

Richard Carvel — Volume 08 eBook

Richard Carvel — Volume 08 by Winston Churchill

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Page 1

FAREWELL TO GORDON'S

I cannot bear to recall my misery of mind after Mr. Swain's death. One hope had lightened all the years of my servitude. For, when I examined my soul, I knew that it was for Dorothy I had laboured. And every letter that came from Comyn telling me she was still free gave me new heart for my work. By some mystic communion—I know not what—I felt that she loved me yet, and despite distance and degree. I would wake of a morning with the knowledge of it, and be silent for half the day with some particle of a dream in my head, lingering like the burden of a song with its train of memories.

So, in the days that followed, I scarce knew myself. For a while (I shame to write it) I avoided that sweet woman who had made my comfort her care, whose father had taken me when I was homeless. The good in me cried out, but the flesh rebelled.

Poor Patty! Her grief for her father was pathetic to see. Weeks passed in which she scarcely spoke a word. And I remember her as she sat in church Sundays, the whiteness of her face enhanced by the crape she wore, and a piteous appeal in her gray eyes. My own agony was nigh beyond endurance, my will swinging like a pendulum from right to wrong, and back again. Argue as I might that I had made the barrister no promise, conscience allowed no difference. I was in despair at the trick fate had played me; at the decree that of all women I must love her whose sphere was now so far removed from mine. For Patty had character and beauty, and every gift which goes to make man's happiness and to kindle his affections.

Her sorrow left her more womanly than ever. And after the first sharp sting of it was deadened, I noticed a marked reserve in her intercourse with me. I knew then that she must have strong suspicions of her father's request. Speak I could not soon after the sad event, but I strove hard that she should see no change in my conduct.

Before Christmas we went to the Eastern Shore. In Annapolis fife and drum had taken the place of fiddle and clarion; militia companies were drilling in the empty streets; despatches were arriving daily from the North; and grave gentlemen were hurrying to meetings. But if the war was to come, I must settle what was to be done at Gordon's Pride with all possible speed. It was only a few days after our going there, that I rode into Oxford with a black cockade in my hat Patty had made me, and the army sword Captain Jack had given Captain Daniel at my side. For I had been elected a lieutenant in the Oxford company, of which Percy Singleton was captain.



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So passed that winter, the darkest of my life. One soft spring day, when the birds were twittering amid new-born leaves, and the hyacinths and tulips in Patty's garden were coming to their glory, Master Tom rode leisurely down the drive at Gordon's Pride. That was a Saturday, the 29th of April, 1775. The news which had flown southward, night and day alike, was in no hurry to run off his tongue; he had been lolling on the porch for half an hour before he told us of the bloodshed between the minute-men of Massachusetts and the British regulars, of the rout of Percy's panting redcoats from Concord to Boston. Tom added, with the brutal nonchalance which characterized his dealings with his mother and sister, that he was on his way to Philadelphia to join a company.

The poor invalid was carried up the stairs in a faint by Banks and Romney. Patty, with pale face and lips compressed, ran to fetch the hartshorn. But Master Tom remained undisturbed.

"I suppose you are going, Richard," he remarked affably. For he treated me with more consideration than his family. "We shall ride together," said he.

"We ride different ways, and to different destinations," I replied dryly. "I go to serve my country, and you to fight against it."

"I think the King is right," he answered sullenly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I remarked, and rose. "Then you have studied the question since last I saw you."

"No, by G-d!" he cried, "and I never will. I do not want to know your d—d principles—or grievances, or whatever they are. We were living an easy life, in the plenty of money, and nothing to complain of. You take it all away, with your cursed cant—"

I left him railing and swearing. And that was the last I saw of Tom Swain. When I returned from a final survey of the plantation; and a talk with Percy Singleton, he had ridden North again.

I found Patty alone in the parlour. Her work (one of my own stockings she was darning) lay idle in her lap, and in her eyes were the unshed tears which are the greatest suffering of women. I sat down beside her and called her name. She did not seem to hear me.

"Patty!"

She started. And my courage ebbed.

"Are you going to the war—to leave us, Richard?" she faltered.



“I fear there is no choice, Patty,” I answered, striving hard to keep my own voice steady. “But you will be well looked after. Ivie Rawlinson is to be trusted, and Mr. Bordley has promised to keep an eye upon you.”

She took up the darning mechanically.

“I shall not speak a word to keep you, Richard. He would have wished it,” she said softly. “And every strong arm in the colonies will be needed. We shall think of you, and pray for you daily.”

I cast about for a cheerful reply.

“I think when they discover how determined we are, they will revoke their measures in a hurry. Before you know it, Patty, I shall be back again making the rounds in my broad rim, and reading to you out of Captain Cook.”



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It was a pitiful attempt. She shook her head sadly. The tears were come now, and she was smiling through them. The sorrow of that smile!

“I have something to say to you before I go, Patty,” I said. The words stuck. I knew that there must be no pretence in that speech. It must be true as my life after, the consequence of it. “I have something to ask you, and I do not speak without your father’s consent. Patty, if I return, will you be my wife?”

The stocking slipped unheeded to the floor. For a moment she sat transfixed, save for the tumultuous swelling of her breast. Then she turned and gazed earnestly into my face, and the honesty of her eyes smote me. For the first time I could not meet them honestly with my own.

“Richard, do you love me?” she asked.

I bowed my head. I could not answer that. And for a while there was no sound save that of the singing of the frogs in the distant marsh.

Presently I knew that she was standing at my side. I felt her hand laid upon my shoulder.

“Is—is it Dorothy?” she said gently.

Still I could not answer. Truly, the bitterness of life, as the joy of it, is distilled in strong drops.

“I knew,” she continued, “I have known ever since that autumn morning when I went to you as you saddled—when I dreaded that you would leave us. Father asked you to marry me, the day you took Mr. Stewart from the mob. How could you so have misunderstood me, Richard?”

I looked up in wonder. The sweet cadence in her tone sprang from a purity not of this earth. They alone who have consecrated their days to others may utter it. And the light upon her face was of the same source. It was no will of mine brought me to my feet. But I was not worthy to touch her.

“I shall make another prayer, beside that for your safety, Richard,” she said.

In the morning she waved me a brave farewell from the block where she had stood so often as I rode afield, when the dawn was in the sky. The invalid mother sat in her chair within the door; the servants were gathered on the lawn, and Ivie Rawlinson and Banks lingered where they had held my stirrup. That picture is washed with my own tears.

The earth was praising God that Sunday as I rode to Mr. Bordley’s. And as it is sorrow which lifts us nearest to heaven, I felt as if I were in church.



I arrived at Wye Island in season to dine with the good judge and his family, and there I made over to his charge the property of Patty and her mother. The afternoon we spent in sober talk, Mr. Bordley giving me much sound advice, and writing me several letters of recommendation to gentlemen in Congress. His conduct was distinguished by even more of kindness and consideration than he had been wont to show me.

In the evening I walked out alone, skirting the acres of Carvel Hall, each familiar landmark touching the quick of some memory of other days. Childhood habit drew me into the path to Wilmot House. I came upon it just as the sunlight was stretching level across the Chesapeake, and burning its windows molten red. I had been sitting long on the stone steps, when the gaunt figure of McAndrews strode toward me out of the dusk.



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“God be gude to us, it is Mr. Richard!” he cried. “I hae na seen ye’re bonny face these muckle years, sir, sync ye cam’ back frae ae sight o’ the young mistress.” (I had met him in Annapolis then.) “An’ will ye be aff to the wars?”

I told him yes. That I had come for a last look at the old place before I left.

He sighed. “Ye’re vera welcome, sir.” Then he added: “Mr. Bordley’s gi’en me a fair notion o’ yere management at Gordon’s. The judge is thinking there’ll be nane ither lad t’ hand a candle to ye.”

“And what news do you hear from London?” I asked, cutting him short.

“Ill uncos, sir,” he answered, shaking his head with violence. He had indeed but a sorry tale for my ear, and one to make my heart heavier than it was. McAndrews opened his mind to me, and seemed the better for it. How Mr. Marmaduke was living with the establishment they wrote of was more than the honest Scotchman could imagine. There was a country place in Sussex now, said he, that was the latest. And drafts were coming in before the wheat was in the ear; and the plantations of tobacco on the Western Shore had been idle since the non-exportation, and were mortgaged to their limit to Mr. Willard. Money was even loaned on the Wilmot House estate. McAndrews had a shrewd suspicion that neither Mrs. Manners nor Miss Dorothy knew aught of this state of affairs.

“Mr. Richard,” he said earnestly, as he bade me good-by, “I kennt Mr. Manners’s mind when he lea’d here. There was a laird in’t, sir, an’ a fortune. An’ unless these come soon, I’m thinking I can spae th’ en’.”

In truth, a much greater fool than McAndrews might have predicted that end.

On Monday Judge Bordley accompanied me as far as Dingley’s tavern, and showed much emotion at parting.

“You need have no fears for your friends at Gordon’s Pride, Richard,” said he. “And when the General comes back, I shall try to give him a good account of my stewardship.”

The General! That title brought old Stanwix’s cobwebbed prophecy into my head again. Here, surely, was the war which he had foretold, and I ready to embark in it.

Why not the sea, indeed?

CHAPTER LI

HOW AN IDLE PROPHECY CAME TO PASS



Captain Clapsaddle not being at his lodgings, I rode on to the Coffee House to put up my horse. I was stopped by Mr. Claude.

“Why, Mr. Carvel,” says he, “I thought you on the Eastern Shore. There is a gentleman within will be mightily tickled to see you, or else his protestations are lies, which they may very well be. His name? Now, 'Pon my faith, it was Jones—no more.”

This thing of being called for at the Coffee House stirred up unpleasant associations.

“What appearance does the man make?” I demanded.

“Merciful gad!” mine host exclaimed; “once seen, never forgotten, and once heard, never forgotten. He quotes me Thomson, and he tells me of his estate in Virginia.”



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The answer was not of a sort to allay my suspicions.

“Then he appears to be a landowner?” said I.

“Ods! Blest if I know what he is,” says Mr. Claude. “He may be anything, an impostor or a high-mightiness. But he’s something to strike the eye and hold it, for all his Quaker clothes. He is swarth and thickset, and some five feet eight inches—full six inches under your own height. And he comes asking for you as if you owned the town between you. ‘Send a fellow to Marlboro’ Street for Mr. Richard Carvel, my good host!’ says he, with a snap of his fingers. And when I tell him the news of you, he is prodigiously affected, and cries—but here’s my gentleman now!”

I jerked my head around. Coming down the steps I beheld my old friend and benefactor, Captain John Paul!

“Ahoy, ahoy!” cries he. “Now Heaven be praised, I have found you at last.”

Out of the saddle I leaped, and straight into his arms.

“Hold, hold, Richard!” he gasped. “My ribs, man! Leave me some breath that I may tell you how glad I am to see you.”

“Mr. Jones!” I said, holding him out, “now where the devil got you that?”

“Why, I am become a gentleman since I saw you,” he answered, smiling. “My poor brother left me his estate in Virginia. And a gentleman must have three names at the least.”

I dropped his shoulders and shook with laughter.

“But Jones!” I cried. “Ad’s heart! could you go no higher? Has your imagination left you, captain?”

“Republican simplicity, sir,” says he, looking a trifle hurt. But I laughed the more.

“Well, you have contrived to mix oil and vinegar,” said I. “A landed gentleman and republican simplicity. I’ll warrant you wear silk-knit under that gray homespun, and have a cameo in your pocket.”

He shook his head, looking up at me with affection.

“You might have guessed better,” he answered. “All of quality I have about me are an enamelled repeater and a gold brooch.”



This made me suddenly grave, for McAndrews's words had been ringing in my ears ever since he had spoken them. I hitched my arm into the captain's and pulled him toward the Coffee House door.

"Come," I said, "you have not dined, and neither have I. We shall be merry to-day, and you shall have some of the best Madeira in the colonies." I commanded a room, that we might have privacy. As he took his seat opposite me I marked that he had grown heavier and more browned. But his eye had the same unfathomable mystery in it as of yore. And first I upbraided him for not having writ me.

"I took you for one who glories in correspondence, captain," said I; "and I did not think you could be so unfaithful. I directed twice to you in Mr. Orchardson's care."

"Orchardson died before I had made one voyage," he replied, "and the Betsy changed owners. But I did not forget you, Richard, and was resolved but now not to leave Maryland until I had seen you. But I burn to hear of you," he added. "I have had an inkling of your story from the landlord. So your grandfather is dead, and that blastie, your uncle, of whom you told me on the John, is in possession."



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He listened to my narrative keenly, but with many interruptions. And when I was done, he sighed.

“You are always finding friends, Richard,” said he; “no matter what your misfortunes, they are ever double discounted. As for me; I am like Fulmer in Mr. Cumberland’s ‘West Indian’: ‘I have beat through every quarter of the compass; I have bellowed for freedom; I have offered to serve my country; I have’—I am engaging to betray it. No, Scotland is no longer my country, and so I cannot betray her. It is she who has betrayed me.”

He fell into a short mood of dejection. And, indeed, I could not but reflect that much of the character fitted him like a jacket. Not the betrayal of his country. He never did that, no matter how roundly they accused him of it afterward.

To lift him, I cried:

“You were one of my first friends, Captain Paul” (I could not stomach the Jones); “but for you I should now be a West Indian, and a miserable one, the slave of some unmerciful hidalgo. Here’s that I may live to repay you!”

“And while we are upon toasts,” says he, bracing immediately, “I give you the immortal Miss Manners! Her beauty has dwelt unfaded in my memory since I last beheld her, aboard the Betsy.” Remarking the pain in my face, he added, with a concern which may have been comical: “And she is not married?”

“Unless she is lately gone to Gretna, she is not,” I replied, trying to speak lightly.

“Alack! I knew it,” he exclaimed. “And if there’s any prophecy in my bones, she’ll be Mrs. Carvel one of these days.”

“Well captain,” I said abruptly, “the wheel has gone around since I saw you. Now it is you who are the gentleman, while I am a factor. Is it the bliss you pictured?”

I suspected that his acres were not as broad, nor his produce as salable, as those of Mount Vernon.

“To speak truth, I am heartily tired of that life,” said he. “There is little glory in raising nicotia, and sipping bumbo, and cursing negroes. Ho for the sea!” he cried. “The salt sea, and the British prizes. Give me a tight frigate that leaves a singing wake. Mark me, Richard,” he said, a restless gleam coning into his dark eyes, “stirring times are here, and a chance for all of us to make a name.” For so it seemed ever to be with him.

“They are black times, I fear,” I answered.



“Black!” he said. “No, glorious is your word. And we are to have an upheaval to throw many of us to the top.”

“I would rather the quarrel were peacefully settled,” said I, gravely. “For my part, I want no distinction that is to come out of strife and misery.”

He regarded me quizzically.

“You are grown an hundred years old since I pulled you out of the sea,” says he. “But we shall have to fight for our liberties. Here is a glass to the prospect!”

“And so you are now an American?” I said curiously.



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“Ay, strake and keelson,—as good a one as though I had got my sap in the Maine forests. A plague of monarchs, say I. They are a blotch upon modern civilization. And I have here,” he continued, tapping his pocket, “some letters writ to the Virginia printers, signed Demosthenes, which Mr. Randolph and Mr. Henry have commended. To speak truth, Richard, I am off to Congress with a portmanteau full of recommendations. And I was resolved to stop here even till I secured your company. We shall sweep the seas together, and so let George beware!”

I smiled. But my blood ran faster at the thought of sailing under such a captain. However, I made the remark that Congress had as yet no army, let alone a navy.

“And think you that gentlemen of such spirit and resources will lack either for long?” he demanded, his eye flashing.

“Then I know nothing of a ship save the little I learned on the John,” I said.

“You were born for the sea, Richard,” he exclaimed, raising his glass high. “And I would rather have one of your brains and strength and handiness than any merchant’s mate I ever sailed with. The more gentlemen get commissions, the better will be our new service.”

At that instant came a knock at the door, and one of the inn negroes to say that Captain Clapsaddle was below, and desired to see me. I persuaded John Paul to descend with me. We found Captain Daniel seated with Mr. Carroll, the barrister, and Mr. Chase.

“Captain,” I said to my old friend, “I have a rare joy this day in making known to you Mr. John Paul Jones, of whom I have spoken to you a score of times. He it is whose bravery sank the Black Moll, whose charity took me to London, and who got no other reward for his faith than three weeks in a debtors’ prison. For his honour, as I have told you, would allow him to accept none, nor his principles to take the commission in the Royal Navy which Mr. Fox offered him.”

Captain Daniel rose, his honest face flushing with pleasure. “Faith, Mr. Jones,” he cried, when John Paul had finished one of his elaborate bows, “this is well met, indeed. I have been longing these many years for a chance to press your hand, and in the names of those who are dead and gone to express my gratitude.”

“I have my reward now, captain,” replied John Paul; “a sight of you is to have Richard’s whole life revealed. And what says Mr. Congreve?”

“‘For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And tho’ a late, a sure reward succeeds.’”

“Tho’ I would not have you believe that my deed was virtuous. And you, who know Richard, may form some notion of the pleasure I had out of his companionship.”

I hastened to present my friend to the other gentlemen, who welcomed him with warmth, though they could not keep their amusement wholly out of their faces.

“Mr. Jones is now the possessor of an estate in Virginia, sirs,” I explained.



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“And do you find it more to your taste than seafaring, Mr. Jones?” inquired Mr. Chase.

This brought forth a most vehement protest, and another quotation.

“Why, sir,” he cried, “to be

’Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,’

is an animal’s existence. I have thrown it over, sir, with a right good will, and am now on my way to Philadelphia to obtain a commission in the navy soon to be born.”

Mr. Chase smiled. John Paul little suspected that he was a member of the Congress.

“This is news indeed, Mr. Jones,” he said. “I have yet to hear of the birth of this infant navy, for which we have not yet begun to make swaddling clothes.”

“We are not yet an infant state, sir,” Mr. Carroll put in, with a shade of rebuke. For Maryland was well content with the government she had enjoyed, and her best patriots long after shunned the length of secession. “I believe and pray that the King will come to his senses. And as for the navy, it is folly. How can we hope to compete with England on the sea?”

“All great things must have a beginning sir,” replied John Paul, launching forth at once, nothing daunted by such cold conservatism. “What Israelite brickmaker of Pharaoh’s dreamed of Solomon’s temple? Nay, Moses himself had no conception of it. And God will send us our pillars of cloud and of fire. We must be reconciled to our great destiny, Mr. Carroll. No fight ever was won by man or nation content with half a victory. We have forests to build an hundred armadas, and I will command a fleet and it is given me.”

The gentlemen listened in astonishment.

“I’ faith, I believe you, sir,” cried Captain Daniel, with admiration.

The others, too, were somehow fallen under the spell of this remarkable individuality. “What plan would you pursue, sir?” asked Mr. Chase, betraying more interest than he cared to show.

“What plan, sir!” said Captain John Paul, those wonderful eyes of his alight. “In the first place, we Americans build the fastest ships in the world,—yours of the Chesapeake are as fleet as any. Here, if I am not mistaken, one hundred and eighty-two were built in the year ’71. They are idle now. To them I would issue letters of marque, to harry England’s trade. From Carolina to Maine we have the wood and iron to build cruisers,



in harbours that may not easily be got at. And skilled masters and seamen to elude the enemy.”

“But a navy must be organized, sir. It must be an unit,” objected Mr. Carroll. “And you would not for many years have force enough, or discipline enough, to meet England’s navy.”

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“I would never meet it, sir,” he replied instantly. “That would be the height of folly. I would divide our forces into small, swift-sailing squadrons, of strength sufficient to repel his cruisers. And I would carry the war straight into his unprotected ports of trade. I can name a score of such defenceless places, and I know every shoal of their harbours. For example, Whitehaven might be entered. That is a town of fifty thousand inhabitants. The fleet of merchantmen might with the greatest ease be destroyed, a contribution levied, and Ireland’s coal cut off for a winter. The whole of the shipping might be swept out of the Clyde. Newcastle is another likely place, and in almost any of the Irish ports valuable vessels may be found. The Baltic and West Indian fleets are to be intercepted. I have reflected upon these matters for years, gentlemen. They are perfectly feasible. And I’ll warrant you cannot conceive the havoc and consternation their fulfilment would spread in England.”

If the divine power of genius ever made itself felt, 'twas on that May evening, at candle-light, in the Annapolis Coffee House. With my own eyes I witnessed two able and cautious statesmen of a cautious province thrilled to the pitch of enthusiasm by this strange young man of eight and twenty. As for good Captain Daniel, enthusiasm is but a poor word to express his feelings. A map was sent for and spread out upon the table. And it was a late hour when Mr. Chase and Mr. Carroll went home, profoundly impressed. Mr. Chase charged John Paul look him up in Congress.

The next morning I bade Captain Daniel a solemn good-by, and rode away with John Paul to Baltimore. Thence we took stage to New Castle on the Delaware, and were eventually landed by Mr. Tatlow’s stage-boat at Crooked Billet wharf, Philadelphia.

A brief summary, which brings this biography to the famous fight of the Bon homme Richard and the Serapis

By Daniel Clapsaddle Carvel

Mr. Richard Carvel refers here to the narrative of his experiences in the War of the Revolution, which he had written in the year 1805 or 1806. The insertion of that account would swell this book, already too long, out of all proportion. Hence I take it upon myself, with apologies, to compress it.

Not until October of that year, 1775, was the infant navy born. Mr. Carvel was occupied in the interval in the acquirement of practical seamanship and the theory of maritime warfare under the most competent of instructors, John Paul Jones. An interesting side light is thrown upon the character of that hero by the fact that, with all his supreme confidence in his ability, he applied to Congress only for a first lieutenantcy. This was in deference to the older men before that body. “I hoped,”

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said he, "in that rank to gain much useful knowledge from those of more experience than myself." His lack of assertion for once cost him dear. He sailed on the New Providence expedition under Commodore Hopkins as first lieutenant of the Alfred, thirty; and he soon discovered that, instead of gaining information, he was obliged to inform others. He trained the men so thoroughly in the use of the great guns "that they went through the motions of broadsides and rounds exactly as soldiers generally perform the manual exercise."

Captain Jones was not long in fixing the attention and earning the gratitude of the nation, and of its Commander-in-Chief, General Washington. While in command of the Providence, twelve four-pounders, his successful elusions of the 'Cerberus', which hounded him, and his escape from the 'Solebay', are too famous to be dwelt upon here. Obtaining the Alfred, he captured and brought into Boston ten thousand suits of uniform for Washington's shivering army. Then, by the bungling of Congress, thirteen officers were promoted over his head. The bitterness this act engendered in the soul of one whose thirst for distinction was as great as Captain Jones's may be imagined. To his everlasting credit be it recorded that he remained true to the country to which he had dedicated his life and his talents. And it was not until 1781 that he got the justice due him.

That the rough and bluff captains of the American service should have regarded a man of Paul Jones's type with suspicion is not surprising. They resented his polish and accomplishments, and could not understand his language. Perhaps it was for this reason, as well as a reward for his brilliant services, that he was always given a separate command. In the summer of 1777 he was singled out for the highest gift in the power of the United States, nothing less than that of the magnificent frigate 'Indien', then building at Amsterdam. And he was ordered to France in command of the 'Ranger', a new ship then fitting at Portsmouth. Captain Jones was the admiration of all the young officers in the navy, and was immediately flooded with requests to sail with him. One of his first acts, after receiving his command, was to apply to the Marine Committee for Mr. Carvel. The favour was granted.

My grandfather had earned much commendation from his superiors. He had sailed two cruises as master's mate of the Cabot, and was then serving as master of the Trumbull, Captain Saltonstall. This was shortly after that frigate had captured the two British transports off New York.

Captain Jones has been at pains to mention in his letters the services rendered him by Mr. Carvel in fitting out the Ranger. And my grandfather gives a striking picture of the captain. At that time the privateers, with the larger inducements of profit they offered, were getting all the best seamen. John Paul had but to take two turns with a man across the dock, and he would sign papers.



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Captain Jones was the first to raise the new flag of the stars and stripes over a man-o'-war. They got away on November 14, 1777, with a fair crew and a poor lot of officers. Mr. Carvel had many a brush with the mutinous first lieutenant Simpson. Family influence deterred the captain from placing this man under arrest, and even Dr. Franklin found trouble, some years after, in bringing about his dismissal from the service. To add to the troubles, the Ranger proved crank and slow-sailing; and she had only one barrel of rum aboard, which made the men discontented.

Bringing the official news of Burgoyne's surrender, which was to cause King Louis to acknowledge the independence of the United States, the Ranger arrived at Nantes, December 2. Mr. Carvel accompanied Captain Jones to Paris, where a serious blow awaited him. The American Commissioners informed him that the Indien had been transferred to France to prevent her confiscation. That winter John Paul spent striving in vain for a better ship, and imbibing tactics from the French admirals. Incidentally, he obtained a salute for the American flag. The cruise of the Ranger in English waters the following spring was a striking fulfilment, with an absurdly poor and inadequate force, of the plan set forth by John Paul Jones in the Annapolis Coffee House. His descent upon Whitehaven spread terror and consternation broadcast through England, and he was branded as a pirate and a traitor. Mr. Carvel was fortunately not of the landing party on St. Mary's Isle, which place he had last beheld in John Paul's company, on the brigantine John, when entering Kirkcudbright. The object of that expedition, as is well known, was to obtain the person of the Earl of Selkirk, in order to bring about the rescue of the unfortunate Americans suffering in British prisons. After the celebrated capture of the sloop-of-war Drake, Paul Jones returned to France a hero.

If Captain Jones was ambitious of personal glory, he may never, at least, be accused of mercenary motives. The ragged crew of the Ranger was paid in part out of his own pocket, and for a whole month he supported the Drake's officers and men, no provision having been made for prisoners. He was at large expense in fitting out the Ranger, and he bought back at twice what it was worth the plate taken from St. Mary's Isle, getting but a tardy recognition from the Earl of Selkirk for such a noble and unheard-of action. And, I take pride in writing it, Mr. Carvel spent much of what he had earned at Gordon's Pride in a like honourable manner.

Mr. Carvel's description of the hero's reception at Versailles is graphic and very humorous. For all his republican principles John Paul never got over his love of courts, and no man was ever a more thorough courtier. He exchanged compliments with Queen Marie Antoinette, who was then in the bloom of her beauty, and declared that she was a "good girl, and deserved to be happy."



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The unruly Simpson sailed for America in the Ranger in July, Captain Jones being retained in France “for a particular enterprise.” And through the kindness of Dr. Franklin, Mr. Carvel remained with him. Then followed another period of heartrending disappointment. The fine ship the French government promised him was not forthcoming, though Captain Jones wrote a volume of beautiful letters to every one of importance, from her Royal Highness the Duchess of Chartres to his Most Christian Majesty, Louis, King of France and Navarre. At length, when he was sitting one day in unusual dejection and railing at the vanity of courts and kings, Mr. Carvel approached him with a book in his hand.

“What have you there, Richard?” the captain demanded.

“Dr. Franklin’s Maxims,” replied my grandfather. They were great favourites with him. The captain took the book and began mechanically to turn over the pages. Suddenly he closed it with a bang, jumped up, and put on his coat and hat. Mr. Carvel looked on in astonishment.

“Where are you going, sir?” says he.

“To Paris, sir,” says the captain. “Dr. Franklin has taught me more wisdom in a second than I had in all my life before. ‘If you wish to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, go and do it yourself; otherwise, send.’”

As a result of that trip he got the Duras, which he renamed the ‘Bon homme Richard’ in honour of Dr. Franklin. The Duras was an ancient Indiaman with a high poop, which made my grandfather exclaim, when he saw her, at the remarkable fulfilment of old Stanwix’s prophecy. She was perfectly rotten, and in the constructor’s opinion not worth refitting. Her lowest deck (too low for the purpose) was pierced aft with three ports on a side, and six worn-out eighteen-pounders mounted there. Some of them burst in the action, killing their people. The main battery, on the deck above, was composed of twenty-eight twelve-pounders. On the uncovered deck eight nine-pounders were mounted. Captain Jones again showed his desire to serve the cause by taking such a ship, and not waiting for something better.

In the meantime the American frigate ‘Alliance’ had brought Lafayette to France, and was added to the little squadron that was to sail with the ‘Bon homme Richard’. One of the most fatal mistakes Congress ever made was to put Captain Pierre Landais in command of her, out of compliment to the French allies. He was a man whose temper and vagaries had failed to get him a command in his own navy. His insulting conduct and treachery to Captain Jones are strongly attested to in Mr. Carvel’s manuscript: they were amply proved by the written statements of other officers.



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The squadron sailed from L'Orient in June, but owing to a collision between the Bon homme Richard and the Alliance it was forced to put back into the Groix roads for repairs. Nails and rivets were with difficulty got to hold in the sides of the old Indianian. On August 14th John Paul Jones again set sail for English waters, with the following vessels: Alliance, thirty-six; Pallas, thirty; Cerf, eighteen; Vengeance, twelve; and two French privateers. Owing to the humiliating conditions imposed upon him by the French Minister of Marine, Commodore Jones did not have absolute command. In a gale on the 26th the two privateers and the Cerf parted company, never to return. After the most outrageous conduct off the coast of Ireland, Landais, in the 'Alliance', left the squadron on September 6th, and did not reappear until the 23d, the day of the battle.

Mr. Carvel was the third lieutenant of the 'Bon homme Richard', tho' he served as second in the action. Her first lieutenant (afterwards the celebrated Commodore Richard Dale) was a magnificent man, one worthy in every respect of the captain he served. When the hour of battle arrived, these two and the sailing master, and a number of raw midshipmen, were the only line-officers left, and two French officers of marines.

The rest had been lost in various ways. And the crew of the 'Bon homme Richard' was as sorry a lot as ever trod a deck. Less than three score of the seamen were American born; near four score were British, inclusive of sixteen Irish; one hundred and thirty-seven were French soldiers, who acted as marines; and the rest of the three hundred odd souls to fight her were from all over the earth,—Malays and Maltese and Portuguese. In the hold were more than one hundred and fifty English prisoners.

This was a vessel and a force, truly, with which to conquer a fifty-gun ship of the latest type, and with a picked crew.

Mr. Carvel's chapter opens with Landais's sudden reappearance on the morning of the day the battle was fought. He shows the resentment and anger against the Frenchman felt by all on board, from cabin-boy to commodore. But none went so far as to accuse the captain of the 'Alliance' of such supreme treachery as he was to show during the action. Cowardice may have been in part responsible for his holding aloof from the two duels in which the Richard and the Pallas engaged. But the fact that he poured broadsides into the Richard, and into her off side, makes it seem probable that his motive was to sink the commodore's ship, and so get the credit of saving the day, to the detriment of the hero who won it despite all disasters. To account for the cry that was raised when first she attacked the Richard, it must be borne in mind that the crew of the 'Alliance' was largely composed of Englishmen. It was thought that these had mutinied and taken her.

CHAPTER LII



Page 14

How the gardener's son fought the "Serapis"

When I came on deck the next morning our yards were a-drip with a clammy fog, and under it the sea was roughed by a southwest breeze. We were standing to the northward before it. I remember reflecting as I paused in the gangway that the day was Thursday, September the 23d, and that we were near two months out of Groix with this tub of an Indiaman. In all that time we had not so much as got a whiff of an English frigate, though we had almost put a belt around the British Isles. Then straining my eyes through the mist, I made out two white blurs of sails on our starboard beam.

Honest Jack Pearce, one of the few good seamen we had aboard, was rubbing down one of the nines beside me.

"Why, Jack," said I, "what have we there? Another prize?" For that question had become a joke on board the 'Bon homme Richard' since the prisoners had reached an hundred and fifty, and half our crew was gone to man the ships.

"Bless your 'art, no, sir," said he. "'Tis that damned Frenchy Landais in th' Alliance. She turns up with the Pallas at six bells o' the middle watch."

"So he's back, is he?"

"Ay, he's back," he returned, with a grunt that was half a growl; "arter three weeks breakin' o' liberty. I tell 'ee what, sir, them Frenchies is treacherous devils, an' not to be trusted the len'th of a lead line. An' they beant seamen eno' to keep a full an' by with all their 'takteek'. Ez fer that Landais, I hearn him whinin' at the commodore in the round house when we was off Clear, an' sayin' as how he would tell Sartin on us when he gets back to Paree. An' jabberin to th'other Frenchmen as was there that this here butter-cask was er King's ship, an' that the commodore weren't no commodore nohow. They say as how Cap'n Jones be bound up in a hard knot by some articles of agreement, an' daresn't punish him. Be that so, Mr. Carvel?"

I said that it was.

"Shiver my bulkheads!" cried Jack, "I gave my oath to that same, sir. For I knowed the commodore was the lad t' string 'em to the yard-arm an' he had the say on it. Oh, the devil take the Frenchies," said Jack, rolling his quid to show his pleasure of the topic, "they sits on their bottoms in Brest and L'Oriong an' talks takteek wi' their han's and mouths, and daresn't as much as show the noses o' their three-deckers in th' Bay o' Biscay, while Cap'n Jones pokes his bowsprit into every port in England with a hulk the rats have left. I've had my bellyful o' Frenchies, Mr. Carvell save it be to fight 'em. An' I tell 'ee 'twould give me the greatest joy in life t' leave loose 'Scolding Sairy' at that there Landais. Th' gal ain't had a match on her this here cruise, an' t' my mind she couldn't be christened better, sir."

I left him patting the gun with a tender affection.



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The scene on board was quiet and peaceful enough that morning. A knot of midshipmen on the forecastle were discussing Landais's conduct, and cursing the concordat which prevented our commodore from bringing him up short. Mr. Stacey, the sailing-master, had the deck, and the coasting pilot was conning; now and anon the boatswain's whistle piped for Garrett or Quito or Fogg to lay aft to the mast, where the first lieutenant stood talking to Colonel de Chamillard, of the French marines. The scavengers were sweeping down, and part of the after guard was bending a new bolt-rope on a storm staysail.

Then the—fore-topmast crosstrees reports a sail on the weather quarter, the Richard is brought around on the wind, and away we go after a brigantine, "flying like a snow laden with English bricks," as Midshipman Coram jokingly remarks. A chase is not such a novelty with us that we crane our necks to windward.

At noon, when I relieved Mr. Stacey of the deck, the sun had eaten up the fog, and the shores of England stood out boldly. Spurn Head was looming up across our bows, while that of Flamborough jutted into the sea behind us. I had the starboard watch piped to dinner, and reported twelve o'clock to the commodore. And had just got permission to "make it," according to a time-honoured custom at sea, when another "Sail, ho!" came down from aloft.

"Where away?" called back Mr. Linthwaite, who was midshipman of the forecastle.

"Starboard quarter, rounding Flamborough Head, sir. Looks like a full-rigged ship, sir."

I sent the messenger into the great cabin to report. He was barely out of sight before a second cry came from the masthead: "Another sail rounding Flamborough, sir!"

The officers on deck hurried to the taffrail. I had my glass, but not a dot was visible above the sea-line. The messenger was scarcely back again when there came a third hail: "Two more rounding the head, sir! Four in all, sir!"

Here was excitement indeed. Without waiting for instructions, I gave the command:

"Up royal yards! Royal yardmen in the tops!"

We were already swaying out of the chains, when Lieutenant Dale appeared and asked the coasting pilot what fleet it was. He answered that it was the Baltic fleet, under convoy of the Countess of Scarborough, twenty guns, and the Serapis, forty-four.

"Forty-four," repeated Mr. Dale, smiling; "that means fifty, as English frigates are rated. We shall have our hands full this day, my lads," said he. "You have done well to get the royals on her, Mr. Carvel."



While he was yet speaking, three more sail were reported from aloft. Then there was a hush on deck, and the commodore himself appeared. As he reached the poop we saluted him and informed him of what had happened.

“The Baltic fleet,” said he, promptly. “Call away the pilotboat with Mr. Lunt to follow the brigantine, sir, and ease off before the wind. Signal ‘General Chase’ to the squadron, Mr. Mayrant.”

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The men had jumped to the weather braces before I gave the command, and all the while more sail were counting from the crosstrees, until their number had reached forty-one. The news spread over the ship; the starboard watch trooped up with their dinners half eaten. Then a faint booming of guns drifted down upon our ears.

"They've got sight of us, sir," shouted the lookout. "They be firing guns to windward, an' letting fly their topgallant sheets."

At that the commodore hurried forward, the men falling back to the bulwarks respectfully, and he mounted the fore-rigging as agile as any topman, followed by his aide with a glass. From the masthead he sung out to me to set our stu'nsails, and he remained aloft till near seven bells of the watch. At that hour the merchantmen had all scuttled to safety behind the head, and from the deck a great yellow King's frigate could be plainly seen standing south to meet us, followed by her smaller consort. Presently she hove to, and through our glasses we discerned a small boat making for her side, and then a man clambering up her sea-ladder.

"That be the bailiff of Scarborough, sir," said the coasting pilot, "come to tell her cap'n 'tis Paul Jones he has to fight."

At that moment the commodore lay down from aloft, and our hearts beat high as he walked swiftly aft to the quarterdeck, where he paused for a word with Mr. Dale. Meanwhile Mr. Mayrant hove out the signal for the squadron to form line of battle.

"Recall the pilot-boat, Mr. Carvel," said the commodore, quietly. "Then you may beat to quarters, and I will take the ship, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir." I raised my trumpet. "All hands clear ship for action!"

It makes me sigh now to think of the cheer which burst from that tatterdemalion crew. Who were they to fight the bone and sinew of the King's navy in a rotten ship of an age gone by? And who was he, that stood so straight upon the quarter-deck, to instil this scum with love and worship and fervour to blind them to such odds? But the bo'suns piped and sang out the command in fog-horn voices, the drums beat the long roll and the fifes whistled, and the decks became suddenly alive. Breechings were loosed and gun-tackles unlashed, rammer and sponge laid out, and pike and pistol and cutlass placed where they would be handy when the time came to rush the enemy's decks. The powder-monkeys tumbled over each other in their hurry to provide cartridges, and grape and canister and doubleheaded shot were hoisted up from below. The trimmers rigged the splinter nettings, got out spare spars and blocks and ropes against those that were sure to be shot away, and rolled up casks of water to put out the fires. Tubs were filled with sand, for blood is slippery upon the boards. The French marines, their scarlet and white very natty in contrast to most of our ragged wharf-rats at the guns, were mustered on poop and forecastle, and some were sent aloft to the tops to assist the tars

there to sweep the British decks with handgrenade and musket. And, lastly, the surgeon and his mates went below to cockpit and steerage, to make ready for the grimmest work of all.

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My own duties took me to the dark lower deck, a vile place indeed, and reeking with the smell of tar and stale victuals. There I had charge of the battery of old eighteens, while Mr. Dale commanded the twelves on the middle deck. We loaded our guns with two shots apiece, though I had my doubts about their standing such a charge, and then the men stripped until they stood naked to the waist, waiting for the fight to begin. For we could see nothing of what was going forward. I was pacing up and down, for it was a task to quiet the nerves in that dingy place with the gun-ports closed, when about three bells of the dog, Mr. Mease, the purser, appeared on the ladder.

“Lunt has not come back with the pilot-boat, Carvel,” said he. “I have volunteered for a battery, and am assigned to this. You are to report to the commodore.”

I thanked him, and climbed quickly to the quarterdeck. The 'Bon homme Richard' was lumbering like a leaden ship before the wind, swaying ponderously, her topsails flapping and her heavy blocks whacking against the yards. And there was the commodore, erect, and with fire in his eye, giving sharp commands to the men at the wheel. I knew at once that no trifle had disturbed him. He wore a brand-new uniform; a blue coat with red lapels and yellow buttons, and slashed cuffs and stand-up collar, a red waistcoat with tawny lace, blue breeches, white silk stockings, and a cocked hat and a sword. Into his belt were stuck two brace of pistols.

It took some effort to realize, as I waited silently for his attention, that this was the man of whose innermost life I had had so intimate a view. Who had taken me to the humble cottage under Criffel, who had poured into my ear his ambitions and his wrongs when we had sat together in the dingy room of the Castle Yard sponging-house. Then some of those ludicrous scenes on the road to London came up to me, for which the sky-blue frock was responsible. And yet this commodore was not greatly removed from him I had first beheld on the brigantine John. His confidence in his future had not so much as wavered since that day. That future was now not so far distant as the horizon, and he was ready to meet it.

“You will take charge of the battery of nines on this deck, Mr. Carvel,” said he, at length.

“Very good, sir,” I replied, and was making my way down the poop ladder, when I heard him calling me, in a low voice, by the old name: “Richard!”

I turned and followed him aft to the taffrail, where we were clear of the French soldiers. The sun was hanging red over the Yorkshire Wolds, the Head of Flamborough was in the blue shadow, and the clouds were like rose leaves in the sky. The enemy had tacked and was standing west, with ensign and jack and pennant flying, the level light washing his sails to the whiteness of paper. 'Twas then I first remarked that the Alliance had left her place in line and was sailing swiftly ahead toward the Serapis. The commodore seemed to read my exclamation.



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“Landais means to ruin me yet, by hook or crook,” said he.

“But he can’t intend to close with them,” I replied. “He has not the courage.”

“God knows what he intends,” said the commodore, bitterly. “It is no good, at all events.”

My heart bled for him. Some minutes passed that he did not speak, making shift to raise his glass now and again, and I knew that he was gripped by a strong emotion. “’Twas so he ever behaved when the stress was greatest. Presently he lays down the glass on the signal-chest, fumbles in his coat, and brings out the little gold brooch I had not set eyes on since Dolly and he and I had stood together on the Betsy’s deck.

“When you see her, Richard, tell her that I have kept it as sacred as her memory,” he said thickly. “She will recall what I spoke of you when she gave it me. You have been leal and true to me indeed, and many a black hour have you tided me over since this war’ began. Do you know how she may be directed to?” he concluded, with abruptness.

I glanced at him, surprised at the question. He was staring at the English shore.

“Mr. Ripley, of Lincoln’s Inn, used to be Mr. Manners’s lawyer,” I answered.

He took out a little note-book and wrote that down carefully. “And now,” he continued, “God keep you, my friend. We must win, for we fight with a rope around our necks.”

“But you, Captain Paul,” I said, “is—is there no one?”

His face took on the look of melancholy it had worn so often of late, despite his triumphs. That look was the stamp of fate.

“Richard,” replied he, with an ineffable sadness, “I am naught but a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I have no ties, no kindred,—no real friends, save you and Dale, and some of these honest fellows whom I lead to slaughter. My ambition is seamed with a flaw. And all my life I must be striving, striving, until I am laid in the grave. I know that now, and it is you yourself who have taught me. For I have violently broken forth from those bounds which God in His wisdom did set.”

I pressed his hand, and with bowed head went back to my station, profoundly struck by the truth of what he had spoken. Though he fought under the flag of freedom, the curse of the expatriated was upon his head.

Shortly afterward he appeared at the poop rail, straight and alert, his eye piercing each man as it fell on him. He was the commodore once more.



The twilight deepened, until you scarce could see your hands. There was no sound save the cracking of the cabins and the tumbling of the blocks, and from time to time a muttered command. An age went by before the trimmers were sent to the lee braces, and the Richard rounded lazily to. And a great frigate loomed out of the night beside us, half a pistolshot away.

“What ship is that?” came the hail, intense out of the silence.

“I don’t hear you,” replied our commodore, for he had not yet got his distance.



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Again came the hail: "What ship is that?"

John Paul Jones leaned forward over the rail.

"Pass the word below to the first lieutenant to begin the action, sir."

Hardly were the words out of my mouth before the deck gave a mighty leap, a hot wind that seemed half of flame blew across my face, and the roar started the pain throbbing in my ears. At the same instant the screech of shot sounded overhead, we heard the sharp crack-crack of wood rending and splitting,—as with a great broadaxe,—and a medley of blocks and ropes rattled to the deck with the 'thud of the falling bodies. Then, instead of stillness, moans and shrieks from above and below, oaths and prayers in English and French and Portuguese, and in the heathen gibberish of the East. As the men were sponging and ramming home in the first fury of hatred, the carpenter jumped out under the battle-lantern at the main hatch, crying in a wild voice that the old eighteens had burst, killing half their crews and blowing up the gundeck above them. At this many of our men broke and ran for the hatches.

"Back, back to your quarters! The first man to desert will be shot down!"

It was the same strange voice that had quelled the mutiny on the John, that had awed the men of Kirkcudbright. The tackles were seized and the guns run out once more, and fired, and served again in an agony of haste. In the darkness shot shrieked hither and thither about us like demons, striking everywhere, sometimes sending casks of salt water over the nettings. Incessantly the quartermaster walked to and fro scattering sand over the black pools that kept running, running together as the minutes were tolled out, and the red flashes from the guns revealed faces in a hideous contortion. One little fellow, with whom I had had many a lively word at mess, had his arm taken off at the shoulder as he went skipping past me with the charge under his coat, and I have but to listen now to hear the patter of the blood on the boards as they carried him away to the cockpit below. Out of the main hatch, from that charnel house, rose one continuous cry. It was an odd trick of the mind or soul that put a hymn on my lips in that dreadful hour of carnage and human misery, when men were calling the name of their Maker in vain. But as I ran from crew to crew, I sang over and over again a long-forgotten Christmas carol, and with it came a fleeting memory of my mother on the stairs at Carvel Hall, and of the negroes gathered on the lawn without.

Suddenly, glancing up at the dim cloud of sails above, I saw that we were aback and making sternway. We might have tossed a biscuit aboard the big Serapis as she glided ahead of us. The broadsides thundered, and great ragged scantlings brake from our bulwarks and flew as high as the mizzen-top; and the shrieks and groans redoubled. Involuntarily my eyes sought the poop, and I gave a sigh of relief at the sight of the commanding figure in the midst of the whirling smoke. We shotted our guns with double-headed, manned our lee braces, and gathered headway.



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“Stand by to board!”

The boatswains' whistles trilled through the ship, pikes were seized, and pistol and cutlass buckled on. But even as we waited with set teeth, our bows ground into the enemy's weather quarter-gallery. For the Richard's rigging was much cut away, and she was crank at best. So we backed and filled once more, passing the Englishman close aboard, himself being aback at the time. Several of his shot crushed through the bulwarks in front of me, shattering a nine-pounder and killing half of its crew. And it is only a miracle that I stand alive to be able to tell the tale. Then I caught a glimpse of the quartermaster whirling the spokes of our wheel, and over went our helm to lay us athwart the forefoot of the 'Serapis', where we might rake and rush her decks. Our old Indiaman answered but doggedly; and the huge bowsprit of the Serapis, towering over our heads, snapped off our spanker gaff and fouled our mizzen rigging.

“A hawser, Mr. Stacey, a hawser!” I heard the commodore shout, and saw the sailing-master slide down the ladder and grope among the dead and wounded and mass of broken spars and tackles, and finally pick up a smeared rope's end, which I helped him drag to the poop. There we found the commodore himself taking skilful turns around the mizzen with the severed stays and shrouds dangling from the bowsprit, the French marines looking on.

“Don't swear, Mr. Stacey,” said he, severely; “in another minute we may all be in eternity.”

I rushed back to my guns, for the wind was rapidly swinging the stern of the Serapis to our own bow, now bringing her starboard batteries into play. Barely had we time to light our snatches and send our broadside into her at three fathoms before the huge vessels came crunching together, the disordered riggings locking, and both pointed northward to a leeward tide in a death embrace. The chance had not been given him to shift his crews or to fling open his starboard gun-ports.

Then ensued a moment's breathless hush, even the cries of those in agony lulling. The pall of smoke rolled a little, and a silver moonlight filtered through, revealing the weltering bodies twisted upon the boards. A stern call came from beyond the bulwarks.

“Have you struck, sir?”

The answer sounded clear, and bred hero-worship in our souls.

“Sir, I have not yet begun to fight.”

Our men raised a hoarse yell, drowned all at once by the popping of musketry in the tops and the bursting of grenades here and there about the decks. A mighty muffled blast sent the Bon homme Richard rolling to larboard, and the smoke eddied from our



hatches and lifted out of the space between the ships. The Englishman had blown off his gun-ports. And next some one shouted that our battery of twelves was fighting them muzzle to muzzle below, our rammers leaning into the Serapis to send their shot home. No chance then for the thoughts which had tortured

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us in moments of suspense. That was a fearful hour, when a shot had scarce to leap a cannon's length to find its commission; when the belches of the English guns burned the hair of our faces; when Death was sovereign, merciful or cruel at his pleasure. The red flashes disclosed many an act of coolness and of heroism. I saw a French lad whip off his coat when a gunner called for a wad, and another, who had been a scavenger, snatch the rammer from Pearce's hands when he staggered with a grape-shot through his chest. Poor Jack Pearce! He did not live to see the work 'Scolding Sairy' was to do that night. I had but dragged him beyond reach of the recoil when he was gone.

Then a cry came floating down from aloft. Thrice did I hear it, like one waking out of a sleep, ere I grasped its import. "The Alliance! The Alliance!" But hardly had the name resounded with joy throughout the ship, when a hail of grape and canister tore through our sails from aft forward. "She rakes us! She rakes us!" And the French soldiers tumbled headlong down from the poop with a wail of "Les Anglais font prise!" "Her Englishmen have taken her, and turned her guns against us!" Our captain was left standing alone beside the staff where the stars and stripes waved black in the moonlight.

"The Alliance is hauling off, sir!" called the midshipman of the mizzen-top. "She is making for the Pallas and the Countess of Scarborough."

"Very good, sir," was all the commodore said.

To us hearkening for his answer his voice betrayed no sign of dismay. Seven times, I say, was that battle lost, and seven times regained again. What was it kept the crews at their quarters and the officers at their posts through that hell of flame and shot, when a madman could scarce have hoped for victory? What but the knowledge that somewhere in the swirl above us was still that unswerving and indomitable man who swept all obstacles from before him, and into whose mind the thought of defeat could not enter. His spirit held us to our task, for flesh and blood might not have endured alone.

We had now but one of our starboard nine-pounders on its carriage, and word came from below that our battery of twelves was all but knocked to scrap iron, and their ports blown into one yawning gap. Indeed, we did not have to be told that sides and stanchions had been carried away, for the deck trembled and teetered under us as we dragged 'Scolding Sairy' from her stand in the larboard waist, clearing a lane for her between the bodies. Our feet slipped and slipped as we hove, and burning bits of sails and splinters dropping from aloft fell unheeded on our heads and shoulders. With the energy of desperation I was bending to the pull, when the Malay in front of me sank dead across the tackle. But, ere I could touch him, he was tenderly lifted aside, and a

familiar figure seized the rope where the dead man's hands had warmed it. Truly, the commodore was everywhere that night.



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“Down to the surgeon with you, Richard!” he cried. “I will look to the battery.”

Dazed, I put my hand to my hair to find it warm and wringing wet. When I had been hit, I knew not. But I shook my head, for the very notion of that cockpit turned my stomach. The blood was streaming from a gash in his own temple, to which he gave no heed, and stood encouraging that panting line until at last the gun was got across and hooked to the ring-bolts of its companion that lay shattered there. “Serve her with double-headed, my lads,” he shouted, “and every shot into the Englishman’s mainmast!”

“Ay, ay, sir,” came the answer from every man of that little remnant.

The Serapis, too, was now beginning to blaze aloft, and choking wood-smoke eddied out of the Richard’s hold and mingled with the powder fumes. Then the enemy’s fire abreast us seemed to lull, and Mr. Stacey mounted the bulwarks, and cried out: “You have cleared their decks, my hearties!” Aloft, a man was seen to clamber from our mainyard into the very top of the Englishman, where he threw a hand-grenade, as I thought, down her main hatch. An instant after an explosion came like a clap of thunder in our faces, and a great quadrant of light flashed as high as the ‘Serapis’s’ trucks, and through a breach in her bulwarks I saw men running with only the collars of their shirts upon their naked bodies.

’Twas at this critical moment, when that fearful battle once more was won, another storm of grape brought the spars about our heads, and that name which we dreaded most of all was spread again. As we halted in consternation, a dozen round shot ripped through our unengaged side, and a babel of voices hailed the treacherous Landais with oaths and imprecations. We made out the Alliance with a full head of canvas, black and sharp, between us and the moon. Smoke hung above her rail. Getting over against the signal fires blazing on Flamborough Head, she wore ship and stood across our bows, the midshipman on the forecastle singing out to her, by the commodore’s orders, to lay the enemy by the board. There was no response.

“Do you hear us?” yelled Mr. Linthwaite.

“Ay, ay,” came the reply; and with it the smoke broke from her and the grape and canister swept our forecastle. Then the Alliance sailed away, leaving brave Mr. Caswell among the many Landais had murdered.

The ominous clank of the chain pumps beat a sort of prelude to what happened next. The gunner burst out of the hatch with blood running down his face, shouting that the Richard was sinking, and yelling for quarter as he made for the ensign-staff on the poop, for the flag was shot away. Him the commodore felled with a pistol-butt. At the gunner’s heels were the hundred and fifty prisoners we had taken, released by the master at arms. They swarmed out of the bowels of the ship like a horde of Tartars, unkempt and wild and desperate with fear, until I thought

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that the added weight on the scarce-supported deck would land us all in the bilges. Words fail me when I come to describe the frightful panic of these creatures, frenzied by the instinct of self-preservation. They surged hither and thither as angry seas driven into a pocket of a storm-swept coast. They trampled rough-shod over the moaning heaps of wounded and dying, and crowded the crews at the guns, who were powerless before their numbers. Some fought like maniacs, and others flung themselves into the sea.

Those of us who had clung to hope lost it then. Standing with my back to the mast, beating them off with a pike, visions of an English prison-ship, of an English gallows, came before me. I counted the seconds until the enemy's seamen would be pouring through our ragged ports. The seventh and last time, and we were beaten, for we had not men enough left on our two decks to force them down again. Yes,—I shame to confess it—the heart went clean out of me, and with that the pain pulsed and leaped in my head like a devil unbound. At a turn of the hand I should have sunk to the boards, had not a voice risen strong and clear above that turmoil, compelling every man to halt trembling in his steps.

“Cast off, cast off! ‘The Serapis’ is sinking. To the pumps, ye fools, if you would save your lives!”

That unerring genius of the gardener's son had struck the only chord!

They were like sheep before us as we beat them back into the reeking hatches, and soon the pumps were heard bumping with a renewed and a desperate vigour. Then, all at once, the towering mainmast of the enemy cracked and tottered and swung this way and that on its loosened shrouds. The first intense silence of the battle followed, in the midst of which came a cry from our top:

“Their captain is hauling down, sir!”

The sound which broke from our men could scarce be called a cheer. That which they felt as they sank exhausted on the blood of their comrades may not have been elation. My own feeling was of unmixed wonder as I gazed at a calm profile above me, sharp-cut against the moon.

I was moved as out of a revery by the sight of Dale swinging across to the Serapis by the main brace pennant. Calling on some of my boarders, I scaled our bulwarks and leaped fairly into the middle of the gangway of the Serapis.

Such is nearly all of my remembrance of that momentous occasion. I had caught the one glimpse of our first lieutenant in converse with their captain and another officer,



when a naked seaman came charging at me. He had raised a pike above his shoulder ere I knew what he was about, and my senses left me.

CHAPTER LIII

IN WHICH I MAKE SOME DISCOVERIES

The room had a prodigious sense of change about it. That came over me with something of a shock, since the moment before I had it settled that I was in Marlboro' Street. The bare branches swaying in the wind outside should belong to the trees in Freshwater Lane. But beyond the branches were houses, the like of which I had no remembrance of in Annapolis. And then my grandfather should be sitting in that window. Surely, he was there! He moved! He was coming toward me to say: "Richard, you are forgiven," and to brush his eyes with his ruffles.

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Then there was the bed-canopy, the pleatings of which were gone, and it was turned white instead of the old blue. And the chimney-place! That was unaccountably smaller, and glowed with a sea-coal fire. And the mantel was now but a bit of a shelf, and held many things that seemed scarce at home on the rough and painted wood,—gold filigree; and China and Japan, and a French clock that ought not to have been just there. Ah, the teacups! Here at last was something to touch a fibre of my brain, but a pain came with the effort of memory. So my eyes went back to my grandfather in the window. His face was now become black as Scipio's, and he wore a red turban and a striped cotton gown that was too large for him. And he was sewing. This was monstrous!

I hurried over to the tea-cups, such a twinge did that discovery give me. But they troubled me near as much, and the sea-coal fire held strange images. The fascination in the window was not to be denied, for it stood in line with the houses and the trees. Suddenly there rose up before me a gate. Yes, I knew that gate, and the girlish figure leaning over it. They were in Prince George Street. Behind them was a mass of golden-rose bushes, and out of these came forth a black face under a turban, saying, "Yes, mistis, I'se comin'."

"Mammy—Mammy Lucy!"

The figure in the window stirred, and the sewing fell its ample lap.

"Now Lawd'a mercy!"

I trembled—with a violence unspeakable. Was this but one more of those thousand voices, harsh and gentle, rough and tender, to which I had listened in vain this age past? The black face was hovering over me now, and in an agony of apprehension I reached up and felt its honest roughness. Then I could have wept for joy.

"Mammy Lucy!"

"Yes, Marse Dick?"

"Where—where is Miss Dolly?"

"Now, Marse Dick, doctah done say you not t' talk, suh."

"Where is Miss Dolly?" I cried, seizing her arm.

"Hush, Marse Dick. Miss Dolly'll come terectly, suh. She's lyin' down, suh."

The door creaked, and in my eagerness I tried to lift myself. 'Twas Aunt Lucy's hand that restrained me, and the next face I saw was that of Dorothy's mother. But why did it



appear so old and sorrow-lined? And why was the hair now of a whiteness with the lace of the cap? She took my fingers in her own, and asked me anxiously if I felt any pain.

“Where am I, Mrs. Manners?”

“You are in London, Richard.”

“In Arlington Street?”

She shook her head sadly. “No, my dear, not in Arlington Street. But you are not to talk.”

“And Dorothy? May I not see Dorothy? Aunt Lucy tells me she is here.”

Mrs. Manners gave the old mammy a glance of reproof, a signal that alarmed me vastly.

“Oh, tell me, Mrs. Manners! You will speak the truth. Tell me if she is gone away?”

“My dear boy, she is here, and under this very roof. And you shall see her as soon as Dr. Barry will permit. Which will not be soon,” she added with a smile, “if you persist in this conduct.”



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The threat had the desired effect. And Mrs. Manners quietly left the room, and after a while as quietly came back again and sat down by the fire, whispering to Aunt Lucy.

Fate, in some inexplicable way, had carried me into the enemy's country and made me the guest of Mr. Marmaduke Manners. As I lay staring upward, odd little bits of the past came floating to the top of my mind, presently to be pieced together. The injuries Mr. Marmaduke had done me were the first to collect, since I was searching for the cause of my resentment against him. The incidents arrived haphazard as magic lantern views, but very vivid. His denial of me before Mr. Dix, and his treachery at Vauxhall, when he had sent me to be murdered. Next I felt myself clutching the skin over his ribs in Arlington Street, when I had flung him across the room in his yellow night-gown. That brought me to the most painful scene of my life, when I had parted with Dorothy at the top of the stairs. Afterward followed scraps of the years at Gordon's Pride, and on top of them the talk with McAndrews. Here was the secret I sought. The crash had come. And they were no longer in Mayfair, but must have taken a house in some poorer part of London. This thought cast me down tremendously.

And Dorothy! Had time changed her? 'Twas with that query on my lips I fell asleep, to dream of the sun shining down on Carvel Hall and Wilmot House; of Aunt Hester and Aunt Lucy, and a lass and a lad romping through pleasant fields and gardens.

When I awoke it was broad day once more. A gentleman sat on the edge of my bed. He had a queer, short face, ruddy as the harvest moon, and he smiled good-humouredly when I opened my eyes.

"I bid you good morning, Mr. Carvel, for the first time since I have made your acquaintance," said he. "And how do you feel, sir?"

"I have never felt better in my life," I replied, which was the whole truth.

"Well, vastly well," says he, laughing, "prodigious well for a young man who has as many holes in him as have you. Do you hear him, Mrs. Manners?"

At that last word, I popped up to look about the room, and the doctor caught hold of me with ludicrous haste. A pain shot through my body.

"Avast, avast, my hearty," cries he. "'Tis a miracle you can speak, let alone carry your bed and walk for a while yet." And he turned to Dorothy's mother, whom I beheld smiling at me. "You will give him the physic, ma'am, at the hours I have chosen. Egad, I begin to think we shall come through.

"But pray remember, ma'am, if he talks, you are to put a wad in his mouth."

"He shall have no opportunity to talk, Dr. Barry," said Mrs. Manners.



“Save for a favour I have to ask you, doctor,” I cried.

“Od’s bodkins! Already, sir? And what may that be?”

“That you will allow me to see Miss Manners.”

He shook with laughter, and then winked at me very roguishly.



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“Oh!” says he, “and faith, I should be worse than cruel. First she comes imploring me to see you, and so prettily that a man of oak could not refuse her. And now it is you begging to see her. Had your eyes been opened, sir, you might have had many a glimpse of Miss Dolly these three weeks past.”

“What! She has been watching with me?” I asked, in a rapture not to be expressed.

“Od’s, but those are secrets. And the medical profession is close-mouthed, Mr. Carvel. So you want to see her? No,” cries he, “’tis not needful to swear it on the Evangels. And I let her come in, will you give me your honour as a gentleman not to speak more than two words to her?”

“I promise anything, and you will not deny me looking at her,” said I.

He shook again, all over. “You rascal! You sad dog, sir! No, sir, faith, you must shut your eyes. Eh, madam, must he not shut his eyes?”

“They were playmates, doctor,” answers Mrs. Manners. She was laughing a little, too.

“Well, she shall come in. But remember that I shall have my ear to the keyhole, and you go beyond your promise, out she’s whisked. So I caution you not to spend rashly those two words, sir.”

And he followed Mrs. Manners out of the room, frowning and shaking his fist at me in mock fierceness. I would have died for the man. For a space—a prodigious long space—I lay very still, my heart bumping like a gun-carriage broke loose, and my eyes riveted on the crack of the door. Then I caught the sound of a light footstep, the knob turned, and joy poured into my soul with the sweep of a Fundy tide.

“Dorothy!” I cried. “Dorothy!”

She put her finger to her lips.

“There, sir,” said she, “now you have spoken them both at once!”

She closed the door softly behind her, and stood looking down upon me with such a wondrous love-light in her eyes as no man may describe. My fancy had not lifted me within its compass, my dreams even had not imagined it. And the fire from which it sprang does not burn in humbler souls. So she stood gazing, those lips which once had been the seat of pride now parted in a smile of infinite tenderness. But her head she still held high, and her body straight. Down the front of her dress fell a tucked apron of the whitest linen, and in her hand was a cup of steaming broth.



“You are to take this, Richard,” she commanded. And added, with a touch of her old mischief, “Mind, sir, if I hear a sound out of you, I am to disappear like the fairy godmother.”

I knew full well she meant it, and the terror of losing her kept me silent. She put down the cup, placed another pillow behind my head with a marvellous deftness, and then began feeding me in dainty spoonfuls something which was surely nectar. And mine eyes, too, had their feast. Never before had I seen my lady in this gentle guise, this task of nursing the sick, which her doing raised to a queenly art.



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Her face had changed some. Years of trial unknown to me had left an ennobling mark upon her features, increasing their power an hundred fold. And the levity of girlish years was gone. How I burned to question her! But her lips were now tight closed, her glance now and anon seeking mine, and then falling with an exquisite droop to the coverlet. For the old archness, at least, would never be eradicated. Presently, after she had taken the cup and smoothed my pillow, I reached out for her hand. It was a boldness of which I had not believed myself capable; but she did not resist, and even, as I thought, pressed my fingers with her own slender ones, the red of our Maryland holly blushing in her cheeks. And what need of words, indeed! Our thoughts, too, flew coursing hand in hand through primrose paths, and the angels themselves were not to be envied.

A master might picture my happiness, waking and sleeping, through the short winter days that came and went like flashes of gray light. The memory of them is that of a figure tall and lithe, a little more rounded than of yore, and a chiselled face softened by a power that is one of the world's mysteries. Dorothy had looked the lady in rags, and housewife's cap and apron became her as well as silks or brocades. When for any reason she was absent from my side, I moped, to the quiet amusement of Mrs. Manners and the more boisterous delight of Aunt Lucy, who took her turn sewing in the window. I was near to forgetting the use of words, until at length, one rare morning when the sun poured in, the jolly doctor dressed my wounds with more despatch than common, and vouchsafed that I might talk awhile that day.

"Oh!" cries he, putting me as ever to confusion, "but I have a guess whom my gentleman will be wishing to talk with. But I'll warrant, sir, you have said a deal more than I have any notion of without opening your lips."

And he went away, intolerably pleased with his joke.

Alas for the perversity of maiden natures! It was not my dear nurse who brought my broth that morning, but Mrs. Manners herself. She smiled at my fallen face, and took a chair at my bedside.

"Now, my dear boy," she said, "you may ask what questions you choose, and I will tell you very briefly how you have come here."

"I have been thinking, Mrs. Manners," I replied, "that if it were known that you harboured one of John Paul Jones's officers in London, very serious trouble might follow for you."

I thought her brow clouded a little.

"No one knows of it, Richard, or is likely to. Dr. Barry, like so many in England, is a good Whig and friend to America. And you are in a part of London far removed from Mayfair." She hesitated, and then continued in a voice that strove to be lighter: "This little house is in Charlotte Street, Mary-le-Bone, for the war has made all of us suffer



some. And we are more fortunate than many, for we are very comfortable here, and though I say it, happier than in Arlington Street. And the best of our friends are still faithful. Mr. Fox, with all his greatness, has never deserted us, nor my Lord Comyn. Indeed, we owe them much more than I can tell you of now," she said, and sighed. "They are here every day of the world to inquire for you, and it was his Lordship brought you out of Holland."



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And so I had reason once more to bless this staunch friend!

“Out of Holland?” I cried.

“Yes. One morning as we sat down to breakfast, Mr. Ripley’s clerk brought in a letter for Dorothy. But I must say first that Mr. Dulany, who is in London, told us that you were with John Paul Jones. You can have no conception, Richard, of the fear and hatred that name has aroused in England. Insurance rates have gone up past belief, and the King’s ships are cruising in every direction after the traitor and pirate, as they call him. We have prayed daily for your safety, and Dorothy—well, here is the letter she received. It had been opened by the inspector, and allowed to pass. And it is to be kept as a curiosity.” She drew it from the pocket of her apron and began to read.

“*The Texel*, October 3, 1779

“*My dear Miss Dorothy:* I would not be thought to flutter y’r Gentle Bosom with Needless Alarms, nor do I believe I have misjudged y’r Warm & Generous Nature when I write you that One who is held very High in y’r Esteem lies Exceeding Ill at this Place, who might by Tender Nursing regain his Health. I seize this Opportunity to say, my dear Lady, that I have ever held my too Brief Acquaintance with you in London as one of the Sacred Associations of my Life. From the Little I saw of you then I feel Sure that this Appeal will not pass in Vain. I remain y’r most Humble and Devoted Admirer,

“*James Orchardson.*”

“And she knew it was from Commodore Jones?” I asked, in astonishment.

“My dear,” replied Mrs. Manners, with a quiet smile, “we women have a keener instinct than men—though I believe your commodore has a woman’s intuition. Yes, Dorothy knew. And I shall never forget the fright she gave me as she rose from the table and handed me the sheet to read, crying but the one word. She sent off to Brook Street for Lord Comyn, who came at once, and, in half an hour the dear fellow was set out for Dover. He waited for nothing, since war with Holland was looked for at any day. And his Lordship himself will tell you about that rescue. Within the week he had brought you to us. Your skull had been trepanned, you had this great hole in your thigh, and your heart was beating but slowly. By Mr. Fox’s advice we sent for Dr. Barry, who is a skilled surgeon, and a discreet man despite his manner. And you have been here for better than three weeks, Richard, hanging between life and death.”

“And I owe my life to you and to Dorothy,” I said.

“To Lord Comyn and Dr. Barry, rather,” she replied quickly. “We have done little but keep the life they saved. And I thank God it was given me to do it for the son of your mother and father.”

Something of the debt I owed them was forced upon me.



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They were poor, doubtless driven to make ends meet, and yet they had taken me in, called upon near the undivided services of an able surgeon, and worn themselves out with nursing me. Nor did I forget the risk they ran with such a guest. For the first time in many years my heart relented toward Mr. Marmaduke. For their sakes I forgave him over and over what I had suffered, and my treatment of him lay like a weight upon me. And how was I to repay them? They needed the money I had cost them, of that I was sure. After the sums I had expended to aid the commodore with the 'Ranger' and the 'Bon homme Richard', I had scarce a farthing to my name. With such leaden reflections was I occupied when I heard Mrs. Manners speaking to me.

"Richard, I have some news for you which the doctor thinks you can bear to-day. Mr. Dulany, who is exiled like the rest of us, brought them. It is a great happiness to be able to tell you, my dear, that you are now the master of Carvel Hall, and like to stay so."

The tears stole into her eyes as she spoke. And the enormity of those tidings, coming as they did on the top of my dejection, benumbed me. All they meant was yet far away from my grasp, but the one supreme result that was first up to me brought me near to fainting in my weakness.

"I would not raise your hopes unduly, Richard," the good lady was saying, "but the best informed here seem to think that England cannot push the war much farther. If the Colonies win, you are secure in your title."

"But how is it come about, Mrs. Manners?" I demanded, with my first breath.

"You doubtless have heard that before the Declaration was signed at Philadelphia your Uncle Grafton went to the committee at Annapolis and contributed to the patriot cause, and took very promptly the oath of the Associated Freemen of Maryland, thus forsaking the loyalist party—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, "I heard of it when I was on the Cabot. He thought his property in danger."

"Just so," said Mrs. Manners, laughing; "he became the best and most exemplary of patriots, even as he had been the best of Tories. He sent wheat and money to the army, and went about bemoaning that his only son fought under the English flag. But very little fighting has Philip done, my dear. Well, when the big British fleet sailed up the bay in '77, your precious uncle made the first false step in his long career of rascality. He began to correspond with the British at Philadelphia, and one of his letters was captured near the Head of Elk. A squad was sent to the Kent estate, where he had been living, to arrest him, but he made his escape to New York. And his lands were at once confiscated by the state."

"Then they belong to the state," I said, with misgiving.



“Not so fast, Richard. At the last session of the Maryland Legislature a bill was introduced, through the influence of Mr. Bordley and others, to restore them to you, their rightful owner. And insomuch as you were even then serving the country faithfully and bravely, and had a clean and honourable record of service, the whole of the lands were given to you. And now, my dear, you have had excitement enough for one day.”



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CHAPTER LIV

MORE DISCOVERIES

All that morning I pondered over the devious lane of my life, which had led up to so fair a garden. And one thing above all kept turning and turning in my head, until I thought I should die of waiting for its fulfilment. Now was I free to ask Dorothy to marry me, to promise her the ease and comfort that had once been hers, should God bring us safe back to Maryland. The change in her was little less than a marvel to me, when I remembered the wilful miss who had come to London bent upon pleasure alone. Truly, she was of that rare metal which refines, and then outshines all others. And there was much I could not understand. A miracle had saved her from the Duke of Chartersea, but why she had refused so many great men and good was beyond my comprehension. Not a glimpse of her did I get that day, though my eyes wandered little from the knob of the door. And even from Aunt Lucy no satisfaction was to be had as to the cause of her absence.

“Clare to goodness, Marse Dick,” said she, with great solemnity, “clare to goodness, I’s e nursed Miss Dolly since she was dat high, and neber one minnit ober life is I knowed what de Chile gwine t’ do de next. She ain’t neber yit done what I calcelated on.”

The next morning, after the doctor had dressed my wounds and bantered me to his heart’s content, enters Mr. Marmaduke Manners. I was prodigiously struck by the change in him, and pitied him then near as much as I had once despised him. He was arrayed in finery, as of old. But the finery was some thing shabby; the lace was frayed at the edges, there was a neat but obvious patch in his small-clothes, and two more in his coat. His air was what distressed me most of all, being that of a man who spends his days seeking favours and getting none. I had seen too many of the type not to know the sign of it.

He ran forward and gave me his hand, which I grasped as heartily as my weakness would permit.

“They would not let me see you until to-day, my dear Richard,” he exclaimed. “I bid you welcome to what is left of our home. ’Tis not Arlington Street, my lad.”

“But more of a home than was that grander house, Mr. Manners.”

He sighed heavily.

“Alas!” said he, “poverty is a bitter draught, and we have drunk deep of it since last we beheld you. My great friends know me no more, and will not take my note for a shilling.



They do not remember the dinners and suppers I gave them. Faith, this war has brought nothing but misery, and how we are to get through it, God knows!"

Now I understood it was not the war, but Mr. Marmaduke himself, which had carried his family to this pass. And some of my old resentment rekindled.

"I know that I have brought you great additional anxiety and expense, Mr. Manners," I answered somewhat testily. "The care I have been to Mrs. Manners and Dorothy I may never repay. But it gives me pleasure to feel, sir, that I am in a position to reimburse you, and likewise to loan you something until your lands begin to pay again."



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"There the Carvel speaks," he cried, "and the true son of our generous province. You can have no conception of the misfortunes come to me out of this quarrel. The mortgages on my Western Shore tobacco lands are foreclosed, and Wilmot House itself is all but gone. You well know, of course, that I would do the same by you, Richard."

I smiled, but more in sadness than amusement. Hardship had only degraded Mr. Marmaduke the more, and even in trouble his memory was convenient as is that of most people in prosperity. I was of no mind to jog his recollection. But I wanted badly to ask about his Grace. Where had my fine nobleman been at the critical point of his friend's misfortunes? For I had had many a wakeful night over that same query since my talk with McAndrews.

"So you have come to your own again, Richard, my lad," said Mr. Marmaduke, breaking in upon my train. "I have felt for you deeply, and talked many a night with Margaret and Dorothy over the wrong done you. Between you and me," he whispered, "that uncle of yours is an arrant knave, whom the patriots have served with justice. To speak truth, sir, I begin myself to have a little leaning to that cause which you have so bravely espoused."

This time I was close to laughing outright. But he was far too serious to remark my mirth. He commenced once more, with an *ahem*, which gave me a better inkling than frankness of what bothered him.

"You will have an agent here, Richard, I take it," said he. "Your grandfather had one. *Ahem!* Doubtless this agent will advance you all you shall have need of, when you are well enough to see him. Fact is, he might come here."

"You forget, Mr. Manners, that I am a pirate and an outlaw, and that you are the shielder of such."

That thought shook the pinch of Holland he held all over him. But he recovered.

"My dear Richard, men of business are of no faction and of no nation. Their motto is discretion. And to obtain the factorship in London of a like estate to yours one of them would wear a plaster over his mouth, I'll warrant you. You have but to summon one of the rascals, promise him a bit of war interest, and he will leave you as much as you desire, and nothing spoken."

"To talk plainly, Mr. Manners," I replied, "I think 'twould be the height of folly to resort to such means. When I am better, we shall see what can be done."

His face plainly showed his disappointment.

"To be sure," he said, in a whining tone, "I had forgotten your friends, Lord Comyn and Mr. Fox. They may do something for you, now you own your estate. My dear sir, I



dislike to say aught against any man. Mrs. Manners will tell you of their kindness to us, but I vow I have not been able to see it. With all the money at their command they will not loan me a penny in my pressing need. And I shame to say it, my own daughter prevents me from obtaining the money to keep us out of the Fleet.



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I know she has spoken to Dulany. Think of it, Richard, my own daughter, upon whom I lavished all when I had it, who might have made a score of grand matches when I gave her the opportunity, and now we had all been rolling in wealth. I'll be sworn I don't comprehend her, nor her mother either, who abets her. For they prefer to cook Maryland dainties for a living, to put in the hands of the footmen of the ladies whose houses they once visited. And how much of that money do you suppose I get, sir? Will you believe it that I—" (he was shrieking now), "that I, the man of the family, am allowed only my simple meals, a farthing for snuff, and not a groat for chaise-hire? At my age I am obliged to walk to and from their lordships' side entrances in patched clothes, egad, when a new suit might obtain us a handsome year's income!"

I turned my face to the wall, completely overcome, and the tears scalding in my eyes, at the thought of Dorothy and her mother bending over the stove cooking delicacies for their livelihood, and watching at my bedside night and day despite their weariness of body. And not a word out of these noble women of their sacrifice, nor of the shame and trouble and labour of their lives, who always had been used to every luxury! Nothing but cheer had they brought to the sickroom, and not a sign of their poverty and hardship, for they knew that their broths and biscuit and jellies must have choked me. No. It remained for this contemptible cur of a husband and father to open my eyes.

He had risen when I had brought myself to look at him. And as I hope for heaven he took my emotion for pity of himself.

"I have worried you enough for one day with my troubles, my lad," said he. "But they are very hard to bear, and once in a while it does me good to speak of them."

I did not trust myself to reply.

It was Aunt Lucy who spent the morning with me, and Mrs. Manners brought my dinner. I observed a questioning glance as she entered, which I took for an attempt to read whether Mr. Marmaduke had spoke more than he ought. But I would have bitten off my tongue rather than tell her of my discoveries, though perhaps my voice may have betrayed an added concern. She stayed to talk on the progress of the war, relating the gallant storming of Stony Point by Mad Anthony in July, and the latest Tory insurrection on our own Eastern Shore. She passed from these matters to a discussion of General Washington's new policy of the defensive, for Mrs. Manners had always been at heart a patriot. And whilst I lay listening with a deep interest, in comes my lady herself. So was it ever, when you least expected her, even as Mammy had said. She curtsied very prettily, with her chin tilted back and her cheeks red, and asked me how I did.

"And where have you been these days gone, Miss Will-o'the-Wisp, since the doctor has given me back my tongue?" I cried.



“I like you better when you are asleep,” says she. “For then you are sometimes witty, though I doubt not the wit is other people’s.”



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So I saw that she had tricked me, and taken her watch at night. For I slept like a trooper after a day's forage. As to what I might have said in my dreams—that thought made me red as an apple.

"Dorothy, Dorothy," says her mother, smiling, "you would provoke a saint."

"Which would be better fun than teasing a sinner," replies the minx, with a little face at me. "Mr. Carvel, a gentleman craves the honour of an audience from your Excellency."

"A gentleman!"

"Even so. He presents a warrant from your Excellency's physician."

With that she disappeared, Mrs. Manners going after her. And who should come bursting in at the door but my Lord Comyn? He made one rush at me, and despite my weakness bestowed upon me a bear's hug.

"Oh, Richard," cried he, when he had released me, "I give you my oath that I never hoped to see you rise from that bed when we laid you there. But they say that love works wondrous cures, and, egad, I believe that now. 'Tis love is curing you, my lad."

He held me off at arm's length, the old-time affection beaming from his handsome face.

"What am I to say to you, Jack?" I answered. And my voice was all but gone, for the sight of him revived the memory of every separate debt of the legion I owed him. "How am I to piece words enough together to thank you for this supreme act of charity?"

"'Od's, you may thank your own devilish thick head," said my Lord Comyn. "I should never have bothered my own about you were it not for her. Had it not been for her happiness do you imagine I would have picked you out of that crew of half-dead pirates in the Texel fort?"

I must needs brush my cheek, then, with the sleeve of my night-rail.

"And will you give me some account of this last prodigious turn you have done her?" I said.

He laughed, and pinched me playfully.

"Now are you coming to your senses," said he. "There was cursed little to the enterprise, Richard, and that's the truth. I got down to Dover, and persuaded the master of a schooner to carry me to Rotterdam. That was not so difficult, since your Terror of the Seas was locked up safe enough in the Texel. In Rotterdam I had a travelling-chaise stripped, and set off at the devil's pace for the Texel. You must know that the whole Dutch nation was in an uproar—as much of an uproar as those boors ever reach



—over the arrival of your infamous squadron. The Court Party and our ambassador were for having you kicked out, and the Republicans for making you at home. I heard that their High Mightinesses had given Paul Jones the use of the Texel fort for his wounded and his prisoners, and thither I ran. And I was even cursing the French sentry at the drawbridge in his own tongue, when up comes your commodore himself. You may quarter me if wasn't knocked off my feet when I recognized the identical peacock of a sea-captain we had pulled out of Castle Yard along with you, and offered a commission in the Royal Navy.”



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“Dolly hadn’t told you?”

“Dolly tell me!” exclaimed his Lordship, scornfully. “She was in a state to tell me nothing the morning I left, save only to bring you to England alive, and repeat it over and over. But to return to your captain,—he, too, was taken all aback. But presently he whipt out my name, and I his, without the Jones. And when I told him my errand, he wept on my neck, and said he had obtained unlimited leave of absence for you from the Paris commissioners. He took me up into a private room in the fort, where you were; and the surgeon, who was there at the time, said that your chances were as slim as any man’s he had ever seen. Faith, you looked it, my lad. At sight of your face I took one big gulp, for I had no notion of getting you back to her. And rather than come without you, and look into her eyes, I would have drowned myself in the Straits of Dover.

“Despite the host of troubles he had on his hands, your commodore himself came with us to Rotterdam. Now I protest I love that man, who has more humanity in him than most of the virtuous people in England who call him hard names. If you could have seen him leaning over you, and speaking to you, and feeling every minute for your heart-beats, egad, you would have cried. And when I took you off to the schooner, he gave me an hundred directions how to care for you, and then his sorrow bowled him all in a heap.”

“And is the commodore still at the Texel?” I asked, after a space.

“Ay, that he is, with our English cruisers thick as gulls outside’ waiting for a dead fish. But he has spurned the French commission they have offered him, saying that of the Congress is good enough for him. And he declares openly that when he gets ready he will sail out in the Alliance under the Stars and Stripes. And for this I honour him,” added he, “and Charles honours him, and so must all Englishmen honour him when they come to their senses. And by Gads life, I believe he will get clear, for he is a marvel at seamanship.”

“I pray with all my heart that he may,” said I, fervently.

“God help him if they catch him!” my Lord exclaimed. “You should see the bloody piratical portraits they are scattering over London.”

“Has the risk you ran getting me into England ever occurred to you, Jack?” I asked, with some curiosity.

“Faith, not until the day after we got back, Richard,” says he, “when I met Mr. Attorney General on the street. ’Sdeath, I turned and ran the other way like the devil was after me. For Charles Fox vows that conscience makes cowards of the best of us.”



“So that is some of Charles’s wisdom!” I cried, and laughed until I was forced to stop from pain.

“Come, my hearty,” says Jack, “you owe me nothing for fishing you out of Holland—that is her debt. But I declare that you must one day pay me for saving her for you. What! have I not always sworn that she loved you? Did I not pull you into the coffee-room of the Star and Garter years ago, and tell you that same?”



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My face warmed, though I said nothing.

“Oh, you sly dog! I’ll warrant there has been many a tender talk just where I’m sitting.”

“Not one,” said I.

“Slife, then, what have you been doing,” he cries, “seeing her every day and not asking her to marry you, my master of Carvel Hall?”

“Since I am permitted to use my tongue, she has not come near me, save when I slept,” I answered ruefully.

“Nor will she, I’ll be sworn,” says he, shaken with laughter.

“Ods, have you no invention? Egad, you must feign sleep, and seize her unawares.”

I did not inform his Lordship how excellent this plan seemed to me.

“And I possessed the love of such a woman, Richard,” he said, in another tone, “I think I should die of happiness. She will never tell you how these weeks past she has scarce left your side. The threats combined of her mother and the doctor, and Charles and me, would not induce her to take any sleep. And time and time have I walked from here to Brook Street without recognizing a step of the way, lifted clear out of myself by the sight of her devotion.”

What was my life, indeed, that such a blessing should come into it!

“When the crash came,” he continued, “’twas she took command, and ’tis God’s pity she had not done so long before. Mr. Marmaduke was pushed to the bottom of the family, where he belongs, and was given only snuff-money. She would give him no opportunity to contract another debt, and even charged Charles and me to loan him nothing. Nor would she receive aught from us, but” (he glanced at me uneasily)—“but she and Mrs. Manners must take to cooking delicacies—”

“Yes, yes, I know,” I faltered.

“What! has the puppy told you?” cried he.

I nodded. “He was in here this morning, with his woes.”

“And did he speak of the bargain he tried to make with our old friend, his Grace of Chartersea?”

“He tried to sell her again?” I cried, my breath catching. “I have feared as much since I heard of their misfortunes.”



“Yes,” replied Comyn, “that was the first of it. ’Twas while they were still in Arlington Street, and before Mrs. Manners and Dorothy knew. Mr. Marmaduke goes posting off to Nottinghamshire, and comes back inside the duke’s own carriage. And his Grace goes to dine in Arlington Street for the first time in years. Dorothy had wind of the trouble then, Charles having warned her. And not a word would she speak to Chartersea the whole of the dinner, nor look to the right or left of her plate. And when the servants are gone, up gets my lady with a sweep and confronts him.

“Will your Grace spare me a minute in the drawing-room?’ says she.

“He blinked at her in vast astonishment, and pushed back his chair. When she was come to the door, she turns with another sweep on Mr. Marmaduke, who was trotting after.

“You will please to remain here, father,’ she said; ‘what I am to say is for his Grace’s ear alone.’



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“Of what she spoke to the duke I can form only an estimate, Richard,” my Lord concluded, “but I’ll lay a fortune ’twas greatly to the point. For in a little while Chartersea comes stumbling down the steps. And he has never darkened the door since. And the cream of it is,” said Comyn, “that her father gave me this himself, with a face a foot long, for me to sympathize. The little beast has strange bursts of confidence.”

“And stranger confidants,” I ejaculated, thinking of the morning, and of Courtenay’s letter, long ago.

But the story had made my blood leap again with pride of her. The picture in my mind had followed his every sentence, and even the very words she must have used were ringing in my ears.

Then, as we sat talking in low tones, the door opened, and a hearty voice cried out:

“Now where is this rebel, this traitor? They tell me one lies hid in this house. ’Slife, I must have at him!”

“Mr. Fox!” I exclaimed.

He took my hands in his, and stood regarding me.

“For the convenience of my friends, I was christened Charles,” said he.

I stared at him in amazement. He was grown a deal stouter, but my eye was caught and held by the blue coat and buff waistcoat he wore. They were frayed and stained and shabby, yet they seemed all of a piece with some new grandeur come upon the man.

“Is all the world turning virtuous? Is the millennium arrived?” I cried.

He smiled, with his old boyish smile.

“You think me changed some since that morning we drove together to Holland House—do you remember it after the night at St. Stephen’s?”

“Remember it!” I repeated, with emphasis, “I’ll warrant I can give you every bit of our talk.”

“I have seen many men since, but never have I met your equal for a most damnable frankness, Richard Carvel. Even Jack, here, is not half so blunt and uncompromising. But you took my fancy—God knows why!—that first night I clapped eyes on you in Arlington Street, and I loved you when your simplicity made us that speech at Brooks’s Club. So you have not forgotten that morning under the trees, when the dew was on the grass. Faith, I am glad of it. What children we were!” he said, and sighed.



“And yet you were a Junior Lord,” I said.

“Which is more than I am now,” he answered. “Somehow—you may laugh —somehow I have never been able to shake off the influence of your words, Richard. Your cursed earnestness scared me.”

“Scared you?” I cried, in astonishment.

“Just that,” said Charles. “Jack will bear witness that I have said so to Dolly a score of times. For I had never imagined such a single character as yours. You know we were all of us rakes at fifteen, to whom everything good in the universe was a joke. And do you recall the teamster we met by the Park, and how he arrested his salute when he saw who it was? At another time I should have laughed over that, but it cut me to have it happen when you were along.”



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“And I’ll lay an hundred guineas to a farthing the fellow would put his head on the block for Charles now,” cut in his Lordship, with his hand on Mr. Fox’s shoulder. “Behold, O Prophet,” he cried, “one who is become the champion of the People he reviled! Behold the friend of Rebellion and ‘Lese Majeste’, the viper in Britannia’s bosom!”

“Oh, have done, Jack,” said Mr. Fox, impatiently, “you have no more music in your soul than a cow. Damned little virtue attaches to it, Richard,” he went on. “North threw me out, and the king would have nothing to do with me, so I had to pick up with you rebels and traitors.”

“You will not believe him, Richard,” cried my Lord; “you have only to look at him to see that he lies. Take note of the ragged uniform of the rebel army he carries, and then think of him ‘en petite maitre’, with his cabriolet and his chestnuts. Egad, he might be as rich as Rigby were it not for those principles which he chooses to deride. And I have seen him reduced to a crown for them. I tell you, Richard,” said my Lord, “by espousing your cause Charles is become greater than the King. For he has the hearts of the English people, which George has not, and the allegiance of you Americans, which George will never have. And if you once heard him, in Parliament, you should hear him now, and see the Speaker wagging his wig like a man bewitched, and hear friends and enemies calling out for him to go on whenever he gives the sign of a pause.”

This speech of his Lordship’s may seem cold in the writing, my dears, and you who did not know him may wonder at it. It had its birth in an admiration few men receive, and which in Charles Fox’s devoted coterie was dangerously near to idolatry. During the recital of it Charles walked to the window, and there stood looking out upon the gray prospect, seemingly paying but little attention. But when Comyn had finished, he wheeled on us with a smile.

“Egad, he will be telling you next that I have renounced the devil and all his works, Richard,” said he.

“Oohs, that I will not,” his Lordship made haste to declare. “For they were born in him, and will die with him.”

“And you, Jack,” I asked, “how is it that you are not in arms for the King, and commanding one of his frigates?”

“Why, it is Charles’s fault,” said my Lord, smiling. “Were it not for him I should be helping Sir George Collier lay waste to your coast towns.”

CHAPTER LV

“The love of A Maid for A man”



The next morning, when Dr. Barry had gone, Mrs. Manners propped me up in bed and left me for a little, so she said. Then who should come in with my breakfast on a tray but my lady herself, looking so fresh and beautiful that she startled me vastly.

“A penny for your thoughts, Richard,” she cried. “Why, you are as grave as a screech-owl this brave morning.”



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“To speak truth, Dolly,” said I, “I was wondering how the commodore is to get away from the Texel, with half the British navy lying in wait outside.”

“Do not worry your head about that,” said she, setting down the tray; “it will be mere child’s play to him. Oh but I should like to see your commodore again, and tell him how much I love him.

“I pray that you may have the chance,” I replied.

With a marvellous quickness she had tied the napkin beneath my chin, not so much as looking at the knot. Then she stepped to the mantel and took down one of Mr. Wedgwood’s cups and dishes, and wiping them with her apron, filled the cup with fragrant tea, which she tendered me with her eyes sparkling.

“Your Excellency is the first to be honoured with this service,” says she, with a curtsy.

I was as a man without a tongue, my hunger gone from sheer happiness—and fright. And yet eating the breakfast with a relish because she had made it. She busied herself about the room, dusting here and tidying there, and anon throwing a glance at me to see if I needed anything. My eyes followed her hither and thither. When I had finished, she undid the napkin, and brushed the crumbs from the coverlet.

“You are not going?” I said, with dismay.

“Did you wish anything more, sir?” she asked.

“Oh, Dorothy,” I cried, “it is you I want, and you will not come near me.”

For an instant she stood irresolute. Then she put down the tray and came over beside me.

“Do you really want me, sir?”

“Dorothy,” I began, “I must first tell you that I have some guess at the sacrifice you are making for my sake, and of the trouble and danger which I bring you.”

Without more ado she put her hand over my mouth.

“No,” she said, reddening, “you shall tell me nothing of the sort.”

I seized her hand, however it struggled, and holding it fast, continued:

“And I have learned that you have been watching with me by night, and working by day, when you never should have worked at all. To think that you should be reduced to that, and I not know it!”



Her eyes sought mine for a fleeting second.

“Why, you silly boy, I have made a fortune out of my cookery. And fame, too, for now am I known from Mary-le-bone to Chelsea, while before my name was unheard of out of little Mayfair. Indeed, I would not have missed the experience for a lady-in-waiting-ship. I have learned a deal since I saw you last, sir. I know that the world, like our Continental money, must not be taken for the price that is stamped upon it. And as for the watching with you,” said my lady, “that had to be borne with as cheerfully as might be. Since I had sent off for you, I was in duty bound to do my share toward your recovery. I was even going to add that this watching was a pleasure,—our curate says the sense of duty performed is sure to be. But you used to cry out the most terrifying things to frighten me: the pattering of blood and the bumping of bodies on the decks, and the black rivulets that ran and ran and ran and never stopped; and strange, rough commands I could not understand; and the name of your commodore whom you love so much. And often you would repeat over and over: ‘I have not yet begun, to fight, I have not yet begun to fight!’”



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“Yes, ’twas that he answered when they asked him if he had struck,” I exclaimed.

“It must have been an awful scene,” she said, and her shoulders quivered. “When you were at your worst you would talk of it, and sometimes of what happened to you in London, of that ride in Hyde Park, or—or of Vauxhall,” she continued hurriedly. “And when I could bear it no longer, I would take your hand and call you by name, and often quiet you thus.”

“And did I speak of aught else?” I asked eagerly.

“Oh, yes. When you were caliper, it would be of your childhood, of your grandfather and your birthdays, of Captain Clapsaddle, and of Patty and her father.”

“And never of Dolly, I suppose.”

She turned away her head.

“And never of Dolly?”

“I will tell you what you said once, Richard,” she answered, her voice dropping very low. “I was sitting by the window there, and the dawn was coming. And suddenly I heard you cry: ‘Patty, when I return will you be my wife?’ I got up and came to your side, and you said it again, twice.”

The room was very still. And the vision of Patty in the parlour of Gordon’s Pride, knitting my woollen stocking, rose before me.

“Yes,” I said at length, “I asked her that the day before I left for the war. God bless her! She has the warmest heart in the world, and the most generous nature. Do you know what her answer was, Dorothy?”

“No.” ’Twas only her lips moving that formed the word. She was twisting absently the tassel of the bed curtain.

“She asked me if I loved her.”

My lady glanced up with a start, then looked me searchingly through and through.

“And you?” she said, in the same inaudible way.

“I could answer nothing. ’Twas because of her father’s dying wish I asked her, and she guessed that same. I would not tell her a lie, for only the one woman lives whom I love, and whom I have loved ever since we were children together among the strawberries. Need I say that that woman is you, Dorothy? I loved you before we sailed to Carvel Hall between my grandfather’s knees, and I will love you till death claims me.”



Then it seemed as if my heart had stopped beating. But the snowy apron upon her breast fluttered like a sail stirring in the wind, her head was high, and her eyes were far away. Even my voice sounded in the distance as I continued:

“Will you be the mistress of Carvel Hall, Dorothy? Hallowed is the day that I can ask it.”

What of this earth may excel in sweetness the surrender of that proud and noble nature! And her words, my dears, shall be sacred to you, too, who are descended from her. She bent forward a little, those deep blue eyes gazing full into my own with a fondness to make me tremble.

“Dear Richard,” she said, “I believe I have loved you always. If I have been wilful and wicked, I have suffered more than you know—even as I have made you suffer.”



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“And now our suffering is over, Dorothy.”

“Oh, don’t say that, my dear!” she cried, “but let us rather make a prayer to God.”

Down she got on her knees close beside me, and I took both of her hands between my own. But presently I sought for a riband that was around my neck, and drew out a locket. Within it were pressed those lilies of the valley I had picked for her long years gone by on my birthday. And she smiled, though the tears shone like dewdrops on her lashes.

“When Jack brought you to us for dead, we did not take it off, dear,” she said gently. “I wept with sorrow and joy at sight of it, for I remembered you as you were when you picked those flowers, and how lightly I had thought of leaving you as I wound them into my hair. And then, when I had gone aboard the ‘Annapolis’, I knew all at once that I would have given anything to stay, and I thought my heart would break when we left the Severn cliffs behind. But that, sir, has been a secret until this day,” she added, smiling archly through her tears.

She took out one of the withered flowers, and then as caressingly put it back beside the others, and closed the locket.

“I forbade Dr. Barry to take it off, Richard, when you lay so white and still. I knew then that you had been true to me, despite what I had heard. And if you were to die—” her voice broke a little as she passed her hand over my brow, “if you were to die, my single comfort would have been that you wore it then.”

“And you heard rumours of me, Dorothy?”

“George Worthington and others told me how ably you managed Mr. Swain’s affairs, and that you had become of some weight with the thinking men of the province. Richard, I was proud to think that you had the courage to laugh at disaster and to become a factor. I believe,” she said shyly, “twas that put the cooking into my head, and gave me courage. And when I heard that Patty was to marry you, Heaven is my witness that I tried to be reconciled and think it for the best. Through my own fault I had lost you, and I knew well she would make you a better wife than I.”

“And you would not even let Jack speak for me!”

“Dear Jack!” she cried; “were it not for Jack we should not be here, Richard.”

“Indeed, Dolly, two people could scarce fall deeper in debt to another than are you and I to my Lord Viscount,” I answered, with feeling. “His honesty and loyalty to us both saved you for me at the very outset.”



“Yes,” she replied thoughtfully, “I believed you dead. And I should have married him, I think. For Dr. Courtenay had sent me that piece from the Gazette telling of the duel between you over Patty Swain—”

“Dr. Courtenay sent you that!” I interrupted.



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"I was a wild young creature then, my dear, with little beside vanity under my cap. And the notion that you could admire and love any girl but me was beyond endurance. Then his Lordship arrived in England, brimming with praise of you, to assure me that the affair was not about Patty at all. This was far from making me satisfied that you were not in love with her, and I may say now that I was miserable. Then, as we were setting out for Castle Howard, came the news of your death on the road to Upper Marlboro. I could not go a step. Poor Jack, he was very honest when he proposed," she added, with a sigh.

"He loved you, Dorothy."

She did not hear me, so deep was she in thought.

"'Twas he who gave me news of you, when I was starving at Gordon's."

"And I—I starved, too, Richard," she answered softly. "Dearest, I slid very wrong. There are some matters that must be spoken of between us, whatever the pain they give. And my heart aches now when I think of that dark day in Arlington Street when I gave you the locket, and you went out of my life. I knew that I had done wrong then, Richard, as soon as ever the door closed behind you. I should have gone with you, for better for worse, for richer for poorer. I should have run after you in the rain and thrown myself at your feet. And that would have been best for my father and for me."

She covered her face with her hands, and her words were stifled by a sob.

"Dorothy, Dorothy!" I cried, drawing her to me. "Another time. Not now, when we are so happy."

"Now, and never again, dear," she said. "Yes, I saw and heard all that passed in the drawing-room. And I did not blame, but praised you for it. I have never spoken a word beyond necessity to my father since. God forgive me!" she cried, "but I have despised him from that hour. When I knew that he had plotted to sell me to that detestable brute, working upon me to save his honour, of which he has not the smallest spark; that he had recognized and denied you, friendless before our house, and sent you into the darkness at Vauxhall to be murdered, then he was no father of mine. I would that you might know what my mother has suffered from such a man, Richard."

"My dear, I have often pitied her from my soul," I said.

"And now I shall tell you something of the story of the Duke of Chartersea," she went on, and I felt her tremble as she spoke that name. "I think of all we have Lord Comyn to thank for, next to saving your life twice, was his telling you of the danger I ran. And, Richard, after refusing you that day on the balcony over the Park, I had no hope left. You may thank your own nobility and courage that you remained in London after that.



Richard,” she said, “do you recall my asking you in the coach, on the way from Castle Yard, for the exact day you met my father in Arlington Street?”

“Yes,” I replied, in some excitement, “yes.” For I was at last to come at the bottom of this affair.



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“The duke had made a formal offer for me when first we came to London. I think my father wrote of that to Dr. Courtenay.” (I smiled at the recollection, now.) “Then his Grace persisted in following me everywhere, and vowed publicly that he would marry me. I ordered him from our house, since my father would not. At last one afternoon he came back to dine with us, insolent to excess. I left the table. He sat with my father two hours or more, drinking and singing, and giving orders to the servants. I shut my door, that I might not hear. After a while my mother came up to me, crying, saying that Mr. Manners would be branded with dishonour and I did not consent to marry his Grace,—a most terrible dishonour, of which she could not speak. That the duke had given my father a month to win my consent. And that month was up, Richard, the very afternoon you appeared with Mr. Dix in Arlington Street.”

“And you agreed to marry him, Dolly?” I asked breathlessly.

“By the grace of Heaven, I did not,” she answered quickly. “The utmost that I would consent to was a two months’ respite, promising to give my hand to no one in that interval. And so I was forced to refuse you, Richard. You must have seen even then that I loved you, dear, though I was so cruel when you spoke of saving me from his Grace. I could not bear to think that you knew of any stain upon our family. I think—I think I would rather have died, or have married him. That day I threw Chartersea’s presents out of the window, but my father made the servants gather them all which escaped breaking, and put them in the drawing-room. Then I fell ill.”

She was silent, I clinging to her, and shuddering to think how near I had been to losing her.

“It was Jack who came to cheer me,” I said presently.

“His faith in you was never shaken, sweetheart. But I went to Newmarket and Ampthill, and behaved like the ingrate I was. I richly deserved the scolding he had for me when I got back to town, which sent me running to Arlington Street. There I met Dr. James coming out, who asked me if I was Mr. Carvel, and told me that you had called my name.”

“And, you goose, you never suspected,” says she, smiling.

“How was I to suspect that you loved a provincial booby like me, when you had the choice of so many accomplished gentlemen with titles and estates?”

“How were you to perceive, indeed, that you had qualities which they lacked?”

“And you were forever vowing that you would marry a nobleman, my lady. For you said to me once that I should call you so, and ride in the coach with the coroneted panels when I came home on a visit.”



“And I said, too,” retorted Dolly, with mischief in her eyes, “do you remember what I told you the New Year’s eve when we sat out by the sundial at Carvel Hall, when I was so proud of having fixed Dr. Courtenay’s attentions? I said that I should never marry you, sir, who was so rough and masterful, and thrashed every lad that did not agree with you.”



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“Alas, so you did, and a deal more!” I exclaimed.

With that she broke away from me and, getting to her feet, made me a low curtsy with the grace that was hers alone.

“You are my Lord and my King, sir,” she said, “and my rough Patriot squire, all in one.”

“Are you happy, Dolly?” I asked, tremulous from my own joy.

“I have never been happy in all my life before, Richard dear,” she said.

In truth, she was a being transformed, and more wondrous fair than ever. And even then I pictured her in the brave gowns and jewels I would buy her when times were mended, when our dear country would be free. All at once, ere I could draw a breath, she had stooped and kissed me ever so lightly on the forehead.

The door opened upon Aunt Lucy. She had but to look at us, and her black face beamed at our blushes. My lady threw her arms about her neck, and hid her face in the ample bosom.

“Now praise de good Lawd!” cried Mammy; “I knowed it dis longest time. What’s I done tole you, Miss Dolly? What’s I done tole you, honey?”

But my lady flew from the room. Presently I heard the spinet playing softly, and the words of that air came out of my heart from long ago.

“Love me little, love me long,
Is the burthen of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still, I would not have thee cold,
Nor too backward, nor too bold.
Love that lasteth till ’tis old
Fadeth not in haste.”

CHAPTER LVI

HOW GOOD CAME OUT OF EVIL

’Twas about candlelight when I awoke, and Dorothy was sitting alone beside me. Her fingers were resting upon my arm, and she greeted me with a smile all tenderness.

“And does my Lord feel better after—after his excitement to-day?” she asked.



“Dorothy, you have made me a whole man again. I could walk to Windsor and back.”

“You must have your dinner, or your supper first, sir,” she answered gayly, “and do you rest quiet until I come back to feed you. Oh, Richard dear,” she cried, “how delightful that you should be the helpless one, and dependent on me!”

As I lay listening for the rustle of her gown, the minutes dragged eternally. Every word and gesture of the morning passed before my mind, and the touch of her lips still burned on my forehead. At last, when I was getting fairly restless, the distant tones of a voice, deep and reverberating, smote upon my ear, jarring painfully some long-forgotten chord. That voice belonged to but one man alive, and yet I could not name him. Even as I strained, the tones drew nearer, and they were mixed with sweeter ones I knew well, and Dorothy’s mother’s voice. Whilst I was still searching, the door opened, the voices fell calm, and Dorothy came in bearing a candle in each hand. As she set them down on the table, I saw an agitation in her face, which she strove to hide as she addressed me.



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“Will you see a visitor, Richard?”

“A visitor!” I repeated, with misgiving. ’Twas not so she had announced Comyn.

“Will you see Mr. Allen?”—

“Mr. Allen, who was the rector of St. Anne’s? Mr. Allen in London, and here?”

“Yes.” Her breath seemed to catch at the word. “He says he must see you, dear, and will not be denied. How he discovered you were with us I know not.”

“See him!” I cried. “And I had but the half of my strength I would fling him downstairs, and into the kennel. Will you tell him so for me, Dorothy?”

And I raised up in bed, shaken with anger against the man. In a trice she was holding me, fearfully.

“Richard, Richard, you will open your wound. I pray you be quiet.”

“And Mr. Allen has the impudence to ask to see me!”

“Listen, Richard. Your anger makes you forget many things. Remember that he is a dangerous man, and now that he knows you are in London he holds your liberty, perhaps your life, in his hands.”

It was true. And not mine alone, but the lives and liberty of others.

“Do you know what he wishes, Dorothy?”

“No, he will not tell us. But he is greatly excited, and says he must see you at once, for your own good. For your own good, Richard!”

“I do not trust the villain, but he may come in,” I said, at length.

She gave me the one lingering, anxious look, and opened the door.

Never had I beheld such a change in mortal man as there was in Mr. Allen, my old tutor, and rector of St. Anne’s. And ’twas a baffling, intangible change. ’Twas as if the mask had been torn from his face, for he was now just a plain adventurer that need not have imposed upon a soul. The coarse wine and coarse food of the lower coffee-houses of London had replaced the rich and abundant fare of Maryland. The next day was become one of the terrors of his life. His clothes were of poor stuff, but aimed at the fashion. And yet—and yet, as I looked upon him, a something was in his face to puzzle me entirely. I had seen many stamps of men, but this thing I could not recognize.



He stepped forward with all of his old confidence, and did not regard a farthing my cold stare.

“’Tis like gone days to see you again, Richard,” he cried. “And I perceive you have as ever fallen into the best of hands.”

“I am Mr. Carvel to my enemies, if they must speak to me at all,” I said.

“But, my dear fellow, I am not your enemy, or I should not be here this day. And presently I shall prove that same.” He took snuff. “But first I must congratulate you on coming alive out of that great battle off Flamborough. You look as though you had been very near to death, my lad. A deal nearer than I should care to get.”

What to say to the man! What to do save to knock him down, and I could not do that.

“There can be no passing the time of day between you and me, Mr. Allen,” I answered hotly. “You, whose machinations have come as near to ruining me as a man’s can.”



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“And that was your own fault, my dear sir,” said he, as he brushed himself. “You never showed me a whit of consideration, which is very dear to men in my position.”

My head swam. Then I saw Dolly by the door regarding me curiously, with something of a smile upon her lips, but anxiety still in her eyes. With a “by your leave, ma’am,” to her, Mr. Allen took the chair abreast me.

“You have but to call me when you wish, Richard,” said she.

“Nay, Dorothy, Mr. Allen can have nothing to say to me that you may not hear,” I said instantly. “And you will do me a favour to remain.”

She sat down without a word, where I could look at her. Mr. Allen raised his eyebrows at the revelation in our talk, but by the grace of God he kept his mouth shut.

“And now, Mr. Allen,” I said, “to what do I owe the pain of this visit?”

“The pain!” he exclaimed, and threw back his head and gave way to a fit of laughter. “By the mass! your politeness drowns me. But I like you, Richard, as I have said more than once. I believe your brutal straight-dealing has more to do with my predilection than aught else. For I have seen a deal of rogues in my day.”

“And they have seen a deal of you, Mr. Allen.”

“So they have,” he cried, and laughed the more. “Egad, Miss Dorothy, you have saved all of him, I think.” Then he swung round upon me, very careless. “Has your Uncle Grafton called to express his sympathies, Richard?” he asked.

That name brought a cry out of my head, Dolly seizing the arm of her chair.

“Grafton Carvel in London?” I exclaimed.

“Ay, in very pretty lodgings in Jermyn Street, for he has put by enough, I’ll warrant you, despite the loss of his lands. Your aunt is with him, and his dutiful son, Philip, now broken of his rank in the English army. They arrived, before yesterday, from New York.”

“And to what is this an introduction?” I demanded.

“I merely thought it strange,” said Mr. Allen, imperturbably, “that he had not called to inquire after his nephew’s health.”

Dolly was staring at him, with eyes wide open.

“And pray, how did he discover I was in London, sir?” I said. “I was about to ask how you knew of it, but that is one and the same thing.”



He shot at me a look not to be solved.

“It is not well to bite the hand that lifts you out of the fire, Richard,” said he.

“You had not gained admission to this house were I not on my back, Mr. Allen.”

“And that same circumstance is a blessing for you,” he cried.

’Twas then I saw Dorothy making me mute signals of appeal.

“I cannot think why you are here, Mr. Allen,” I said. “When you consider all the harm you have done me, and all the double-dealing I may lay at your door, can you blame me for my feelings?”

“No,” he answered, with more soberness than he had yet used; “I honour you for them. And perchance I am here to atone for some of that harm. For I like you, my lad, and that’s God’s truth.”



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“All this is neither here nor there, Mr. Allen,” I exclaimed, wholly out of patience. “If you have come with a message, let me have it. If not, I beg you get out of my sight, for I have neither the will nor the desire for palavering.”

“Oh, Richard, do keep your temper!” implored Dorothy. “Can you not see that Mr. Allen desires to do us—to do you—a service?”

“Of that I am not so sure,” I replied.

“It is his way, Miss Manners,” said the rector, “and I hold it not against him. To speak truth, I looked for a worse reception, and came steeled to withstand it. And had my skin been thin, I had left ere now.” He took more snuff. “It was Mr. Dix,” he said to me slowly, “who informed Mr. Carvel of your presence in London.”

“And how the devil did Mr. Dix know?”

He did not reply, but glanced apprehensively at Dorothy.

And I have wondered since at his consideration.

“Miss Manners may not wish to hear,” he said uneasily.

“Miss Manners hears all that concerns me,” I answered.

He shrugged his shoulders in comprehension.

“It was Mr. Manners, then, who went to Mr. Dix, and told him under the pledge of secrecy.”

Not a sound came from Dorothy, nor did I dare to look at her face. The whole matter was clear to me now. After his conversation with me, Mr. Marmaduke had lost no time in seeing Mr. Dix, in order to raise money on my prospects. And the man of business had gone straight to Grafton with the intelligence. The suspicion flashed through me that Mr. Allen had been sent to spy, but his very next words disarmed it.

“And now, Richard,” he continued, “before I say what I have come to say, and since you cannot now prosecute me, I mean to confess to you something which you probably know almost to a certainty. I was in the plot to carry you off and deprive you of your fortune. I have been paid for it, though not very handsomely. Fears for my own safety alone kept me from telling you and Mr. Swain. And I swear to you that I was sorry for the venture almost before I had embarked, and ere I had received a shilling. The scheme was laid out before I took you for a pupil; indeed, that was part of it, as you no doubt have guessed. As God hears me, I learned to love you, Richard, in those days at the rectory. You were all of a man, and such an one as I might have hoped to be had I been born like you. You said what you chose, and spoke from your own convictions,



and catered to no one. You did not whine when the luck went against you, but lost like a gentleman, and thought no more of it. You had no fear of the devil himself. Why should you? While your cousin Philip, with his parrot talk and sneaking ways, turned my stomach. I was sick of him, and sick of Grafton, I tell you. But dread of your uncle drove me on, and I had debts to frighten me.”

He paused. “Twas with a strange medley of emotions I looked at him. And Dorothy, too, was leaning forward, her lips parted and her eyes riveted upon his face.



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“Oh, I am speaking the truth,” he said bitterly. “And I assume no virtue for the little justice it remains in my power to do. It is the lot of my life that I must be false to some one always, and even now I am false to your uncle. Yes, I am come to do justice, and 'tis a strange errand for me. I know that estates have been restored to you by the Maryland Legislature, Richard, and I believe in my heart that you will win this war.” Here he fetched a memorandum from his pocket. “But to make you secure,” said he, “in the year 1710, and on the 9th of March, old style, your great-grandfather, Mr. George Carvel, drew up a document entailing the lands of Carvel Hall. By this they legally pass to you.”

“The family settlement Mr. Swain suspected!” I exclaimed.

“Just so,” he answered.

“And what am I to pay for this information?” I asked.

Hardly were the words spoken, when Dorothy ran to my bedside, and seizing my hand, faced him.

“He—he is not well, Mr. Allen,” she cried.

The rector had risen, and stood gazing down at us with the whole of his life written on his face. That look was fearful to see, and all of hell was expressed therein. For what is hell if it is not hope dead and buried, and galling regret for what might have been? With mine own great happiness so contrasted against his torture, my heart melted.

“I am not well, indeed, Mr. Allen,” I said. “God knows how hard it is for me to forgive, but I forgive you this night.”

One brief instant he stared at me, and then tumbled suddenly down into his chair, his head falling forward on his arms. And the long sobs by which his frame was shaken awed our very souls. Dorothy drew back against me, clasping my shoulder, the tears wet upon her cheeks. What we looked on, there in the candlelight, was the Revelation itself.

How long it, endured none of us might say. And when at last he raised his face, it was haggard and worn in truth, but the evil of it seemed to have fled. Again and again he strove to speak. The words would not obey. And when he had mastered himself, his voice was shattered and gone.

“Richard, I have sinned heavily in my time, and preached God’s holy word with a sneer and unbelief in my heart. He knows what I have suffered, and what I shall yet suffer before His judgment comes for us all. But I beg it is no sin to pray to Him for your happiness and Miss Dorothy’s.”



He stumbled there, and paused, and then continued with more steadiness:

“I came here to-night to betray you, and might have gone hence to your uncle to claim my pieces of silver. I remain to tell you that Grafton has an appointment at nine with his Majesty’s chief Secretary of State. I need not mention his motives, nor dwell upon your peril. For the King’s sentiments toward Paul Jones are well known. You must leave London without delay, and so must Mr. Manners and his family.”



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Is it the generations which decide? When I remember how Dorothy behaved that night, I think so. Scarce had the rector ceased when she had released me and was standing erect before him. Pity was in her eyes, but in her face that courage which danger itself begets in heroic women.

“You have acted a noble part this day, Mr. Allen,” she said, “to atone for the wrongs you have done Richard. May God forgive you, and make you happier than you have been!”

He struggled to his feet, listening as to a benediction. Then, with a single glance to give me confidence, she was gone. And for a minute there was silence between us.

“How may you be directed to?” I asked.

He leaped as out of a trance.

“Just ‘the world,’ Richard,” said he. “For I am adrift again, and not very like to find a harbour, now.”

“You were to have been paid for this, Mr. Allen,” I replied. “And a man must live.”

“A man must live!” he cried. “The devil coined that line, and made it some men’s history.”

“I have you on my conscience, Mr. Allen,” I went on, “for I have been at fault as well as you. I might have treated you better, even as you have said. And I command you to assign a place in London whence you may be reached.”

“A letter to the Mitre coffee-house will be delivered,” he said.

“You shall receive it,” I answered. “And now I bid you good-by, and thank you.”

He seized and held my hand. Then walked blindly to the door and turned abruptly.

“I do not tell you that I shall change my life, Richard, for I have said that too many times before. Indeed, I warn you that any money you may send will be spent in drink, and—and worse. I will be no hypocrite to you. But I believe that I am better this hour than I have been since last I knelt at my mother’s knee in the little Oxfordshire cottage where I was born.”

When Dorothy returned to me, there was neither haste in her step nor excitement in her voice. Her very coolness inspired me.

“Do you feel strong enough for a journey, Richard?” she asked.

“To the world’s end, Dolly, if you will but go with me.”



She smiled faintly. "I have sent off for my Lord and Mr. Fox, and pray that one of them may be here presently."

Scarcely greater were the visible signs of apprehension upon Mrs. Manners. Her first care, and Dorothy's, was to catechise me most particularly on my state. And whilst they were so occupied Mr. Marmaduke entered, wholly frenzied from fright, and utterly oblivious to his own blame in the matter. He was sent out again directly. After that, with Aunt Lucy to assist, they hurriedly packed what few things might be taken. The costly relics of Arlington Street were untouched, and the French clock was left on the mantel to tick all the night, and for days to come, in a silent and forsaken room; or perhaps to greet impassively the King's officers when they broke in at the door. But I caught my lady in the act of wrapping up the Wedgwood cups and dishes.



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In the midst of these preparations Mr. Fox was heard without, and was met at the door by Dorothy. Two sentences sufficed her to tell him what had occurred, and two seconds for this man of action to make his decision.

"In an hour you shall have travelling chaises here, Dorothy," he said. "You must go to Portsmouth, and take ship for Lisbon. And if Jack does not arrive, I will go with you."

"No, Charles, you must not!" she cried, her emotion conquering her for the nonce. "That might be to ruin your career, and perchance to lose your life. And suppose we were to escape, what would they say of you!"

"Fish!" Charles retorted, to hide some feelings of his own; "once our rebel is out of the country, they may speak their minds. They have never lacked for names to call me, and I have been dubbed a traitor before now, my dear lady."

He stepped hastily to the bed, and laid his hand on me with affection.

"Charles," I said, "this is all of a piece with your old recklessness. You were ever one to take any risk, but I will not hear of such a venture as this. Do you think I will allow the hope of all England to be staked for a pirate? And would you break our commander of her rank? All that Dorothy need do at Portsmouth is to curtsy to the first skipper she meets, and I'll warrant he will carry us all to the antipodes."

"Egad, but that is more practical than it sounds," he replied, with a glance of admiration at my lady, as she stood so tall before us. "She has a cool head, Richard Carvel, and a long head, and—and I'm thinking you are to come out of this the best of all of us. You cannot get far off your course, my lad, with her at the helm."

It was there his voice belied the jest in his words, and he left us with precipitation.

They lifted me out of my sheets (I was appalled to discover my weakness), and bundled me with tender care in a dozen shawls and blankets. My feet were thrust into two pairs of heavy woollen stockings, and Dorothy bound her own silk kerchief at my throat, whispering anxious questions the while. And when her mother and mammy went from the room, her arms flew around my neck in a passion of solicitude. Then she ran away to dress for the journey, and in a surprising short time was back again, with her muff and her heavy cloak, and bending over me to see if I gave any signs of failure.

Fifty and five minutes had been registered by the French clock, when the rattle of wheels and the clatter of hoofs sounded below, and Charles Fox panted up the stairs, muffled in a huge wrap-rascal. 'Twas he and Aunt Lucy carried me down to the street, Dorothy walking at my side, and propped me up in the padded corner of one of the two vehicles in waiting. This was an ample travelling-carriage with a lamp hanging from its

top, by the light of which my lady tucked me in from head to foot, and then took her place next me. Aunt Lucy filled most of the seat opposite.



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The baggage was hoisted up behind, and Charles was about to slam the door, when a hackney-chaise turned the corner at a gallop and pulled up in the narrow street abreast, and the figure of my Lord Comyn suddenly leaped within the compass of the lanthorn's rays. He was dressed as for a ball, with only a thin rain-cloak over his shoulders, for the night was thick with mist. He threw at us a startled look that was a question.

"Jack, Richard is to be betrayed to-night by his uncle," said Charles, shortly. "And I am taking them to Portsmouth to get them off for Lisbon."

"Charles," said his Lordship, sternly, "give me that greatcoat."

It was just the one time that ever I saw uncertainty on Mr. Fox's face. He threw an uneasy glance into the chaise.

"I have brought money," his Lordship went on rapidly; "'Twas that kept me, for I guessed at something of this kind. Give me the coat, I say."

Mr. Fox wriggled out of it, and took the oiled cape in return.

"Thank you, Jack," he said simply, and stepped into the carriage. "Who is to mend my waistcoats now?" he cried. "Faith, I shall treasure this against you, Richard. Good-by, my lad, and obey your rebel general. Alas! I must even ask your permission to salute her."

And he kissed the unresisting Dorothy on both her cheeks. "God keep the two of you," he said, "for I love you with all my heart."

Before we could answer he was gone into the night; and my Lord, standing without, had closed the carriage door. And that was the last I saw of this noble man, the true friend of America, who devoted his glorious talents and his life to fighting the corruption that was rotting the greatness of England. He who was followed by the prayers of the English race was ever remembered in our own humble ones.

CHAPTER LVII

I COME TO MY OWN AGAIN

'Twas a rough, wild journey we made to Portsmouth, my dears, and I think it must have killed me had not my lady been at my side. We were no sooner started than she pulled the curtains and opened her portmanteau, which I saw was near filled with things for my aid and comfort. And I was made to take a spoonful of something. Never, I believe, was medicine swallowed with a greater willingness. Talk was impossible, so I lay back



in the corner and looked at her; and now and anon she would glance at my face, with a troubled guess in her own as to how I might stand the night. For we were still in London. That I knew by the trot of our horses, and by the granite we traversed from time to time. But at length we rumbled over a bridge, there was a sharp call back from our post-boy to him of the chaise behind, and then began that rocking and pitching and swaying and creaking, which was to last the whole night long, save for the brief stops at the post-houses.



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After an hour of it, I was holding my breath against the lurches, like a sea-sick man against that bottomless fall of the ship's bows on the ocean. I had no pain,—only an over-whelming exhaustion,—but the joy of her touch and her presence kept me from failing. And though Aunt Lucy dozed, not a wink of sleep did my lady get through all of those weary twelve hours. Always alert was she, solicitous beyond belief, scanning ever the dial of her watch to know when to give me brandy and physic; or reaching across to feel my temples for the fever. The womanliness of that last motion was a thing for a man to wonder at. But most marvellous of all was the instinct which told her of my chief sickening discomfort, —of the leathery, travelled smell of the carriage. As a relief for this she charged her pocket-napkin with a most delicate perfume, and held it to my face.

When we drew up to shift horses, Jack would come to the door to inquire if there was aught she wanted, and to know how I was bearing up. And often Mrs. Manners likewise. At first I was for talking with them, but this Dorothy would not allow. Presently, indeed, it was beyond my power, and I could only smile feebly at my Lord when I heard Dolly asking him that the hostlers might be more quiet. Toward morning a lethargy fell upon me. Once I awoke when the lamp had burned low, to perceive the curtains drawn back, a black blotch of trees without, and the moonlight streaming in on my lady's features. With the crack of a whip I was off again.

When next consciousness came, the tarry, salt smell of a ship was in my nostrils, and I knew that we were embarked. I lay in a clean bunk in a fair-sized and sun-washed cabin, and I heard the scraping of ropes and the tramp of feet on the deck above my head. Framed against the irregular glass of the cabin window, which was greened by the water beyond, Dorothy and my Lord stood talking in whispers.

“Jack!” I said.

At the sound they turned and ran toward me, asking how I felt.

“I feel that words are very empty, Jack, to express such a gratitude as mine,” I answered. “Twice you have saved me from death, you have paid my debts, and have been staunch to us both in our troubles. And—” The effort was beyond me, and I glanced appealingly at Dolly.

“And it is to you, dear Jack,” she finished, “it is to you alone that we owe the great joy of our lives.”

Her eyes were shining through her tears, and her smile was like the sun out of a rain-swept sky. His Lordship took one of her hands in his own, and one of mine. He scanned our faces in a long, lingering look.



“You will cherish her, Richard,” he said brokenly, “for her like is not to be found in this world. I knew her worth when first she came to London, as arrant a baggage as ever led man a dance. I saw then that a great love alone was needed to make her the highest among women, and from the night I fought with you at the Coffee House I have felt upon whom that love would fall. O thou of little faith,” he cried, “what little I may have done has been for her. No, Richard, you do not deserve her, but I would rather think of her as your wife than that of any man living.”



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I shall not dwell upon that painful farewell which wrung our hearts, and made us silent for a long, long while after the ship was tossing in the short seas of the Channel.

Nor is it my purpose to tell you of that long voyage across the Atlantic. We reached Lisbon in safety, and after a week of lodgings in that city by the best of fortune got passage in a swift bark bound for Baltimore. For the Chesapeake commerce continued throughout the war, and kept alive the credit of the young nation. There were many excitements ere we sighted the sand-spits of Virginia, and off the Azores we were chased for a day and a night by a British sloop of war. Our captain, however, was a cool man and a seaman, and slipped through the cruisers lying in wait off the Capes very triumphantly.

But the remembrance of those fair days at sea fills my soul with longing. The weather was mild and bright for the season, and morning upon morning two stout topmen would carry me out to a sheltered spot on the deck, always chosen by my lady herself. There I sat by the hour, swathed in many layers of wool, and tended by her hands alone. Every nook and cranny of our lives were revealed to the other. She loved to hear of Patty and my years at Gordon's, and would listen with bated breath to the stories of the Ranger and the Bonhomme Richard, and of that strange man whom we both loved, whose genius had made those cruises famous. Sometimes, in low voices, we talked of our future; but often, when the wind blew and the deck rocked and the sun flashed upon the waters, a silence would fall between us that needed no word to interpret.

Mrs. Manners yielded to my wish for us all to go to Carvel Hall. It was on a sparkling morning in February that we sighted the familiar toe of Kent Island, and the good-natured skipper put about and made for the mouth of our river. Then, as of old, the white cupola of Carvel House gleamed a signal of greeting, to which our full hearts beat a silent response. Once again the great windmill waved its welcome, and the same memory was upon us both as we gazed. Of a hale old gentleman in the sheets of a sailing pinnace, of a boy and a girl on his knees quivering with excitement of the days to come. Dorothy gently pressed my hand as the bark came into the wind, and the boat was dropped into the green water. Slowly they lowered me into it, for I was still helpless, Dorothy and her mother and Aunt Lucy were got down, and finally Mr. Marmaduke stepped gingerly from the sea-ladder over the gunwale. The cutter leaped under the strong strokes up the river with the tide. Then, as we rounded the bend, we were suddenly astonished to see people gathered on the landing at the foot of the lawn, where they had run, no doubt, in a flurry at sight of the ship below. In the front of the group stood out a strangely familiar figure.

"Why," exclaimed Dolly, "it is Ivie Rawlinson!"

Ivie it was, sure enough. And presently, when we drew a little closer, he gave one big shout and whipped off the hat from his head; and off, too, came the caps from the white heads of Scipio and Chess and Johnson behind him. Our oars were tossed, Ivie caught

our bows, and reached his hand to Dorothy. It was fitting that she should be the first to land at Carvel Hall.



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“Twas yere bonny face I seed first, Miss Dolly,” he cried, the tears coursing down the scars of his cheeks. “An’ syne I kennt weel the young master was here. Noo God be praised for this blythe day, that Mr. Richard’s cam to his ain at last!”

But Scipio and Chess could only blubber as they helped him to lift me out, Dolly begging them to be careful. As they carried me up the familiar path to the pillared porch, the first I asked Ivie was of Patty, and next why he had left Gordon’s. She was safe and well, despite the Tories, and herself had sent him to take charge of Carvel Hall as soon as ever Judge Bordley had brought her the news of its restoration to me. He had supplied her with another overseer. Thanks to the good judge and to Colonel Lloyd, who had looked to my interests since Grafton was fled, Ivie had found the old place in good order, all the negroes quiet, and impatient with joy against my arrival.

It is time, my children, to bring this story to a close. I would I might write of those delicious spring days I spent with Dorothy at Carvel Hall, waited on by the old servants of my grandfather. At our whim my chair would be moved from one to another of the childhood haunts; on cool days we sat in the sun by the dial, where the flowers mingled their odours with the salt breezes off the Chesapeake; or anon, when it was warmer, in the summer-house my mother loved, or under the shade of the great trees on the lawn, looking out over the river. And once my lady went off very mysteriously, her eyes brimful of mischief, to come back with the first strawberries of the year staining her apron.

We were married on the fifteenth of June, already an anniversary for us both, in the long drawing-room. General Clapsaddle was there from the army to take Dorothy in his arms, even as he had embraced another bride on the same spot in years gone by. She wore the wedding gown that was her mother’s, but when the hour was come to dress her Aunt Lucy and Aunt Hester failed in their task, and it was Patty who performed the most of that office, and hung the necklace of pearls about her neck.

Dear Patty! She hath often been with us since. You have heard your mothers and fathers speak of Aunt Patty, my dears, and they will tell you how she spoiled them when they went a-visiting to Gordon’s Pride.

Ere I had regained my health, the war for Independence was won. I pray God that time may soften the bitterness it caused, and heal the breach in that noble race whose motto is Freedom. That the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack may one day float together to cleanse this world of tyranny!

AFTERWORD

The author makes most humble apologies to any who have, or think they have, an ancestor in this book. He has drawn the foregoing with a very free hand, and in the Maryland scenes has made use of names rather than of actual personages. His

purpose, however poorly accomplished, was to give some semblance of reality to this part of the story. Hence he has introduced those names in the setting, choosing them entirely at random from the many prominent families of the colony.

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No one may read the annals of these men, who were at once brave and courtly, and of these women, who were ladies by nature as well as by birth, and not love them. The fascination of that free and hospitable life has been so strong on the writer of this novel that he closes it with a genuine regret and the hope that its perusal may lead others to the pleasure he has derived from the history of Maryland.

As few liberties as possible have been taken with the lives of Charles James Fox and of John Paul Jones. The latter hero actually made a voyage in the brigantine 'John' about the time he picked up Richard Carvel from the Black Moll, after the episode with Mungo Maxwell at Tobago. The Scotch scene, of course, is purely imaginary. Accuracy has been aimed at in the account of the fight between the 'Bonhomme Richard' and the 'Serapis', while a little different arrangement might have been better for the medium of the narrative. To be sure, it was Mr. Mease, the purser, instead of Richard Carvel, who so bravely fought the quarter-deck guns; and in reality Midshipman Mayrant, Commodore Jones's aide, was wounded by a pike in the thigh after the surrender. No injustice is done to the second and third lieutenants, who were absent from the ship during the action.

The author must acknowledge that the only good anecdote in the book and the only verse worth printing are stolen. The story on page concerning Mr. Garrick and the Archbishop of York may be found in Fitzgerald's life of the actor, much better told. The verse (in Chapter X) is by an unknown author in the Annapolis Gazette, and is republished in Mr. Elihu Riley's excellent "History of Annapolis."