

stepping ashore, he advanced towards Gilbert, who stood holding his horse's bridle, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said:

"His poor thanks, at the present moment, is all the recompense Charles Stuart has left to offer those who peril life for his sake. The monarch of three kingdoms possesses not wherewithal to purchase a meal's food, or to procure him a shelter whereon to lay his head. For two days and nights have we scarcely tasted bread, or laid our wearied bodies upon a bed.—The enemy, like bloodhounds, are at our heels, and to the swiftness of our horses alone do we owe even a temporary safety at the present moment." Then, drawing his glove from his right hand, and presenting it to the astonished Gilbert, he smiled and said. "Take and preserve this—'tis but a sorry guerdon for a king: yet, though the sun of our misfortunes be obscured, it is not set—thou mayst one day restore it to me when seated on the throne of my ancestors, at Whitehall: fail not—we will redeem it then and there with its fill of broad pieces." Then untying a small jewelled ornament which hung concealed within his vest, he threw it over the infant's neck; and, after kissing its rosy cheek, leaped upon his horse, and, waving his hand to his preservers with an air of mingled courtesy and dignity, wheeled round an angle of the road, and in an instant disappeared from their view.

The boat lay again at her mooring on the ferry of the Blackrock, and Gilbert and his companion were in the act of furling the sails when the clatter of hoofs were again heard, and a band of more than fifty troopers galloped furiously towards the water's edge. Their leader, an athletic, grim-looking figure, immediately sprang from his horse, and, advancing towards the astonished boatmen, furiously demanded if one or more individuals answering the description of cavaliers, had recently passed.

"This is a public ferry," said Giles, doggedly evading the question. "Cavaliers or Roundheads are equally unquestioned—when they pay their fare."

"I tell thee, traitor," said the officer brandishing his drawn sword, "from certain intelligence, we know that Charles Stuart, and other malignants, have been seeking a passage here for some days past. Say, whom hast thou just put over, armed and mounted?—answer truly, or by —," and he swore a horrible oath, "thou shalt swing at the yard

arm of thine own vessel before we quit this spot."

"Whether king, courtier, or cavalier, I know not," answered the sturdy boatman; "this however, I'll vouch for, the men were marvelously ill-favored. Take a fool's advice," continued he, "and seek your game elsewhere—your labour in this direction is in vain."

As the officer stood for a few seconds debating with himself what course to pursue, his eye rested upon the glittering ornament still suspended from the infant's neck. "Ah! spawn of Satan! where got you this?" he exclaimed, pouncing like a tiger upon the child, and tearing the jewel from its neck. The royal arms, conspicuous within its centre, too plainly told that his prey had again escaped him.—Foaming with rage, he dashed the pommel of his sword into the father's face, and then turning to his men, shouted, "Dismount and on board! and you knaves!" addressing the ferry-men, "put every vessel in sailing trim, and in your own boat pilot us in safety to the other side, or by the powers of darkness, ye shall dearly rue the good thousand pounds we missed this morning."

Muttering curses, the troopers leaped their horses into the boats, and fastening the several tow ropes to that occupied by Giles and his comrade, a light breeze quickly wafted them within a stone's throw of the opposite shore. At some distance from this spot is a reef of flat rocks, known by the appellation of the "English Stones," separated from the main land by a sort of lake, calm and fordable at low water, but through which the returning tide rushes with fearful impetuosity. Arrived at the edge of the fatal spot, the boatmen purposely run all the vessels aground, observing that laden as they were, it was impossible, in the present state of the river, to approach any nearer to the shore, and that the soldiers might easily trot their horses over the surface of the reef, and wade through the shallow intervening channel.* Blinded by rage, unsuspecting of treachery, and ignorant of the tide of the place, they leaped upon the rock, when their betrayers instantly launched in deep water, and throw-

* When Cromwell was informed of the transaction, he immediately issued a precept for the abolition of the ferry; nor was it revived until the year 1718. Its renewal was connected with some legal proceedings between Mr. Lewis of St. Pierre Park, and all the guardians of the Duke of Beaufort, we believe respecting a right of fishing. The affidavits referring to the suit are still preserved among the family papers at St. Pierre.