys told her that if she held her tongue I should become a treasure to them both.

‘During the years which followed I was led to wonder more. Sometimes for months together I was taught all the accomplishments of a lady of high birth, and then again I was treated like a scullery-maid. Sometimes Jeffreys regarded me with great kindness and consideration, and then again he told me that I was a base-born outcast who depended on his bounty. It is difficult to make this plain to you, and——’

‘I understand—I understand,’ said Trelawney, eagerly. ‘Go on, dear—tell me.’

‘One day, when I was sixteen, we moved to a large house in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. By this time Jeffreys had become a great man, even although the King, Charles II., neither believed in him nor trusted him. Honour and riches were bestowed upon him, although I know he often wanted money. I remember he was kind to me at the time, and I was given a beautiful room for my own use. I remember also that an old escritoire was placed in the room, which I had no remembrance of seeing before.’ One wet day I was alone in my room, and I fell to examining this escritoire, when, to my delight, I discovered a secret drawer. On opening it I found a bundle of letters, and a locket in which was the picture



'I COULD NOT HELP SEEING THAT I BORE A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE TO  
THE LADY.'

## Lady Mary's Mother

of a lady with a baby in her arms. Even then I could not help seeing that I bore a close resemblance to the lady. She could not have been much more than twenty, so she was not much older than I. I remember even then crying out "Mother," and kissing the picture ; but that was not all. Among the bundle of letters I found one written from Jeffreys. It was evidently written in answer to one sent to him which asked him to take care of me, and to guard my rights. The letter was addressed to Lady Mary Beaumont ; it expressed great sorrow at her illness, and especially at the verdict of a renowned physician. It also expressed a willingness to look after her little child, and promised to take her into his house, if her illness proved fatal. Then followed these words :—

“With regard to the validity of your marriage with Sir Henry Beaumont I have no doubt, seeing Sir Henry told me of it himself just before he left England for Spain ; but to prove this will be a more difficult matter. It is true you have lived at Beaumont Castle, but there are claimants who urge that you were never lawfully Sir Henry's wife. At your decease, therefore, I have but little doubt that your late husband's brother Edward will claim the estates ; but you may depend on me to do my utmost to establish the rights of little Lady Mary, who even now resembles her mother so closely.”

‘Do you possess that letter ?’ cried Benedict.

‘Yes,’ replied the girl. ‘That is, I have it in a safe hiding-place.’

‘That is right, dear—go on.’

‘It was then that I remembered that Sir Edward Beaumont was one of Jeffreys' boon companions—I had

# Lady Mary Beaumont

seen them often together, and I have noticed that Sir Edward seemed afraid of Jeffreys.'

'Yes, yes. Well, what did you do next?'

'When next I saw my guardian I asked him whose child I was.'

"Why, mine, of course," he said. "You are my daughter by a girl I married when I was a boy. A pretty life she led me, too, for she had a temper like yours."

"You never married Lady Mary Beaumont," I said; "and she was my mother."

'You have seen him when he is angered. He started up and caught me by the arm. "If ever you breathe a word of such a thing," he said, "I will have you whipped at the cart-tail."

'After that I often tried to get him to tell me the truth. Sometimes he would say one thing, sometimes another. When he was sober, he would say that I depended on him for every morsel of food I ate, and that if I dared to utter a word concerning my suspicions, I should be thrown into the streets to perish like a dog; while, when he had been drinking, he would tell me that no one but him had proofs as to who I was, and that if I were a good girl he would one day make me a great lady. Presently, drunk or sober, he adopted this attitude. "If you obey me in everything until you are twenty-one," he said, "I will prove that your mother was the wife of Sir Henry Beaumont; but if you in aught anger me I will do nothing. Remember that I, and I alone, have the proofs."

'You can see the position in which I was placed. He was growing in favour in high places, and every one said that if Charles II. were to die, and James were to ascend the throne, Sir George Jeffreys would be the greatest man in England next to the King.'

## Lady Mary's Confession

'But every one regarded you as his daughter,' urged Benedict Trelawney.

'Even among Jeffreys' friends there is much wonder about me,' replied the girl. 'Sometimes Jeffreys spoke of me as his daughter, the child of his first wife whom he married when he was poor and obscure; at others he spoke of me as his ward—a poor girl who did not possess a groat, but to whom he gave a home because of his friendship with my father. Mostly, however, people believe that I am the daughter of his first wife, who was a poor and vulgar woman. You see, people know little or nothing about this marriage. The woman, I have heard, came from poor surroundings, and he grows angry if any one speaks about it. As you may imagine, however, I never ceased to think about it, never gave up trying to discover the truth.

'And now,' went on the girl—and her voice was husky as she spoke—'I must tell you that which will lead you to despise me, but I will hide nothing from you. I have told you that he informed me that the possession of my rights depended on his will, and that only by my being obedient to his wishes should I ever obtain them.'

'And you did?' said Trelawney.

'I played a double part,' said the girl. 'At least a year before—before that day when—when I first saw you, I hated him. I loathed his presence, and yet I pretended to obey him. There were people on whom he desired to have vengeance, and I made believe to help him, yet all the time I worked against him. Many and many a poor wretch was warned by me against him, and yet he thought I was his willing tool. Why did I do it? I did it because I hoped that thereby I should clear my mother's name from shame, because I was in

## Lady Mary Beaumont

his power. Oh, I despise myself, and yet, oh, my love, my love, you do not despise me, do you ?'

For answer he held her more closely to him. He did not yet understand, but he trusted her altogether.

'It became a kind of passion with me,' she went on presently. 'I hated him, and I loathed what he did, yet I pretended to be his spy that I might accomplish what was in my heart, and at the same time thwart his purposes.'

'That day,—you remember, I went to the court-house when Richard Baxter was tried. He bade me be there that I might hear what was said among the Dissenters. You know his hatred of them, you know too the joy he had in cruelly torturing them. It was then I saw you, I heard what you said, and I determined to save you. I was at the prison when the command came for you to be brought before the King, and—and I acted accordingly.'

'And you brought back my sword,' said Trelawney.

'I knew you must prize it. Besides——'

'Besides what ?'

'I wanted to see you again. I wanted to warn you against danger. But I dared not let you know this. If I had, my power to help you would be gone.'

'And you wanted to help me ?'

She nestled closer to him.

'I do not think I slept for two days,' she said presently.

'Still, I do not understand,' said Trelawney. 'I did not tell you of my plans. How did you know what I should do ?'

'I knew what I wanted you to do,' sobbed the girl. 'I knew what I should do if I were in your place. Oh, it was very hard—but I did save you, didn't I ?'

# Explanations

For a long time they talked, until she had made the mysterious plain to him. It was for his sake she had gone to Somersetshire, it was she who had sent the letter to Judge Jeffreys at the Assizes, it was she who had planned his escape.

‘But why did you reveal the hiding-place of myself and the yeoman?’ asked Trelawney, presently.

‘Because it would have been known in other ways,’ she said; ‘nay, for that matter, it was known, and I knew that only by leading the soldiers there should I be able to help your future. It was by this, moreover, that I was able to deceive Jeffreys. He sent me word that, if I would take you prisoner, he would prove my mother’s marriage. But I would not have made your hiding-place known, had there been a shadow of a chance for you to escape. But there was none; the old shaft was known; Martha had been followed there. That was why I led the soldiers there. Oh, my love, my love, I know I seemed to be your enemy, but it was my only chance of saving you. Do you forgive me?’

‘Tell me how I can help you,’ he said presently.

‘He now persists that my mother was never the wife of Sir Henry Beaumont,’ she answered. ‘On his return from Somersetshire I claimed the fulfilment of his promise. At first he tried to put me off, but presently he told me that no marriage had ever existed, and that all my welfare depended on his good-will.’

‘But you did not believe it?’

‘How could I? I had read his letter to my mother, and I—I know my mother is a good woman, in spite of what he says.’

‘But he has the proofs,’ said Trelawney; ‘how can they be got from him?’

‘Yesternight,’ went on the girl, ‘two men came to



# Lady Mary Beaumont

his house. They drank freely, and I heard some of their conversation. You know what Jeffreys is after he has drunk much wine. Lord Castlemaine asked him about the Beaumont estates. I discovered from his questions that they have come into Jeffreys' hands. Sir Edward Beaumont had been obliged to leave the country, and by some means the estates became the property of Lord Jeffreys.

"It's a good thing the girl is well under your thumb," said Lord Castlemaine; "if she had her rights, she is the owner of one of the finest properties in England."

'At this Jeffreys laughed. "But she is under my thumb," he said. "I have taught her to obey me like a dog. Besides, even if she were not, she could prove nothing. Where are the evidences that Sir Henry Beaumont ever married her mother?"

"She was of a good family, and would never have lived with him except as his wife," replied Castlemaine.

"But the parson who tied the knot could prove it," said the other man, who had not spoken before.

"He dare not come to England. He dare not leave Holland. Why, he fled for his life. Trust Beswick for that. These cursed Presbyterians are all cowards."

"If James II. were to die, and his daughter were to come as queen, many things will be unearthed," said Castlemaine. "Besides, we could tell a queer story if we would, Jermyn and I."

"It would not pay you, Castlemaine," replied Jeffreys, with one of his savage laughs; and then I knew that Lord Castlemaine and Jermyn were both in his power.'

'Mary,' cried Trelawney, eagerly, 'I will go to Holland, and I will find this Beswick. It cannot be

## Trelawney's Plans

difficult ; besides——' He ceased speaking suddenly, as though he were afraid to utter the words which rose to his lips.

'I know what is in your mind,' said the girl, quickly.

'What?'

'It is England's only safety,' cried the girl. 'I know of the plotting, and the lying. God's curse will ever be on the country until he is driven from the throne.'

Trelawney started like one frightened. 'How did you know what was in my mind?' he asked.

'I cannot tell,' she answered, 'except that I feel sure of what you are thinking. If Prince William knows, he will surely come to our aid.'

'I will tell him,' cried the youth. 'I will seek an audience with him and tell him.'

'You must not depart until you see me again,' said the girl. 'I know many things unknown to you. I will bring you proofs of the scheming and the plotting among the Jesuits. If I have been Jeffreys' spy it has not been for naught. He has been obliged to tell me of the King's plans. Oh, if we are not saved from that man, worse days than those of Bloody Mary will come back to England. I know, too, that even now, the heads of twenty great houses would rally to the standard of the Prince if he would but come to free us. But they dare not speak. Spies are everywhere. Jesuit plotters are in all the great houses, and every word that is said is carried to the King. He swears he will never rest until every Protestant in England either recants, or is dead. Every bishop, every man of position, is watched by spies, who profess to be strong Protestants, but who are the tools of the Jesuits. Three times have the Protestant nobility arranged to meet and discuss how England can be saved from the Jesuits, but in

# Lady Mary Beaumont

each case they discovered that there are traitors in the camp.'

'How did they find out?' asked Trelawney.

'Because I told them,' cried the girl. 'Oh no, I did not make myself known. I am still believed to be Jeffreys' spy. It is only by that means that I can fight the King.'

'Do you hate him too?' said Trelawney.

The girl shuddered. 'Hate him!' she cried. 'Can I do other? His brother Charles II. was a saint to him. Do you know—oh, my love, my love, how can I tell you? That monster pretends to love me; for months he has persecuted me, and but for the mercy of God I should not be able to accept your love.'

The young Cornishman sprung to his feet. 'God help me to crush the wretch!' he cried.

'God will help you,' she said. 'I will put the means in your power. Oh, my love, my love, do you forgive me for playing a double part, for pretending to be what I was not? I loathe my work, but I will do it until I have removed the stain from my mother's name, and until that wretch is driven out of England.'

'Ay, God will help me, my dear,' said Benedict Trelawney. 'And now let us make our plans.'

He spoke quietly, but his voice trembled with passion. Helpless as he seemed, a strong, resolute man is ever a force to be reckoned with.

## THE PIETY OF ROBERT FERGUSON

**T**HREE days later, Benedict Trelawney was on his way, for the second time, to Amsterdam. He had succeeded in obtaining a passage, in a small trading vessel, to the chief port of the Netherlands, with an amount of ease which surprised him. Even yet he could not understand the greatness of the influence of the woman he loved. Moreover, he was constantly amazed at the soundness of her judgment and the quickness of her perception. She was but a young girl, and yet she seemed to grasp the details of a dangerous situation with the utmost ease. Her plans comprehended every emergency. Thus the difficulties which lay in the way of his escape were easily removed, and he found himself on the high seas with but little trouble.

The past year seemed to the young man like a dream, and yet, as he reflected on the scenes through which he had passed, he knew it was no dream, but a great reality. He had lived more during this year than through the rest of his life. His last voyage to Amsterdam was no dream, neither were the events which preceded it. The voyage with Monmouth to England was no dream, neither were the terrible scenes which followed. He had been guided in a way he could not understand, he had escaped from what seemed to

# The Piety of Robert Ferguson

him almost impossible situations. During the voyage he thought constantly of the woman whose life had been such a mystery to him, and even after their meeting beneath the shadow of the old Temple Church, he failed to understand her. At times it seemed to him that her love could not be real, that one day he should wake up, only to find that even the confession of her love was only a part in the play she was acting. She had made everything plain to him, and while he was in her presence no doubts crossed his mind ; and yet when he was away from her everything seemed impossible.

Nevertheless he could not help believing in her, he could not help rejoicing in her love, and now, with his heart beating warm with devotion, he was on his way to Holland to serve her, as well as to seek to fulfil the vow he had made long months before.

He did not stay at Amsterdam, but on his arrival there bought a horse, and started on his journey to the Hague, where lived the man who possessed the most powerful mind in Europe ; a man who, though weak in body, was an intrepid leader of armies, and who, though he had never received a military training, was the most successful general of his age.

Benedict Trelawney's mission to Holland was two-fold in nature. He wanted to find a Presbyterian clergyman by the name of John Beswick, who had fled the country during the reign of Charles II., and he desired to obtain an audience with William, Prince of Orange, and husband of Mary, the daughter of James II. of England. The first part of his mission he determined to fulfil at all hazards. He would never rest until he had discovered the man who had performed the rites of marriage between Sir Henry Beaumont and Mary Liston, the orphan child of Master William Liston, who

## Benedict Trelawney's Mission

had been a merchant of great renown in the city of London, and who had left his only child an orphan when she was but seventeen years of age. He did not know the Dutch language, and he was ignorant of the country into which he had come ; but Mary had desired him to do this, and he would not disappoint her. But he knew that this was not enough. He knew that John Beswick dared not return to England while James was king, neither for that matter dared he go back himself. His hiding-place had been safe because of the woman who had protected him ; but she had told him that if he came back to England again, even she might not be able to save him from the vengeance which Jeffreys had vowed against him. He might be able to discover John Beswick, and through him it was possible to possess the marriage contract, but he knew that the woman he loved could never be his while James II. was upon the throne, and while Judge Jeffreys was alive.

In spite of all his fear his heart was full of joy. The fact that the woman he loved was not tainted with the blood of Judge Jeffreys seemed to make the world new. Hitherto he hated himself for loving her, now the joy of his love filled his life. A great cloud was lifted from the sky, a new strength came into his life. He felt a confidence unknown to him before. Things which had seemed impossible no longer frightened him.

Arrived at the Hague, he began to look around him for means whereby he could obtain an audience with the prince, and for means whereby he could hear of Master John Beswick. He soon saw, however, that easy as his mission appeared from a distance it was really a difficult undertaking. He discovered that the atmosphere of the Hague was different from that of Amsterdam. Almost by instinct he felt that the

# The Piety of Robert Ferguson

government of burgomasters was different from that of a prince. Moreover, the Prince of Orange, although not a lover of his father-in-law, was yet obliged to give some show of respect to the Crown of England, and in spite of himself the young Cornishman felt that he could not with safety let it be known that he had been engaged in a rebellion, which although unsuccessful, was still destined to have its effect upon the fortunes of his country. He saw that in Amsterdam, the claims of James II. were made light of, but at the Hague, the semblance of respect was so kept up that words freely uttered at the former would be dangerous at the latter.

He discovered, also, that William of Orange was regarded as reserved and stern, that it was difficult to gain access to his presence, and that he repelled many who came near him by the harshness of his demeanour. He cared but little for pageants, and was but seldom seen abroad.

Trelawney took up his abode at a hostel, and determined to formulate his plans according to the nature of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. During the first three days he remained at the Hague, he traversed what, although one of the smallest, was in many respects one of the most beautiful capitals in Europe. He noted the air of prosperity which everywhere abounded, and the sumptuous dwelling-places for which the city was noted, but he made no advance towards the object so dear to him. As far as he could judge, although he knew it must have been otherwise, no English people were to be seen. Everything was Dutch. Everywhere the Dutch language was spoken, and scarce any one seemed to know a word of English. He saw also that he seemed to be regarded with suspicion. His nationality was plainly stamped upon

# The Unfriendliness of the Hague

his person, and he seemed to be avoided accordingly. Although he walked abroad freely, he began to feel that it was nearly as dangerous for him to be in the Hague as in London. No friendly face appeared anywhere. Even at the hostel where he resided, his presence seemed unwelcome. As for gaining an audience with the Prince, it seemed utterly impossible. He had no letters of introduction, and he possessed no influence in the city.

Not that he was at all disheartened. The past year had so strengthened his character, and given force to his will, that difficulties only nerved him to greater energy.

‘What cannot be done to-day must be done to-morrow,’ he said hopefully ; and he went to his rest with a light heart.

At the end of a week, however, it came to him that only by extraordinary means could his desires be accomplished. An audience in the ordinary way seemed out of the question, and hearing that on the following day the Prince was to hold a reception, he determined that he would force his way to William’s presence. That night, however, an event happened which altered his plans.

He was walking in the poorer part of the town after dark. There was a clear sky overhead, and the moon shone brightly, or he would never have been able to see what attracted him so strangely, for the street was ill-lighted, and the shadows of the houses darkened what must have been at all times a gloomy district. Just as he was leaving this part of the town, however, and was making his way towards the inn where he resided, his attention was struck by a man who shuffled along with a peculiar gait, and who evidently chose those spots where the shadows were deepest. Warm as the night was, he



# The Piety of Robert Ferguson

was enveloped in a long garment which reached almost to his feet, so that in the flickering and uncertain light, he looked more like a mendicant friar than anything else. What attracted Benedict's attention more than anything else, however, was the peculiarity of his gait. He shuffled rather than walked, and he moved his ungainly limbs so awkwardly that even his long garment could not disguise it. He moved rapidly, however, and he seemed to be desirous of getting away from the street as soon as possible.

Without a moment's hesitation the young Cornishman rushed after him, and laid his hand upon his arm.

'Master Ferguson,' he said quietly.

The man started as though he had been pricked with a knife. A look of ghastly terror came on his face.

'You are mistaken, I do not speak English,' he said in bad Dutch.

'Mistaken!' cried Trelawney. 'Nay, I am not mistaken, Master Ferguson.'

The man stared at the young Cornishman as though he were endeavouring to recognize him. Then he shook his head, and tried to creep away.

'There is not another man like you in Holland,' said Benedict, cheerfully. 'I have often wondered what had become of you after Sedgemoor, but you are the last man I expected to meet here.'

'I do not speak English,' he repeated again, in the same badly pronounced Dutch.

'Why, that is strange,' cried Trelawney, with a laugh. 'I will admit that your accent savours strongly of the land of your birth, but the language of Monmouth's declaration was drawn up in very strong English.'

## Ferguson's Fear

'For the Lord's sake speak not of that,' cried Ferguson; 'it's as much as your life is worth. Besides, I must e'en be going, and that quickly.'

'Must you? Well, that's a pity. But never mind, I will go with you. I am sure you must be anxious to know what has become of your old friends.'

'Nay, nay. Ye canna come wi' me. Ay, man—let me go, I say. People are noticing it.'

'Not for worlds would I let you go,' said Trelawney, cheerfully.

'Have ye been acquitted?' he cried. 'Did ye escape the bloody sword of Jeffreys?'

'Else I should not be here,' said the young man. 'But I tell you this, Master Ferguson, there is no man in England more inquired after than you. You have no idea how King James would like to see you back in London.'

'Speak not of that man,' said Ferguson, in a fearful whisper. 'There, let me go. I'll e'en meet you to-morrow, upon my oath I will. Let me go, I say; yonder's a constable, and he has his eye upon us.'

'I could not let you go,' said Trelawney, 'I could not indeed. What, find a countryman in a strange land, and then let him go?'

'But you must. See, he's coming this way.'

'Then come with me to the inn where I am staying.'

'I daurna, man; I daurna,' he answered; and his voice trembled with fear. 'Will ye no let me go?'

'Not until I have had a good long talk with you,' cried Trelawney.

'Then come wi' me,' he cried. 'I tell ye that Daniel in the den of lions had less need of the help of the Lord than we have at this moment.'

He plunged into a dark passage, and then, after

# The Piety of Robert Ferguson

traversing several dark, dirty streets, he entered a narrow alley, which led into a yard.

‘Eh, man,’ he said, ‘it’s well for ye that the Lord looks after his own elect, or you had by this time been in a Dutch prison.’

‘Ay, it’s a great mercy,’ replied Trelawney, in a bantering tone.

‘Come in, man, come in, since ye will,’ said Ferguson; ‘and may the Lord touch your heart.’

A minute later they entered a room which was dimly lighted with only one candle, but which revealed the fact that Ferguson lived with a certain degree of comfort. The apartment was not large, but it was comfortably appointed. An air of prosperity prevailed, and Benedict judged, by the savoury smell which reached him, that Master Ferguson was not going to fast that night.

‘This is a poor sort of a place,’ said Ferguson, looking around. ‘I’m thinkin’, now ye’ve seen how humbly I’m lodged, that ye’ll be returnin’ to your own place of abode.’

‘Why, this is princely,’ said Trelawney. ‘I see, too, that you have adopted the habit of the Dutch, and smoke the fragrant weed which the great Sir Walter brought to our country.’

‘It’s the one earthly comfort I have,’ replied Ferguson, piously, ‘and I think the Lord will forgie me for it. You see, I canna sing the songs of Sion in a strange land. Not but what the people here have a fair grip of doctrine,’ he added quickly.

‘They’ve laid hold of the fundamentals, have they?’ said Trelawney, still speaking in the same bantering tone.

‘I’ll no say they haven’t?’ replied Ferguson, ‘else

## Ferguson as a Married Man

would I not have taken up my abode with them. As I used to say to Donald Stewart, it's the one comfort we have in our distress. But ye would not mind if I took a pull, mebbe.'

The Scotsman filled a clay pipe with tobacco, and began to smoke with evident comfort.

'I could get a good reward if I took you back to England,' said Trelawney. 'For nearly a year it hath been proclaimed in London that if any rebel will deliver you up to justice, he shall not only be forgiven, but rewarded greatly.'

'But ye would not, ye would not!' cried Ferguson, fearfully. 'Ye would not deliver a vessel of the Lord into the hands of the prophets of Baal!'

Trelawney did not reply, for at that moment there came into the room a stout, placid-looking woman, who gazed at the young man inquiringly.

Ferguson had evidently been studying the Dutch language, for he spoke to the woman in that tongue. She seemed to be pleased with Ferguson's explanation, for she held out her hand to him in a stolid way, and after having shaken the young man's hand, left the room without another word.

'Ay, the Lord looks after his own,' said Ferguson, piously. 'I little thought when I led that poltroon Monmouth to England that he would have proved to be such a coward, and that I should have had to come back to this land again. Ay, man, it was a sair life that I led. But evidently it was the Lord's will. Gretchen cast eyes of love upon me, and although she's not what you might call a beauty, neither did she come of a family as high as I would have mated with in my own land, I e'en married her.'

'She is your wife, then?'

# The Piety of Robert Ferguson

'Ay, she is, and a good wife, too. I'll no say she's ower strong on doctrine; but, man, she can cook a meal finely.'

'That's a great accomplishment,' said Trelawney.

'Ay, it is. And I'll say this, too. I've ne'er yet found a woman who was what you might call strong theologically who could cook an honest dinner. So I've come to the conclusion that, takin' a' things into consideration, it's just as weel for women to ken little of doctrine, and to look after the inner man in another way.'

'She brought you money, too, I'll warrant,' said Trelawney.

'Oh, I'll no deny but that she had siller. Not that she's ower free with it; she keeps a tight hand on it. Still, I do not need it here. I have, as you may say, to keep in hidin', and shall have to do so until the Lord sees fit to remove that child of the Scarlet Woman from the English throne. Ay, but I'm glad to see ye, Master Trelawney.'

'You did not seem to be an hour ago,' said Trelawney.

'That was because I did not understand aright,' said Ferguson. 'Ay, man, no one knows what I suffered in escaping from England, but I knew that if I could once get here, I'd be safe. You see, Gretchen had cast loving eyes upon me before I led Monmouth to England, and although at that time it did not seem as though Providence intended me to take a wife, I knew it would point that way if I could once get here.'

'She must have been attracted by your good looks,' said Trelawney, as he looked upon Ferguson's ungainly figure, his lantern jaws and pimply skin.

'Ay, ay,' replied the Scotsman, 'I'll no deny that

## Ferguson's Forethought

there is not some truth in that. Not that I claim to have the kind o' good looks which you possess, but I'm the kind of man which people look at twice for a' that.'

'Of a truth you are,' said Trelawney.

'Not that life is all honey,' said Ferguson. 'My wife is not a woman who can be led like a lamb. She has what you may call a Dutch temper, and she's a leetle jealous lest my good looks attract other women. Nevertheless I have a quiet home, and it's a sort of haven of refuge here after the storms of life. But, man, tell me of what's happened since I saw you that fatal morning when Monmouth ran away like the coward he was?'

Trelawney gave him an outline of all that happened, and then asked Ferguson how he managed to escape when even Monmouth could not manage to get away.

'Weel,' said Ferguson, 'I was ever a man, as you may say, who prepared for conteengencies. I like to keep the back door open when there may be enemies at the front door. That's just what I did in this case. By means of distributing a leetle siller discreetly, I persuaded a Dutchman to lie in harbour with his boat, at a little cove in Somersetshire, until he heard that danger was over. Therefore, when I saw that Monmouth was not the elect o' the Lord, I got a horse's shoulders between my knees and rode like Jehu of olden time.'

'But was not the Hague an unsafe place at that time?'

'Ay, but I did not come here. I went to Friesland, and sent word to Gretchen that my heart was longing for her. Oh, I had my difficulties, but the Lord helped me.'

'And have you given up all hope of driving James from the throne?' asked Trelawney.

# The Piety of Robert Ferguson

'Ay, no man can accuse me of being at ease in Zion, but I'll e'en settle down now. I'm not like Donald Stewart, who would start on another expedition to-morrow.'

'Is he here?'

'Ay, that he is, and, unlike me, Donald canna settle doon to the ways o' th' people: Not but what he has a good time, for he has not been accused of taking part in the rebellion. Would ye like to see Donald?'

'I would, indeed. Can you manage a meeting between us?'

'I'm thinkin' that's Donald at the door now,' said Ferguson, quietly. 'Ay, man, we may be strangers in a strange land, but it's verra hard if men who have been grounded in the same doctrine canna enjoy each other's society.'

He had scarcely spoken when Donald Stewart entered.

'Ay, Trelawney,' said the Scotsman, without showing the least surprise, 'but I'm thinkin' Bob Ferguson 'll need to be on good terms with his wife.'

'Why?' asked Trelawney, gripping the Scotsman's hand.

'Why? Because it's just on supper-time, and I remember when last we were in England together what a good trencher-man you were. And ye'll be makin' a difference to the household expenses. But I'm right glad to get a grip o' your hand, man. Many's the time I've wondered how ye fared. I've heard o' Jeffreys' bloody doings, and often I've asked hoo you managed to escape.'

'How did you know I had escaped?' asked Trelawney.

## Donald Stewart's Logic

'Ay, man, I worked it out i' this way. Trelawney, I says to myself, has mair brains and a stronger arm than you, Donald Stewart, and if when Argyle was made food for the dogs, you got away, surely that lad 'll show England a clean pair of heels.'



## WILLIAM OF ORANGE

‘AND what’ll you be wanting to do in Holland, Master Trelawney?’

They had all partaken of the supper which Ferguson’s wife had prepared, and now the three men were sitting together in the room to which Ferguson had first led the young Cornishman. Donald Stewart had given an account of his escape from Scotland, and related his experiences since his escape. Ferguson had interlarded Stewart’s account with many pious remarks, while Trelawney had repeated to the younger Scotsman the story of his own experiences. Stewart and Ferguson were pulling contentedly at their tobacco-pipes, and looked towards Trelawney expectantly as the former put the question which I have just set down.

Trelawney was silent for a moment as he looked at Ferguson. He would willingly have told Stewart what he hoped to do, but the other was a man in whom, in spite of his pious professions, or perhaps because of them, he had no confidence.

‘The Scotch are still terribly oppressed, Stewart,’ he said, seeking to evade his question by asking another; ‘do you intend standing quietly by, after one failure?’

‘The hand o’ th’ Lord is against us,’ replied Ferguson, answering Stewart’s question. ‘England must receive

## William's Spiritual Adviser

her punishment for receiving back a Stuart, before she is purged of her iniquity. Do you think I have not tried to gain the ear of William? Ay, but I have. I tell you he's the only hope of England, but William will not move.'

'Did he grant you an audience?' asked Trelawney.

'Did I no tell you he wouldna move?' said Ferguson, angrily. 'Do ye think that if I once gained his ear he'd have refused? Nay, but that man Burnet has gotten haud on him, and Burnet, though an Edinbra man, is still a sort o' Epeescopalean. Oh, I ken his opeenions are what is called leeberal; but he's no grip o' doctrine, man. Oh, that William of Orange kenned what was good for him. If he did he'd not ha Burnet for his speeritual adviser.'

'You mean he would have you?' suggested Trelawney.

'I'm far frae a boastin' man,' said Ferguson, 'but if this Dutch prince would but put his soul in my care, I'd e'en wark wonders.'

'Then Burnet is a man of importance here?'

'Ay, man, it's fair sickenin'. It's Burnet here and Burnet there. The Prince has what you may call a misunderstandin' with his wife, and it's Burnet who puts 'em right. When the Prince has a project in hand, it's Burnet who's consulted. Oh, if the man were only wise!'

'What? Burnet?'

'I speak o' possibilities, not o' impossibilities,' replied Ferguson, testily. 'What? Gilbert Burnet wise? A man who has ne'er the least insight into the fundamentals! Nay, I was thinkin' o' the prince.'

'You think he would choose another Scotchman as his adviser?'

'I'm far frae a boastin' man,' replied Ferguson,

## William of Orange

sententiously. 'But what are you wantin' to do in Holland, Master Trelawney?'

'I'm wanting to find a man by the name of John Beswick.'

'His name has an Epeescopalean sound,' remarked Ferguson.

'He's a Presbyterian clergyman,' replied Trelawney.

'I ne'er heard on him,' replied Ferguson. 'Why did he come here?'

'Why have scores of others come here?' replied Trelawney. 'He came here because he was driven out of England.'

'Ay, it'll be Burnet again,' said Ferguson. 'It's Burnet that kens a' things. But what'll ye be wantin' Beswick for?'

'For nothing political,' said Trelawney, looking warningly at Stewart.

'Ah,' said Ferguson, with a look of disappointment.

For, as Trelawney found, although Ferguson had again and again failed in his political plotting, and although he had for years walked in fear of his life, this was still his chief joy. In one breath he declared he would never touch politics again, but in the next he unfolded some new plot whereby he might have vengeance on his persecutors.

'I'll no deny,' he said, during their conversation, 'I'll no deny but I had some leetle connection with what is called the Rye House Plot, and I'll no deny that it led to trouble; but think, man, think! Would it not have been the Lord's work? Who but the devil would be sorry if both James and Charles had been killed. Ay, much as I dislike the man, I would I could get Burnet's ear. I'd sacrifice my pride for the Lord's cause.'

'But he'll not speak to you,' said Stewart.

## Donald Stewart's Promise

'I daurna act in public, Donald, ye ken that weel.'

'Do you know this Burnet, Stewart?' asked Trelawney.

'I was at Marischal College, in the town of Aberdeen, with him,' replied Stewart. 'Ay, he was a rare student. He took his degree when he was only a child. A regular Samuel, as you may say.'

'But ne'er a grip o' the fundamentals for a' their talk,' chimed in Ferguson.

A little later, Trelawney left Ferguson's house, at the same time asking Stewart to accompany him to his hostel.

'Bob Ferguson has his good points,' remarked Stewart, as they walked together, 'and with a fair chance he'd be worth more as a public agitator than any man I know. But he's sair handicapped now, man. His wife, for a' her quiet ways, keeps him under her thumb, and besides a' that, he's what you may call disgraced. Bob Ferguson has a way of slipping out of a tight place like an eel. He's done it so often that at last he daurna go out even here in the daytime. But for a' that he has his good points.'

'Stewart,' said Trelawney, 'has this Gilbert Burnet so much influence with William of Orange?'

'Ay, man, but he has.'

'Could you get him to persuade the Prince to give me an audience?'

'I could try,' replied Stewart, cautiously. 'But have you aught to say to William?'

'Ay, I have.'

'You'll not be for telling me first, I fancy.'

'No,' said Trelawney.

'I'll do my best,' said the Scotsman. 'I'll no say the task will be easy; but I'll try.'

# William of Orange

'He used to know my relative, the Bishop of Bristol,' said the young man.

'Ay, that may help,' said the Scotsman.

And so it came about that two days later, Trelawney was brought into the presence of William of Orange.

'Who do you say he is?' asked the Prince of Burnet.

'An Englishman of good family, your Highness,' replied the clergyman. One of the oldest in England, in fact. His relative is Bishop of Bristol, a man of haughty temper, but as true as the sun.'

'I remember,' replied William; 'my Uncle James hates him because of his strong Reformation views.'

'That is true,' replied Burnet. 'Nevertheless he is a strong Royalist, and his family hath for generations upheld the English throne.'

'But have I not heard of a young Trelawney who took part in the Monmouth fiasco?' asked the Prince. 'Is this he?'

'He is not a firebrand,' said Burnet, 'but a young man of honour and judgment. He saith he hath matters of importance to bring before you.'

'Yes, yes,' replied William, 'so did that Mordaunt, who came to me. A clever man, but a fool. Brilliant, but selfish to the heart's core. But I'll judge for myself, Master Burnet. Let him be brought before me.'

When Benedict Trelawney entered the prince's presence he could not help giving a start of surprise. He knew that William of Orange was only about thirty-six years of age, but he saw a man who looked at least ten years older. He had been told, moreover, that he was the most daring and intrepid leader of armies in Europe, and so pictured a man strong and stalwart. Instead of this, he saw a man of slender, feeble frame,

## The Prince's Appearance

and even as he stood before him he saw the difficulty with which he drew his breath. But if his bodily presence suggested feebleness it was only for a moment. The young Cornishman felt the presence of a master even before the Prince spoke. He knew that the broad dome-like forehead proclaimed a thinker, while his black eagle eye at once told him that here was a man who looked at the heart of things at a glance. Never before had he seen an eye so keen, so penetrating, so full of power. The hooked nose made him think of him as cruel; but only for an instant, for his cheeks, furrowed as they were by sickness and care, dispelled the thought almost as soon as it was born.

He did not look a happy man; neither his eyes nor face suggested merriment, but everything told him of strength, of faithfulness, of a large grasp of affairs, and of bold action. Here was a man whose gifts of intellect and whose indomitable will overcame physical weakness; thus making him one of the, if not the greatest man of the age.

‘Benedict Trelawney?’

‘Yes, your Highness.’

The prince looked steadily at the young Cornishman. He noted his fine physique, his proud, manly bearing, his bold, intelligent eyes, and his finely shaped head, surmounted by a mass of curling hair. He seemed pleased by what he saw, even although a pang of envy entered his heart as he noted how full of life and energy the young man was.

‘Why do you wish to see me?’

The question came from him like a shot from a musket, while all the time he kept his piercing black eyes upon him as though he would read his very soul.

‘Because England needs you.’

# William of Orange

Trelawney had not meant to answer in this way, but the Prince's question seemed to draw the answer from him.

William laughed half sadly, half scornfully.

'Ay, England needs me,' he said. 'I know it. But why, why, young man?'

'Because she hath a king who knows not how to reign, and who is a traitor to truth, to justice, and to religion,' answered Trelawney, boldly.

A look of anger shot from the Prince's eyes; but he loved a bold man, and he had come to the conclusion that Trelawney was honest.

'I crave your pardon,' went on Trelawney. 'I know how nearly he is related to you; but truth is truth.'

'But England is mad,' said the Prince. 'The people act without reason. What with her Rye House plot, and her Monmouth rebellion, to say nothing of the way they paid heed to such a knave as Titus Oates, they make a wise government impossible. I have no patience with them.'

'If your Highness would consider how the people have been treated for twenty years,' said Trelawney, 'you would be more lenient.'

'I do not deny but they are a brave people,' said the Prince; 'moreover, they suffer for their faith, especially the Scotch, and what you call Dissenters. But then, what sympathy can one have for those who would take up arms for such a backboneless dandy as that brat of Lucy Walters?'

He seemed to be saying this in order to understand Trelawney's character, rather than to know what had led him to his presence.

'A people driven to desperation will do many things which are unwise, and of which they may bitterly repent after, and yet be faithful and true,' replied Trelawney.

# William of Orange and Trelawney

‘Why did you join the Monmouth rebellion?’ asked the Prince.

‘Because I was mad,’ replied the young man. ‘Mad because I ought to have known that Monmouth was but a butterfly, and the creature of every passing mood.’

‘But not because it was treason?’

‘Treason against whom?’

‘The King!’

‘But when the King was a traitor?’

‘You speak boldly, young man.’

‘I have only respect for your Highness, but will you be pleased to listen to me?’

‘Speak,’ said the Prince; ‘you will not tell me lies.’

Trelawney, almost forgetful of their relations, plunged at once into his history. He told of what he saw, what he heard. Told how the King begun his reign by breaking his pledges, and persecuting his people. He gave an account of the trial of Richard Baxter, of Jeffreys’ behaviour, and his subsequent interview with the King. He described the sufferings of the Presbyterians in Scotland, and the Dissenters in England; told of James’ boast that he would never rest until England was brought back to the yoke of Rome. He related his experiences in the house of Henry Dugdale, and those on the night when he had seen the supposed marriage contract between Charles Stuart and Lucy Walters. He told his story well, and with all that fervour and vivid imagination which his Celtic blood had bestowed upon him.

When he came to speak of his interview with Monmouth at Amsterdam, of Argyle’s plans and objections, and their final landing in England, the Prince seemed to forget his objections to Monmouth, in the description of the plan of campaign. As the young



## William of Orange

Cornishman described their progress towards Bristol, Monmouth's behaviour, and their final rout, he burst forth in anger.

'Ay, the fool had a cause, and he had men,' he cried, 'but he lacked what Oliver Cromwell had. Man, but even at the last he could have entered London, had he not been a fool.'

Then, as Trelawney described Jeffreys' bloody circuit, and the deeds of cruelty that were enacted, his mood changed.

'This was devil's work!' he cried. 'That Jeffreys must have been the tool of the devil.'

'He was the tool of the King!' cried Trelawney. 'If the King complained, it was because Jeffreys was not more cruel. As it was, he made him Lord Chancellor, and loaded him with gifts.'

'Well, well, go on,' said the Prince. 'Tell me, if you can, what has happened since.'

Then Trelawney told of the King's endeavours to crush Dissenters, and to force England into Popery. He described how, in spite of all enactments, Papists were appointed to the chief offices of the State and of the Church, while honest men were discharged in disgrace.

'All this I have heard before,' said the Prince, presently. 'At least, I have had general information about what you have told me. But you have not come here to tell me this?'

'No!' replied Trelawney. 'Let me tell you what I heard with my own ears, not many days ago.'

While he told of the Jesuit Cabal, and of the conversation which took place in St. James' Park, the Prince fastened his black eyes on the young man's face, never missing a word that he uttered.

## William's Opinions

'It is the will of God, and it is the call of God,' he muttered; 'but the time is not yet—not yet.'

He took two or three turns across the apartment, Trelawney noticing the frail, thin form of the Prince, and reflecting upon the marked contrast between the frailness of his body and the evident power of his mind.

'You say he is in league with the Jesuits?'

'His chief adviser is Father Petre, a Jesuit priest, with the Earl of Castlemaine, who is an ardent Papist. Then there is Henry Jermyn, whom the King has created the Earl of Dover; and the Earl of Tyrconnel; these and others have formed a Cabal for the overthrow of the Protestant religion. The King has placed a Catholic at the head of the Oxford University, while the Archbishopric of York has been for a long time vacant because he cannot find a man who is sufficiently his tool to place there. Spies are placed in the household of every bishop in order to accuse them of treason. The spies are Roman Catholics who profess to be Protestants, all are Jesuits, and all are seeking to destroy the Protestant faith.'

'And the King is in sympathy with all this?'

'He is at the head of it, and as I have related, he is now preparing to issue this decree of Indulgence, by which he hopes to destroy the power of both the Church of England and the Dissenters at the same time.'

After this William asked many questions, keen searching questions, which showed how thoroughly he understood the drift of what Trelawney had told him.

'Things may be as you say,' he said at length. 'Doubtless the people of the country are crying out for deliverance; doubtless, too, the great part of the nation would be glad if James were dethroned. But the time for action is not yet.'

# William of Orange

'And yet, although England is a Protestant nation, no Protestants are safe,' said Trelawney. 'On every hand they are persecuted and disgraced. As for the King, he makes no secret of the fact that he will have none at the head of affairs but those who will advance his views.'

'The time is not yet,' repeated the Prince. 'Believe me, young man, I am not going to take part in another Monmouth Rebellion, or be the occasion of another Bloody Assize. It is all very well to say that the nation would spring to arms at the standard of a Protestant leader. Monmouth had that promise; but what happened? Scarcely a man of quality stood by his side, and the only peer of the Realm who took up his arms proved to be a weakness rather than a strength. No, no, before I act I must receive an appeal signed by heads of some of the great houses. Besides, such an enterprise means much preparation.'

The Prince spoke with such conviction that Trelawney could not help being silent. He felt sure, moreover, that his words were so wise, and so full of sound judgment, that there was nothing more for him to say. William noticed this, and went on more kindly.

'Do not be disheartened, young man,' he said, 'neither believe that your mission here is in vain. Do not think that because I am no needy adventurer, ready to catch at any straw, that I do not weigh your words. I said that such an enterprise needed *preparation*. Well, perchance if you stay in Holland long, you will see if I pay more heed to your words than to those of Master Mordaunt who came hither some time ago. And that leads me to ask you a question. From all I gather, you dare not show your face in London. What are your plans for the future, young man?'

# The Prince's Wisdom

Trelawney was silent. Hitherto he had said nothing of his love for Mary Jeffreys, or of the work his love entailed.

'If I am ever persuaded to lead an army to England would you accompany me?' asked William.

'Yes,' said Trelawney, eagerly.

'I said that such an enterprise needed preparation,' said William, and a smile lit up his sad face. 'Would you care to stay and help in those preparations, Master Trelawney?'

'Your Highness,' said Trelawney, 'nothing would give me greater joy than to take service under such a noble prince, but——' and here he stopped.

'Well, what is the "but"?' said William, and his face became stern. 'Disappoint me not, Master Trelawney, for I have little patience with braggarts who profess much and perform little.'

'You shall judge for yourself, sire, if you will allow me to tell you the rest of my story.'

William noted the word 'sire,' and evidently he was not displeased. Besides, the young man had won his heart, and his sunny, eager presence was like sunshine to the man whose life had been so full of turmoil.

'Ah, I forgot the woman,' he said, with another wintry smile.

'I never said there was a woman,' said Trelawney, his heart relieved as he saw the smile on the Prince's lips.

'Nevertheless I know she exists, Master Trelawney. Tell me about her.'

Again Trelawney told his story with all the frank earnestness which had marked the rest of his conversation, while William of Orange listened with a certain youthful interest which he had not hitherto manifested.

'Know you of this Master Beswick?' he said,

## William of Orange

turning to Burnet, who had not spoken a word during the interview.

‘No, your Highness ; but I can easily make inquiries.’

‘Will that satisfy you, Master Trelawney?’ asked the Prince. Seeing you are ignorant of our language and our country, methinks Master Burnet will be able to make more progress in this matter than you. Besides, in my service there will be nothing to hinder you from using your wits in order to obtain the information you desire.’

Trelawney knelt before the Prince. ‘I will serve you as faithfully as a man may, if you will but accept my services,’ he said humbly.

‘That is well,’ said William, ‘and I will see to it that suitable provisions are made for you. Meanwhile remember that God decrees all things, Master Trelawney. We are but the instruments of His Almighty power. What is impossible to us, is possible with Him.’

Again he walked to and fro in the room.

‘What do you think would be likely to bring matters to a head in England?’ he asked presently.

Trelawney reflected a moment, while the keen black eyes of William read his face.

‘Two things, your Highness.’

‘And they?’

‘The first, a general outrage on the Church of England.’

‘That may or may not happen,’ said the Prince. ‘If all depended on the King, this would come to pass ; but you say he hath a number of Jesuits always near him. I know of this Father Petre. He is one who would deceive the very elect. He is a wily, subtle man, and would do his utmost to keep the King from doing this. And yet what would this Act of Indulgence lead to? I



'I WILL SERVE YOU' AS FAITHFULLY AS A MAN MAY.'

# The Prince's Foresight

must think again. And what is the other, Master Trelawney ?'

'The birth of a prince,' replied the young man.

William started like a man stung.

'I had not thought of that,' he muttered. 'Yes, I see, I see. If it does—ay, and it will, it will.'

'Surely the birth of a prince is in the hands of God,' remarked Master Burnet.

'Ay, but pretended births are not in the hands of God, Master Burnet,' said William, 'and that is the trick which James, backed by the Jesuits, will try to play. Why did I not think of that before? But preparations must begin at once, Master Trelawney.'

## THE DECLARATION OF INDULGENCE

**I**N the spring and early summer of the year of our Lord, 1688, two events took place in England which had not only a marked effect upon the characters whose history I have been trying faithfully to record, but they created one of those epochs which affected the destinies of the nation.

The first was the issue of the King's second Declaration of Indulgence. The second was the announcement that a son was born in the Royal House of England, who was heir to the throne.

During the time which had elapsed since Trelawney's departure from England for the Hague, a great change had come over the country. The discontent which had expressed itself in murmurings now became angry cries of defiance. The Tories and the Clergy, who had persistently maintained that it was the duty of the people to support the throne under every circumstance, now declared that to seek to dethrone the King would be neither treason nor rebellion. Although many professed to be still indignant against those who took up arms against the King at the time of Monmouth, they secretly expressed their sorrow that the expedition had not succeeded. On the other hand, the tyrannous cruelty of Jeffreys was more loathed and condemned more strongly



# The Condition of England in 1688

than ever. Every day the King became more hated. Scarcely a day passed without seeing some indignity heaped upon Protestants, and some favour bestowed upon Roman Catholics. London presented all the appearance of a papist capital. On every hand creatures of the Pope were elevated to some new dignity. They thronged the Court, and received the smiles of the King. Masses were openly sung in Protestant churches, while every endeavour was made to throw discredit upon the religion of the country. Little by little, power was taken from the hands of those who professed the Reformed faith, while Papists openly boasted that many in high places who had been staunch supporters of Protestant doctrines, had renounced their errors, and had been received into the bosom of the Papist Church.

Against all this the people protested, but their protests came to naught, and as those who upheld the Protestant faith saw the old landmarks removed one by one, and at the same time felt their own impotence, they more than ever sympathized with those who took part in the Western Rebellion. Many who, in spite of Monmouth's execution, still believed him to be alive, spoke of the great deliverer who was surely coming, while more than one impostor who professed to be Monmouth was enriched by the money of an ignorant people.

Still, fear stopped them from arising according to their desires. James was still King, and all the armies of the nation were at his back.

When the second Declaration of Indulgence was published, however, the nation was in a great ferment, especially when it became known that seven of the bishops regarded it unfavourably. The people were not blind to what it meant. They saw that while it professed toleration for people of all religious beliefs, and promised

# The Declaration of Indulgence

that none should suffer because of any peculiarity in that belief, it was intended to destroy the Protestant religion and to establish Popery.

Still, fear was naturally expressed. How would the Dissenters, whom the Church had persecuted for so long, treat this declaration? Would they not make use of the power it gave them, and so be avenged on their oppressors? For years they had been treated like vermin. Their property had been confiscated, and they themselves had crowded the prisons of the country, for no other reason than they desired to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. What wonder, then, if they should seek to be revenged on their oppressors? But the Declaration of Indulgence, instead of winning the Dissenters for the King, had the opposite effect. For many years they had been the mainstay of the Protestant religion, and now, true to their best traditions, they refused to support the King in an act which, while it might lift them to temporary dignity, was really levelled against the Protestant faith. When the Dissenting divines met, they almost with one accord decided rather to stand by their oppressors, who, in spite of their arrogance, had maintained the doctrine of the Reformation, than to play into the hands of a Roman Catholic King.

This aroused James to great anger, and when it was told him that there was a danger of the bishops refusing to read the declaration, his passion knew no bounds.

‘Who are they who have decided to oppose my will?’ he asked.

Seven of them were mentioned, among whom were Sancroft the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop Trelawney of Bristol.

‘Trelawney! I might have expected it!’ cried James,

# The Bishops' Audience

'the man with a proud stomach. Well, so much the worse for them.'

'I think, your Majesty,' said Jeffreys, who was with him at the time, 'that I can perhaps persuade my lords bishops to alter their minds.'

'How?' asked the King, eagerly.

'Perchance if I pay them a visit at Lambeth Palace during the consultation to-morrow, I can lead them to see how unwise they will be to refuse,' replied Jeffreys.

'Tell them that if they do not order the declaration to be read on Sunday, they shall feel how heavy the hand of their King can be,' replied James, sourly. 'Let them remember,' he added, 'that an archbishop is not His Holiness.'

On the following morning it was whispered to the King that Jeffreys had used arguments sufficiently strong to lead the bishops to obey their King without question. Thus, when on the Friday evening they asked for an audience with him, James directed that they should be admitted immediately. He was in high good humour at the time, for he believed he had bent their wills to his.

'This is in my Lord of Canterbury's hand,' he said, as he took the papers from the Bishop of Ely.

'Yes, sir, his own hand,' was the reply.

When the King had read, his countenance grew dark. He saw that they had refused to obey his bidding.

'This is a standard of rebellion,' he said angrily.

'Rebellion!' cried Bishop Trelawney. 'For God's sake, do not say such a hard thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember how my family has fought for the Crown! Remember how I served your Majesty when Monmouth was in the West!'

'I remember many things,' replied the King. 'I

# The Declaration of Indulgence

have a good memory, and things have come to me which will make it hard for me to forgive your lordship. Besides, this is rebellion—rank rebellion. But I will be obeyed. My declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you do here? Go to your dioceses, and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper, and I will remember you who have signed it.'

A few days later the bishops were sent to the Tower, where they had to wait their trial for disobedience to the King.

Scarcely had the gates of the Tower been closed on the prisoners than the excitement of the populace was diverted to another channel. It was announced that a son was born to the Queen. The announcement was met with laughter and incredulity.

'This is another Papist trick,' said the people. 'The King fears the result of his action in imprisoning seven men of God, and to calm their passion, he announces the birth of an heir.'

'Even if it be a true-born child of the Queen,' said others, 'things will be all the worse for us. He will be trained a Papist, and so our poor country will never be delivered from our greatest enemies.'

It is impossible for us at this date to realize the excitement which prevailed. Seven bishops imprisoned for maintaining the law against a tyrant king, and the birth of a child which was declared to be the heir to the throne, but which the people believed to be foisted upon them by clever Jesuits.

When the news reached William of Orange, he pondered long and deeply. After some time he sent for a messenger.

'Go and tell Captain Trelawney that I desire to see him,' he said.

## Trelawney makes a Discovery

A few minutes later the young Cornishman stood before him.

Since his first appearance before the Prince, many months had passed away, during which time his appearance had materially altered. He wore a moustache and an imperial. The promise of his youth had been more than fulfilled. He was stouter and more manly. The Prince had more than once made use of him to execute missions which needed delicacy of treatment and great courage. This had added dignity and strength to his character. Constant association with those in high places had left its mark upon him.

'Captain Trelawney,' said the Prince, 'when I spoke to you last, you had not discovered the whereabouts of the minister of religion that you hoped to find. Have you been more successful since?'

'Yes, your Highness,' said the young man. 'I discovered him in Rotterdam only yesterday. He hath but lately come there.'

'Ah,' said the Prince, kindly; 'and have you discovered aught?'

'Much, and little,' replied Trelawney. 'Master Beswick distinctly remembers performing the marriage rites of which I have spoken to you. But this is of little value. He dare not return to England; and even if he could safely do so, and take his oath that he performed the marriage ceremony, it would not avail.'

'Why?' asked the Prince.

'Because before he fled from England he discovered that Jeffreys possessed the marriage contract, and with it the power to keep what belongs to another.'

The Prince did not ask further questions on the subject. He saw what Trelawney's statement portended.

# The Declaration of Indulgence

'Do you remember our first interview, Captain Trelawney?' he said presently.

'I shall never forget it, your Highness.'

'You have been a faithful servant,' said the Prince.

'I have tried to be, sir.'

'I intend sending you to England.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you wish to know what for?'

'You will tell me when it is necessary that I should know.'

'I think your visit will be attended by great dangers.'

'Possibly; but that does not matter. Your Highness commands me to go. That is enough.'

'Do you think if Lord Jeffreys discovered you in London he would still seek to punish you because of the part you took in the Monmouth rebellion?'

'I am sure he would,' replied Trelawney.

The Prince smiled. 'I doubt it much,' he said presently.

Benedict looked at him inquiringly; but he said no word. He knew that William of Orange was not fond of being questioned.

'You may remember our first interview,' he said presently. 'Do you also remember what you said would bring matters to a head in England?'

'I remember well,' replied Trelawney.

'You said two things would do it. Well, both have happened.'

Trelawney looked up in astonishment.

'Both have happened,' repeated the Prince. 'First of all, seven bishops are in the Tower for refusing to order the King's Declaration of Indulgence to be read in the churches. And, secondly, an heir to the British throne is said to be born.'

## Trelawney is sent to England

'Seven bishops, your Highness?'

'Seven. One of them is the Bishop of Bristol.'

'When can I start for England?' he asked eagerly.

'A few weeks ago,' went on the Prince, without heeding Trelawney's question, 'one of your English lords named Russell came to me here, with the same plea as that with which you came many months ago.'

'Yes, sir,' he said eagerly.

'The case of England is even more desperate than it was then,' replied William. 'The King's oppression has increased, public feeling has grown stronger. He presented a strong case.'

The Prince was silent a few seconds as he paced the apartment.

'I told him,' he went on presently, 'that I wanted more than vague assurances. I demanded an invitation from leading statesmen commanding great interests.'

A question rushed to Trelawney's lips, but he did not ask it. He had learnt to wait.

'He promised to obtain them,' went on William, presently, 'but I am not sure that I trust him. I want the assurance of some one upon whom I can rely. I am sending you.'

'Thank you, your Highness,' said Trelawney, simply.

'If public opinion is in such a condition as I am given to understand it is, but little notice will be taken of you. You will be able to learn everything without betraying anything.'

'I will do that.'

'You will also discover whether any doubt is associated with the birth of the heir to the English throne,' said William. 'He is my brother-in-law. I am naturally interested.'

# The Declaration of Indulgence

He bent his keen black eyes upon Trelawney, who saw that such a doubt had come into his mind. But he only said—

‘Your Highness shall be fully informed.’

‘I am having prayers said in my own house, on the child’s behalf,’ he continued presently. ‘The communication must be treated seriously. When can you be ready to start?’

‘At once,’ said Trelawney.

‘You will be eager to go,’ said William, catching the eager gleam in the young man’s eyes. ‘I wonder how you could have stayed away from your love so long. I have long been expecting a request from you to be allowed to go.’

‘I shall not see her, sir,’ said Trelawney.

‘No? Why?’

‘Because she told me I should never see her, or hear from her, until the stain was removed from her birth. For that reason I have never rested in my search after Beswick, for that reason I was well-nigh broken-hearted after I left him yesterday.’

‘If I go to England, I will see to it that justice is done to this maid,’ said the prince; ‘that is, unless Jeffreys escapes.’

‘I will see to it that he does not escape,’ cried Trelawney through his set teeth.

‘To-night you must come here again,’ said William. ‘I will then have all my orders ready. Of course, you understand that you will have to go absolutely alone.’

‘I am glad of that,’ replied the young Cornishman.

That same night Trelawney had left the Hague on his way to England. In spite of himself, his heart beat high with hope. At last he believed that his vow would be fulfilled, that the dream of years would be realized.



## Momentous News

On arriving in England on the coast of Essex, he bought a horse, and rode with all speed to London. While on the way he had wondered much whether harm had happened to his relative, and as he drew near to the city and noticed the look of anxiety on the faces of the people, his heart sunk with fear.

‘Any news stirring?’ he asked of two men who stood talking together.

The men looked at him in astonishment. ‘News!’ replied one. ‘Ay, news indeed; but surely you must be a stranger to England, young master?’

‘I have come from a long distance,’ answered Trelawney.

‘Ay, well, we shall soon know whether England is to become like it was in the days of Bloody Mary,’ replied the man.

‘And why, pray?’

‘Why, yesterday was the last day of the trial of the Seven Bishops,’ replied the man, ‘and the jury have been up all night debating as to the verdict they shall give, and they are going to give their answer at ten o’clock this morning. We are just on the way to Westminster Hall now. But mark this, master, if the Bishops are found guilty, Monmouth will come to life again.’

‘At ten o’clock,’ said Trelawney; ‘why, it is eight o’clock now.’

‘Ay, that it is. Perhaps the jury may have decided hours ago. Some, I know, had made up their minds before ever the trial came on. They were paid by the Jesuits to find them guilty. Ay, and I fear they will. They foisted a Prince of Wales upon us, and now they will doubtless try and hang the Bishops who are true to the Protestant principles. But let the King

# The Declaration of Indulgence

beware, ay, and Castlemaine, and Jeffreys, and the rest of them.'

Arriving at Fleet Street, Benedict put up his horse at an inn, and then found his way towards Westminster Hall. When he reached Whitehall, he found the thoroughfare thronged with such a multitude of people that he found it difficult to thread his way. On every hand he heard men breathing forth threatenings against the Jesuits, the Pope, and Papists generally. The crowd seemed on the tip-toe of excitement. All believed that the Bishops were the victims of the King, and that their characters had been blackened by Jesuit lies. Effigies of the Pope were exhibited by the multitude only to be hooted at and trampled underfoot.

All the old feeling against the Monmouth rebellion was gone. Nothing but pity was heard for the victims of Jeffreys' cruelty. Moreover, Trelawney soon discovered that all divisions between Churchmen and Dissenters had come to an end. The loyalty of the Dissenters to the cause of the Reformed religion, when they had it in their power to return the evil which Churchmen had heaped upon them, broke down all barriers. For the time, at least, the lion and the lamb lay down together.

'Is it possible to get within Westminster Hall?' asked the young Cornishman, when at length he drew near.

'Get into the Hall!' was the answer. 'You could easier get into the King's own chambers. It hath been filled by thousands of people for more than an hour.'

'Is the King there?'

'Nay, he dare not go,' was the reply. 'God grant he may not long be King.'

No notice was taken of these treasonable words. Rather, those who heard them assented to them.

# The Verdict

Trelawney felt that William of Orange was right when he told him that it would no longer be dangerous for him to be in England.

Meanwhile the multitude talked in low wondering tones while the hands of the clocks in the vicinity drew nearer and nearer the hour when it was announced that the decision of the jury would be made known.

When at length the clock struck ten the great multitude held its breath. Would the Bishops be acquitted or not? The people felt that for this time the Church stood for the liberties of the people, and as a consequence the Seven Bishops were applauded and beloved.

A number of stalwart Cornishmen, who had come all the way from their native county, murmured one to another as the clock ceased striking.

'Ef anything d'appen to Sur John Trelawney,' said one, 'London shall be razed to the ground, that et shall.'

'Iss, by the God above us oal, et shall,' said another.

A minute later Trelawney heard a great noise, but whether it was a shout of gladness or a cry of despair, he could not for the moment tell.

THE MEETING OF THE COUNCIL

**H**E was not long kept in doubt, however. The cry which rose from thousands of hearts was a cry of great joy. The seven Bishops who had dared to stand by the Constitution, and had braved the anger of the King, were acquitted. They were found to be guilty of neither rebellion, treason, nor libel. They had only maintained national liberties and the rights of the people.

‘Acquitted! Acquitted!’

The word went from lip to lip like wildfire, and everywhere it went it was followed by a shout of rejoicing. Never had such a scene been seen within the precincts of Westminster Hall; never had the populace been known to rejoice with so great a joy since the days when the Spanish Armada was driven from our shores. The ruzzas of the people at Westminster reached Temple Bar; so great was the excitement that for nearly an hour none of the formalities of the trial could be complied with in the King’s Bench.

When those who had tried to condemn the Bishops made their appearance they were met with groans and hisses; but when at length the Bishops and the jury were seen by the people they were in danger of bodily injury, because the crowd thronged around them to pay

## How James II. received the News

them homage. Churches were thrown open and filled with rejoicing worshippers.

'It is a promise of liberty, of justice!' was the cry everywhere. 'It means that, after all, the Pope is not to be our master.'

But even these manifestations of joy were tempered by many doubts.

'The King is still king,' it was said. 'He will not give up because of one failure.'

'Then we must have another king,' some dared to say; but even yet their mutterings were low. The hand which for years had been crushing them was not yet paralysed.

As for James II., he was that morning visiting the camp at Hounslow Heath, and he was in Lord Faversham's tent when the news reached him of the verdict.

'What!' he cried, 'acquitted! God's name! Acquitted!'

'Ay, your Majesty.'

'And the people, what do they say?'

'They can hardly contain their joy.'

'*Tant pis,*' he cried between his set teeth. It seemed as though the French language came to him more naturally than English.

'So much the worse for whom, sire?' asked Lord Faversham.

'For every one,' said the King, angrily, in the same language.

He quitted the camp and drove towards London. No sooner had he left than the soldiers broke into shouts of rejoicing.

'What does that uproar mean?' he demanded.

'Nothing,' was the reply. 'The soldiers are only rejoicing because the Bishops are set at liberty.'

# The Meeting of the Council

‘Nothing!’ snarled the King. ‘Do you call that nothing? *Tant pis pour tout le monde,*’ he added, again lapsing into French.

That night the rejoicings of the people increased. Cheering, rockets, bonfires were everywhere to be seen and heard. A huge pile of faggots blazed right in front of the great gate at Whitehall, while others were lighted at the very doors of the Roman Catholic peers.

‘God bless the Reformed Faith!’

‘Down with the Pope, the cause of all our trouble!’

‘And down with all tyrants!’

The King heard this from his own apartments, and his face became as black as thunder.

‘By the mass, they shall pay for this!’ he cried. ‘If it costs me my crown they shall pay for this.’

‘Burn the Scarlet Woman!’

Again a great shout went up, which was followed by a silence.

‘Shall the soldiers be called out, your Majesty?’

‘No, no.’ Perhaps James thought of what he had heard in the camp that day. ‘Hark, what is that?’

It was a voice that rose high and loud. It seemed as though the people had been hushed into silence that they might hear it. Every word reached the ear of the King, and as he heard he trembled.

‘The Chariots of the Lord are coming!’ it said. ‘I see the horsemen thereof. I see the gleaming of the spears. I hear the rumblings of the wheels. The Chariots of the Lord are coming! Woe to the tyrant King! Woe to the child of the Scarlet Woman!’

‘Who dares say that?’ said the King.

‘It is the same voice,’ said Sunderland.

‘What voice?’

‘Do you not remember, your Majesty? It was when

# The King's Anger

we were in the Park. We were then talking over your Majesty's plans, when some one said nearly the same words.'

'Shall I ever forget it?' said the King. 'But, faugh! it was but a madman, even as those people are either drunk or mad.'

'Nevertheless, it will be well to be prepared,' said Sunderland.

'Prepared for what?'

'Already there are rumours that your Majesty's son-in-law is being asked to bring an army to England,' was the reply. 'If he hears of what hath taken place to-day it may be he will be persuaded.'

'See to it that every port, every harbour is watched,' said the King. 'Let every man suspected of treason be put to death.'

'We must be careful, your Majesty; the people are in a strange humour.'

'People! People!' snarled the King. 'I am tired of this. Am I not King?'

'Nevertheless, if the feeling rises much higher, no man who is faithful to our religion will be safe,' urged Castlemaine.

'Trust me,' said the King. 'I will make every Bible-worshipping hot-gospeller tremble. What Louis is doing in France I will do with tenfold more rigour. People shall see that the Church hath a sword as well as a gospel.'

Meanwhile, Trelawney was with the populace who thronged the streets. Through the day he had managed to obtain a short interview with the Bishop of Bristol.

'God's will be done!' said the prelate, when he had heard what the young man had thought it wise to tell him; 'but the King is king.'

# The Meeting of the Council

‘But when the King ceases to be king?’

‘Silence,’ said the old man. ‘And yet it seems the will of God.’

‘The Dutch Prince is a great man and a good, I tell you.’

‘Leave me. I must think carefully. There is so much to consider.’

Throughout the day the young Cornishman had made many inquiries. He had discovered that not a tithe of the people believed that the child who was called the Prince of Wales was the child of the Queen. On every hand it was believed that the King was a trickster, a coward, and a liar.

He discovered, moreover, that Judge Jeffreys was afraid to show his face. Since he had left England the hatred which had at all times been felt for him had increased. As for his daughter, it was still believed that she was her father’s spy, although many doubts were raised in that direction. No one seemed to doubt, however, that she was Jeffreys’ daughter, although many declared that she was treated differently from the rest of the Lord Chancellor’s children.

As night came on, and many people found their way into St. Margaret’s Church, Benedict Trelawney entered with the crowd. The service was being conducted without much order or method. The people were too excited to pay much heed to ordinary observances. When the sermon came on the young man listened carefully, hoping to learn something of the feeling of the clergy towards the Crown. But the preacher was a timorous man. He only thanked God for the release of the Bishops, but made no reference to the King.

He quickly left, therefore, and seeing that the doors of the Abbey were opened, he entered. A number of



# The Mysterious Voice

people were there, some on their knees, thanking God for the deliverance of the Bishops, while others talked in eager whispers. As he walked around he could not help believing that he was followed. He therefore stepped behind a pillar in order to watch unobserved.

He had scarcely taken up this attitude when he heard a voice close to his ear.

‘Listen, but do not look around ; whatever happens do not look behind you.’

It was a light girlish voice ; but he felt sure it was not the voice of the one woman of whom he had been thinking throughout the day.

‘Remember the words of Peter the Madman ; they will come true.’

He still kept in the same position.

‘The Lord Chancellor is beginning to fear.’

After this there was a silence, but remembering the first words he had heard he kept his eyes in the same place.

‘When danger comes, he will fly,’ continued the voice presently, ‘and he will endeavour to take the marriage contract with him. Everything depends on obtaining that.’

Again there was a silence ; and although Benedict longed to see who spoke to him, he did not move his head.

‘Put your right hand behind your back.’

Almost involuntarily he obeyed.

‘You need not be afraid to do what this letter says,’ continued the voice, as he felt a scroll of paper in his hand.

Again he waited, but hearing nothing more he turned his head. Whoever had spoken to him had gone, but the letter remained. The light in the Abbey was not sufficient to allow him to read. Even if it had been he

# The Meeting of the Council

would have been afraid of watchful eyes. He felt sure it was not Mary who had spoken to him ; nevertheless, he connected her with what had taken place.

He left the Abbey and again found his way into the streets. The city was still all agog with excitement ; the people 'still shouted with delirious joy. Presently he came to a huge bonfire, around which he saw faces which seemed familiar.

'Tis the Cornish fire,' he heard some one say. 'These men have walked all the way from Cornwall to be at the trial. It is said they meant to kill the King if Sir John Trelawney was condemned ;' and as the young man looked at the faces of his compatriots he did not doubt but that the man had spoken truly. There were at least a hundred men from the western county, and not a man of them was under six feet high. Their eyes gleamed with excitement and savage joy.

'Iss,' one of them said, 'iss, and ef the King 'ad a 'underd lives we wud a killed un, no matter what mut come arter.'

'Why do you love the Bishop of Bristol so much ?'

'Ted'n that,' said the Cornishman, 'ted'n that. Tes the thot of a Cornishman and a Trelawney put to prison for doin' wot wos right. We be rough men down our way, and we be'ant goin' to zee a Trelawney put upon.'

Benedict longed to make himself known, but he dared not. If he told them who he was a great noise would be made which even at this time might be dangerous to his liberty. He stood by the Cornishman's fire, however, while the flames shot up, and in the light thereof he read the letter which he had so mysteriously received in the Abbey.

This was what was written—

# The House of Lord Russell

'Go without delay to the house of Lord Russell and demand admittance. The great Protestant Council is being held to-night. They are wavering. You can tell them what will turn the scale towards liberty. When you arrive at Russell's house send your demand for admittance by letter. Write the words, "*I have come from the Dutch Prince,*" then sign your name in full. I need not tell you to be bold.

'DUM SPIRO, SPERO.'

That was all ; but it set Trelawney's nerves tingling. He recognized the handwriting. The letter was written by the woman he loved. There could be no doubt of it ; she had discovered his presence in London and had sent her message. There was no word, no suggestion of her love, and yet he felt it in every word. Without delaying a second, therefore, he threaded his way through the crowds, and ere long found his way to the inn, where he had taken lodgings.

A few seconds later he had written the words contained in the letter, and was on his way to the house of Lord Russell.

He could have shouted for joy. Mary was near him, she was still thinking of him ; nay, more, she had not forgotten the words they had spoken together when they had said good-bye.

'You must never see me, nor speak to me again,' she had said, 'until there is no stain upon my mother's name, and until I can prove to the world that I am not the daughter of Judge Jeffreys. But let us never give up hope.' And she had not given up hope. The Latin words at the foot of the letter were a great gospel to him. 'While I breathe, I hope,' she had written, and the young man vowed that this should be his motto throughout life.

# The Meeting of the Council

He was not long in reaching the house of Lord Russell. He left the main thoroughfares where the crowds assembled, and thus was able to move rapidly. No one paid heed to him. The wild excitement created by the news of the morning had not yet passed away. He was admitted to the house of the great English lord without delay, and in a few seconds, after having asked for entrance, he stood in a large, dimly lighted room, where several men sat in solemn conclave.

'Trelawney!' said one almost the moment he entered. 'Of the Cornish family? A descendant of Sir John Trelawney, a favourite of Henry IV.?'

'Yes, my Lord Shrewsbury,' replied Benedict, quietly. He knew the man who had spoken.

'Related to my Lord Bishop of Bristol?'

The young man bowed.

'I saw him at Sedgemoor. One of Monmouth's most daring rebels.'

It was Lumley who spoke, an intrepid fighter on the King's side during the western rebellion.

'I also saw you, my lord,' said Trelawney, quietly. 'It is a pity you had not a better cause to fight for; but you have since mended your ways, for I hear that the King doth hate you right heartily.'

There was a slight laugh at this; but Lord Shrewsbury, who seemed to be at the head of the conclave, commanded silence.

'You know that you have placed yourself in our power,' he said to Trelawney.

'Power which you dare not turn against me,' said Trelawney.

'And why, pray?'

'Because you dare not deliver me to the King's justice.'

# The Decision of the Council

‘And why, again?’

‘Because I could make many things known which would show that the Monmouth rebellion was but a little matter compared with the rebellion you are now planning. I could quickly obtain pardon and reward for telling the King what Lord Russell proposed to Prince William of Orange.’

There was a moment’s silence at this, then one of them burst forth, ‘But we could quickly make short work of you without the King’s knowledge.’

‘No, you could not,’ replied Benedict, coolly.

‘And why, pray?’

‘Because your lordships are English gentlemen.’

‘Well, tell us what you desire.’

‘I will only say this. I came from the Dutch Prince. He hath spoken freely to me concerning the messages he hath received from my Lord Russell and others.’

‘And what is your judgment?’

‘That if you are going to strike, the blow must be struck quickly.’

They had trusted him from the first. The sight of his strong manly face had dispelled all thoughts of treason, while his action in the western rebellion was a confirmation to their hopes. Their extreme danger had alone made them desire to make assurance doubly sure.

They asked him many questions concerning the position he held under the Prince, and little by little he found them drawing nearer to him, eagerly questioning him concerning the Dutch Prince, and waiting breathlessly for his answers.

Little as Trelawney realized it that night, the Council in which he took part was destined to alter the destiny of Europe. He discovered, moreover, that while all of them desired the overthrow of the King, some of them were

# The Meeting of the Council

timid and 'shrinking. They dreaded the name 'rebel.' For centuries their families had upheld the royalty, and to consider taking up arms against the King they had sworn to obey was worse than death to them. On the other hand, they realized that James II. was dragging the country into slavery and ruin. Day after day he committed acts which made it more and more difficult to obey him.

'This is the position,' said Lord Lumley at length. 'What some men call rebellion is in our hearts. For years we, like the Israelites, have sent up our prayers to God for deliverance. Honour and justice are disregarded by the Royal house. Creatures like Jeffreys, Tyrconnel, Castlemaine, Jermyn, and that plotting Jesuit, Father Petre, are exalted. Liberty is threatened. And although to-day the seven Bishops have been released, the King hath sworn he will be revenged. The people are crying out for deliverance. Our only hope is in William of Orange.'

'But he was very chary in his promises to Russell,' urged Lord Shrewsbury.

'But why, my lords?' broke in Trelawney. 'It was because my Lord Russell only made vague promises, such as were made to Monmouth. William of Orange is no needy adventurer, and he is too wise a man to embark all his fortunes on a cockle-shell.'

'Then what would you have us do?' cried two or three at once.

'Draw up your petition,' cried the young man, 'and then let it be signed by those who represent great interests.'

'But could you not take our assurances? Would not that be sufficient?'

'The Prince would believe he had cowards to deal

# The Signing of the Petition

'with,' replied Trelawney, 'and he would refuse to offer his help on such terms. Nay, let your petition be signed by those whose names are of weight. If you will not risk your names how can you expect him to risk everything? Remember, it is no light matter. The Prince hath France to consider, while Spain hath often cast angry eyes upon him. But if you will sign it, and one of you will deliver it to him, I will answer for the rest.'

'You have a promise from him?'

'I was in his presence less than a week ago.'

'But why could you not, if we signed our petition, be the bearer of the same?'

'Are you afraid?' cried the young Cornishman. 'Do you desire to put all danger on other shoulders?'

'He is right!' cried young Lord Herbert. 'We act like cowards and not brave men. The young Cornishman alone is bold enough to defy danger. Look here. Seven Bishops were bold enough to defy the King, and those seven have to-day triumphed. Let seven of the greatest of your lords sign the petition you have already drawn up.'

'Name them,' cried some one.

Herbert hesitated a second. 'Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lumley, Compton, Russell, and Sydney,' he cried.

'And who will accompany Trelawney?' cried another.

'I will,' cried Herbert.

'Shall we sign it?' said Devonshire to Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury hesitated a second, and then threw off his indecision.

'Give me the pen,' he said.

In a few minutes the document was signed, and an hour or two later Herbert and Trelawney, dressed as common sailors, were on their way to the Hague.

# The Meeting of the Council

**'You were the best man among us,' said Herbert, as they hurried towards the sea. 'But for you the thing would never have been done.'**

**'Nay, it was your promise to go with me that made the fire burn,' said Trelawney.**

**'Hark! what is that?'**

**'It is the shouts of the people. They are still rejoicing at the release of the Bishops.'**

**'It augurs well,' said Sydney.**



## THE COMING OF THE PRINCE

'T'S a Popish wind.'

'Ay, but the Protestant wind will blow.'

'I pray God it may.'

'Ordinarily I love a west wind. I can hardly breathe when the wind blows east; yet am I praying for an east wind every day.'

'The Lord will answer your prayers.'

'I pray He may.'

'He will, I tell you. It is just a hundred years ago that the Lord answered the prayer of our fathers. Did He not then cause the winds to drive the great Spanish Armada upon the Irish rocks.'

'Ah, but then we had an English Queen whom our fathers loved and fought for. Now we are against the King.'

'Ay, but the Queen was Protestant; James is a Papist. I tell you we need not fear. The Protestant wind will blow.'

'I hear the Prince hath set sail.'

'Ay, with six hundred vessels.'

'Well, the country will rise to fight for a Protestant Prince. We have suffered enough under a Popish King.'

'Look; surely the weathercock is changing.'

# The Coming of the Prince

'Ay, that it is. Did I not tell you the Protestant wind would blow.'

'When they come it will go hard with Jeffreys and Father Petre.'

'God grant they may come soon.'

So the people talked in the city of London during the autumn of 1688. It is true the rejoicings, because of the release of the seven Bishops, had not ceased to have their effect; but since June James had made his plans and hopes more public, and people felt that their only hope lay in the coming of a foreign prince.

As for the King, he persistently refused to believe in danger, although he was much angered at the reports which were brought to him. Especially was he annoyed at the joy of the Dissenters when the Bishops were released.

'These Dissenters are madmen and fools!' he cried angrily. 'For years the bishops and the clergy as a whole have persecuted them and maltreated them, yet be they like a lot of Jacks o' Bedlam because they are set at liberty.'

'Sire, they love not the Bishops, but they love the Protestant religion,' was the reply.

'The Papists could not serve them worse,' said James, angrily.

'Perchance if you take one or two of them into the Privy Council their feeling to your Majesty might be altered,' urged one of his advisers.

'I will e'en try it,' said the King. 'Nevertheless I am not troubled because of your fears. William would never embark on such an enterprise, leaving his own country to the mercy of France.'

As the weeks passed away, however, he grew anxious, although he stubbornly refused to believe in what he had

## How the King received the News

heard. When at length the news reached him that William's fleet had passed Plymouth, however, the blood left his cheeks, and he laid his head in his hands like a man distracted.

'What is it?' demanded the Queen.

He placed the paper in her hands.

'All hope is not lost,' said the Queen. 'You see they dared not land at Plymouth. And the nation will defend their King.'

She had scarcely spoken when another messenger entered, holding in his hand a letter.

'From whom?' asked James.

'I know not, your Majesty. An old man brought it and then disappeared.'

The King opened the letter and read, and as he did so he gave a cry of fear.

The Queen rushed to his side.

'The same words, the same words of ill-omen,' he gasped.

The Queen snatched the letter from his hand. 'The Chariots of the Lord are coming!' she read. 'Already they have gathered in the West. The spears are gleaming, and the trampling of the feet of the horses are heard! Woe to the child of the Scarlet Woman!'

'It is the message of a madman,' said the Queen. Yet when a few hours later the news came that a great army had landed at Torbay and was marching towards Exeter, she remembered the words she had used, and wept bitterly.

'There is no sorrow on any man's face,' said James; 'but, by the Mother of Heaven, I will deluge this land in blood before I will yield an inch!'

A few days later London was in a state of tremendous excitement. On every hand news was heard of great

# The Coming of the Prince

nobles flocking to Prince William's standard. James held conferences with bishops, and statesmen, and at length made many concessions for which the people had been clamouring, but no man believed in him. Day by day the hatred against the Papists increased. Father Petre had escaped from Whitehall, while rumours were afloat that the King had promised to turn Protestant. Still, few believed in this, and so little was the King's power feared that Roman Catholic churches were destroyed, while confessional boxes and church decorations were destroyed by fire. 'No Popery!' was the cry everywhere heard. The long pent-up feeling had at last expressed itself. The government of a papist King, aided as he had been by the Jesuitical cabal, had been so loathsome that at last the liberty-loving people could bear it no longer. 'Popery is of the devil!' they cried; and the work of devastation went forward. King James at last saw the harvest of the seed he had been sowing.

Meanwhile, Trelawney had been with the Prince's army. The fears which so many felt on the day of their landing soon passed away. They had been in Exeter but a few days when the most important noblemen in England joined the Prince's standard. Personally, William of Orange was not beloved, but all admired his bravery, his foresight, his moderation, his wisdom.

Early in December, Trelawney appeared before the Prince with a request. He had that day received a mysterious scrap of paper which set his heart beating wildly.

'Will your Highness allow me to go to London?' he said.

'Why, Captain Trelawney?' said the Prince.

'You know what is in my heart,' said the young man. 'I know that Judge Jeffreys hath the marriage contract which I desire to possess.'



‘IT IS THE MESSAGE OF A MADMAN,’ SAID THE QUEEN.

# The Prince hesitates

‘Well, and what then?’ asked the Prince.

‘The man is a coward!’ replied Trelawney. ‘Cruel men are ever so. When he sees that James’ cause is lost he will seek to fly. He alone can give me that which will enable me to marry the woman I love.’

The Prince was silent for some time, then he looked Trelawney straight in the face.

‘I have sworn that the man should never escape,’ went on the young Cornishman. ‘I made a vow years ago that all my power should be given to the overthrow of that inhuman monster.’

He seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to the young Prince, who watched him closely.

‘I do not think he will seek to escape while James is on the throne,’ remarked the Prince, presently. ‘If I have judged his character aright he will stand by the King as long as he has a semblance of power. Moreover, while the King is still called monarch, that man is a force to be reckoned with.’

‘London is in a condition of riot,’ remarked Trelawney.

‘He can still command soldiers,’ replied the Prince. ‘Besides, I have been approached with a view of coming to an understanding with the King, and of again establishing him upon the throne. It is said that he will promise almost anything, and I have demanded nothing but——’

‘God forbid!’ cried the young Cornishman.

‘Do you say that?’

‘I do say it, your Highness.’

‘Still, while the King is king he is a force to be reckoned with,’ said William. ‘In spite of the utter hopelessness of the King’s army, I find that even some of the Bishops whom he imprisoned, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, are still protesting their loyalty to him. It is possible, even now, that if James turned

# The Coming of the Prince

Protestant—which I believe him quite capable of doing—your country would still desire him to remain King.'

'God forbid!' said Trelawney again.

'The position is still delicate,' said the Prince.

'If I might offer an opinion, your Highness,' cried the young man, eagerly.

'Speak on,' said William. He had trusted in the young man almost from the very first.

'The King is a coward!' cried Trelawney. 'Let him know that you are coming to London, and that he is in danger of being committed to the Tower, and he will fly for his life.'

'Ah!' cried William, his eyes flashing, 'but who dare tell him that, Captain Trelawney? Not even Shrewsbury, or Devonshire, or Seymour, or even Herbert, who came with you, and who I made commander of my fleet, would go so far as that. Even they desire to make terms with him.'

'And your Highness does not desire to make terms with him,' said Trelawney. 'Your Highness would rather that he would leave London?'

William was silent, but his eyes gleamed brightly at the young man's words.

'If James were to fly,' went on the young Cornishman, 'the nation would be like sheep without a shepherd. There would be only one man to whom they could turn. I know that your Highness has made no demands for the throne; but if James flies——'

'But if he does not?' replied the Prince, quietly.

'But he will—he shall!'

'Men of standing are yet loyal to him,' went on William, thoughtfully. 'Even one of your own house, and brother to the Bishop of Bristol, keeps at his side.'

## The Prince decides

‘Will your Highness allow me to go to London again?’

‘To obtain the marriage contract from Jeffreys?’

‘Your Highness’s interests must come first,’ replied the young man. ‘King James must desert his cause.’

‘In that case Jeffreys would also fly.’

‘He may fly,’ said Trelawney, grimly, ‘but he shall never escape.’

‘It would be as much as your life is worth to appear before James at this juncture.’

‘I will risk it,’ said Trelawney; ‘besides, I will safeguard myself.’

‘How?’

Trelawney sketched his plan rapidly, while William listened attentively. The Dutch Prince saw all its weakness at a glance, but he saw its excellences too.

‘Let it be as you will,’ he said presently. ‘And this let me say also, you are a brave man, Captain Trelawney.’

In two hours from that time Trelawney was on horseback, riding with all speed towards London, where he arrived on Monday, the tenth day of December.

As William of Orange had seen, the task Trelawney had set himself was dangerous in the extreme. It is true, the cause of James was looked upon as lost; nevertheless, he was still King in name, and there was nothing to hinder him from condemning the young man to death if he appeared before him. Moreover, the difficulties in the way of obtaining such an interview were formidable. The King had surrounded himself with every possible safeguard, and would admit none to his presence without all due precaution.

But Trelawney had faced many difficulties before, and had overcome them. Besides, the issues at stake were too great to allow barriers to stand in his way.



# The Coming of the Prince

When he arrived in London he saw that the fires of the peoples' passions were smouldering, while here and there they had leapt into flame. They were kept from utter riot by the presence of the army, and by the fact that the King was still nominally the monarch. But he paid but little heed to what he saw and heard. He was all eagerness to reach Whitehall.

As he drew near the Royal residence, he felt a hand laid upon his arm.

'You have come,' said a voice. 'I knew you would.'

'Peter the Madman!' cried Trelawney.

'Ay, Peter the Madman,' said the old man. 'That is what men call me. But am I mad, master? For two years hath James the Papist sought to lay hands on me, but he hath failed. For two years I have defied the might of this child of the Scarlet Woman. And why? Because I am e'en elected to do my work, and that work must be done. And now you have come, even as I have prophesied to the King. For two days I have been awaiting you.'

'How did you know I was coming?'

'I know not, save that the voice of God came to me in the silent places and told me you would come. From the first time I saw you in the court-house in Taunton, I knew that you were destined to play a great part in the salvation of this unhappy land, while even I, unworthy as I am, should be your guide and counsellor. You have it in your heart to seek out James.'

Again Trelawney looked at him in astonishment.

'Ask me no questions, young man. It is even as I say, you seek to gain admission to the King's presence. But listen.'

The old man looked eagerly around, while the crowds hurried up and down the street.

# The Escape of the Queen

'Come with me into the park,' he said; 'we can be quiet there.'

In spite of himself, he yielded to the old man's entreaty. There was something in his voice that compelled him.

'The Queen hath escaped!' said Peter.

'Escaped!'

'Yes. Only a few know of it; but I know. She hath escaped with the child, he that is called the Prince of Wales. The King wanted to go with her, but he was afraid.'

'You are sure of this?'

'I speak only of those things that I know. Even now the King desires to fly, and yet he dare not. For days he hath been debating the question with the bloody-handed monster whose very name stinks in the nostrils of the people. Others have been with him too—Sunderland and Tyrconnel; but the lying priest hath escaped. Listen! Jeffreys urges him to stay. He knows that, if once the King escapes, the people will tear him limb from limb. Oh, the judgments of God are falling upon that man. Day by day he is walking the fires of hell. He is calling for water to cool his parched tongue.'

Trelawney's heart gave a bound. How could Peter the Madman gain knowledge of these things but by the woman who was still believed to be Jeffreys' daughter. From that moment he listened to Peter the Madman with more eagerness than ever.

'James would have fled with the Queen but for Jeffreys,' went on the old man. 'He fears, man, he fears, but he cannot make up his mind. He longs to keep his throne, and to-day, after having made all preparations for flight, he hath determined to remain in London.'

'Why?'

# The Coming of the Prince

'Because the Commissioner who has been sent to him, who rides in the foremost Chariot of the Lord, reports favourable things to him, and Jeffreys has persuaded him that all will be well.'

Trelawney was silent.

'The King must fly.'

'But who is to cause his flight?'

'For that reason the Lord hath brought you hither this night.'

In spite of his wild, uncouth appearance, he spoke like a prophet of the Lord, and his words stirred the young Cornishman's imagination. He almost believed that Peter had seen visions and had heard messages from the unseen world.

'Listen,' went on Peter. 'He is even now with Jeffreys. Go to him in the name of the Lord.'

'But how?' asked Trelawney. 'For years both the King and Jeffreys have vowed vengeance on me.'

He said this, although he had formed his plans as to the means whereby he could make his way to the King's presence.

'You have thought,' replied Peter. 'If you had not seen me, what would you have done?'

'I should have gone to the King as an ambassador from William of Orange.'

'Have you letters from the Prince?'

'No.'

Peter was silent a moment. 'I see,' he said presently. 'The Captain of the Lord's Chariots did not deem it prudent to give you authority for telling James what is in your mind. But I am prepared. Go to the King's palace and present this letter to his ushers. It will admit you to his presence. After that be bold, and speak as God shall give you wisdom.'

# The Presence of the King

Without another word Peter vanished into the darkness, while Trelawney stood alone with a letter in his hand.

'This is Mary's work,' said Trelawney. 'By what means she hath divined my movements I know not, but I see her hand everywhere.'

Boldly he made his way to the Royal residence, and as if by magic the letter he showed opened door after door to him. A few minutes and he stood in the room where the King was.

The young man's heart beat rapidly as he cast his eyes around the Royal apartment. There were but three men in the room. One was the King. His face was full of terror, his dull eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks were pale, his lips trembled with fear. He looked old beyond his years. The skin was wrinkled, the mouth was drawn down at the corners, while the long, clean-shaven chin accentuated the haggardness of his face. Near him sat the Duke of Northumberland and Judge Jeffreys. Trelawney paid but little heed to the former. It was true he was Lord of the King's Bedchamber, but beyond that he knew but little of him. His eyes were fixed on the man whom he had last seen at the Assize Court in Taunton. Then the man was in the zenith of his power, and he rejoiced in doing the most devilish work which ever engaged the mind of man. Then he had been insolent, overbearing, tyrannous. Now all was different. Years of dissipation and physical suffering had set their marks upon him. All his confidence had gone. He looked like a hunted animal. Trelawney could not help but cast his mind back to the time when he had last stood before the King and his Chief Justice on the day when Richard Baxter was condemned to imprisonment.

Directly Trelawney entered, both the King and

# The Coming of the Prince

Jeffreys started. Evidently he was not the man they expected. So great was the excitement of the King that he rose to his feet.

'We have been betrayed,' he said fearfully. Then, mastering his emotion, he said: 'By what right do you enter our presence?'

Trelawney did not speak, and the silence in the room was intense. No sound was heard save the hum of the populace outside. Then, just as Trelawney was about to answer the King, each of them heard a voice which rose high in the night air.

'The Chariots of the Lord are coming, coming, coming, and the chosen of the Lord hath unsheathed his glittering sword.'

'The same voice, the same words,' muttered the King fearfully.

He mastered himself, however, and spoke again.

'Who are you, and why are you in our presence?' he asked.

'I come from the camp of Prince William of Orange,' said Trelawney. 'I come to tell you that your only hope is in flight.'

No sooner had he spoken than Jeffreys cried aloud—

'It is Trelawney, your Majesty. The young rebel who hath disgraced his name. It is he of whom I have spoken so often. Call your guards, your Majesty, and arrest him. He is a spy and a traitor.'

'You dare not,' said Trelawney, quietly.

'And why?' asked James.

'Because I come from a conquering army. Besides, do you think I have found my way here without taking precautions? I tell you if a hand is laid upon me, even your Majesty's person will not be held sacred. The Prince will see to that.'

## The King hesitates

'Where is William's army?' asked the King. His heart was so full of fear that he scarce knew what he was saying.

'It is nearing the city,' said Trelawney. 'The crowds are waiting to welcome him. If you do not escape your life will not be worth a day's purchase.'

The King, coward as he was, trembled at the young man's words.

'But the Prince hath made fair promises,' said the King, weakly. 'Besides, he is my own son-in-law.'

Trelawney knew he must play a bold game.

'And do you think those who have flocked to the Prince's standard would be merciful, even if he is?' replied Trelawney. 'I tell you I left William of Orange but a little while ago, and I know the truth of what I say. Not one hour is to be lost. England has not forgotten your cruelties or your injustice. Even as I passed through the streets I heard them vowing to be revenged for the Bloody Assize.'

The King cast fearful and angry eyes at Jeffreys.

'This is the Prince's advice to you,' went on Trelawney. 'Fly while you can. If you are in London when the conquering army arrives you have nothing to hope for but the Tower and the block. Not one man in a hundred throughout all England hath a kind thought for you, and they will see to it that you pay full penalty for all you have made them suffer.'

'The Prince told you this?' said James, hoarsely.

'The Prince wishes you no ill,' said Trelawney, 'and for your own sake, as well as that of others, he urges you to fly. If you do not, there is no hope for you.'

'I have urged this, your Majesty,' said the Duke of Northumberland, who had listened carefully, but had uttered not a word. 'I tell you scarcely any but Catholics

# The Coming of the Prince

are your friends throughout all England. It is even as this man says.'

'But you know what the Bishops said?'

'Bishops!' cried Northumberland. 'Do I not know them? The moment William's armies arrive in London there is not one who will not urge that, for the public safety, your Majesty should be sent to the Tower. Do you think they have forgotten the trial of June.'

'I will go,' said the King.

'But what of those whom you leave behind, your Majesty? What will happen to me? I, who have obeyed your commands and gained the hatred of the people?' It was Jeffreys who spoke.

'You!' cried the King. 'But for you I would not have consented to those things which have set the people against me.'

'But I tell you this Trelawney is a liar, a spy!' cried Jeffreys. 'If you seek to fly he will e'en spread it abroad.'

'I am neither a spy nor a liar, and that you know right well,' replied the young man. 'Think you that I should have found my way here to advise your Majesty's flight if I intended to make it known. As for you, Master Jeffreys, my reckoning with you is to come.'

Again there was a silence, and again a great noise reached them from the populace outside. But this time it was not the cry of a single voice, it was the shout of the multitude.

'William's army is coming!' shouted the multitude. 'God save the new King, and down with tyrants!'

'Quick! quick!' said James II., 'or it may be too late.'

He left the apartment as he spoke, followed by the Duke of Northumberland.

# The King's Flight

Trelawney opened his mouth to speak to Jeffreys, but he realized that now was his time for escape. He might still have power to have him arrested. The King's throne was tottering, but his Lord Chancellor was not without power.

Before Jeffreys had recovered from the terror which the King's departure had caused, therefore, Trelawney left the apartment and rapidly passed into the street.

That night King James II., taking with him the Great Seal, escaped from his palace by means of a secret passage, was conveyed to Millbank, from whence he crossed the river to Vauxhall, with the intention of making his way to Sheerness, while Benedict Trelawney took measures whereby every movement of Judge Jeffreys should be watched.



## THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

**T**HE following morning London was in a state of panic. Before the King fled he had given orders to Northumberland not to open his doors until it was broad day. This command Northumberland had obeyed. The antechamber was filled with courtiers, who still thought it wise to stand by the King, and who came to make their morning bow. When the doors of the King's apartments were opened, soon after nine, it was discovered that the King was gone. The news of the flight passed from the galleries to the streets, and then London realized that it was without a king.

But no sorrow was expressed. Rather rejoicing was heard on every hand, accompanied by wild deeds of vengeance on those whom it was believed brought a curse on the country. Law and order were for the moment suspended. The King had gone without appointing a regent. William of Orange had not yet arrived. The Great Seal was missing; the army was disbanded.

One man was found to be capable of action. Lord Rochester, who had stood by the Royal cause, turned to Northumberland. 'Muster your troop of guards and declare for the Prince of Orange,' he said. The Duke

# The Flight of Jeffreys

promptly obeyed, and then, before the Prince had entered the capital, he was recognized as the head of the nation.

Meanwhile, in the midst of pillage, carnage, and confusion, cries of 'Jeffreys' were heard on all hands.

'Where is Jeffreys, bloody Jeffreys?'

The question passed from lip to lip. 'Where is Jeffreys? Let us kill him! Let us drag him limb from limb!'

There is no doubt but that the people meant what they said; but no one seemed to know of his whereabouts. If the King had escaped under the cover of a winter night's darkness, so had his Lord Chancellor. Every place where Jeffreys was likely to be found was entered and examined. A great howl of rage passed over the city when it was feared that he would escape.

Perhaps Jeffreys, who had by the command of James II. brought him the Great Seal, and knew that the King was contemplating flight, even although he could not make up his mind to take the final step, had also formed his plans for the future. Be that as it may, Trelawney had not left the Royal palace many hours when a man left Jeffreys' house wearing a rusty coat and a fur cap. A seaman's neckcloth was tied round his neck. The man, moreover, had no eyebrows. He hurried eastward with faltering yet rapid steps. At every street corner he looked fearfully around him, and seemed much agitated when he saw a man in the near distance who might be following him.

Once or twice the man laughed as he walked, a cruel, savage laugh; but the laugh was quickly followed by a look of terror.

Presently, towards daylight, he reached Wapping, and on looking around the wharf he saw a coaling vessel.

'Whither bound, captain?' he said to the skipper.

# The Chariots of the Lord

'Hamburg,' replied the man.

'When do you leave?'

'Directly the tide is high enough.'

'How long will that be?'

'Two hours about.'

'Could you take me on board?'

'I've no room for more hands.'

'I'll pay, pay a good sum.'

'How much?'

'Five pounds.'

'Say ten,' said the captain, 'and I'll give you a passage.'

'Done,' said the man. 'I may as well go on board right away.'

'No, you can't—at least not for an hour. I can't have you yet. But go into the "Red Cow;" there's good ale there, as I know well.'

The man pleaded to be allowed to get on board at once, but the captain refused, whereupon the other gave a fearful look around him. Seeing no one who seemed to take any notice of him, he found his way to the 'Red Cow,' a peddling ale-house in Hope Alley.

No one was in the room as he entered save a slatternly maid who was scrubbing the floor.

'Fetch me a measure of ale,' said the man.

The girl brought it; and then, not liking the look on his face, left him alone.

Scarcely had she left than another man entered, closing the door behind him.

'A dull morning, my lord.'

The man turned around with a look of ghastly terror on his face.

'Have mercy! Master Trelawney,' he whimpered.

'Why should I? Did you have mercy in the day of your power?'

# The Fall of Jeffreys

'Have mercy, oh, for God's sake, have mercy! Do not let any one know who I am.'

'If I did you would be torn to pieces.'

'It was not I. I swear by Heaven that it was not I. I dared not disobey the King. At heart I am a kind man, a merciful man. I swear that I have often wept hours through the night thinking of the sufferings I caused; but it was not my fault. It was all owing to the man whom last night you frightened out of London.'

'Look here, my Lord Jeffreys.'

'Not that name. Great God, do not say it aloud, Master Trelawney!'

Terror was in his eyes, in his voice. The man was trembling from head to foot.

'It is not a name to be proud of,' said Trelawney. 'I know of no other hated so much.'

'Be merciful to me, Master Trelawney. I swear that I never meant you any harm. You know I had it in my power to sentence you to death at Taunton, but I did not.'

He fell on his knees and pleaded in hoarse, sobbing whispers. In spite of himself, Trelawney pitied him; and Jeffreys' eyes, made keener, if possible, by his danger, saw to the heart of the man he had to deal with.

'Why should you let it be known who I am?' he cried. 'Even if I were the man you believe me to be, I shall never have the chance to do harm again. I am a dying man, Master Trelawney. I am still young, not much above forty, yet I am dying. Why can I not end my days in peace? You urged the King to escape, why, then, may I not get away to some foreign country, where I can end my days quietly?'

'Listen,' said Trelawney. 'Do you hear what men

# The Chariots of the Lord

are saying? They know that the King hath escaped, and they are crying out for you.'

'Don't tell them; for God's sake, do not tell them!'

'I may be inclined to be merciful on one condition,' cried Trelawney.

'Name it, I beseech you.'

'I want the marriage contract between Sir Henry Beaumont and the mother of the young woman who is generally believed to be your daughter,' said Trelawney.

For a moment the old look of savagery came into Jeffreys' eyes. Evidently the request angered him.

'There never was such a marriage,' he snarled. 'If there was I know nothing about it. Besides, the girl told you lies.'

'Do you hold to that?' said Trelawney.

'Yes,' said the judge. 'Only last night the jade made the same demand of me, and told me how for years she had been playing me false; but I gave her the same answer I have given to you.'

Trelawney took a step towards the door.

'Where are you going?' cried Jeffreys.

'To call a constable.'

'No, not that, for God's sake, not that!' he cried, in an agony of fear.

'Why not?' said Trelawney. 'I have seen the man. John Beswick, who read the marriage service. I have read the letter which you wrote to Lady Mary Beaumont, wherein you promised to care for her daughter and see to it that she had her rights.'

'You are the man she loves!' cried Jeffreys. 'Oh, fool that I have been!'

'You must give me that marriage contract,' said the young man, 'or I call the constable.'

# How Trelawney obtained the Certificate

'I will tell you where it is. You can easily find it,' he cried eagerly.

'That is not enough. You will have to go with me.'

'Go with you! Go through London streets in broad daylight. Master Trelawney, have you no mercy?'

'When you do justice.'

'I tell you I dare not, I dare not. You can see that as plainly as I.'

'Look here, my lord,' said Trelawney, 'when last I saw the woman you called your daughter, nearly two years ago, I promised her I would get that contract, the proof of her own and her mother's honour, and during that time I have not ceased in my search. Last night, when I left Whitehall, I vowed never to lose sight of you until I obtained what I wanted. I shall keep my word! No matter what happens to you, I shall get it. If you are dragged to pieces by the mob, your papers will still be examined, and I have enough influence with the Prince of Orange to get justice done. You plead for mercy! Well, I offer it on one condition. I shall not abate one jot in insisting on that. If you will not promise to place that marriage contract in my hands I will go outside and tell who you are.'

'I promise, oh, I promise; but I must have time.'

'There is no time, I tell you.'

'But do you think I carry such a thing with me?'

'Then come with me where it is. When you have placed it in my hands you may go free.'

'Only on that condition?'

Jeffreys' eyes gleamed with all the savagery of a demon. For a moment he seemed to be struggling. Two forces fought for the mastery. One was to thwart the man before him, the other was the fear of capture.

He took a packet from the rough coat he wore.

# The Chariots of the Lord

'Curse you!' he said, as he threw it at him.

Trelawney opened it with trembling hands. In a moment he saw it was what Mary had been striving to obtain. He placed it in his own pocket.

'Now go,' Jeffreys cried, 'and may I never see your face again! Ah, what is that?'

The guilty wretch started back from the window and looked madly around.

'Save me, Trelawney,' he cried, 'save me!'

'From whom?'

'I saw a man in the street who recognized me. A scrivener, a money-lender, he was. He was before me in a court of justice once. Oh, he knows me, I say. Hide me! hide me!'

He darted out of the room, and up the stairs, while Trelawney left the tavern and went into the street. A minute later two constables entered. Evidently Jeffreys was not mistaken.

Although he longed to leave Wapping and go on his search for the woman he loved, Trelawney waited. Would they find the man for whom all London was crying out? His query was soon answered. A few minutes later Jeffreys was a prisoner. As he was driven to the Grocers' Hall, where the Lord Mayor was, the joy of the populace knew no bounds. And yet, but for a good guard, the man at whose word the whole kingdom trembled a few days before would have been torn to pieces by the mob which followed the coach. That same day Jeffreys was committed to the Tower of London, only to be liberated by death. Of a truth Benedict Trelawney had helped to bring about the fall of the man against whom his anger had been so aroused years before.

Throughout the day Trelawney traversed London

# The Heart of a Man

with but one thought in his mind. He wanted to find the woman he loved ; he wanted to place in her hands the document she had so much coveted ; he desired to renew the vows he had made many long weary months before. But he searched in vain. He was afraid to mention her name, for it was generally believed that she was the daughter of Judge Jeffreys, and was his willing tool and spy. No one knew of what she had done, or how, even while Jeffreys thought her to be his willing tool, she had thwarted his purpose and saved the life of her lover. Besides, the city remained in dire confusion. It is true Rochester had restored some degree of order, but so great was the excitement at the arrest of Roman Catholics who were accused of treason that it was impossible to obtain information. When the second day of his search had passed away without result, a great dread came into Trelawney's heart lest Mary should have fallen a victim to the passions of the incensed people, even as others had fallen.

'I will go to Lord Rochester,' thought Trelawney. 'He will surely know if harm hath befallen her.'

But he never reached Rochester's presence. While on his way thither he felt his arm grasped.

'The sound of the Chariot-wheels of the Lord hath put him to flight,' said a voice ; 'the ungodly have dug a pit and have fallen into it.'

It was Peter the Madman who spoke, and his eyes shone with wild excitement.

'Listen to the shouts of rejoicing,' cried the old man. 'The ransomed of the Lord are returning to Zion, even as the Lord of Hosts hath promised.'

'I have sought you for two days,' cried Trelawney. 'Tell me, do you know where she is?'

'Ay, it is ever so,' said the old man. 'The love of a



# The Chariots of the Lord

boy and a maid—who can understand it? Kingdoms and thrones may rise and fall, yet doth the heart of a boy turn to the maid he loves. Ay, and perchance it is the will of God. I was young myself long years ago. Come with me.'

Silently he strode through the streets, while Trelawney walked by his side. The young man asked many questions, but the old man spoke never a word until they stood at the door of a house in a narrow street in Westminster.

'The Lord careth for his own,' said Peter, as he opened the door.

A minute later Benedict Trelawney stood face to face with the woman he loved. No words were spoken for several seconds.

'I have brought what I promised, Mary,' said the young man at length, laying the marriage contract on the table.

She looked into his face and saw the glad look in his eyes. She took no notice of that which for years he had been struggling to obtain.

'I did not care for it,' she sobbed presently; 'only—only because——'

She did not finish the sentence, and the young man, frightened at the tone of her voice, took a step backward.

In a moment her arms were around his neck.

'No, no, Benedict,' she cried, 'you must never leave me again.'

Of what they said to each other after that, or of the many explanations that were made, it is not for me to tell. Those who have caught the spirit of this story will know. Neither is there need for me to relate how Prince William of Orange came to London, and was finally made King of England. This only need be said.

# The Reward

The first wedding King William III. ever honoured with his presence after he ascended the throne was that of Benedict Trelawney and Lady Mary Beaumont, both of whom remained his most faithful friends until God saw that his work was done.

THE END