Boing Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marcel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY

CHAPTER IX. I BREAK OUT OF PRISON.

You are now to be asked to pass over the mert four weeks in as many minutes; as would I had done at the time! For I spent them in a bitter cold cell in the main tower of Bristol keep, with a chair and a pallet of straw for all my furniture, and nothing to stay my fast but the bread and water that the jailer—a sour man, if ever there were one—irought me twice a day.

One fine, frosty morning, then, when I had lain in this distrem just four weeks, the door of my cell opened, and there appeared a young woman, not uncomely, bringing in my bread and water. She was the jailer's daughter and wore a heavy bunch of keys at her girdle.

girdle.
"Oh, good morning," said I; for till now ber father only had visited me, and this was a welcome change.
Instead of answering cheerfully, as I looked

"Father's abed with the ague." "Now you cannot expect me to be sorry."
"Nay," she said; and I caught her looking

at me with something like compassion in her blue eyes, which moved me to cry out sud-denly:

"I think you are woman enough to like a pair of lovers."
"Oh, ay; but where's t'other half of the

"You're right. The young gentlowoman that was brought hither with me, I know not if she loves me; but this I do know, I would give my hand to learn her whereabouts and how she fares."

"Better eat thy loaf," put in the girl, very suddenly, setting down the plate and pitcher.
Twas odd, but I seemed to hear a sob in her voice. However, her back was towards me as I glanced up. And next ruoment she was gone, locking the iron door behind her.
I turned from my breakfast with a sigh, having for the moment tasted the hope to bear something of Delia. But in a while, feeling hungry, I picked up the loaf beside me and broke it in two.

To my amaze, out dropped something that jingled on the stone floor.

Twas a small file; and, examining the loaf arms.

again, I found a clasp knife also, and a strip of paper, neatly folded, hidden in the bread. DEANE JACK-Col. Essex, finding no good come DEARE JACE—Col. Essex, finding no good come of his interrogatories, hath set me at large; though I continue under his eye, to wit, with a dowager of his acquaintance, a Mistress Finch. Wes dwell in a private house midway down St. Thomas his street, in Redeliff; and she hath put a dismal dress upon me (Jack, 'tis hideous), but otherwise uses me not ill. But take care of thyself, my deare friend; for though the colonel be a sentimena, he is neather them about him, and at gentleman, he is prest by them about him, and at our last interview I noted a mischief in his eye. Canst use this file?—(but take care; all the gates I saw guarded with troopers today.) This by one who hath been my friend; for whose sake tear the paper up. And believe your cordial, loving com-rade.

it by heart, I tore the letter into small pieces and hid them in my pocket. This done, I felt and hid them in my pocket. This done, I fer-lighter hearted than for many a day, and trather for employment than with any further view) began lazily to rub away at my window bar. The file worked well. By noon the bar was half severed, and I broke off to whistle a time. These:

Vivre en tous cas, C'est le grand soulas, and I broke off to hear the key turning in my

The jailer's daughter entered with my see ond meal. Her eyes were red with weeping. Baid 1, "Does your father beat you?" "He has, before now," she replied; "but not today."
"Then why do you weep?"

"Not for that."
"For what, then?"
"For you—oh, dear, dear! How shall I tell it? They are going to—to"— She sat down on the chair, and sobbed in her apron.
"What is't they are going to do?"

"The devil! When?" "Tut-tut-to-morrow mo-horning;" I went suddenly very cold all over. There was filence for a moment, and then I heard the noise of some one dropping a plank in the courtyard below. "What's that !"

"The gug-gug" She nodded. "You are but a weak girl," said I, meditating. "Ay, but there's a dozen troopers on the

"Then, my dear, you must lock me up," I decided, gloomily, and fell to whistling

C'est le grand sor A workman's hammer in the court below chimed in, beating out the tune and driving the moral home. I heard a low sob behind me. The jailer's daughter was going. "Lend me your bodkin, my dear, for a me

She pulled it out and gave it to me. "Thank you, and now good-by. Stop! Here's a kiss to take to my dear mistress. They shan't hang me, my dear."

The girl went out, sobbing, and locked the door after her.

I sat down for a while, feeling doleful, for cell, a myself arthur out. cel. myself extremely young to be hanged.

The whang! whang! of the hammer slow roused me. "Come." I thought, "I'll see what that rascal is doing, at any rate, and, pulling the file from my pocket, began to attack the window bar with a will. I had no need for silence at this great height above the ground, and, besides, the hammering con

Daylight was closing as I finished my task and, pulling the two pieces of the bar aside, thrust my head out at the window.

Directly under me and about twenty feet from the ground I saw a beam projecting, about six feet long, over a sort of doorway in the wall. Under this beam, on a ladder, was two supporting timbers that rested on the a carpenter fellow at work, fortifying it with doorway. He was merry enough over the job, and paused every again to fling a remark to a little group of oldiers that stood idling below, fellow's work bag and a great coil of rope rested by the ladder's foot

"Reckon, Sammy," said one, pulling a long tobacco pipe from his mouth and spitting, "'tis a long while since thy last job o' the

"Ay, lad; terrible disrepair this place has fallen into. But send us a cheerful heart, say I! Instead o' the viper an' owl shall reforward be hangings of men an' all

I kept my head out of sight and listened. t time doth a' swing f' asked another of the soldiers.

"I heard the colonel give orders for 9 o'clock to-morrow," answered the first sol-dier, spitting again.

The clock over the barbican struck four, and in a minute was being answered from "Four o'clock!" cried the man on the ladder; "time to stop work, and here goes for the last nail!" He drove it in and prepared

to descend.
"Hi!" shouted a soldier, "you've forgot the

"That'll wait till to-morrow. There's a staple to drive in, too. I tell you I'm dry and want my beer."

gathering up his nails, went down the ladder.
At the foot he picked up his bag, shouldered the ladder and lounged away, leaving the soil of rope lying there. Presently the soil diere sauntered off also, and the court was

w, up to this moment I had but one idea of avoiding my fate, and that was to kill my self. Twes to this end I had borrowed the self. "Twas to this end I had borrowed the bodkin of the maid. Afterwards I had a notion of flinging myself from the window as they came for me. But now, as I looked down on that coil of rope lying directly below, a prettier scheme struck me. I sat down on the foor of my cell and pulled off my boots and stockings.

Twas such a pretty plan that I got into a fever of impatience. Drawing off a stocking and picking out the end of the yarn, I began to unravel the knitting for dear life, until the whole lay a head of thread on the floor. I

then served the other in the same way; and at the end had two lines, each pretty near four hundred yards in length, which now i divided into eight lines of about a hundred

yards each. yards each.

With these I set to work, and by the end of twenty minutes had plaited a rope—if rope, indeed, it could be called—weak, to be sure, but long enough to reach the ground with plenty to spare. Then, having bent my bodkin to the form of a hook, I tied it to the end of my cord, weighted it with a crown from my pocket and clambered up to the window. I was going to angle for the hangman's rope.

Twas going to angle for the hangman's rope.
Twas near dark by this, but I could just distinguish it on the paving stones below, and, looking about the court, saw that no one was astir. I wriggled first my head, then a shoulder, through the opening, and lot the line run gently through my hand. There were still many yards left that could be paid out when I heard my coin tinkle softly on the pavement.

be paid out when I heard my coin tinkle softly on the pavement.

Then began my difficulty. A dozen times I pulled my hook across the coil before it hitched, and then a full three score of times the rope slipped away before I had raised it a dozen yards. My elbow was raw, almost, with leaning on the sill, and I began to lose heart and head, when, to my delight, the bodkin caught and held. It had fastened on a kink in the rope, not far from the cut. I began to pull up, hand over hand, trembling all the while like a leaf.

For I had two very reasonable fears. First, the rope might slip away and tumble before

it reached my grasp. Secondly, it might, after all, prove a deal too short. It had looked to me a new rope of many fathorus, looked to me a new rope of many fathoms, not yet cut for to morrow's purpose; but eye-sight might well deceive at that distance, and surely enough I saw that the whole was dangling off the ground long before it came to my hand.

But at last I caught it, and, slipping back into the room, pulled it after me, yard upon yard. My heart went loud and fast. There was nothing to fasten it to but an iron staple in the door, that meant losing the width of my cell, some six feet. This, however, must be risked, and I made the end fast, lowered the other out of the window again, and climbing to a sitting posture on the window

climbing to a sitting posture on the window sill, thrust out my legs over the gulf.

Thankful was I that darkness had fallen before this and hidden the giddy depths below me. I gripped the rope and pushed myself inch by inch through the window, and out over the ledge. For a moment I dangled, without courage to move a hand. Then, wreathing my legs round the rope, I loosed my left hand and caught with it again some six inches lower. And so, down I went.

Minute followed minute, and left me still descending, six inches at a time, and looking

descending, six inches at a time, and looking neither above nor below, but always at the gray wall that seemed sliding up in front of me. The first dizziness was over, but a horrible aching of the arms had taken the place of it. Twas growing intolerable, when suddenly my legs, that sought to close the rope, found space only. I had come to the end.

I looked down. A yard below my feet the

beam of the gallows gleamed palely out of the darkness. Here was my chance. I let my hands slip down the last foot or so of the rope, hung for a moment, then dropped for the beam. My feet missed it, as I intended they should

but I flung both arms out and caught it, bringing myself up with a jerk. While yet I hung clawing, I heard a footstep coming through the gateway between the two wards. Here was a fix. With all speed and silence Here was a fix. With all speed and silence I drew myself up to the beam, found a hold with one knee upon it, got astride, and lay down at length, flattening my body down against the timber. Yet all the while I felt sure I must have been heard. The footsteps drew nearer and passed al-

most under the gallows. "Twas an officer, for as he passed he called out:
"Sergt. Downs!" Sergt. Downs!" A voice from the guard room in the barbi

can answered him through the darkness.
"Why is not the watch set?" "In a minute, sir; it wants a minute to 6."
"I thought the colonel ordered it at half

In the silence that followed the barbican clock began to strike, and half a dozen troop-ers tumbled out from the guard room, some laughing, some grumbling at the coldness of the night. The officer returned to the inner ward as they dispersed to their posts; and soon there was silence again, save for the tramp, tramp of a sentry crossing and recrossing the pavement below me,

All this while I lay flattened along beam, scarce daring to breathe. But at length, when the man had passed below for the sixth time, I found heart to wriggle myself towards the doorway over which the gal lows protruded. By slow degrees, and pausing whenever the fellow drew near, I crept close up to the wall; then, waiting the proper second or two swinging myself towards the sill, flung myself off, and, touching the ledge

with one toe, pitched forward into the room, The effect of this was to give me a sound crack as I struck the flooring, which lay picked myself up and listened. Outside, the regular tramp of the sentry proved be not heard me; and I drew a long breath, for I knew that without a lantern be would never spy, in the darkness, the telltale rope dang-

ing from the tower.
In the room where I stood all was right, But the flooring was uneven to the foot, and scattered with small pieces of masonry Twas one of the many chambers in the castle that had dropped into disrepair. Groping my way with both hands, and barking my shins on the loose stones, I found a low vault-ed passage that led me into a second chamber, empty as the first. To my delight, the door of this was ajar, with a glimmer of light slanting through the crack. I made straight towards it, and pulled the door softly. It opened, and showed a lantern dimly burning, and the staircase of the keep

vinding past me, up into darkness. My chance was, of course, to descend which I did on tiptoe, bearing no sound. The stairs twisted down and down, and ended by stout door with another lamp shining above it. After listening a moment I decided to be bold, and lifted the latch. A faint cry saluted me

I stood face to face with the jailer's daugh-The room was a small one, well lit, and

lined about the walls with cups and bottles. Twas, as I guessed, a tap room for the soldiers; and the girl had been scouring one of the pewter mugs when my entrance startled She stood up, white as if painted, and gasped: "Quick-quick! Down here behind the counter for your life!"

There was scarce time to drop on my kneed before a couple of troopers lounged in, demanding mulled beer. The girl bustled about to serve them, while the pair leaned their elbows on the counter, and in this easy attitude began to chat. "A shrewd night!"

'Ay, a very freezing frost! Lucky that oldiering is not all centry work, or I for one 'ud ensue my natural trade o' plumbing. But et's be cheerful, for the voice o' the turtle is beard i' the hand."

The man took a pull at his hot beer before The turtle signifieth the Earl o' Stamford. that is to night visiting Col. Essex in secret; an' this is the import—war, bloody war. Mark me."

"Stirring, striving times!" "You may say so! 'A hath fifteen thousand men, the earl, no farther off than Taun-

ton-why, my dear, how pale you look, to be "Tis my head that aches," answered the

girl.

The men finished their drink and sauntered out. I crept from under the counter and

"Father'll kill me for this!" "Then you shall say: Is it forward or back I must go?"
"Neither." She pulled up a trap close be side her feet and pointed out a ladder leading

down to the darkness. "The courts are full of troopers," she added. She nodded. "Quick! There's a door at the far end. It

leads to the crypt of St. John's chapel. You'll find the key beside it and a lantern. Here is flint and steel." She reached them down from a shelf beside her. "Crouch down, or they'll spy you through the window. From the crypt a passage takes you to the goverse. How to escape then, God knows! Tis the best I can think on."

I thanked her and began to step down the ladder. She stood for a moment to watch, leaving the trap open for better light. tween the avenue of casks and bins I stum-bled towards the door and lantern that were

just to be discerned at the tar end of the cel-lar. As I struck steel on flint I heard the trap close, and since then have never set eyes

on that kind hearted girl.

The lantern lit, I took the key and fitted it to the lock. It turned noisily, and a cold whilf of air struck my face. Gazing round this new chamber I saw two lines of squat pillars, supporting a low, arched roof. Twas pillars, supporting a low, arched roof. Twas
the crypt beneath the chapel, and smelt vilely.
A green moisture trickled down the pillars,
and dripped on the tombs beneath them.
At the end of this dreary place was a broken
door, consisting only of a plank or two, that
I easily pulled away; and beyond, a narrow
passage, over which I heard the tread of
troopers plainly, as they paced to and fro;
also the muffled note of the clock, wounding 7.
The reseases went faith streath but

The passage went fairly straight, but was blocked here and there with fallen stones, over which I scrambled as best I could. And then, suddenly, I was near pitching down a short flight of steps. I held the lantern aloft

At the steps' foot widened out a low room whereof the ceiling, like that of the crypt, rested on pillars. Between these every inch of space was piled with barrels, chests and great pyramids of round shot. In each corner lay a heap of rusty pikes. Of all this the tion room of the castle.

But what chiefly took my notice was

great door, studded with iron mails, that barred all exit from the place. Over the barrels I crept towards it, keeping the lantern high, in dread of firing any loose pow-der. 'Twas fast locked.

I think that, for a moment or two, I could have wept. But in a while the thought struck

with the knife in my pocket 'twas possible to cut away the wood around the lock. "Courage!" said I, and, pulling it forth, knelt down to work.

Luck in life has always used me better than my deserts. At an hour's end there I was, hy deserts. At an noars end there I was, hacking away steadily, yet had made but ittle progress. And then, pressing the knife deep, I broke the blade off short. The door upon the far side was cased with iron.

Tramp! tramp!
'Twas the sound of a man's footfall, and to the car appeared to be descending a flight of steps on the other side of the door. I bent my ear to the keybole; then stepped to a cask of bullets that stood handy by. I took out a dozen, felt in my pocket for Delia's kerchief that she had given me, caught up a pike from the pile stacked in the corner, and, softly blowing out my light, stood back to be cuncealed by the door when it opened. The footsteps still descended. I heard an

aged voice muttering:
"Shrivel my bones—ugh! ugh! Wintry
work—wintry work! Here's an hour to send a grandfatherly man a-groping for a keg o

A wheezy cough closed the sentence, as a key was with difficulty fitted in the lock.
"Ugh! ugh! Sure, the lock an' I be a pair,
for stiff joints."

The door creaked back against me, and a shaft of light pierced the darkness.

Within the threshold, with his back to me stood a gray bearded servant, and tottered so that the lantern shook in his hand. It shamed me to lift a pike against one so weak. Instead, I dropped it with a clatter and leaped forward. The old fellow jumped like a boy, turned and faced me with dropped law, which gave me an opportunity to thrust ur or five bullets, not over roughly, into his mouth. Then, having turned him on his back, I strapped Delia's kerchief tight across his mouth and took the lantern from his

Not a word was said. Sure, the poor old man's wits were shaken, for he lay meek as a mouse and stared up at me while I unstrapped I trussed up behind him with his own neck cloth; and, catching up the lantern, left him there. I locked the door after me, and slipped the key into my pocket as I sprang up the stairs beyond.

But here a light was shining, so once more

I extinguished my lantern. The steps ended in a long passage, with a handsome lamp hanging at the uttermost end, and beneath hanging at this lamp I stepped into a place that filled me

with astonishment.

Twas, I could not doubt, the entrance hall of the governor's house. An oak door, very massive, fronted me; to left and right were two smaller doors that plainly led into apartments of the house. Also to my left, and nigher than the door on that side, ran up a broad staircase, carpeted and brightly lit all the way, so that a very blaze fell on me as I stood. Under the first flight, close to my left shoulder, was a line of pegs with many cloaks and hats depending therefrom. Underfoot, I remember, the hall was righly tiled in squares of red and white marble.

Now, clearly, this was a certain place

wherein to be enught, "But," thought I behind one of the two doors, to left or to right, must lie the governor's room of bustness; and in that room—as likely as not—his keys." Which door, then, should I choose! For to stay here was madness, While I stood pondering, the doubt was

answered for me. From behind the right hand door came a burst of laughter and clinking of glasses, on top of which a man's the voice of Col, Essex-called out for more wine. I took a step to the door on the left, paused

for a second or two with my hand on the latch, and then cautiously pushed it open. The chamber was empty.

Twas a long room, with a light burning on a square center table, and around it mass of books, loose papers and documents

strewn, seemingly without order. The floor, too, was littered with them. Clearly this was the colonel's office. I gave a rapid glance around. The lamp's rays scarce illumined the far corners; but in one of these stood a great leathern screen, and over a fireplace near it a rack was hanging, full of swords, pistols and walking anes. Stepping towards it, I caught sight of

Anthony's sword, suspended there amongst the rest (they had taken it from me on the day of my examination), which now I took down and strapped at my side. I then chose out a pistol or two, slipped them into my sash and dvanced to the center table, Under the lamp lay his majesty's letter.

My hand was stretched out to catch it up, when I heard across the hall a door opened and the sound of men's voices. They were coming towards the office.

There was scarce time to slip back and hide hind the screen before the door latch was lifted and two men entered, laughing yet, "Business, my lord—business," said the first ('twas Col. Essex); "I have much to do to-night.

"Sure," the other answered, "I thought we had settled it. You are to lend me a thousand out of your garrison"-"Which on my own part I would willingly

do. Only I beg you to consider, my lord, that my position here hangs on a thread. The extreme men are already against me. They talk of replacing me by Figures"-"Nat Fiennes is no soldier."

"No; but he's a bigot-a stronger recom endation. Should this plan miscarry and I lose a thousand men"-

"Heavens alive, man! It cannot miscarry. Hark ye; there's Ruthen of Plymouth will take the south road with all his forces. A day's march behind I shall follow-along roads to northward-parallel for a way, but afterwards converging. The Cornishmen are all in Bodmin. We shall come on them with double their number—ay, almost treble Can you doubt the issue?"

"Scarcely, with the Earl of Stamford for general." The earl was too far occupied to notice this compliment.

Twill be swift and secret," he said, "as Death himself—and as sure. Let the fact that Hopton is all at sixes and sevens since the marquis shipped for Wales, and at daggers drawn with Mohun." Said the colonel slowly, "Ay, the notion is good enough. Were I not in this corner, I

would not think twice, Listen now: only this morning they forced me to order a young man's hanging, who might if kept alive be forced in time to give us news of value. I dared not refuse." "He that you caught with the king's let-

"Ay-a trumpery missive, dealing with naught but summoning of the sheriff's posse and the like. There is more behind, could we but wait to get at it." "The gallows may loosen his tongue. And how of the girl that was taken toof "I have her in safe keeping. This very evening I shall visit her and make another

terr

trial to get some speech. Which puts me in The colonel tinkled a small hand bell that lay on the table. The pause that followed was broken by the

"May I see that letter!"

The concern named it, and tinkled the bell again, more impatiently. At length steps were heard in the hall, and a servant opened

"Where is Giles?" asked the colonel. "Why are you taking his place?"
"Giles can't be found, your honor."

"Giles can't be found, your honor."
"Hey?"
"He's a queer oldster, your honor, an' may
be gone to bed wi' his aches and pains."
(I knew pretty well that Giles had done no
such thing; but be sure I kept the knowledge safe behind my screen.)
"Then go seek him, and say— No, stop;
I can't wait. Order the coach around at the
barblesse in twenty minutes from now-

barbiogn in twenty minutes from now— twenty minutes, mind, without fail. And say—'twill save time—the fellow's to drive me to Mistress Finch's house in St. Thomas street—sharp!"
As the man departed on his errand the

As the man departed on his errain the earl laid down his majesty's letter.

"Hang the fellow," he said, "if they want it; the blame, if any, will be theirs. But, in the name of heaven, colonel, don't fail in leading me this thousand men! Twill finish the war out of hand."

"I'll do it," answered the colonel slowly.

"And I'll remember it," said the earl. "To-

"And I'll remember it," said the earl. morrow, at 6 o'clock, I set out." The two men shook hands on their bargain and left the room, shutting the door after

Terept forth from behind the screen, my Terept forth from behind the screen, my heart thumping on my ribs. Thus far it had been all fear and trembling with me, but now this was changed to a kind of panting joy. Twas not that I had spied the prison keys hanging near the fireplace, nor that behind the screen lay a heap of the colonel's riding boots, whereof a pair, ready spurred, fitted me choicely well; but that my cars tingled with meas that turned my covers to a matter. with news that turned my escape to a matter of public welfare, and also that the way to escape lay planned in my head.

Shod in the colonel's boots I advanced again to the table. With sealing wax and the governor's seal, that lay handy, I closed up the king's letter and, sticking it in my breast, caught down the bunch of keys and

made for the door.

The hall was void. I snatched down a cloak and heavy broad brimmed bat from one of the pegs and, donning them, slipped back the bolts of the heavy door. It opened without noise. Then, with a last bitch of the cloak, to bring it well about me, I stepped forth into the night, shutting the door qu on my heels. My feet were on the pavement of the inner

ward. Above, one star only broke the black-ness of the night. Across the court was a sentry tramping. As I walked boldly up he stopped short by the gate between the wards

and regarded me.

Now was my danger. I knew not the right key for the wicket, and if I fumbled the fellow would detect me for certain. I chose one and drew nearer; the fellow looked, saluted, stepped to the wicket and opened it

"Good night, colenel?"
I did not trust myself to answer, but passed rapidly through to the outer ward. Here, to my joy, in the arched passage of the barbican gate, was the carriage waiting, the porter standing beside the door; and here also, to my dismay, was a torch alight, and under it balf a dozen soldiers chatting. A whisper half a dozen soldiers chatting. A whisper passed on my approach—"The colonel"—and they burried into the guard room.

"Good evening, colonell" The porter bowed low, holding the door wide.

I passed him rapidly, climbed into the shadow of the coach and drew a long breath.
Then ensued a hateful pause, as the gates were unbarred. I gripped my knees for impatience.

patience.

The driver spoke a word to the porter, who came round to the coach door again. "To Mistress Finch's, is it not?"

"Ay," I muttered; "and quickly."

The conchman touched up his pair. The wheels moved; went quicker. We are outside the castle,
With what relief I leaned back as the castle gates closed behind us! And with what impatience at our slow pace I sat upright again next minute! The wheels rumbled over the bridge, and immediately we were rolling

easily down hill through a street of some importance; but by this time the shutters were up along the shop fronts and very few people abroad. At the bottom we turned sharp to the left along a broader thoroughfare, and then suddenly drew up.
"Are we come?" I wondered. But no; 'twas the city gate, and here we had to wait for three minutes at least till the sentries recdoors to us. They stood on this side and that, presenting arms as we rattled through; and next moment I was crossing a broad bridge,

the vessels thick thereon, their lanterns casting long lines of yellow on the jetty water, their masts and cordage looming up against the dull glare of the city. Soon we were between lines of building once more-shops, private dwellings and warehouses intermixed; then passed a tall

with the dark Avon on either side of me and

church, and in about two minutes more drew up again. I looked out, Facing me was a narrow gateway landing the street, as if slipping away from between the lines of shops that wedged it on either hand. Over the grill a link was burning. I stepped from the coach, opened the gate, and, crossing the small court, rang at the

At first there was no answer. I rang again, and now had the satisfaction to hear a light footfall coming. A bolt was pulled and a girl appeared holding a candle high in her Quick as thought I stepped past her into the passage.

"Delia !"

Jack!

"Hist! Close the door. Where is Mistress Finch? "Up stairs, expecting Col. Essex. Oh, the happy day! Come." She led me into a nar-row back room, and, setting down the light, regarded me. "Jack, my eyes are red for

"I see they are. To-morrow I was to be She put her hands together, catching her breath; and very levely I thought her, in her straight gray gown and Puritan cap.

"They have been questioning me. Didst get my letter P The answer was on my lip when there came a sound that made us both start.

Twas the dull echoing of a gun firing, up at the castle. Delia, what lies at the back here! "A garden and a garden door; after these lane leading to Redcliff street."

"I must go, this moment." And Ir She did not wait my answer, but, running out into the passage, she came swiftly back with a heavy key. I opened the window. "Delia! De-lia!" "Twas a woman's voice

calling her, at the head of the stairs. "Av. Mistress Finch." "Who was at the door?" I sprang into the garden and held forth "In one moment, mistress!"

called she, and in one moment was hurrying with me across the dark garden beds. As she fitted her key to the garden gate I heard the voice again. "Do-lin!" 'Twas drowned in a wild rat-a-tat! on the

street door and the shouts of many voices, We were close pressed.
"Now, Jack—to the right, for our lives! Ah, these clumsy skirts!" We turned into the lane and raced down it, For my part, I swore to drown myself Avon rather than let those troopers retake me. I heard their outeries about the house behind us as we stumbled over the frozen

rubbish heaps with which the lane was bestrewn. "What's our direction?" panted I, catching Delia's band to help her along. "To the left now-for the river."

We struck into a narrow side street, and ith that heard a watchman bawi: "Past nine o' the night, an' a?"-The shock of our collision sent him to finish his say in the gutter.

"Thioves!" he yelled. But already we were twenty yards away, and now in a broader street, whereof one side was wholly lined with warehouses. And here, to our dismay, we heard shouts behind, an the noise of feet running About balf way down the street I spied a sateway standing a jar, and pulled Delia aside

into a courtyard littered with barrels and Godsend I be Cap'n Billy an' you plain Jack, timbers, and across it to a black, empty barn be your virtues what they may. Au' the cor of a place, where a flight of wooden steps limmered, that led to an upper story climbed these stairs at a run. "Faugh! What a vite smell!" The loft was piled high with great bales of wood, as I found by this tough, and their odor enough to satisfy an army. Nevertheless 1

was groping about for a place to hide when Delia touched ma on the arm and resisted

Looking, I descried in the gloom a tall quadrilateral of purple, not five steps away, with a speck of light shining near the top of it, and three dark streaks running down the it, and three dark streaks running down the middle, whereof one was much thicker than the rest. 'Twas an open doorway; the speck, a star framed within it; the broad streak, a ship's mast reaching up; and the lesser ones two ends of a rope, working over a pulley above my head, and used for lowering the bales of wool on shiphoard.

Advancing, I stood on the sill and looked down. On the black water, twenty feet below, lay a three masted trader, closs against the warehouse. My toes stuck out over her leck, almost.

At first glance I could see no sign of life on board, but presently was aware of a dark figure leaning over the bulwarks, near the bows. He was quite motionless. His back was towards us, blotted against the black shadow; and the man engaged only, it seemed, in watching the bright splash of light fluing by the ship's lantern on the water beneath him.

I resolved to throw hayself on the mercy of this silent figure, and put out a hard to test the rope. One end of it was fixed to a bale of wool that lay, as it had been lowered, on the deck. Flinging myself on the other, I found it sink gently from the pulley, as the weight below moved slowly upwards; and sinking with it, I held on till my feet touched the deck.

Still the figure in the bows was motionless I paid out my end of the rope softly, low-ering back the bale of wool; and, as soon as it rested again on deck, signaled to Delia to let herself down.
She did so. As she alighted, and stood be-

side me, our hands bangled. The rope slipped up quickly, letting down the bale with a run. We caught at the rope, and stopped it just in time; but the pulley above creaked vocif-erously. I turned my head. The man in the bows had not moved.

CHAPTER X. CAPT. POTTERY AND CAPT. SETTING "Now either I am mad or dreaming thought I; for that the fellow had not heard

our noise was starkly incredible. I stepped

along the deck towards him; not an inch die be budge. I touched him on the shoulder, He faced round with a quick start, "Sir," said I, quick and low, before he could get a word out—"Sir, we are in your hands. I will be plain. To-night I have broke out of Bristol Keep, and the colonel's men are after me. Give me up to them, and they hang me to-morrow; give my comrade up, and they persecute her vilely. Now, sir, I know not which side you be, but there's our case in a

nutshell." The man bent forward, displaying a huge rounded face, very kindly about the eyes, and set a top of the oddest body in the world; for, under a trunk extraordinary broad and strong, straddled a pair of legs that a baby would have disowned, so thin and stunted were they, and ito make it queerer; ended in

feet the most prodigious you ever saw.

As I said, this man leaned forward, and shouted into my ear so that I fairly leaped in the air: "My name's Pottery-Bill Pottery, cap'n o' the Godsend-an' you can't make me hear,

not if you bust yoursel'!" You may think this put me in a fine quandary.
"I be as deaf as nails!" bawled he.

Twas horrible; for the troopers, I thought, if anywhere near, could not miss hearing him. His voice shook the very rigging. "An' o' my crew the half ashore getting plished state o' liquor; so there's no chanc

for 'ee to speak!"

He paused a moment, then roared again: "What a pity! 'Cos you make me very curious—that you do!" Luckily at this moment Delia had the sense

to put a finger to her lip. The man wheeled round without another word, led us aft over the blocks, cordage and all manner of loose gear that encumbered the deck to a ladder that towards the stern led down into darkness. Here he signed to us to follow, and descending first, threw open a door, letting out a faint stream of light in our faces. "Twathe captain's cabin, lined with cupboards and lockers; and the light came from an oil lamp hanging over a narrow deal table. By this hght Capt. Billy scrutinized us for an instant then, from one of his lockers, brought out pen, paper and ink, and set them on the table before me,

I caught up the pen, dipped it, and began to write: I am John Marvel, a servant of King Charles, and this night am escaped out of Bristol eastle.

Thus far I had written without glancing up, in fear to read the disappointment of my opes. But now the pen was caught sudde ly from my fingers, the paper torn in shreds and there was Master Pottery shaking to both by the hand, nedding and becking, and smiling the while all over his big red face. But he ceased at last, and opening another

of his lockers, drew forth a horn lantern, a mallet and a chisel. Not a word was spoker as he lit the lantern and passed out of cabin, Delia and I following at his beels. Just outside, at the foot of the steps, he stooped, pulled up a trap in the flooring and disclosed another ladder stretching, as it eemed, down into the bowels of the ship

This we descended carefully, and found our

selves in the hold, pinching our noses twixt finger and thumb. For indeed the smell here was searching to a very painful degree, for the room was narrow and every inch of it contested by two nuissant essences, the one raw wool, the other olige water. With wool the place was piled but also I noticed, not far from the ladders

several casks set on their ends, and to these the captain led us. They were about a dozen in all, stacked close together; and Master Pottery, rolling two apart from the rest, dragged them to mother trap and tugged out the bungs. A stream of fresh water gushed from each and splashed down the trap into the bilge below. Then, having drained them, he staved in

their bends with a few blows of his mallet, His plan for us was clear. And in a very few minutes Delia and I were crouching or the timbers, each with a cask inverted over us, our noses at the bungholes and our ears listening to Master Pottery's footsteps as they climbed heavily back to deck. The rest of the casks were stacked close round us, so

that, even had the gloom allowed, we could see nothing at all. Soon I heard the neise of feet above, and a string of voices speaking one after another, louder and louder. And next Master Pottery began to answer up and drowned all speech but his own. When he ceased, there was dence for some minutes; after which we heard a party descen1 to the cabin, and the trampling of their feet on the boards above us. They remained there some while discuss ing; and then came footsteps down the sec and ladder, and a twinkle of light reached me through the bung bole of my cask.

"Quick!" said a busky voice; "overhaul the cargo here!" I heard some half dozen troopers bustling about the hold and tugging out the bales of

"Hit" called Master Pettery; "an' when you've done rummaging 1sy ship put every thing back as you found it." "Poke about with your swords," commanded the husky voice. "What's in those barrels yonder!"

"Water, sergeant," answers a trooper, roll-

"Nothing behind them?" "No; they're right against the side."
"Drop 'em, then. Plague on this business Tis my notion they're a mile away, and Cap'n Stubbs no better than a fool to send us back

ing out a couple.

here. He's grudging promotion, that's what he is! Hurry, there—hurry!" Ten minutes later the searchers were gone and we in our casks drawing long breaths of thankfulness and strong odors. And so we crouched till, about midnight, Capt. Billy brought us down a supper of ship's biscuit, which we crept forth to cat, being sorely cramped.

"Now, say not a word! To-morrow we sail for Plymouth sound; thence for Brittany. High! We be all king's men aboard the God send, though hearing nought I say little, Yet I have my reasoning heresies, holding the Lord's Anointed to be an anointed rogue, but

nevertheless to be served; just as aboard the

He could not hear our thanks, but guessed

clusion is-damn all mutineers an' rebels Though, to be sure, the words be a bit lusty for a young gentlewoman's ears."

We went back to our casks with lighter hearts. Howbeit 'twas near 5 in the morn ing, I dare say, before my narrow bed cham-ber allowed me to drop saleep.

I woke to say through my bunghole the

faint light of day struggling down the hatches. Above, I heard a clanking noise, and the voices of the men hiccoughing a dis-mal chant. They were lifting anchor. I crawled forth and woke Delia, who was yet sleeping, and together we ate the breakfast that lay ready set for us on the head of a

barrel.

Presently the sailors broke off their song, and we heard their feet shuffling to and fro

and we heard their feet shuffling to and fro on deck.

"Sure," cried Della, "we are moving!"

And surely we were, as could be told by the altered sound of the water beneath us, and the many creakings that the Godsend began to keep. Once more I tasted freedom again and the joy of living, and could have sung for the mirth that lifted my heart. "Let us but gain open sea," said I, "and Fil have tit for tat with those rebois!"

But alas! before we had left Avon mouth twenty minutes 'twas another tale. For I lay on my side in that dark hold and longed to die, and Delia sat up beside me, her hands in her lap and her great eyes fixed most dolefully. And when Capt. Billy came down with the news that we were safe and free to go on deck we turned our faces from him and said we thanked him kindly, but had no longer any wish that way—too wretched, even, to remember his deafness.

Let me avoid, then, some miserable hours, and come to the evening, when, faint with fasting and nausea, we struggled up to the deck for air, and looked about us.

"Twas gray—gray everywhere; the sky bed each with descerate the structure of the storage."

Twas gray-gray everywhere; the sky lead colored, with deeper shades towards the east, where a bank of cloud blotted the coast

line; the thick rain descending straight, with hardly wind enough to set the sails flapping; the sea spread like a plate of lead, save only where, to leeward, a streak of curded white crawled away from under the Godsend's keel. On deck, a few sailors moved about, red eyed and heavy. They showed no surprise to see us, but nodded very friendly, with a smile for our strange complexions. Here again, as ever, did adversity mock her own image.

But what more took our attention was to see a row of men stretched on the starboard side, like corpses, their heads in the scuppers their legs pointed inboard, and very orderly arranged. They were a dozen and two in all and over them bent Capt, Billy with a mor

beckoned that we should approach.
"Arrayed in order o' merit," said he, point ing with his mop like a showman to the line of "This here is Matt. Soames, master o' this

"Dead?"
"Dead drunk, that is. O the gifted man!
Come up!" He thrust the mop in the fellow's
heavy face. "There now! Did he move! did
he wink! 'No,' says you. O an accomplished irunkard!" He paused a moment, then stirred up No.

2, who opened one eye lazily, and shut it again in slumber.

"You saw! Opened one eye, hey! That's Benjamin Halliday. The next is a black man, as you see; a man of dismal color, and hath other drawbacks natural to such. Can the Ethiop shift his skin! No, but he'll open both eyes. See there-a perfect Christian, in

so far as drink can make him." With like comments he ran down the line, To be brief, 'twas not till the fourth after noon (by reason of baffling head winds) that we stepped out of the Godsend's boat upon a small beach of shingle, whence, between rift in the black cliffs, wound up the road that was to lead us inland. The Godsend, as mile's distance, and made a pretty sight; for the day, that had begun with a white frost, was now turned sunny and still, so that look-ing north we saw the sea all spread with pink and lilac and hyacinth, and upon it the ship lit up, her masts and sails glowing like a gold piece. And there was Billy, leaning over the bulwarks and waving his trumpe for "Good by." Thought I, for I little dreamed to see these good fellows again, "what a witless game is this life! to seek ever in fresh conjunctions what we leave be-

hind in a bandshake," We followed the road after this very moodfly; for Delia, whom I had made a sharer of the rebels' secret, agreed that no time was to be lost in reaching Bodmin, that lay a good thirty miles to the southwest. Night fell and the young moon rose, with a brisk breeze at our backs that kept us still walking without any feeling of weariness. Capt. Billy had given me at parting a small compass, of new invention, that a man could carry easily in his pocket; and this from time to time I examined in the moonlight, guiding our way almost due south, in hopes of striking into the main road westward. I doubt not we lost a deal of time among the byways; but at length happened on a good road bearing south, and followed it till daybreak, when, to our satisfaction, we spied a hill in front, topped with stout castle, and under it a town of impor-

tance, that we guessed to be Launceston, By this my comrade and I were on the best of terms again; and now drew up to consider if we should enter the town or avoid it to the west, trusting to find a breakfast in some tavern on the way. Because we knew not with certainty the temper of the country, it seemed best to choose this second course; so we fetched around by certain barren meadows, and thought ourselves lucky to hit on a road that, by the size, must be yard before it and a carter's van standing at

the entrance, not three gunshots from the town walls. Now Providence hath surely led us to breakfast," said Delia, and stepped before me into the yard, towards the door. I was following her when, inside of a gate

of steel, and turned aside to look. To my dismay there stood near a score of chargers in this second court, saddled and dripping with sweat. My first thought was to run after Delia; but a quick surprise made me rub my eyes with wonder. Twas the sight of a sorrel mare among them-a mare with one high white stocking.

In a thousand I could have told her for Molly.

Three seconds after I was at the tavern

door, and in my ears a voice sounding that stopped me short and told me in one instant that without God's help all was lost. *Pwas the voice of Capt. Settle speaking in the tap room, and already Delia stood, past

concealment, by the open door. "-And therefore, master carter, it grieves me to disappoint thee, but no man goeth this ds Bodmin. Such be my Lord of Stamford's orders, whose servant I am, and as captain of this troop I am sent to exact them. As they displease you, his lordship is but twenty-four hours behind; you can abide him and complain. Doubtless he will hear—

Ten million devils!"

I saw his crimson face as he darted out and gripped her. I saw, or half saw, the troopers crowding out after him. For a moment I hesitated. Then came my pretty comrade's voice, shrill above the hubbub: "Jack-they have horses outside! Leave me-I am ta'en-and ride, dear lad-ride!" In a flash my decision was taken for better

I heard his shout as he caught sight of Delia.

or worse. I dashed out around the house, vaulted the gate and, catching at Molly's mane, leaped into the saddle. A dozen troopers were at the gate and two had their pistols leveled. "Surrender!" "Be banged if I do!"

I set my teeth and put Molly at the low wall. As she rose like a bird in the air the two pistols rang out together, and a burning pain seemed to tear open my left shoulder. In a moment the mare alighted safe on the other side, flinging me forward on her neck. But I scrambled back, and with a shout that frightened my own ears dug my heels into her flanks. Half a minute more and I was on the hard

road, galloping westward for dear life. So also were a score of rebel troopers. Twenty miles and more lay before me, and a bare hundred yards was all my start.

I RIDE DOWN INTO TEMPLE.

And now I did indeed abandon myself to despair. Few would have given a groat for my life, with that crew at my heels; and I least of all, now that my dear comrade was lost. The wound in my shoulder was bleed-ing sore—I could feel the warm stream welling—yet not so sore as my heart. And I pressed my knees into the saddle flap and wondered what the end would be.

The sorrel mare was galloping, free and strong, her delicate ears laid back, and the network of veins under her soft skin working with the heave and fall of her withers; yetby the mud and sweat about her-I kn must have traveled far before I mounted. I heard a shot or two fired, far up the road; though their bullets must have fallen short;

nt reest, i freezu more wars press and rebels' shouting was clear enough and thud of their gallop behind.

I think that, for a mile or two, I must have ridden in a sort of swoon. Tis certain, nor an inch of the road comes back to me; n did I once turn my head to look back, but a with my eyes fastened stupidly on the mare; neck. And by and by, as we galloped, the smart of my wound, the heartache, hurry pounding of hoofs, all dropped to an echanting lull. I rode, and that was all.

For, swoon or no, I was lifted off earth, as it seemed, and on easy wings to an incredible height, where were no longer hedges, nor road, nor country round; but a great stillness, and only the mare and I running languidly through it.

guidly through it. "Ride!"

"Ride!"

Now, at first, I thought 'twas some one speaking this in my car, and turned my head. But 'twas really the last word I had beard from Delia, now after half an hour repeated in my brain. And as I grew aware of this the duliness feil off me, and all became very distinct. And the muscles about my wound had stiffened—which was vilely painful; and the country, I saw, was a brown, barren moor, dotted with peat ricks; and I cursed it. This did me good; for it woke the fighting man in me, and I set my teeth. Now for the first time looking back, I saw, with a great gulp of joy, I had gained on the troopers. A long dip of the road lay between me and the foremost, now topping the crest. The sun had

long dip of the road lay between me and the foremost, now topping the crest. The sun had broke through at last, and sparkled on his cap and gorget. I whistled to Molly (I could not pat her) and spoke to her softly; the awout thing pricked up her ears, laid them back again, and mended her pace. Her stride was beautiful to feel.

She was going her best, but the best was near spent. The sweat was cozing, her satis cont losing the gloss, the spume flying back from her nostrils. "Soh!" I called to her—"soh! my beauty; we ride to save an army." The loose stones flew right and left, as she reached out her neck, and her breath came shorter and shorter.

shorter and shorter.

A mile, and another mile, we per this trim, and by the end of it mu spent three-quarters of an hour at the work. Glancing back, I saw the troopers scattered; far behind, but following. The heights were still a weary way ahead; but I could mark their steep sides ribbed with bowlders. Till these were passed, there was no chance to hide. The parties in this race could see each

other all the way, and must ride it out. And all the way the ground kept rising. I had no means to ease the mare, even by I had no means to ease the mare, even by pulling off my heavy jackboots, with one arm (and that my right) dangling uselesa. Once she flung up her head and I caught sight of her nostril, red as fire, and her poor sight of her nostril, red as fire, and her poor eyes starting. I felt her strength ebbing be-tween my knees. Here and there she blun-dered in her stride. And somewhere, over the ridge yonder, lay the Army of the West,

and we alone could save it.

But sweet, gallant Molly must have held on, for the next thing I woke up to was a four holed cross beside the road, and soon after we were over the ridge and clattering down hill. A rough tor had risen full in front, but the road swerved to the left and took us down

among the spurs of it. Now was my last

lookout. I tried to sway less heavily

addle, and with my eyes searched the plain at our feet.

Alas! Beneath us the waste spread, mile upon mile; and I groaned aloud. For just below I noted a clump of roofless cabins, and beyond, upon the moors, the dotted walls of sheep cotes, ruined also, but in all the sad colored leagues no living man, nor the sign of one. It was done with us I reined up the mare—and then, in the same motion, wheeled her sharp to the right. High above, on the hillside, a voice was

I looked up. Below the steeper ridge of the tor a patch of land had been cleared for tillage; and here a yoke of oxen was moving leisurely before a plow (twas their tinkling bells I had heard, just now); while behind followed by the wildest shape—by the voice, woman.
She was not calling to me, but to her team;

and as I put Molly at the slope, her chant rose and fell in the mournfulest sing-song. "So-hoa! Oop Comely Vean! oop, then I rose in my stirrups and shouted. At this and the sound of hoofs, she stayed the plow and, hand on hip, looked down the slope. The oxen, softly rattling the chains on their yoke, turned their necks and gazed. With sunk head Molly heaved herself up the last few yards and came to a halt with a stagger. Islipped out of the saddle and stood,

'What's thy need, young man-that comest down to Temple wi' sword a danglin't"

The girl was a half naked savage, dressed only in a strip of sacking that barely reached her knees and a scant bodice of the same laced in front with pack thread that left her bosom and brown arms free. Yet she ap-peared no whit abashed, but leaned on the plow tail and regarded me easy and frank, as

guineas will I give for one within five minutes, and more if he be good! I ride on the king's errand." "Then get thee back to thy master an' say no horse shall be have o' me—nor any man that uses horsefle h so." She pointed to Molly's knees, that were bowed and shaking and the bloody froth dripping from her mouth.
"Girl, for God's sake sell me a horse! They

are after me and I am burt." I pointed up the road. "Better than I are concerned in

"Sell me a horse!" I blurted out. "Twenty

this. "God nor king know I, young man. But what's on thy saddle cloth theref to the right of the house, I caught the gleam 'Twas the smear where my blood had soaked; and, looking and seeing the purple mess caked with mud and foam on the sorrel's flank, I felt suddenly very sick. The girl made a step to me.
"Sell thee a borse! Hire thee a bedman,

> But I saw her no longer; only called "ohoh!" twice, like a little child, and, slipping my hold of the saddle, dropped forward or er breast, Waking, I found myself in darkness-not like that of night, but of a room where the lights have gone out, and feit that I was dying. But this hardly seemed a thing to be minded. There was a smell of peat and bracken about. Presently I heard the tramp

of feet somewhere overhead, and a dull sound

of voices that appeared to be cursing.

more like. Nay, then, lad"----

The footsteps went to and fro, the voices muttering most of the time. After a bit 1 caught a word-"Witchcraft;" and then a voice speaking quite close—"There's blood 'pon her hands, an' there's blood yonder by the plow." Said another voice, higher and squeaky, "There's scent behind a fox, but you don't dig it up an' take it home." tramp passed on, and the voices died away.

By this I knew the troopers were close and seeking me. A foolish thought came that I was buried, and they must be rummaging

over my grave; but indeed I had no wish to inquire into it; no wish to move even, but just to lie and enjoy the lightness of my limber The blood was still running. I felt the warmth of it against my back, and thought it very pleasant. So I shut my eyes and dropped off ngain.
Then I heard the noise of shouting far away.

and a long while after that was roused by the touch of a hand, thrust in against my naked breast over my beart. Who is it? I whispered. "Joan," answered a voice, and the hand was withdrawn. The darkness had lifted somewhat, and

though something stood between me and the light, I marked a number of small specks, like points of gold dotted around me. 'Joan-what besides?" "Joan's enough, I reckon; lucky for thee 'tis none else. Joan o' the Tor folks call me, but may yet be Joan I' Good Time. So hold thy peace, lad, an' cry out so little as may be.' I felt a ripping of my jacket sleeve and shirt, now clotted and stuck to the flesh. It

pained cruelly, but I shut my teeth; and after that came the smart and delicious ache of water, as she rinsed the wound. "Clean through the flesh, lad-in an' out, like country dancin'. No builet to probe not bone to set. Heart up, soce! Thy mother shall kiss thee yet. What's thy name? "Marvel, Joan-Jack Marvel."

blood there's in thee, but little enow." She bandaged the sore with linen toru from my shirt, and tied it round with sack cloth from her own dress. 'Twas all most gently done; and then I found her arms under me and myself lifted as easy as a baby.

"An' marvel 'tis thou'rt Marvel vet. Good

"Left arm round my neck, Jack; an' sing out if 'tis hurtin' thee."

It seemed but six steps and we were out on the bright hillside, not fifty paces from where the alow yet stood in the furrow. I caucht