

## CHAPTER V.

We see the great effects of battles by sea; the battle of Actium decided the empire of the world.

BACON.

[What art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the day that Amherst left Sanderson Mains, Sir Alisander's party was augmented by the august presence, and illuminated by the rubicund nasal promontory of Dr Partenclaw, who came puffing up to the door some hours before dinner, mounted on a tall, lean, wind-galled horse, that looked like a piece of animated timber. A spectator might have thought that the spindle shanks of the rider were the prime movers of the automaton animal; and the Doctor himself experienced all the fatigue of limb, attaching to the modern hero of the velocipede, without enjoying a tenth part of the celerity of mo-

tion, given by that whimsical machine. Besides being an excellent country surgeon, as times went, Partenclaw was a charitable good sort of a man upon the whole, and being always jocular and familiar with the servants, his arrival was usually greeted by them with a smile of welcome, except indeed, when he came to dose some of them with his drugs. But even in this particular, they were much more afraid of the Baronet than of his medical adviser, whose ordinary prescriptions of sack-whey, chicken-broth, beef-tea, and brandy-posset, were much more relished, than were the frequent and powerful cathartics, emetics, sudorifics, venesections, and blisters, forming the flowers of Sir Alisander's practice.

When the Doctor reached the door, the dignity of Master Duncan Brouster did not conceive itself dishonoured, by acting as groom to so eminent and agreeable a physician. He hastened to hold his bridle and stirrup, and assisted him in the somewhat difficult and tender operation, of lowering down his swag paunch from its exalted height, and guarding against the shock of too sudden a descent, with a degree of care, such as

he would have used in receiving a sack of bottled wine down the trap-door of the cellar.

“Canny wise! canny wise, Doctor! lay your hand on my shouther! there, noo, there”—with a long pause and sigh from both; “I’m heartily glad to see you, Doctor!”

“Well, Mr Brouster,” said the Doctor, blowing a little before he could find breath to speak, “how goes it with you—all well, eh? stuffing in the head gone?”

“Troth, Doctor, I canna just complean very muckle, though my stamick is no just what it ought to be, and I have aye that plaguey whezlin’ about my thrapple—hugh—hugh—hugh.”

“Aye, aye, I see how it is with you, Master Brouster, but I’ll speak to Lady Sanderson about you, and order you a warm drink, half rum, half brandy, not over weak, well spiced with nutmeg, and softened with a table-spoonful of marmalade, to be taken at bed-time. Nothing better for composing a cough. You’ll be sure to take it at bed-time, do you hear?”

“Ou aye, that I will, Doctor. I was muckle the better o’ the last ye gied me.”

“And how is Sir Alisander?” said the Doctor.

“ Gay muckle in his frail ordinar, Doctor,— aye sair plagued wi’ a queer wamblin’ in his wame afore dinner, an’ an awfu’ stechin after-hend. But stap in, and you’ll see himsell. Here, Tamas! tak the Doctor’s horse, and see the poor beast weil done till.”

“ Aye, Thomas, my good fellow,” said the Doctor, “ take care of Hippocrates!”—a name given to his horse in honour of the celebrated Greek physician, but in which the classical and punning Baronet had discovered an etymon setting forth the very character of the steed himself, *hippos* being, as he said, a horse, and *crates* a crate, or pannier, or hurdle, sometimes wittily deriving this compound appellation from the prominence of the creature’s ribs, so much resembling those of the hurdle, whilst at others, he attributed it to the purpose for which the animal had evidently been destined by nature, viz. for carrying the panniers of a cadger, or travelling huckster.

“ Well, Doctor,” said the Baronet, as Partenclaw entered, “ what news with you?”

“ Nothing very remarkable,” said the Doctor, “ only I have just learnt that our friend Fustle-

craig has had all his cattle carried away by the Highlanders last night."

"Aye, aye!" said Sir Alisander, "if that is the case, we must look after our own. Did they follow the thieves?"

"Not further than the Outlaw Well," replied Partenclaw; "but the villains had got far beyond it, and Fustlecraig's people were afraid to venture farther. But how do you find yourself to-day, my good friend?"

The very sight of his physician always did Sir Alisander a great deal of good, strange and contradictory as it may seem, by increasing for the time the number and intensity of his imaginary complaints, and thus furnishing him with the amusing occupation of talking about them. In the company of Cleaver, his mind roamed abroad from the arm-chair in which his body was confined, and travelled into all the countries the hardy navigator had visited. Cleaver, on his part, had immense pleasure in giving entertaining, though not always well-connected accounts of his numerous voyages; and the celebrated Sinbad himself was not more attentively listened to by

his porter, than he was by the listless valetudinarian. But a fresh sort of enjoyment was always opened to the Baronet by the appearance of Partenclaw,—that of detailing all the particulars of his various maladies. As the reader may not feel the same gratification in the recapitulation, we shall content ourselves with saying, that the time until dinner was fully occupied with it, much to the relief of the patient, however tedious it might have been to the Doctor.

As usual, a message was dispatched by Duncan Brouster to the parson and Mr Macflae, who, indeed, were often sent for by this trusty domestic, without any appeal to his master for orders, for Sir Alisander's wishes in this particular were so well known, that such arrangements fell entirely within the province of this his prime minister.

The dinner had passed away, as all the good things in this life must do, in succession, and the party having swallowed as much wine (Dr Partenclaw modestly and sagaciously remarked) “as would do them good,” they had already joined Lady Sanderson, whom the Doctor was en-

deavouring to prevail upon to sit down to a spinet, that he might accompany her in a duet, whilst a large bowl of punch was in preparation by Mr Brouster, to be placed on a little table near the fire; the evening's enjoyment, I say, was in this stage of advancement, when the reports of several cannon coming from the sea put a stop to music and conversation, and struck them all for some moments with silence and astonishment.

Like the old charger, who snuffeth the battle from afar, and pricks up his ears at the sound of the war-trumpet, Cleaver was the first to start up, with an exclamation,

“What the devil's that?—Are they attacking the Dasher think ye?—She has but six small pops—but were I aboard her, I promise ye they should be well served.—There they go again!—bang!—bang!—these are tolerably heavy mettle.—By Jupiter I'm off!”

And bolting out at the door in three strides, he began to call for Bill Handy, a sort of amphibious valet of his, to bring him his sword and pistols, and away they went together, attended by the groom, as fast as their legs could carry

them, over the downs in the direction of the sea. The night was so far obscure, that objects at any distance were but very imperfectly visible. It was calm and serene, however, and the sound of the guns, coming from time to time full on the ear, served as a guide to their steps.

As they were hurrying on, their attention was suddenly arrested by the trampling of horses, and the confused clamour of voices, and in the imperfect light, they perceived a horseman advancing, bearing behind him something resembling a human figure, much enveloped in drapery. The horse was galloping as fast as possible under his double load, but the rider spurred him on, as if to force him to greater exertions. Beside him rode a taller man, and three or four others followed at different distances, as the speed or strength of their horses enabled them. Their course was from the shore, and so intent were they upon flight, that they did not perceive Cleaver and his attendants till they were almost upon them.

“*Ah! per Dio!*” said the leader to his companion, “’tis all over for the present. *Sangue di San Gennaro!* how unlucky we have been!



—but an hour sooner, and we might have been off in spite of that *Doganiere*.”

“ A thousand curses on him !” said the other. “ Oh my poor ship !—well !—but hush, here are people.”——

“ To the left !” exclaimed the leader.

This order was obeyed as soon as given. The leaders and the stragglers of the troop darted instantly off to the left. As they fled, some faint female shrieks reached them. Cleaver shouted to them with the voice of a Stentor ; but they heeded him not. They passed away like a whirlwind, and, in a few moments, even the sound of their horses’ feet was entirely lost.

“ Who could those queer fellows be ?” said Cleaver to the groom.

“ Honest fouk, I’se warrant, Sir, wha ride wi’ a keg o’ brandy now an’ then,” replied Thomas. “ By my troth, yon foremost chield was weil mounted !—Keep us a’ ! how he leathered awa’ upon yon black naig !—an’ wi’ a hizzy ahint him too !”——

“ Who could the woman be ?” said Cleaver ; “ she seemed to ride with no good will.”

“ Faith, I daursay she’s some o’ their ain kind

o' cattle, nae great things!—I wadna free her to be a wee skier wi' ower muckle drink!”

The reports of the guns continued to come thicker upon them at intervals, the sound being louder also as they rose over the intervening high grounds. They hastened on, and soon reached the summit of the cliffs. There they looked out, over the sea, rendered visible to a considerable extent, by that dim species of light often reflected at night from the surface of a sheet of water, when all around it is obscure.

The shadowy forms of two vessels were perceptible at some distance in the offing; and the flashes proceeding from the renewed discharge of their guns, gave them such momentary illumination, as enabled Cleaver immediately to decide, that one of them was manœuvring to get out from the embarrassment of the land, so as to effect her escape, whilst the other was endeavouring to prevent her doing so, by running athwart her course. The cannon-shots were fired as each came within range of the other.

“It is a King's cutter attacking a smuggler,” said Cleaver. “I wish I were on board the little Dasher!”

He looked towards the bay, upon the bosom of which his yacht still seemed to repose in peace.

“ Aye, aye ! she’s safe enough I see,” said he ; “ there she lies, like a tame duck upon a mill-pond. I’ll try and get aboard of her, that I may see some of the sport.—But hay !” said he, as he looked again, “ why, what the devil are they about, think ye, Bill ?—I see something white yonder, as if they were hoisting the sails !—By Jupiter they are moving !”——

A flash from the guns of the vessels engaged, now showed that the Dasher was certainly getting under weigh.

“ The scoundrels !” cried Cleaver, in a rage, “ why did they not send for me ?—would I were on board of her !—would I could find a boat !—” and then clapping a hand on each cheek, as if he could have been heard, “ Illy-ho-ho-hoah-oy !” cried he, “ send the boat ashore for me !”

But he might have as well roared to the man in the moon. The little Dasher gallantly cut the waves, as if with the intention of shooting ahead of the innermost of the two vessels.

Cleaver was in an ecstasy not to be conceived. Divided between the delight he experienced in

seeing his yacht behaving in so brave a manner, and the rage he felt at being cut off from all chance of participating in her glory, he shouted and stormed by turns.

“ Bravo! bravo! well done, my brave boys! —Oh ye lubbers! why did ye not send for me? —That’s it!—up with your little gaff!—hurrah! now she sends!—Oh! you rascal, Jack Markham, I’ll never forgive you for this!—Hurrah! now they are closing upon the beggarly scoundrel!—Well done, my dear boy Jack! I’ll have you made a master for this,—but oh! ye swab, why did ye not send for me?”

What Cleaver said was true. The smuggler, for smuggler she undoubtedly was, having in one of her tacks run in shore, for the purpose of taking a larger reach out, with the intention of getting beyond the cutter, ventured too much under the lee of a high headland, and, as the wind was partly off shore, it immediately becalmed her, and whilst the cutter was standing in upon her, the yacht was running right across her stern, and already fired several shots at her in passing. One of these knocked away her

boom, which was shaking loose. Cleaver sprang into the air with delight.

“ Well done, Jack !—at her again, my boy ! —Oh ! you rascal, I’ll make you suffer for this ! —but damn you, I’ll have you made master of an admiral’s ship !”

The smuggler was manifestly in the utmost confusion. The cutter now came up within range, and gave her a full broadside. The flash of the guns upon the water was magnificent ; the sea all around the vessels seemed on fire for a moment ; and the broad illumination was prolonged by reflection from the high perpendicular face of the cliff. The smuggler lay abreast of it like a log, her rigging terribly shattered by the shot, whilst the sound of the discharge reverberated like thunder among the rocks. All chance of her escape was cut off ; and, by the momentary gleam of the guns now fired from the Dasher, it appeared that the crew of the contraband trader had got their boats over the side next the land, and having abandoned their vessel, were already within a stone-cast or two of the shore.

Cleaver now observing that the game was up, waited not to see them take possession of the prize,

but made all haste along the cliff, with the intention of going down to the beach, to endeavour to get on board the vessel, or at least to obtain some intelligence as to the particulars of the fight, and, above all, to ascertain whether, as he suspected, the King's ship might not be that of his friend, Macauley.

He had already reached the upper part of the same small ravine he and Amherst had climbed to make observations on the night of their landing, and was about to descend into it to gain the shore, when, by the little light there was, he perceived two figures near the sainted well and fallen cross. The one, tall and majestic, appeared still more lofty from the extreme minuteness of the form it was contrasted with. From the shape and diminutive size of the lesser figure, he at once guessed it could be no other than that which he and his friend had formerly seen in the same spot.

“Gude guide us a’!” said Thomas the groom, in a low tone of voice, and with the utmost alarm, “gin yonder binna the dwarfie carlin and the warlock Lord at their cantrips—for ony sake, Sir, dinna gang farder.”

Cleaver stopped for a moment, not, as may be

supposed, from any apprehension of the evil influence of their enchantments, but that he might not disturb them, and that he might the better observe their motions.

The little figure was standing elevated on a large fragment of the fallen rock, in an attitude of more than human command, her head thrown loftily back, one foot thrust forwards, and her arms extended, one of them being raised over her head as if in an appeal to Heaven, and the other pointing downwards on Lord Eaglesholme. He stood below gazing at her in the attitude of astonishment, one leg with his chest being drawn backwards from surprise, his broad Spanish hat held out in his left hand, whilst with the right he supported his weight on his sword pointed to the ground. His head was carried earnestly forwards, and his face was turned upwards, as if to catch every word that fell from the being with whom he was holding nocturnal converse.

——“To Heaven!” said she, as if concluding some powerful and energetic sentence, and her shrill voice had something indescribably appalling in it.—“To yonder pure Heaven they are gone!

—But hell itself yawns wide to receive the murdereress !”

Lord Eaglesholme groaned deeply as if with some strong internal suffering, excited by her words.

“ But why loiter here ?” continued the female, in a rapid and agitated manner.—“ Why, at least, loiter I here, while I have work to do ?—The dove e’en now hangs quivering in the talons of the remorseless vultures. I must fly like the swift merlin hawk through every covert, nor stoop my wing till my quest is sped.”

In concluding this sentence she sprang at once, with the bound of the light roebuck, from the elevated station she had occupied, to the grassy margin of the well. But instantly perceiving, between her and the sky, the group of figures standing at the upper part of the ravine, she whirled rapidly round, and to the great surprise of Cleaver, who kept his eyes fixedly upon her, and to the indescribable terror of his superstitious attendants, she disappeared in a manner as instantaneous, and as unaccountable, as if she had suddenly melted into air.

Lord Eaglesholme seemed to be so entranced



in the thoughts excited by her awe-inspiring words, that he remained looking upwards, as if unconscious of her absence. A spectator might almost have fancied that he was watching her track as she clove the liquid æther.

Cleaver was a good deal astonished with what he had seen and heard. But as it was disagreeable to remain longer as a spy on Lord Eaglesholme's actions, he prepared to pursue his way down the ravine, and was in the act of moving, when the terrified Thomas loudly exclaimed,—

“For gudeness sake, Captain Cleaver, dinna gang down amang thae bogles!”

Lord Eaglesholme started from his musing fit at the sound of a human voice; and hearing the name of Cleaver, which had been lately rendered familiar to him, he called out,—

“Captain Cleaver!—is Captain Cleaver there?—Is Amherst—is Mr Oakenwold there?—speak, I entreat you, and relieve my racking anxiety!”

“My Lord!” said Cleaver, bowing as he approached him—“he who has the honour of addressing you is Captain Cleaver; as for Mr Oakenwold”——

“Aye, Sir!” interrupted Lord Eaglesholme

with inexpressible eagerness, “ for Heaven’s sake, what of him?—is he with you?” and he looked eagerly about, and cast his eyes upwards to the group above, as if with the hope of detecting the figure of Amherst.

“ No, my Lord, he is not with us,” said Cleaver calmly ; “ he went this morning on an excursion of pleasure to the Highlands.”

“ Pleasure !” said Lord Eaglesholme ; “ pleasure did you say, Sir ! Could Amherst Oakenwold take pleasure, so soon after his separation from Eliza Malcolm ? Then his is not the heart I had read it to be.”

“ My Lord,” said Cleaver, “ I have been led innocently to use an expression, which I see is calculated to injure my young friend in your estimation, and which I only employed in its general sense. Pleasure was, indeed, very far from his thoughts. His mind was plunged in the deepest melancholy by the issue of a conversation he had with your Lordship yesterday. It was that diseased state of mind, which induces the sufferer, he knows not why, vainly to attempt to flee from his sorrows. It was this, I say, added to the wish he felt to give full obe-

dience to those implied engagements he had come under to your Lordship, and a dread lest the strength of his passion might have rendered it impossible to maintain his integrity, had he remained nearer the object of it;—it was, I may say, in obedience to your Lordship's own commands, that he forced himself away from the neighbourhood of Eaglesholme Castle!"

Lord Eaglesholme groaned audibly.—“Incomparable Amherst!” said he; then looking upwards towards Heaven, “Merciful powers! how am I the sport of untoward fate! Would to God that Amherst were here! I would tell him! —But, alas!” continued he, as if recollecting himself after a pause, and with an emotion that powerfully agitated him, “Alas! the dear object of his hopes, and of my hopes, is no longer at Eaglesholme! Eliza Malcolm has this very night been carried off by a band of unknown ruffians, who broke into the Castle.”

“Good Heavens! Miss Malcolm carried away!” exclaimed Cleaver, petrified with amazement. “How—when—and in what manner, I beseech you?”

Lord Eaglesholme then proceeded to give

him a hasty outline of the mysterious affair; but we must tell it more fully to the reader.

The information Amherst obtained from his servant in the grotto has already informed us of the affliction Miss Malcolm was thrown into, by those communications her uncle made to her after Amherst's departure from the Castle of Eaglesholme. Being carried to bed immediately after the conference, she remained all next day in a state of misery too dreadful for description. The good Madame Bossanville wept unceasingly, whilst, with the tenderest affection, she vainly endeavoured to console her beloved charge, though conscious that she possessed not the means of doing so. The hopes of Miss Malcolm were so cruelly crushed in the very setting of their blossom, and her heart was so torn, that much as she loved her uncle, she could not muster strength and resolution enough to join him at dinner, where her emotions must have necessarily been subjected to the observation and remarks of the domestics.

At Madame Bossanville's earnest entreaty, she exerted herself to move into the drawing-room in the evening, with the intention of receiving Lord

Eaglesholme there. But she had no sooner entered it than her guitar, her drawing instruments, nay, almost every piece of furniture in the apartment her eyes rested on, brought the figure of Amherst fresh before her mind, and recalled all those tender hours they had so lately spent together, giving way to the enjoyment of those exquisite feelings arising from a virtuous and reciprocal passion, and in the full anticipation of an immediate union. How agonizing the events of one little day ! The images which crowded to her imagination powerfully overcame her, and just as Madame Bossanville was preparing to go to Lord Eaglesholme to invite him to the drawing-room, Miss Malcolm burst into an agony of grief so violent, that the compassionate old lady saw the necessity of postponing the interview for some time, to allow the fulness of her heart to exhaust itself, before she should be subjected to that restraint, which she knew she would impose on herself, to alleviate her uncle's great anxiety regarding her.

Madame Bossanville, therefore, seated herself in a large fauteuil, with her back to the windows, and with her eyes fixed in melancholy sympathy

on her young friend, who had thrown herself into a high-backed sofa, and was giving vent to her affliction with her head buried in the folds of a shawl. She watched her with painful solicitude, until the paroxysm of grief had in some measure expended itself; and her sighs and the throbbings of her bosom were gradually subsiding, when, as she was about to offer a few words of comfort, her ear was struck with a sound resembling the sharp click of the spring bolt of the glass-door, immediately behind her, as if turned by some hand.

She was in the act of stretching round, to gain a view backwards, beyond the high enclosure of the chair she was in, and in doing so, she glanced her eyes across the field of a large mirror, on the opposite wall, which reflecting the image of that side of the room behind her, showed her the glass-door open, and the figure of a man muffled up, with his face almost entirely concealed beneath the shade of a very broad hat, stealing forwards upon them.

Before she had more than time to utter a faint scream, four or five ruffians, similarly disguised, were in the room, and Miss Malcolm and she

were both seized at the same moment. All farther power of alarm was instantly taken from her, by the application of a shielded gag to her mouth, and in the space of a second or two, she was tied to her chair in so effectual a manner, that she could neither move hand nor foot; whilst Miss Malcolm was as instantaneously shrouded up in a large cloak, deprived of all possibility of resistance, or even of utterance, lifted up by a man, carried rapidly away through the glass-door, and borne off through the garden almost in a state of insensibility.

The party having hurried on with her towards the farther extremity of the peninsula, she felt herself lowered down, as if by means of a ladder, over the rampart wall of the enclosure, and placed in a boat that immediately pushed off from the shore; and, from the speed with which the passage was effected, she guessed that she had crossed one of the arms of the bay to the nearest landing-place. There she was lifted from the boat, and the cloak being removed, she was permitted to breathe more freely for a few moments, when she perceived some persons waiting under the shade of the trees with horses. A hat and mantle belonging to her-

self, snatched up by the villains in the apartment where she was seized, were now hastily adjusted to her head and person, and as she was attempting to scream out, she was again wrapped up in the large cloak, in such a manner as to deafen her cries, and placed with the utmost expedition on a pad behind one of the men, and being strapped to his back, so as to remove all chance of her falling, the whole troop set off at full gallop through the wild and unfrequented chace, and then over the high downs towards the sea.

There the reports of cannon were distinctly heard coming from the water, and the party halted for some time on the brow of the precipice, in great confusion, as if their plans had been disconcerted by some unforeseen event. After a hasty debate, the import of which her terror and agitation enabled her to gather but very imperfectly, they again turned their horses' heads, and galloped towards the country.

A few minutes had hardly elapsed after the perpetration of this outrageous act, when Lord Eaglesholme, impatient to see his niece, tapped gently at the door of the drawing room. After having two or three times repeated his signal;



with that delicacy with which he always approached the abode of the ladies, he retired, and, ringing for Epingle, who, in the solitude of her apartment, was employed in giving way to her own woes, he sent her to inquire whether his niece would receive him, while he stood without, waiting for admission.

The girl had no sooner entered than she uttered a loud scream, and fell senseless on the floor. Filled with alarm, Lord Eaglesholme rushed into the apartment, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he found Madame Bossanville in the state she had been left by the ruffians. He hastened to release her, and soon learned from her all the dreadful particulars she had witnessed.

Frantic with despair, he called his servants, and searched through every part of the garden with torches. Numerous steps were traced across some of the new dug borders, where many of the plants and flowers had been broken and trodden down by the hasty feet of the ravishers. At length they were tracked to that part of the wall where the ladder, left behind them in their hurry, was still standing. But here all traces were of course lost. Once on the lake, their probable point of

landing became mere matter of conjecture. In a state of agitation bordering upon frenzy, he returned to the Castle, and dispatched servants in all directions, with a thousand different and even contradictory orders. As for himself, seizing his sword, he waited not for a horse, but hurrying out at the great gate, and over the draw-bridge, he flew with the rapidity of thought through the woods, and over the downs towards the cliffs. Why he went there, no one but himself could have explained; but, whatever were the reasons that urged him thither, his having taken that way produced the meeting with Cleaver the reader has so lately been made acquainted with.

“ My Lord,” said Cleaver, after listening to Lord Eaglesholme’s short narration, “ I think I can throw some light upon the track of these villains.” And so saying, he told him what he had met with soon after quitting Sanderson Mains on his way to the shore, and described as nearly as he could the direction the party seemed to have taken.

From Cleaver’s account, Lord Eaglesholme’s suspicions at once rested on the Castle of Moat-mallard as the most probable place of temporary

retreat for the ruffians. The reader may perhaps remember, that this ruined fortalice was formerly mentioned, though not by name, as forming a prominent feature in the uninteresting country near Sanderson Mains, being situated on a green mound at the upper end of the lake.

“ From all the circumstances,” said Cleaver, “ it strikes me, that the event of Miss Malcolm being carried off, and that of the appearance of the smuggling vessel, which has just been captured, have somehow had a secret connection together. It is highly probable, that when first descried by the revenue cutter, the smuggler must have been lying off and on, by appointment, to take the rascals on board with their prey. The few words I caught from the scoundrels, as they flew past me on the downs, may have alluded to the disappointment of their expectations in this particular.”

Lord Eaglesholme perfectly agreed with him in his conjectures, and became still more firmly of opinion, that Moatmallard was the place to which the villains must have fled ; and both joined in thinking, that the crew whom Cleaver had seen escape in the boats, would also seek shelter in

these ruins, which had been long used, as a place of concealment, by the illicit traders of that coast.

“Come, then, my Lord,” said Cleaver, with great inward satisfaction at the prospect of having a brush with them after all, “let us hasten to the beach. We can send aboard of my yacht for some of my lads; then we’ll rous up their Castle Mallard for them,—destroy the whole nest of them,—and bring off Miss Malcolm in triumph. But, let me tell you, my Lord, the less time we lose, the better chance we have of nabbing the rascals; for it is likely they won’t choose to harbour very long so near the scene of their villany.”

Lord Eaglesholme warmly expressed his thanks to Cleaver for his generous offer, and readily accepted his proffered assistance.