THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

of

JACK OF THE MILL:

COMMONLY CALLED LORD OTHMILL;

CREATED, FOR HIS EMINENT SERVICES, BARON WALDECK, AND KNIGHT OF KITCOTTIP.

A Fireside Story.

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NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
No. 89 Cliff-Street.
1844.
The family was assembled in the drawing-room in the evening. The shutters were closed, the curtains drawn. All the elements of English comfort were brought together; a bright fire and lights within, a dark night and wild winds without. The father was conning the last page of his newspaper; the mother was sewing at her little table on the opposite side of the hearth. A boy and girl were in one place, deep immersed in a game of chess; and not far from the father sat a young boy on a sofa, with his legs drawn up under him, and his eyes fixed on the father, as if watching for something.

The father laid down his newspaper with a sigh.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Disturbances again in those wretched manufacturing districts. The iron-works in Warwickshire and Wales blowing out their furnaces; the wages of the agricultural labourers dropped to nine shillings a week, little work, and bread raised a penny the quartern loaf. There'll be a pretty winter."

The mother sighed, "Poor people! what can be done?"

"I know not," said the father; "but now let us read something. There are many good hearts in the country. We must help what we can; but to-night we can do nothing but drive away sad thoughts."

"Oh then, Papa," exclaimed the watching boy on the sofa, suddenly putting down his legs, and his eyes kindling into an eager brightness, "tell us one of your stories; such as you used to tell at school, which you called 'hatch-ups.'" I do like them so. Nothing drives away sad thoughts like one of them."

"And what do you know of sad thoughts, Claus? But, indeed, I used to be very fond of those 'hatch-ups' myself. Wiffen, the translator of Tasso — so soon cut off, peer fellow! he and I used to sleep in a large chamber, with sixty other boys; and as we went to bed at eight o'clock, we used to entertain the lads with relating such stories as came into our heads without any forethought or preparation. Night after night it continued, and became as exciting and absorbing as one of the tales of the Arabs round their evening fires in the Desert. Every night, so soon as all were in bed, there was an eager cry of 'Well, now then, go on with the hatch-up.'"

And by-the-bye, what an age this has been for hatch-ups! The whole reading public, like that bedroom full of school-boys, has hung from month to month, and year to year, on the splendid hatch-ups of such a set of story-tellers as the world scarcely ever before possessed. For what are the grand romances of Scott and others, but glorious hatch-ups? Lives, histories, characters, and wonders, created out of nothing — the visions of fertile brains, in which all the sunshine of all their past summers was hoarded, to come forth in this shape, for the delight of all generations. Scott, Bulwer, Boz, Cooper, Irving, Godwin, James, Hook, Galt, etc., etc.; and the ladies too, how delightfully have they hatchet-up stories of deathless interest for us all. Austen, Edgeworth, Ferrier, Gore, Sodgwick, Bremer, Martineau, and a long and luminous list. It is all hatch-up, but it is none the worse for that. In the great stream of invention, what a mighty mass of truths and experiences floats along for our delight, between banks of poetic beauty, and overhung with the lampes of wit and knowledge. And to look back to Shakspeare, what hatch-ups are there! To Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Bunyan, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and most of the great poets, like Ariosto, Tasso, Byron; to the romances of all lands — 'tis all hatch-up! But what then? what in life is so real, and half so enchanting?

But leaving this great tribe to the full mirth or intensity of their elaborate hatch-ups, let us endeavour to catch as much as possible the form and spirit of one of our own, in the young days we are talking of. This then shall be 'The Hatch-up of Jack-of-the-Mill.'"

The father commenced his story. The little boy on the sofa from time to time rubbed his hands and chuckled to himself. The elder boy and girl went on, deep and silent, with their game of chess; the mother with her sewing, her thoughts evidently engaged on some matter of her own. Anon, however, the laughter of the little boy on the sofa, who had again drawn up his legs under him, and was occasionally hammering with his right hand on the head of the sofa, saying, "That is good! that pleased me!" drew the attention of the mother; she smiled and lis-
tened too. The elder boy and girl, stopped at a new fit of laughter, seemed half inclined to be angry at the interruption of their game; but listened an instant and then laughed too. They left their chessboard standing, and drew into the fireside circle. In a while, father, mother, children—all, seemed equally interested in the adventures of "Jack of the Mill." Evening after evening it was called for, and continued till finished.

The next cry was, "Tell it again, papa—tell it again!"

But the father's answer was, "What so tedious as a twice-told tale?"

"Then write it down for us, do write it down!"

This demand was often repeated; and after many weeks, as eagerly as ever, the father's answer was only a shake of the head.

On the next Christmas-eve there was, something after the fashion of Germany, a Christmas-tree set up in the drawing-room, and amongst the presents of the children, which lay on the table under it, was a neatly bound book, which, on being opened, was saluted by a universal exclamation—"Ah! the famous Hatch-up of Jack-of-the-Mill!"

It was there in manuscript; and, as the consequence of the next request, it is here in print.
CHAPTER I.
WHERE JACK SPRUNG FROM, AND WHAT HE WAS.

 Ages ago, when England and all the world were very old-fashioned, one fine summer evening might be seen on the edge of a long common, one of those snug cottages, half timber, half brick-work, which yet may be found in many a nook of our happy isle, and that are at once so rustic and so attractive. It stood in its old enclosure, a mixture of garden and orchard, as it had already stood for scores of years. Old fruit-trees thickly covered the greater part of it; some of them leaning one way, and some of them another — like a parcel of old fellows that had led a jolly life together, and now having met, perhaps for the last time, at the village wake, had made so free with their morning cup, that not one of them could stand upright. One seemed to say to his neighbour, "Help me, John, or I shall be down on my nose;" and the other to answer, "Jack-a-day, Thomas, I can't keep on my legs myself;" and so one went down on his knees, and another slipped down on his side, and a third had clutched hold of his tottering neighbour, and there they stood, and laughed together till they both rolled down the hill, and all the rest laughed at them till they fell too, or were obliged to prop themselves against anything they came near.

Just so were the old orchard trees. They all looked more than half worn out with age, and yet all hardy and tough, and setting time and infinitness at defiance. They were bent and tumbled about, nay, in more than one place tumbled over each other, till you might almost fancy you heard them cry out — "Heaven! what a weight! Off, off, old boy there, or I shall be squeezed into the ground like a nettles-stalk that a cart-wheel has gone over!"

Yet they all turned up their old heads, and laughed in the sunshine. They were of kinds that few people now know. Nobody could tell when they were planted, and they seemed determined to live on forever. Some were quite hollow, and the tomtit and the pea-bird had built their nests in their innermost holes for generations; and some, where they formerly had a great bough, had now a great hole in their shoulders filled with black mould, out of which sprouted a wild gooseberry-bush, or from which a Bramble hung down; yet, spite of all this, they had twisted up their sturdy trunks again so resolutely, that they had fairly bent them into an elbow; and though some of them had been knocked so completely on their knees by a desperate blow of a thunder-bolt, or whack-ed over by a giant of a storm-wind, that brushed past as suddenly and as rudely as if he had been stung by a hornet — yet, I say, there were their old heads all turned up to the sunshine with an air that seemed to say, "Here we are, after all, as stout and clever as ever!"

And really it was astonishing what quantities of fruit those old heads were covered with, which, as the sun was now verging towards autumn, began to show themselves in their various and peculiar characters and colours. There were top-apples and John-apples, lea- ther-coats and golden-pippins, ladies'-flagers and Whiiking-pippins, seek-no-furthers and crab-mincings; there were Eve-apples and pome- lof-apples, apples with red cheeks, and apples as green as spring-grass; apples all striped with bright red stripes, and crab-apples for making verjuice, which looked as gay and gallant as any of them, yet were in reality so sour, that if you bit one it would twist up your face just as a washerwoman twists up a piece of linen that she is wringing out.

There were pears almost as various. Swana'-eggs and honey-pears; the latter, little sweet yellow and rosy things, already ripe, and shew- ing, by sticks and stouces, and broken pieces of branches, and quantities of green leaves lying under these trees, that somebody knew of them. There were very tall trees hung with pears called bell-pears; and on these bells I know somebody who has rung many a peal.

There were other large pears called Warden, which might almost as correctly have been called wooden-pears; for till they were baked they were as hard as knobes of wood: but then, as the old woman of the cottage used to produce them in her great brown steen-pot from the oven, so red, so juicy, and so sweet, that they needed a warden to prevent them being all eaten up; and perhaps it was from this that they had their name. Besides these there were various others, none of which we need here particularize, except that delightful old pear, covered with little round white spots, called a choke-pear; because, though very juicy, its juice had the old property of choking you. Amongst its plums, too, stood conspicuous that yellowish reddish plum, about as big as a mar- ble, called the old English bullace, said to have been formerly a wild plum native to the country, and yet to be seen in old-fashioned orchards and garden hedges that have stood perhaps for centuries.

Besides these stood here and there a quince, with its yellow-green fruit, a medlar, and a mul- berry; and under one of the largest apple-trees,
of a sand-marten's or a wagtail's nest; and more than once had whole loads of slightly-sus-
pered stones given way with him, and come thudding down with him to the bottom, half-
burying him alive, and bringing him black and blue; yet he had the sense to houlke his wings out of the ruins of a fallen house, shaken him-
self, and gone off if nothing was amiss. At another time he would be seen hanging by a
single branch over a deep river, stretching with all his might after some floating tripe or other; then, when the branch was broken away, he has plunged down
long in, where it was deep enough to take a tol-
erable church-steeple over head, and the coun-
try folk who saw him have said, ‘There Jack
is gone from home safe enough; he can't swim,
and that love is deep enough to drown Goy and
Magog.’ But Jack has come up, given a secr
like a rhinoceros, and though he never swam
an inch before in his life, has floated and strug-
gled on, with a motion something between that
of a toad and a biled kitten, come to the bank,
crept up it like a great lizard, shook himself,
blown his nose, taken off his great sleeves, and
spotted then the rest of them, and scrambled
home to dry himself. Another time he would be
seen on the top of an old man's cottage,
peeping down the chimney, and amusing him-
self with dropping a piece of mortar or brick
that he has picked from the wall into the por-
ridge-pot, to the wonderfull consternation of the
good folks below; or he would be discovered
climbing up the spout and spout-stones of the
church tower, and creeping in at the sherry
window in quest of pigeon nests. There was no
mischief and no dangerous place that the young
monkey was not getting into; and the whole
neighbourhood settled it, without a dissenting
voice, that he would be good for nothing while
he lived, and must come to some uncommon
end. "I shall not live to see it, may be," said
old men, and old women too; but those that
do live to see it, will see something unaccount-
ably strange in that young fellow's finishing off.
Is he just a monkey, or is there some grace
that ever winked in God's daylight?"

If you took a near view of the restless subje-
t of these comfortable prophecies, you seemed at
last to have found a complete falsification of the
adage, that you can't set an old head on young
shoulders, for here it was. Upon that lanky
little body, which seemed as if it was made out
of a snake, with its tail split in two for a pair of
queen legs, and which was bending about in
all sorts of uneasy ways in the most easy man-
ner possible while you looked at it, stood a big-
glish rough head, with rough, brown, sunburnt
hair, that seemed never to have had such a
thing as a comb in it since it grew, and a broad-
ish, longish face, with a very healthy, but very
odd look. Under a broad sun-freckled forehead,
and a pair of shaggy eyebrows, twinkled also a
pair of the most sly, and at the same time
quiedy-laughing, mischievous, and yet so
nautered eyes you ever saw. You could not
help taking a great fancy to the strange animal,
and yet having a feeling that there was some-
thing impish and over-knowing about him.

Whatever was ait in the parish. Jack was
always on the spot. He was one of those idyl-
active creatures that conive to be in all acci-
dents, to see all strange sights, to hear the
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first news. If a barn was on fire, a horse had startled itself by leaping a fence, a cow had fallen dead, or somebody's sheep had been worried by a strange dog, Jack was always to be seen thrusting himself up by all the corners of the first group of eager spectators, and was the first to run off as a messenger for help. To tell the truth, he would soon raise the whole neighbourhood. Over hedges and ditches went; his rough locks flapping, his old brown coat flying behind, his odd legs spinning away in the most mysterious manner, he dodged and threaded the copse-wood like a hare, tripped over the stepping stones of the brook like a cat, swung himself over a five-barred gate like a merry-andrew, and came suddenly round the corner of a wood on labourers in the fields, or springing into a farm-yard or a cottage garden, with his whole body on fire with eagerness, his eyes so full of wonder, and dealt out with such sharp and hungry words his news, that all heads were speedily popped out of their doors, and the entire lordship was in a fever of inquiry. If an image appeared in the place, Jack was sure to create that still further stir. I had searched and threaded to find anybody or to see anything, and then proceeded to show them the way to their object. The lad had a cockney way with him that infinitely amused many strangers. There was nothing that they could say to him that he did not give a smart reply to. By attaching himself to wandering travellers, and old soldiers, that had come there at different times, he had, as by instinct, rather than by any common means, picked up the common conversational knowledge of various languages; and when foreigners that had bailed at this village run, struck with the uncommunicating quietness and grotesque character of the lad, have made remarks to one another in their own language, that he might not understand them, they have been astonished to hear him break out upon them in the same with a merry jeering, "O, O! good mister, so you thought you had me there, eh?"

On such occasions Jack was often of great use to foreigners, who did not well know his language. He ran for conveyances for them, hovered as guide through the neighbouring woods, where the roads were both difficult to find, and difficult to travel when they were found. For in those days they were often much worse than God and nature made them, sometimes being so deep in mud that the wheels sank in the rut deep as the axle, and on each side stood up walls of mud as high as the wheels themselves. They passed through wild, stony streams where, if a man did not know the track well, he would very soon engage his travelling wagon, and sink both himself and his wares in the flood. Sometimes they passed over the roughest ground scattered with huge blocks of stone, or down such stooks in the woodland, that were enough to terrify the stoutest traveller. But in all such circumstances, Jack's spirits and ingenuity were unfailing. He would mount the horses' backs, and short and whip, and inspirit them, or guide them with, the steady hand of an old man, that made the travellers think he was worth any money; and more than once they have wished to get him with them. But Jack, though restless at home, never seemed to make up his mind to leave it. He would only shake his head, and say, "Nay, say, what is so become of the old folks, when I'm gone?

As if the said never so much towards their support!"

On three trips, however, Jack sometimes disappeared for days and even weeks; and his parents gave themselves no trouble about him, for they said, "Ay, Jack 'll take care of himself;" and in truth he often came back with so much money in his pocket as quite astonished the old people.

The roads in those days were as hard as they were good; and Jack, who seemed to have patented the whole neighbourhood, had several times warned travellers when they came to dangerous places, and had enabled them to escape or prevent robbery, for which he always got well rewarded. When the travellers too, who sometimes amounted to a little troop, with their jack-horses and servants, stopped in the wood at noon to eat their dinners, Jack would point out a pleasant spot on the slope of some open glade, where they could seat themselves under the trees if it was hot, or spread their cloth upon the ground, which was well strewed with moss and leaves, if it was cold. At such times he was always infinitely amusing by his tricks, as well as useful to his officers.

With a kind of gray, sallow, rough bends, with one lame fore leg, that he called Timothy, he would watch the horses as they passed, released from their loads; and the travellers would sit and mark his antics and his shenanigans with vast merriment. Fixing himself on a knoll, he would put Timothy to school, and make him go through a variety of lessons and manoeuvres, which he performed with a most laughable gravity. If the horses in the mean time suffered to take advantage of this, and slip wandr wise, Jack's eye was on them. Timothy's exercises,—in which he acted a soldier, holding a stick for a spear, a buggey-keeping on a crutch, or a parson preaching, being raised up by the bell of a tree for the purpose,—were suddenly broken off, and accompanying round the troop with a wondrous agility, considering his lameness, he soon had them again within due limits. At other times, Jack caught hold of the down-hanging branches of a large tree, and swinging himself up into it, would sit and rock, and sing and hum together; while Timothy would sit below, looking up at him, and whimsing and barking in chorus; but as a word of Jack, "up Tim!" would dart off, and bring back some staggering deficiency. When his charge appeared particularly restless, Jack would leap from tree to tree sometimes, more like a monkey or a squirrel than a human creature, and suddenly dropping to the ground before the face of the unruly beast, would startle him back in a hurry, or would dart through the thicket, and leap out before the culprit with a shout that made him wheel round and run. But in all such instances, when these services were not needed, he would sit on the ground by the strangers, and while he ate the dinner they gave him, equally amuse them by his conversation. He told them stories of his village life, his neighbours, his father's sea which he called Beem, and of other things, which, though they had little in them, were composed from the old fables and grotesques.
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gravity with which they were related. One traveller asked him what was his name besides Jack. "I know not," said he, "Jack is enough, is it not, if I come when I'm called?"

"But you have another name, I suppose."

"No, none but Jack."

"And what is it?"

"Of what you please; Bartholomew, or anything."

"Bartholomew?"

"Yes, you may call me Bartholomew in a morning before breakfast. Give me my breakfast, and you may call me Thelowther. Give me my dinner, Old Thol, if you like; and if you give me my supper, why then—Spade, or anything."

CHAPTER II.

OLD BOWES THE MILLER, AND HOW HE WON A RACE.

The old Miller seemed to have taken the greatest hold on Jack's affections. He lived down in a deep valley in the woods, whereas, as Jack described it, there were such beautiful streams, and such nice green alders hanging over them, and such quantities of nice fish; and the Miller was such a nice fat man, with such a deal of good-nature. "Of! he was such a good 'un," said Jack. "He had legs like an elephant, and a face like the rising sun, and such a great fat body! and when he stood with one hand in his great waistcoat pocket, and the other leaning on his stout stick, and asked me about my old mother, and whether a bit of beef wouldn't do her good for her birth-day dinner—didn't he look a hearty old soul! and could anybody wonder that he had got so fat?"

"Good old Bowes—that was his name—he seldom went far from home; and what need had he, when he'd such a good home, with plenty o' every thing that a man can want! And especially when he was so corpulent. But once he was obliged to go to the county town to attend the assizes, and there he had to stay several days. The people in the town, where it is so smoky, and where they haven't such nice mills, and nice flour, and such nice meadows with green alders, but have to walk about on hard stones and against hot walls, and isn't so good-humoured, and consequently don't grow so fat, were quite astonished to see such a noble size of a man. They came round him just like bees about the beehive; and some looked at him before, and some at him behind; and one man—he was a cloth-dealer—said what a famous customer he'd be for cloth; and another, how he should like to make him a pair of boots, because he would go down into them like going into a well, and finish them off so nicely in the inside. Then a tailor clapped his measure across his back, and stood fairly speechless in amazement! One asked him if he had come there on horseback, or on foot, or in a wagon; and then another replied, if he came on horseback, he was sure the horse's back was broken; and if he came on foot, they might soon know where he came from, for he must have made a dint in the ground at every step; and if he came in a wagon or a cart, they need look nowhere for it but at the wheelwright's, for it must be fairly broken down. Then came up a brisk fellow, and offered to run him a race, and give him a hundred yards for a start. The good-humoured Miller said, 'Ay, ay, my running days are over, lad; the runs are said to give me heart if I do and while thou art doing.' But I gave him a wink," said Jack; "for he had taken me with him, and said, 'Take him, Mester; take him, for a race to the next church; take him, you'll beat him.' The good Miller thought I had some rare joke in my head, and so he said, 'Well, I'll run thee! Done, my lad, said I; and twelve to-morrow be it, from here to the next church.'

"His offer was closed in with hearty laughter by all the folks; and Bowes slowly walked off to his arm-chair, and calling for a tankard of ale, asked, as soon as we were alone, what I meant by advising him to accept the bet! I told him that the greater part of the way to the next church was through a very narrow passage, and that if he managed to get into that passage before his antagonist, he would fill it quite up, and then he could go on as slowly as he pleased. The church, when he issued from this passage, was only a way off, and if he put out his strength then for a single minute, the day was his own. As I told him this, I saw the worthy Miller's face grow crimson with an inward chuckle. 'Thou art right, lad; thou art right,' said he. 'I'll beat the coxcomb; I'll beat him, and show these puny pavement-treaders that the old Miller has some kernel in him yet.' He quaffed off a good draught of his ale, pushed the tankard to me, gave me a hearty slap on the back, and marched off to his bed, which was made in the next parlour, because he was too heavy to walk up stairs.

"At twelve the next day nearly all the town was collected about the inn door to see this curious race; and when Bowes appeared, they gave a tremendous shout. The worthy old fellow did not appear a whit daunted. He came coolly out, and looking round with his great rosy countenance, and a pleasant smile on it, on the crowd, said to those nearest—'You've but little to do in yo're town I think, while so many on you are got together to see a little whisper-snapper jack—a-dandy run a race with a fat old fool of a miller. But stand aside now, and clear the causeway there, for I want a pretty good share of elbow room, and I shall not stir a step till I see the coast clear.'

"The way was opened; the people were all very merry; and Bowes turning round, and looking down as if he were seeking for a little dog, or something of the sort, said, 'Where is this little chap, then? O! there you are, my lad o' my marshland, by the inn-door post. My strides are yards. When I've counted a hundred on 'em, I shall turn round and lift up my stick; and then, my boy, go your hardest.'

"Good! good!' said the man who had challenged. There was another about and shaking of hands. The brave old Miller, first looking round with a grave and consequential air, planted his stick on the ground, put forward his huge right leg, and commenced a slow and stately march, which was followed by the whole street with peals of laughter. The Miller, seeming not to pay the slightest attention to it, ran along slowly and still more slowly on his way, till as
he approached the hundredth step he scarcely moved at all. Then setting down his foot with a sort of a stamp, and turning round and lifting up his stick, he cried, 'Now for it!' The crowd streamed after, closing in like a swarm of bees, crying and jeering, 'Now for it! Run for it Goliath, or you'll lose it!' which was followed by a fresh roar of laughter. Mean time the Miller was advancing on his way with gigantic strides. He did not pretend to run; for had he done so, the crowd would have come in his train, and have shaken himself to pieces, and dashed his enormous bulk on the pavement, like the huge carcass of a stranded whale on the shore. But he put out that stupendous strength for which he had in his day been famous beyond that of any man of his time. Swinging his stick wide to keep the crowd clear of him, he moved on with the unwieldy movement but the speed of an elephant. Those vast legs stamped on the causeway like the rammers of a pavilion. His arms swung to and fro like huge heaves. His whole body was strained with gigantic exertion, and perpendicularly to see the ponderous and desperate exertions of Bowes than in any anxiety for the fate of the day. In short, much as the multitude were surprised and interested by the unexpected display of vigour on the Miller's part, there did not seem the slightest chance for him in the race. The church, their goal, was still far off; the antagonist in a few minutes was at Bowes's side, and greeting him with a short nod and smile, said, 'Well, my friend, so now we'll walk on together.' And in truth, without showing any anxiety at present to.post past him, he walked on coolly at his side; said it was a fine day, hoped he would not take a scowl, or a fever, and so on. The crowd, amused at this wit on the part of their townsmen, again showed much merriment; and Bowes, as if himself giving up the contest, paused, pulled out his pocket handkerchief, wiped his brow, and swallowing up his chokers, blew out a puff of breath, but enough to have singed a fowl, and which seemed to signify that he deemed it a desperate case. Suddenly, however, wheeling aside, he darted into a narrow passage, turned round with a very significant face to his opponent, nodded to him over his immense shoulder, and said, 'A fine day, my friend! I hope you'll not take any cold or fever from your exertions; and lest you should, I think we'll now go a little more leisurely.'

"The man, who had never for an instant dreamed of going out of the main street, but smoothly walked briskly on from the most direct way, stood for a moment with a face of blank amazement; and the people, who now saw the whole of the joke, burst out with desulting cries of—Bravo, Miller! Bravo! Bravo, old boy, Bravo!" This man, now recovering from his surprise, gave vent to as great a rage. One moment he exclaimed against the Miller's right to go this way, the next he attempted to push past him. His expletives and his attempts were equally vain. The people cried out, 'All fair! all fair! right, right!' and the Miller's mighty bulk filled up the passage beyond the slightest possibility of pushing by. "Coolly and soberly he now stalked on his way, alternately wiping his reckon brow with his handkerchief, breathing out large puffs of hot breath, and then looking over his shoulder at his fluming foe, continued to address him: 'So, my friend, so. Don't hurry, don't hurry. We shall both be there in time, and we ourselves would cut short the amusement of all these good people, who have so kindly given us our company.'

"So they went on; the throng pressing with loud laughter at their heels, and the little townsmen ready to knock his head against the wall from ridicule and vexation. But as they drew near the end of this narrow passage, the church came directly before them in sight. This object instantly produced the most opposite effects on the two opponents. The little man behind, like a rat in a box trap, began to dart hither and thither and all round the circle, and then under the other of the Miller; to fume and dance with utter impatience; and to watch, with eyes as of a ferret, the moment to spring out and fly before his heavy antagonist to the church.

"The Miller, on the contrary, only became more cool, and slow in his progress. He seemed to consider these as precious moments of relaxation and refreshment that were not to be wasted. He seemed to swell out his great bulk into still more ample proportions, so as to close every atom of the way, and give to his foe not breath enough to poke a finger past him. As he moved with most measured pace, he lifted up his eyes and took a view of the lofty tower of the church; darted a glance across the street, as if measuring the distance; and then looking right and left, as to see that all was clear, he actually stood still a moment before he issued from the mouth of the passage. 'A fine church, young man,' said he, turning coolly to the little fellow, who was biting his lips, and clenching his hands behind him for rage; 'a fine church, and their heads as built it don't show now.' Ache, and he— to them, and to all our dear great millers,' said the little man, stamping furiously; 'won't you move on, then?'

"'This is an eventful movement,' added Bowes, casting a quizzical look at the little outrageous fellow; then throwing himself forward, he put forth the whole of his vast physical power in impelling his monstrous load of mortality over the brief intervening space. His ponderous limbs, as if moved by some supernatural force, were carried onward in huge and convulsive bounds. It was like the last effort of a giant. His arms swung with the violence of hasty Therese; and he hurled the sound with the fury and heavy rush of a mad mammoth. His opponent, flung out of the mouth of the passage by the impatience of the dense mass behind, was thrown off his balance, and was carried stumbling across the street by the pressure of the crowd, rather than moved. The townsmen became conscious that the foe had actually outstripped him, by being dashed by the impetuous throng up against him,
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The men shook his hand, and said, 'What's past, let that be. I've been a fool, sure enough; but I'm not the first that has been seen in his town with his horse.' He laid down the money, and made his bow.

'It goes again,' said Bowes, taking the man friendly by the hand, 'to take this money; but I hear thou's a smart man, and when a man has been rather coxcomb, why it's best for him to be taken down a button-hole, and then he remembers it.'

We were friendly, I hope, and I shall not touch the money; but here's a poor lad,' said he, turning to me, 'that has an old mother that it'll do good to, and she shall have it.' He handed the bag over to me, and then ordered his horse and carriage.

As we drove home, he was very full of his exploit. Said he had thought that he hadn't so much in him yet; burst out a laughing several times at the way he had been taken in the folks, and said to me, 'Jack, why you're a desperate long-headed fellow; thou art as deep as th' north star.' He had scarcely got home when he ordered his supper and several new suits of clothes for his neighbours, the waggoner, the miller, and me too, in; and set on to tell them all the story. You may be sure there was laughing enough; and the waggoner said, 'You've been too deep for em, Master, this time, sharp as they think themeselves.'

'Nay, lad,' said he, 'it's Jack here, it's Jack.'

His wife was the only one that did not laugh much. She shook her head; said she didn't think at his years, and with his size, he'd been such a goose; and hoped he worse might come of it. She'd more sense than us all. Next day the Miller was in bed. He told 'em they must send me in to him when I came. There he lay, as hot as he was the day before, after he had ran his races, without a drop of moisture on him. He said he was very thirsty, and yet drinking did him no good; and that he was as sore all over as if he had been beaten with a cudgel. He thought he had shook his heart all into a jelly. He got worse and worse, for a week. The doctor was there every day with his phial; and I know it must go hard with him, for he'd never been to take any physic but his own ale. Every day the doctor only shook his heart more solemnly when he went away, if anybody asked him how he was. It was reckoned to be all over with him. One day there was a rumour that he was dead. The carpenter had been sawing up an immense broad elm tree into boards, and everybody said that it was because he had none wide enough for the Miller's coffin. But the rumour was false; and the carpenter had only been sawing up the boards in case they should be wanted, for he knew that if such a fat man died, he must be buried very some awful cumbersome casket. The doctor ordered it to be made, and he gave it to the doctor, and got better. But what a change was there! I could scarcely believe my eyes when I first saw him again, as he sat in his arm-chair. He had lost half of his fat. His rosy face was gone, and the rosy knowing smile was gone with it. His clothes hung about him in such a way, that he looked as thick as ever, and were wrapped in flannel. His cheeks hung yellow, and lank, and wrinkled. He looked melancholy and sad: he looked twenty years older. You've seen, gen-
"One day, as a travelling man came in, and
expressed his astonishment at the wonderful
change in him since he saw him last, he said,
"Ay, ay, I know it's all Dicky with Fanny; 
that was a paying of his, when he meant it was all up,
but if I could only have ease for these legs, I would give any money."
"The man said he couldn't undertake to cure his legs, but he knew what would give him ease, and that was water from a holy well that he knew of, by an old ruined priory in the forest, but it was a good way off. The Miller was to bathe his legs with it continually. He caught at the idea; and the man agreed to come once a week with a large bottle of this water, and for every third bottle he was to have a noble. The next day, according to the agreement, Bowes began to apply cloths dipped into this water, and found it gave him immediate relief. For weeks the man came regularly, and Bowes declared nothing had done him such wonderful good. It was true that when the wet cloths were off he could not bear himself, but when they were on, he was so comfortable, and so cheerful. He had an idea that the saint who had blessed the well must have been a very holy man indeed to have conferred such a lasting virtue to this water.

"One day, however, as he had rambled out a little by the side of his mill-dam, and was thinking what a thing it was that this very day the old wayfarer would arrive with another bottle of the holy water from the forest, what should he see but this man actually stooping down and filling his large bottle from his own dam! The truth flashed upon him. He had been hasting his legs all this time with his own mill-dam water, and boasting to everybody of its wonderful virtues! Enraged at his own folly, and at the rascality of this impudent impostor, he was first tempted to step forward, and while the man was still stooping, to push him head foremost into the water; but restraining himself, he stepped quietly back to the house, fomented by the trees, and awaited the arrival of thisarrant knave.
bought my corn, and came home and found my mill going, and held my hand in the floor as it streamed down into the sacks, and thought how much I should make that year—that was a fine time, Jack, a fine time. And then when I began to think over what I was doing, iced with my honey here, God bless her! and used to take my stick of a frosty evening, when the moon was shining, and the white grass crushed crispily under my active tread, as I strode along to the next village where she lived, to see her,—Lord! wasn't that a fine time! and could one ever think, as we felt then, how it could be to feel as one feels now! And then, when my children were young things about me, and the mill was going almost night and day, and I bought the windmill on the hill too, and the next farm,—wasn't that a time! But I lost my only lad, that dash ed me down. He was seventeen; as fine, handsome a lad as ever you saw, and promising to be as jolly as myself.

"Was he really?" I said.

"Yes, Jack; yes; but he drank cold water when he was a-mowing, and I think that cured him at once. He turned up as curdled, as a new-made cheese, only more blue and purple. I cannot tell how, but he never could shake it off. A cough seized him, and he was soon gone. And soon, Jack, thou'll find us lying side by side in the same corner, at the right hand of the church porch. There'll give a peep at us as thou passest, and think of old times!"

Jack could not help crying as he finished his story; and the travellers, pleased with his cleverness and with his feeling, again offered to take him along with them. But he would not consent. He must see his parents and the old Miller again. The old Miller soon after this died, and in him the only person out of his own house, besides those travellers, who had given him credit for a heart, or for anything but mischief. As he was lying on the common in the manner in which we found him at the opening of this volume, he was revolving in his heart whether it would not be best, after all, to set out and seek his fortune. These travellers, with whom he had occasionally been, he had heard talk of many and fine countries, of many and strange things. They had, in fact, spoke a desire in his restless mind to see the world; and he thought to himself, what was the use of sticking his whole life on this spot, where he was little esteemed. It were better to have a stirring life, though it were a short one, than to grow like a cabbage, for ever on the same plot of ground. His parents were the only tie, and to them he was of little use. If he succeeded in the world, he might be of far more. As he had sate by the fire, he had several times said to his father and mother, if he had only Ben and Timothy, he should never fear going all over the world. His father, who thought he only spoke in his ignorance of what he had, and that a very little taste of it would satisfy him, said, "Well, well, away with thee! Take Ben and Timothy whenever thou likes, and just go as far as thou pleasees. Thou'lt my consent.

Jack now thought—"What if I should take my father at his word! And I will!" said he, leaning up. "I'll be off in the morning. Ben, boy! Timothy, boy! we'll be off, my boys, like a shower of rain." With that he pulled Timothy by the ears; ran, and clasping his arms round the ans's neck, and throwing his heels over his mane, twisted himself up upon his back. The ass laid down its ears, and whirled its tail, as if angry—but it was only pretence; walked a few paces, and slipping on its knees, gently rolled Jack off on the ground, where they lay playing together, as they had done many a time before. In fact, Jack and Ben and Tim were old companions, they could never lay by a day together, and perfectly understood each other. Jack had taught them many odd tricks, and it would be difficult to say which was foisted on the other.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK SETS OUT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

Accordingly, before peep of day, Jack was off. He slipped out to the house as silently as a mouse so that the old people never awoke. He had taken a little bag to bed with him. In the end of this, he stowed away the few articles of clothing that he wanted; and the next morning, treading on tiptoes, he stole down stairs, expecting every moment that a loose board would give a creak, and the old man would cry out—"What's that!" For, on such occasions, it is astonishing how noisy every thing is. Stairs that you have gone up and down a hundred and a thousand times, and which always seemed as firm as rocks, then seem as loose and crazy as if they were made of wicker-work. Not a step do you set your foot on, but it criece up as if it were hurt. You are sure to step on that board in a floor that creakes; doors that never sung on their hinges, then sing out confoundedly. You tread on a dog's foot as he lies sleeping, of all places in the world, at the foot of the stairs; or upset a pot, which goes ginging and smashing down to distraction. In short, all nature seems up against you, and you find a traitor in every thing about you. Your shoes, when put on, make an infinite clamour; a cur whines, and then barks out for joy that you are going abroad; locks and bolts grind and scream as they are drawn back; and when you are once on your track, there is sure to be some uneasy soul that cannot sleep, at some window or other, to witness your departure.

But Jack was particularly lucky; in fact, he was born to be lucky. A cat could not steal out more lightly than he could. He deposited a loaf and a little cheese in the opposite end of his bag; threw it over the neck of Ben, who stood ready by the gate, as if he had understood Jack the day before; clapped the old easy pad on his back, the bridle in his mouth, and mounted, and away! Timothy, who was too discreet to make any outrageous demonstrations of joy, followed at Ben's heels. Jack himself was clothed in a close jerkin and hose of stout brown cloth, and had a little cap on his head with a short black heathcock's feather in it. His jerkin, though fitting close, had short skirts, cut pretty full and meeting behind, and was buttoned at the largest buttons to his throat; so that he had a somewhat jaunty, though quaint air, and was fit to run or climb without impediment.
Stripped on his pad behind, he had a cloak for cold or rainy weather; and at his back hung, as at a smith's hearth, a red-hot horse shoe from the forge. In the pan were stowed away a bottle of cordial, a horn for drinking, and a tinderbox. By the side of his thigh, in his horse, stuck in a case on one side, in a sheath, his knife and spoon and fork; in the other, a small hammer and pincers, so that he could, on occasion, fasten on some cows' tail, to make a collar for his horse, or some willow, to make a fence from a town. This was the apparatus, the vast advantage of which he had learned from the travellers with whom he had been, and in procuring which he had spent some of the money which he had received from them.

Thus equipped, he could travel, if necessary, night and day, and could pass those vast and solitary forests, which in that day covered the country. Abbeys and hermitages scattered here and there from towns, in woods and wild valleys, he knew would offer him shelter, or at least protect him for the night; but if he did not reach any of these, nobody could manage to pass the night better than Jack. What he had to defend himself from, were robbers, wolves, snakes, and cold. With the first he must do as well as he could, with trust to his ingenuity when he met them. As merely an odd sort of a lad travelling on an ass, and pretending as he proposed, to represent himself as a blacksmith's apprentice going to see his grandfather, he thought he had not much to fear. He had provided himself with a tolerable sum of money, and he had taken an odd way to secure it, as we shall see; but as a blacksmith's apprentice, he would not be suspected of carrying much of that article with him. It was more likely that he would often be in request by them to shoe them a horse, or weld them a broken sword, or point them a spear anew; and for all these purposes Jack had provided himself.

He had gone with the horses belonging to the travellers to the smiths' at different places they passed through. On all these occasions, Jack had made himself very useful; had blown the bellows for the smiths, handed them nails or tools, as they shod the horses, and even helped them, when short of a hand, to hammer a piece of iron for the spurs, or for his collar, so remarkable strong as he was active. There was nothing that he had not turned his hand to when he had an opportunity, and could do a variety of things that he had joined people in, and had watched them at, in his wanderings. He was a very decent smith and carpenter. He could shoe a horse much more cleverly than many a bumpkin that had been at the trade for years. Often, when with the travellers, he had not only fastened the loose shoes of the horses when far from a town, but had taken them off, and alter- ed them when they were made too narrow, as is sometimes the case, so as to contract the horse's foot, and make him go lame, or too wide at the heel, and cut the horse's opposite fetlock joint. For this purpose he was always supplied with a small anvil not bigger than his fist, which had a spike to it, by which he could fix it on the ground, or block it up by the wayside, and do his work upon it. A small hole in it enabled him to make nails as they were wanted, as the smiths' make theirs, and a fire was always to be had in those days of great forests. Thus he feared not robbers, but expected even to be useful to them. And though his Jack with his horse might have been a most hardy, this accomplishment for himself, let no one think that was anything uncommon in those times. The vast solitudes and rude countries through which merchants had to travel, made it necessary that some one exercising the office of a smith should be as in their caravan, and even farmers living far from smithies: it was not at all difficult to be something of smiths for themselves. To this day in solitary situations nothing is so common as to find a joiner's and a smith's shop at farms, where the farmer himself can mend a gate, or a plough or harrow; can sharpen his ploughshares, and shoe his own horses.

Wolves Jack had most need to dread when obliged to sleep in the open air. They were sneaking villains, that would devour both him, his ass, and his dog. All his ingenuity he knew would be needed, should he fall in with them, to fortify himself and his companions against them. But luckily those solitudes of the forest were now become very rare. The wild castles of the woods were far more numerous and more dangerous. They would come round a travelling party in vast numbers, snort, and belch, and tear up the ground, then scamper off, only to return nearer and with greater fury, till they rushed in upon them, tossing them into the air, trampling them into the earth, and making a furious attack on the pack-horses and bales of goods of the merchants. The only safe defence against these animals was to make as speedily as possible fires around the party, and to wave firebrands on all sides in their faces. Jack being alone, proposed to find wherever he could a cave, where, planting a fire at the mouth, they would be safe altogether, or where he could only find a nook in the rocks, or even a bare precipice, to sleep at the foot, and plant two or three fires around them. Timothy would always give the alarm; and as he meant to sort himself a stout yew bow as he went along, and make himself a sheet of arrows as amusement when he had occasion to stay for a night, or on a rainy day, he should speedily dispatch a few of those amongst them.

Cold winds would ward off as much as possible by wrapping himself in his cloak, and, when necessary, by cutting down the leafy boughs of trees, and laying them upon him. Cold winds he could speedily ward off from his temporary quarters by making a screen of green boughs; for besides his accouterments already mentioned, he carried in his belt round his waist a small axe, and at his left side hung a banger, or short sword. Snakes, of which he had a great hatred, he trusted to the watchful instinct of Timothy to guard him against; for Timothy was not only remarkably quick in observing them, but could smell them at a great distance, and gave notice of them by setting up his bristles, growling, and snuffling in a manner so peculiar, that Jack always knew whether it was a snake, or whether it was some wild beast that he perceived.

So provided against foes, Jack also was provided against necessity. His little round pan at his back was his kitchen. With that, hung from two stout sticks, he could at any time cook a supper, if he had got it. His flint and
This sound touched Jack's heart more than all others, and brought over him such a lively feeling of his old native free-side, with his mother spinning in one corner, and his father sleeping in his old patch-work cushioned chair in the other, after his day's work in the air, or his walk to the town, that he instantly turned Ben round, hooked back at the cottage in the distance, and as he saw his little chirancy peeping over the skite-trees, he said in his heart, for he was a words-butter, but now and then he tried to bring them out—"God bless you altogether there! I shall see you again some day, and won't I bring you a pretty heap of money!" When Jack included in the 'altogether' we cannot exactly say, seeing that of human creatures there were only two, his father and mother; but there can be little doubt that he groused in with those the cat, the hen, and the crickets, all of whom he was accustomed to consider in his mind as 'part of the family.' Be this as it may, having uttered internally this short but comprehensive advice, he put Ben on again, and a hollow sound of scales-dragging a hill, shut out the rest from his eyes for many a month and year.

CHAPTER V.

THE DINER BY THE FOREST SPRING, AND JACK'S ARRIVAL AT THE GIPSY CAMP.

Jack now rode steadily. The day advanced bright and cheery. The dew lay thick and silvery on the ground. The sun came up amid clouds of rich crimson, and lit up every drop on blade and hanging leaf into flashing diamonds. The lark soared into the air; sounds of cattle and of yapping dogs, told that the inhabitants of the farms were as stir. Now and then a hare, hopping unwillingly to her day-long retreat, crossed the road; a labourer, or a milkmaid all dragged with the dew, appeared—and a spirit of cheerfulness born with the new day, lived in the air and over the earth; and Jack, forgetting all his home thoughts, trotted on and sung along in the joy of his heart.

His restless and aspiring spirit blew onto the boundless world before him. He imagined a thousand adventures. He seemed now only to begin to live. The colours of the opening sky of his existence were as gay and brilliant as those in the external horizon. There seemed nothing that the world was not capable of affording, and he of finding and enjoying. The sandy banks hanging over the waysides, gay with the same and waving tufts of the harebell, the lovely crimson of the wild pink, and the stateliest beauty of the foxglove; the woods through which he passed, the heaths bursting into rosy bloom with the heather—the streams that rushed murmuring to itself across the way, and the distant hills that now and then rose their blue and airy heads above the forest, all were to him, full of beauty and a living sense. His heart danced with a sort of intoxicated delight. He snapped his fingers at Ben, who laid down his long ears, and gave a sidelong grin in token of sympathy. He coughed a bound and "Vou-chee! vou-chee!" to Timothy, who limped along before him on the eternal hunt after whatever came within the field of possibility; whistled to the squirrels that

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*It would seem as if this beautiful tree, with its beautiful leaves, was in new state for the forest of Austria; at this time was known to our forests. If so, it is a pity that it is lost. The tree grows to the size of a small tree; it is hard to the touch, and the flowers are large as cherries, of a fine delicious flavour, which are not only eaten as desert, and preserved, but are ravously esteemed by wild swine.*
He made on for hours, till it was dusk, without seeing a single place where he could stop. By this time, however, he had wound up his spirits again to a kind of dogged determination, and had persuaded himself that there was many a thing in the world that a little, tough, active, and cunning fellow like himself could do, that a bigger man could not. "Is it the war-horse that skips up to the top of the highest trees, or the squirrel? I'll be up amongst them yet, so the heights some day or other; ay, and fling down stones on the great jolter-boulders that have grunted at me below!"

Having made this comfortless speech, he now pored on his way more eagerly for a place to lodge. But he neither saw cave, nor a nook in the rocks, nor a precipice, nor any of the very convenient spots that he had proposed to pitch his tent in. On the contrary, his way lay over a seemingly endless and matted thicket. A few gorse and bramble bushes were all its variations of feature. The wind was wailing along in the wind, or, if it turned him out of it, stumbling along over hummock ground in still more miserable manner. He at length resolved to take the first good-looking place for his screen, and there pass the night. He had lighted, and was in the act of flinging down Ben, when in the distance he discerned a light. In an instant he mounted again, and made for it. He did not, however, reach it quite so soon as he expected.

He went on for more than an hour over the same hummock ground, and still seeming to get nearer to the light. Sometimes he came to bogs, which threatened to put a stop to his progress altogether; and at other times found himself on the edge of a steep descent, down which he would have plunged headlong, had it not been for the clearer instinct or perception of Ben. At length the light suddenly seemed to get larger, and he was near at hand. He perceived that it was a fire on the border of a black pine wood, and could discern figures darkly moving about it. To his great consternation, he discovered one of them to be a man. Instead of swiftly approaching, and would have drawn off again, but all at once there was a loud barking of dogs, which seemed to be loose and making towards him, and several hoarse voices commanding them to be still. By the blaze of the fire, which was now stirred up, so as to throw its light far around, and by that of some flaming branches that were held aloft by a number of wild figures of both men and women, he saw that he was on the very edge of their camp, and they saw him, and called to him to come forward.

Almost blinded by the glare, Jack made slowly up, and was just going to say "Good evening" to the people, when Timothy, who was at Ben's house, was suddenly set upon by a dozen of the gigiars' cars. Tim howled out, at the same time turning himself about from one side to the other, and biting right and left. The clamour of the assailed dogs was deafening. They snarled, howled, yelped altogether; while the cries of men, women, and children, who rushed in to beat off their cure from Timothy, made the habub astonish. With the well applied blow of a dozen heavy sticks, the gigias made their dogs fly yelling in various directions,
CHAPTER VI.

JACK'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

It was a scene that would have daunted anybody but such an urchin as Jack; and, in truth, he did not much relish it. By the blaze of the fire of pine-branches, he saw around him at least a score of gipsies, of all ages, from the ancient hag to the little child that, with but a very small piece of flannel shirt, stood by the fire, and stared at him with great black eyes, that seemed evidently opened by the clamour, out of a sleep that would soon master them again.

The men were those great swarthy figures with bushy black hair that need no description—they are too common to the tribe; and the women, as wild but more artful-looking, were in a ruder dishabille than is their wont, and evidently on the point of retiring into their tents for the night. In the tents that were pitched around were seen other figures, many of them great children, and young girls with black beads and flashing eyes, all peering forth to see what was the matter. The women accosted Jack with expressions of wonder where he could have sprung from in such a dark night, and asked whether he was lost. Jack told them, as he had planned, that he was a smith's apprentice going to see his grandfather at the next town, but was over taken by the night, and seeing their light, had come to see if it were any place where he could lodge.

"Ay, to be sure, boy," said two or three of the men at once—"to be sure, you can pass the night here very well."

"Ah! the poor boy!" said the women, "to be sure he can. It's beyond the power of man, let alone such a boy as this, to find his way tonight over this moor. It's lucky that you found your way here, young one, it is; for there are people about that are no better than they should be."

Jack thought to himself, "Ay, and not far off neither."

"Here," said a tall, handsome queen, with a red handkerchief tied over her black locks, "here, he can sleep in our Toney's tent, as he is away to-night, and I dare say his ass won't go far away from ours."

"No," said Jack, "Ben won't go far from where I am."

They now helped Jack to unload Ben, and put his bag and pad into his tent, and then asked him if he would have some supper. Jack, who was not sure to produce his loaf and cheese, as he knew that they would have a very poor chance of ever leaving the spot again if once seen, said he had no objection, if they had anything to give him.

But, young man," said a running-looking woman, glancing knowingly at him, "may be you've got some little bit of a thing in your bag yourself?"

"O!" said Jack, who knew that he was amongst a set of deep ones, and that it was of no use making many excuses; "why, I've a loaf and a cheese to be sure, that I'm taking as a present to my grandfather, but I'll be glad to go share with you of anything you've got, and so not spoil the old grandfather's present."

"Phew!" said the woman, "the old gentleman has plenty of bread and cheese at home, I warrant; so we'll be glad to go share with you, young man. We'll give you lodging, and you shall give us a supper. I think that's but fair, and just."

"With all my heart," said Jack; went straight to the tent, and fetched out the loaf and cheese.

"Aha! aha! by the powers, that's a brave piece of prog though!" cried a dozen voices at once, as they saw the loaf and cheese in Jack's hands.

"Sit round, brothers and sisters, sit round all; we'll make a pleasant little snack of it. Bring out the black kettle there from under the lIng, Simrock, and tot round while a drop is left in it. This is the right country oate to snack with a horn of old ale."

Old and young locked round the fire. From tents, and out of corners unseen before, came a dozen or more of half-grown gipsies, wrapped only each in a blanket, and squatted themselves down eagerly for the feast. Young lanky girls, with skins as tawny as the adder's back, teeth as white as milk, and languish leering eyes, clapped themselves down familiarly by Jack, saying, "Shaunshan, Patta!" "How do you do, brother!" and throwing back their clouds of long black hair, which completely hid their faces and necks down to their shoulders, began to talk with one another eagerly in a language which Jack did not understand.

One thing he understood. His loaf and cheese were flying in good slices all round the circle, and rapidly vanishing amid unbounded commendations.

"Ay, this is true home-baked," said one old hag, clapping her aice to her long nose, and stump up with great satisfaction. "Your mother, young man, has spared no pains over the old grandfather's loaf."

"And this cheese," said another, "is a brave one. It has not been robbed before it was made. What is it?"

The farmers' wives sometimes give us poor good-for-nothing vagrants, as they call us, that we mayn't borrow any of their fowls, and what one buys in the village shops, why you might often as well try to digest a horn lantern."

"Ay, or a bullock's horn," said another. "Or a brick," said a third. "Or a thunderbolt," said a fourth. "But this—it melts in one's mouth like a honeycomb. Tot round there, I say, Barney Beggs, if the ale isn't so old that it can't travel."

"Ay, travel can't stop," said Barney Beggs, a great black fellow, that one would rather have met at a wake than in a wood—"travel can it, and that to some tune too. One horn springs after the other so nimbly, that Barney Beggs can hardly catch one of them, winking with a wild, sensual greediness of enjoyment on the thoughtful company, and tossing a hornful down his throat with a smacking relish that made it creak again in its descent.

The whole clan were right merry. Jack found the ale capital; and though he had a suspicion that they wanted him to drink and grow
sleepy, his would not seem to shun it. He sat and drank, and laughed with them heartily. He knew how to make himself very agreeable to such a sort of people, and thought it the best to put them into good humour with him. When, therefore, the boys began to romp and play, Jack joined and played with them, and suddenly kicking up his heels, and walking on his hands, went round the whole circle, and made bows to each of them with his feet. Then he turned himself into a wheel, and spun after the youngsters, who laughing and screaming with delight, followed all directions before him. Jack then danced several dances, such as he had seen amongst the servants of the travellers, leaped, sprung over their tents one after another, and then came and seated himself once more in the circle. The whole clan was in raptures. They declared him worth his weight in gold. "He was his wonderful talents in a blacksmith's shop, in welding old iron, and acting the shoemaker to horses! It was a sin! It was a shame! No! no! young man," said they, "you haven't lost your way to-night, you have found it. You never were in your right mind, and when you come back to your fortune, it is made. Lor! what crowds would you have to see you at the fairs, and the races, all over the country. We'll have you cried as 'The Wonderful Boy. The Flying Blacksmith,' that can walk on his head; dance on a horse's hair, between the tops of two poles. Leap over the moon if he chooses, and wheel round the ceiling of the booth as quick as a flash of sunshine. There's nothing that you can't do, and can't learn, if you like. Lucky's the day you came here!"

Jack thanked them for their intended kindness, and their compliments, and said "nothing would please him better, but that his master would hunt the whole country after him, and that he was a dreadful venemous fellow, and would set the whole nation on them sooner than let him be with them."

"O!" said they, "a beame-stale for the old Blacksmith! Say the word, and in twenty-four hours we'll put you into such a shape and colour that your own father shan't know you. If need be we'll go off with you five hundred miles, or over the sea, three or four thousand. Our people are everywhere, and our trade is as good in one country as another, then, when you've seen a little of the world, you can come here or where you will, and the de'il himself shan't know you."

Jack said he must take till morning to consider of it, and in the mean time would go to bed. They all bid him good-night, and hoped he would sleep well; and one of them lighting him to his tent with a firebrand, he crept in, and Timothy clapped himself down at the entrance.

Jack, who was pondering how he was to get away from this crew, lay and thought of many a plan; but none seemed equal to the difficulties. He knew that they were as early risers as he could be. That if he attempted to steal away in the night, their men would bawl, and they would be all on their legs in a twinkling. If he was still till morning, he must be twixt and twixt detained. He might be gagged and hidden, and conveyed by night from one of their haunts to another; and over the seas, as they had given him to understand that they had connections there. If he should consent to stay a while with them, pretending to fall in with their views, and then to watch his opportunity and escape, he might in the mean time have Ben and Timothy to convey away, to make him more dependent on them, and then he should have lost the two faithful creatures that he liked best in the world.

He could not for his life tell what was best to do. From time to time he still heard the pipes at their carousel, and looking through a nick in his tent, he could see that they were eagerly discussing some important matter. They were full of gesticulations, pointing here and there, then muttering altogether with their heads stooped to one another; and ever and anon they gave glances towards his tent, that made him sure he was the subject of their talk. He looked out to see if he could perceive Ben anywhere so near that he could possibly steal forth at the back of his tent, and creep away while they were in the midst of their deliberations; but scarcely had he put his head out, when a man leaped over the fence, and then convinced him that he was watched. He lay down again, completely at a loss what was to be done. He lay, and thought, and thought. The noise of the pipes grew less; the fire sunk dim amidst its ashes; and he flattered himself that all would soon be asleep. In a while he raised his head, and peered cautiously round. He could see nothing, nor hear anything but the crunching of the grass, as the horses near him were grazing. Cautiously he raised himself, and stole out; but as he turned towards the back of his tent he again became aware of something moving in the gloom. It was a young gipsy, who, wrapped in his blanket, addressed him in a strong whisper—"Do you want something, young man!"

Jack, whose presence of mind never forsook him, said, "Yes, I want to see if my ass is anywhere near!"

"O to be sure he is! he is with the rest of the beasts here."

"But what makes you walk about in the dark!" said Jack.

"We all's watches," said he. "There are those about that we don't like, and they might carry off some of our horses before morning. Let your eyes walk in the night, that your legs mayn't have to run; the day time, my young 'un—that's the way on, as we thinks."

Jack saw it was a bad case; wished the young gipsy joy of his job; and flung himself again into his tent. As all chance of escape seemed vain; and as he deemed himself too valuable a subject for them, he did not expect any injury or robbery before morning, and therefore turned himself resolutely on one side, and was soon asleep. Out of this sleep he was startled by the sound of barking and snuffling somewhere behind the tents. He lifted up his head, and could plainly hear Timothy's voice in the midst of the clamor. Knowing that Timothy would not have quit his post without some sufficient cause, he immediately suspected some treaty between his men and Ben or Timothy, or Ben, or perhaps both. He was starting up to fly to their assistance, when he found
himself suddenly plucked down, at the same moment, a cry of agony set up close to his ears, and, for a moment puzzled and confused him. Trying, however, to disengage himself, and still feeling the grasp of the outside side of the wretches' hands on his arms, while the same voice, as of a man in extreme pain, continued cursing and howling, it flashed on him what it was. He felt and found it so. There was a brawny hand thrust into that pocket of Jack's in which he had secured his money; and tracing the arm connected with it, he found it had been roused from the outside side of his coat, while the same voice, as of a man in extreme pain, continued cursing and howling, it flashed on him what it was. He felt and found it so.

The reader will not, however, understand what could be the cause of these outrages; but Jack knew very well. To keep his money safe, after many schemes, he had sewed down his leather purse at the bottom of his jerkin pocket, and in the upper part of the pocket he had introduced a little bag the width of the pocket, and which formed, indeed, a false pocket. This he had assumed by a couple of buttons, so that it could any time be taken out at once; and in this bag he had stitched a number of fish-hooks upon which a few gold pieces had been put, and, as any thief that had his hands in, he could not pull it out again. Against half-a-dozen fish-hooks holding him fast, the gipsy who had been attempting to search Jack's pockets, while he was asleep, was now caught, and by Jack suddenly at the moment jumping up, the hooks were stuck deep into the fleshly part of his hand, and he was writhing and howling in this unexpected man-trap, like a bear at the storming of a beehive.

Jack cried out. "Hold! hold! rest quiet a moment, rest quiet a moment!" while he crept under the side of the tent. "Ah!" said he to the gipsy, who was now surrounded by a throng of his fellows with firebrands, looking, in their shirts, as wild as so many Indian ghosts raised by a necromancer. "Ah! what were you doing to get your hand into my fish-bag?"

"I was feeling," said the gipsy, a great abrasing young fellow, "if there was a bit of corn bread and cheese."

"Ah!" said Jack, who affected great simplicity. "Ah! but you should have had a care not to put your hand into my fish-bag. That's my fish-pocket. When I have to wade through a stream, that's my pocket that I prop open with a stick for the little fishes to swim into. But hold, hold a moment, and I'll set you at liberty."

He unbuttoned the bag, and it came out at once, but still stuck fast to the fellow's hand, who writhed, and stamped, and swore, while the blood ran down his arms in copious streams, for in his surprise and Jack's starting up, the fish-hooks had torn the hand excessively.

"A cursed fool!" muttered the gipsies, "to put fish-hooks in his pocket!"

"A fool!" said another, "the most gallowes young knaves that ever I yet clapped eyes on."

The noise behind the tents was still going on. Jack was still howling and Timothy was raving furiously and howling at the same time as if hurt, yet fighting on. Leaving the fellows, therefore, to get at the fish-bag as best they might, he said, "There, get that off, while I see what my dog is after."

He darted away, dawking down as he went, through the camp, coming along his fish bag and pad from under it, lest they should be stolen in his absence. The gipsies, too much occupied, with getting their worthy brother out of his new-fangled and not most comfortable of gloves, did not observe the action. Jack ran in the direction of the sound, and soon saw three or four gipsies attempting to surround and capture him, and at the same time保持着 his heels in fine style, whenever they came near him. They had already managed to throw a rope over his neck, and some were dragging at it, while others tried to secure his head, but come which way they would, he managed to give them a good grip by the arm with his teeth, or to dash out with his heels with a capital aim. Tim, all the while, was close to Ben, fighting and biting whenever he could come near any one of them. Several of them had got tremendous staves, and seemed now bent on knocking out Tim's brains. At the moment that Jack was running in, and shouting in to them, they made a sudden onslaught on Timothy, but Timothy retreated under the legs of Ben, and Ben lashing out at the men, as they rushed near, caught one under the ribs with a tremendous stroke with both heels. Jack heard the blow, the blundered to urge on in a moment, gave a groan, and fell with his head under him on the earth.

With an oath the others cried, "There! he's done for Barney Beggs!" while Jack rushed in crying, "Hold! hold! what are you doing? That man is dangerous. For Heaven's sake, keep off!"

"The Seed's in him and you too!" said one of them, holding up his cudgel, and looking more like the fiend he talked of, than a human creature. He was blazing hot with his excretion. His tawny skin burned with a coppery-red. Perpiration stood shining on his face, and his black heap of hair, brighter than ever with perspiration, hung about his neck in snaky masses.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Jack, "you can't manage the ass, but I'll do it in a moment for you. Here Ben! here Tim!" As he called out, he ran forward towards the wood. Ben slipped his head from the balter in an instant, and ran forward with open mouth, snatching at first one of the gipsies and then at another, as they tried to stop him. Tim flew after him, and in the next moment all three were lost in the black shadow of the wood.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHASE.

Jack clapped the pad on Ben in a twink, and with his bag in his hand galloped through the pitchy darkness at full speed, trusting to Ben's faculties for missing the trees, and going on safe ground. He could hear the whole camp in motion. There was a sound of men shouting, women and children screaming; and lights blasted up at once in two or three places. He hoped they would find enough to do to attend to their two wounded fellows, if one indeed was not killed. But presently, as he turned his head, he could see at least a dozen torches carried at full speed in different directions, whilst shouting voices, and cries of women from the most fury. The greater number of torches took a direction immediately in pursuit of him, but others went off, some right and some left, so as
thick tree-tops over his head; and once or twice he could again plainly hear the distant dream-like shout of his pursuers, which seemed now far on the right, and now on the left. As the pale light of morning grew stronger, suddenly a white space appeared before him. He paused. It looked like an expanse covered with smoke or mist. In a moment he saw, from the paper-thin penumbra of the water, 1 It was a lake that lay in the heart of the woods. He could soon see that, on the side nearest to him, it was margined with rocks, and thick bushes and reeds. Dreading to emerge from the screen of the wood, lest he should be perceived by his enemies, and yet anxious to ascertain whether any house was there to which he might fly, he advanced cautiously to the outer line of trees, and glanced anxiously and carefully around. There was no smoke visible to indicate a single dwelling, yet so early in the morning he knew it was not likely that there would be. This was a loss, as by a smoke he might have discovered a house that now might lie concealed from him in the wood. It was a solitude so profound that in his present situation it had something frightful in it. Timothy, however, whose run through the woods had made him particularly attentive to the impact for water, ran forward to lap from the lake. In a moment there was a rush, and a clang that made Jack's heart leap into his mouth. It was that of thousands and thousands of wild water-fowls, that from the reedy margin of the lake rose up from their sleep in a quivering cloud that filled the whole air, and with a sound of rushing pinions and clang of voices which can only be conceived by those who have heard the like. Wild geese, ducks, teals, widgeons, coots, and bitterns, mingled their agitated flight and their wild crying cries with a host of gulls and terns, which from the distant sea came there in summer to build, and to rear their broods. The whole air, that an instant before was as silent as a tomb, was now one living mass of flying, wheeling, screaming, and lamenting creatures, that was actually astounding. Jack was startled not more by the noise itself than by the manner in which this must be heard for miles round in thosesilent woods, and would give to his sagacious pursuer an instant idea that thither he had come in his flight.

Once more, therefore, he gave the reins to Ben, and urged him forward through the woods; but very soon he found himself stopped by the approach to boggy ground. A valley of considerable width lay before him, occupied with one great morass, out of which, as he paused to consider what he should do, one flight of wild ducks after another arose with loud outcry, and the进一步 pursuit filled the air with soaring up Allenly, and gradually mounting higher and higher into the air, directed then his flight over the woods to Jack's not less alarm. He knew that, once disturbed, this bird often flies far to some distant water before he alights again; and to the gipsy, well acquainted with his habits, the mention of his having been seen be a confirming sign of his having reached this place.

He was now compelled to turn to the right or left, and he took the left because it seemed to lead him farther from the track of his foes.
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

than the right did, where he had a feeling that the woods sooner terminated. It was not long before he found himself on the edge of a stream which issued from the lake, and pursued its way down the marshy vale. It was not wide, but deep and rapid. It was equally impossible for him to leap it, or to swim his way through it. As the banks stood up high and almy above the current—and once in, would make it next to impossible to get out again. He began to feel the greatest anxiety and perplexity. To have to retreat his steps, and circle three-fourths of the lake, was almost certain destruction. He trotted on, gazing anxiously before him, every moment becoming more and more fidgety and feverish. When, to his infinite joy, he saw a little bridge of poles and turf, which had apparently been laid long ago by sportsmen in their progress to the lake. He trotted over it, and thanking God, galloped on again for the woods.

Scarcely had he entered those on the other side of the valley when, to his regret, he found himself at the foot of steep hills. These he thought would delay his progress, and if he came to any open space, might expose him to the watchful eyes of his enemies. There was, however, no alternative, and no time to deliberate. He dismounted from Ben, tied his bag to the pad, and slipped along up the steep hillside. Ben and Timothy followed his steps, and presently he had reached an elevation which gave him a view over a great extent of country. He was amazed to see what an apparently boundless space of unbroken black woodlands his career had led. Far to his left, as he stood, he could perceive the open country; but all the rest was one vast ocean of dense and profoundly silent forest.

Jack took comfort from this view. In such a mighty waste his enemies must know that he might be sought for days, and yet not be hit upon. The lake lay still partly visible below; a few solitary birds, too, might still be seen circling in the air, but no sound reached him from them. He now continued his ascent, and in a few minutes stood on the ridge, which showed the country beyond. It was still waste and woodland. Round hills swelled up here and there, all covered with pines, broke the view, and gave a greater wildness to the character. It was now near sunrise. Faint streaks of red tinged the clouds on the horizon, and mist lay white in the hollows of the landscape. To the left, the pine woods seemed to change to those of oak, or other deciduous trees; and he fancied he could in that direction discern more than one faint column of smoke. Thitherward he bent his course.

A quarter of an hour brought him again to the foot of the hills, and once more a dead level seemed to extend before him for leagues.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DEADLY ENCOUNTER.

Jack was now astonished at the different character which the woods assumed around him. The ground, unlike that over which he had passed on the other side of the hills, which was sandy and dry, was here livid and slippery, as if from never-evaporated moisture. The trees hung dank and cheerless. Some, slender and sickly, stretched their feeble branches far and wide in the pale dim light of the other overshadowing trees, as if seeking a breath of upper and more vivifying air. Night-shades, on the contrary, grew almost to tree-like size, stood here and there, with yellow branches and thinly scattered leaves, and already began to display the purple richness of their poison fruit. Tangled masses of bramble formed the undergrowth, and huge fungi, livid and reeking into masses of vesuvius pulp, showed themselves in every direction. It seemed a place made for the abode of leathenome reptiles, and natures in alliance with them. Jack, who an hour before would have given worlds for the sight of a human habitation, now actually started to perceive a cottage standing in this baneful region. It was in fact keeping with all around. It was of wood, grove green with age. A rotting thatch covered it. Instead of pleasant enclosures and a neat little garden about it, lay heaps of damp ashes, with beds of rampant docks and thistles, and amongst, and half buried by them, trees that had been felled, and had lain till they rotted piecemeal, and were covered with whole crops of yellow fungus.

As Jack glanced over this chilling scene, he heard a stick crack, and turning, saw not far off an old woman, fit inhabitant of the place. She was old, and, luckily for him, apparently nearly blind and deaf; for, as she gathered her sticks to light her fire, she appeared totally unconscious of all around. She was in the extreme of feebleness. While she stooped to gather sticks and broke them under her foot, and then laid them in an old basket, she leaned trembling on a strong staff in her left hand. Her arms were mere skin and bone, and her skin was as wrinkled as the bark of an oak, and as brown. Her sharp and prominent features were of the same character; and her eyes were set in lids as red and bleared as if she had all her life lived in a pungent and acrid smoke.

Jack, who had all the beliefs of his age in witches, chose cautiously to keep on his horse, and the old beldame had finished and carried her load into her cottage, when he stole past as silently as possible, and then put Ben to his utmost speed. Not many hundred yards, however, from the house, he suddenly came upon an old man, as old in look, and as evil in look, as the old woman. He had a greasy suit, as of black leather, an old slouching hat with torn brim, and stood propped on a crooked stick, round which a rudely-carved snake twined. He had something in a bag on his back, and he tottered from head to foot with palsy. As Jack saw him, he involuntarily drew up, gazed at him with awe, and said, "Good morning, good master." The old man, instead of answering, muttered between his teeth, still nodding and tottering with palsied weakness.

"Ay, ay—one-two-three—Curse him, and curst, and saw: Let him flee, he's by the tree—Catch 'am devil, as they pass."

The old man went tottering and nodding on, with a fiendish leer on his face. Something in his bag rolled and twisted, as if it were alive; the old man cursed it, and went on. Jack, till-
ed with a horror of this malicious old man, also trod in as fast as he could, while Timothy erred to the side of Ben, and whined piteously to himself.

For long, Jack had the pleasure to issue from this baleful wood. The sun had risen bright and warm; a stream, in a valley below, ran glittering on its way; all looked cheerful; and a narrow opening in some rocks that flanked the brook seemed to promise an outlet to some other country. A faint mist rose from an adjacent forest, let Ben drink, and was in the act of riding through the water, when, leaping against a tree that sprung out of a rock in the narrow pass before him, he saw a powerful young gipsy with his eyes already silently fix on him. It was now too late to flee. Jack paused a moment, and, though the case seemed desperate, determined to put a good face on the matter, and go on.

"As he drew near, the man planted his brawny figure full in the way, raised his knotted cudgel of blackthorn, and said, savagely, "So, young-ster, what is that?"

"What want you with me?" said Jack.

"Imp of darkness," he replied, "what do I want? Prepare to go to the devil that sent you here. Do you pretend, you scroug-currdjegon, to come and play your infernal tricks on men like us? Do you come with your false-hooks and your feend's fool of an ass, that has killed Barney Beggs dead on the spot? Take that for your pains, you villain!"

With that he sprung upon Jack, and with the fury of a giant whipping his cudgel aloft, he aimed a blow at Jack's head, which, had it been as hard as a stonemason's mallet, would have cracked it as if it had been a pumpkin; but Jack, who had no desire to try its effects in that way, dodged with his accustomed celerity, and pushing in close on his antagonist, aimed a thrust with his banger at his chest. The active gipsy, who was as agile as a serpent, drew back enough to allow the thrust only to take a slight effect on his right shoulder; and seizing Jack with his left hand, plucked him from the ass and dashed him down on the road. In an instant he drew a large long-pointed knife from his belt, and, having ploughed through Jack's heart; but Timothy, who had made a serious attack the moment he saw Jack aimed at, now seized the gipsy by the calf of the outstretched leg, with such a sudden and teeth-meeting grip, that, groaning with the pain, he turned to dart his knife into the dog. Timothy, however, who saw the flash of the blade, let go his bold, and sprung aside ready for a pounce upon a fresh quarter; and Jack, who was not a youth to let slip the slightest advantage in his favour, sprung upon a projecting piece of rock, and drawing his axe, struck the gipsy on the back of the head, and thereby knocked him head foremost under the feet of Ben, who stood quietly awaiting the issue. The blow was mortal. Jack paused a moment—when, seeing a flood of gore drench through the black locks of the fallen man, he descended, lifted up his head, then let it fall again, exclaiming, "Ay, it's over with him, too, though, however." He at first was inclined to leave him where he was, as it was a solitary place, and that it might be long enough before he was found for himself to have got far from this part of the country. But reflecting that the clan was all out, that the direction and post of each had probably been assigned him, and that, when this man should return to his comrades at night, a fiery search and hue-and-cry would be made after him, he concluded it best to hide the body. His first thought was to cast it into the stream; but, recollecting the strange words of the strange old man he had so lately met, he decided that there was no knowledge of an identification between the gipsies and these uncanny dwellers in the wood, and that the body floating down the stream might speedily be described by some of them; he was unsatisfied with this. He therefore again crossed the stream, turned into the wood in a side direction, and at some distance found a wild and solitary hollow, where sand appeared to have been dug for ages, either for building, for glass-works, or to carry to the city for household purposes. It was to Jack a startling and convincing proof that he was not far from an inhabited place. Here, indeed, stood the remains of a hut, that at some time had probably been inhabited by the sand-diggers. There were traces of a garden, and wild plum-trees and garden plants still stood amid weeds and sand. Around were precipices of sand, overhung with old black pines, and scooped out into caves of great extent. Many of these, from the loose nature of the material, had fallen in, and carried down with them enormous pines, which now stood leaning in many a strange direction, but growing, and as flourishing as ever. The whole had a most desolate and gloomy aspect. The caves around seemed like the deserted abodes of some solitary recluse. The silence was awful, and Jack's first thought was, that it was just the place for a murder to be committed in; his next, that it was that of all others to conceal the man when murdered. His own purpose had too much of the same character to need another reflection. He strode hastily back again, managed to raise the body and lay it across the ass, and return thither with all possible speed.

The fact that many of these caves of sand had fallen in, furnished him with a hint for the accomplishment of one of his objects; the survey of them in succession, and observing one where the superincumbent mass, surrounded by a large tree, wanted only a slight impulse to come down altogether, he deposited the body in this cavern, and by dint of cutting away with a pointed stake the soft sand from the sides of its entrance, and then mounting into the tree and awaying it to and fro, in less than an hour the whole fell in with a thundering hollow sound, and the man, buried deep in his sandy vault, might lie for ages before he was discovered. Jack, precipitated by the fall of the tree to some distance into a heap of sand, readily sprang again to his feet, and again set forward on his way.

Though it had been a case of life for life, and of desperate self-defence, as he looked around on that wild and dismal scene, ere he quitted it, he could not help feeling a sensation of deep melancholy at the fate of a fellow mortal, though that mortal would so willingly have sacrificed him. When he looked round on the solitary sand caves, and between the
Soles of the pine-trees in the shadowy wood, he could not help fancying that he heard the cracking of a stick, or that an old man had just given figure of the old man in the distance. As he entered the dellie which had been the scene of the contest, Ben did not pass the blood-stained spot without shortening and hanging back; and Jack himself rode over it with a shudder, and expected at almost every step to see another animated head and limbs dismembered with him. But all was still; and arriving soon after at a village, he refreshed himself and ass, and rode on yet far before evening.

CHAPTER IX.

JACK MEETS WITH SOME HONEST MEN AT A SOLITARY INN, AND THE UPHOLD OF IT.

As the day closed, he arrived at a large solitary hostelry, where he alighted for the night. The place was a great, slowly, and forlorn concern. A mere old cottage, situated through a wooden staircase, leading out of it into the upper room—the steps composed apparently of solid blocks of oak—looked as if it had been traversed by the whole country for half a century, and never swept down. On one side of the passage, Jack looked into a miserable kitchen, where a middle-aged, sandy-colored woman was dallying rather than busy amid her greasy collection of pots and pans, and wooden tubs, and sack bags, and other lumber articles; and on the other, into what was called the regular sitting and drinking room. The guests he found there, and the host, who was dining with them, did not please him more than all the rest he saw. The host was a big, broad-built man, who was dressed in a sort of saddles-drab hose and doublet, with broad flap, in which he had large pockets, wherein he stuck his hands continually, as well as where he deposited his money. He had a slouching sort of cap on; a great round face, with a beard that never could be said to be wholly shaven, his face was yet allowed to grow naturally. It appeared thinly scattered, yet bristly and grizzled, and as if it were clipped pretty close once a month or so. He moved his limbs about loosely, and as if with a consciousness that they were heavy. At present, however, he did not move them at all more than to beckon with his hand, when Jack went in to ask where his ass could be stabled, that he might take it up past the house into the yard at the back. Jack followed his direction, and found his way into a large yard, as litterly and neglected as the house. Great stacks of wood and sticks for firing, which had been carelessly piled as wanted till they were tumbled into confused heaps, quantities of loose straw, old carts, trefoils, and boards, lying about amidst decaying buildings. He first opened one door, and then another. One was a lumber hole, full of farming tools, ladders, and such things; another, an ash-hole; a third, a hen-house; a fourth, a great and pestiferous pigsty, where he had the habit of being in the morning, and sneezy mass of maulure—the accumulation of years of swine that rose up and came boiling to the door with a tremendous guffaw and grunting, no doubt expecting to be fed. Others were closed and encumbered with a heap, which did not appear to have been used for a long time.

At length he opened one door, and found it a stable, where, to his surprise, he found half-a-dozen horses; and the place had the smell of the rest, the air of much and daily use. The horses were not for farm employment, but roadsters, with their saddles and bridles hanging on the stanchions near them; and they looked as if they had not long come from a good assenting journey across a dirty country.

On returning to the house, Jack walked into the room, doffed his cap to the host and his guests, who were sitting at a large, old oak table, and seemed to have despachted a hearty supper after their ride; for they evidently, by their trim and splashed boots, were the owners of the horses.

They returned Jack's salutation with a short nod each and a "good-sir;" and as he marched up to the fire, sat and looked at him with evident wonder. The fire was a good pile of wood, burning on the hearth, under one of the wide chimneys of those days; a chimney, in fact, of immense dimensions. Jack clapped himself down on one of the side-benches under the chimney, rubbing his hands before it to keep himself warm—-for after his hard ride in the morning he felt chilly—and inquired what he could have for supper.

"Just," said his host with a significant smile, "what he would like to pay for. He could have bread and cheese and a can of beer, or he could have a hunch of venison, or a brace of wild ducks, if it better suited his appetite and his purse.

Jack said he was only a poor smith's apprentice going to see his grandfather, and could not pretend to much money; but he had ridden a long way, and wanted something substantial, so he would even have a few slices of bacon and an egg or two. These, after a good while, were set before him by the chastely-cooked, who also appeared to be all the homely that there was. While Jack had been waiting, he had had opportunity to observe the other guests, and the more he looked the less he liked them. He was inclined to think his first day's adventure with the gipsies had made an impression on his body. These, thought he, are probably honest yeomen, who have been to their market or fair, and are on their way home; but to my eyes they look more like a set of scoundrel thieves and murderers. He was inclined to think that he was talking with his host, with whom they seemed to be on the best terms, of things which Jack could make neither head nor tail of, but which he was strongly persuaded related to villanies done and others planned. They were bearded and belted, and wore each a heavy sword—but that was common to all travellers in those times; but it was their looks which seemed to stamp them as thorough and vulgar rascals, as plain as looks could do. They had none of the open, honest spirit about them that honest yeomen and travellers on honest business have. They plied their fatherly jacks stoutly, and talked now and then boisterously and vehemently; but their conversation always came down again to a low key, and a sort of undertone, which betrayed an habitual inclination to conceal and inward anxiety. By various looks, which from time to time they had cast at Jack, he was aware that they were speculating about him; and when he had done his supper, mine host tossed ro-1 his stool towards his head, and said, "Well, ... buy, best makes a good supper?"
'Good!' said Jack; 'a right hearty one.'

'Does art a boy, or a man?' said the best.

'Thou hast the book (bulk) of a lad, but the look of a man. Art just in thy prime, or art about out?'

'About mid-way,' said Jack.

'At where may be giving thee? Where does this grandfather o' thine live?'

'At Brinklee,' said Jack.

'At Brinklee?' said the host; 'where's that! I should know this country pretty well, for I've lived all my life in it, but Brinklee is the very first time I've ever heard of it.'

'Ay,' said Jack, 'it's a good way out to the left here. I dare say you never were there.'

'And it's odd to me, young 'un,' said one of the fellows at the table, 'if you were ever there yourself either. What is it near, Wandsworth, or Popowr, or Brokehead, or where is it? To the left? I think we've been pretty well over the country to the left, and the right too, but I never stumbled on such a place; did you, neighbour?' said he, turning to the other.

'Paw!' said they, 'it's all a lie. The youngster knows better.'

'Messer Paw,' said another, 'you may be reckoned a sharpish lad at home, but these mates won't go down with what we've seen a thing or two in our time; and I can tell you, you are no more a smith's apprentice than my grandson's da. So set with the truth, for we've a desire to know, and there's that about you that gives the lie to your pretended tale. Confess now, aren't you a messenger to somebody or other in this country?'

'I wish I was!' said Jack; 'but what I tell you I've never said, and I can ma'se more of myself than I am.'

'No, but you can make a little less; and to be plain with you, it concerns us to know what news is carried in and out of these parts; and therefore if you don't come honest John with us; and tell a true story, with none of your Brinklee and your grandda; we shall take the liberty of examining you ourselves.'

'More news,' said Jack, 'will you suffer such things to be done under your roof? I'm under your protection, and I expect you to protect me. I'm nothing that these gentlemen suspect me of, and as an honest lad I scorn to be marked.'

'Then,' said Jack, starting up, and drawing his ha'per, 'the first man that teaches me let him take care of this.'

The fellows laughed, all rose up together, pushing their seats away behind them, and said, 'Well done, little cock! That's a brave speech; however, but see for one little cheese-tooter of a thing, you have half-a-dozen apes.'

They drew their swords and advanced, to hem in Jack as they would hem in a sheep or a colt.

'Be reasonable. My cock-o'-the-woods,' said they coaxingly; 'be reasonable now,' added they laughing and still approaching.

'If what a bully-boy it would be though,' said one, 'if he were but as big as his heart is.'

Jack, without waiting farther, sprang upon the table on which he had sopped; another spring he was on the shelf over the great wide chimney-piece, and the lightning thundered, said, 'Gentlemen, there's more in me than you think of; you had better-desist.'

They stood a moment with open mouths and staring eyes, astonished at this agility; but again bursting with laughter, said—'What a young monkey of a Jack-pudding! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Why, thou art escaped from thy master, the hier-archy-Ah! A smith! Indeed! Because there, Blop-o'-my-thimb! or we shall find means to reach thee!'

All of them now reached upwards with their swords towards him; but these not being long enough, one ran and brought a long pike, and poised by it, crying, 'Hold! Hold! We'se what they have done.'

'Never!' cried Jack, cutting the pike assunder with a stroke of his sword. 'Never! I'se token of it, take that—and that—and that!' and with these words he flew down the heavy smoothing iron, whizzing, and dismembering it by the hilt. So unexpected was the assault, that not a missile but each stout. One horn struck main host in the centre of his waistcoat chest, and felled him of a heap against his great table. The second struck one of the fellows on his right shoulder, and broke his sword, which flew out of his hand to the floor. The third took effect foul on the cheek of another, and startled him for life. He posted away to the wall, and chapping his hands before his face, ground abroad. The rest, astonished and enraged at this treatment, arose, assuming a threatening attitude; and mounting on tables and chairs, struck with fury at Jack, who, still out of their reach, now plied his missiles with incessant activity. Armies, weights, candlesticks, and about the heads of his assailants in a shower which did not miss those among whom it was directed. A huge cleaver and various from stewpans, that hung within reach, followed without loss of time. On a corner cupboard near, stood a massive jar full of salt, to keep it dry. Jack sprang upon the cupboard, held it with both hands, and dismembering it on his feet with all his might, it fell on the back of a chair, and carried it and the man who stood in it down together. Reeling against his fellows, there was a general tumble and confusion. The host, who had now recovered his breath sufficiently from the blow on his head, seeing the destruction that was going on, cried out, 'Stop, stop, then young devil! stop—enough! It's en-gage for these honest men! But Jack, who had the moment before exhibited a glorious advantage, was now brought back to his former position on the armchair, and cutting the two from strings of a huge cleaver rack which hanged from the ceiling, down went on the falling and stumbling fives, bacon, hams, knives, and several huge cleavers, which had been laid these to dry, in a horrible chaos.

The host, who saw it coming, chapped his hands to his ears, and rushed out of the house. The rest of the assailants, overwhelmed by this puerile descent of commodities, that fell more agreeably than hammers and stones in various beds, then in the wholesale upon heads, lay sprawling and stunned about the floor. Without waiting for their resurrection, Jack leaped down from his elevated station, stepped upon chairs and tables and provoking bodies, and made the best of his way to his room. Here he determined to barricade himself for the night, if possible; and if not, to make his escape out of a window. He trusted to the astounding success which he had had, to inspire the vanquished fellows with some idea. For those who think, as he's who's been much believed in and dreaded. It was not unlikely that they would set him down as belonging
This was followed by a most awful silence below. Jack said a while, laughing to himself, but he might have gone to bed and slept in perfect peace. Not another soul returned upstairs. They were too much convinced that they had been engaged with the foul fiend, to wish to come any more near him. Jack heard a great rustling in the bushel, and then a stir in the box, and someone over the latch a hole big enough for a man to put his hand in, and pull out any thing with which he might fasten it down. He, however, split off a piece of wood from his bedstead with his axe, drove it fast in over the latch, and then examined what egress he could find from the windows.

One small window looked out upon the gutter of a lower roof, and from thence he saw it would be easy, in case of necessity, to make his escape, and Timothy with him. Adjoining this roof were lower buildings, so that he could from them drop without injury, into the yard. Satisfied with this, he determined not to go to bed, but to await in readiness what might happen.

To favour the idea of his being something wounded, he ordered the old servant to bring him another bedstead. After the man had brought it into bed, he ordered Timothy to get into it, with his head to the feet, so that he could be well seen from the door. He threw a blanket over him, leaving his head uncovered; and then wrapping himself in the quilt, which was of a bright red, he mounted on an old clothes-press, or kind of wardrobe, which stood by the wall opposite to the door; and crossing his legs, squatted down like an old Indian idol. He held his axe in one hand, and his sword in the other; and at least had the nerve ready so to be held, if he heard any one coming upstairs; and striking a light with his tinder-box, he kindled a piece of touchwood about the size of his finger, which he always carried about with him, because without flame, it would continue to burn for hours, and could be soon blown up into a glow that would light dry leaves or dry grass, when he wanted a blaze in the woods. Thus prepared he awaited the approach of his enemies, if they should come.

The clothes-press was ink-black with age, and carved with old and grotesque figures. Jack seated upon it, instead of sleeping in his bed, in his red robe, in one hand his axe, in the other his sword, on his head his cap, set up as high as he could hold it. His mouth a piece of tomahawk, held between his teeth, and breathed on till his mouth seemed a cavern of glowing fire, as you have seen boys sometimes make theirs, as though he would present such a spectacle to superstitious fellows with bad consciences, that they would be no little astounded. He was right. It was not long before he heard steps slowly and as silently as possible ascending the stairs. The steps paused at his door. A candle was presented to the hole over the latch, and he recognized the broad face of the host presently peeping in. One good look seemed to satisfy him. Jack saw that his eye, first of all, caught his figure as he sate aloft breathing fire from a most grinning visage, and then glancing to where Timothy lay in the bed, setting up his bristles, and then and again, and again, and agin, at him. His red face went as pale as that of a ghost; he muttered the name of God hastily; darted from the door, and by the thump and lumber that Jack heard, had evidently taken a broad down stairs, and had gone rumbling and rolling to the bottom.

CHAPTER X.

JACK TRAVELS ON, BUT DOES NOT MEND HIS COMPANY.

His journey this day was through a more cultivated and agreeable country. There were fields and villages and scattered farms; here and there, heaths and woods; and then again, enclosures and old-fashioned dwellings, half buried in their fruit trees. About noon he came down to a very pleasant vale. A river, running over clear gravel, was divided into two or three streams, which hastened on glittering in the sun, or running in the shade of overhanging willows and other trees. Green islands lay between these branches of the streams, with high flowery banks stooping to the water. Meadows with sheep and cattle were around; little cottages glanced from amongst embowering trees; and again, at a distance, the borders of deep woods closed the scene. Jack crossed two or three of these streams; and as he approached the third, he saw a very old woman standing under some willows on its banks. A large flock of geese were swimming in the water, all white as snow. The old woman nod-
ded her head, and tremulously moved her whole
frame with extreme age. She was a tall stick
for her height, and a large pair of wooden
shoes on her feet. Jack stopped and gazed at her;
for he thought perhaps some time, years hence,
when he saw his mother again, she might be as
old and as time-worn as this poor woman was.
"Hind, me, Ma, I am your son, oth-
er," said Jack; "but why, at your age, do you
stand there alone?"
"I watch my geese," she said, "and I'm not
alone. Angels won here, and I often see them.
That's what I like to be here. There's no place
like it. Those that were young when I was, they
are all angels now, and I often see them, all
in white, and smiling as I used to see them
then. They come to cheer me, and tell me they
want me above; but the Lord don't release
me yet."
"But, good mother," said Jack, "why do you
stand so long with your trembling limbs? Why
don't you let some young boy or girl look after
your geese?"
"Oh! I never tire. I sit on a bank sometimes,
and listen to the songs that the angels are
singing; and then, when my geese wander, I
can float after them—these are my boats," point-
ing to the wooden shoes, "that I float away in."
Jack bid the old woman good-bye, and went
on; with many thoughts about his mother,
and the old woman; and wondering whether
the old woman really saw the angels, or whether
it was a superannuated fancy; and whether she
was a cripple when she was young, or now when
she was so old, and quiet, and withered, and
looked so silently out of her large grey eyes, and
was wrapped in such beautiful visions.
Before he could satisfactorily settle these
questions, he began to descend a steep and stony
hill, which the road wound about, and shewed
him that he was descending into a deep and
woodly valley, which appeared by the glimpses
that he got over and anon from high turns in the
road, to be of great extent, and to have other
valleys here and there running out amongst
hills of considerable height. Before he reached
the bottom, it was drawing towards evening;
and charmed with the beautiful appearance of
the country, he began to look about for a place
to lodge. It was not long before he saw a neat
little cottage of framed timber and brickwork,
lined with boards, and covered with mossy
crofts, and with a little parclose garden before
it. An old man sate on a stone by the door,
leaning on a stick; and Jack took a great fancy
that he should like very much to stop there for the
night. There was a wooden outbuilding where
Ben might be, or he could run in the croft; and
there was something so homelike and friendly
about the place, that if he could persuade the
old man to give him a night's lodging, he thought
he should be very happy. He had a dread of
hostels after his last night's reception, and after
hearing that the country was in so disorderly a
state. He therefore trotted up to the door, re-
spectfully accosted the old man, told him that
he was on a journey, and should feel very proud
if he would let him have a night's lodging there.
The old man looked at him, shook his head,
and said that his house was no hostel, and that
these were not times to take in strangers. Jack
said that he had found to his cost this was not a
country to travel in with any security, and there-
fore it was that he wished, if possible, to procure
a night's lodging at a private house. As they
were speaking, the old man's wife came out.
She was a very dean, comfortable-looking old
dame, with her gown pinned back, and shewing
her thick, dark, quilted petticoat. She had a
round, healthy face, and a very motherly look.
As she heard Jack's request, she questioned
him as to where he came from, and where he
was going. Jack told her what he was, and felt
that she could tell her a false story, as he did to the gipsies
and men at the inn, said he was going to seek a good
service, if he could find it, in some nobleman's
house, for he had a notion that such a life would
suit him better than the dull one of a village.
He must be active, and he had a desire to be
engaged in stirring adventures.
"By Our Lady," said the old woman, "but
you may soon get into employment, and that not
amongst those who would do you any good.
The country here is overrun with those people,
and there's nobody but they can find some mischief
for them to do. We live in fear of our lives
every day; and may be now, youngster, you
may be connected with those that are threaten-
ing to murder, or perhaps to murder you."
"Good mother," said Jack, "while the country
is as you say, you have a great right to suspect
any stranger that comes; but, thank God! I am
not yet quite come to be as bad as you might
suppose. I am connected with nobody; I have
just escaped, and the narrowly, with my own
life from robbers and murderers, and that in a
hostel too; but I won't urge you any further,
as you don't know me, and so I bid you good-
bye."
"Stop, stop," said the old woman, "not so
hasty. Do you know any great man that can
employ you? Have you a letter to any one?"
"I have no letter," said Jack, "and I know
no one."
"Then, in God's name, stop here for the night.
I think thou'lt honest, and I wouldn't have any
harm happen to a youth that wishes to be so.
We are going to leave this place ourselves, for
we're not safe here, and going to live near a
noble old knight, who will protect us, I know, if
he can. May he can find something for such
a youth as thee to do."
Jack thanked them and dismounted. When
he had turned out Ben, and he and the old
people sate on the hearth together, Jack told them
of what had happened to him amongst the gipsies,
and that he had been in a dread state of mind.
There was nothing but distractions. People were di-
vided about government and religion, and rogues
took the advantage, and did as they pleased.
Here was in this nightcountryside a wicked nest
of them; and though the inhabitants had sent
and prayed the magistrates to send for forces to
protect the people, no help came, and nobody
knew what to do. Some of these men, who
lived in a strong castle in the woods, under a
man who pretended to have authority, but who
in reality only plundered the country, and no-
body dared call them to account, had been there
often and extorted money from them; and now
they expected them every night to come again,
to rob them of all they had, and perhaps to mur-
der them.
Jack offered to help them to pack and get
away as soon as they could. It was better to
leave their property to lie waste than to lose
their lives and all. They sate and talked till it
was late, and agreed the next day to pack up
their goods and get away as soon as they could.
but they must have help and horses from the old knight before they could convey their things in safety. While the clock ticked, they heard footsteps; there was a thundering knock at the door, and the old man and woman started to their feet, and trembled in every joint. Doors and window-shutters were locked and barred already. One old woman had taken her ease a moment before, and thought the noise was another visit from the lads, and had put out the lights, but she hurried to the door, and begged them, in God's name, to desist and come in. The gateposts took the most shifting, as it was necessary to make them somewhat firm; but before an hour was over, the two rows of paling-stakes were standing in a fashion, but so as the difference could not be made out in the dark. The well-lid was taken away. The two spent yet some time in tying and securing the pales with ropes and pieces of wood, of which good store lay behind the house; and at length, on the fancied approach of some men. The two busy labourers retreated into the cottage.

They planted themselves at the chamber window, and walked with breathless anxiety the result. Another hour rolled away, and often did the old woman wish that she might be allowed to carry off the hold, and lay it down again; and then began to fancy that she could see a streak of dawn in the east, and that the robbers would not come. Jack, on his part, began almost to fear that they would not come, or that some inconsiderate wight might not be heard. But at length a sound of horse's feet was heard hurrying near. Half-a-dozen men came suddenly and at full speed out of a side lane, rode rapidly up to the gate, dismounted, and tied their horses to the front pales. Jack's heart beat wildly, and at a moment, he saw the group hasten in at the little gate. They were all talking together; another moment, and there was a plunge—a heavy fall—a cry of horror—and he missed two out of the shadowy figures. Two were seen hurrying back; a third, who had now nearly reached the door, turned back on seeing his companions retreat, and crying, "What is it? What is it?" turned to follow them. The next instant he disappeared in the well too. Those who had escaped did not stay to look behind them; but their horses from their fastenings, mounted, and galloped off at full speed.

Jack, who was in exultation at the success of his scheme, could not contain himself, but cried out, "Huzzah!" after the old knight, "Huzzah! There!" Their horses were heard going at full speed until lost in the distance of the valley.

"We must lose no time now," said the old man, "or in the coming night they will be upon us again, and massacre us without mercy. We must fly, my brave youth, to the old knight's, and pray him for horses and a wagon to carry us and our goods, and for men to guard us; and the sheriff must come and see to the men in the well."

Jack took the old man's directions, mounted one of the horses of the dead men, which their fellows had left hanging at the gate, and galloped away. Before the sun rose, he had reached the old knight's. Men and horses and a wagon were sent to fetch the old people and their chattels, and word forwarded to the sheriff of the robbers that were fallen into the well. Before noon all arrived at the cottage. They crowded round the well to see the bodies of the drowned drawn up; who no sooner came to the light, than Jack recognised them as his old acquaintances of the hostel, and the rest of the bystanders as amongst the most desperate freebooters in the country.
CHAPTER XI.

THE FLIGHT OF THE OLD FOLKS, AND HOW THEY WERE RECEIVED BY THE OLD KNIGHT'S SERVANT.

Leaving the sheriff and his men to take charge of the dead bodies and of the robbers' horses, the old knight's men, assisted by Jack, set about in earnest to pack the old people's goods, and load them with all despatch in the wagon sent from the knight. The little cottage, which had been so long the home of the old man and the people, was shut up; the well-lid laid down again; and the wagon drove away. The two old people, who were seated on the top in a sort of little hollow made in the middle for them, where the beds and bedding were laid so that they could sit at their ease, looked back at their beloved home of so many years, which, unless the country become more settled, they would probably never see again, and wept. As they were gazing with their heads turned backwards, on the backs of the horses, and the tails of the cow and the oxen, as if they would not lose a moment's view of it while they were in sight, the cat, which had probably been frightened away into the bushes by the appearance of so many strange men in the house, pawed, crept, and purred, and by the door that was left open, went in. The old man said, "Thank you, Timothy, we are glad you are here. We are going to leave this house and go down into the town."

Timothy, however, on seeing this, could no longer be restrained; he sprang over the hedge with a howl, and the dogs were upon him, as if they were going to tear him to pieces. Jack, however, stopped them, and said, "He's only a cat, Tim."
The old man again cried, "My cat! my cat! they'll worry my cat!" and began to hobble over the chairs and tables to descend from the wagon. The old woman was down on her knees, and wished it at the bottom of seven seas, now thought it best that the old woman should be helped down, to catch her cat, as they saw no other prospect of getting away that day; but while they were in the act of assisting, Jack appeared from the house, running with the cat in his arms, which did not cease to scratch, and swear, and struggle, in a most unkind manner. Luckily, Jack had found the door of the chamber into which the cat jumped shut, or he would have found it a much more difficult business to decoy the cat out of the house. He had been so busy with the others, that he had not noticed the thieves inside the house. He clapped the window to let him in. The cat saw herself enclosed in the room, and she then took to a closet that stood open, scrambled up to the top shelf, where she stood howling, swearing, and spitting out a most unkind manner. With a bundle of straw; and as Jack extricated himself from the cupboard, she was in the act of springing over it to get down. The glass flew to pieces as she bounced her head against it; and another moment, and she would have been again on the house-top. But Jack seized her as she was half-way out, dragged her back, and at the expense of various scratches, and by a firm hold, brought her captive.

Being now consigned to her mistress, who wrapped her in her apron, and from which peeping out she continued for a long time to testify her resentment by her sharp eyes and strange manners, the wagon once more proceeded. The excitement of the cat, and the attempt to pacify her, had the best effect on the spirits of the old people. They seemed almost to forget the old house in the attention to her; and when it was out of sight, they went on with the same energy, in the same habits, and the same form as if nothing had happened. The next day Jack assisted in putting the
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nure into the cottage that was appropriated to the old people; and here a bed also was set up for himself. The steward, who seemed a grave and consequential man, came and gave orders that Jack’s ass should be turned into a sort of paddock behind the buildings, belonging to the hall; asked Jack what he did with such a dog; and Jack, who had never been asked such a question before, and never dreamt of being asked such an one, said he did not know exactly; that he was very fond of him, and took him for exercise.

"Young man!" said the steward, looking very hard at Jack, and with a severity in his manner and tone that a good deal surprised him, "a person is known by his company, as a bird is known by its feathers; and let me say, that a more scoundrel-looking cur I never set eyes on. Take care, while you stay here, that he is not found prowling in the park, or he will instantly have a bolt sent through him from the keeper’s crossbow; and you will have an order to search at a moment’s warning. You’d better take my advice, and have him destroyed at once."

Besides this, he went on to question Jack as to his own identity and objects in rambling about the old castle. Jack awed the steward, who conceived a deep and inward dislike to this man, and thought if the old knight was at all like him he should not require any order to march, for he should soon be on his way again, gave the steward no other answer than that he had a little business with the Knight. This only seemed to fix the steward’s attention more deeply on him, instead of putting an end to it. He surveyed Jack from head to foot with a scrutinizing look, and said— "And pray what may your business be, young fellow? I am the man to whom all business must be opened. It can only go to the knight through me; for his worship will not be troubled by every impertinent groom with his sordid matters; and by your appearance, I conceive you can have no very weighty business with the noble Knight. What have you to say then boy? What would you?"

Jack, whose antipathy to the man was every moment getting quite enormous, and who yet felt that he might be making an enemy of him, who had been so good to him, thought it wise to employ himself with the Knight, doffed his cap, made the steward a profound bow, and said—that he could have no objection whatever to tell him what he wanted; on the contrary, as his business was merely to solicit to be taken into the Knight’s employ, he should be glad to secure, his good services for him.

"And pray," asked the steward, "what kind of employment doest look for, then? For a place in the stable, or in the scullery? Is it to chop and carry wood for the fires, to help the gardeners, or do drayage and fetch and carry for the farm hinds?"

Jack replied, that for such work as that he needed not to have come so far from home; those jobs were to be had anywhere. But he conceived that he had wit enough in him to make him useful in a higher walk: as a page, a running footman, to carry confidential messages, to wait on the Knight in the hall, or even to bear a bow in the field, if he were not lazy enough to carry a plow for the farm hinds.

At the bearing of this, the steward threw up his eyes and hands with an air of the utmost astonishment and contempt. "What, pigmy!"

said he, "dost aspire to the offices of a full-grown and well grown man? Carry a bow!—wait in the hall! Zounds! art thou come of gentle blood? Can such a queer undersized man—o—no more ever have come of decent parents? Speak, man, not as a man; but think, swift art an ass. Art thou the abortion of some ancient family, that has committed some monstrous crime, and havest thee sent as a punishment? Or art thou the growth of the basest of life; sprung like a toad—
est from the swamp of a runtling root? Get thee gone for a footman, or dray Jack; hang an ass, such as thy notion; but if a shovels or a pick can content thee, or a leather apron, to cut up cressunition for the kennels, why say so, and there is bread for thee."

Jack, instead of appearing angry or cast down by this address, though his heart seemed on fire within him, and he felt that he should like to send his sword through the well-fed villain’s many carcasses, only made him another bow, and replied with a smile, that he thanked him for his noble offer; and begged to say that they did not exactly chime in with his views. He turned into the old people’s cottage; but the steward stepped in after him, and said, "Mind, young puppy! I attempt not to get to the presence of the Knight. I speak only for thee to leap at once into the dog-kennel, and be rent to pieces, than to be found attempting any such thing."

He appeared in no good humour neither with the old people, said something about ‘hangem on’, and ‘old sunders’, that, like rotten apples, were best in the ground, and went away. Jack expressed his wonder and indignation to the old people, and said that if the master were like the man, he was sorry they were come thither, and that, for his part, he should soon be on the way again.

"Oh!" said the old people, "be patient, good youth—be patient. The man has a bad name, but there’s one that keeps him in check. The old Knight, God bless him, is as good as this man is bad. Folks wonder that he has kept him so long about him, but he manages to get on the blind side of the worthy old gentleman. Pray God, that things may not be as some say, in his affairs. But there’s a just God above—and an eye on his servants. All men have eyes, and walls have ears, and a little bird often flies over the house, and tells things."

While they spoke there came another old servant to bid Jack come to the old Knight. This man seemed to be about fifty years of age. His hair had become somewhat greyed with time, but he had a fresh and healthy complexion, and though of a solemn aspect, yet there was a friendliness in his tone and manner, which, after the steward’s treatment, struck upon Jack’s heart like pleasant music. He was the butler. He spoke very cheerfully to the old people, hoped they would find their new house pleasant to them, and said he had already been speaking with the Knight about their future plans; and that the old man would have a nice tenting job to chop wood for winter, to sweep the roofs about the house, and do such little things at his ease. The old people expressed their gratitude, and told him in a whisper what the steward had said. The worthy man only indicated by an upward motion of his hands and eyes, his sense of the insult; he said, "Time and patience, my good friends; you know him. Don’t be disturbed, and all will go well." He withdrew with Jack.
CHAPTER XII.

JACK'S INTERVIEW WITH THE OLD KNIGHT; HE RECEIVES A WEIGHTY COMMISSION, AND SEEKS A HORRIBLE NIGHT.

As Jack followed the butler to the hall and the Knight's presence, he noticed the place more particularly than he could do on his hasty visit as the messenger of the old people, the other night. It had then been scarcely light, and moreover the old knight was in bed, and had received his message through a servant, so that Jack had not seen him. He now saw that the house was a fine old stately place, standing in the middle of the valley. Around it were hills, partly opening in green slopes, partly scattered with trees, and here and there, especially in the various hollows into which the hills sank, covered with thick bushes of hazel, maple, crab, and other trees. It was the park, and fine herds of both fallow and red deer, besides cattle and horses, might be seen resting under the trees, or grazing on the open lawns and the hills.

At some little distance from the house ran a deep and picturesque stream which was taken advantage of to fill a broad moat which surrounded the house, enclosing it with all its outbuildings, in a quadrangle of considerable size. In front of the house lay the garden, enclosed with great walls, and behind were green paddocks, scattered with fine old elms; and there appeared beyond, great woods. The village was a few hundred paces on one side, on the banks of the stream. The house itself was one of those picturesque, large, old mansions, with small, strong windows, battlements, projecting gateways, and various towers, which are almost more of castles than halls, and of a style most like what are now called Tudor. It was built round two courts. Over the gates and on various towers, were seen carved in stone the coat of arms of the old Knight's family. Numbers of grotesque animals seemed to have started out from some former ages, in various places, and to have stood so long that they had stiffened into stone spouts on battlements and porch. Drawbridges, lead-covered, and members of stables and jackdaws cawed and whitened from the oak, grandly twisted chimneys, and roofs in thousands, though their building and rearing had long been over, hovered in one of those occasional visits, which they sometimes make in the day-time to their old haunts, as well as each night to roost, over the adjoining elms in a black cloud, and with one mingled and somber cawing, which seemed to indicate that it was a day-set apart by them for some great discussion or rejoicing.

The whole was, in short, the residence of the old English gentleman. As Jack walked past the windows, which were half buried in some parts by an immense growth of ivy, and then advanced under the gateway into one of the inner courts, he felt something of that awe, which especially the young and inexperienced feel when they see around them the proud towers and halls of the great, particularly when there seems to reign an ancient spirit of order and of solemn duty in those halls. The porter, as they passed in at the portal, resided on his tall, stout staff, and surveyed Jack with a silent, half-indifferent air. When the doors of the entrance-hall opened, and Jack saw its size and luxuriance; the arms and pieces of armour displayed on its walls; the large escutcheon in carved and coloured oak, at one end; the old banners that here and there dropped, tatted, and hung from the ceiling, the white stucco which presented the figures of flying angels, and heads of cherubs in scrolled corner compartments, looking down and huge roses and thistles of an antique grace, his awe was greatly increased. Another door was opened, and he found himself in a large low room, dimly lighted, where, in the recess of one of the windows, sat a reading, the old Knight.

His book, which was a huge folio, was supported on a small black table; and his chair, whose high back was richly carved, was to Jack's eye most luxurious, with cushions of richly embroidered silk. The Knight himself was an old man of a pale but most benevolent countenance, and of a thin but rather tall figure. For a moment, as if deeply absorbed in his volume, he did not lift his eyes from it; and the old butler continued to stand at a respectful distance, with Jack at his side, in motionless silence. Jack, during this period, cast a furtive glance round the room, and thought it was very grand but gloomy.

The old carved furniture, chairs and mussey tables, and cabinets nearly jet black with age, but polished to almost glairy brightness by constant rapping, the curiously embossed ceiling, the as curiously inlaid floor, the portraits of warriors and ladies on the walls, and the tall folding screen which protected the hearth from the draught of the door, were each and all to him matter of wonder. A fire burned on the ample hearth, for the old Knight was of delicate health; and in truth, this shabby room seemed as though it could seldom be visited too often by the sun. A dead husk pervaded the apartment, and apparently the whole house, and a servant that came in with a fresh supply of wood moved as softly as if he feared to disturb the meditations of his master.

At length the old Knight raised his eyes from his volume, gave a deep sigh, and then turning to them, the butler made a silent bow, and withdrew. The old Knight, who seemed to wake from a dream, turned himself over, and members of stables and jackdaws cawed and whitened away from some very distant place and concerns, in which it had been engaged, looked at Jack for a moment, and without seeming to observe anything unusual in his appearance, said, 

"So, the art the messenger who brought the tidings of the jeopardy of the old people the other night? And so they are safely brought hither now, are they?"

Jack replied in the affirmative.

"That's right," said the old Knight; "we'll have the house made comfortable, and thee too. I take it thou art their son?"

Jack assured him that he was not at all related to them. It was a perfect stranger in those parts; and had only, by chance or by Providence, happened to come to their aid at the right time, that he was sent on this employment, and hoped that he might have the good fortune to find it with so noble a gentleman.

At this the old Knight seemed to wake more clearly out of his reverie, raised himself in his chair, and clasped his hands solemnly around his knees so as to convey Jack attentively. "Oh!" said he, and his surprise evidently increased every moment as he kept his gaze fixed on Jack's face and figure.

"Seek employment! And where, good youth, or man, or boy, whatever it may be, for there is..."
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something unnecessary about them, when some-thing from! Surely far from hence! And what is it that thou seest!" 

Jack now set on, and as the way seemed open, and as the old Knight's interest about him seemed to grow, related to him his views and desires, and his last day's adventures. The old Knight had another and inquisitive attention, questioned him striclty on what he related, then rising, went to the door, called for the butcher, and on his appearance, bidding him close the door again, said, "If I mistake not, Providence has sent us here and you, to manifest that I cannot remain. Singular as his exterior is, he seems to possess those qualities of body and mind that we are greatly in need of. Take him; see that he is made comfortable. Let him, under your care, do sack things about the house as may keep him from the temptations of idleness. Try him as a messenger in some light matters; and if he proves to have as much wit as I imagine he has, and withal prudently and a faithful deal, it will be a sign that the great Director of events has sent him hither for good ends." 

We may now in few words say, that Jack found himself now vastly to his own satisfaction. The whole house and its contents were matter of curious wonder to him. The friendly butcher took him under patronage, questioned him of his parents, his life, his education, and his views. Jack opened his whole heart, and shewed such a desire to distinguish himself by worthy actions, that the good man looked on him with particular satisfaction; told him that if he only maintained these desires, and was active and obedient, he had nothing to fear on the score of securing the worthy Knight's favour. He was highly pleased with the spirit and cleverness with which Jack set about everything that he desired him to do. Occasionally he put him to do some menial and irksome office, that he might try whether his mind, which he saw plainly was proud and aspiring, was willing to bend itself to obedience, even contrary to his own wishes and feelings, when it had reason to know that there were not improper ends, but such as he sought purposely to humble him. From these trials Jack came forth nobly; and he never felt prouder in his life, than when the friendly butcher said, with sparkling eyes and a cordial presence, 'by my good boy, thy cheerful obedience thou hast given a great pleasure. I see that thy heart is made of true stuff, and now I will try thee in a matter which is more important to thy patron, and I am sure will be more agreeable to thy disposition.' 

Jack was yet a stranger to the neighbourhood, but the good butcher, whom we shall henceforth call Andrew, asked him if he would venture to carry a packet to the next town, about five miles off, and deliver it as directed, though at the risk, if found with it, of imprisonment, or even of his life! Jack said, if it would serve the old Knight, or him, he would undertake it not only cheerfully, but with pleasure. Andrew replied that it would serve many, and that greatly; but that Jack, as a confidential messenger, was to carry it, to hold no communication with any one, to ask no questions of any one, whatever he might see; and having executed his trust, to return as speedily as possible. Jack accepted the office with alacrity. He was told that he would probably see strange things, and it might he questioned as he supposed the city gates, and therefore it would be as well for him to get in some disguise. Jack chose out some clothes as a country lad to market, and desired to be furnished with a basket of fruit, and a labourer's frock.

The next morning in good time, equipped in his frock with a carrier's old hat on, and a stick, sapling in his hand, he knocked at the butcher's door, and being let in, acted the young clown so well, pretending to be come to know if the butcher wanted any green geese to fatten, that worthy Andrew knew so little that it was Jack, that he had a customer, and would fetch him for the purchase of the geese, before Jack, bursting into a loud laugh, and reassuming his natural tone, let him recognise him.

The good man was so delighted with Jack's power of acting, that he carried him immediately to the old Knight. But if Andrew had not been able to detect him, far less was the worthy Knight likely. Jack made a clumsy bow as he entered, holding his hat in both hands, and begged to know if his honour wanted a lad to send geese, and he had brought the geese of Andrew to him to fatten.

"O Andrew!" said the Knight, "agree with the boy as you please—agree with him—why bring such matters to me?" Hereupon Jack, in a natural voice and tone, begged the Knight's pardon. The Knight looked astonished; and Andrew, vastly delighted, informed him that his boy was no other than Jack, equipped for his trip to the town. The Knight was charmed. Jack had instantly a sealed packet handed to him. Securing his document in the inside of his jerkin, two minutes afterwards Jack was trotting out of the yard on Ben, with Timothy at his heels.

In a few hours Jack returned. He had faithfully executed his trust, and brought back a letter from the party to whom he had carried the packet; but he looked sad and thoughtful, and the worthy butcher, shutting his pantry door, asked whether he had encountered any difficulties. Jack said, none. He had gone into the town unnoticed. There were crowds going; he had sold his fruit in the market, and made the best of his way back.

"But you look pale," said the butcher; "you have seen something; tell me now what you have seen." 

Jack stood some time and gazed on the butcher, and moved his lips as if he would speak; but no words came, and he gazed again on Andrew.

"I can well believe," said Andrew then, "that thou casest find no words to tell what thou hast to day seen. I must speak it for thee; thou hast seen a fellow-creature perish in flame!" 

"And never," said Jack, clasping his hands before his face, and trembling as if shook with a sudden ague, "never shall I forget the horror of it till I die! They said they was a heretic and a Lollard; that he denied the holy Mother Church. I asked no questions; but Andrew, my friend, may I not ask you—what is a Lollard? The man, who was an old man, with white hair, and—" 

"Describe him not," said Andrew, suddenly closing his eyes, and making a quick motion with his hand. "I have his image only too well before my mind's eye. But what said he?" 

"He praised God and Jesus Christ, and blessed the people, and prayed for his enemies, and said that the Truth would yet go over the land
like a whirlwind, and lay prostrate all that was
voted in the garden of the Lord, and shake ev-
ery unsood tree, root and branch.

And how did he behave?

Behave? As if he were a spirit, and the fire
were only the element in which he appeared to
mortal eyes to announce his great message. He
seemed, indeed, to feed it in his breath, and to soar up
into heaven with it, rather than to be consumed
by it. My God! never till now did I know how
mighty some men are! And do they burn such men
as this?

"Enough," said Andrew, "enough. Thou hast
seen a horror, and a murder. Lock it in thy
heart, and anon thou shalt know more. Sawest
thou aught else?"

"No-only as I stood at a distance and looked
on, holding Ben by his bridle, and Timothy lying
at my feet, there came a man and looked at them,
and then at me, and asked me how long I had
had these creatures. When I looked at the man,
I knew him to be one of the men whom I saw
at the hostel. I was going to tell him a feigned
tale to divert him from the fire, and to get to the
fire, and I scorned a lie! I told him—many a
day. "Tisn't true," said he; "I have seen them
lately in other parts. "As you will, master,"
said I, seeing that he didn't know me. I wouldn't
tell him with you; but I must sell these plumes,
Will you buy?" you buy? He continued
only to stare on me, and again presenting my
basket, saying, "Will you buy?" I moved off to
another quarter. But he came again with a
woman, who bargained for the plumes, and asked
me where I brought them from. I would have
told her at once, for I had a vast contempt for a
lie in me, but I recollected your words to hold
no communication with any one; so I assumed
a waggish look, and said, "Has! ha! mistress! so
you don't know where I get my plumes. What!
you'll be before me, would you? Nay, say,
good mistress, not so neither!" The woman
affected to laugh, but I saw that all the time
the man was watching me narrowly; so I in a care-
less manner shifted my ground, and watched out
that horrible sight; but when it was over, the
man was again near me. In returning, I struck
through the woods; but as I drew near the gates
here, the woman, mounted on a pillion behind
the man, rode fast, and nodding to me, said, "I
know where your plumes grow!"

Andrew seizes and thought; at length he said,
"Ay, I fear there's more evil in the wind. Thou
hast been the means, in the hand of Providence,
of crushing some of the hornets which afflict this
neighbourhood, and now it will go hard but
they'll enrage. I see too the stewards, and the
men—on thee—it were well for thee to remove hence."

"Not an inch," said Jack, "if I can be of any
service to the Knight and you. Let them find
me; 'tis a cunning fowler that can lay a snare
for me, and good time that can hold me. Leave
me, good Master Andrew, in God's hands; for
since I have seen what I have seen to-day, I de-
sire to be valiant!"

Old Andrew laid his hand on Jack's shoulder,
and looked up as if uttering a prayer, and then
said, "As God will! He knows best, but my
son, we must be on the watch, for I feel sure
that not long will go over without some wicked
away."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MUB-AND-CRY AFTER JACK; AND A GLIMPSE
INTO STRANGE SECRETS.

And sure enough three days were scarcely
over when the old man of the cottage sought
Andrew in haste, and informed him that a hun-
tred prisoners were in their castle, and that
Jaar up the hill, with having killed a gipsy, with assaulting
and severely injuring several honest travellers in a
hostel, and with decaying three worthy yeomen
into a well in the night. A warrant was issued,
and the prisoner held in the castle in the wood
were vehement for his capture. While they
spoke, and almost before they could inform
Jack, there was a clatter of horses' hoofs, and the
sheriff and his men rode into the court.

Jack was at that moment in the kitchen,
watching the cook cutting a piece of bacon from
the store on the rack, which was suspended by
pulleys to the top of the large kitchen, and was
now let down for this purpose. Andrew rushed
in, crying, "Away, or thou art lost! Fly for thy
life, to the head of the kitchen, or to the Heavens!
The house is surrounded, fly to—"

"To this bacon-rack," said Jack coolly,
snatching a handcloth from the dresser just by,
laying it on the huge slices of bacon, and fling-
ing himself upon it. "Fool away!" he cried,
and then he was as fast as he could.

Andrew and the cook caught instantly at
the idea. They pulled away with all their might.
Jack was soon high aloft, close to the rafters;
but before they had secured the ropes to their
fastenings on the opposite walls, in rushed a
number of the sheriff's men.

"Where is he?" they cried; "where is that
boy?"
The cook and Andrew looked wild and pale
with fear. Their looks might have betrayed
them. They thought they were men in the
fact, and stood speechless and staring at the
men. But the cook's knife and the piece of ba-
con lay on the floor, and the naturalness of the
act saved them. Their confusion was attributed
to surprise. The men cried—"We lose time on
these dolts," and rushed on to other apartments.
Jack lay outstretched gazino down between his
fingers, and laughed in his sleeve as they de-
parted. High and low the fellows eagerly ran
in their quest. They demanded of old Andrew,
of all the others, if they knew where he was.
Nobody attempted to deny that he had been there
just before; but the old Knight declared truly
that he could not tell where he might have fled
to. Andrew, when questioned, said most likely
he had fled to the castle, and the cook said he
had been in the kitchen not half an hour ago,
and talked of going after the swine; each an-
swer being true according to their meaning.
Nobody else knew where he was, and the ser-
vants protested truly that they had no idea
whether he had escaped.

The steward was observed eagerly to join in
the quest, and opened closets, and turned over
beds, and dived into cellars, where the strange
men could not have found their way. The old
Knight remarked it, and looked more grim and
stern than he ever been known to do before.

The search was in vain. After they had trav-
ered the whole house, they were once more as-
sembled in the kitchen; and Jack, lying aloft,
heard all their remarks, their vows of vengeance,
and their plan of further search. They then
rushed out, to scour the woods, and hunt through
the outbuildings.
Till night, Jack lay on the rack, which, though not particularly easy, he thought to himself was much more so than the rack they would probably put him on if they caught him. When all was still, when the other servants were retired to rest, the cook and Andrew released him from his confinement, and conducted him to the Knight.

When they had withdrawn, the good old gentleman kindly took him by the hand, and said he thanked God for his present escape. "But dear sons of Bellaly," said he, "will come again. We must be prepared for them; and therefore, my son, I must now open to thee things that are known only to the most faithful and tried. I do believe," he added, "that all in this house, saving perhaps one Judas, and he, thank Heaven! does not lodge within these walls, are faithful. All, with this exception, I think are sound; but it is not expedient to let them know all. From thee, my son, I exact no promise of secrecy. I read thy truth in thy actions and thy eyes. Therefore thou shalt know more anon; for the present, follow me."

He took a lamp, and bade Jack do the same. Then drawing aside part of the tapestry which covered the walls, he entered a narrow opening. Jack at his desire entered also, and the tapestry was let fall again. There was here a little dark closet, in which, on shelves stood various preserves in jars. "This is a dry place, my son, and well adapted for the preservation of these luxuries." Jack nodded assent. "But this closet has another use." The old man pushed back one of the shelves, and the whole range on one side of the little closet moved back, being, in fact, a door on hinges, and revealed a flight of narrow stairs.

The door being again closed, as the two entered, they now stood at the foot of the stairs. "See here," said the Knight. "This bolt thus shot on this side, the shelves With the preserve jars are firm, and no one can by any other way approach these stairs. So now again follow me."

They ascended, and on reaching the top of the stairs found themselves in a little room in which stood a small bed, and a little table fastened to the wall, so that it could let down, and be out of the way. On the table stood Jack's supper.

This closet, my son," said the Knight, "is for the present thy retreat, and safe castle. From these moments on this side, is contained in the thickness of the wall; but there is safety, and that is better. Sleep in peace, in the morning we will converse further."

The old Knight withdrew, desiring Jack to descend the stairs after him, and bolt the door. Jack slept as sound as if he had been on his little flock bed at home, and as if no price was set upon his capture. In the morning, the light streaming in through two narrow slits in the wall, which on the outside were not discernible for the ivy, woke him early, and anon the old Knight came and desired him to follow him again down into his room.

"Here," said he, "we can converse without much fear. At any moment, comes there an alarm, thou canst fly into thy retreat, and all is safe again."

He then went on to question Jack whether he had learned to read; and whether he had a desire to read. On Jack replying in the affirmative, that he had a great desire in the morning to learn to read. The old Knight said to him that this was of great service both to himself and others. That now was a time when he could not employ his energies on anything else, and that to beguile the sense of his solitude, were it for no higher purpose, it were well to read.

"Here then," he continued, "is a book of all books the most extraordinary, and happily for us, of all books the most true. It is a book written at the point of the sword, and under the guidance of God himself." Jack crossed himself, and made a profound and reverential bow.

"If, my son, those knights who for years have lain in ruins, and are not again, in the dungeon of their enemies, had had this book for their solace and companion, how happy would they have deemed themselves. The lay of the finest minstrel, or the story of the greatest master of romance, what would they have seemed in comparison, but the tingling of a Jew's harp, or an old wife's tale. For here are the most wonderful relations, the most witching and triumphant poetry; the most touching passages of human love and trouble; the most glorious prophecies; and, what is the greatest truth, the grandest truths that ever came out of heaven to our mortal world, upon earth. Ay, had those captive knights, of whom I often sit and think when the frost hisses without, and the fire burns cheerily on the hearth within, and the cordial wine-cup stands by me ere I reach to my bed,—had they, my son, had this volume in their deep and underground dungeons hewn in the eternally dark and solid rock, and cloaked with doors of heavy stone,—how would they have been wapt away into the rainbow bowers of Paradise, and have heard the songs of angels, and seen the faces of the mighty and the wise of old, and have forgotten their limbs which lay chilled on the damp straw, and their fingers which were cramped into the shape of birds' claws by the deadly cold of their living graves. Carry, my son, this treasure to thy cell; and if God has given thee a heart capable of longing after what is great and good, the world will be henceforth for thee another place, and thy life another subject of Thanksgiving."

The old Knight spoke with an earnestness and a solemnity, a solemn feeling that thrilled through Jack's heart in a manner totally new to him. Once more he crossed himself and bowed low; and as the old Knight lifted the heavy volume, heavy with its many boards, as it rested on his knee, Jack dropped on his knees to receive it; kissed it with a feeling of the deepest reverence; and kissed also, ere he withdrew it, the hand of the noble old Knight with fervent devotion. Jack saw that the tears had started into the Knight's eyes while he had spoken to him of this volume; that a faint but vivid flush had kindled in his cheeks; and as Jack mounted up the stairs with his ponderous charge, he found that he also must dry a few tears from his own eyes in order to see his way.

For us, who have been familiar with the Bible from our childhood, it is quite impossible to represent to ourselves the astonishment and delight with which Jack went over this book. It is only by going back into our young days, and recalling how we then thought and felt, as we perused and repurposed it, for the twentieth time, that we can in any degree conceive his state of excitement. His cell, and his enemies threatening forces made him forget himself. He was sent abroad, as by the power of a mighty enchantress, into new worlds and amongst new people. He wondered that all the world had not this book;
how the old Knight alone could have got it; whether it had actually been sent down from heaven to him for his goodness; and a thousand times as he went on, all the more, the particular enraput" - him, did he wish that he could be transported to his mother, and sit and read to her through the long winter evenings out of it. He found himself continually putting himself in the place of the woman he was reading of. Now he was Adam, now Abraham, now Joseph; he was David in his young and heroic days, and Solomon in his glory. But when one of his heroes fell from his heroic height, then he was no longer he, but a warning spirit. He thought that he had been in Paradise with Adam and Eve, how with one stroke of his sword he could have cut off the head of the deceitful serpent. How he should have cried out to Sam, and David, and Solomon, when they began to betray their human weakness. Joshua and Judas Maccabaeus were most magnificent in his eyes; and when he read of the death of Christ, he was like Clovis, who wished he had been present with his brave Franks, to avenge on the Jews their insults to the Saviour, and to have smacked him from his cross. He knew the heroic and victorious strength of the man in the fire, and thought that to live without doing some signal deed of heroism for mankind was worse than death.

Every day the Knight asked him of his progress and his satisfaction; and as Jack related what he had read, what he had thought and felt, and as he sate and was all on fire with his zeal, the worthy Knight's countenance brightened up with a radiance of smiles and happy energy such as Jack had never yet seen in him. "Tis well, 'tis well!" said he, "tis as I wished and hoped. God be praised!"

Jack had observed that every evening he had sent to him Andrew the butler, who alone besides knew of his retreat, to fetch down the Bible. He had heard the Knight reading aloud, as he supposed in it, and then Andrew brought it back again. But now the Knight, when Andrew came for it, ordered him also to come down with it. As they stepped into the room, Jack was ever the first to give the lead and assemble the book was laid before the Knight, and he proceeded to read a certain portion aloud; and then making a few comments upon it, the servants quietly withdrew. When they were gone, Jack observed that the Knight looked as if this was his daily habit, and that from this time forward, if he were not in immediate danger from his enemies, he would also assemble with them. He also told him that he was now convinced that his hopes of Jack were not without ground, and that the good parts and powers in him must be cultivated for the honour of God and the good of his people. He then went on to unfold to Jack the history of the wonderful book, of the corruptions of Christ's church, of the translation of this Bible into the mother tongue by Wickliffe, and of the persecution of those good men, under the name of Lollards, who determined to abide by the words of this book, and to make it everywhere known. The days of heroism and combat then were not over. There was no need to have lived in the days of David or Maccabaeus to be God's champions. Here Jack's eye kindled into fire, and he breathed short and deeply: "But," continued the Knight, "God's warriors have now a harder warfare than the champions of old; for they are not allowed, like them, to indulge in vanity and to revenge their own wrongs with blood and bitterness. A higher and more holy rule is set before them, a rule which they have to do is to discipline their spirits, as the old heroes disciplined their bodies, in armour. As they compelled their frames to iron habits, we must now subdue ourselves to the limits of a spiritual discipline. The passions and the will must be made obedient to the law of heaven, as the warrior's steed to his hand; and that divine and love-breathing example of Christ must open to us higher triumphs over ourselves, and for mankind, than the world has yet seen or conceived."

As the Knight said this, Jack sighed and looked down. The Knight continued: "We have all, some more, some less, the power to do great and Christian deeds; and thou, my son, I trust mayst win no trivial share in these achievements; but, in order to that, the aids of learning may greatly contribute; and happily these aids are within our reach. I will now open to thee another scene."

The Knight rose from his chair, and Jack advancing, again knelt and kissed his hand. Laying his hand upon Jack's head, and of probation, he proceeded up a private staircase, bidding Jack follow, through a long passage into another large and well-furnished room. Advancing to the chimney, which was large and open, and where a pair of bright and glittering dogs, on which wood lay ready for lighting, he struck three strokes with the end of his staff against the wall. To Jack's surprise, he presently saw the foot of a ladder procured down the chimney, planted on the hearth, and his patron ascended. Jack followed, wondering to what this strange ascent would lead; and when at the top of the ladder, he found himself looking through an opening, sufficiently large to admit a man down it into a small apartment, where the Knight stood with two other venerable-looking men, and into which he commanded him to descend.

The moment he touched the floor, the ladder from the outside was drawn up again, and the hole closed by a door, which was made to match with the chimney. The League and the bishop were admitted into this room by a small window so thickly overgrown with ivy, that it defied the most curious search from without; and the portion of light admitted was therefore so small, that it was difficult to find the objects within at all; but when once time within the room that objects became quite visible. The window, in fact, was often superseded by a lamp, whose rays were again carefully prevented from becoming observable without, both by the distance from the ground, and by a thick painted blind hung before it, yet not so close as to exclude the air. Jack here found himself surrounded by books and instruments, of whose use he could form not the slightest conception. The Knight, now addressing the two men, said this was the brave and godly youth of whom he had spoken to them, and he now put him into their hands as a pupil, trusting that they would find him as quick to receive instruction as he supposed him to be capable of it.

The two men shook him cordially by the hand, and pressed upon him the doctrine that lay in the way of truth and the Knight, turning to Jack, said, "Here, my son, you behold two of those Lollards of whom you have heard, and from whom you may learn more; here you see two of God's true and trusty warriors, who have stood in the field and
the breach against his bitter foes; who have not escaped without jealousy and severe loss; and who would not hide here, were it not for the hope of preserving themselves for the further triumphs of the Truth. They are friends of the man in the fire. Honour them by obedience, and imbibe with all diligence the knowledge that may advance the righteous cause."

So saying, he departed by the way he came; and Jack was left with his new teachers.

CHAPTER XIV.

**JACK GROWS IN KNOWLEDGE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE MEN IN THE WALL.** He, by their aid, exposed the plot to the uniting ardor. The merry adventure of the ruined abbey.

We will not here pause to trace minutely Jack's progress in his new course. It is enough to say, that he fulfilled the proudest hopes of his venerable patron, and found himself in a new world of learning, and as a means of making wider and wider excursions. The powers of calculation and measurement were cultivated in him; the languages in which the Scriptures were written, and in which the learned of all nations found a common stock of communication, of which he now seemed to be the master. He was taught and studied with ardour. The histories of the world, and of religion, were read and discussed; and the finest poems, in various languages, were made familiar matter of conversation. The men in the wall taught Jack the mysteries of the moon and planets, and their changes; and something of the healing nature of plants, and the properties of minerals. The ease and avidity with which he imbibed all that they could lay before him, excited their wonder; and the eagerness with which he found means to serve them on many occasions, gave them the greatest hopes of his services to their cause.

It was not always that they were cooped up in this small room. When danger seemed to sleep, they even stole out into the woods, and wandered about them for days, refreshing their spirits by the fresh air and the presence of nature, for further immersion and future toils. At other seasons, they issued forth and made journeys to their friends and fellow-believers, stirring them up to renewed zeal. On all these occasions Jack was their companion, and was in a thousand cases their best helper and extinguisher of emergencies. He was always on the watch, always inventive. A strong and mutual friendship had thus grown up between them; and Jack, though he found them of very opposite dispositions, yet came to have the deepest sympathy with them both.

One was grave and inclined to melancholy. He had been cruelly used, and too often stripped of connexions in the world through the savagery of persecution; yet, though it was obvious that he suffered severely in his innermost mind, and was racked bodily with rheumatic pains and spasms, which had been brought on by lying in cold prisons, still he was uncomplaining, and so set on fulfilling his sacred duty, that it required a restraining hand to keep him from running headlong into danger. This good man was Henry Templeman, a bachelor of divinity.

The other, who was called Dr. John Hempage, a younger man, and of a round and full, though small person, was naturally of a gay and rejoicing nature. He was kind; his face was ruddy, and his sparkling eyes, that were ever ready to gleam with merriment at the slightest turn of things towards the cheerful and ludicrous, seemed to point out a man who was meant for happy times, and in learned halls to enjoy the good things of life, and make his heart sing amid the leaves and flowers of May. When they got away into the woods of a fine summer day, as they sat in the thicket and ate their morsel on their distant journeys, he would stretch himself out on a rock, or lie on the grass, and with a tongue a scold amongst witty and poetical things —imagining romantic adventures and building castles in the air, in such a manner, that no one could fancy him one that had ever done anything but bask on the sunny side of life, and make playthings, like a child, with the summer blossoms; much less that, on a future day, he should stand amid the fire, and still sing there. Never was Jack so surprised as when he first saw this joyous man come forth in a midnight assembly of the Lollards, when they were pressed with imminent peril, and, grave and serious as an apostle, preach in the words of a deep and burning eloquence, that went like lightning through all hearts, and knit them up to a stern resolve to meet and beat what might come.

Twelve months had rolled away in this manner. Jack had gone on various important missions to various parts; in one of which he had visited London, and met the adherents of the cause in their great yet secret meetings, and had carried to and brought back from their most eminent leaders letters of the weightiest importance. In these transactions he was known by the name of John Othmull. This name, which the witty Hempage had, in his merriment, condensed from our hero's familiar name amongst his early confederates, Jack of the Mows, as he had been so much at old Bowes's, came to stand as his regular cognomen by all who knew him in this position and character, though we shall continue to call him at present by the old familiar name by which he is so well known to us.

In all these affairs he had shown the most admirable address. The old Knight had consequently admitted him to a great share of his confidence, and employed him to settle accounts which belonged to matters connected with his faith, and which he would not confide to his steward. In the course of these, Jack had to pore through various ledgers and documents, and as he did this, a strange light seemed to dawn upon him. At first he could scarcely credit the correctness of his impressions; but on trying and streching his observations, he became more and more certain, and more and more agitated. Discoveries in the accounts drawn up by the steward forced themselves on his attention to an alarming extent. Statements, though balanced in the gross, when mulcted into particulars, presented inconsistencies and exaggerated charges that would not bear a moment's testing.
JACK OF THE MILL.

For some time he held this momentous secret closely locked in his own breast; but the proofs every day became so much more glaring and monstrous that he could no longer conceal the fact from the Knight. The worthy old gentleman at first only shook his head; but when the matter was further searched into, he sunk back in his chair, became pale as ashes, and tears beginning to stream down his cheek, he said, "Sir, this is too clear! Long have I suspected that this man was an enemy to the true knowledge; but a traitor to his trust! A thief! Alas! alas! And yet," said he, recovering himself, "I have not long wondered at the smallness of my rental, at the unproductiveness of my affairs? And he ever replied, 'Your worship, it is the Interdict.' The farmers now pay as they please. They make also charges for deprivations by soldiers and evil-disposed persons, against whom, under present circumstances, you have no protection."

O Judas! Judas!"

To make the matter certain, Jack proposed to go through the accounts with the two Lollard leaders. The Knight consented. The books were carried into the large upper chamber, and a long and laborious investigation placed, on the most careful, the most astounding frauds. The Knight ordered Jack to make out a fair statement of these particulars, and their proofs, and to be present when he presented it to the steward; but inquiries which had already been made amongst the farmers had reached the false steward's ears. He fled, and joined himself to the hostile party at the Castle in the Wood.

"Prepare now for a storm," said the old Knight. "This man has gone off with all his conscience and the shame of detection; and proportion to his crimes against me, will be the fury of his malice."

And it was not long before the storm fell thick and fast. Soldiers beset the house to search for 'Jack of the Mill,' as he was styled in a new proclamation issued against him. Luckily, the steward was not aware of the presence of the two Lollard leaders; but every quarter of the house was searched for Jack, high and low, within and without, and all the windows were sound, and in various places pierced; doors were pulled up; and the old gentleman, who gave them free scope to search as they would, but refused to say yea or nay to their questions if he knew where this Jack or John-of-the-Mill lay concealed, was threatened with imprisonment and even torture. He only replied, "As God will!" and the desperadoes were too much afraid of one whom we shall presently mention to touch the gentle and submissive man.

Sentinels were posted about the house; other soldiers took up their quarters thit; and to any one but Jack it would have been impossible to escape; yet for the comfort and benefit of his fellow-prisoners, he many a time, aided by the butler, descended by night, and pursuing his way between the tall severting hedges of the garden, paddled himself over the moat in a tub, and went on different little journeys for them, to take and receive letters. These journeys, however, every day became more hazardous. Spies were in the house. Rude fellows ranged through the woods, at once plunderer of the Knight's deer, and watchers on all that went through them. Depredations were committed on the farmers; their buildings were set on fire, and their cattle killed or injured; so that they vowed to quit the Knight's lands, and leave them to be tilled by himself, if he pleased. It was easy to tell that the false steward was at the bottom of these things. In the end he seemed to hold the possible vengeance on the old Knight's head; but he groaned in secret, and complained not.

In a while, these outrages seemed to have exhausted themselves. The soldiers retreated from the house, the marauders from the woods, and all again was quiet. The two leaders received intelligence from their friends in the neighbourhood, for their faith was rapidly spreading amongst the people, that the enemy had disappeared. They therefore ventured again carefully abroad by night, and held, as they had done before, nocturnal meetings, to encourage and strengthen each other. Their place of meeting was a ruined abbey in a glen, some distance below the village. This was extensive; hung with vast masses of ivy; and had so evil a name, from the tradition of dark deeds done there by an abbot of some former time, which had occasioned the place to fall to decay, that they imagined none but those concerned would ever come within hearing of it, as no path passed near it, and a rock almost stood in the river, which flowed almost round it, made its name roar, which might drown the sound of voices when they sang. Watches were always stationed at a distance, to detect the approach of any hostile or indifferent party. They had a watchword. In case of the appearance of any suspicious person, the watchman gave a peculiar cry, imitating that of a curlew so naturally that it might pass for one. This, taken up by a second watch near the abbey, gave notice to the assembled people, and all was instantly hushed and made dark. If the danger increased, a second and more plain-tive cry was the signal to disperse, when the parties retreated to the neighbouring woods, and disappeared by ways known to themselves. If the danger passed, a partridge-call gave token of security, and the service went on.

Spite of these precautions, however, and spite of the fearful belief of the ignorant portion of the people, that the devil on certain nights used to lead the soul of the wicked abbot about the ruin, and there to render it up; that ruins huts were sounded, and in various places pierced; doors were pulled up; and the old gentleman, who gave them free scope to search as they would, but refused to say yea or nay to their questions if he knew where this Jack or John-of-the-Mill lay concealed, was threatened with imprisonment and even torture. He only replied, "As God will!" and the desperadoes were too much afraid of one whom we shall presently mention to touch the gentle and submissive man.
A CHARMING DAY, AND AN EVENTFUL EVENING.

—A CONTEST AT SCALEHOPE TOWER.—THE MEN IN THE WALL ARE TAKEN.

Buy the enemy had only withdrawn from sight more subtly to lay in wait; and an opportunity was not long wanting to pounce upon Jack, and to make the joyful discovery that the two celebrated Lolland divines were also lying hid here.

The three friends, lured by the freshness of an autumnal day, had wandered out through the woods and over the hills. It was one of the fresh, clear, inspiring days which seem to give to the frame a life and buoyancy boundless, to fill the heart with a similar rejoicing activity, and to give to the mind a power and eloquence of thought beyond the highest wont of our individual being. They went on with rapid steps, expressing their sense of enjoyment, like birds escaped from a cage and stretching their wings high up in the blue ether. The woods were the brilliant wattle; the sky the golden tower with its topaz glinting through the haze, and the hills tops gleamed in the sky of deepest, purer blue. The sun shone without much warmth, but so as to give a solemn splendour to the whole scene. The fresh turf over which they bounded, the bushes with their coloured leaves, and hanging clusters of ripe blackberries and privet berries, with here and there a barebell still lingering at their feet, in its sweet fairytale azure, were all full of life, and charm. Under the oaks which stood, here and there, overshadowing the forest turf, went the herdboy sounding his horn to keep together his host of swine, which now noted on the abundance of acorns that every slight breeze sent down; and in distant glades slowly turned and gazed at them the deer, or trotted off into the thicket.

The day and the scene seemed to clear off the habitual melancholy from the pale face of Tem- pleman. He looked round and said repeatedly, "How grand! how inspiring!" While Hempage rubbed his hands and cried, "Glorious! glorious! glorious!" He glanced overflowing with delight, offered to run Jack a race, and actually joined in a game at leapfrog to which they invited Templeman, but who shook his head with a quiet smile, and declined. Hempage then took Jack's axe from his belt, cut a huge green hazel from a thicket, rounded which a woodchopper growing had caused it to assume an odd, twisted appearance, and employing himself with cutting the knob into the shape of an old man's head, went on talking at a great rate.

Now a gossamer spider sauntering along with its silken thread in the breeze, attracted his attention, and caused him to dilate on the wonders of nature; and now a rabbit bounding from a bush with Timothy after it, made him stand still to see the issue of the chase, and drew from him a shout of exultation at the little creature. Once more Jack was shut into its hole, and sent Tim at defiance. "Well done, little cony!" he cried; "I don't know whether we ought to check the natural instinct of the dog, which is, no doubt, given him for our own service, but that nothing escape its natural enemy, and prolong for a little while its existence. To-day, especially, I would not willingly see anything, however mean, die. There is something so full of life and enjoyment in this fresh air and this beautiful world about us, that all which live seem doubly to live, and for anything to die, would be doubly to die. I would not, if I knew it, even crush a beetle in the turf where we tread." So they went on. Now they pulled down crabs, which hung in thousands, as yellow as gold, on an old forest tree; and for an hour were eagerly engaged in a hollow where the hazels yet retained their nuts, but so ripe and loosely hung, that at the slightest touch they all rattled to the ground. As noon approached, they adjourned to a farmhouse whose master was a staunch adherent of their doctrine, and after enjoying a hearty dinner and much cheering chat, they walked round to the cottages of other friends. It was drawing towards evening; after a day of most singular enjoyment of outdoor life and in- door satisfaction, that they were returning home.
and said for a few moments to ascend a ruined
tower, which stood on a high knoll on the forest
hill. Wishing the vale, and which was called
Scalhope Watch.

The sun was descending in a sky as clear as
it had been the whole day, and threw a splendour
across the landscape which lit up distant spots
into uncommon distinctness, and the three friends
were pointing out each other far-off places that
could be seen with the naked eye in an atmos-
phere so transparent, when their attention was
arrested by seeing a man on horseback, attended
by three others on foot, coming hastily towards
the tower. A moment's survey showed them
that the horseman was the false steward, and the
men on foot were three of those sturdy knaves
in squirrel-darb, half poachers and wholly thieves,
who belonged to the Castle in the Wood. That
their design was hostile there could not be a mo-
ment's doubt. The two Lollards exclaimed;
"We are lost!" But Jack said, "Nay, not so
quick with such an idea. If we yield, we are
lost beyond redemption. Let us then, if we must
be taken, at least fight like men to the last.
It is better to die here, than on the gallows or
at the stake."

He instantly cut down two stout young ashes
which grew up from the rubbish of the old tower
wall, pointed them sharply, telling his friends to
charge with them when the men attempted to
ascend the tower steps, as a knight charges his
antagonist at a tourney. The two accordingly
planted themselves at the head of the broken
steps which led up to where they stood; and Jack,
mounting cautiously to the edge of the wall over
the entrance, saw the three men enter below.
Calling to his friends to be on their guard, he
kept his eye on the steward, who riding for-
ward, stood with his horse's head under the door-
way, and appeared to be giving instructions to
the fellows within. At this moment, Jack lift-
ing from the wall a stone as large as his head,
hoisted it with the intention to discharge it if
possible on the steward's scalp. It missed him,
but fell so close as to brush the horse's shoulder;
and with such a shock on the pavement, that
horse and man, equally startled, sprang back.
The steward glanced up with a fearful look to
the top of the tower, and saw Jack there, stand-
ing on the very battlement, and discharging a
second stone. Ere he could wheel aside, it
encountered the face of the owner, the head broke,
it crouched almost on its haunches, snorted, and
whirling round, the steward was only saved from
falling by seizing with a convulsive grip the
mane. The moment he regained his seat he
sprung away down the hill; and Jack, feeling
that it was with the Archdeacon's consent,
more assistance, now rushed down to his friends
on the stairs.

"On! on!" he whispered; "there is no time
to lose; we must get clear of the tower, or we
are lost!"

The three fellows were attempting to ascend
the stairs. They came two a-breast, the steps
being too narrow for the three. With their
pointed poles the two Lollards stoutly re-
sisting; and they on their parts were now stri-
ing to cut them with their swords, but finding
that the narrowness and lowness of the passage
prevented their swords having full play, they
strove to seize and drag the poles out of the Lol-
ard's hands. As they were doing this, the third
fell, and taking a hold of his crossbow, shot at
them over the shoulders of his

companions. Jack saw the danger, and crying
"Stand aside!" to his friends, each leaned him-
selves towards the door so as to guard the entry
room, and in the next moment a ponderous stone
was sent down the staircase, which struck the
bowman on the arm, and dashed the bow from his
hands. The two Lollards, seeing at once the su-
perior advantage of Jack's missiles, drew back;
lifted stones, which lay to plenty, and sent them
in a volley below, that the passage was instantly
cleared, and the fellows in flight. Not a mo-
ment was lost; the Lollards snatched up their
poles again, and saliled down. At the doorway
the man at last turned again to renew the con-
test; but the bowman and bow were disabled,
and they were now only two to three. It is true
that they had the advantage of swords, but the
two Lollards drove on manfully with their poles.
The men gave back for a moment; and the Lol-
ards, having now got room for their weapons,
plunged to pty them about the fellows' heads in
dexterous and ponderous strokes. Jack had
armed himself with Hempage's heavy stick;
and, as he knew that every moment was prec-
cious, he took the knives from the hands of their
heads without mercy. The contest was
desperate, but soon over. The men, enraged
at one or two sound salutes from Jack's cudgel,
turned in wrath to thrust him through; but Jack
stuck valiantly to them, and they might as well
have tried to pull a Jax from a pond. The
knife- flings from a sunny basin of water on the ceil-
ing of a room. He leaped from spot to spot;
and in the mean time the two Lollards, and es-
pecially Hempage, who was fired up to a pitch
of great excitement, discharged their bows so liber-
ally and effectually, that the fellows took to
their heels and fled.

The three did not attempt to pursue. They
descended the opposite side of the hill, so that
the men should not see which way they took,
and plunged into the woods. Here, as they
paused a moment to consider what course they
should take, they became sensible into what a
heat they were thrown, and how their poles were
hacked and hemmed with their enemies' swords.
Hempage, in particular, was reduced to about
half its original length; and he had also got a
slight cut on the ear, which, however, was more
troublesome by its bleeding than of any conse-
quence. Their first thought was to retreat to
their homes. Jack, following the farmer, felt
considered that they might bring trouble on their
friend the farmer, and that if their foes tracked
them thither, there was no secret stronghold to
retire to; they resolved, therefore, to make their
way to the Hall, if possible. They wound ca-
ously through the woods, listening ever and
anon to ascertain if they could catch any sound
of their foes, but without effect. They had
reached the valley, and drew near the fine where
the woods ceased, and where only scattered
trees stood in the paddocks. As they were
about to emerge, and steal beneath these trees to
the back of the Hall, where Jack's tub lay con-
cealed in the weeds, they saw, to their grief and
disappointment, that various sentinels were
placed, and they were totally cut off. They re-
reated into the wood, and having waited till it
was dark, endeavourd to reach the village; but
they became aware that here too every point of
access was guarded; fires were lit, and dogs,
placed at mid-stations, gave instant alarm at
their approach.

Their situation now became seriously alarm-
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

ing. There was no hope of reaching the Hall or the village; and the only alternative was, to seek refuge in one of the houses of their country friends. The farm where they had dined was their selection. They could again quit it early in the day, and remove a day's journey to a greater distance, till a chance of once more returning to the Hall presented itself. Sad, and considerably dispirited, they retraced their way. It was now quite dark; every leaf that was moved by the wind, and every creature that stirred in the brake, startled them. They hastened on, avoiding the roads, and therefore encountering the roughest walking, and entanglement in boggy ground and briery thickets. It was mid-night as they drew near the farm; but here the dogs set up on their approach such a clamorous barking, that, alarmed lest the noise should be heard by any enemy on the watch, and draw their pursuers thither, they quietly stole off again, and sought a shed in the fields at some distance. Here, chill and anxious, they awaited the dawn. With the first glimpse of light they were on their way; but they soon found that the whole country was alarmed. The most ignorant of the peasantry were led on by others, and all ways were beset. It was not long before, the dog, that had first alarmed the two Lollards secured. Jack, who deemed it the only chance for their safety that he should escape, dodged with those who sought to catch him. A whole posse of rude clowns were after him. He took up a hollow, which appeared some time to have been a marril or chalk pit, but was now overgrown with the shortest, greenest turf, and some scattered bushes. Backward, it terminated in an almost precipitate ascent, crowned with wood. Jack hoped by his superior lightness to scale this height before his heavier and clumsier foes could overtake him; but at every few steps, another fellow started up from behind a bush, and darted at him. Jack was thus compelled to spring sometimes this way, sometimes that, and ever and anon to return into the very path of his foes. By this he became almost surrounded. It was an actual baiting. The country fellows, who had heard extraordinary stories of the powers and doings of the number of persons who were so eager to secure him, and afraid to do it. They surrounded him, with poles and pitchforks, and surrounded him in a fearful and hallooeing circle, just as they would have done a mad dog. "Down with him! Smash him! Break his skull! Break his legs!" they cried to one another, while Jack all the time made some little ascent upwards. In the midst of this critical contest there appeared at full gallop the steward, who shouted, "Down with him! down with that devil's brat! For your lives don't let him escape!" In this the clamour and onset became furious. The raging clowns seemed to forget their fears, and rushed in on Jack like so many madmen. There was not a moment to lose. Jack darted up the slope with a surprising agility; struck the fellow nearest to him in this direction a smart blow on the arm with the back of his axe; took as it were the very face of the precipice, rather with the lightness of a flying shadow than of a man; turned and gazed on his enemies a moment, lost his hat, his coat, his cap, his coat-sleeve, and then darting into the woods above, disappeared. He heard the steward cursing most furiously the unlucky clowns, who, lost in wonder, stood gaping upwards as if they could not comprehend how their prcy could have escaped them. He descended, under covert of the woods, and hovered near enough to see in what direction they took his unhappy friends, whom he saw, with their hands bound behind them, marched in the midst of a insulting troop of clowns towards the village.

Having satisfied himself that this was their destination, he sprang away through the woods in search of the little swineherd, with whom he had made himself very friendly, and who detested the steward because he had found him asleep in the forest, and had cudgelled him must unmercifully. Jack found where he had been the day before; made him understand that the steward had seized the worthy clegymen, and would burn them if they were not rescued. Jack proposed to herd his swine for him while he went and brought the old man from the cottage to him. This the boy gladly agreed to do; and in half an hour, during which Jack had endured ages of torment in imagining his friends condemned to the flames, the old man arrived. Jack told him all that had happened; bade him fly to the Knight and the butler, and beg them to send out and rouse all their friends to be in readiness for the rescue, and that he would join them at the first possible moment. Jack then took a direction so as to recover the view of his captive friends. He found them now advanced nearly to the village. The company had swelled into a crowd, amid which he could see the false steward riding triumphantly. By means of crawling and creeping on all fours, Jack managed to get so near that he could observe his friends, who walked on, evidently wearied and jaded, yet with a heavenly calm on their countenances, which formed a wonderful contrast to the vulgar triumph and coarse taunting that sat on the faces of the throng; and to the devilish malice of the steward, who eyed the prisoners with a smile of savage pleasure, and said to the mob, "Good people, take heed to your charge. I see fuel there for the fire!"

About noon they marched in triumph into the village. The ignorant inhabitants, spurred on by their bigoted leaders, came crowding out in eagerness, and the village musicians with the church banners, met them as for a festival, and piped into the hamlet before them. They were conveyed to the alehouse, and the crowd thronged around it like bees at swarming-time about the hive, and with as loud a buzz. Jack saw that every soul, except the secret adherents to the new faith, had so completely deserted every place to flock hither, that he walked openly up the way to the Hall, and entered it without opposition.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SURPRISE AND SKIRMISH AT COCK-CLIFF HILL.

In the Hall were nothing but sorrow and consternation. The old Knight was disconsolate. Messengers had been dispatched to rouse the friends of the Lollards, who were to draw to a place at the foot of a hill called Cock-cliff Hill. Here the old men met, and viewed the road to the town, and the woods beyond growing thick up to the very bounds of the road, offered a good place for an ambush, Andrew, himself, as well as the other servants, had armed for
The opportunity had been seized, of the escaping of the captive sentinels to see the captives, to send a quantity of halberds and other arms, in a cart-load of straw, to the place of rendezvous. But soldiers were sent for from the town, and a bloody struggle was expected. Jack and the servants set out. They took a circuitous way, and on reaching the place of rendezvous, found about forty people already arrived, most of them full of ardour. Others, every few minutes came dropping in. They divvied themselves into two parties, one occupying the wood on each side of the road. Hours went on, and neither soldiers arrived from the town, nor the people from the village. It was already growing dark, when a young man joined them with the news, that as by some mischance the soldiers did not arrive, the steward and his crew had resolved to set out, hoping to meet the military on the way.

All was now the keenest watchfulness and attention. The two parties lay close in the thick underwood, keeping a quick ear to catch the farthest sound. Approaching them in length they heard a clamour of voices, and the tread of many disorderly feet. The party came on the road from the village, and in a few minutes were in sight. First came the musicians, who, however, were now sparing their breath till they should meet the soldiers. After the fiddling, or rather, they were, by way of relaxation, expending it in a different mode, for their tongues were going as loud as those of the rest. Next, guarded on each side by a set of fellows with rude partizans on their shoulders, came the two prisoners bound, and seated in a cart. When they had reached the water, where was only a narrow plank for foot passengers, the driver of the cart seated himself on the shaft, and the people began to deflate over the plank. When, therefore, the cart reached the side on which the ambush lay, very few of its guards had come up with it, for a number of the people had crowded upon the bridge before them. No sooner, then, was the cart over, than the hidden parties sprang silently forward on each side of it; the horses, suddenly lashed by them on both flanks, started forward at a brisk rate, and the friends of the Lollards, with glittering swords and halberds, stood between them and their pursuers.

The confusion was inconceivable. The guards, with their partizans, made a show of resistance; but the people, who had come in idle curiosity, raised a most lamentable cry at this unexpected sight of so many armed men. Those who had got over, attempted to fly into the woods; but here they were resisted by the numbers, still sword in hand, pouring out of ambush, and they again flew backwards, not staying to take the plank, but plashing through the stream like so many sculling geese, and with as much clamour. Amongst these were the poor musicians, who, in the fright, let fall their pipes, and played a rapid march with their legs. The steward, rushing forward, cried, On there, men on! Strike down the knaves! Spare none. Strive! strike! He himself laid about him with his stent stick, and the men with the partizans began to follow his example; but when they saw the numbers and the vigour of those who appeared against them, and felt a few of their rusty blows, they turned tail. The rest of the party made a hot pursuit, striking, however, only with the flat of their swords and the shafts of their halberds, so as to do no mortal injury, and yet to inflict a severe chastisement. The surprised crowd made the most ludicrous spectacle imaginable. In their precipitation, they tumbled over one another; some were rolled into the ditches, some had their clothes nearly torn off their backs by their terrified fellows clutching at them to help them along, and some, struck dumb with terror and madness by his disappointment, made a fierce resistance, fighting with his stick, and laying about him on all heads that came near him indiscriminately. But as there were many who owed him an old grudge, he was soon struck from his horse, which took to flight in the rear of the villagers, and knocked down and bruised several of them severely before it bolted off the road and disappeared in the forest. The steward himself, having got a good sound drubbing from hands that felt the greatest satisfaction in work, was dragged through the stream, and rolled into a ditch on the other side. The pursuers again dispersed through the woods; the routed rabble pursued their flight towards the village; and in the midst of the night they passed a silent valley over the stream and the valley as great as if no such bustle had taken place there.

In the mean time, the prisoners had been liberated, and conveyed to a place of safety and refreshment. Scarcely was the cart over the water, when Jack and the steward came on the scene, and gave a slight word to the bystanders, and on the horses, proceeded at a great rate till they came to a narrow side-lane. Here turning in the cart, he bade his friends dismount, and taking the horses from the shafts, left the cart in the middle of the way, to stop any hasty pursuit. The horses led to a considerable distance, and then turned them adrift in a meadow. He and his friends hastened forwards till they came to a cottage standing in a very hidden and woody place. They knocked at the door, which was opened by a middle-aged woman, who lifted up her hands in joyful surprise at the sight of the Lollards. Her husband was gone to the rescue, and Jack assured her that it was all over before this time. He begged her to get some refreshment for his friends, who were greatly in need of it, and who must this night yet travel on farther from this neighbourhood. While they were eating and blessing God for this deliverance, came the husband himself. He was in high spirits, and described the flight and the grubbing and sounding of the steward in terms of great glee. Jack could not help laughing right heartily; and even Hempage, though sorely exhausted with fatigue and excitement of spirits, gave a faint smile. Another hour, and they were back in the Lollards. It was a sorrowful separation. Jack would fain have gone on with them; but they represented the danger of the three being seen together, and the need the Knight would have of him. After embracing again and again, they bade each other farewell, hoping to meet in better days; and the Lollards promised to write as soon as they came to a place of rest and security.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS, AMONGST WHOM THE FALSE STEWARD AND THE SOLDIERS FIGURE PRE-EMINENTLY.

When Jack returned to the place of the late encounter, he could not help pausing and were
daring at the strange contrast of its present soli-
tude. As he ascended to the chafed sill of the
bridge, however, he thought he heard a groan.
He listened. Perhaps, though he, is some
poor wretch wounded, and perhaps dying. He
listened more intently,—he heard it again. Fol-
lowing the direction of the sound, and drawing
quickly along the green margin of the shady
figure sitting on the bank by the wayside. Anoth-
er glance convinced him that it was the steward.
Jack then cautiously drew back; stepped into
the woodland; and then again cautiously ap-
proaching, placed himself behind the bole of a
large oak, not more than two yards from the
steward. Here he soon perceived that he was
groaning more over his inward mortification and
wounded pride, than over his bodily bruises.
His wounds, indeed, were in the very tenderest
part of a proud man's being. He sat and
rocked to and fro; smote his hand on his knee,
and then cursed the soldiers that had not come
to prevent this catastrophe. "And they are
gone!" said he, "the heretics are escaped!—that
of which I disapproved. I am disgraced before
the whole country, and reviled. There are
those who shall rue it yet!" Here he began to
utter verse of vengeance against the Knight,
and rendering a stave from the hedge, commenced
marching stilly and slowly on his way.
Jack was so much disgusted with the base
and fiendish malice of the man, that he deter-
mined he should not escape without a further
punishment. Hastening back, therefore, to where
the cart stood in the side-lane, he brought away
the chain back-band of the shaft-horse, and run-
ning with all speed, he soon came near the
trench, who from his chastisement was in no
condition to move fast. He crept through into
the wood, and when he was parallel with the
steward, he gently shook the chain. The stew-
ard stopped, listened,—and again went on.
Once more Jack shook the chain, and once
more the steward stopped. Hearing nothing
further, he again walked on, but this time with
increased exhoration. Jack now stole across the
road just behind him, having the chain round
his body, and entered the field and turned the
side. Coming parallel again with the steward,
once more he shook the chain, and began to trail
it along the ground. The astonished man, after
listening a moment, hastened across to the hedge,
and holding the cross, began to cry, "By my
love, with eyes which betrayed as much terror as
eriosity. But Jack had withdrawn himself into
a thick bush, and he could discern nothing.
Scarce, however, had he regained the middle
of the road, when the rattling of the chain was
again heard, and thus it continued, first on one
side of the way, and then on the other, for the
distance of half a mile. The poor wretch was
now wrought up to a pitch of great excitement.
At one moment he put out all his strength to
press forward; then he stopped, and seemed as
if he would retreat, and then he pushed forward
again.
Jack now determined, if possible, to put a cli-
max to his fear. It was yet a mile and a half
to the village, and would require a good while
for the steward to reach it; dropping, therefore,
the chain, he ran on at his best speed; reached
the Mill, and carrying off in a peat a curious
substance, which the Lollards had taught him
to prepare, as well as his tinderbox and a piece
of old oaken bucket, he was back to the cubble road.
At a few hundred yards from the village was a
gate across the way to prevent the cattle stray-
ing along it. The road here was densely over-
shadowed with huge lime trees, whose lower
branches hung almost across it, at a height
scarcely more than was necessary for a load of
hay or corn to pass under. Here Jack mount-
ed a tree, and planting himself on the bough jut-
ing over the road, he turned the body of the
steward. To his surprise he heard a horseman approach, and as it was at a slow
rate, he imagined that some one had overtaken
the steward, and was suitting his pace to bear
him company. In that case his plan was de-
feated, for it, although 'cowardly and superstitious people are alone, how they pluck
up courage, and seem to open their eyes and
their wits too, when they are two or more to-
gether. But his astonishment was great as the
horseman drew near, to behold that it was no
other than the steward himself, and mounted on
his own steed. The horse, no doubt, had found
his way again to the high road, and was grazing
there when overtaken by his master, and the
steward's soreness was sufficient cause, that
spite of his tears, he now found it necessary to
ride slowly.
Jack on seeing him lost no time. He hastily
smearied his face and hands with his drg, giving
various flourishes of it also to his clothes
in front, and fixed his already-lighted touch-
wood between his teeth. As the steward came
up, and was in the act of stooping to pull open
the gate, he gave an odd sort of growling sound
in the tree. The steward looked up, and seeing
an impish figure perched on the branch above
him, which seemed breathing fire, and moreo-
ver, was enveloped with blue flame, he sate as
one stupefied. Jack, leaping forward and
grinning, said in a low, sepulchral tone, "Who
robbed his master?"
With this act he dropped like a bat from the
tree, and was seated behind the terrified man
on the horse. Horse and man seemed equally
terified. The steward uttered a loud yell of
fear; the horse flew forward, snorting and bound-
ing; the imp stuck behind, silent as death; and
thus darted horse and man up at full speed through
the village street. When the steward reached the alehouse, he fell from his horse at
the door, and was picked up and carried to bed.
He himself gave no account of what had hap-
pened to him, but was known by all as a
man who looked out as the horse darted past, declared that
they had seen the foul fiend riding behind him,
and nothing could make them say otherwise to
the day of their death.
The rumour of these affairs caused, however,
no little consternation in the county. The res-
cue of the Lollards by force and arms shewed
that there was a strong party of their adherents
in that neighbourhood. The Knight's servants
were openly declared to have been concerned
in it. He himself was questioned by officers
sent for the purpose, refused to give any answer;
and it was thought that the Knight would be
arrested and carried to London. Yet, contrary
to general expectation, he was not. Parties of
soldiers searched the country, and made nightly
visits to houses suspected of favoring, and
probably harbouring, the rescued Lollards, or
the now notorious Jack-of-the-Mill, or, as called
by others, John-of-the-Mill, and by some John
Othmull, whose deeds and strange acts and in-
génious stratagems were talked of far and wide,
and in distant shires magnified and metamor-
phosed into shapes and colours most extraordinary. With some, he was a double-jointed miller, who was as broad as he was long; could carry his own mill on his back, trundle a mill wheel, and, with his hands, make him a bed. But his best trick was to known to take a trooper and house and chuck them together over a wall into a well. With others, he was as slim and as little as a girl of six years old, but had the strength of a giant, and could spring up trees and over fences far beyond any moonstretcher. He was in league with Satan, and also with the Lollards. He had been sent for by the old Knight out of Turkev, and was kept by him to uphold Lollardism. At some time he was in the Hall, and in an hour after in London. He had shook down a tower on the Knight's stewart; had rescued a whole cart-load of Lollards from a troop of soldiers, by carrying them off and cart and cart, and all. Heavens knew how—the cart being found stuck in a bog, and the horses loose on a moor a hundred miles off! Such were the extravagant stories manufactured out of Jack's simple exploits; and in London, ballads full of these wonders were sung about the streets, of the awful John-of-the-Mill. It was said that this villain had killed the whole John-of-the-Mill, nor the Lollards; the latter worthy divines, indeed, as both Jack and the Knight knew, were safely housed in a distant city.

In one of their nocturnal expeditions, the soldiers, however, had the luck to meet with Sam Mack, the miller's boy of Burnby Mill. They asked him where he came from? If he had seen these Lollards who were so much talked of? He said, "Yes, he had seen 'em often. He'd heard 'em preach, and hoped to hear 'em again." The soldiers thought they had got hold of a right subject. They asked him if he had seen them lately? He said, "Yes," How long ago?—He couldn't tell. Was it before the rescue, or after?—"Oh! after; some time after." They then asked him if he could tell them where they were now? He said, "Yes, he could; he knew very well."

"Then, my boy," said they, "you must tell us."

"Nay," said he, "I shan't. That's what my master says I never must tell to nobody."

"Mount your horse, and shew us the way," said the officer. "Then he mounted one, and was as much surprised when he found him in the king's name, I charge you to tell me; and if you don't, here you shall die."

With that he drew his sword, and Sim appearing to be very much frightened, begged they would not kill him, and he would tell them; but they never desisted. They promised this. Then said he, "Some say they're here, and some there; but I say if you find them anywhere hereabouts, it'll be in that vault under Scathope Tower."

"And where are they seen before?" Sim nodded knowingly.

"Mount, young Thrifty, and shew us the way," said the officer. They clapped the lad behind a trooper, who rode on first. Sim led them through woods, and along some dreadfully deep roads, till the officer said, "Where are you leading us? This seems a very long way!"

"To the Tower," said the lad. "Isn't it there you want to go?"

Presently they came to the foot of the hills. "There," said the lad, "the Tower is just above; but it is so dark you can't see it. And here is a gate you must go through; if it closes, they are sure to hear it, if they are there."

Jack slipped down, and set open the gate, holding it for them all to pass through. Scarcely had they got through, however, before there was a confusion heard before, and a cry of "What's this? This is no road! Where is the lad?"

"What is this?" said the trooper, taking up the cry, and turning to where the lad had stood, but no lad was there! To his astonishment he had vanished, he could not tell where. He rode back through the gate, looked here and there, dismounted, peered under the bushes; but nothing was to be seen. Hastily remounting, he peered over the hedge, leaped the fence into the field, galloped here and there—not a trace of the lad was to be caught. As hastily he rode back to the troop; there all was disorder, a score of voices calling for the boy and the trooper. When he came up, and informed the officer that the boy had vanished, "Villain!" he said, "you shall answer for his escape. Here is no tower, no road; but an old stone quarry, half full of water. It is a wonder that we have not broken our necks, and are not all drowned together."

The soldiers, left in the now fast closing darkness in this wild spot, found it no easy matter to find their way back. They tried first one direction and then another. One way led them again into old and very extensively gravel-pits, another into a great morass. In the dark woods through which they attempted to retrace the way, their horses floundered and fell: they lost their way, and were compelled to dismount and lead their steeds, every moment expecting to plunge into pits or ditches; at one time up to the knees in water, at another completely entangled in a labyrinth of thickets. The greater part of the night, wet and hot, weary and covered with mud, did they thus plunge and grope about in this wild country; cursing heartily the Miller's mischievous cub, and ever and anon shouting with might and main to make some one hear. Escaping at length from the woods, it was only to find themselves in the midst of deep ploughed lands, out of which there appeared no outlet, except by crossing stagnant dykes. Here, as morning dawned, they were descried by a ploughman, a wretched spectator of men and horses, covered with mire, and haggard with weariness and vexation. Nor was that vexation at all diminished by learning that the boy had really led them to the foot of the hill on which Scathope Tower stood, but on a side from which it was totally inaccessible; that he had led them some miles round, through the worst roads in the country, and left them in their wretched plight not three furongs from the village!

The soldiers came in for a full share of the ridicule which had fallen on the ghost-watchers. The tale flew round the country; but nobody was more surprised than the old Miller of Burnby Mill, who declared that he had never had this Sim Mack in his service in his life, nor did he know him at all!

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KNIGHT DELIVERS JACK AN ADMIRABLE TREATISE ON CONTENTMENT WITH OUR LOT, AND RELATES TO HIM HIS OWN STORY.

Two quest and the molestation in the neighbourhood of the old Knight now gradually ceased. People were pretty well convinced that the two celebrated Lollard leaders were no longer there; and that, moreover, there was a large
and formidable party belonging to their faith in that quarter, with whom it was as well, perhaps, to be at peace. The old Knight lived quietly; and, by the advice of Jack, had appointed a new steward and factor in his stead; and the prime of his life, who soon put his farms into good hands, and produced a very salutary change in the amount of his income. Jack and he, by the loss of their two old friends, and by the zeal and activity which Jack had shewn in his stead, were drawn into a closer confidence and intimacy; and on one occasion, when Jack was lamenting that Nature had, in her vagaries, thought fit to bestow on him so small and plain an exterior, or he might, through his natural activity and the arts and knowledge which by his favour he had acquired, have done great service to religion and mankind—the old Knight addressed him as follows:

"My son, I wish with all my heart that you were as handsome as Antinous, and as great and strong as any of the heroes of old, if it would contribute to your happiness and to your powers; but neither of these consequences being certain, endeavour to be submissive to the decrees of Providence, and be content with being what you are. You have already done good service to the cause of God. Thousands and tens of thousands go through the whole of their lives without being able or willing to do so much. Thousands and tens of thousands live long lives with little more light, and little more desire to advance the interests of the great human brotherhood, than the ox which ploughs the glebe, or the badger that barks in the mouth of his sandy den. To eat, and drink, and sleep, content millions; nay, millions are not allowed to do this as they please, but as imperious masters of their lives and fortunes please. Some swelter in mines; and some in armies, that suffer in huge marches, frosts, and watchings, only for the vain-glory of some king, who, had he what he wishes for, need not employ and compel these wretched labourers.

"How much better off then are you than any of these, even the king of them, for we see he has not what he wishes; or of those who spend their lives on weary beds, or in more weary prisons; or chained in dungeons, or racked with pain, or plagued with madness. You have health, uncommon vigour, and powers of mind which may lead to extreme usefulness, and to the fruit of it, lasting, sweet, holy satisfaction.

"I grant, that to self-love it is more agreeable to be an object of general admiration for our personal graces; but what are so apt as graces and admiration to pervert their possessors, and defeat the very object for which they are given! Therefore, I am persuaded that Providence, like a wise and prudent contriver, often places his greatest gifts in the most ordinary vessels, that they may escape molestation. A lamp of red earth may shine on and give light long and far, and in most essential needs, where one of gold would be snatched away, or one of curious workmanship be handled, and admired, and let fall.

"And as for you, why I see no cause of discontent at all. You are not so tall as to be sure; you are not young, and not yet by several years at full growth. To my thinking, you are considerably taller than when you came there, and, for ought I see, may yet be of the middle height; and how many of the greatest kings and heroes have been no more.

"I confess to you, that when I first saw you, there was something quaint and old-fashioned in your aspect, but, if you have not how I am, I see nothing of it now; and I protest to you, that there is no face that I see anywhere that pleases me more. Perhaps it is, that where there is a noble soul, it looks through its mortal tenement so clearly that every day we see more of it, and less of that which contains it; or, perhaps it is the austerity and beauty of him, and the fine spirits with whom you have consorted, and the grand and beautiful imagery that has filled your whole mind, may have operated that wonderful change, which they often do."

"Jack, whose heart was deeply touched by these remarks of his noble patron, knelt and kissed his hand; but the old gentleman said,

"'Nay, sit there, and I will open a few pages connected with my life, which may make you more contented with your own, and may enable you to consult with me on an object very dear to me.'

"'How much less have you cause to complain of than I have. Your complaints are not against yourself; your just desires may yet all be fulfilled; but I look back with sorrow to my own course, and feel that mine never can. And yet, I had in my youth all that you pine for: wealth, rank, education, ancestral honour, and a position of which, though it becomes me not to praise myself, procured me at court high favour and many flattering attentions. Yet with all these, what have I done! My family peace has been wrecked; in my old age I live solitary, the ghost of my former self; and I look back to opportunities lost of rendering great service to my fellow-creatures, who cast their reproaches at me, when I have sorrows enough without them.

"But in my youth my mind was directed by my guardians and advisers to courtly distinction; to raise my fortunes; to add to the family honours. My parents died young. I was left with one only brother, two years younger than myself; and I was early put in possession of wealth. I desired not only to raise myself, but to fix my name also in a place of its birth. My brother devoted himself to the church; and it was my object by frequenting the court to create an interest there both for myself and for him. My reception there was brilliant and flattering. The monarch shewed me the highest marks of favour; and amongst the young nobles I was welcomed and caressed in a manner that was enough to create no little vanity, and to excite to folly, heads and hearts much stronger than mine. With the fair ornaments of the court I won not less regard. In all schemes of amusement I was consulted, and in the hour of social divertissement I found myself listened to with the most evident satisfaction. In jousting, hunting, in sword-play, in dancing, and courtly carriage, I was soon pronounced perfect, and bore away the honours, which are particularly intoxicating to a young man. A spirit of rivalry sprang up amongst the young nobility which should outshine his fellows in trains of attendants, in the richness of their liveries, in splendid suits of armour, in noble steeds, and in the wealth of jewellery
with which, on occasions of court state, to appear in the brilliant circles. Many of those whose estates would one day more than treble mine, were not able to compete with me, who was in present possession of a vast revenue. In costume, arms, in beautiful horses, in suits of silk and satin of the most superb colours, and splendour with the most precious stones, I expended vast sums. My house was best with Jews and Eastern merchants; and whatever was imported was new and curious, came first to me. I was determined, in my turn, to make a display, to which artists of all kinds were invited, to give the greatest fitness and grace to all the preparations. The noblest and the loveliest of the land met here; and for ten days, in tourneying, hunting, and dancing, in various shows and quaint devices, my house and gardens—in which latter was a pavilion with a band of the richest music, the woods with temporary hermitages, and satyrs, giants, and dragons inhabiting various solitary parts—and, in short, my whole estate, was turned into an enchanted region. So much indeed did the goodness of the place, in the midst of a waste and waste and blankness and barrenness, please me, that I could not master. I asked myself whether I had not cause of pride and gratulation! Whether I could hope to see a more beautiful or more accomplished creature! But my heart did not make any answer to these queries. In all my galas, I had looked forward to a time when, with a congenial soul, I should retire to my paternal estate, and enjoy that repose which a course of excitement is sure to beget in sensible spirits. I had never lost the presence of a feeling, that man is made for something beyond more purposes of show and gallantry, and that to promote the happiness of those whom Providence has placed under your charge, is a high and holy duty. I was sensible that I had made enormous demands on my estate; and as this alliance would bring me into close connexion with a proud and great house, I felt alarm at the state and expense that would be consequently perpetual. I now first began to consider whether I had any grounds to expect that my bride elect had any one quality which promised me real happiness; and I was forced to confess that, beyond her wit and cleverness in all matters of gaiety, I really knew nothing of her heart and mind.

"But it was too late to repent. The alliance was accepted by her family; to draw off would at once expose me to the unmitigated resentment of the king, and of her powerful relatives, which could end in nothing but banishment or death. The marriage was soon celebrated, and with great splendour; and in the gaieties of the first month of our wedded life, the engaging and acquiescing disposition of my wife made me rejoicingly hope that I had only entertained very unworthy fears. We visited in succession the halls and courts of my family; and accompanied, in the exercise of the honour and cordiality with which we were entertained, were highly agreeable. Finally, we proceeded to this place. Here matters were not so much to my satisfaction. On entering with my steward into the state of my affairs, I was astonished at the condition into which my extravaunting conduct had driven me. The peremptory orders from time to time for money, especially while abroad, and when my steward

"Seemed fairly turned with this enchantress, but though very young and fond of admiration, she seemed to feel no real preference for any, except so far as the attentions of the most noble and accomplished courtier. In my power, my love, and my distincion to her above her fellows. To all she displayed the most winning courtesy, and was the soul of all the gaieties and pages of the court. The youth vied more in splendour and expense. She had an inexhaustible invention in schemes of pleasure, into which all fell with avidity; and the brilliancy of her wit, and the grace of the tribe of her accomplishments, were the theme of general wonder. To secure her favour became the great subject of rivalry, and as I had borne off the crown on so many occasions, I vainly resolved to attempt it here. The king seconded my purpose, as soon as it became known, and to my surprise I found my proposals at once accepted, and with joy."

"I know not how I might carry outwardly the show of my triumph, but inwardly, instead of the rapture which ought to be the result of a success of that kind, I felt a sort of shock. A blank blankness of bliss and emoluments, pleasure, and peace. I could not master. I asked myself whether I had not cause of pride and gratulation! Whether I could hope to see a more beautiful or more accomplished creature! But my heart did not make any answer to these queries. In all my gaieties I had looked forward to a time when, with a congenial soul, I should retire to my paternal estate, and enjoy that repose which a course of excitement is sure to beget in sensible spirits. I had never lost the presence of a feeling, that man is made for something beyond more purposes of show and gallantry, and that to promote the happiness of those whom Providence has placed under your charge, is a high and holy duty. I was sensible that I had made enormous demands on my estate; and as this alliance would bring me into close connexion with a proud and great house, I felt alarm at the state and expense that would be consequently perpetual. I now first began to consider whether I had any grounds to expect that my bride elect had any one quality which promised me real happiness; and I was forced to confess that, beyond her wit and cleverness in all matters of gaiety, I really knew nothing of her heart and mind."

"But it was too late to repent. The alliance was accepted by her family; to draw off would at once expose me to the unmitigated resentment of the king, and of her powerful relatives, which could end in nothing but banishment or death. The marriage was soon celebrated, and with great splendour; and in the gaieties of the first month of our wedded life, the engaging and acquiescing disposition of my wife made me rejoicingly hope that I had only entertained very unworthy fears. We visited in succession the halls and courts of my family; and accompanied, in the exercise of the honour and cordiality with which we were entertained, were highly agreeable. Finally, we proceeded to this place. Here matters were not so much to my satisfaction. On entering with my steward into the state of my affairs, I was astonished at the condition into which my extravaunting conduct had driven me. The peremptory orders from time to time for money, especially while abroad, and when my steward
had written that my annual rents were already consumed, I had told him not to trouble me with such messages, but to raise cash till the fresh rents were due. In consequence, I found that he had been obliged to resort to the Jews; to procure money at most exorbitant interest; and I had not dared to meet the estate that would take years to work off. My wife, though she had brought me a powerful connection, had brought but little fortune. To return to court appeared, therefore, the height of folly, and it now remained to be seen how far her affection for me would reconcile her to the idea of abandoning the scene of her flatteries, and of leading a sober country life.

"The care which had seized on my heart with an iron grip, had thrown a natural cloud upon my brow. She herself had conceived a horror of this place, which now was so still and so different to what it had been in the dissipation and riot of the tournament. She at once conceived that it was this which similarly affected me, and said, 'Let us fly from the barren desert, fit only for the residence of the Elewana who till the ground, and the cattle which graze. We will find in the bosom of a city, all that is delightful, and return to the country, to the dear court—oh! it will be like returning to the regions of the sun again!'

"As she said this, she clasped her hands in an exstasy of anticipated delight, and added, 'This very day we will set out!" She was flying off to give instant orders for this joyful escape, when I seized her hand, and begging her to sit down a moment, opened to her the real state of affairs. Instead, however, of being struck with sobriety and filled with a sad thoughtfulness, when I had concluded, 'Is that all!' she exclaimed. 'What young man of rank and figure has not in his youth incurred the same trifling difficulties!—but that is only another reason why we should fly hence, and back to the court! The court! the court! is the place to push one's fortune, and fill the hollows made by the necessary outlay for young men who are determined to make their mark! You cannot make more out of your acres by all your cares and petty cumbors. But there you have a nation for your farm, and a people to fill your purse. That is the true gold mine—a nation's wealth, and a monarch's favour to turn it into your purse. The monarch's favour you have; my family will not be wanting in the exercise of the necessary influence, and all will be speedily as well as it need be.'

"Once more, therefore, we found ourselves in the bright circle of court life. My wife was more gay, more beautiful, and more admired than ever. We had a large and expensive establishment; but, to my horror, the promised sources of wealth did not so soon open. The King, who was growing indolent, was becoming every day more careless of his affairs. Offices of emolument, which, as they were offices of great trust, had been usually given to grave and experienced men, now fell into the grasp of servile favourites. To the young and more patriotic were consigned posts of active exertion and pageantry, which rather added to expenditure than brought in wealth. I became every day more sickened with writing, as agony of imagination. In my wife, I found, to my chagrin, no participation in my anxiety. She still shone in the front of pleasure and fashion. My house was crowded with visitors; and when I represented in private, the only answer was, 'Wait! have patience, man; all will come in time.'

"Things, however, were now come to a pitch when these delaying years were no longer. At every turn I was met by demands of instant payment, and by Jews, who, knowing my difficulties, were trying to lay me under the most tremendous obligations. I determined to retreat to my estate, and gave my wife notice of it accordingly. I wish I could for ever banish from my memory the scene which succeeded, and many that followed upon it. It had never entered my imagination, in the gay and thoughtless life I had led, into what a frightful creature unspeakable passions could metamorphose a lovely and gay woman. When I persisted in my firm resolve for a speedy departure to country life, she rose silently from the chair whereon she was sitting opposite to me. It was as if, at that moment, another and an internal spirit had taken possession of her. That lovely roseate bloom which mantled over her cheek, with the life that radiated a little light in its pallor; her eyes flashed with a desolate light; and standing rigid and motionless with passion, she said, in a low, hollow voice, 'What! will you hurry me alive in that hateful wilderness? Was it for that I married you? No! she exclaimed, coming forwards, and standing wild and expanded, as it were, with excitement; 'kill me; but never will I consent to banish myself thither!'

"Over the outrageous storm of passion which then, like a tornado, broke loose, and over many a future miserable hour, let me draw the veil which is due to a wife and the dead. From that hour my peace was destroyed. Imperative necessity compelled me to be firm; and that imperious haughtiness and obstinacy of soul which circumstances thus brought to light in my wife, called in all the impertinencies of heart. Here the picture can your form and actions do! You cannot make more out of your acres by all your cares and petty cumbors. But there! you have a nation for your farm, and a people to fill your purse. That is the true gold mine—a nation's wealth, and a monarch's favour to turn it into your purse. The monarch's favour you have; my family will not be wanting in the exercise of the necessary influence, and all will be speedily as well as it need be.'

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be removed from me. I, therefore, retired with them, engaging two learned men, who privately held my own sentiments, and discoursed to me the wisdom of not involving my family in my affairs. I applied to my brother, now in possession of a wealthy see, for a loan to rid me of the importunities and extortions of Jews. It was granted; but, to my surprise and mortification, with a gravity of advice that I had not expected from one for whom I had done so much.

"In those unhappy years were born to us a son and daughter. That which should have been a source of union and confidence became only of further strife and anxiety. Their mother wished to form them on her model—I on mine. To give them the advantages of education, I again lived in the capital; and it was here that now the top-stone was put to my misery. Great was the public noise and rumour of the Lollards. Their increase, their meetings, the schemes and plots attributed to them, were everywhere heard of. They were pursued, captured, beaten, brought to trial, and to the stake. Men of high station were more than suspected of holding their principles, and securing them from pursuit. I was anxious to see something of them. I attended the trials of some of them, and was struck, not only with the most boldness of their demeur, but with the doctrines they advanced. I applied to one of illustrious rank, and by him was that Bible put into my hands which I now possess. From the study of this divine volume I rose up in heart and soul a new man. All those dim perceptions and deep feelings of duty which had ever clung to me were now clarified and confirmed. I resolved henceforth to live for mankind, and to spread the truth with all my power. But it was not long before my wife, who had a sort of instinctive quickness of penetration, and to brand my children and herself with the shame of contamination with the desperate doctrines of this detested and despised people! In the agony of her shame and fear, she brought all her alarmed relatives upon me. She flew to my brother the bishop, and startled him with an instant visit of trepidation and horror. I did not deny that I had read the Bible for myself, and that what I had found there I heartily and with all my soul believed. My brother, who now was grown a most grave and solemn man, adding to all the height and pride of his ancestral bias that of his spiritual and elevated station, seemed no longer the same being with whom I had shared the light and laughing hours of boyhood, and the gay frolics and generous exercise of youth. He argued, upbraided, and, as he saw my firmness, threatened with all the stern and sanctified fire of his order. No longer he was guided by the strictest dictates of his conscience; but his conscience had been moulded by his profession, now, except in matters of faith and the shape and tone of mine, and to him toleration seemed the crime of high treason against Heaven.

"By his advice, my children were sought to
demands made upon me for her expenditure. Many follies have been reported to me in her conduct; but I give them no credit, further than what belong to that love of pleasure, splendor, and display, which she was educated, and, I may almost say, born to. Towards her son, whom on several occasions she saw, she showed a lively affection. She seemed to gaze on him with pride, for he was in truth of a noble countenance and stature; and often with tears she besought him to return to the path of virtue. Her father, on the contrary, showed an aversion. She on one occasion told her that she hated her for her likeness to her father, and for the sanctified softness, as she termed it, of her look. The poor girl, than whom in truth a more gentle and loving heart never existed, was deeply wounded by this cruel circumstance, and in private shed many a bitter tear over it.

"Years went on. One day we heard that my wife was chosen the Queen of Beauty, at a tournament held at a castle not far distant from this place. That, admired by all for her undying grace and loveliness, with unabated gaiety and unbounded enjoyment through the whole noble throng assembled. The next came a flying messenger to inform us that, probably from a cold taken on the occasion, for it was late in the autumn, she now lay in a fearful sickness on her bed. We lost not a moment in speeding to the castle, little, however, hoping that she would admit us to her presence; but we were mistaken. We learned that she was every moment inquiring if we had arrived; and without delay we were called to her chamber.

"Let me spare myself the description of that harrowing scene. She lay in a burning and consuming fever. The voice of nature had now triumphed over the power of education and of disposition. She clasped us in succession to her heart; deplored the evils that had separated our lots, and blasted our affections. She exclaimed, 'O the lost years, that might have been such years of affection and felicity!' and prayed earnestly, even frantically, that she might be spared to live and die with us.

"But it was not granted. We removed not a moment from her bedside." Her daughter tended her with a love and unsaturying tenderness which seemed to melt her into remorse and astonishment. The leech gave no hope of recovery. We soothed and exhorted her to trust in the mercy of Christ for pardon and peace, and it seemed to fall on her like a balm from above. The fever departed; she sunk into a state of quiet, and on the third day expired as in a gentle sleep.

"A time of melancholy peace now succeeded; but the troubles of this world had not yet done with me. The son of my Lollard neighbour bowed down the composition of my children. An affection had sprung up between this youth and my daughter. The prospect of this alliance was favourable to both his parents and myself. The time was now come that my son and he should proceed to college to finish their education; and we selected one where we knew that we had professors favourable to our religious views. But scarcely had a year elapsed before a change was perceptible in this youth. He began to argue with my son against the reformed opinions. He associated chiefly with the most bigoted zealots of the college. From that open-hearted and generous warmth, which before distinguished him, seemed to have sprung, under the influence of new introduced notions, as it were a new leaven or fermentation of mind, which, as is the case in sweetest liquors, produced the sharpest acidity. He became hot, fiery, disputatious, and, eventually dogmatic and narrow. My son in sorrow withdrew gradually from his converse; but the worst effect was produced in his letters to my daughter. At first she was puzzled and astonished by their change of tone. Then, finding that her attempts gently to defend her opinions only brought the most violent and controversial replies, mingled with condemnation of the opinions of herself and friends, and exhortations to follow his example, and return to what he called the soundness of the faith, she dropped the attempt, and bitterly grieved over the disastrous change. Time only increased the evil. He upbraided her if she did not write often and advised her to be open and frank with him. He refused to read her letters to come out of what he called this creeping and cursed heresy. She now learned from his letters that he was become a professed of her uncle the bishop, who gave him the most brilliant promises of influence with the crown, if he chose to pursue his own career. At length wearied out, and seeing all prospect of future happiness destroyed, she resolved, cost her what it would, to resign her claims upon him, and close the correspondance, which was wearing out her life piece-meal. But to this he would not consent. He became desperate and furious. Letter after letter came, full of vows never to resign her, strongly mixed with reproaches and bitterness. Overwhelmed with trouble, she consulted me what she was to do; and, with the advice of his own father, it was resolved to receive no more of his communications. This seemed to put him beyond the sphere of reason. He accused my son of being the instigator of this course. When he met him, he openly and fiercely insulted him. He accused him before the heads of the college of heresy, and excited his companions to persecute him, and chase him from the school. My son, who is not naturally disposed to bear open insult from any one, yet pitying his feelings, and out of regard to the peace of his sister and of us all, avoided him, and treated him, when accidentally brought together, with a wonderful forbearance; but bearing suddenly laid him as he issued one night from a hostel with a troop of his fiery companions, then probably flushed with wine, and being at once assaulted by them, my son was compelled to defend himself, and in doing that, not only wounded several of the roisterers, but ran this unhappy man through the body.

"The news of this fatal occurrence was the death-blow to my daughter. Clasping her hands in a sudden agony, she fell senseless in my arms, and was carried to the bed from which she never rose again."
CHAPTER XX.

THE KNIGHT CONCLUDES HIS STORY. HE DELATES THAT OF THE DEFORMED SCULPTOR. JACK EXHIBITS FOR HAMBURG IN QUEST OF THE OLD KNIGHT'S SON.

The old Knight paused at the relation of his daughter's death, overcome by his feelings. At length resuming, in some degree, his composure, but in a tone of the deepest melancholy, he said:

"Judge now if any lot or condition of humanity can be more desolate than mine. My wife perishing at the moment that her eyes and heart were opened to a sense of true happiness; my beloved daughter, than whom there never moved on this earth a more loving and beautiful spirit, snatched from me by the violence of an apostate's passion; my son obliged to fly into a foreign land. I have now lived here these four years, a stripped and solitary man. My brother, who should have proved to me a comforter, as he is sole remnant beside myself of my paternal line, has continued to persecute me the more as I become more weak and forlorn. God forgive him, what he has perverted, but perhaps honest, feeling of duty, he has done to me; and this good he has also done, that he has not suffered me to be consumed, because he yet hopes that my son may return to the church in time to allow him to withdraw the interdict, and prevent the ancestral property, on my demise, falling to the crown; and with it the extinction of the ancestral name of which he is proud.

"But there is yet one passage which I will notice. You have seen my son, in the church, the monuments of my deceased wife and child, and like all who have gazed on them, have been struck with admiration of their heavenly beauty. They lie on a broad altar-tomb of richest workmanship—two effigies of pure snowly marble, so life-like that they seem not dead, but merely to sleep, and yet filled and overflowing with a sentiment of such divine grace and sweetness as belongs not to this world. Would you not, have you not believed, as you stood in silent wonder over them, that they must be the work and emanation of some noble sculptor, himself embodying in his own person, the rich and godlike form which he can so divinely bestow on others? Hear then, my son; they were chiseled by the hand of one who ranks lowest amongst the miserable shapes to which humanity is sometimes condemned.

"My mitred brother now builds from the rich revenues of his see, a noble church in the next town. In times when we yet met, he was in want of an able sculptor, to carve the finest work for his erection, and to chisel the images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the Apostles, in a style worthy of the fabric. In my sojourn in Italy, I had seen works in the studio of a celebrated sculptor which excited my wonder. I praised them as amongst his finest; but he told me they were not his, but those of one of his pupils. I begged to see this pupil. 'You will wonder,' said he, 'more when you see him than you now do. He took me into another room, where a sculptor was at work on a statue of noble.

'Signor,' said he, 'this English gentleman is a great admirer of your productions.'
send him to an hospital for the disabled poor.

Great, however, was his astonishment, when he heard the poor creature crave to be taken into his employ, if it were only to cut the roughest portion of the stone, so that he might be able to gaze daily on the divine works which he was executing.

"That," said the great sculptor, "I fear is impossible. But come in; you can, at least, sweep and carry out the chipped-off stone, and do other little things; and here you will certainly be secure from daily ill-treatment.

He had him washed, and whitewashed, and fed; and learning that he had been accustomed to handle a mallet and chisel, put them into his hand, and gave him a rough block of stone to reduce. The soul was awaked in this uncouth form. He soon gave such proofs of his capacity as astonished his master; and, when I was at Rome, had arrived at that degree of skill which so much pleased and surprised me. This man I recommended to the bishop. He has already worked some years on his church to universal admiration, and from his hand is this tomb.

The change which has been wrought in his own soul is not less wonderful. From one of the most vindictive of men, he is become one of the most forbearing and divine examples of Christian charity. He says that he has always found the greatest possessors of genius, the greatest possessors of a kind and generous spirit.

They are the mere clever men who are envious, carping, and contemptuous. Genius is an emanation of heaven, and cannot avoid bearing about it the air and spirit of its native region—something great, candid, and magnanimous. He looks on mankind in general as malicious, only because they are ignorant; and declares, that in no case has he avenged the injuries and indignities offered him by his fellow-workmen, or others of vulgar mind, except by occasionally carving the faces of these on the corbels of the church, where the likeness is too striking to be overlooked, and yet is combined with such an ugliness and with such grotesqueness as to fill them with the greatest wrath. 'My ugliness,' has he said, addressing them, 'will go to the grave with me, while my works will remain to testify that I was not without some comeliness of soul; but for you, you will go down to all generations in unmitigated deformity.' The punishment is severe, and not unmerited. They are laughed at by the whole parish, and every week only renews the remembrance of the jest.

The old Knight here paused; and, after a while, turned the conversation on his son. It was four years since he had quitted England, and had set out for Prague; where, in that most celebrated university, the doctrines of the Reformation were said to be spreading, and where he hoped to complete his education. His letters from time to time had given satisfactory intelligence of his progress and health, but for the last twelve months had totally ceased. This had filled his mind with the deepest uneasiness. His latter ones had spoken of many and fierce bickerings in Germany; and that a storm seemed hovering over Bohemia, which was not without its troubles. In this storm, it was possible that his son had become involved; had, perhaps, fallen one of its victims. Perhaps even now he lay in some dismal stronghold, if he even lived. 'Yet at times,' continued he, 'I flatter myself that it may be only the distracted state of Germany which prevents the arrival of letters or his return. My son, cast thou help me with thy blessing, to devise a means of arriving at the truth!'

Jack had often heard him speak of his son's absence, and of his anxiety about him, but till this moment he did not understand the extent of his sorrows; and now, without waiting a moment, he replied—'Yes, I can tell what must be done. I will myself set out and seek him.'

The old Knight, seizing Jack's hand, and bursting into tears, cried—"Nay, nay, my son, that cannot be. What am I to do without you! And what if you come also to some evil fate!"

Jack, however, continued, in his usual spirits, and spoke so cheerfully and confidentially of finding the young man, and of either returning with him, or of bringing good news, that at length the Knight gave him his consent and his blessing. Jack made the necessary preparations. He deemed it best to leave Mr. Ben and Thomas Conolly and equipping himself accordingly, make the journey on foot, or in such conveyances as might present themselves on the road. He trusted to join himself to companies of travelling merchants, and where it was thus secure, to supply himself with a horse. For all which needs, the Knight furnished him with ample funds. In a week from the day of this conversation, he was on his way to the distant port whence he was to sail over to Hamburg.

CHAPTER XXI

JACK EMBARKS FOR GERMANY; MEETS WITH AN OLD FRIEND ON THE VOYAGE, WHO INTRODUCES HIM TO MANY NEW FRIENDS IN HAMBURG. PREPARES FOR HIS GRAND EXPEDITION.

We now enter on a totally new career in the life of our hero. Our readers, as well as ourselves, must be very sensible that the queer and country lad, the Jack-of-the-Common, and the Jack-of-the Mill, has been gradually growing in dignity of character. From the day that he set out circumstances had conspired not only to change his fortunes, but even his name. At the moment that he was quitting his native country to explore new ones, in the service of his valued patron, his name and fame as John-o'-the-Mill, or now as common John in the Mill, read his; and the Lollard, resounded through every nook of the nation. In the palaces of the great, where the dread of Lollard insurrections reigned, and in the cottage, the farm, and the hostel, everywhere were recounted the singular and daring deeds of Othmull; and everywhere it was believed that did the Lollards take any bold stand against their persecutors, Othmull would be found the most formidable of their leaders. There was a feeling abroad of his alacrity, his speed, and almost of his ubiquity. Jack had felt it his duty to visit his parents before leaving the country, as he had often before sent them word of his well-being, accompanied by substantial tokens of his filial remembrance. Not a little was he then diverted to hear, by his native fireside, his father and mother begin and relate
the exploits of Othmull—called, said they, John-o'-the-Mill. Here he saw himself clothed out in such a shape, and with such strange and improbable deeds, that he could not forbear breaking out into immoderate laughter; which moke idea was so general that he had imbibed all the popular belief of John-o'-the-Mill, and were deceasing on the most sublime of his deeds. It was quite impossible to convince them that John-o'-the-Mill, and Othmull the Llollard, were no other than their own son. When Jack had come to the fisheries of estuary, and stripped it of all its adventitious marvels, the only result was, that this became quite another story to them, and might be Jack's story, but was not that of John-o'-the-Mill. This popular hero was fast engraven on their imaginations, and nothing, as we say, not least, could remove it. Yet when, after Jack's departure, with that inconsistency which springs out of the secret pride of human nature, Jack's mother once dropped a hint amongst her gossip that John-o'-the-Mill was dead, Jack asked if this was so, and whether he had actually taken his departure to the sea; and when he was told he had formerly gone as guide, and who had been so much pleased with him, as to entreat him to go along with them. Nothing could exceed the interest with which this worthy man listened to Othmull's history of his fortunes since that time, and the astonishment with which he regarded the improvement in his person and manners, and the knowledge which he had acquired. He was greatly amazed when he learned, that our and his quantum acquaintance; Jack, was actually that John-o'-the-Mill, of whom he had heard such wonderful stories in England. The good man was a merchant of Hamburg, who had connexions in the chief cities of all parts of Germany, and offered him letters to men of meritorious note and influence in such places as he might possibly visit, if he persisted in his enterprise. But he earnestly conjured him to abandon the idea of personally attempting what he represented to him as the most arduous and perilous undertaking, and to content himself with endeavouring to trace the fate of the youth by letters, which he engaged to forward for him, to the University of Prague, and to such persons there besides as would be able to unravel, if there was human possibility of it, the mystery of his fate. He informed him that Bohemia was torn to pieces with religious and political dissensions. The unfortunate king, Wenzel, had been deposed. His brother, the Emperor Sigismond, who was also king of Hungary, who had succeeded him, had voiding it was he, had been a safe-conduct to John Huss, the celebrated disciple of Wyckliffe, to the Council of Constance, before which he had been summoned, in consequence of which that great man had been burnt at the stake. His colleague, Jerome of Prague, had also suffered the same fate; and the Hussites, breaking forth under their irresistible leader Ziska, were carrying destruction everywhere on their enemies. In these commotions, the university of which Huss and Jerome were the chief teachers, had of course been closely involved. The students had risen with the people in fierce resentment. The Rath, or council house, in the city, had been burned by the mingled multitude of students and citizens; no less than fourteen of the councillors, who had insulently passed by some passing procession to the church, by flinging stones from the windows upon them, had been themselves
at least some delay and some preparations were
indispensable, before he could set out. In the
first place, no wagon-train would set out for
Hanover and Magdeburg, the first great cities
on his route, for some time. The roads were too
dreadful at this early season, from the winter
frost and snow, for them to make the journey in
safety. In the next place, though he had ac-
quired a tolerable facility of speaking Latin,
which would serve him with all the clergy and
people of the towns, he had some knowledge of
the German, which he had picked up in his
former acquaintance; yet it was absolutely ne-
cessary that he should render himself much
more conversant and familiar with the latter,
in order to pass with common safety amongst
the people. He must be able to understand them,
as well as to make himself understood. It was
not necessary that he should speak the language
with great grace and correctness, because, as in
almost every State the pronunciation varied, he
would in one only be thought to be a native of
another; but he must guard against being known
as an Englishman, lest he should be suspected
of bringing communications, and perhaps promis-
ges of aid to the Emperor, from the English
monarch, between whose family and some of the
Germans, particularly the Elector of Hanover,
there was a state of alliances, as there had been in former times,
especially with Austria and Bohemia.

Mr. Othmull saw the reasonableness of these
remarks. He had felt what a new and strange
world he was about to plunge into, as he rum-
bled about the busy streets of Hamburg, where
the language of the people fell on his ear, spite
of his having picked up some fragments of it
from the merchants, as an utter Babylonian jär-
goon. He determined to familiarise his ear to it
by a daily and constant listening to it, and at the
same time to study its construction diligently
under the guidance of the friendly merchant.
This good man also advised him to write to the
Knight to inform him of the necessity of his tar-
ning three months in this city, and to represent
the Knight how much it might tend to the suc-
cess of his enterprise if he could procure for him
a letter to the Emperor from the English kins,
praying that if the young man had fallen by any
youthful indiscretion into the hands of the gov-
rnment, the right of ransom be granted, and committed
to the safe-conduct of this messenger. The me-
chant undertook to forward Mr. Othmull's letter,
and to take measures for obtaining the answer
in time.

Mr. Othmull could not sufficiently thank his
friendly adviser for his wise and invaluable
suggestions; and assuring the worthy Knight that
no dangers or difficulties should induce him to
leave one stone unturned which might be neces-
sary for success, for fear of his search being
fruitless, he would die in the attempt rather than
return without a knowledge of what had become of his son,
and delivered his letter to the merchant, and then
fell at once to the study of the language, and the
condition of the country through which he had
to pass. The merchant and his family, which
consisted of the lady his wife, and of six sons
and daughters; some of whom were yet quite
children, but two of them, a son and daughter,
nearly at their growth—were all asonned at
the proceeding; but it seemed to be their long
ly instinct. They observed that what he once
comprehended, he never again forgot;
and every once made new acquisitions. Othmull
JACK OF THE MILL.

It was of plain but excellent workmanship, that it might not tempt to the great eyes of peculators; and was so contrived that it would occupy a sheath no longer than a dagger, and might on occasion pass for one; nay, it could be made on removing the lock, to screw into the stem of a walking-stick, and so pass only for its head; or it might be concealed in the pocket of a knapsack. The merchant also furnished Mr. Othmill with a quantity of powder and balls, with a mould to cast more of the latter, and a receipt to prepare his powder, if absolutely necessary, for himself; but in the most solemn and sacred purpose of producing this invaluable weapon except on urgent occasions, and to look upon it as a last resource, in imminent peril of life, which kings would justly be proud to possess, and every rapacious knight would eagerly undertake, if seen, to secure for his military part of this expedition. Othmill could not sufficiently thank his generous friend for all his kindness. The merchant then led him back to his family, where he found a company assembled to partake of a farewell dinner. Amongst these were some of the merchant's own children, who, as he said, were a greater care to him than his own sons, having been brought up on the way to Hanover and Magdeburg, and others as far as Leipzig; and in the cheerful sociality of the evening, a friendly feeling was thus established, which was to Mr. Othmill not the least of the benefits which the merchant had found the means of conferring on him. Othmill took an affectionate and grateful leave of this kind family and their friends at the breaking up of the party, and arose before the break of day to accompany the train, which was to set forward at earliest dawn. His friend, the merchant and his son, accompanied him to the place of rendezvous, where they found a great company of other citizens, men, women, and children, who had either goods of great value in the wagons, or who had relations amongst the merchant and his son, to whom the news of Othmill's departure had been transmitted. The train consisted of nine wagons, each drawn by eight horses, and accompanied by a troop of thirty stout and well-armed horsemen. The drivers and the merchants themselves also carried their arms, and in their morocco mailcoats were billets upon their correspondents in various cities, which, for greater security, he instructed him to secure between the leather and the lining of his box, so that on no occasion might he be left defenceless; and he desired him, when present, to himself the means of defence, of which he displayed to him the structure and use. Othmill regarded this with an astonishment and delight that may be readily conceived. Commerce had been discovered, and a rude species of cannon introduced into warfare, for three quarters of a century. A species of hand-guns, which were discharged by means of a piece of burning tow, called matchlocks, were now fast introducing among us; but this was a piece so small, that it could be carried in the belt, and discharged with one hand. Instead of the matchlock, it had also a very superior contrivance, called a wheel-lock. By means of a spring, at the moment that the trigger was pulled, a small steel wheel in the lock rapidly revolving struck fire upon a pin, instantly discerning, and gave an instantaneous discharge. This small and ingenious piece, called a pistol, was the workmanship of a friend of the merchant, an eminent mechanic at Nuremberg, and had been presented to him by the maker when ever he had, and various occasions had proved the most signal service.
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amusing and agreeable. It was altogether new and curious. The way lay over vast and sandy tracts, scattered here and there with woods of pine, many of them stunted and thin, and in some places having the whole surface of the ground covered with a thin growth of thistles, which gave a grey and strange aspect to them. At others, the waysides were glowing with the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, such as he had never seen in his own country; and he could not sufficiently satisfy himself with looking at the horses to the rear of one of the wagons, and gathering them as he walked along with some of the young merchants. At times a roe or a wild swine, roused from the thicket, afforded them a chase, when far from castles or villages, where they feared giving no offence to the lord of the country. At noon they would select some agreeable place by a fountain or stream, and giving their horses to feed under the care of men who attended the train as grooms, they seated themselves on the turf in groups and producing their provisions—of which they carried with them good store, for few hostel or hamlets lay on the way—they made fires, and ate in much merriment. On all these occasions, however, a guard stood ever on the watch, and their tents and baggage wagons were guarded by a sentry, who had the country been in a more disordered state.

Othmihl listened with eagerness to the stories which circulated of former adventures on such journeys: of attacks from robbers of both high and low degree; of the strange legends which attached to every old castle, and to many a forest spring and stream. Spirits and witches, wild huntsmen, and ancient kings leading an enchanted life in the vaults and ruins of decayed strongholds, where they had formerly done strange deeds, and where, in scenes of midnight splendour, they awaited the last judgment—were subjects of conversation by the evening fire, till Othmihl began to imagine that every dark tree was an apparition, and every rustle of a leaf was a robber.

At night, drawing all their wagons into a circle, into the centre of which, on the slightest alarm, they could drive their horses, they set a strong watch; and after supping in the circle, made their beds in the same. If it were wet, they cut poles, which they drove into the ground, and then covered them with one of these upright ones, threw across them canvass sheets, and thus formed speedy and convenient huts. As many as could, took up their quarters under the wagons; and thus they presented every evening the appearance of a small camp, of which their wagons formed their stronghold, or, as they termed it, their Wagonburg. If any danger were apprehended during the day, they quickly threw themselves into this form; and at night, an alarm from the watch, or the barking of the dogs, quickly roused them and took their stations behind their wall of wagons, and were ready, with crossbows and matchlocks, to pour a volley upon the foe, or to rally forth upon them.

Such was the manner in which the adventurous merchants of those days were obliged, in that country, to carry on their traffic; and custom had made it tolerable to them. Nay, there were always found adventurous spirits who preferred this kind of life to the securer but more menial business of commerce in cities. These themselves, however, as far as possible, they entered into engagements with the princes of the different states through which they passed, to furnish them with a guard for an annual payment. This guard, therefore, accompanied them from one boundary or state to the other, and giving them into the charge of the guard of the next state, then received again on the same condition, furnished them with conductors; for it was the interest of all parties that their goods should circulate. Still the poor merchants were often dreadfully plundered and abused by robber-bands and robber-knights, who set all laws at defiance; and trusting too much on the strength of their castles, retreated thither with their booty.

Othmihl soon began almost to wish for an attack, for the progress was so slow, that it became wearisome to his active spirit, and to his impatience to reach the end of his journey. The roads were deep with loose sand, or through the muddy soil of richer lands. Wearily and heavily paced along the wagons; one long day was like another; and at this rate there seemed as though there would come no end. Glad was he when the weather reached fair, and receiving a fresh guard, set forward on the way to Magdeburg. They were now in the territory of Brunswick, in a wilder and more hilly country, and at every dorf they heard rumours of disturbance among the troops, and of a peaceful expedition having burst from Bohemia, now overrun and plundered the German states far around. They came at length to where the road to Brunswick turned off, and here they dismissed one of their wagons which was bound thither, and a portion of their guard for its protection. Scarcely, however, had they set forward on their way again, when one of the guards galloping back, brought the news that the wagon was set upon by a troop of robbers, and the attendants obliged to flee. A halt was instantly agreed upon. The wagons prepared to draw themselves into a posture of defence, and as many of the guard as possible were spared to pursue and recapture the wagon. Othmihl joined this party, and with full speed they flew forward. They soon met the small troop of guards and attendants, who, seeing no chance of resisting the attacking party, which was very numerous, had deemed it best to send as quickly as possible for succour to their old comrades, and now returning with them, the whole troop moved forward. The robbers had drawn the wagon from the way into the wood, and having most of them dismounted, were eagerly proceeding to drag out its contents. The sound of the galloping party alarmed them. They sprang to horse, and turned to attack the onsets. The pursuers, however, dashed upon them with loud cries. Othmihl, whose spirit rose to a degree of wildness at the sight of adventure, was one of the foremost. He spurred his horse on the leader of the thieves, and discharging his pistol at his head, saw him instantly fall headlong. Nevertheless the thieves stood their ground firmly, and the next moment there was a close and general fight. Several fell on both sides, and it would have gone hard with the merchant party, had not a troop of soldiers suddenly fallen on the rear of the robbers, and decided the fate of the day in a moment. The thieves took to flight, and a wild chase through the woods ensued. Othmihl, who had done wonders in the fray, dashed exultingly on, and was heard no more.
into smaller parties, and each at a greater distance from the rest; ever and anon would one or more robbers turn, and with savage fury endeavour to strike down their assailants. Othmill, who perceived this, halted a moment, reloaded his pistol, and stuck it in his belt. He then resolved to call together, as possible, the scattered merchants. He galloped hither and thither, begging them to desist from the chase and look to their own safety. While engaged in this attempt, he heard near him the active strokes of weapons falling on armament, and loud outcry of some one for help. He cut through the thicket and beheld one of the merchants beset by two burly thieves. The merchant was a large and strong man, but clad only in his ordinary garb, while his opponents were armed in iron haubersks, and their heads protected with steel caps. The merchant wielded a battle-axe with wonderful dexterity and vigour, but against the swords of two such opponents there was little chance, and another moment must have ended the fray androgen agony; at once relieved the merchant of one of his antagonists, who had turned to attack the new comer. Othmill discharged his pistol full at the fellow's chest. He reeled and fell backwards, and his comrade seeing this, once more took to flight. The merchant, whose blood was now at fever heat, gave furious pursuit, in which Othmill joined. In a few minutes they found themselves rushing across the road, and in the very face of the wagon-burg. There was a loud shout of surprise. The merchant, who thus had plunged into the very heart of his enemies, halted not a moment, but spurring his steed, dashed past with the mad courage of despair, and was the next instant again lost in the forest, with Othmill and the merchant in his rear. But the man, who knew the woods far better than they, soon led them behind; and returning to the wagons, Othmill and the merchant, who was not a little elated with his exploit, found their party now all drawing together from the chase, and preparing to barricade themselves for the night. The unlucky wagon was also brought back to await a stronger escort on the morrow, and the fallen soldiers and robbers were committed to the earth.

The preparations were carried on with eager vigour and bustle by the whole party. Several trees were cut down, so as to extend a thick screen on one side. Stakes were cut and driven into the ground on the other, with their points outwards, and the whole body constituted a watch. Merino was ordained; however, until an alarm. They waited only the escort from the city to receive the solitary wagon, which about ten o'clock arrived. With it also appeared the young Duke of Brunswick, with a strong party of horse. His father had been killed when he was a boy, on his way from the Assembly of the States, by his enemies, and now the news of these still more disorderly times demanded his utmost vigilance. The Bohemians, in the fanatic effervescence of their zeal, and their victories over their enemies and their own monarch, had styled their country the Promised Land, and all their German neighbours Canaanites and Philistines. They streamed in desperate hordes through Austria, Saxony, Francenia, Hungary, Brandenburg, and even as far as Danzig. They were then strong and plundered and yet weak. Various hosts seat against them were overthrown, and ever prince felt himself bound to have all his power and his vigilance in exercise. The Duke was on his way to his castle of Blankenburg, which lay in the Harz country, and more in the quarter whence the attack was likely to come. The soldiers which so opportunely came over-night to the assistance of the wagon were a small detachment sent in advance, as scouts, and some of these had ridden back and hastened the Duke onward.

Othmill, who was weary of the tardy pace of the wagon-train, begged to be allowed to ride in the Duke's train, as it would take him more directly on his way to Leipzig, and at a quicker rate. This was readily granted, but the merchant was very unwilling to continue the part. They had not only been much pleased with his company, but had seen with admiration in the skirmish his dauntless bravery and address. They warned him of a thousand perils and difficulties. They represented the almost, if not impossible, part of his going. Othmill, if once known to have been in the train of any of the German princes, and argued with much eloquence how much the security of the merchant-train would compensate for its slowness. And, however, he produced an escort for Othmill. He took a hearty farewell of his old travelling companions, and rode away with the soldiers. The young Duke, who had listened to what had been said, and had heard Othmill's praises, now conceived a great respect for him; had him ride near him, and questioned him of the object of his visit to so mad and violent a country as Bohemia at this moment. Othmill did not hesitate to tell him candidly but privately the object of his journey. The Duke shook his head when he heard it, and said that a more dangerous, and he might say hopeless, enterprise never had been undertaken by mortal man. He also joined in endeavouring to dissuade him from it, but in vain. He said that no doubt the young man had fallen in one of those fierce insurrections which had arisen in Prague, and with hundreds of others had been swept away never more to have their fates discriminated. Othmill, nevertheless, stood firm to perish, or effect his object; and the Duke promised to see him safe as far as Leipzig, where he must steer his course. Circumstances might, however, have repercussions, which had been so far unforeseen.

They now advanced rapidly into the region of the old Hycrynian Forest, by the German tribes called the Harz. The Duke's party, which was one of observation, roved on, hunting as they went. Othmill was equally delighted with this mode of life and with the country. They were now amid mountains and forests of the wildest and most savage description. The Brecken lifted its bleak and still snow-capped summit before them, amid the dark forest-clad wilderness of other hills. Torrents thundering down from their sides in wild and headlong clamour, overhung with huge pines, and bordered by confused masses of rocks and moss-clad stones, presented, as they dashed from one dark stony ledge to another, forms and sounds of nature's rude magnificence such as Othmill had never seen. . . .
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...and suddenly he spied the huts which the inhabitants had peopled these grim solitudes.

Later and anon they came to some green little Dale deep amidst the forest hills, where, by the rapid stream, the hamlet lay in its own small world; and here they pitched their tents, and tendered the little boy to their son. They guided him to the haunt of the deer, or the lairs of the wild boar and the bear, which still grew there to monstrous size and grimness.

Many a desperate encounter did Othmill witness with these forest savages. In their erratic course they now entered the little quaint city of Hilderscheid, and Othmill joined in worship in its grand and most ancient cathedral. Now they pressed the chase into the woods again, and fought in the lofty castle of Wernigerode, where they followed the picturesque windings of the Selenthal; gazed with wonder on the lofty precipices of the Rosstrappe; and listened alternately to the legends which hung around it — the miraculous leap of the princess, the pursing of her cloak, and the false bishop, who stands there yet. They followed the flow of its waters between its deep cliffs; and the yelling of the hounds, with a thousand reverberations, gave notice of some shaggy beast in his den. So they came to Blankenburg.

If Othmill had not had a great and sacred object to urge him on his way, he would have delayed to linger here for ever. There was a wild charm about this scene that never wearied with him. The castle, on its lofty heights, overlooked a landscape after his own heart. Deep below it lay the little old town. Around, behind it, stretched woods and hills of vast extent and solemn beauty. The forest hills, descending in various rapturous slopes and gorges into the plain, abounded with wild boars and deer in abundance. On the other hand, all before, stretched out a vast campaign, with mingled woods and ploughed lands and smoking villages. Immediately in front of the castle, quaint gardens lay on the precipitately descending slopes, with orchards and lawns down to the town; and here and there, in the forest, many a picturesque group of hills, their sides green with grass and scattered trees, and their summits jagged with naked rocks, which stood up like the rude ruins of some mighty wall, built by giants in days now forgotten. From these, they knew, they might judge of the end of the road, that the ridge nearest to the castle, and running in a sideward direction away from it to the right, was called the Teufel’s Mauer, or Devil’s Wall.

In the woods, on the other side of this Teufel’s Mauer, at the foot of a wild and splintered declivity, a huntsman one day pointed out, with horror to Othmill, the entrance of a vast cave, in which the Fenin-gericht had ever and anon its sittings; and by its mouth stood a tree, on whose branches many a wretch, doomed to a speedy death by its midnight judges, had swung, and still slept soundly near its shade. Othmill took a fearful glance at the mysterious cavern, and both strode on in silence, as if at every step some messenger of this dreadful tribunal might start them. The pure and solitary twilight in which once swayed their decisions, and rendered them welcome to the people, had now given way to power and corruption, and deeds of darkness made them terrible. Othmill heard stories, probably because they might be related to him with safety, which made his blood run cold; and he exchanged these secret horrors for the more open ones with which he was threatened amongst the Bohemians: His desires were soon accomplished. A safe escort soon presented itself to Halle and Leipsic. In these cities he found many students who had fled from the disturbances at Prague, and some who had been away already. They represented him as of high and strong bias to the reforming party, and quite likely to have fallen in some of the many contests which had arisen; but they knew nothing more. These, however, with one voice recommended him to join himself to the first homeward troop of the Bohemians that he could fall in with; as the only possible means of reaching Prague in safety.

In the busy town of Leipsic not a merchant nor a wagon could be found preparing for Prague. All thitherwards went, that led him to a house of pilage and massacre, and burning, filled every mouth, and made Othmill look upon his course as that of a martyr, from which nothing but a miracle could ever bring him back again. So satisfied was he of this, that when he set off, he took neither money nor any provision for himself, sold his horse, and putting on the frock of a wandering mechanic, slung his knapsack on his back, and set out.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OThMill Falls in with the Army of the Hussites. The March to Prague.

Othmill’s way was direct before him. It required him to go neither to the right nor the left; but he carefully avoided passing through any town of note, which, indeed, lay thinly scattered, and when he saw any body of people approaching at a distance, he concealed himself as the thicket, or in a tree, till they went past. Parties of soldiers were what he saw most frequently. The country people were not to be seen on the way with their wagons or their cattle; and he observed that, when any one likes himself to go by a village, to avoid it, he seemed to be in an uninhabited land, till he saw the faint, dull sound of a stamping mill, in some deep and retired valley, or the crown of a cask, that brought him back to his path. Here he became an object of suspicion and interrogation. He found a miserable shelter for the night, and heard nothing but accounts of ravages and deeds of evil. Many a time he has been compelled to pass the night on the broad branch of a massey tree, secured by its top, and to avail himself of the benefit of his pistol to bring him down a dinner.

As he approached Chemnitz, rumors thickened upon him that it was in possession of the Hussites, and it proved to be the case. He now considered that the crisis of his fate had arrived. If allowed to join himself to any of their homeward parties, he had no fear of attaching the object of his inquiry; but the attempt to join them was full of peril. He saw long by the wayside, consulting with himself what was the best mode to pursue, but he could find none better than that of presenting himself boldly at the gates. He
SOLDIERS and mechanics and countrypeople, in all sorts of garments, and with all species of arms. Some were mounted, but most on foot; and there was a vast train of wagons, and carts, and horses, loaded with goods, as the proof of the rich and numerous trades of cattle. Part of the cavalry was placed in the front, part ordered to the rear. The wagons and cattle came on in the middle of the foot people, and forming an immense train; the drums beat, and all was in motion.

The original youth, whose name was Polnitz, marched ever on foot, with his great sword on his shoulder, in the van of the pedestrian multitude, and maintained as much order as was possible to be preserved in so strange an army. The whole went on in loud and earnest conversation amongst themselves, accompanied ever and anon with violent gesticulations. Sometimes they broke into one general song, as of victory. It was not long before Othmull found amongst them those who could speak German, and the communication was begun. His language he did not understand; Othmull addressed him in Latin, but the follow only shook his head. Dozens of other men instantly crowded about him, clamorously demanding, as he supposed, who and what he was; but he could understand nothing; and now came the first time, that he was entering a country where he had to encounter another tongue. He tried to address them in German and in Latin, but the noise and the crowd became so great that nothing could be heard. He saw throngs of fierce and scowling faces round him, weapons were lifted as to cleave him down, and he was dragged hither and thither. In the midst of the tumult, however, a gigantic young man, with open breast, and great growth of glowing brown hair, his shoulders as broad as a man's and in his hand one of those huge swords which seem to require the strength of Samson to wield them, broke through the vociferous press, and demand ed what was the matter. All gave way to the right of way; and he, pointing his blade great sword in front of Othmull, and which reached considerably above his head, he asked him, in good German, who he was, and how he came there.

Othmull replied that he was in search of a friend of his, a student at Prague, whom his relatives had lost sight of, and who feared that he might be dead. He had volunteered to reach Prague and inquire, and now sought their protection on the way.

The gigantic youth demanded who this student was; and when Othmull described him, he immediately replied: "I knew him well; he was a brave and true man; but he is dead, and he must go no further. But," added he immediately, "he was an Englishman—why, those, are Englishmen too?"

Othmull replied in the affirmative.

"Ay, ay!" said the gigantic leader, "but that is important. Are you sure that you are only what you pretend to be? Are you no emissary by bribery or by other means of money to any party? We must see!"

In an instant again, however, he added: "But it is not safe! No power can snatch our victory from us. Young man, to-morrow we set forward for Prague. March in our train and you are safe. Attempt to fly, and take the consequences on your own head."

He addressed the multitude in the same quick and peremptory manner; and all with a rapid change of countenance ceased to offer further molestations to Othmull, who was conducted by this extraordinary personage to a lodging for his night, and left there.

Othmull, who could hold no communication with the soldiers with whom he was quartered, took such refreshments as were set before him, and threw himself on the straw assigned for his bed. Here he lay and thought with profound melancholy on the assurance that he had received of the death of the old Knight's son. Early in the morning all was in motion; and taking leave with the soldiers, he saw crowds of military and others hurrying to the marketplace. Here the extraordinary and huge young man was marshalling them. It was a wild and motley multitude.
reading about was raised, which was returned by those from the camp with equal enthusiasm; and when the same name was repeated there, and everywhere he repeated, he understood this to be the camp of this great leader, of whose invincible powers he had heard so much. As they drew near the city gates, forth rushed numbers from the camp. There was a stirring scene of embracing, and loud exchanging of inquiries and answers, as to what had occurred both at home and abroad. From the city then came flying men, women, and children; and all was clamour, recognition, salutations, and the mighty sound of the retreat. The castle was driven into meadows near the camp, for its use, and the wagons loaded with spoil were conducted into the city, amid the jubilant commotion of the swarming and crushing inhabitants.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOHN OTHMILL SEES STRANGE SCENES IN PRAGUE, AND RECOVERS A GLIMPSE OF HOPE.

In this great and strange place, our friend John Othmill was indebted to a man who spoke German, and with whom he had conversed on the way, for the procurement of a good lodging; and having a little rested and refreshed himself, he set forth to find the university, and to learn with more certainty the fate of his friend's son. As he wandered through the streets he was more and more impressed with the picturesque beauty and extent of this old capital. The many churches, the vast pile of the University, where but a few years before forty thousand students were said to receive instruction, and where yet half that number, spite of the great German Marching Fort, and the succeeding troubles of the times, might be counted—these, and the crowds of busy and well-dressed people, impressed him with a sense of its importance. He gazed with a feeling of melancholy on that old Rath-Haus, where such scenes of popular fury had been acted, and before which the headless body of a man, who had probably fallen. The huge hont fastened to the battlements of its tower seemed to his imagination ready once more, at the blast of some fiery herald of alarm, to cause the harrying swarms of citizens to deeds of blood and terror. He walked thoughtfully along that old and statuesque bridge, and stepped upon the spot where the Infatuated Wenzel, brother of the 'Good Queen Anne' of England, had caused the holy father Nepomuck to be plunged into the river, whence by miracle of guiding flames the body had been said to be again raised by the people; and giving one more glance around at the magnificent whole, of river, hills, and town, hastened back to the University to deliver his letters, and prosecute inquiries.

John Othmill found among the professors the readiest attention, and the greatest sympathy in his undertaking. They knew well the young man. He had been noticed by those even under whom he had not studied, for his handsome person, his gallant bearing, his spirit of liberty, and his social and cordial manners. But they all assured him that he was dead. It was now more than a year ago that he had fallen at the storming of the Rath-Haus. In the foremost crowd which had rushed upon it he had been conspicuous. A stone from the upper windows had fell'd him in the street, and they supposed that amongst others he had been carried away and buried; but the general confusion which ensued that they doubted if any one could give single firmer particular.

John Othmill thought with sorrow on the melancholy news that he must carry to the old man. He saw no reason to hope that this was not true, but he was still anxious to obtain if possible some more definite knowledge of the fact. He inquired if they could not name to him students yet here who had been his friends and companions, and would therefore feel a more particular interest in it, and might possess some further knowledge of it. Several of the names of these with their addresses were immediately furnished him from the printed annual lists of the college, and he took his leave with many thanks, and set out to visit these youths. His inquiry was shorter than he had reason to expect. Many of these students were in the habit of lodging under the same roof, in what they termed a Philister-House; and they had also their evening places of meeting, where they assembled in large numbers to amuse themselves, drink together and sing the national songs. In these assemblies the spirit of religious as well as political freedom had found a rapid growth, and from the enthusiasm inspired here by song and warm discussion, had sprung forth such eager thousands to avenge the death of his son and Jerome, and to second the energetic zeal of Ziska. No sooner, therefore, had Othmill called on one or two of these young men than they conducted him to others. They entered with warmth into his desire to learn more of the particulars attending his young friend's death, though they themselves made no doubt of it. Some had witnessed it, all had heard of it; but they had during the last year been involved in so many contexts, their fellows had often been swept away in such numbers, that they had traced their course no further than to pay them the funeral honours peculiar to their college customs, and to celebrate their united glory in their songs.

The news of this remarkable fact soon flew far and wide amongst them. All testified the utmost interest in promoting the inquiries of a youth who had adventured his life through strange countries, and amid strange times, to satisfy the mind of his ancient friend. In the evening, a number of them came to the intellectual assembly, where his arrival and its object had been mentioned, and had excited general curiosity. He found them in a large room of an old hostel overlooking the river, to the amount of several hundreds; they were sitting at long tables, each with his covered beer-jug before him, and in the midst of the general chorus of a song, which he was told was a very merry and witty one, but which, to his ear, had more of melancholy than rejoicing in it. As his conductor paused a moment at the open door to allow the song to cease, he terminated. John Othmill had time to cast his eye over the whole assembly; and he thought that never in his life had he beheld so singular a scene. Their dress had something wild and uncouth about it. With huge volumes of their rolling hair at their backs, with caps of smallest size set just upon the summits of these bushy crowns, with giant swords held before them—they sat and sang with a solemnity and fire which was more like the expression of men uttering a voice of grand national atonement, than of young school-
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are enjoying a festive evening; and when, as
the strophe closed, they all rose and clashed
their swords together in the wildest manner,
with long raucous brayings, and the most astonishment,
and half drenched to enter. A universal hum
and clatter of tongues succeeded this exhibition.
They pledged each other in their cups; and
wild bearded countenances, and dark flashing
eyes, many of them of an oriental expression,
met his gaze as they drank and jested each other
in eager conversation. What, however, did not
fail to attract John Othmill's notice was, that
the colossal Poliniz sat at the head of the chief
table as president of the assembly; and his
sword lay on the table before him.

As the party entered all rose up, and gathering
about John Othmill, all that could get hold
of his hand shook it heartily. They welcomed
him to Prague with zealous kindness; and
Poliniz coming forward, said, "Ah! my friend,
how has Prague pleased you? Perhaps it can
not bear a comparison with royal London; but
in London you shall not find a band of more
genorous spirits than you see here before you.
Take your places, gentlemen, and drink a welcometo the friends of the brave friend of Bohe-
man freedom!"

All took their seats. John Othmill was con-
ducted to the right hand of the president; and
at a sign from Poliniz, the whole company rose
and drank a solemn pledge to the memory of the
young English champion who fell for the
liberty of the Promised Land. Then resuming
themselves, they sang with a melancholy ca-
cidence, and with a grave and mournful mien,
some verses of a hymn, probably extemporised
for the occasion by the tragic and universal
genius of Poliniz, to some old and well-known
tune.

He has fallen with the free!
He has fallen with thousands more!
But like his stormy native sea,
That sweeps his native shore,
Yes! his destined hour shall rise,
And o'er and o'er, and o'er and o'er,
Stirring tyrants with surprise.

They have fallen! their他曾graves
Wise, beneath our walls do lie;
But like the ocean's mighty waves,
They lift their heads on high.

And from the starry sky
They look all fires down,
And blast, where'er their glances fly,
The slaves of crook and crown!

In freedom's dawn they fell!
But as their spirit rose,
They saw our arms avenue them wall,
And crush their haughty foes.

And still they mark how grows
The sacred brother band,
Which wide o'er Canaan slings God's woes
Out from the Promised Land!

The singing of this wild song produced the
strangest situations in John Othmill's bosom.
The manner, the tone, the sentiment, had some-
thing so expressive of a deep and fixed feeling
of fellowship and regret for the fallen, mingled
with such a stern spirit of vengeance, that he
conceived yet more of the awful manifestations of it
would find a place in their history. Their con-
versation soon explained to him the immediate
spring of their excitement. In many battles
they had beaten and dispersed their enemies;
but at this moment, the Emperor Sigismund res-
solving, if possible, at one blow to crush them,
had advanced with an army of ten thousand
picked men, and lay encamped at no great dis-
tance from the city. Ziska, on the other hand,
was on the hill, which divided the city, where they saw his camp, and which still
to this day bears his name. Hasty messengers
had been sent to recall as many as possible of
those troops which in various directions had
pierced into Germany, to avenge many old
grudges and many what they called the Canaanites,
the Amorites, and Philistines, that is, the German-
of different states. Amongst these troops,
those under the command of the student Pol-
iniz, which had advanced into Saxony, and had
loaded themselves with spoil, were the first to
receive and obey the summons. News of the
rapid approach of the predatory bands had been
this evening received and communicated, and it
could not be long before a desperate and deci-
sive engagement must take place under the very
walls of Prague. Othmill listened with intense
interest to the fierce and fiery conversation that
was going on around him on this point; but at
once the huge band of Poliniz was heard strik-
ing on the table, and the word 'silencium,' prep-
ared with a sibilant tone, produced a pro-
found pause.

Poliniz then, addressing the company, said—
"Brothers! our English friend here is anxious
to ascertain, and carry to the aged father, all
particulars connected with the death of his son.
Can any brother come to us and inform us
of the place known of his burial? Did any one see the body
after its removal from the street?"

"Yes!" instantly replied several voices. "We
saw the youth struck down by the stone. He
was our dearest and our most beloved; we
too, are his countrymen. We raised him from the
pavement and bore him to some distance,
where he might lie undisturbed, without being
 trodden by the rushing multitude; but all life
appeared extinct. Part of us stood guard over him,
while the rest rushed away to the attack; but
the contest became furious: we heard a shout of
triumph; we ran forward to see what was the
cause; the people had burst open the door of the
Rath-Haus, and were pressing in in a dense and
deresperate mass in the next instant. A number of the exasperated people appear at the
window. They had held of a struggling enemy,
the senator who had flung down the first stone
on the priest as he passed beneath with the sac-
cramental cup, and they would force him through the
window. At the sight of this, the crowd be-
low shouted fiercely, 'Down with him! down
with him!' There was a heave—a fierce strug-
gle; the wretched man clung here and there,
and stretched wide his legs and arms to catch against
walls and columns; but another push, and he was
headlong down upon the raging multitude, who
called upon his spears, and tossed him to
and fro. There was another—and another?
The scene which ensued made us forget all else;
and when we returned to where we had laid the
body of our friend—it was gone! We eagerly
inquired of all around, but all had been too much
engrossed with the terrible spectacle which had
been exhibited at the Rath-Haus, to have noticed
anything else. A dirty-looking boy alone said
he had seen the Jew who was belching, while some
of his brethren, lift him up and carry him
away, but his lying tribe denied that he was in
the city; and from that day to this nothing in-
deed has been seen of the Jew."

"That is strange! der Teufel!" cried Poliniz,
CHAPTER XXV.

JOHN OTHMILL GOES IN QUEST OF THE JEW MELCHIOR, WHICH LEADS TO STRIKING RESULTS.

In the morning, the two students were early with Othmill, and conducted him to that part of the city inhabited by the Jews. It was a low and crooked quarter. Narrow streets, dingy narrow houses, swarming with as squalid inhabitants, by no means gave an idea that these were the original inhabitants of Prague, claiming to have wandered hither immediately on their expulsion from their native city, and on this spot, then a wilderness, to have built them another home. As little did it afford any idea of that wealth which had so often made them the creditors of kings, and not more unfrequently the victims of their avarice. John Othmill, who understood that this Melchior was one of the most wealthy and influential amongst them, was surprised to see his companions turn into a miserable court, and ascend a gloomy and dirty staircase, apparently the highway to the abodes of a number of families, and almost stifling with the fumes of fish, cheese, saur-krout, and other obtrusive articles of daily food. At a door in one of the upper stories they stopped and knocked. The door was opened by a marked Jew, but not unpleasant, countenance. Their inquiry for Melchior was answered by a shake of the head, and an assurance that he was far off in Turkey. They then informed her of the object of John Othmill's visit, of his journey from England, and desired her, if she knew anything of the missing youth's fate, to let him know it, and ease an old and worthy man's heart; but she told them that it was impossible that Melchior could know anything of this affair, as at that time he had set out on his journey. It was not the first nor the second time that this young man had thus been inquired after, and she wished to God that they could give them any tidings.

It was in vain to urge the matter. Othmill drew the most moving picture he could of the old Knight's distress; did not forget to throw out that for discovery and liberation a rich reward would not be wanting; and, spite of the positive nature of the old woman's assurances, he did not stay his house without intimating a prospect of returning to it again. The two youths also added, that the whole of the Hussites took a special interest in the fate of this young man, and that a fiery search would of a certainty be instituted for the clearing of it up. The old Jewish woman raised her hands with an expression of hopeless distress, and exclaimed as they turned away, "The God of Jacob defend us, for we are a trodden and suffering race!"

It was just growing dark in the evening, as John Othmill sat in his lodgings, pondering on the singular circumstances of the concealment of the Knight's son, for which neither he nor the student could conceive a motive, when a little girl entered his apartment, and put a billet into his hand. In it stood in German character and the German tongue, "At ten o'clock this evening let the English youth seek the ancient cemetery of the Jews. "If he hope for news of consequence—alone."

John Othmill's heart leaped with joyful expectation, and the Bohemians. He turned to say that he would do exactly as required—but the little girl was gone. He now recollected that he had had no knowledge of the location of this cemetery whatever; but he took it for granted that it lay as the Jewess had said. He was called, where he had that day been; he instantly set out to find it. As he was fearful of putting any questions to persons in the streets, lest it might lead to any suspicion or observation, he traversed those narrow streets and lanes in all directions, till an old wall, encrusted an inclosure, and overgrown with low trees, induced him to believe that he had found it; and clambering up, one glance showed him that he was correct. In the advancing summer—for it was now the commencement of June—the night was dark; and he could discern a singular scene of confused mounds and stones. While he paced the foot of the wall to find a gate or entrance, the voice of a watchman at a distance proclaimed it ten. At the same moment, a gap in the crumbling wall, through which the earth from the high-piled interior had poured down to the road, offered him the means of ingress. He passed through, and stood in surprise at the scene before him.
The oak, with the apparent fancied deposits of more than a thousand years, had grown and swelled up till it overtopped the wall within. It had, moreover, become flung into heaps and hollows of the most chaotic character; and this savage wilderness of the dead was planted thick in every direction with heavy headstones, interspersed all over with Hebrew characters and all dark with the stains and ichor of centuries. Some stood, some leaned here and there, some lay broken and half buried in weeds. Over all grew a tangled thicket of elder-trees, whose rugged stems and twisted branches bore evi-
dence of an immense antiquity, and many of them leaned for support on the tombs. Here and there, in the gloom of the overshadowing trees, he could discern other and more misshapen, erected like small menhirs, and which truly might be called the houses of the dead. On some lay piled little stones, which the pie-
try of the living had laid as tokens of veneration towards their ancestors, who had slept below for many generations, but yet were not forgotten in the wildness. Judith and Levi might be seen carved on some of them, in violation of the ancient strictness of the law, which said that they should not make them for them-selves the likeness of any living thing; and thereby deserving, that though time has not been able to efface the nameless dead, it has effaced the names of the dead. And to this particular lot of the Gentiles had wraped the fixed texture of their minds.

As John Othmull penetrated deeper and deeper into this singular region, he was surprised at the extent of it. Through numerous alleys, in which the green boughs of the elder met, and had to be pushed back for his advance, he had proceeded so far that he could not in any direc-
tion see the boundaries. A profound silence reigned; and in the heart of this great city, he seemed to be lost in a forgotten and overhali-
soring desert. A momentary fear flashed through his mind. What if he should be invited hither for any evil purpose? To choke any further spec-
ulation? To secure himself, he had already been detected. But it was only for a moment. There could be no sufficient cause. If evil was aimed at him, he had the means of defence. He laid his hand on his pistol, to assure himself he was not taken unawares, and as he found himself in the rankly-spreading boughs he manfully pushed his way, and anon found himself once more at a wall, where he was much higher. He pursu-
ed a small path which ran parallel with it, and as he drew near the most remote and shaded corner, he observed two dark figures standing silently, as awaiting him.

The man was of remarkably short stature. He was clad in a dark robe, which reached nearly to his feet, and was bound at the waist by a belt. He appeared at least of seventy years of age. His beard was large and white, his hair brown, and his complexion much lighter than is often seen in his race. The young woman, on the contrary, was dark as the darkest of Israel’s daughters. Her hair was black as jet, and her eyes dark and brilliant. Her form was one of the slenderest mould; and her countenance, though full of melancholy, of a singular beauty.

John Othmull was the first to speak. He said he was the English youth, and they, he presumed, the fugitives. They were being hunted down, and they were the most, which at the same time he held to his hand. The old man nodded. "Honourable sir," said he, "we have incurred some danger we must meet. You seek to learn the fate of a friend. What little I know, I am ready to communicate; but first swear that you will not reveal to the Hus-
sites with whom you have been, nor to any par-
ty in this city and country, the source of your knowledge. I seek not to draw you into any

Othmull gave him the required oath. The old man then assuming a more open expression, said, "I am the Jew Melchior."

"The Jew Melchior!" exclaimed Othmull.

"What! were we not told that the Jew Melch-
or was now in Turkey?"

The old man waved his hand with a gesture of impatience. "Comprehend you not," said he, "that to my enemies, to my devourers, to those who seek to suck me dry as an egg, and then fling the worthless shell upon the dunghill or the fire, that to them I am in Turkey; to you at this moment in Prague. Listen, and believe. It is not any thing that is connected with the cir-
cumstances of my past, with my friendships and my foes; it is a matter of the future. If I am to die, it is because I have determined to let nothing stand in the way of his fate in mystery. It is the necessity of protest-
ing myself which has occasioned it. For the last five years, the Christians have been fighting and destroying another among their ceremo-
nies and their dogmas, as for ages they have been doing. I cannot believe that upon which they themselves are not agreed.

With both parties here we Jews fallen into the deadliest jealousy. A plague breaks out; it is us who have poisoned the fountain. The peo-
ple pursue us to death. The Hussites, inflamed to madness with fanatic zeal, plunder and maltreat us, because we are amongst those Canaan-
ites and unbelievers whom they want to exter-
pate from the earth. The Emperor, met by re-
bellion and by troubles on all hands, wants mon-
key, and Melchior must find it. But Melchior

sees that the Hussites everywhere prevail. Their one-eyed leader, Ziska, carries victory before him, and Melchior knows not how he is ever to recover the precious coin which he has already lent to the Emperor, and which is now in the hand of an agent. But that little, with many journeys and carings, and hard labour, he has laid up for his child, to be spent on soldiers who would cut the Hussites’ throats, or on Hussites who would cut his? No, Melchior cannot be found.

"But on that day, of which, no doubt, you have heard, when the Ruth-Haus was beset; when the whole city ran together, as if the peo-
lle had been struck with a furious madness; when they dashed in the doors, and flung out the counsellors, and the thousands and tens of thou-
sands of raging people, like hornets buzzing in their exasperation, swarmed round the devoted victims; and we sate in our houses and listened to the terrible rumours, then came one flying and said that your friend was struck down and bleeding in the street, and that if not speedily removed thousands would trample over his body, and tread it to clay. That youth had been the savour of me and mine. When the blind and the halt were groaning, he was the one to give death as prisoners and murderers, he alone dared to defend us. He snatched us from the hands
of those who would have dashed us on the stones, and have trodden us to atoms. He saved my child from insult. He pushed us into the house, clapped the door behind us, and drawing his sword, bade those who wished for death to advance next to that dwelling.

"The crowd paused, laughed at the heroic act of the brave youth, and streamed on after other victims. Melchor is not such a dog as the Christians would paint him. He could not suffer his deliverer to perish, if it were in his power to rescue him. He summoned his friends, and sallying forth, found him, and bore him away.

"There was life in him, and, in a word, he recovered." "He recovered!" exclaimed John Othmill, clasping his hands together in ecstasy. "He lives then—he lives!"

"Gentily," said the old Jew, laying his hand on Jack's arm, and looking anxiously around. "He is silent, or we may be lost! Listen! I know not that he lives yet. He did live; but that he lives yet is not so certain. He lay for a fortnight in my house. He lay in weakness and in fever. My wife and my child here tended him night and day, and soon, I doubt not, would he have been able to get up, but for the complaint. By degrees he grew weaker and weaker, but Melchor had been abroad; the emissaries of the Emperor were once more upon me. I escaped as by a hair's breadth; but unhappily they found the youth, and recognised him as one of the most active of those concerned in the death of the counsellors, and bore him off."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Othmill, "and what has become of him? Has no—"

"Whist!" said the Jew: "there has been no lack of efforts to rescue and ransom him. Melchior's friends have offered a sum equal to the half of his fortune; the cunning Monarch demanded to treat face to face with Melchior himself; and even with this was I preparing to comply, when more storms broke out, the Emperor was obliged to retreat to Hungary for fresh forces, and the fate of the young man yet lies in mystery."

The moon was rising over the hills beyond the Moldau, as the old Jew finished this sentence. I turned to Teetore, further into the shade, and Othmill catching a view of my master's face, saw that it was pale as with an inward agony, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"He must be saved, father," said the damsel, turning to the Jew, and laying her hand on his arm, as she earnestly gazed into his face. "He must be saved! Yet lies he, without doubt, in some of the Imperial dungeons. His life is too precious to a prince who needs money. This gentleman can intercede. His friends, the Hussites, can give him safe conduct to the Emperor's camp. Make him the bearer of your own offer,—give largely, give all if needful, it is but life for life,—and then it must—must succeed!"

The old Jew paused a moment. "We must now retire," said he, "but to-morrow, early in the morning—be it at four o'clock, come to our ancient synagogue, and receive my commands."

The old Jew and his daughter disappeared amongst the bushes, and John Othmill, filled with a rush of the wildest hopes, retraced his way. It may be believed that he did not sleep much that night; that he did not fail to present himself duly at the door of the old synagogue. As little had he thought to inquire where he stood, as he had before inquired the site of the burial-ground; but he had no scruple in inquiring, and it was quickly pointed out by a drovry watchman now driving homewards wearily from his last round. The old Jew then turned, passed a moment by the wall, and looked up. It was an erection as humble and as digny as the dwellings of the Jews themselves; and denoted sufficiently that, in the early ages of their residence here, small were the buildings, even for their public uses, which satisfied them; and perhaps the more so, as circumstances soon showed them the necessity of making the least possible display of their wealth. Othmill knocked, and the door was slightly opened, so that the person within could take a survey of the applicant for entrance. The result appeared satisfactory, for the door was then opened fully, and he was requested to step in. It was more, however, like descending into a vault, than walking into a place of public worship. Several steps led down into it. The dimmness was narrow, and the interior dark. One lamp only burned low and faintly with a crimson light, which, however, was not enough to enable Othmill at first to discern the extent or character of the place in which he was, much less to see anything in it. By degrees, however, in the thickest darkness seemed to retire from his eyes, and he could perceive that it was of no greater extent than its exterior had promised. Heavy pillars, on which seemed to hang iron lamps of the rudest construction, supported the roof, which looked in the gloom as black as ebony. The walls also, as they became dimly perceptible, appeared naked and grimy with age and damp smoke. There were no pictures, no statues; alone, one solitary banner, black and worn by centuries to a mere fragment, depended from the roof; Othmill did not inquire what hero, or what scene of triumph, had arisen to illustrate their long track of injury and contempt with a solitary beam of glory. Below, stood on the floor, a close array of rude benches, and having each before it a sort of simple desk, a support for the volumes of psalms and hymns which the people sung in their worship. The lamp with its crimson light, and which from age to age was kept burning, hung by a hook in the wall, and the Law was read; and a curtain behind it, hanging low, bordered with bells and carved pomegranates, seemed to conceal some mystery.

As John Othmill stood struck with curious wonder, contemplating this singular scene, he now perceived the old Jew Melchior standing near him.

"You are surprised, honourable sir," said he, "at our old synagogue. In truth, it is a poor and humble place, but from it the Christians, if they could learn anything, might learn that we stand not by our own strength, but by the will of God; and that it is as vain for them to hope to destroy us, as to dry up the Moldau. As this old fabric has reared its head for a thousand years, and as this lamp has not ceased to burn, so faint though it be, through all the long night of our trial, so neither have they been able utterly to deny us a tabernacle, or to put out the light of our existence in the midst of them. When I see the Eternity of things still in its ark," said he, setting back the curtain behind the table, and revealing a huge roll of yellow parchment lying in a recess, "I feel that He who gave it to our fathers is yet with us, and fear not what the Gentiles can do to us."
"But," added he, "I delay you. For myself I abide here to-day. It is a sacred day with us, and I came hither in the night, to be unseen. Here is my letter to the Emperor. It is written, as you know, in the names of the Orientals, that you may say that you received it from my family, where it has lain for a safe conveyance. In that I have given proof that a Jew is not without gratitude, and I have only asked that you will let us hear how you succeeded. The God of Israel be with you!"

He put the packet into Othmill's hand, who concealing it in his bosom, returned the Jew his heartiest thanks, and withdrew. As he stepped out of the old synagogue the light of the summer morning almost blinded him. The sun had already risen. All was bright with warmth, and crowds of people, according to their early habit, were already passing to and fro. Othmill felt as if ended with a new feeling of existence.

He strode hastily onwards to the camp of Ziska. The word given by Poliniz, after a moment's pause, and a curious look from the sentinel, procured him admittance; and inquiring for the tent of Poliniz, the man, without uttering a word, pointed it out with his arm. Othmill gazed with infinite surprise and admiration as he passed along. The busy swarms of soldiers and soldier-citizens that inhabited the camp were all in motion. In the centre, raised on a lofty arch of triumph, which was covered with the green boughs of the fir, stood aloft the great banner of the united Hussites, while, from lower standards, on each side, flapped also pennons of the different parties into which they were divided. At the head of the different sections of the camp were seen again the standard of each particular sect planted before the tent of the leader. Here stretched in long streets the tents of the Utraquists, in whose banner the sacred chalice was displayed; there, rose that of the Taborites, their standard bearing the conical mountain, whence they derived their name; and there again waved the ensign of the Horebites, the imagined likeness of their adopted hill, flapping in rivalry of the actual Bohemian mount of their Taborite fellows. At the head of each line of tents a green garland suspended marked that of an officer, and beneath it hung the hammer and axe for instant use. Everywhere before their huts sat the men busily polishing their weapons, and Othmill remarked with wonder the strange variety of these weapons. They were of all ages and all fashions, as if they had been brought forth perhaps they had been, from the famous stores of the Imperial armory. Here were weapons, half scythe, half axe, fixed on poles halbert fashion, with edges so huge and sharp that they seemed calculated to cleave a man down at a blow. There again were those fearful morgen-stern, or morning-stars, as they were called, heavy spiked balls suspended on stout poles by a short chain, of which one fair stroke on the head was enough for many. There were numbers of those huge two-handed swords used by the knights of earlier ages; and even of those with waved edges, which when wielded over the heads of their enemies must have appeared like the jagged lightnings of destruction. Besides these were no lack of lighter arms used on the day, daggers, and crossbows, and match-locks.

John Othmill saw, indeed, with surprise, the order and activity which reigned in the midst of a multitude which must have been gathered from all sorts of people, and from the four winds of heaven. Horses neighing, and arms of the completest kind which hung on the poles by the tents, testified that there was no lack of regularly equipped and disciplined cavalry.

The camp was vast. Numbers of the soldiers in their camp-dress were preparing for breakfast. Fires of logs of wood blazed here and there in the spaces between the tents, over which pots were boiling. Heaps of black loaves lay on the ground. In some places, a busy soldier was dealing out the beef from the pots to his fellows, and cutting it into regular portions according to the number of pot-companions. In others, seated round a hole which they had dug in the earth, so as to allow their feet sufficient descent, and with their large dish placed on a pillar of the earth left in the centre as a table, a hungry group were, with long wooden spoons, helping themselves to broth from the common vessel. Others again, had prepared a pudding in an iron pan for a luxurious dinner, and only waited for the fire being at liberty to set it there to bake. In other quarters, parties were seen at drill, and hundreds more were busily employed in strengthening and raising the earthen barrack walls which surrounded them.

Amongst these, Othmill found Poliniz engaged with an active and commanding looking officer, whom, when he came near him, Othmill perceived, by his having lost one of his eyes, to be no other than Ziska. He received our brave countryman with a ready and affable familiarity, as Poliniz introduced him; and said he hoped he was on the side of that mighty truth which had first dawned in his own country, and which his young friend had fought for here. John Othmill greeted with great interest on this remarkable man. He had pictured him to himself of a gigantic stature, according to the fame of his deeds and strength; and was at first somewhat disappointed to find him actually of less than middle height. But the more he looked at him, the more the hero seemed to grow visible. Short though he was of stature, he was of Herculean breadth of shoulder. His body was built like a low massy tower. His head was Titan, round, and close shorn. On his forehead a cap, which he had worn by the grace of the Emperor, had been torn away by the brave firebrand, the shoe, which was said, in the moment of excitement, to grow dark and prominent, and in battle to glow luridly—the manifest thunderbolt of his unsparing vengeance. His nose was of the true eagle cut, and beneath it burned a fire-red mount of a great and heraldic type, and through the same time impetuous, and capable of being wrought by circumstances into a sanguinary, mad, shone in every feature and motion. The loquacious Othmill watched him, the less he won, and the more he envied he had acquired, one of his victories he had achieved. He carried in his hand that staff, with its spiked head, with which he is handed down to us in the profile of him in the Strathhaver Convent at Prague; and proceeded from spot to spot, inspecting, ordering, and inspiring all the multitudes of his followers, with the quick intuition of a master mind.

As they went along, John Othmill communicated to Poliniz the information which he had gained, that his friend's son was in the hands of the Emperor, and that he had a letter of recommendation from the King of England, which, that no suspicion might rest on his mission, he immediately put into Poliniz' hands, and begged that he would now do what only was necessary, procure him a guard to the entrance of the Emperor.
or's camp. Polonia, with that prompt frankness for which he was so distinguished, immediately communicated these particulars to Ziska. The request was instantly complied with. A horseman, bearing a white flag, was sent with him under the personal protection of the Emperor himself at the outpost of the Imperial army. Here the small white banner was put into his hand; the barrier opened without hesitation, and he was conducted by a guard of soldiers to the Emperor. After waiting a short time, while his arrival was announced, he was admitted to the tent.

The Emperor, a tall and majestic man, apparently in the prime of life, was sitting already clad in a suit of armour richly inlaid with gold. His helm alone was off, and stood on a table near him; and his flowing and yellow hair rolling on the richly burnished steel which sheathed his shoulders, and his somewhat long and ruddy features, presented a noble image of the warrior king of the Middle Ages. Near him, at another table, sat his Secretary, who appeared to have been busy writing to his dictation, till interrupted by this visit. Sigismund looked on Othmull, as he entered, with a grave and inquiring look, and demanded what message he brought him from his master? Othmull, as usual, observed an air of great surprise, and he thought of some disappointment, spread over the features of both Monarch and Secretary, when he said that he was not come as a message-bearer from the Hussites, but as a supplicant to the Emperor, as he had been to them, to enable him to discover and restore the son of his aged friend, a noble knight in England, who had studied in Prague, and had been long unheard of by his father. He had come from England, though aware of the distracted state of Bohemia, solely to ally the worthy Knight's anxiety; trusting that, as he had no concern with the disputes which now unhappily raised the subjects against their noble Monarch, all parties would at least allow him to prosecute his search; he had heard, he added, in the city, that the youth had fallen into the hands of his Imperial Highness, and he now threw himself at his feet to implore his release.

The countenance of Sigismund had darkened, as Othmull proceeded, and instead of giving him a direct answer, he repeated the subject of his petition, he questioned him strictly where and from whom he had heard that this youth was in his hands? Othmull, who had determined, if it were possible, not only not to commit the Jew Melchior, but also to accept of the offer of the ransom of his friend, if other means would avail, replied that it was spoken of in the city as a matter which did not admit of a doubt. The soldiers of his highness had been seen bearing him away from the house of a Jew where he had lodged, and the thing was not questioned.

The Emperor glanced at the Secretary with a look of surprise, which seemed to say, "What will escape the observation of this turbulent and pragmatical people?" But Othmull kneeling before him, now presented the letter of the King of England. Sigismund motioned him to give it to the Secretary to read, and at its conclusion, said, "My brother of England does me much honour; and for the sake of his friendship, it is my wish that he should yield, but this youth has shamefully violated the pledge given by him, to live peaceably in a foreign country, which allowed him, like one of its own citizens, there to enjoy the privileges of its High School of learning, and has been one of the most daring leaders of those who have now grown to such a pitch of open rebellion."

"Your Imperial Highness may remember too," interrupted the Secretary, "that it is for this youth that our Monarch has already offered a very large ransom."

"True," said the Emperor, "a very large ransom—thirty thousand——"

John Othmull's heart sank. He lifted his hand to his mouth, and felt that he must then sacrifice the Jew's now probably augmented offer; and still there was a deadly fear in his bosom, that even the combined influence of that and the letter of the English king, might prove in vain. Various thoughts now seemed passing in the mind of the emperor; various sentiments expressed themselves on his features, and in his hesitating and undetermined manner; and had Othmull been fully apprised of the character of Sigismund, he would have read in these signs much which history has attached to him. His irresolution on great occasions; his better resolves merging in a weakness, which became eventually treachery; that degree of effeminacy, unworthy of a hero, which his love of pleasure had infused into his frame, and which under other circumstances had turned him into one of those many higher qualities which, under wiser tutors and in better times, might have made for him a very different niche in the history of his country, and of the world. As he was sunk in what seemed varying and perplexed thoughts, the secretary approached his ear, spoke some low but earnest words to him; there was a moment of reflection—a cloud seemed to pass from his heart and his brow, and he said, "It shall not be a matter of gold or of justice between us and Henry of England; it shall be as one great monarch should treat another."

"Tis a slight request that I should grant him—the life of a subject—when he has sent thus far for it, and it shall be granted. Tell your valiant monarch, that though his throne was planted by his father on the damages of our house, I have granted his request; I would have done so had it been a greater; and I am sure that if one day ask a boon at his hands, 'twill not be the less readily conceded."

John Othmull sprang forward with an astonishment which seemed to displace the Emperor's feet, and kissed them; and then burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Tis a faithful fellow," said Sigismund, looking on Othmull with great complacency; "and my heart is touched by his concern for his subjects." He sighed, as if comparing in his mind the rebellion of his own.

"But stay!" said he, "something more is needed. This youth lies in the fortress at Znoim. It will be necessary to give you not only an order for his release, but one to enable you to pass both of you safely out of the kingdom."

He then dictated to the Secretary these respective orders, adding, to the latter a request to the other Princes of the Empire to employ their forces as they must pass, for their free and secure travel. Turning then to Othmull, he said, "I am sure I need not enjoin you to reveal nothing that you have observed in my camp to the Hussites, as you again revisit the city. But I lay it on you, as a bond of honour, that you quit Prague as speedily as possible."

John Othmull returning him his heartiest thanks, assured him that not a word of what he
had seen should pass his lips, and that not an hour should be spent in Prague more than was necessary to bring away his few articles of luggage. Accordingly, one morning, when setting on his horse with open visor, mounted his horse, which already pawed at the front of the tent; and, as Othmull retraced his way, he beheld him at a distance inspecting a vast body of cavalry, all clad in complete armour, preparing the morning march. Far around stretched the camp. The soldiers well grown men, well armed and well clothed, Bohemians, Hungarians, and paid troops from Saxony and Franconia, each ranged under their own national banners, were manoeuvring in different quarters of the field. Othmull could not help being struck with the mechanical and silent spirit of these troops, compared with those of the Hussite camp; and went on wondering to himself what would be the result of that combat which could not be far off.

But the crowding and exciting thoughts of his own wonderful success allowed him little time for these reflections. He had found his friend's son, whom he had every reason to believe had been in his father's possession! He should in a few days see him; call him forth from his weary, and perhaps hopeless dungeon! He should have the delight to travel homewards with him, light at heart, and full of life! He should have the proud satisfaction to return to the old Knight, the artificer and herald of success, and to set before him his long-lost son, safe and sound! If human life can have a moment of perfect felicity, that moment was such to Othmull. He bounded on towards Prague with rapid steps. He entered the camp, and flew to announce his success to Poinitz. The good-natured youth flew to Ziska with the news, as if 't had been a triumph of his own, and soon came back with a letter of protection, which to Jack, who had to travel through a country swarming with Hussites, was as requisite to the accomplishment of his object as that of the Emperor. Then grasping John Othmull's hand with a farewell squeeze, which he felt from his fingers to his heart, and which he kept pressed to his heart, he wished him happily in England with his friend, promised to communicate his good fortune to the students, and Othmull then hurried away to his lodgings. He hung his knapsack on his arm, and so incognito, that he never once met with one that interested them. When they knew that he came direct from Prague, that he had been in immediate intercourse both with the Emperor and Ziska, they were all curiosity. As they sat at their dinners in the field, their fresh bread, their fresh and wine, were as delightful and cordially before him; and he more than repaid them in the intelligence he imparted. On other days, he saw them all dressed in their gay attire, on Sunday or saint-day, streaming with equal zeal to church, and to the wine and dance house. The women were clad in the most bright colours of red, yellow, blue, and white, and gloried over dale and down like rows and masses of showy flowers. Processions, carrying Saint and Virgin, with priest and song, were moving on the cither unbroken plains to different churches, with their grim-banners waving, and the sound of their hymns came gladly to his ears, with the merry din of bells from near and far-off steeples. There was a holiday feeling, so full of peace and repose, so different to the agitations that tore up
the vicinity of Prague and the borders of the
German states, and so in unison with his feel-
ings, that Othmull often paused for hours on the
brow of some slight eminence, and gazed on the
scene which lay for leagues all in perspective
around him.

The air was clear as crystal; the heaven blue
and cloudless; and the villages and towns, scat-
tered plentifully over the open country, had a
sunny and a Sunday aspect. It is true they were
bald and naked. Scarcely a tree sheltered
them from the hot sun. They were all white as
snow; and old towers, and gables with Turkish
domes, covered with bright metal or tiles paint-
ed of various colours and brightly enamelled,
gave a very picturesque aspect to them. From
this warm, open, and glowing scene, it was again a
charming change for him to plunge into the great
pine forests which came over and anon across
his path. Here he delighted to supply himself
with provisions in the wayside villages, and lie
for hours at noon under the great pines, during
the heat. There he dined and slept luxuriously,
or rather, he considered himself to be the
forest, the song of the winds in the dark tree-tops, or
the hum and chime of seen or unseen insects
in the air or skimming over the warm sandy earth.
The crimson glow of the wild fruit was delight-
ful to his eye, as well as the delicious aroma breathed abroad through the
forest by the pines beneath the fervid influence
of noon. It was equally a delight to him to
march on through these woods, and white vil-
lages, in the long moonlight nights. All then
was so still, so clear, so fresh, so like one great
fairytale. The tall boles of the pine-trees, white
as pillars of burnished silver in the flood of
moonlight; the waving shadows of the dark green
boughs, the fresh spirit of the air, the clear trans-
parency of the sky, everything had its indesci-
parable charm to his eye and his heart. Here
the little white cottages of a forest village, lying
amid their green slopes, in a dell down which a
little streamlet ran all crystal joyousness and
music, stood in the moonlight so silent, so shut
up, as if the very houses, as well as their
inhabitants, slept. Othmull, in his then mood
of mind, saw something extremely beautiful
in the homelike air about them; their little
gardens breathing forth on the night air each
the perfume of so many agricultural imple-
ments lying here and there, something
beautiful and touching in the trustiness in
which all domestic creatures slept under the
guardianship of men—and man under that of
God! Himself, the citizen of a far-off land,
what on like a silent spirit, through the bright
and balmy night, with his desires resting only
on his own distant country, but sympathising
with the peaceful enjoyment around him, and
theing God for it, because he felt all these
unknown and unseen beings to be his kindred
and brethren. Through his whole life Othmull
used often to speak of these long and delightful
moonlight journeys through the woods of Bo-
hemian.

As he drew near Znaim, the country became
higher, if possible more destitute of trees, and
on hills of sand, so fine that in the mass it re-
sembled marl, the vine grew vast expanses,
and its heavy bunches ripened rapidly in the
sun, which burned on the bare sandy banks.
Floating mist, as well as fog, around, and huge golden-looking pumpkins lay on the
hot open garden-ground. Anon, the quaint old
city of Znaim met his eyes, perched on its sandy
yet fruitful hill.

We shall not attempt to describe John Oth-
mull's sensations as he drew near its walls, and
thought that within those towers lay the object
of his long journey. We shall not attempt to
describe the meeting of him and the old Knight's
son. In a short time his order had been deliver-
ed to the Governor; the youth was brought
from his cell, and John Othmull and he stood
in each other's presence. They had never seen
each other before; of Othmull, the youth had
never even heard. But when John Othmull
gazed on the noble form, and clear open counte-
nance of the young man, he was sure that he
was worthy of all his father's care and praises;
and when the youth heard what Othmull had
undertaken and achieved for him, he was filled
with equal wonder and gratitude. The effects
of his injury in Prague, of his long confinement,
and his despair—thus far from his native coun-
try, and without means of making his situation
known, of once more regaining his liberty—had
had an effect on him, colored by melancholy, yet he could not help tracing
a strong likeness in both form and feature to his
father. As he once more, however, breathed the
free air; and, having purchased horses for their
purpose, as Othmull went on from day to
day, while they pursued their journey, to inform
him both of what had taken place at home since
his departure, and what in Prague, he began to
show that ardent and enthusiastic spirit which
animated him. Of the progress of the cause of
the Reformation in England, of Pultitz, Ziska,
the Students, and the family of Melchior the
Jew, he could never hear enough. One mo-
moment he wished himself once more on the mount
of Ziska, with a good sword in his hand; but
the next, the generosity of the Emperor checked
this thought, and he turned his spirit to the state
of affairs in England. Othmull soon discovered,
that with much of the mildness of his father's
disposition, he also inherited the more bold and
active spirit of his mother. Every day, as they
rode along, Othmull saw with pleasure that his
strength and colour visibly returned; and he
often gazed on him with delight, thinking what
a rich reward for all his toils would be that of
delivering so promising a youth into the arms
of his father.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OTHMULL AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND MAURICE REVOR,
ON THEIR RETURN, ENCOUNTER THE ROBBER-
KNIGHT HANS VON STEIN, AND ASSAULT HIS
STRONGHOLD. IN WHAT FOLLOWES THE READER
WILL SEE WHAT FOLLOWS.

We must not attempt to follow step by step
the course and adventures of the journey of our
two young companions. They took a rutt, and
somewhat more circuitous but safer route, since
it lay wider of the contending parties with which
they had been involved; and because it gave
them an opportunity of seeing something also of
the chief capitals and countries of Germany.
They passed through Vienna, Munich, Aug-
sburg, and so forth. In the two latter cities
especially did they spend some days with the
greatest gratification. The wealthy weavers
of Augsburg, the Webers and Fuggers, with
looking the road from Salzburg to Munich. Here he could copy at a distance whoever approached, come in what direction they would. Whether they wound down the hill from Wasserburg in the direction of Munich, or came up the wide plain from Salzburg, he saw them in sufficient time to enable him to ride down and fall upon them before they could pass. It mattered very little to him whether it was the wagon-train loaded with rich stores; or the poor journeyman wandering with his knapsack on his back, to complete the three years required of him by his guild, to visit different towns and learn under different masters therein; he assailed all, and would empty the poor contents of a knapsack with as little ruthlessness as the purse of the rich merchant. He had a savage pleasure in slinging his victims into his dungeon, and seeing their misery and despair, especially where they had made a stout resistance, and perhaps given him some rough knocks on his iron cap, or cost him one or two of his men.

His brutality and lust of revenge seemed to grow with his years, and as his dungeons were not equal to his wishes, he got all the strong prisoners he could find and captured, and had the purpose, to hew out continually fresh ones in the rock beneath his castle, which yet remain, and which have been visited by many English travellers. Within four or five feet of the face of the precipice, he caused these poor wretches to hew out a long suite of these dungeons, cutting small slits through, so as just to admit air enough to keep them alive, but scarcely light to see. These accomplished, he caused them to commence the excavation of a still lower range, with steps to descend into it. As these various cells were completed, he stored them with his victims, feeding them on such poor and scanty fare, that they were continually suffering the pangs of hunger, and in winter, of deadly cold. He had a passage cut through the solid rock with a gradual ascent into his castle, so that he could at any time descend to feast his eyes on his victims, or to add fresh ones to their number; but the entrance to this passage was so nicely fitted with a door of solid stone cut from the same rock, and fastened with a lock, to which the keyhole was not readily perceived, that his castle might be taken by his enemies half-a-dozen times without their detecting these dungeons; and in such a case, the miserable prisoners might all have perished of starvation.

This Hans von Stein was one of the most villainous robbers who, at that time, infested Germany. He had no taste for anything peaceful or intellectual. To hunt the boar and the wolf, and to plunder the peaceful merchant or traveller, were his great business and delight. He was unable to read, and he looked on all those who followed any more peaceful or refined calling than his own, as cowards and milksops. He had a set of followers as savage and reckless as himself, and the deeds which they daily committed were such as in any less distracted country would have long ago raised them to the eminence of the gallow. There existed for many generations a knightly family at Neusteinach, near Heidelberg, on the Neckar, the ruins of whose castle yet stand proudly there on their heights, who were such rank reivers, that the family name became and continued—Landschaden, or Bane-of-the-land; and whose monuments in the church there, yet attribute to them the massacre, which, if done at all, were done in the most secret manner, for no one knew of them, while their atrocities are still the theme of tradition. But these Landschadens were saints compared to Hans von Stein.

This fellow, whose fathers very likely were not great men, and who had been, for a time, very well situated for his nefarious trade. His castle was perched on the top of a precipice, over-
of them. It was evident that he had never had the curiosity or compassion during the remainder of his life to have this wall opened, and the body removed. This singular skeleton and its covering armour are now preserved in the public museum of the capital of Baden, Carls-

Such a temper of barbarous cruelty is only too well authenticated by the bloody annals of past ages; but this Hans von Stein was even then an unmatchable villain. In a dark dungeon, he held her, till he imprisoned his own wife soon after their marriage. In this dungeon his only son was born, and here he kept the miserable mother eleven years. When his son was grown up, too, it is asserted: that he became attached to a village maiden of great beauty and goodness. The maiden, however, soon disappeared, and the son suspecting his father of having seized her, for he had been furiously angry at the report of his son's attachment, contrived to obtain a false key from the smith, and explored in the night his father's dungeons. He found his maiden actually there, and already, in his bondage, had been unhappily, beyond the belief of human endurance, been found still alive; and that from the bottom of that pit looks of such pleading pale faces, and eyes wild with famine, and uplifted hands, and faint breathings for mercy in the name of God, have been seen, as would have moved the heart of the devil himself,—but never moved one feeling of this detestable tyrant.

In those ages, the human heart, by the perils brooked in life, and the perpetual feuds and animosities which cursed that country, seemed turned into something worse than infernal, and such monstrous crimes as these were not uncommon. In some of the strongholds of these knights and princes have been discovered pits, even in modern times, filled with wheels and set round with knives, into which, through a trap-door, the victims were suddenly let fall, and the horrible machinery being put in motion, they were cut and torn into a thousand pieces. In others, they were ordered before execution to advance and kiss an iron figure of the Virgin, placed in a recess at the end of a subterranean dungeon, which, on being touched by the victim, suddenly swung forward, and pressed him in his arms, while a number of sharp daggers, springing from the body of the statue, pierced him to the heart.

Such dens of ancient cruelty the author himself has seen in various parts of that country, and therefore cannot doubt the stories which are both related by the people and recorded in the histories of those times. Nay, but a few years ago, in an old and ruined castle at Haan-ech-thorn, near Heidelberg, in breaking open a well, the skeleton of a knight was found in a recess within it. He was seated in his armour, and in this manner it had been built up alive by his ruthless enemy; and that enemy, continuing to live in this castle, had sate down day after day to his well-supplied table, and thrown himself on his bed at night, without a care for the famine and the dying agonies of his victim, perhaps rather with a delight in the consciousness

These are no imaginary horrors; this account of von Stein and his dungeons is only too true. The author, in 1841, visited this den of terror, and found the gloomy walls of Stein as fresh as ever in the public mind.
there was nothing for the fire to lay hold of. Moreover, in the higher stories of the tower, he kept up such a sharp and well-directed discharge of bolts from powerful cross-bows, that it was not possible long for any enemy to maintain his ground. The scoundrel had also a contrivance which remains there to be seen to this day. In the narrow slits, out of which he and his men discharged their arrows or their matchlocks, were fitted solid cylinders of oak, which turned round on a pivot at top and bottom. Through each of these cylinders was cut a slit in one direction, so as to admit of the discharge of an arrow. The moment it had taken place, the cylinder was turned, and thus the slit or window became closed, and imperious to any return of the shot from without.

John Othmill and his young friend, whom we shall distinguish by his christian name of Maurice, heard so much of the villanies and atrocities of this fellow as they approached that part of the country, that they felt the utmost indignation against him; and spite of the most earnest warnings and dissuasions, were wrought up to a determination to travel through the place, and, if necessary, have a brush with him.

It was drawing towards evening as they rode along the highway near the dorf of Stein; and their surprise, however, no Hans appeared. They rode unmolested on their way, and drew up at the door of the village hostel. The host, a young fat man, of a good-natured countenance, came out with a face of evident wonder to see them there. They appeared not to notice it, but threw carelessly the reins on the necks of the horses, and, leaping down, told him they meant to spend the night with him. They removed their saddle-bags, which, in fact, were their knapsacks, with their own hands, carried them into the inn, desired the host to shew them their rooms for the night, and having locked the door out to see that the horses were well-groomed and fed. Every minute they expected the old robber-knight, of whom they had heard such hundreds of stories, would come galloping into the yard; but no Hans von Stein appeared.

They ordered suppers, and the host soon set a good piece of smoking venison, with black bread, cabbage, and beer before them, and they fell heartily to work upon it. They insisted, as was the custom of the time, that the host should take a seat and a share with them, which he did very willingly. They then began to ask him about the country, the roads, and whether it was safe travelling thereabout. The host, who evidently was astonished, getting up, and closing and bolting the door, for in the great room of which this formed a sort of side-closet, or bar, were a good many country fellows drinking, and probably some of von Stein's crew; he pushed through the crowd again at the table, and, addressing them, said:

"Gentlemen, I think you must have travelled hither from a very distant part, and can have held little communication with any one on the road, or you must have learned that you are now just in the most dangerous place in all Germany. It is true that I see any one in this host- tel, except the peasants of the lands here, or a wagon-train, or a company of merchants so numerous and strongly armed as to fear no ordinary attack. But gentlemen travelling, as you do, I never see, and, in truth, never care to see. It grieves me to see you here now; and I cannot hope for a safe escape for you hence. Here you never heard—is there a man within a thousand miles who has not heard, of Hans von Stein?"

He looked hard at them, expecting at the sound of this name that they would turn pale as ghosts; for he thought they had stumbled unwittingly on this place, without knowing in reality where they were. But, to his amaze, they altered neither in colour nor in cheerfulness. They pledged the host in a draught of wine; and coolly replied, as they went on with their suppers, and praised at the same time his venison and his cookery, that they had heard of him, but entertained no fears, as they travelled with a letter of protection from the Emperor, which they had found all Princes and Knights to respect.

The amazement of the host became greater than ever. He fairly stared at them with open mouth, and snapping his fingers with a loud "Gib!" cried—

"A letter of protection from the Emperor! Why, Hans von Stein would care no more for a letter of the Emperor than he would for a leaf out of an old mass-book. If that, gentlemen, were your only trust, in the name of God, up and ride in for Wasserburg to-night! It's probable that Stein is sunk in one of his drinking bouts, that now come more frequently on him; but be sure that by morning his spies will have apprised him of your being here, and I lay my life that you rue his meeting you!"

The two travellers thanked the host heartily for his concern on their behalf; but expressed their intention to abide all night, and take their chance.

In the morning they appeared somewhat late to breakfast, and shewed no hurry to be gone.

The host, who was more and more astonished, that Hans had not before this been there to seize them, could not sufficiently marvel at their indifference and delay, and said that, for two clever and gentlemanly young men, he never knew such fool-hardy ones. In a few minutes he came running to say that Hans von Stein was actually setting out a-hunting, and now was the time to be on the way with any chance of escape. To put the finish to this wonder and horror, they now, instead of making off in the direction of Wasserburg, asked which way Hans had taken, and expressed their resolution to follow and overtake him in the chase.

The host stood actually petrified, as it were, into an image of unbounded astonishment; then, clapping his hand on his thigh, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, are you moonstruck mad? Will you run your heads into wilful destruction? Did any man ever trust himself in the hands of von Stein? Did any man, except in the case of a strong troop, ever escape him! Heaven and earth! as you value your lives—ay, as you would not pass for crazy idiots—desist, gentlemen, desist, and over the hill to Wasserburg in a crack."
The two youngsters, however, only smiled at his earnestness, nodded a good-bye to him, and leaving him looking for all the world like the moonstruck man be imagined them, they put spurs to their horses, and rode up into the woods in the direction that the grim old Knight had gone. When they reached the eminence from which they could not perceive any sight or sound of the hunters; they therefore rode on rapidly, trusting ere long to come across them, or to catch some note of them. They had ridden to and fro in the forest for more than an hour, when, in a narrow glade, they heard a tremendous clamour of dogs and men, which seemed to be coming as fast as possible towards them. They therefore stood upon their guard, and directly the party came in sight.

There were four or five men, and as many dogs, in chase of a huge boar; which, foaming with heat and fury, was dashing up the hollow. There was no alternative but to retreat or advance; to move right or left was impossible from the steepness of the cliffs. Othmar, therefore, who was first, spurred on his horse, and leaped to the ground in the face of the infuriated animal. The hunters, who were just behind, gave a loud shout of involuntary amusement; the boar with a tremendous gush of steam fell upon Othmar at the moment when the pursuers expected to see him rent and tossed to the earth, they beheld the stranger with one stroke of his axe, dealt in the centre of the monster's skull, fall to the ground. In the next instant, dogs and men were upon the boar, the spear of the first man was thrust into his gory flank, and the dogs were yelping from their horses to feast their eyes upon him. Von Steven, however, whom the youths instantly knew by his villainous and slyish look, turned in evident amazement, and asked whom he had the pleasure of seeing there? They told him they were merely passing travellers who had heard that he was out hunting, and as great lovers of the chase, had felt an irresistible desire to join him. They hoped that they had not been intrusive; and informed him that, as they travelled with a passport from the Emperor himself, they felt themselves so much in security on the way, that they could indulge in such sport in a little disport.

The old fox thought he had got two rawheads into his net. He leered on them with a smile that was meant to appear very patronizing, but was, in reality, a horrible smile of villainous ugliness. He professed himself much honoured; brave men, he said, he had been, and hoped they would go and dine with him after the chase. They accepted his invitation with great readiness, and inwardly chuckling over the certainty of seizing them, he rode on with them after the hounds. For the greater part of the day they pursued the sport; and, in truth, a fine day's sport they had. They returned towards evening, well laden with roebucks and their fine old boar, to the castle of the arch-scamp. He apologized to them for having to mount into his tower by a ladder, but said that in those times, there was nothing like caution; and as he had neither wife nor child, this way did very well for him.

He led them up to his eating-room, which was almost at the top of the house, and where stood a huge massive table, and already arranged upon it rude dishes and knives for eating. The walls were of naked whitewash, and only adorned with some large rude drawings in black chalk, which the vanity of the old vagabond had occasioned him to have sketched out. Othmar represented himself with a cross-bow in his hand, and a boar of monstrous bulk running before him. It would have been difficult to say which of the two savages made the most uncouth appearance. Under the boar was written in great rude letters—

Hans von Stein, unverdrossen,
By Oetting hat er mich geschossen.

that is,

Hans von Stein, unwearied man,
Shot me at Oetting as I ran.

Others were caricatures of his enemies; others, men hanging, and others, men fighting; all alluding to his own history, and all illustrated by coarse verses; no doubt done at his command by some of his train, who boasted the arts both of writing and rhyming.

Scarce had he, his guests, his men, dogs, and all entered his room, and the men seated themselves at table, and the dogs eagerly spread out, than fever, of a suddenly ill disposition, entered with great pieces of roasted and boiled meat, great dishes of cabbage, and jugs of beer. Never in all their wanderings had the young friends seen such a scene of coarse and disgusting manners. They seized bones in their hands, and tore the meat with their teeth; and then, flinging the picked bones to the dogs, they wiped their great greasy hands on their doublets, and drank from the jugs, hoisting them with both hands to their heads. The dogs in the mean time quarreled and baulked on the floor, and under the table, about their share; the fellows laid on them lustily with staff, or broad side of sword, to settle their disputes; and the two guests were not a little apprehensive that they should get their legs mistaken for dogs by the men, who kicked and punched fiercely at the hounds under the table; or by the dogs for one another, and get either a good bruising on the shins, or a rough and solid grip.

Old Hans pushed the beer about, and our two youngsters did not shun it. They hoisted the great jugs manfully to their mouths, and made a great show of drinking, but in reality drank very little. They looked out of the narrow windows, and expressed their admiration of the landscape, which in reality is very fine. The road came winding down the hill on the right from Wasserburg, into the green and pleasant valley, along which ran a clear, rapid, and very charming stream. On the left ran in all their magnificence the sunny summits of the Alps, in the neighbourhood of Salzburg, standing prominently forward in glorious greatness in the landscape, and stretching far and wide away, in silent sublimity, to the very limits of the horizon.

"You have a magnificent position here," said Maurice to Hans; "what a fine rich vale! What a grand stretch of Alpine scenery!"

"Oh, ay, fine! wondrous fine!" said Hans von Stein; "but what signify Alps and strong mountains! give me the scene nearer home here, the rich valley, the green slopes there opposite. There is richness, if you will—hear the wealth!"

"Yes," said Maurice, "the crops must be good here."
"Crops!" responded Hans, "ay, good are they—and pretty frequent."

"Frequent!" I said Maurice Bevor in surprise. "What, have you more than one crop a year?"

There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of von Stein, which was sympathised in by his followers with broad knowing grins.

"More than once a year!—ay, more than once a month, or once a week. Our crops start up as soon as the ground is to be ploughed, and by night, by moonlight, there is a harvest worth a king's reaping. Often, as you sit here, you may see it growing on the hills opposite; and on no part so fast as on the road."

"On the road!" exclaimed Maurice in surprise again.

"Ay, on the road, I warrant me," echoed half-a-dozen of the now red-faced and half-tipsy fellows. There was a sound of suppressed laughter.

Othmill, who understood the jest of the old reiver, said out bluntly:

"The same jokes, you know. Their doonies are not so wide of the stone door of which Othmill had heard a good deal from a merchant in Vienna, who had been immured here, and escaped only by the sacrifice of half his fortune in ransom, it was not without the greatest difficulty that they could discover the keyhole, which was concealed in one of many small cracks or fissures natural to the stone. They finally succeeded; but on pushing the ponderous door backwards, which was more than a foot in thickness, it moved with a dolorous and so loud a sort of moaning noise on its hinges, that they were startled. They had no doubt that this was a sound which would, under any ordinary circumstances, have brought Hans speedily upon them; and with palpitating hearts they even now listened, lest any one should awake and make an outcry. But all was still. Hans himself was deeply drugged, and those of his men who were not, were, said doubt, too well acquainted with his midnight visits to his dungeons to move at the well-known sound of this door. Probably, if they heard it, they would suppose that he was carrying down his two new victims.

A thought now occurred to Othmill. What, if any of them should awake, and, while they were down in the dungeon, close this door upon them? What, if there were another key! The idea was horrible. He proposed that Maurice should descend while he stood sentinel there, ready to shoot down the first man that should present himself from above. But then, if he should be overpowered before Maurice returned, what better were it? They agreed, therefore, to trust to Providence and their potent drug, and descend together.

There was another thought which came as quickly. When, in the darkness of the dungeon, they heard the footsteps and peared at the regular store of plundered arms and goods. There were plenty, he said, to arm a regiment of men. With these they hastily steered their way along the narrow passage in the rock, and soon
discovered such a scene of misery and villainy as made their blood boil with fury against the monster who had created it. Here were men, young and old, nearly naked, and a little straw to lie upon, and some of them so close and pestiferous, that it was wonderful that anything could live in them. It was some time before Othmill could hit upon the right key which unlocked their fetters, and he actually began to fear that he had not got it on the bunch, when kettles and copperware were put away. For some difficulty occurred. Some of the prisoners were so faint, and appeared so stupefied with their long confinement, they could not comprehend what was wanted. Some begged for bread; some that they might not be put into the Hunger Hole; and some that they might be killed outright. Othmill and Maurice endeavoured to make them understand that they were come to liberate them, but this only seemed to bewild er them the more. Others, who caught at the meaning, were too faint to rise, and too much cramped with rheumatism to be able to walk. Others again, young and old, were so obsessed with such an impatience, that they tapped at their chains, and could not by any persuasions keep themselves still, so as to allow their deliverers to unlock them. They were obliged to threaten these to leave them where they were, and go off with the rest, before they could compel them to sufficient quietness. But once housed, to these they gave swords, and ordered them to follow them. Rapidly they ran from cell to cell, liberating all, and letting such as could follow their train. But now they became threatened with as great a danger. As the number set free became considerable, their transport was so great that they began to laugh out in obstreperous and convulsive peals; others began to cry as vehemently, and wring their hands in the intense distress. There were friends who, on seeing one another at liberty, flew into each other's arms, and gave vent to their violent joy with such commotion, that their deliverers were seized with alarm, and entreated them, as they hoped to escape, to restrain themselves, and preserve silence. To effect anything like obedience, however, was altogether impossible. Some came and flung themselves on their liberators, and closed the thick doors and barred the windows, and clasped them in such vehement embraces and kisses with such impetuosity, that they were nearly smothered, and with the greatest difficulty could proceed with their task.

Othmill fixed on half-a-dozen of the strongest and most orderly of them to march to the stone doors, and there, with drawn swords, to maintain a silent watch, but charged them on their lives not to advance a step farther, nor to create an alarm. They now came to the Hunger Hole, and as a torch was suspended to a cord, and let down upon this dungeon, some of them, seeing its horror checked every other sensation, and the haggard group of prisoners stood round in breathless silence. Luckily it was empty; but the sight of the black depth, in which many a human being had worn out his last days in filth and dirt, caused a general groan, and all hurried away from it, as if half fearing to be seized and plunged in.

Having now searched in every direction, and attended themselves that they had explored ev-
the midst of their feet with a horrible stagger and confusion, and no man dared for a moment to thrust at the dog, lest he should run his sword through the man. But the man was soon overpowered; the hound uppermost darted with raving jaws at his throat, and another instant would have seen him tear away his life, while the man could do nothing but run from the blow sent from the jaws of his axe. In the mean time, the infuriated prisoners had borne down von Stein and his whole gang. Several rolled on the floor in their blood, and not a man would have been spared, had not Maurice and Othmill, with lowest cries and energetic vigour, beaten back the weapons of the prisoners, and commanded them to desist. Half-a-dozen swords were already point ed at the breast of von Stein, who had been knocked down against the wall, and had already received a severe cut on the head. Othmill cried, "Hold! hold! back! back!" But the pressing throng glaring on von Stein with inexpressible hate, cried, "No! cut the wretch to atoms! fling him from the tower!"

"Nay! nay!" cried Othmill; "that is far too good! To the Hunger Hole! to the pit with him!"

The utterance of that word was like the sudden explosion of a mine. The shout of excitement was stunning. "Ay, God in heaven! to the pit! to the pit with him!"

In a moment von Stein was seized by the legs and arms, and hair of the head; and amid curses and laughter, and wild joblesses, was hurried down stairs. Even as he went many could not keep striking at him, and gnashing their teeth over him in a rage. The hardened villains, who had heard well the cry of the pit, did not utter an exclamation, or groan, but the wildness of his look showed his inward terror; and writhing like a huge snake, he struggled and kicked with a strength which was amazing. It availed not however. His triumphant captors bore him forward, and as they entered the dungeons, and traversed the long passage, they taunted him as they went. "Villain! knowest thou these dungeons! Knowest thou this spot, where thou wast brought to a pit, to be set amid wretches with plenteous cries to be left in their year-long filth; but there were jolly and robustous spirits, who having themselves revelled in the new luxury of water, determined that every other soul should, and thence commenced a splashing and dashing, a dragging into, and a dragging out of, great watertubs, with a din of laughter, shouts, cries, curses, and jokes, that now made ten times more of a Babel than the original Babel itself. While this process was going on, Oth mill and Maurice made a survey of the castle. They once more traversed every dungeon to see that the poor hands were washed, and drove a dozen voices at once; but as they let the rope give way, and he was about to disappear, a young knight named Siegfried, whom he had captured about a year before, after a desperate contest and killing the whole of his followers, and had been detailed in the hotel of getting the enormous ransom which he demanded, suddenly crying, "Never shalt thou have a chance of coming out of that pit alive!"—plunged his sword through him. The dying wretch rolled his eyes convulsively, and the rope rapidly loosened, sent him spinning into the darkness below.

JACK OF THE HALL

Having executed this signed piece of justice and vengeance, the liberators ordered the strong strong prisoners to carry the infirm ones from the cells to the kitchen. Here, when all were assembled, who proved to be more than thirty persons, never was such a company! Pule, half-naked creatures with hair, and beards, and half-naked legs; and they bared the sawyers and the sawyers which attended their horrible usage; they looked more like a throng of people called from their graves than aught else. The ravenous fury of famine raged in their hollow eyes and ghastly faces; and there now remained the most arduous labour of all, to prevent them destroying themselves by their voracity. Luckily, there was no great store of provisions left from the last night's feast. The game killed the day before was deposited in a building in the court; and the larger cut in the solid rock, near the kitchen, Oth mill kept locked, and as much as possible unknown to any of them. He and Maurice ordered themselves to distribute, as equally as they could, the cooked provisions remaining; but they found it impossible to prevent dreadful scenes of snatching and voracity.

When the food was devoured, he ordered them, as they must prepare to appear in the open, to wash and trim themselves into some degree of decency. There was plenty of water brought by wooden pipes from the hill into the kitchen; and tubs were speedily set, and heaps of hewn brought from the store-room, for bowls. Many a poor wretch who had never before scrubbed his skin with anything finer than a hamp cloth of home manufacture, this day wiped himself with whole lengths of most luxurious damask linens, intended for the use of princes—the plunder of luckless merchants. It would have been a curious scene to have witnessed this general ablation. Some rushed into the water, and dashed it over them as the very water of life; but many others, who for years had lain in the dry rock, shrunk from it as from so much ice. They had grown out of the use of it, and made the most determined resistance to the very touch of it. Othmill set him toiling with plenteous cries to be left in their year-long filth; but there were jolly and robustous spirits, who having themselves revelled in the new luxury of water, determined that every other soul should, and thence commenced a splashing and dashing, a dragging into, and a dragging out of, great watertubs, with a din of laughter, shouts, cries, curses, and jokes, that now made ten times more of a Babel than the original Babel itself. While this process was going on, Othmill and Maurice made a survey of the castle. They once more traversed every dungeon to see that the poor hands were washed, and explored every place where anything was likely to be deposited. In the knight's chest they found a surprising sum of money, and in different rooms a vast mass of plundered goods and arms. They then despatched some of the nimblest people to the hunting of summoned horses and wagons to convey the goods and people to Salzburg. It was not long before numbers of the peasants came flying up to the castle at this extraordinary news. At their head appeared the host of the hostel, who with a face of more wonder than ever, now doffed his cap, and bowed to the very ground to John.
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

Othmill and Maurice, pronouncing them the greatest champions that had ever appeared in that county. Two nights were spent without fire. There was a general rejoicing, that the country was rid of this pestilent crew, who had prevented travellers frequenting this road, and spending their money in the place. Wagons and horses were soon in numbers on the hill. The prisoners were hour after hour set out of the windows, and loaded with great sincerity. The weekly people were also let down, and seated in a wagon upon beds, and amid warm clothing.

Othmill and Maurice opened the old robber's chest, and richly paid the people for their help, besides giving to the host chamber for a general rejoicing at his house. They presented the honest man, moreover, with a fine matchlock, which they found in the castle; besides a curious old schrank or wardrobe, on which he seemed to set his heart, with other articles, in testimony of the honest deal which he had shown in their behalf; and calling together the prisoners, they assured them that the treasures of the knight should all be distributed amongst them, his victims, in proportion to their necessities and infirmities; and that this should be done under the superintendence of the magistrates and other honourable men at Saltzburg.

For themselves, they only selected from the captured articles a couple of swords and daggers, in sheaths of gold set with precious stones; two cross-bows, with stocks most beautifully inlaid with ivory; and two Nuremberg eggs, as they were called, or watches for the pocket, truly then as thick as eggs, but most admirably cas'd in gold and jewels. All these were of Nuremberg workmanship; and must, from their exquisite beauty and value, have belonged to persons of high rank. The two friends, addressing the freed prisoners and those around, said—"These they should hope to hand down in their families to future times, as memorials of an achievement on which they never should cease to congratulate themselves."

Amongst the prisoners were knights and merchants of great wealth, who had been destined to a speedy exit from them, or because they had stoutly resisted old Hans, and excited his implacable hatred. These came forward, and asked if there was nothing by which they could testify their sense of gratitude to their deliverers; but the two youths replied, that they were only too well repaid already by ridding the country of such a monster, and restoring so many fellow-creatures to liberty and their friends. One thing only did they solicit, and that was, that these worthy knights and merchants should undertake the division of the spoil, with the assistance of the Saltzburg magistrates, inquiring carefully into the exact circumstances of each individual, and so apportioning the property, that no infirm person, destitute of means, should have such proportion as would provide for him for life; and that such also should have, over and above, assuring the presence of their families, while reaching their homes; the rest of the property to be equally divided amongst the remaining better circumstances prisoners. The knights and merchants expressed with the utmost alacrity their pleasure in faithfully carrying out this excellent arrangement, and the two young men took their leave. The prisoners crowded round them with tears and many salutations, blessings and prayers, for God to reward them in the happiness of their lives; and, amid loud and repeated plaudits, they mounted and rode away.

On the hill above the dorf of Stein, between Saltzburg and Wasserburg, yet stands the dilapidated castle, and yet remains its marble columns and horrible dungeons in the rock beneath; and the legends of the neighbourhood are not a whit less dreadful than we find this history. On the walls of von Stein's rude eating-room, were at the time of the author's visit in 1841, still to be seen figures of himself, his horse, his dogs, and the boar, renewed by some recent hand; and his spear, his sword, and saddle, and some parts of his old rusty armour, were also there remaining. There were still inscribed on the walls some very rude verses, in which the breaking into his hold is attributed to the people of Saltzburg and Wasserburg; and in which it is also stated that Siegfried Geltsattle, whose lady he had carried off from Trossburg, had slain Hans. This is probably the knight Siegfried, who stabbed him as he was descending into the pit. So dimly and distantly descends to posterity, through the medium of tradition, some of the most brilliant of heroic deeds.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Othmill is knighted. As Sir John Othmill, he performs great services in the royal forests. The famous siege of Waldbeck, and the exploit of the three tailors. Sir John is made Baron Waldbeck and knight of Kirtlington.

Two youths arrived in England in the early autumn; they found that the old knight had removed to London, where he could enjoy the society of his Lollard friends. His estate was left in the care of his steward; and he complained heavily of the lawless state of the neighbourhood, and of his difficulties in warding off aggressions, while he was unsupported by his lord. To Othmill and Maurice he speedily wrote to help and assist him, and then hastened to London, where the joyful son threw himself into the arms of his father, and was received as we may well imagine. To Othmill, the old Knight could not sufficiently express his thanks, and his son's address of honorific address and courage. He insisted, not only with the full consent, but zealous concurrence of his son, on settling on John Othmill a certain estate, which was unencumbered and entirely at his own disposal, but Othmill would not for a moment listen to it. He said he was already too well repaid by his success, and the friendship of both the Knight and his son; and that he would trust to his fortune to find him as much wealth as he should have any occasion for.

Maurice and Othmill, as is not to be wondered at, had in their wanderings and adventures acquired the strongest friendship for each other, and were almost inseparable. Maurice had recovered all his strength and good looks, and was regarded as one of the finest young men of his age; while Othmill, on his part, had so much improved on his travels, that, though still of a low stature, he was strongly built, and had an air of smartness and command about.
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him which immediately struck the beholder, and inspired him with an idea of his great parts and a knowledge of the world. He wore a doublet and hose of a rich brown brocade; some embroidered belt were usually to be seen on his pistol and rich dagger. A short velvet mantle of deep crimson with a border of gold, and a black velvet cap and eagle's feather, in public, gave him a striking and noticeable air. His bearing was so recondite and his looks so confident that the first look off somewhat the effect of his rather long face; and his ruddy countenance and bright eye bespoke a healthy and lively constitution; while the firm activity of his tread and cheerful ease of his carriage were not less indicative of a confident, aspiring, but generous character.

The two young friends, having stayed some time in London, departed again for the Knight's estate. It was necessary that a free pardon from the King should be obtained for Maurice, to protect him against the consequences of the unfortunate fray in which he had killed the fanatical sickly Roundhead, and for Knight to apprehend, as the King had shown a growing severity against the Reformers, this might be attended with some difficulty. Till it was effected, he would be safer in the country; where he would have his servants about him, and where, for the protection of the property, it was his intention of Maurice and Othmoll to arm and discipline the tenants and their hinds.

In this scheme they were eagerly seconded by the young farmers. They had been too often insulted by neighbouring proprietors, who relied on the well-known Lollard tendency of both the Knight and his sons, for committing depredations on them with impunity, not to be ready to put themselves in a posture of self-defence. Their courage had been amply shewn at the rescue of the Lollard preachers. Through the autumn, and the milder intervals of winter, they met well armed and mounted, and massed in the park to the number of fifty; and soon shewed so much skill in arms, that they had longer to complain of the inroads which before they suffered. The two young commanders looked on them with feelings of confidence and pride.

By the way, the old Knight wrote that the monarch Henry V. had returned from his glorious campaign in France, for a little while, to London; but as he contemplated speedily returning to Paris with fresh troops, he could only grant Maurice a free pardon on condition that he took arms and accompanied him to the war. This was news of the most acceptable kind to Maurice, who felt a great desire not only to share in the glory of the French victories, which had rung through all Europe, but at the same time to cultivate an acquaintance with the young nobles of his own country, who were for the most part with rich muddy; and that the monarch's proposal was at once accepted, and Othmoll accompanied his friend to London. The King had been pleased to inquire very particularly after their adventures in Bohemia and Germany, of which many rumours had spread amongst the young nobles, and so much, too, was the matter of the gallantry and address of John Othmoll, that he knighted the two young men on the spot; and at the same time saying, it was but fitting, as they had travelled and passed through so many dangers together, that they should together reap the deserved honour. Maurice became Sir Maurice Boor, and received a distinguished commission. His Highness was pleased, as the former had given the same on our hero, now Sir John Othmoll,—but here the old Knight interposed, saying that, however much it would add to his comfort that his son should enjoy the company and advice of Sir John Othmoll, he yet conceived it would be better for John's affairs to suffer in this kingdom by his absence. The old Knight here drew such a picture of domestic disorders, and the insolvency of bad men, in his part of the kingdom, while the Monarch and so many influential nobles and gentlemen were abroad, that the King said, "Ay, it was but too true." He thanked the Knight for reminding him of it, and charged Sir John Othmoll to exert his talents and address in maintaining order in these parts. For this purpose he gave him also the rank of a colonel in the army, and in a very familiar conversation, he told him how much he esteemed the character and abilities of Sir John, he told him that the fine army which he had seen in the camp of Sigismund at Prague had been beaten and dispersed with great slaughter by the Huseite Ziska, and that his friend Nozica had performed miracles of value at the head of his Tabors.
wounds unhealed; and the thieves retired from the town to distant districts.

Not many weeks, however, had passed over before men came flying with news that the lawlessmultitude had reassumed the hallowed character of their fellows, or rather were stirred up by a notorious freebooter of that neighborhood, the Knight of Kilcotte, who saw all his lawless influence at an end, if Sir John Othunel was allowed to keep possession of Waldeck. Far and wide this tumultuous闹line spread, and the mountebanks and banditti, the booting disturbers of many a district, telling them that night was the time to crush John-o'-the-Mill and his attempts in their infancy. The king and the army were abroad, and few men of note and influence were left at home; one bold effort, and they would be rid of this upstart of a Saracen confederacy, who otherwise would soon grow into a mighty and influence that would carry everything before them. Waldeck would become his head-quarters, and from thence he would stretch his jurisdiction round till not a free foot was left in any of the King's dominions. The cattle were driven to the country, and the coven merchant would parcel the highways, fearing no longer the free hearts and bows of the forest. The jolly life of the green wood would be over for ever.

These representations speedily brought up from many a wood and wild and rude bold, inhabited by Borderers, half traders and half thieves, swarms of fierce fellows, all hastening to attack the town of Waldeck, vowing to hang up John-o'-the-Mill and his men, spite of the king's warrant, to set the Mayor in the pillory, and burn down the town.

The people, who had been before ready to drop out of their skins with exultation at the dispersion of the freebooters, were now ready to shrink into their own shoes. There was nothing but lamentation. Many were anxious to fly with any safety. The murmurers gave out that John-o'-the-Mill was but a Saracen necromancer, brought by the old Lollari Knight out of the East, and where he had sent his son to learn Mahomedanism, and whence John-o'-the-Mill had lately been to fetch him, he having now been duly instructed in the Black Art and all unchristian practices by John-o'-the-Mill's acknowledged counsellors. But they wanted that they had a friend in the forest, another Prior Trot, that would speedily break the power of John-o'-the-Mill's enchantments, and with the Sacred Host put the demon of his strength to flight. They said that Othunel, thus deprived of his infernal support, would drop like a prostrate swelling bladder when pierced with a knife. They should see him drop from his height, which he owed to his false acts, like a dead carrion-crow from the top of an oak where the arrow had hit him, and they would gibbet him on the city gate.

The diviners made the people quite frantic with fear. They began packing up their goods, and prepared to run off anywhere, rather than be given up to the dreadful freebooters. But Sir John ordered the gates to be all closed, to be stricty guarded, and all the cattle, and as many men as were necessary, to be rushed into the city. In two days, the forces of the outlaws were seen advancing up the distant forest glades. On the following day, they came down before the town; and cutting boughs, construct-
ed tents for themselves. Their numbers could not be less than a thousand. The inhabitants, who, of themselves, far outnumbered those in arms and able-bodied men, had now been accoutered and armed, a bow in the forest from leaf, were still a peaceable sort of people—for the most part weavers and other handi-crafts, and were filled with the most unmanning consternation. The lawless besiegers began now to scale their walls with rope-ladders, and the besieged endeavored to repel the attack from the town, telling them to give up that little Jack-a-napes and his band-and-cheeso soldiers, that they might hang them; and then they would only mercifully burn their gates and take their castle, and go away. Sir John told them to keep quiet, and he would soon teach them a different song; but it was difficult to keep them from wringing their hands and crying in the very face of their enemies.

The town was surrounded by two walls. Between the one and the other was a wide, green space, where, as now, in case of alarm, the cattle was kept. This space was thickly covered with outer and inner walls, ran deep, broad moats, through which the stream which watered the town was conducted, and over these, at each gate, was a drawbridge. The town, therefore, was strongly fortified, and with a tolerable spirit in the people, could not easily be taken. There were also on the eastern wall various towers and a bastion, behind which the people could take their stand, and discharge their arrows upon their foes. Sir John Othunel placed on these walls his own men, and between every one of them two of the inhabitants, who, under their guidance and example, could at least shoot a bolt from a crossbow. Sir John had received matchlocks from the old Knight for his troop, but these he kept in reserve, because he did not so much wish to alarm and drive away the ruffians, as to take such a vengeance and make such a clearing of them, as he had them now here collected, as should spare the country years of future harassing and labour. He contented himself, therefore, all that day with popping off such of the fellows as had the audacity to put their heads above the walls. This soon put a check to their insolence, but excited them to teach a rather more interesting fury. They battered at them with showers of tremendous stones which they collected in the forest, and Sir John, mounting with a detachment of archers into the towers over them, assailed them in return. The combat raged with fury till night, when the murderers collecting huge quantities of heath and dead boughs, and fallen timber, from the wood, showed their determination to burn the gates.

Sir John now hastened to the Mayor, and told him that he must now reign fear of the town being taken, and offer, on condition of his being spared, that Sir John would give them into his hands. He was to agree to open to them at ten o'clock at night, privately, the opposite gate of the town, where, in the mean time, he would send men with boats, and under the drawbridge, so that the moment it became light, with the invaders, it would give way with them.

The Mayor, who was a cunning fellow in his way, entered into the scheme, and that very opportunely, for at this instant was seen a pre-
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cavalry-sergeants, of whom they had a great dread. In the mean time, deciding with his men over the second drawbridge, and taking a good number of the most courageous of the townsfolk in their train, whom, though they were now shockingly unsettled by the terror, he did not fear would pitch up more courage than over the wall, and so to the noise of the battle and the call of the other side, with his sword in his hand and his men behind him, he marched quietly under the wall to a small sallyport, not far distant from that which was to be considered as the traitor's gate. Here he waited the Count.

About ten o'clock, a man, striving from Sir John's station, proceeded to open the gate to the enemy, while Sir John anxiously inquired from the sallyport with his followers, and stealthily approached in the dark so near as possible without detection to the rear of the outlaws, who, all impatient for the opening of the gate, stood, with eyes fixed on it, and terrified like those of Gideon, held under pitchforks, ready to be Taken out at the eventful moment.

A loud rush announced the opening of the gate, and Sir John, springing forward with his band, was on their rear at the moment that the bridge giving way, crowded with men, occasioned consternation and tumult and confusion. At this instant he gave the command, and a volley was poured from the command, and a volley was poured from such a panic of terror into the fellows, who expected no such arms, that they ran against each other, and such of them as had escaped plunging into the moat, and knew not where to fly. Sir John and his band, now rushing forward with bold cheers, attacked the disordered and terror-stricken multitude, knocking down some with the butt-ends of their guns, and running others through with their swords, that there was a dreadful slaughter amongst them. The Mayor, who heard the outcry, now scallied from the other gate, whence the blustering few who had been left there fled, and wheeling round the nearest side of the town, fell also on the flying crowd. The people, who saw the gates open, crept in among those who had not been overheard deeming him to send him his captain, the Knight of Kitkottie. Kitkottie was seen there, and the Mayor propounded to him his proposal, which was eagerly accepted by the ruffian knight.

The Mayor informed Kitkottie that Sir John was eagerly bent on internally barracking both gates, and was resolved to destroy the whole of the wretched inhabitants with famine, rather than yield; but that they did not mean to permit that, and that he could find a means of diverting him from the south gate, if they kept up a fiery assault on the north gate, that the men who had overheard deeming him to send him his captain, the Knight of Kitkottie. Kitkottie was seen there, and the Mayor propounded to him his proposal, which was eagerly accepted by the ruffian knight.

This was done that Sir John's sawing might not be heard or suspected. Sir John knowing therefore, that all was agreed upon, ordered a great hammering to be made on the inside of both gates, as if fastening on additional battings, or halting places; that other signals were sent across the town, especially a number of tallors, shewing the nimblest legs, and committed the most desperate barbarities; for it is notorious that those men who sit so much cross-legged on their shopboards, and are generally such as are too light and feeble for heavy employments, when they get abroad are so excitable, that...
whether in sport or in earnest, they run into the wildest extravagances, and lose, as it were, all power over their fiery fascs. In short, there never was a more entire rout and slaughter.

It was some days before they could collect all the men left out of the forest, which, when effected, they found to amount to six hundred men. Of the townsmen only fifteen had fallen. The bodies of the foes were found in an open space not far from the postern-gate where they were so entangled, and a mound of earth raised over them, which to this day is called "The Robber's Round."

Sir John Othmili left the Mayor and his people to repair their bridges, and make all right and tight again, and set out to follow up his advantage, and complete his work while he was about it. He rode through the country, hunting the predatory bands from their haunts, and repressing the wide-spread disorders. The farmers, the gentry, nay, the whole people, received him as an angel from heaven. The king's warrant, and the height to which the misrule of the times had grown, procured him everywhere, the most prompt information and support. He chased the already disinherited marauders from place to place, burnt down their lodges where he found them in the forest; and by the summary powers conferred upon him, caused the sheriff to hold a circulating forest court, to try all that were found with arms in their hands, and to execute them on the spot. In very few weeks the whole country was cleared of the nuisance which had so long infested it; and the farmers and peasants could now once more in peace cultivate their lands, and see their hocks and herds graze in safety.

In the woods, however, the game was dreadfully decreased, and there was one fellow, the most notorious of all, whom Sir John could not secure; and till he had him in his hands he did not deem his work perfectly finished. This was the brutal knight, called the Knight of Kit-kottie, who had been expelled from all honourable society for excesses through want, and had put himself at the head of those lawless thongs who were now annihilated. He had, as we have seen, raised this storm, which had fallen with such signal destruction on the heads of his followers. He had been captain at the siege of Waldeck; and in the sight, Sir John had made a keen and particular pursuit after him. Several times he had information of his being not far off, but he always contrived to elude him. Sir John assaulted and took his castle, or as it was called, 'Tower of Kit-kottie,' which stood only a league from Waldeck, and but little where the countryside through, as he was suspected to be lurking there, but without effect. Kit-kottie was too well acquainted with all the secret tracks and concealed haunts of the woods. Sir John lamented bitterly that he could not seize this arch-rogue, of whose atrocities and boorish insensibility he everywhere heard. They made sport of the thing, and put into his power that which all his diligence had not been able to effect.

Three tailors who were in the pursuit, or, as it came to be commonly called, 'Waldeck Bases,' there seized three horses and armour, with the stripes from the slain. As they heard daily accounts of the success of Sir John and his band, they became seized with a fancy that it was a very fine thing to ride after robbers and take castles, and that they could do it as well as anybody. With this, they rose early one morning, clad themselves in their armour, mounted their horses by means of a slight of steps before the old townhouses at Waldeck, and set on for the castle. They rode on and on; it became a very warm day. No struggling outlaw, nor tempting castle, appeared in view, to afford them an adventure; and at length they became so weary with the weight of their armour, and as much roasted in it as their own good had ever been at the fire, that they heartily wished themselves home again, but were ashamed of going back after their swaggering to their comrades of what they would do. Espying a huge tree which lay overthrown, they thought it a fine opportunity to alight from their horses without shaving themselves so dreadfully as they otherwise must; and prepared to enter the thicket, seek some place of repose, and there taking off their armour, to cool and rest themselves.

Scarce, however, had they allighted, and tied their horses to the bushes out of sight of the road, when, in a little going into the wood, they descried a man lying asleep on the ground. He had a spear lying by him, and a sword by his side. They were sure it was one of the outlaws; all their courage revived at the sight; one stealthily drew near, and as quickly drawing the sword from the man's sheath, which they hid, they then all rushed upon him with a loud shout, and planted their spear points against his face.

The man, starting from his sleep, and seeing himself disarmed, and beset by three men armed cap-a-pie, cried out that he yielded on condition of ransom. The tailors, transported at the idea of ransom, demanded how much he meant to pay! He replied a hundred marks. "Good! good!" said they, "we agree; but where are these same marks!"

"They are at hand," said the man, "in the cottage of a friend, not half a mile on the way here."

"Up and budge then," said the knights of the steel bar, who placed themselves one on each hand, and one behind him. There was a difficulty as to how they should prevent his escape while they mounted; but two of them stood with their spears pointed, one at his breast and one at his back, while the third mounted; and this great deed being accomplished, they marched on their way. It is ten to one but the prisoner, who stared in strange wonder at their proceedings, would, before proceeding far, have discovered the quality of their captors, but he attributed their avettardness to the being raw soldiers, and to their excessive fear of his escape. Luckily, however, they had not advanced many hundred yards when they met Sir John Othmili and his troop, in full troth, on their way to Waldeck.

Sir John was instantly at the sight of this unknown party. "Who are you, my men!" he demanded; "and whom have you there?"

"'Tis a prisoner of ours," said they, giving no account of themselves, and he is going to fetch his ransom.

"Ransom!" said John. "Why, 'tis the Knight of Kit-kottie!"
the taking of Kitcotte. Sir John told them that they had actually delivered him safe into his hands, they would have had the clearest claim to the reward, and also to the thanks of the country; but as they had only half done their business, having fled and left him, and thereby nearly occasioned his escape, they must be contented with half the money, the rest of which should be given to the soldiers who had completed the transaction. These, however, who were substantial farmers, said, "Nay, with the worthy commander's permission, the Tailors should have that too; for that three more valiant Tailors they had never seen, and the fun they had occasioned them was worth far more than that. With this the Tailors went away highly delighted; and, after all, began to think themselves no ordinary champions, and, in reality, to have put the finish to the war.

Sir John Othmull sent immediate intelligence to the King of his successes, not forgetting to add a letter to his friend Sir Maurice. The King was highly diverted with the advocation of the three Tailors, which Sir Maurice related from his letter. He despatched a messenger the next day to England, bearing a patent of nobility to Sir John, under the style and title of John, Lord Othmull, Baron of Waldeck, and Knight of Kitcotte. He bestowed the seignorial rights of the town of Walbeck, with a large tract of country in its vicinity, on him and his heirs for ever. He also conferred upon him the tower and lands of Kitcotte; which were to be held on the tenure, that whenever the King came into those parts, himself or his descendant, the possession for the time being, should appear before him with three Tailors armed capà-pie.

Sir Maurice sent his heartiest congratulations to Lord Walbeck, and it may be believed that Sir John himself was not a little astonished and delighted. The Tower of Kitcotte was of all places such a one as he would have chosen for his residence. It stood on the slope of a lofty hill, having fine old woods around, and in front a view over a wide expanse of fine country. Below it ran, dashing down a shelving slope, an awe-inspiring waterfall of water which ran down to Waldeck, having first spread itself out into a wide lake, where abundant fish and wild-fowl offered sport for many a pleasant day.

Lord Walbeck was now appointed Chief Ranger of the Royal Forests in that part of the country, and empowered to raise a sufficient force to maintain good order. As his yeomanry were anxious to be dismissed to their houses, the summer now advancing fast, Lord Walbeck hastened his levy of fresh troops, and then giving his old friends and companions in arms a farewell, said that he dismissed them with many thanks and good wishes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH VARIOUS PARTICULARS ARE RELATED FOR THE SATISFACTION OF THE READER, AND PARTICULARLY THE EXPLOITS OF LORD WALDECK AT SEA.

We have now arrived at the crowning point of Jack's fortunes, who, in a very few years, from the old hut where we first saw him, had
that become a great man, and had not only travelled far, but had rendered essential services to his country. It was by the simple and straightforward course, by obedience to the dictates of a good and brave heart, that he had worked his way. When the time came to leave the house of his father he was a man of his own, with great property. But as our readers will, we doubt not, still wish to have a few further particulars, we shall briefly endeavour to satisfy them.

The first thing which Lord Waldeock did, was to return to the house of his father's friend at Knochlie, where, till now, they had remained, to Kintottie, where he resolved that they should agreeably spend the remainder of their days, and where he indeed often indulged himself with riding through the woods on Ben, with Timothy at his heels. Tim also was allowed to accompany him on hunting; for though he had now got considerably fat and lazy, he was still a dog, yet he liked to scuffle after a buck, though the farther he ran the farther he was behind, and was glad to come up, if not when the buck was killed, at least when it was cooked.

The son himself was a strong man, and owned his horse and ride over to see his father and mother. He had, indeed, done this repeatedly from the old Knight's, and had sent them many a token of his remembrances; but he now resolved that they should come, and near him spend the remainder of their lives. They were growing old, yet still brave and hearty. He had a nice little house built for them in the park, near the village; and while the old man took great delight in rambling with the keepers through the woods, the old woman was equally happy to have found in the housekeeper at the Tower, and in another old dame or two in the village, cronies after her own heart. They were at once religious and old-fashioned; and in talking of the good old times, and in the prospect of still better in the next world, they were extremely happy.

In journeying to visit his father and mother at different times, before their final removal to his own estate, Lord Waldeock had felt a certain eagerness in tracing the scenes of his first adventures on this road. The two old people, whom he had rescued from the robbes, were still living, at an advanced age, at the old Knight's. The country becoming settled, they had sold their cottage and little farm, never wishing to return to it; and there Lord Waldeock, as he passed, not only saw the house and crops looking in excellent order, but a buxom woman of some thirty years of age, drawing water out of the very well into which he had decoyed the thieves, and three or four merry children peeping out of the door, to see him go by.

The cottage in the baulie wood was sunk down into a heap of dank ruins, overgrown with weeds. He rode into the pine-woods to visit the sand caves in which he had buried the gipsy; but here was a great change. The sand caves were now in active diminution for the supply of some great glass-works built near them. The pines themselves had been continually felled to supply the furnaces; and he found that the body of the gipsy, which he supposed would lie there perhaps for ages, had some years ago been dug up. It excited a great rumour and speculation; but the tribe came and claimed it, and had it buried with great ceremony in the next village church-yard. Little did the carrier, who carried sand to the glass-furnace, as he related this to Lord Waldeock, and added that it was supposed to be a man killed by the notorious Jack-o'-the-Mill, imagine whom he was addressing.

The hero of the story did not meet with the "honest men," was now become a bright, bustling, and well-to-do inn, on a good and highly frequented road; but the story of the exploits of Jack-o'-the-Mill was still fresh there, and hung around the very room, now however much modernized in gaudy-coloured pictures, in which Lord Waldeock was not seldom caught laughing at his own person, which had a head as large as his body, a very long nose, and a mouth that left but little room on his face for cheeks; yet he was gravely assured by the host that it was declared to be an admirable likeness by those who had seen the hero.

It may be supposed that Lord Waldeock did not fail to wander once more round old Bowes's Mill, and to visit the old Miller's grave in the left hand corner of the church porch. He met very near his own house one day a numerous gang of old acquaintances; and felt sure that he had several of his old acquaintances in his first adventure, though he was too much changed to be recognised by them. They wereclamorous to tell his fortune, which he permitted to one old woman, who pronounced him, with looks of evident surprise, the luckiest man of his time, and that his greatest luck had not come yet, but lay on the other side of the sea.

Lord Waldeock had often the happiness of entertaining at his house for weeks, and sometimes months together, his two old and most dear friends—the men in the wall; that is, the two Lollard preachers, Templeman and Humpage. While he had been pursuing his various fortunes, they had been traversing the kingdom in their religious labours, sometimes in great jeopardy, and yet with wonderful success in their exertions, and growth of honour and affection amongst those of their faith. One of them was still retained to perish in the cause, but that was on a future day; at present they were the welcome guests at the Tower of Kintottie; and these friends roamed sometimes over the hills and through the woods, talking of many a past occurrence, and as full of joy as they were on the eventful day of the battle of Scalfhope Watch. Templeman was become less melancholy, but more venerable in appearance. Humpage was as witty, as merry, but much fatter than ever.

In the year after Lord Waldeock was settled at the Tower, death put a period to the victorious career of the King, in France; and though Sir Maurice continued some time serving with great distinction in that country, the retrograde course of the commanders there, after that event, determined him at length to retire from the army. The state of the old Knight's health tended to hasten this resolve. The old good man, who continued in London unrewarded labouring to assist and defend the friends of the Reformation, had now, however, become very infirm. He thought his end drawing nigh; for though he was not at a very advanced age, yet his constitution had always been very delicate, and he had suffered from the shock of his domestic calamities. In the following autumn he breathed his last, having the satisfaction to see both his son and
Lord Waldeck at his bedside, and to receive from them their solemn promises that they would continue to follow his example in the true doctrines, and the friends of them.

Lord Waldeck soon afterwards made a voyage to Hamburg, where he married the daughter of his friend the merchant. Sir Maurice, on the contrary, made a journey to the East, and thence he returned to France, where he bought to his paternal estates, bringing with him an Oriental bride, of whose beauty fame gave the most extraordinary account. By some she was called a Saracen, by some, a Persian, and by others, a Circassian; but Lord Waldeck, on hastening to embrace his old friend on his return, was by no means surprised to find in Lady Bevor the daughter of Melchior of Prague. He regarded it only as a proof of the liberal mind of his friend, that he could rise superior to the prejudices of all ages, and especially to that of his own, against an alliance with Jewish blood; but when he looked on her for whom this proof of strong affection had been made, he again was sensibly able to regard it as any effect of magnanimity. As he thought in the momentary interview in the streets of Prague, he thought now—that never had he set eyes on a woman of so much beauty. Between his own sweet wife and Lady Bevor there was a most striking contrast. The one was tall, consummately graceful in every motion, of a most perfect form, and her large dark eyes were full of love and a deep sentiment. The other was of middle stature, of a soft and rounded figure; her auburn hair was parted above a pair of bright blue eyes the softest and most gentle expression, and a countenance at once ruddy, full of rosy health, and yet delicate and beaming with kindness. They were, as they saw together, as different in appearance as a raven and a dove; and yet the spectator, weighing all their attractions and their qualities, would hardly know which to prefer. They themselves became almost instantly the warmest and most lasting friends. Lady Waldeck was perhaps better prepared than many to surmount the prejudices of her father's time. A leader of six years, his transactions with many of the best specimens of the Jews, as merchants; and Lady Waldeck had therefore seen only the best specimens in their social intercourse. Lady Bevor, whose noble and devoted character every year only made more conspicuous, had adopted the religious faith of her husband, and proved herself, by her energetic and liberal aid to the Reformers in all their troubles, truly a nursing mother in Israel. She brought Sir Maurice an immense fortune, and, to crown it, a flock of the most handsome dark-eyed children that ever blessed a noble house. So little was the intercourse between this country and her own, that never was a single rumour of her real lineage spread abroad; but she was always called the Moorish Lady.

It was a beautiful sight to see the mingling troop of dark and fair creatures, which sometimes in the park or at the castle, were scampering in the garden or the park; or mounted, three or four of them at once, on old Ben, while he was somewhat unwillingly led by Andrew or Lord Waldeck's father, still an old hale man, who seemed as if he would live for ever.

In the unhappy division of the succeasing reign, Sir Maurice Bevor shewed himself the most firm and decided of all, and he had followed in the field with so much distinction; and though he never plunged pre-eminently into the front of the civil broils, yet he had often the satisfaction to shelter the head of his peaceful and persecuted king in his own happy mansion, and to protect his unhappy suitor from the advances of manifold sums. By means of his wise moderation, towards which Lady Bevor no little contributed by her advice, contrary to his own naturally erdent and active spirit, he was enabled not only more effectually to protect the interests of his religious party, but also to protect his children from those bitter changes which advancing times only more and more whelmed upon the leaders of the adverse parties.

Lord Waldeck, at this period, spent some years at sea, to the great delight of his own indescribable spirit, and with signal advantage to his country. From the period of his first voyage to Hamburg, he had acquired a strong attachment to the sea. Successive visits, which he made with his wife and children to their worthy relatives, only increased this passion; and two of his wife's brothers being as enthusiastic a found of it, and being captains of their own trading vessels, he had been a voyage with them to Spain, and had seen the insolence with which pirates, encouraged by the troubles of England, infested the seas, and insulted the very shores and ports of his own country. This had led him to the purchase of an armed frigate, with which, under the authority of his own government, he had gone out, and displayed a hardihood and an activity of spirit, never destined to happy resources, as distinguished as that which had attended him on land. He attacked, and sunk or captured, some of the most despicable of the pirate ships, especially those of two most notorious fellows belonging to the German Netherlands, now known as Holland; namely, Van Rake and Van Barrow, whose ships, after a desperate combat, he brought into the port of London.

On one occasion, in pursuing a fast-sailing pirate far southward, a storm came on of such fierceness and duration, that he not only lost sight of the vessel of which he was in chase, but was driven so far out to the west that he came in sight of land, which from his description, and from relics brought back by him, was afterwards believed by his descendants to have been a part of that country more than once seen, and termed Vineland; and afterwards proved by more definite discoveries to have been a part of America, or an island of the West Indies. He spoke of trees and fruits, and birds, totally different to anything he had elsewhere seen; in fact, of a new kind of country altogether, whose inhabitants were nearly as dark as those of Africa. He related that they landed, also, on some sandy rocks on their return, where they captured numbers of turtles, some of which, brought home by them from it had various beautiful combs and other ornaments made, part of which he presented to Lady Bevor. But what he always told, with as much pleasure as anything, was an engagement which he had, on his approach
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF.

In the midst of the engagement, the merchantman coming up, did so much service, that the pirates were soon compelled to yield. On going on board, Lord Waldeck found that they had a great number of people in the hold, whom it was presumed they had seized off from the coast of France, where they had surprised and burnt a village in the night, and were carrying away the wretched inhabitants in order to sell them for slaves.

His Lordship immediately reversed the order of things; clapping the pirates in chains, and liberating the prisoners. Some of these were fishermen accustomed to the sea; and under the direction of the merchantman's mate, who took charge of her, they in about three days made Bordeaux, on the coast of France, where he delivered the pirates and their vessel up to the authorities; and having received their hearty thanks, amid the prayers and blessings of the liberated people, again set sail for London. He brought the merchantman safe into port, much to the astonishment of the owners, who had already heard that she had foundered on the coast of Spain.

The brave conduct of the captain and mate became the theme of universal wonder and applause among the shipping people. A subscription was raised by the chief merchants, as a reward for their noble fidelity and valour; and Lord Waldeck, now determined to quit the sea, resolved to finish his maritime exploits in a style worthy of a British sailor. He, therefore, in testimony of the matchless prowess and unconquerable spirit of these men, made them a present of his tight little frigate, trim and complete as it was, in all its appointments. The men, whose fortunes were thus made, afterwards did such service to the merchants of London, in conveying and protecting their vessels, as well warranted his Lordship's princely liberality.

For Lord Waldeck himself, in the happy society of his own family, and that of his friends, Sir Maurice and Lady Bevor; in hunting and shooting, in which he found great delight, in active exertions for the peace and prosperity of his neighbourhood; and above all, in the greatest satisfaction which a good man can enjoy, that of seeing his children growing up with a rich promise of virtues and of talents—his life moved brightly on at his Tower of Kidcottage, and he no longer wished himself a handsomer or a taller man, a greater hero, or a more wonderful philosopher. Two sentiments which contribute essentially to the happiness of existence, reigned ever uppermost and ever livingly in his heart—that his years had not been spent without benefit to his fellow-men; and that a devout gratitude to God, for having been thus honoured and privileged as His instrument, and for the thousand other blessings that were showered on him, was present to him in his bosom as an ever-ready guide and guardian through the world; neither suffering him in the lapse of years to harden, as it were, into a cloud of worldliness, nor be blown by the winds of pride into the barren air—the two perils which so often darken and dwindle into contempt the latter days of many a bright career.
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