

It was impossible, till morning dawned, either to get matters into any order, or to overhaul the prize they had taken; and many of the men were so much exhausted that they fell fast asleep on the deck ere the surgeon had time to dress their wounds. However, Amyas contrived, when once the ship was leaping merrily, close-hauled against a fresh land-breeze, to count his little flock, and found out of the forty-four but six seriously wounded, and none killed. However, their working numbers were now reduced to thirty-eight, beside the four negroes, a scanty crew enough to take home such a ship to England.

After awhile, up came Jack Brimblecombe on deck, a bottle in his hand.

"Lads, a prize!"

"Well, we know that already."

"Nay, but—look hither, and laid in ice, too, as I live, the luxurious dogs! But I had to fight for it, I had. For when I went down into the state cabin, after I had seen to the wounded, whom should I find loose but that Indian lass, who had just unbound the fellow you caught—"

"Ah! those two, I believe, were going to murder the old man in the hammock, if we had not come in the nick of time. What have you done with them?"

"Why, the Spaniard ran when he saw me, and got into a cabin; but the woman, instead of running, came at me with a knife, and chased me round the table like a very cat-a-mountain. So I ducked under the old man's hammock, and out into the gallery; and when I thought the coast was clear, back again I came, and stumbled over this. So I just picked it up, and ran on deck with my tail between my legs, for I expected verily to have the black woman's knife between my ribs out of some dark corner."

"Well done, Jack! Let's have the wine, nevertheless, and then down to set a guard on the cabin doors for fear of plundering."

"Better go down and see that nothing is thrown overboard by Spaniards. As for plundering, I will settle that."

And Amyas walked forward among the men.

"Muster the men, boatswain, and count them."

"All here, sir, but the six poor fellows who are laid forward."

"Now, my men," said Amyas, "for three years you and I have wandered on the face of the earth, seeking our fortune, and we have found it at last, thanks be to God!

Now, what was our promise and vow which we made to God beneath the tree of Guayra, if He should grant us good fortune, and bring us home again with a prize? Was it not that the dead should share with the living, and that every man's portion, if he fell, should go to his widow or his orphans, or if he had none, to his parents?"

"It was, sir," said Yeo, "and I trust that the Lord will give these men grace to keep their vow. They have seen enough of His providences by this time to fear Him."

"I doubt them not; but I remind them of it. The Lord has put into our hands a rich prize; and what with the gold which we have already, we are well paid for our labors. Let us thank Him with fervent hearts as soon as the sun rises; and in the meanwhile, remember all, that whosoever plunders on his private account, robs not the adventurers merely, but the orphan and the widow, which is to rob God; and makes himself partaker of Achan's curse who hid the wedge of gold, and brought down God's anger on the whole army of Israel. For me, lest you should think me covetous, I could claim my brother's share; but I herewith give it up freely into the common stock, for the use of the whole ship's crew, who have stood by me through weal and woe, as men never stood before, as I believe, by any captain. So, now to prayers, lads, and then to eat our breakfast."

So, to the Spaniards' surprise (who most of them believed that the English were atheists), to prayers they went.

After which Brimblecombe contrived to inspire the black cook and the Portuguese steward with such energy that, by seven o'clock, the latter worthy appeared on deck, and with profound reverences, announced to "The most excellent and heroic Señor Adelantado Captain Englishman," that breakfast was ready in the state-cabin.

"You will do us the honor of accompanying us as our guest, sir, or our host, if you prefer the title," said Amyas to the commandant, who stood by.

"Pardon, Señor: but honor forbids me to eat with one who has offered to me the indelible insult of bonds."

"Oh!" said Amyas, taking off his hat, "then pray accept on the spot my humble apologies for all which has passed, and my assurances that the indignities which you have unfortunately endured, were owing altogether to the necessities of war, and not to any wish to hurt the feelings of so valiant a soldier and gentleman."



"It is enough, Señor," said the commandant, bowing and shrugging his shoulders—for, indeed, he too was very hungry; while Cary whispered to Amyas—

"You will make a courtier yet, old lad."

"I am not in jesting humor, Will; my mind sadly mis-gives me that we shall hear black news, and have perhaps to do a black deed yet, on board here. Señor, I follow you."

So they went down and found the bishop, who was by this time unbound, seated in a corner of the cabin, his hands fallen on his knees, his eyes staring on vacancy, while the two priests stood as close against the wall as they could squeeze themselves, keeping up a ceaseless mutter of prayers.

"Your holiness will breakfast with us, of course; and these two frocked gentlemen likewise. I see no reason for refusing them all hospitality, as yet."

There was a marked emphasis on the last two words, which made both monks wince.

"Our chaplain will attend to you, gentlemen. His lordship the bishop will do me the honor of sitting next to me."

The bishop seemed to revive slowly as he snuffed the savory steam; and at last, rising mechanically, subsided into the chair which Amyas offered him on his left, while the commandant sat on his right.

"A little of this kid, my Lord? No—ah—Friday, I recollect. Some of that turtle-fin, then. Will, serve his lordship; pass the cassava-bread up, Jack! Señor Commandant! a glass of wine? You need it after your valiant toils. To the health of all brave soldiers—and a toast from your own Spanish proverb, 'Today to me, tomorrow to thee!'"

"I drink it, brave Señor. Your courtesy shows you the worthy countryman of General Drake, and his brave lieutenant."

"Drake! Did you know him, Señor?" asked all the Englishmen at once.

"Too well, too well——" and he would have continued; but the bishop burst out—

"Ah, Señor Commandant! that name again! Have you no mercy? To sit between another pair of——, and my own wine, too! Ugh, ugh!"

The old gentleman, whose mouth had been full of turtle

the whole time, burst into a violent fit of coughing, and was only saved from apoplexy by Cary's patting him on the back.

"Ugh, ugh! The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and their precious balms. Ah, Señor Lieutenant Englishman! May I ask you to pass those limes?—Ah! what is turtle without lime?—Even as a fat old man without money! Nudus intravi, nudus exeo—ah!"

"But what of Drake?"

"Do you not know, sir, that he and his fleet only last year, swept the whole of this coast, and took, with shame I confess it, Carthagena, San Domingo, St. Augustine and—I see you are too courteous, Señors, to express before me what you have a right to feel. But whence come you, sir? From the skies, or the depth of the sea?"

"Art-magic, art-magic!" moaned the bishop.

"Your holiness! It is scarcely prudent to speak thus here," said the commandant, who was nevertheless much of the same opinion.

"Why you said so yourself, last night, Señor, about the taking of Carthagena."

The commandant blushed, and stammered out somewhat—"That it was excusable in him, if he had said in jest, that so prodigious and curious a valor had not sprung from mortal source."

"No more did it, Señor," said Jack Brimblecombe stoutly: "but from Him who taught our 'hands to war, and our fingers to fight.'"

The commandant bowed stiffly. "You will excuse me, Sir Preacher; but I am a Catholic, and hold the cause of my king to be alone the cause of Heaven. But, Señor Captain, how came you thither, if I may ask? That you needed no art-magic after you came on board, I, alas! can testify but too well: but what spirit—whether good or evil, I ask not—brought you on board, and whence? Where is your ship? I thought that all Drake's squadron had left six months ago."

"Our ship, Señor, has lain this three years rotting on the coast near Cape Codera."

"Ah! we heard of that bold adventure—but we thought you all lost in the interior."

"You did? Can you tell me, then, where the Señor Governor of La Guayra may be now?"

"The Señor Don Guzman de Soto," said the command-



ant, in a somewhat constrained tone, "is said to be at present in Spain, having thrown up his office in consequence of domestic matters, of which I have not the honor of knowing anything."

Amyas longed to ask more; but he knew that the well-bred Spaniard would tell him nothing which concerned another man's wife; and went on.

"What befell us after, I tell you frankly."

And Amyas told his story, from the landing at Guayra to the passage down the Magdalena. The commandant lifted up his hands.

"Were it not forbidden to me as a Catholic, most invincible Señor, I should say that the Divine protection has indeed—"

"Ah," said one of the friars, "that you could be brought, Señors, to render thanks for your miraculous preservation to her to whom alone it is due, Mary, the fount of mercies!"

"We have done well enough without her as yet," said Amyas, bluntly.

"The Lord raised up Nebuchadnezzar of old to punish the sins of the Jewish Church; and He has raised up these men to punish ours!" said Fray Gerundio.

"But Nebuchadnezzar fell, and so may they," growled the other to himself. Jack overheard him.

"I say, my Lord Bishop," called he from the other end of the table. "It is our English custom to let our guests be as rude as they like; but, perhaps your Lordship will hint to these two friars, that if they wish to keep whole skins, they will keep civil tongues."

"Be silent, asses! mules!" shouted the bishop, whose spirits were improving over the wine; "who are you, that you cannot eat dirt as well as your betters?"

"Well spoken, my Lord. Here's the health of our saintly and venerable guest," said Cary: while the commandant whispered to Amyas, "Fat old tyrant! I hope you have found his money—for I am sure he has some on board, and I should be loath that you lost the advantage of it."

"I shall have to say a few words to you about that money this morning, Commandant: by the by, they had better be said now. My Lord Bishop, do you know that had we not taken this ship when we did, you had lost not merely money, as you have now, but life itself?"

"Money? I had none to lose! Life?—what do you mean?" asked the bishop, turning very pale.

"This, sir. That it ill befits one to lie, whose throat has been saved from the assassin's knife but four hours since. When we entered the stern-gallery, we found two persons, now on board this ship, in the very act, sir, and article, of cutting your sinful throat, that they might rob you of the casket which lay beneath your pillow. A moment more and you were dead. We seized and bound them, and so saved your life. Is that plain, sir?"

The bishop looked steadfastly and stupidly into Amyas' face, heaved a deep sigh, and gradually sank back in his chair, dropping the glass from his hand.

"He is in a fit! Call in the surgeon! Run!" and up jumped kind-hearted Jack, and brought in the surgeon of the galleon.

"Is this possible, Señor?" asked the commandant.

"It is true. Door, there! Evans! go and bring in that rascal whom we left bound in his cabin!"

Evans went, and the commandant continued—

"But the stern-gallery? How, in the name of all witches and miracles, came your valor thither?"

"Simply enough, and owing neither to witch nor miracle. The night before last we passed the mouth of the bay in our two canoes, which we had lashed together after the fashion I had seen in the Moluccas, to keep them afloat in the surf. We had scraped the canoes bright the day before, and rubbed them with white clay, that they might be invisible at night; and so we got safely to the Morro Grande, passing within half a mile of your ship."

"Oh! my scoundrels of sentinels!"

"We landed at the back of the Morro, and lay there all day, being purposed to do that which, with your pardon, we have done. We took our sails of Indian cloth, whitened them likewise with clay which we had brought with us from the river (expecting to find a Spanish ship as we went along the coast, and determined to attempt her, or die with honor), and laid them over us on the canoes, paddling from underneath them. So that, had your sentinels been awake, they would have hardly made us out till we were close on board. We had provided ourselves, instead of ladders, with bamboos rigged with cross pieces, and a hook of strong wood at the top of each; they hang



at your stern-gallery now. And the rest of the tale I need not tell you."

The commandant rose in his courtly Spanish way,—

"Your admirable story, Señor, proves to me how truly your nation, while it has yet, and I trust will ever have, to dispute the palm of valor with our own, is famed throughout the world for ingenuity, and for daring beyond that of mortal man. You have succeeded, valiant Captain, because you have deserved to succeed; and it is no shame to me to succumb to enemies, who have united the cunning of the serpent with the valor of the lion. Señor, I feel as proud of becoming your guest as I should have been proud, under a happier star, of becoming your host."

"You are, like your nation, only too generous, Señor. But what noise is that outside? Cary, go and see."

But ere Cary could reach the door it was opened, and Evans presented himself with a terrified face.

"Here's villainy, sir! The Don's murdered and cold; the Indian lass fled; and as we searched the ship for her, we found an Englishwoman, as I'm a sinful man!—and a shocking sight she is to see!"

"An Englishwoman?" cried all three, springing forward.

"Bring her in!" said Amyas, turning very pale; and as he spoke, Yeo and another led into the cabin a figure scarcely human.

An elderly woman, dressed in the yellow "San Benito" of the Inquisition, with ragged gray locks hanging about a countenance distorted by suffering, and shrunk by famine. Painfully, as one unaccustomed to the light, she peered and blinked round her. Her fallen lip gave her a half-idiotic expression; and yet there was an uneasy twinkle in the eye, as of boundless terror and suspicion. She lifted up her fettered wrist to shade her face, and as she did so disclosed a line of fearful scars upon her skinny arm.

"Look there, sirs!" said Yeo, pointing to them with a stern smile. "Here's some of these Popish gentry's handiwork. I know well enough how those marks came;" and he pointed to the similar scars on his own wrist.

The commandant, as well as the Englishmen, recoiled in horror.

"Holy Virgin! what wretch is this on board my ship? Bishop, is this the prisoner whom you sent on board?"

The bishop, who had been slowly recovering his senses,

looked at her a moment; and then thrusting his chair back, crossed himself, and almost screamed, "Malefica! Malefica! Who brought her here? Turn her away, gentlemen; turn her eye away; she will bewitch, fascinate,"—and he began muttering prayers.

Amyas seized him by the shoulder, and shook him on to his legs.

"Swine! who is this? Wake up, coward, and tell me, or I will cut you piecemeal!"

But ere the bishop could answer, the woman uttered a wild shriek, and pointing to the taller of the two monks, cowered behind Yeo.

"He here?" cried she in broken Spanish. "Take me away! I will tell you no more. I have told you all, and lies enough beside. Oh! why is he come again? Did they not say that I should have no more torments?"

The monk turned pale: but like a wild beast at bay, glared firmly around on the whole company; and then, fixing his dark eyes full on the woman, he bade her be silent so sternly, that she shrank down like a beaten hound.

"Silence, dog!" said Will Cary, whose blood was up, and followed his words with a blow on the monk's mouth, which silenced him effectually.

"Don't be afraid, good woman, but speak English. We are all English here, and Protestants too. Tell us what they have done for you."

"Another trap! another trap!" cried she, in a strong Devonshire accent. "You be no English! You want to make me lie again, and then torment me. Oh! wretched, wretched that I am!" cried she, bursting into tears. "Whom should I trust? Not myself: no, nor God; for I have denied Him! O Lord! O Lord!"

Amyas stood silent with fear and horror; some instinct told him that he was on the point of hearing news for which he feared to ask. But Jack spoke—

"My dear soul! my dear soul! don't you be afraid; and the Lord will stand by you, if you will but tell the truth. We are all Englishmen, and men of Devon, as you seem to be by your speech; and this ship is ours; and the Pope himself shan't touch you."

"Devon?" she said, doubtingly; "Devon! Whence, then?"

"Bideford men. This is Mr. Will Cary, to Clovelly.



If you are a Devon woman, you've heard tell of the Carys, to be sure."

The woman made a rush forward, and threw her fettered arms round Will's neck,—

"Oh, Mr. Cary, my dear life! Mr. Cary! and so you be! Oh, dear soul alive! but you're burnt so brown, and I be 'most blind with misery. Oh, who ever sent you here, my dear Mr. Will, then, to save a poor wretch from the pit?"

"Who on earth are you?"

"Lucy Passmore, the white witch to Welcombe. Don't you mind Lucy Passmore, as charmed your warts for you when you was a boy?"

"Lucy Passmore!" almost shrieked all three friends. "She that went off with——"

"Yes! she that sold her own soul, and persuaded that dear saint to sell hers; she that did the devil's work, and has taken the devil's wages;—after this fashion!" and she held up her scarred wrists wildly.

"Where is Doña de—Rose Salterne!" shouted Will and Jack.

"Where is my brother Frank?" shouted Amyas.

"Dead, dead, dead!"

"I knew it," said Amyas, sitting down again calmly.

"How did she die?"

"The Inquisition—he!" pointing to the monk. "Ask him—he betrayed her to her death. And ask him!" pointing to the bishop; "he sat by her and saw her die."

"Woman, you rave!" said the bishop, getting up with a terrified air, and moving as far as possible from Amyas.

"How did my brother die, Lucy!" asked Amyas, still calmly.

"Who be you, sir?"

A gleam of hope flashed across Amyas—she had not answered his question.

"I am Amyas Leigh of Burrough. Do you know aught of my brother Frank, who was lost at La Guayra?"

"Mr. Amyas! Heaven forgive me that I did not know the bigness of you. Your brother, sir, died like a gentleman as he was."

"But how?" gasped Amyas.

"Burned with her, sir!"

"Is this true, sir?" said Amyas, turning to the bishop, with a very quiet voice.

"I, sir?" stammered he, in panting haste. "I had

nothing to do—I was compelled in my office of bishop to be an unwilling spectator—the secular arm, sir; I could not interfere with that—any more than I can with the Holy Office. I do not belong to it—ask that gentleman—sir! Saints and angels, sir! what are you going to do?" shrieked he, as Amyas laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and began to lead him towards the door.

"Hang you!" said Amyas. "If I had been a Spaniard and a priest like yourself, I should have burnt you alive."

"Hang me?" shrieked the wretched old Balaam; and burst into abject howls for mercy.

"Take the dark monk, Yeo, and hang him too. Lucy Passmore, do you know that fellow also?"

"No, sir," said Lucy.

"Lucky for you, Fray Gerundio," said Will Cary; while the good friar hid his face in his hands, and burst into tears. Lucky it was for him, indeed; for he had been a pitying spectator of the tragedy. "Ah!" thought he, "if life in this mad and sinful world be a reward, perhaps this escape is vouchsafed to me for having pleaded the cause of the poor Indian!"

But the bishop shrieked on.

"Oh! not yet. An hour, only an hour! I am not fit to die."

"That is no concern of mine," said Amyas. "I only know that you are not fit to live."

"Let us at least make our peace with God," said the dark monk.

"Hound! if your saints can really smuggle you up the back stairs to heaven, they will do it without five minutes' more coaxing and flattering."

Fray Gerundio and the condemned man alike stopped their ears at the blasphemy.

"Oh, Fray Gerundio!" screamed the bishop, "pray for me. I have treated you like a beast. Oh, Fray, Fray!"

"Oh, my Lord! my Lord!" said the good man, as with tears streaming down his face he followed his shrieking and struggling diocesan up the stairs, "who am I? Ask no pardon of me. Ask pardon of God for all your sins against the poor innocent savages, when you saw your harmless sheep butchered year after year, and yet never lifted up your voice to save the flock which God had committed to you. Oh, confess that, my Lord! confess it ere it be too late!"



"I will confess all about the Indians, and the gold, and Tita, too, Fray; peccavi, peccavi—only five minutes, Señors, five little minutes' grace, while I confess to the good Fray!"—and he groveled on the deck.

"I will have no such mummery where I command," said Amyas sternly. "I will be no accomplice in cheating Satan of his due."

"If you will confess," said Brimblecombe, whose heart was melting fast, "confess to the Lord, and he will forgive you. Even at the last moment mercy is open. Is it not, Fray Gerundio?"

"It is, Señor; it is, my Lord," said Gerundio; but the bishop only clasped his hands over his head.

"Then I am undone! All my money is stolen! Not a farthing left to buy masses for my poor soul! And no absolution, no viaticum, nor anything! I die like a dog, and am damned!"

"Clear away that running rigging!" said Amyas, while the dark Dominican stood perfectly collected, with something of a smile of pity at the miserable bishop. A man accustomed to cruelty, and firm in his fanaticism, he was as ready to endure suffering as to inflict it; repeating to himself the necessary prayers, he called Fray Gerundio to witness that he died, however unworthy, a martyr, in charity with all men, and in the communion of the Holy Catholic Church; and then, as he fitted the cord to his own neck, gave Fray Gerundio various petty commissions about his sister and her children, and a little vineyard far away upon the sunny slopes of Castile; and so died, with a "Domine, in manus tuas," like a valiant man of Spain.

Amyas stood long in solemn silence, watching the two corpses dangling above his head. At last he drew a long breath, as if a load was taken off his heart.

Suddenly he looked round to his men, who were watching eagerly to know what he would have done next.

"Hearken to me, my masters all, and may God hearken too, and do so to me, and more also, if, as long as I have eyes to see a Spaniard, and hands to hew him down, I do any other thing than hunt down that accursed nation day and night, and avenge all the innocent blood which has been shed by them since the day in which King Ferdinand drove out the Moors!"

"Amen!" said Salvation Yeo. "I need not to sweat

that oath, for I have sworn it long ago, and kept it. Will your honor have us kill the rest of the idolaters?"

"God forbid!" said Cary. "You would not do that, Amyas?"

"No; we will spare them. God has shown us a great mercy this day, and we must be merciful in it. We will land them at Cabo Velo. But henceforth till I die no quarter to a Spaniard."

"Amen!" said Yeo.

Amyas' whole countenance had changed in the last half-hour. He seemed to have grown years older. His brow was wrinkled, his lip compressed, his eyes full of a terrible stony calm, as of one who had formed a great and dreadful purpose; and yet for that very reason could afford to be quiet under the burden of it, even cheerful; and when he returned to the cabin he bowed courteously to the commandant, begged pardon of him for having played the host so ill, and entreated him to finish his breakfast.

"But, Señor—is it possible? Is his holiness dead?"

"He is hanged and dead, Señor. I would have hanged, could I have caught them, every living thing which was present at my brother's death, even to the very flies upon the wall. No more words, Señor; your conscience tells you that I am just."

"Señor," said the commandant, "one word—I trust there are no listeners—none of my crew, I mean; but I must exculpate myself in your eyes."

"Walk out, then, into the gallery with me."

"To tell you the truth, Señor—I trust in Heaven no one overhears—you are just. This Inquisition is the curse of us, the weight which is crushing out the very life of Spain. No man dares speak. No man dares trust his neighbor, no not his child, or the wife of his bosom. It avails nothing to be a good Catholic, as I trust I am," and he crossed himself, "when any villain whom you may offend, any unnatural son or wife who wishes to be rid of you, has but to hint heresy against you, and you vanish into the Holy Office, and then God have mercy on you, for man has none."

"Noble ladies of my family, sir, have vanished thither, carried off by night, we know not why; we dare not ask why. To expostulate, even to inquire, would have been to share their fate. There is one now, Señor—Heaven alone knows whether she is alive or dead!—It was



nine years since, and we have never heard; and we shall never hear."

And the commandant's face worked frightfully.

"She was my sister, Señor!"

"Heavens! sir, and have you not avenged her?"

"On churchmen, Señor, and I a Catholic? To be burned at the stake in this life, and after that to all eternity beside? Even a Spaniard dare not face that. Beside, sir, the mob like this Inquisition, and an Auto-da-Fé is even better sport to them than a bull-fight. They would be the first to tear a man in pieces who dare touch an Inquisitor. Sir, may all the saints in heaven obtain me forgiveness for my blasphemy, but when I saw you just now fearing those churchmen no more than you feared me, I longed, sinner that I am, to be a heretic like you."

"It will not take long to make a brave and wise gentleman who has suffered such things as you have, a heretic, as you call it—a free Christian man, as we call it."

"Tempt me not, sir!" said the poor man, crossing himself fervently, "Let us say no more. Obedience is my duty; and for the rest the Church must decide, according to her infallible authority—for I am a good Catholic, Señor, the best of Catholics, though a great sinner.—I trust no one has overheard us!"

Amyas left him with a smile of pity, and went to look for Lucy Passmore, whom the sailors were nursing and feeding, while Ayacanora watched them with a puzzled face.

"I will talk to you when you are better, Lucy," said he, taking her hand. "Now you must eat and drink, and forget all among us lads of Devon."

"Oh, dear blessed sir, and you will send Sir John to pray with me? For I turned, sir, I turned: but I could not help it—I could not abear the torments: but she bore them, sweet angel—and more than I did. Oh, dear me!"

"Lucy I am not fit now to hear more. You shall tell me all tomorrow;" and he turned away.

"Why do you take her hand?" said Ayacanora, half-scornfully. "She is old, and ugly, and dirty."

"She is an Englishwoman, child, and a martyr, poor thing; and I would nurse her as I would my own mother."

"Why don't you make me an Englishwoman, and a martyr? I could learn how to do anything that that old hag could do!"

"Instead of calling her names, go and tend her; that would be much fitter work for a woman than fighting among men."

Ayacanora darted from him, thrust the sailors aside, and took possession of Lucy Passmore.

"Where shall I put her?" asked she of Amyas, without looking up.

"In the best cabin; and let her be served like a queen, lads."

"No one shall touch her but me;" and taking up the withered frame in her arms, as if it were a doll, Ayacanora walked off with her in triumph, telling the men to go and mind the ship.

"The girl is mad," said one.

"Mad or not, she has an eye to our captain," said another.

"And where's the man that would behave to the poor wild thing as he does?"

"Sir Francis Drake would, from whom he got his lesson. Do you mind his putting the negro lass ashore after he found out about—"

"Hush. Bygones be bygones, and those that did it are in their graves long ago. But it was too hard of him on the poor thing."

"If he had not got rid of her, there would have been more throats than one cut about the lass, that's all I know," said another; "and so there would have been about this one before now, if the captain wasn't a born angel out of heaven, and the lieutenant no less."

"Well, I suppose we may get a whet by now. I wonder if these Dons have any beer aboard."

"Nought but grape vinegar, which fools call wine, I'll warrant."

"There was better than vinegar on the table in there just now."

"Ah," said one grumbler of true English breed, "but that's not for poor fellows like we."

"Don't lie, Tom Evans; you never were given that way yet, and I don't think the trade will suit a good fellow like you."

The whole party stared; for the speaker of these words was none other than Amyas himself, who had rejoined them, a bottle in each hand.

"No, Tom Evans. It has been share and share alike



for three years, and bravely you have all held up, and share alike it shall be now, and here's the handsel of it. We'll serve out the good wine fairly all round as long as it lasts, and then take to the bad: but mind you don't get drunk, my sons, for we are much too short of hands to have any stout fellows lying about the scuppers."

But what was the story of the intendant's being murdered? Brimblecombe had seen him run into a neighboring cabin; and when the door of it was opened, there was the culprit, but dead and cold, with a deep knife-wound in his side. Who could have done the deed? It must have been Tita, whom Brimblecombe had seen loose, and trying to free her lover.

The ship was searched from stem to stern, but no Tita. The mystery was never explained. That she had leapt overboard, and tried to swim ashore none doubted: but whether she had reached it, who could tell? One thing was strange: that not only had she carried off no treasure with her, but that the gold ornaments which she had worn the night before, lay together in a heap on the table, close by the murdered man. Had she wished to rid herself of everything which had belonged to her tyrants?

The commandant heard the whole story thoughtfully.

"Wretched man!" said he, "and he has a wife and children in Seville."

"A wife and children?" said Amyas; "and I heard him promise marriage to the Indian girl."

That was the only hint which gave a reason for his death. What if, in the terror of discovery and capture, the scoundrel had dropped any self-condemning words about his marriage, any prayer for those whom he had left behind, and the Indian had overheard them? It might be so; at least sin had brought its own punishment.

And so that wild night and day subsided. The prisoners were kindly used enough; for the Englishman, free from any petty love of tormenting, knows no mean between killing a foe outright, and treating him as a brother; and when, two days afterwards, they were sent ashore in the canoes of Cabo Velo, captives and captors shook hands all round; and Amyas, after returning the commandant his sword, and presenting him with a case of the bishop's wine, bowed him courteously over the side.

"I trust that you will pay us another visit, valiant Señor Capitan," said the Spaniard, bowing and smiling.

"I should most gladly accept your invitation, illustrious Señor Commandant; but as I have vowed henceforth, whenever I shall meet a Spaniard, neither to give nor take quarter, I trust that our paths to glory may lie in different directions."

The commandant shrugged his shoulders; the ship was put again before the wind, and as the shores of the Main faded lower and dimmer behind her, a mighty cheer broke from all on board; and for once the cry from every mouth was Eastward-ho!

Scrap by scrap, as weakness and confusion of intellect permitted her, Lucy Passmore told her story. It was a simple one after all, and Amyas might almost have guessed it for himself. Rose had not yielded to the Spaniard without a struggle. He had visited her two or three times at Lucy's house (how he found out Lucy's existence she herself could never tell, unless from the Jesuits) before she agreed to go with him. He had gained Lucy to his side by huge promises of Indian gold; and, in fine, they had gone to Lundy, where the lovers were married by a priest, who was none other, Lucy would swear, than the shorter and stouter of the two who had carried off her husband and his boat—in a word, Father Parsons.

Amyas gnashed his teeth at the thought that he had had Parsons in his power at Brenttor down, and let him go. It was a fresh proof to him that Heaven's vengeance was upon him for letting one of its enemies escape. Though what good to Rose or Frank the hanging of Parsons would have been, I, for my part, cannot see.

But when had Eustace been at Lundy? Lucy could throw no light on that matter. It was evidently some by-thread in the huge spider's web of Jesuit intrigue, which was, perhaps, not worth knowing after all.

They sailed from Lundy in a Portugal ship, were at Lisbon a few days (during which Rose and Lucy remained on board), and then away for the West Indies; while all went merry as a marriage bell. "Sir, he would have kissed the dust off her dear feet, till that evil eye of Mr. Eustace's came, no one knew how or whence." And from that time, all went wrong. Eustace got power over Don Guzman, whether by threatening that the marriage should be dissolved, whether by working on his superstitious scruples about leaving his wife still a heretic, or whether (and this last Lucy much suspected) by insinu-