

(ORIGINAL.)

ROSE MURRAY; OR, THE RIVAL FREEBOOTERS.

BY RUSSELL.

Continued from our last Number.

CHAPTER VI.

BUT it is time to return and enquire into the fortunes of Squire Harry and his companions, whom we left after his successful escape from his pursuers by clearing the devil's leap, on his way to one of the places of safety which they had discovered, and to which they could retire in case of need. Their successful and daring escape, together with the severe wound of the leader, and the death of one of the pursuers, had excited a burst of indignation throughout the surrounding country, and active measures were in progress, and double rewards offered for the apprehension of any of the band. Excited by the proposed rewards, numerous parties were scouring the forests, and had blocked up most of the roads around. At the time we again introduce them to our readers, they were sitting with several others round a fire, in what was apparently a cave of considerable magnitude. The manner in which they were applying themselves to a large piece of beef in the centre, betokened either ignorance or disregard of the dangers surrounding them.

"Bring me a flaggon of that wine in the corner, my prince of cooks," said Squire Harry, to our friend Cato, who was standing behind him. "My jaws ache worse than the teeth of a saw mill," continued he,—attempting the disseveration of a large piece of villainous sirloin. "But necessity makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, friend Jim. Thank you, boy; thank you," addressing Cato, as he handed him the wine. "Now shall I apply the *medicamentum dolorum*, as we used to say at Harvard," and taking the flaggon from his lips, he added with a long deep sigh, "*Interiora nota Falernia*, which signifies, Master Cato, though your beef is bad, your wine is capital stuff on a pinch."

"Massa no like de beef," said Cato, in reply; "him neber no like de wine."

"Here," said Squire Harry, at the shout of laughter which arose at his expense, "take this beef you seem to like so much, and stuff that bottomless pit of darkness of yours until your very tongue cannot wag. Your late *res gestæ præclaræ* shall save your wool that oderiferous jest forced a little too near the fire."

"Me no know who Regesty Clary be; but whoe'mever him be, me sure he call dis beef good," answered Cato, applying himself in a such way as gave proof of his sincerity.

"*Res gestæ præclaræ*, you black fool!" said Squire Harry; "that means your redoubtable feats as knight of the trencher. Now, my friends,"

said Squire Harry, (who seemed to act as commander-in-chief,) as he took the flaggon again from his mouth, after a most loving and long continued embrace, "having so generously provided for our inward man, it becomes us to take care how we shall provide for the outward. We have already passed one day penned up in this place. The hotness of the pursuit must be over, and it is time we were up and away. What say you, my good friends?" continued Squire Harry to the two men who formerly brought them word of the intended pursuit. "Do you think it practicable to proceed to our destined market?"

Both seemed to agree it would be attended with the utmost danger, and advised leaving the horses under the care of their friends till the storm had blown over in the neighbourhood.

Squire Harry, though unwilling to do this, was at a loss how to manage, when both stoutly refused to risk their necks in assisting him, and Big Jim declared that the state of his wounds disabled him from proceeding further. Their deliberations, which seemed far from bringing them to any unanimous conclusion, were suddenly arrested by the confused noise of voices without.

"They are on us!" exclaimed Squire Harry, in deep low tones. "Silence, as you value your lives, every one of you! Cover up the fire without noise! They have been drawn here by its light, through the carelessness of that black rascal, in leaving the door unshut."

Removing a large stone, which, to a casual observer, would have appeared but a piece of the jagged rock, there appeared an opening large enough to admit a man's body, through which he crept stealthily and silently. In a few minutes he returned and reported that they were beset by about double their number, whom he could hear consulting what was to be done. They are not agreed whether they have fallen on us or not; so there is yet a chance we may escape by concealment. Carry Big Jim into the Castle, and return." Two men taking up the object of regard, carried him to the centre of the cave, and immediately beneath where the fire had been, a kind of a door was opened, into which one of them descending, took hold of his feet, while the other lowered him down. Without was heard the confused voices of their enemies and the trampling of their feet, as they seemed going round and round the cave. Squire Harry alone of the company seemed collected and careless how it turned out. Silently pointing out his station to