

in the poverty and the torrid heat of Boravia. Driven by hunger, for the place was strictly invested, and led by General d'Arentas, they had sallied forth from the Embassy and fought their way through the mob; with the women and children in their midst, and they now occupied the two forts at the mouth of the harbour, whither they had safely got after long forced marches and much dire suffering, and where their position was a most precarious one, hampered as they were with the women and children, and short of all supplies. One by one the warships of the fine fleet the old King and his forebears had got together had been sold, and there was but little danger from the sea, D'Arentas' one hope, indeed, being the arrival of the Asturian man-of-war: for they were far from safe even now, and when the anarchists had looted the city they might turn their thoughts to the prey that had escaped them, and then—— D'Arentas hardly dared to face this fearful possibility, and only longed for the King to come.

Standen and Burch worked steadily on between the tides, and at last the bases of all the pillars were laid bare, and many more boxes of gold dust and coins found, but the gold crown, the gold image, and the silver image, and the ornaments of the Convent mentioned in the list