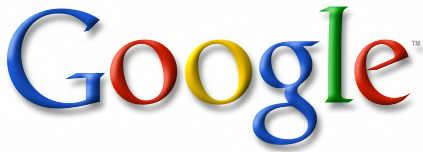

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HALF MOON

FORD
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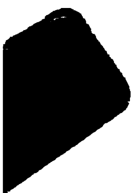

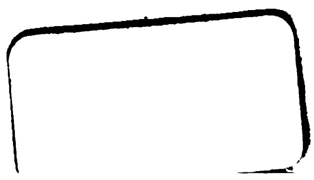

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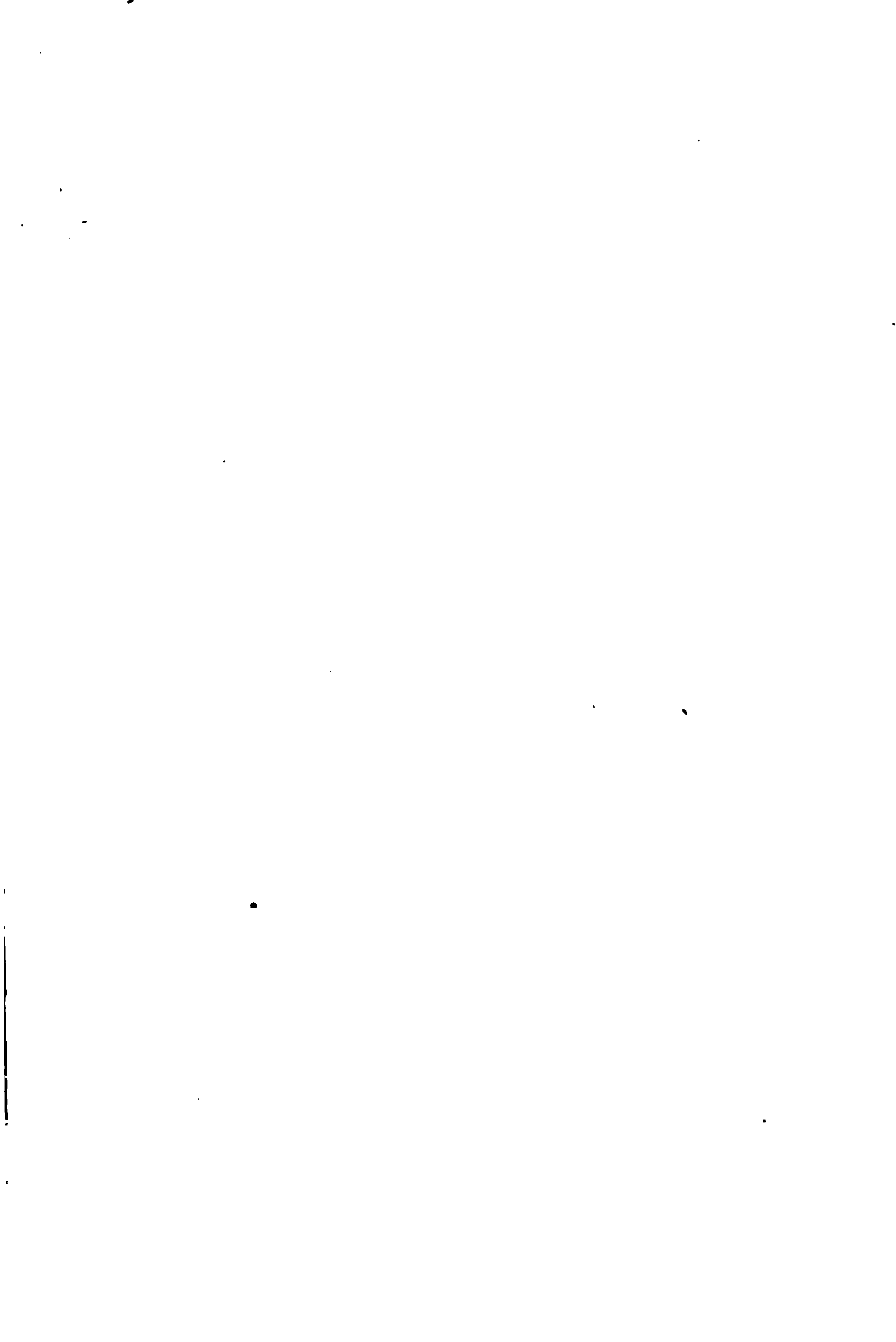
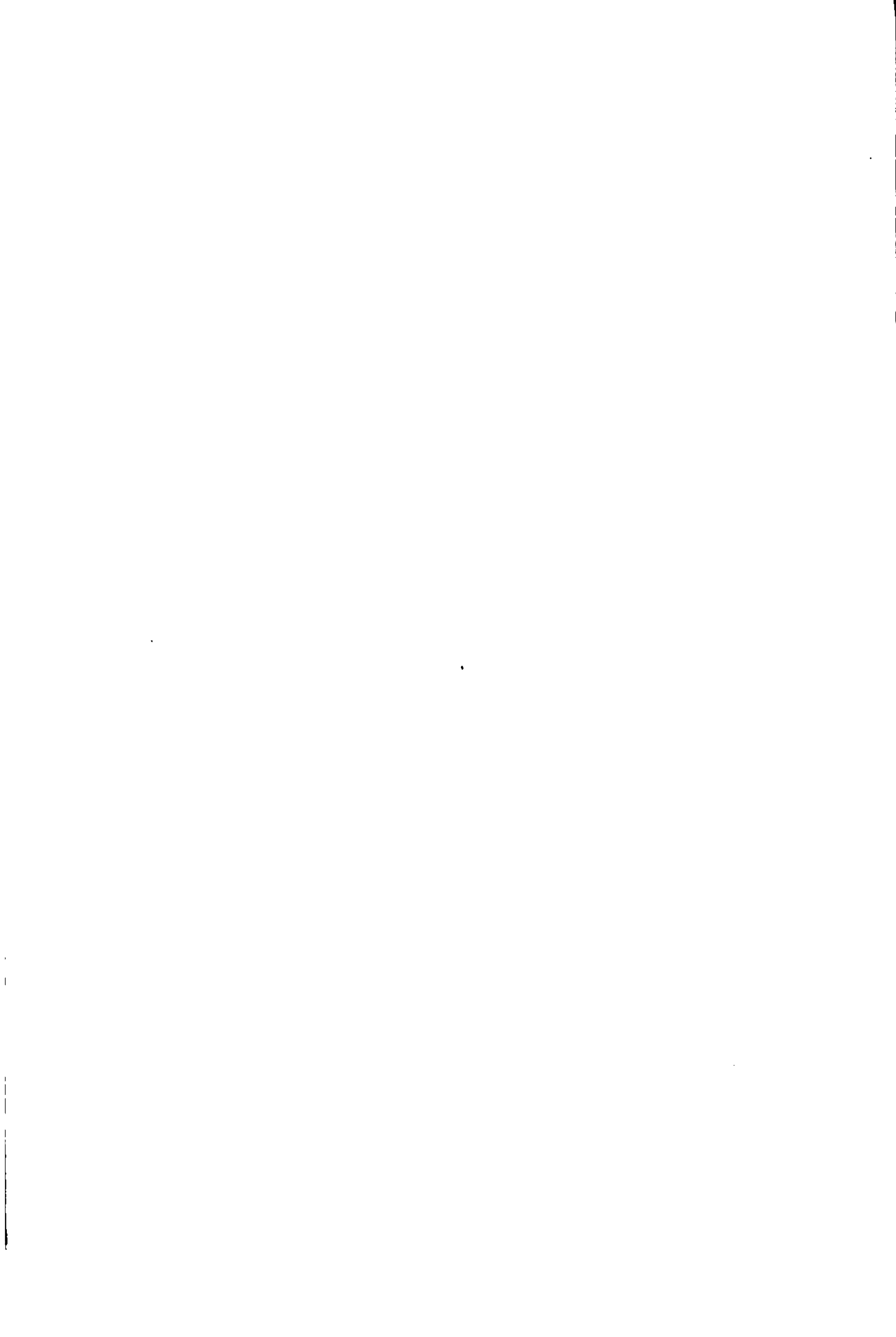


THE 'HALF MOON'



THE 'HALF MOON'

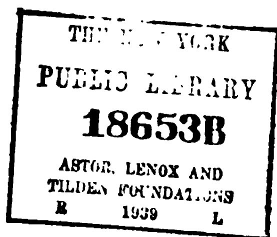
A ROMANCE OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

BY

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

"Come: let us take ship and sail unto that Avalon where there is no longer any ill."—*How they Quested.*

NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1909



RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

Dedication

To W. A. BRADLEY, Esq.

Winchelsea, June 8th, 1907.

MY DEAR BRADLEY,

Since it was you who, on a fine day and a noble stream, suggested to me the subject of this book, you must accept this dedication. I write it on a day as fine beside the blue water of the narrow seas from which, three hundred years ago, the good men and true sailed out to find your river.

Turning your suggestion over in my mind—for, whilst we sailed up the Hudson, you suggested that I should write a story about the voyage of the *Half Moon*—I grew a little diffident. For, when you come to think of it, a voyage is not a very inspiring thing to write about—even when it is a voyage to a new world. Then there came to me the obvious thought that, what is inspiring about a voyage or a world is the passion that gave rise to the one and the other. For it is not the seas but the men who cross them; not the hills but the men who live on them and in time mould their surfaces; not the rivers but the hearts of the men who sail upon them, that are the subjects of human interest. Just as America would be nothing

without you and your countrymen, so the voyage of the *Half Moon* would have been just a bit of seafaring without the passions of Hudson and his comrades. The proper study of mankind, in fact, is man.

And, since your portion of the New World was, to all intents and purposes, uninhabited at the date of the voyage of the *Half Moon*, so I was forced to cast my eyes back to the Old World and its men. You have an ingenious American riddle which I have never understood, but one which has always impressed me, "Why is a hero?"—I don't know. But it struck me that the answer to the question, "Why did the New World attract?" might, if one were skilful enough, be answered.

And in the *Half Moon* I have tried to answer it.

Fortunately for me the psychology of the Old World in the days of Hudson has always been very fascinating to me. It is, as you know, the subject to which I have more than anything devoted my attention: for at that date the Dark Ages were finally breaking up. There lingered many traces of that darkness; a thousand superstitions, a million old beliefs. But men were beginning to disbelieve—and in consequence men were beginning to look out for truths of all kinds: for new faiths, for new methods of government and, perhaps above all, for lands in which Utopias might be found or might be founded.

So that it was a comparatively easy task for me to shadow forth one of the chief causes for the voyage of the *Half Moon*—for, by the time of James I of England men went to the New World

almost more in search of places where freedom might be found, than for gold and spices as before they had done. They were driven forth from Europe by foolish laws, like that of "owling"; by the desire to be free from superstitions, like that of witchcraft; by intrigues, oppressions, poverty and intolerance.

My task became easier still when I found that Colman, the first European to die between the shores of the Hudson River, was a freeman of Rye —of that quarter of the world which I know and love best. For you could not have a better object lesson than Rye, in the seventeenth century, of what it was that made America. Rye then had many privileges that had descended to it from the Middle Ages; it had, like its sister towns of the Cinque Ports, its own laws, its own rights, its own nobility, quite apart from those of the rest of England. These laws and privileges pressed heavily on the poorer inhabitants and caused much unrest and discontent. Rye, too, had been almost depopulated by the Plague in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and, in consequence, a whole population of foreign Protestants, Dutch, German and Huguenot, had been given leave to settle in Rye and around the walls.

And these foreign Protestants had, in the course of a generation, made many converts to their own form of faith, and had evolved that peculiar type that is now so famous—the Puritan. These Puritans in the days of James I were already being oppressed by the townsmen and by the King's will—and it was only a few years later that the

first ship's company of them set sail for your New World.

And to show you how close is the traditional binding together of your great cities and our very little ones, I may say that our legend has it that the seats in Winchelsea church were made out of wood brought back by the *Mayflower*. I do not know how that may be—but certainly some of these seats are made of Tulip wood, which is no European wood. And certainly to-day, too, you will find that for every Churchman in this town there are five Nonconformists, so that the Puritan strain is still in the blood.

A word as to Edward Colman and Anne Jeal.

She stood at her window that looked right down the rocky heights of the town on to the quays and over the grey flats to the sea. And it came into her head to wonder if, by gazing at him for a long time, she could cause his eyes to rise up to hers. He was very busied with his little cogger, the *Anne Jeal:* for, the export of wool from King James's England being, under pain of fine and death, forbidden, and the little *Anne Jeal* being used, more than anything, for the export of wool from the coast of Kent to the Low Countries, it behoved the young man to change, from time to time, the colouring of her bulwarks, the devices upon her sails and the gilded carvings on the little crenellated castles at her bow and stern. For in those days there were informers abroad, and if the town of Rye, by occasion of its status in the kingdom, were a very safe harbour, it was, by reason

of its very Dutch population, a place full of men without honour or compunction.

The town of Rye had at that date more of Dutch and French Protestants than it had of English, and the Dutch still remained Dutch enough, though it was thirty years since the plague had swept the town almost bare of English, and the late Queen had assigned it as a place of residence for foreign Protestants. The worshipful powers of the town were still in the hands of men nominally English; there was not upon the council one man of a Dutch name; there wasn't, among the barons or the jurats, a single Frenchman. Nevertheless, there was hardly a young man in the town but had a foreign mother—and Anne Jeal herself, who stood attiring herself in her window and looking down into the harbour, if she were the daughter of the Mayor of Rye, was the daughter of a French woman escaped from Paris after the massacre, and the grand-daughter of a strange Spanish woman come from Granada and reported to be of the Moorish faith, before her father—Anne Jeal's great-grandfather—had taken refuge in the port. But she was a young woman, very passionate, hard browed and insolent, and, for all her foreign blood which gave her affrighting impulses, she was one of the first to call out upon the strangers that filled Rye town. She called them dirty, slow-witted, craven, liverless, heretical and Puritan, and if her father, the mayor, moved always in the council for acts that should tell hardly upon the foreigners, it was as much because his passionate daughter forced him to it, at home in the evenings, as

because, by the light of day, he desired to limit the industries of folk who brought a good store of taxable commodities to the town.

But if he and the elder jurats and barons of the council desired these voiceless men—for as far as the town and port went they had no voice—to prosper and wax fat and very taxable, the younger folk were all for driving them out of the town altogether and taking their looms and their bacon curings, their glove skin tanneries and their herb-drying yards into their own hands.

At that date—in the year of our Lord 1609—these things had reached a great height and a great heat. There was no doubt that, upon the whole, the French and the Dutch were very wealthy; there was equally no doubt that the council of the town had, in the two years' mayoralty of Anne Jeal's father, grown hard and hot upon the foreigners. They had passed orders that no house in the town should hold more than one woollen loom, or two for making cambric, and this pressed heavily upon the French and harder still upon the Dutch; they had passed an ordinance that no swine should pasture in the streets, and this was ill to bear for the Westphalian Anabaptists, who had brought with them from the town of Münster the trade of pig-curing; they had enacted that no compound of herbs should be infused for odours or remedies, save when the secret of the compounds was made known to the English leeches and barber surgeons that were barons of the ancient town. This was said to be for the avoidance of sorceries and enchantments. But, amongst the foreigners

whose secrets, if the Act were observed, must thus pass into the hands of rivals, it was taken as especially evil that this observance should have been enacted by the father of Anne Jeal—for was not Anne Jeal, who descended from a Morisco, known to have powers that, along with her beauty, made her the most feared wench in the Five Ports? It was said—and it was quite currently believed—that her white skin, the carmine of her cheeks, the glitter of her black eyes, and the gold streaks in her black hair were due not to the properties of cosmetics, the recipe of which she had from her French mother, nor to the light of the sun and the breezes from heaven, but to vigils in the moonlight in the churchyard on certain nights at the turn of that luminary—on certain nights known only to Moors and Jews and the like. For the elder Dutchwomen of the town recorded she had been a very ill-favoured brat.

They said, too, that she had love philtres: that they would say, for she had every youth in the town at her beck and call—every youth that had ever broken bread at her father's house. That proved that she had love philtres, for she made the bread herself. It proved, too, that she was monstrous disdainful, for she allowed in her father's house no one that was not a baron's son, a freeholder of a hundred pounds and upwards from the Foreign, or a master of a ship of forty tons and upwards. It was very lawful to believe in witchcraft, for did not the King James himself praise those who smelt out witches? And if the King James himself were no proper Englishman but a

Scot, what was that to the Dutchmen of Rye? It pressed a little on the jurats and barons though.

On the other hand, such as by reason of a natural perversity were inclined to believe that witchcraft was a matter restricted to distinguished practitioners such as the Soldan, the Witch of Endor or the late Oxenham of Bude, who had made water to flow uphill in the sight of all men—such as argued that witchcraft was limited to the old, the wrinkled or the hideous had it in their favour that Anne Jeal set the teeth watering of youths—and of several old men—who had never passed her father's door. They had it, too, in their favour—these doubters—that the very lad after whom it was known to all the town that Anne Jeal's teeth watered—Edward Colman, whose father had been nineteen times mayor and whose ancestors had owned ships in Rye and taken pilgrims to Compostella ever since the days of King Alfred—Edward Colman hankered after the daughter of the Pfarrherr Koop. Nay, more, the daughter of Pfarrherr Koop hankered after Edward Colman, and every evening of the week you might see Edward Colman and Magdalena Koop sit, side by side silent, after the Dutch fashion, on the door-sill of the Pfarrherr's cottage, in the Foreign, just beyond the walls of Rye.

It could not, the one part argued, be said that Anne Jeal had love philtres to put in her bread, if she could not keep to herself a youth who had eaten bread in her father's house at the least three times a week since he had been four years of age. But, those of the other side said that undoubtedly—

since in his younger days Edward Colman had passed so many days with her and since, over four years before, he had called his last built cogger *Anne Jeal* and had, by all the town, been set aside and earmarked for Anne Jeal—undoubtedly it could not be argued that Anne Jeal had not used her philtres upon Edward Colman. Only—witch warred with witch—and it was to be observed that Edward Colman had never been the same to Anne Jeal since the night he had been, on a visit, connected with the illicit trade of wool, to the deserted chapel of the mad maid of Kent, our Lady of Court-at-Street. It was known that, in coming from Sandwich, that other Cinque Port, where Pfarrherr Koop had been sub-Pfarrherr to the Dutch Church, the Pfarrherr and his daughter had lain at Court-at-Street, and in a house down the knoll, by the old chapel, there dwelt a very wise woman. Magdalena Koop was a silent Dutch piece, but her nose was not an ell long; she could see to the end of it. A Dutch gilder bestowed upon a wise woman near a deserted chapel of the Old Faith—wouldn't that buy a philtre as strong as any of Anne Jeal's?

It is—and I suppose it must remain—a question whether Colman died in Sandy Hook or on the site of what is now New York. If I have inclined to the latter theory it is as much because I like to, as for any other reason. I like to. For a city is rendered impressive and holy by its graves; and I like to think that the grave of this first idealist to die in your great and bewildering city which so attracts and excites and charms me—that this grave

of a searcher after the future, should be somewhere, let us say, between Madison Square and the ferries that for ever cross and recross the river that bears the Navigator's name.

So, my dear Bradley, let this voyage go forth, with its cargo of human passions, faiths and endeavours, as it were crossing and recrossing the windy seas, linking and relinking the old and the new worlds with chains and networks of desires and fears—let this particular voyage go forward with your name on its prow.

F. M. H.

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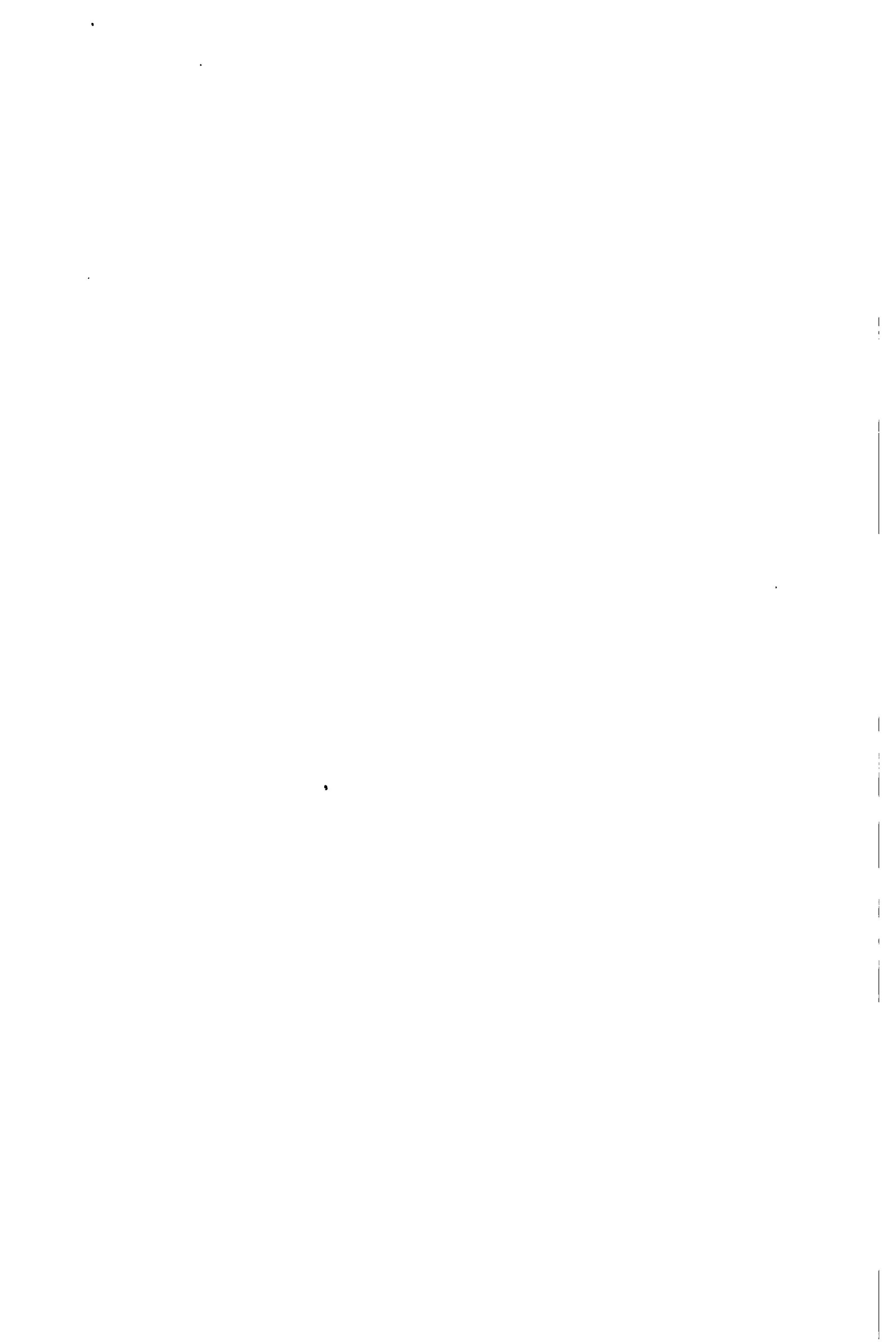

PART I

OUT OF RYE ROYAL

I

Thus Anne Jeal, arrayed in a great farthingale hoop, ready to dine with the Lord Lieutenant, opened her window on a February morning when the sun shone to look down upon the young Edward Colman that was seeing to the bending of a new mainsail in the *Anne Jeal.* And, looking down upon him, in the midst of an agreeable flutter as to the young lords and secretaries that she should meet that day—for the Lord Lieutenant was come no further away than to Udimore—there came into her head a sudden rage and, afterwards, that thought, that, by willing it, she could make him turn his head towards her. She had proved to herself many times that she could do this with other youths.

There was a ballad that was much sung to the sound of lutes in Rye town of that day—and this ran through her head whilst she kept upon him eyes, dark, lustrous and intent as those of a cat's that watches the hole in a wainscoting. They gave to her pale face with the carmine cheeks an intent and absent air of being set upon other worlds than this of Rye town with its Dutch, its French, its Spaniards and its parcel of Englishmen. The ballad was one that she thought of often and with

much bitterness, though she had never been known to sing it—for it fitted her case as well as if she had made it. It had been made at the time of the French wars after the great French pirate, Clement des Voisins, had sailed his ships up and down Rye bay with the corpses of Englishmen hung from the yardarms. It was about a maiden who loved a young, fighting sailor man that went out with his little cogger to fight Clement des Voisins and was killed with a great stone hurled from the Frenchman's topcastle. Her lute, with its long black neck, inlaid with nacre and its melon-shaped belly painted with red roses and true lovers' knots, lay upon her dressing-table, and with her long-nailed, long fingers she touched its strings to give herself the notes that she heard in her mind—

> "*What maketh lads so cruel be,*"

the ballad ran,

> "*Amid the spume and wrack?*
> *They pass the door and put to sea,*
> *And never more come back.*"

His figure, little in the distance, but clear in the east wind, moved round the little round-bellied cogger, with its white piles new scraped after the winter; he had his back to the town and called upwards to a man that, high up, was bending the end of a rope through a block; the new, gay sail lay over the stern of the little vessel. She looked down upon him and murmured—

> "The salt, salt wind winds down the wave,
> The Frenchmen flout the bay,
> And cobbles and coggers are hoisting their sails,
> God keep 'ee down on the quay,

With a hoist at thy tackle, a haul at thy blocks,
  And a hail to the hasting crew,
He'll take 'ee Who gave 'ee thy goldilocks,
  Ere I pardon thine eyes o' blue!"

The man at the masthead had the rope end through the block; he let it run through down to the deck, and the end Edward Colman took into his hand; at his hail there came out men from the hold of the vessel and from the forecastle, and the man swarmed down the mast from above. Anne Jeal kept her eyes upon Edward Colman, and hummed—

"Not once to ha' lookid within my hood,
  Nor known I quailed on the strand
Wi' thee in the boats. Thro' my closèd door
  I ha' kissed to 'ee my hand;
But they'll rive thy keel wi' their cannon shocks,
  And sink 'ee and all thy crew,
And they'll leave to the raven and cliff-homed fox
  Thy kindly eyes o' blue."

Edward Colman leapt down into the little ship; his men came about him; there wound up to her ears faint, intermittent, regular voices, and all the little heads moved together. Slowly the shoulder of the square sail lifted, a canted triangle of silver grey, and, because she could not any more distinguish his head from the other heads, she stayed her willing him. With each cry swiftly the grey sail rose shining; it swayed around in the wind uneasily; it climbed higher, swung round, shivered, and then bellied out with a strong, soft curve towards the little castle in the bows. They called still and hauled still, the men on the deck, and it crept only inches higher. Then it stayed still.

Anne Jeal shivered in the cold air; for Edward Colman climbed on to the quayside with his head still averted from the town. And she made with herself a pact of what she would do if, before she had finished the song, he should not have looked back. So, with her eyes still set upon him whilst he was speaking down into the ship, she murmured—

> "What made 'ee pass my open door
> Each breaking of the day?
> What made 'ee take that selfsame path
> And never another way?
> I'll find 'ee stretched on the grinding rocks
> Wi' a Frenchman's shot, shot through,
> And the mermaid's weed from thy goldilocks
> Across thine eyes o' blue."

Edward Colman in his blue jerkin and his high brown boots took three steps, backwards always, and gazed at the bellying sail. The colour went out of her cheeks, her eyes dilated.

And then it came to her that he might be granted one last chance. For, properly sung, the ballad repeated at its end, its opening stanza. If he would look round upon her he might live; if he would not feel what her black and steadfast eyes said to him he should assuredly die. Her face grew wax-white; the golden tint died out of her black hair; she touched again on her lute those clinging notes upon which the melody turned, and she whispered, for her throat trembled so that she could neither hum an air nor yet sing aloud—

> *"What made 'ee, lad, so cruel be,*
> *Amid the spume and wrack*
> *To pass the door and put to sea,*
> *And never once look back?"*

Edward Colman stayed gazing at the grey sail; her lips were parted; her face was more pallid than the morning sky. She gave him another minute, and another long minute. She could not believe that he would not turn. Her whole soul gave straining force to her eyes. His head moved, his body moved, half round. He gazed toward the brown gateway; he gazed towards Rye-in-the-Foreign that he could see below her window to the left, little roofs of tile and roofs of thatch that she hated because they held so many Dutchmen. With her eyes parted, striving to turn them yet further, she heard him say—

"For thee this sail fills itself, Magdalena!"

Anne Jeal made with her two hands a gesture as if she threw something fragile from her window down the bolders, among the green weeds of the town wall. Her lips were set tightly when she turned to come back from the gable into her room with the painted walls.

"It is time he put to sea," she said to herself, "now I can hear his thoughts, and yet may not make him bestow on me the beggar's alms of a glance."

There was a wooden arm that came out from the sloping ceiling, working upon a hinge; and there were two little mannikins upon her table, such as maids in those days used to send one to another as presents, dressed to show new fashions upon. She moved out from the wall the wooden arm; she was used to hang her dresses upon it when she worked at the skirts of them, a wooden hoop filling the farthingale skirts. She tied a silken

cord round the neck of each mannikin and strung them side by side to the bar. It ran out upon the wall, a cross piece supporting it, and the dolls dangled from it so that it showed like a small gallows.

"By the Virgin Mother of Christ," she said, "an oath it is sin to swear—these two shall hang there till he and she dangle from another tree!"

II

THE last of twelve generations of ship-builders and ship-owners, Edward Colman was an alert, good-humoured, and not very tall young man, with a fair face, a little moustache the colour of hay, and with all the lines about him hard but for their springiness, so that he appeared to have been cut out with a very sure chisel. He looked upon the world, even in the chilliest weather, with friendly eyes; there was always a little smile at the corners of his lips; he was a little slow to speak in a voice that came from his chest, and it was hard to tell from his face of what he was thinking. Thus, as he stood on the quayside, he looked at the new gilding upon the little castle that made a platform in the bow of his cogger, and then suddenly, to his five men on the deck who were resting and imagined that their master was pondering upon doing away with that little castle, he said that they must take four more hauls upon the king-rope to stretch the mainsail up. And, to themselves, they acknowledged that you never knew when the master hadn't his eyes open.

Edward Colman owned seven ships of forty tons and under, where his father had owned eleven and his great-grandfather forty-two. That was all a

part of the gradual decaying of the port of Rye—and a part of the absolute decay of the Old Faith in England. For it was recorded that, in one year, Edward's great-grandfather had sent, on his ships, seven thousand pilgrims to Compostella in Spain; now there were no more any pilgrims, and Edward Colman's father had been wont to declare before his death that if, when the Queen died, King James did not bring back from Scotland the old ways and the old pilgrims, he would sell his ships, coin down his silver and gold plate, and pack off his men to found a settlement in Virginia. For already in his father's day the name of Captain John Smith had been praised in all seaports, and it was said that the Queen would knight any such man as founded a great settlement beyond the seas. But Edward Colman's father had died four years before, when King James had been in England one year, and although King James had set up more firmly than ever the Reformed Church of England, Edward Colman the elder had died a ship-owner still.

Neither did Edward Colman the younger sell all the ships that came to him, though four of the little ones he sold into the East Counties. As for Virginia he said little of it; but he bought for himself the book of *John Smith's Voyages*, and, having read it slowly aloud to Magdalena Koop, her father and the deacon of the Dutch Brethren, he remarked three days after that all that talk of palisadoes, hut-building, Indian savages and relief ships made little mention of gold to come back. He figured out that to send a ship of forty men to the New World

would cost him £240, and he saw no three hundred pounds' worth of gear to return. And, as he worked it out again, to keep—with the Golden Fleeces of this their Britain at his very doors—a cogger with fifteen men, good screwjacks for packing the wool and storage places for seven and forty tons of fleece, cost him in the year but £270 and he had for his pains a profit of £320 a ship. It was work illicit, and the ships were profitable; but if he lost a ship a year—the ship costing him £207 to build—he was yet, given the price of her lading, eighteen pounds in pocket. And, in the four years that he had had his father's ships he had lost not one. How should he lose them? There were no ships of the King's upon the sea to take them there—and no ship of the King's and no men of the King's could come to take him or his goods in the port of Rye. For was he not a jurat, and was not Rye an ancient town of the Cinque Ports where the King's writ did not run but only the Lord Warden's?

On the quayside he had the little, proud, ancient town behind his back. Along the brink of the grey rocks ran the brown walls, with house windows let into them and house roofs red above them. And all the roofs with their slopes and cants ran up to the sloping church roof, so that for all the world Rye town made a shape like the pyramids of Egypt, that were then one of the seven wonders of the world. Beyond the brown gate, outside the town, and low down were the little thatched cottages of Rye-in-the-Foreign; here the Dutchmen mostly lived, so close together that thatched roof

touched thatched roof. But they had the peculiarity, those Dutchmen, that they worked, each one, in the roof space, not underground in cellars as was the English custom; thus each thatched roof had in it a door with a pulley before it into which to haul the packs of wool and from which to let down the bales of cloth. This gave to their settlement an odd and foreign look; for who would perch in the air like a bird when there was the solid earth into which to burrow?

Edward Colman had in his house in the peak of the hill a coat of cramoisyn, many ruffs, three hats, each with a tuft of feathers, jewelled in the brim; he had silken cross garters, he had the red robes and ermine of a Baron of the Five Ports. He had three dozen plates of silver; he had nine chests of household gear and seven beds of down on Flemish bedsteads. He had most things that a man could desire to be merry with and a cellar full of high wines, sack, and metheglin for his morning drinks. But on that morning he dressed like any Irish costermonger of London, in a blue coat woven by Magdalena; in great baggy breeches, made by Magdalena, in a black slouch hat that had been Magdalena's father's, and brown boots, all of one skin, that he tied about his knees with pieces of twine. He moved slowly and composedly about his work, that kept him till the fall of dusk. He had with him his sailmakers' gang of seven men, that had fifteen pounds by the year each, and having left the new sail bent in the cold sunlight and fresh breezes, to dry and stretch, he moved across to his second ship to hoist on her

a sail that was but part new. For in February the winter sleep of ships is nearly over and shortly his crews would be coming back from the inlands where, in the winter, they joined other builders' bands that set up castles and re-roofed great houses.

Edward Colman's mind busied itself all day with little calculations of costs and of tonnages. He had before him the problem of building himself one new ship or two; for his two smallest coggers that had been built by his great-great-great-grandfather were already one hundred and twenty years old, and their ancient timbers had so incorrigible an inclination now to collect barnacles and weeds of the sea and to let in water to their cargo spaces, that, along with the time spent in scraping their bottoms, the time they lost in being blown out into the Western Ocean, and the discredit they brought him with the owners of cargoes, they offended his sense of neatness and of despatch. He would keep them that summer in running; but next winter the one should serve him for firewood and the other for a storehouse for old sailcloths. He had then to consider what make of ships he should build to take their places. It lay between two ships of thirty tons that should take wool, or one of sixty that might trade with Spain—for there was a great fashion of Spanish things setting up in the land with the coming of King James. He had a certain itching even to try adventuring a ship to the continent across the seas, or past that continent to the Eastern Indies. But of this last he was not very certain.

He was not even so very certain of the wooling

trade; though he was certain enough that a great ship of sixty tons would be an ill venture in these days. For if the King's ships certainly could not take him on sea or in the ports, the new King, who was newly active to stop the export of wool —the new Scots King, who called himself *Pater Patriæ* and was yet doubted by his children, who were after all children of the great Eliza—the new King, who was as yet little known in Sussex or the Kent lands adjoining, might yet press hard upon the wool trade in Kent and Sussex ashore. It was handier to move two cargoes of thirty-two tons of wool across the marshes to his coggers than it would be to make one shipload of sixty-five. Hence wool called for two small ships.

But, on the other hand, though he doubted it, the King might prove to have the power to stop the wooling trade for good and all. The men who came rarely from London town spoke of new laws against wool-exporting. New laws were nothing; those at present in force meant death for the principals and maiming and imprisonment for such as aided to move wool across the sea-shore counties. The old laws would have been good, maybe, to stop wooling; but there was no one to put the old laws in force; the Five Ports were solid fortresses with their privileges and their charters and their rights prescriptive. It was true that King James had not yet finally confirmed their charters; but would he dare to go against the Portsmen? Eliza herself had not dared; but new kings, new ways! The King had sent the new Lord Lieutenant of Sussex down into those parts both to inquire into

the state of Rye harbour that was every year more and more filling up with shingle and ooze. The Lord Lieutenant had a commission to inquire as to how the harbour might be amended and preserved; but he had also the power of a commissioner of the wool-staple to inquire how the illicit trade in wool might best be amended and put an end to.

Thus, if, on the one hand, Edward Colman might willingly have gone to the Lord Lieutenant to dine with him and to advise him how best, with sea walls and fences, the shingle might be made to drift out from the harbour, he had been most unwilling to go to the Lord Lieutenant—for who better than himself could, if questioned, advise him how to dispose his men for the prevention of the wool trade? and who was more unwilling than himself to give advice that should lead to that prevention? Therefore he stayed in the mud and in his old clothes and smiled back at the town when, from above the walls, there came the sound of trumpets and he could see, going down in a long procession, upon their horses, the scarlet and ermine robes of his brothers and com-barons, the black and gold of the jurats, the pikeheads of the javelin-men and the nodding tufts of plumes of the Mayoress's horse litter. He smiled at the horse litter. For it had been instituted for the Mayoress, two years before, when Anne Jeal's father had for the fourth time become Mayor and Anne Jeal herself—her mother being lately dead—for the first time, Mayoress. Queen Elizabeth had been the first that Anne Jeal had seen to ride in

a litter between two horses. Formerly the Mayoresses of Rye had ridden pillion on a white mule; but nothing that was not good enough for a queen had been good enough for Anne Jeal. So Rye, it being then the speaker town of the Five Ports, had bought for its Mayoress a white litter with silken curtains, drawing up to a peak, and ostrich-feather plumes at the four corners and a gilded device, half lion, half ship, at the very top where the Queen had shown the lion of England.

The grave and slow procession wound down the hill at a foot pace; passed through the gate and turned inland towards Udimore, which was distant three miles on the ridge of hills. It could be seen to glint, scarlet and black, up the London road, and though Rye Foreign, and Colman smiled again as he thought what misleading counsel my Lord Lieutenant would get from those grave and bearded men in scarlet. He was not minded to lie himself; but if his elders would lie in his cause and theirs it was beyond him to stay them.

Towards two of the afternoon he wiped his hands upon a piece of cloth; climbed up the rope ladder that mounted the rocks and the high wall beside his house and sat in his houseplace to take the orders of four Lewes merchants that had a mind for wine to be brought from Burgundy. Whilst he dressed himself, about half-past three, in a white shirt with a ruff, a black coat and cross-gartered stockings of a sober grey silk, he saw from his window that down below men in steel breastplates and half-helmets were marching along the quay-sides near his ships. He considered that they must

be soldiers of the Lord Lieutenant sent to survey the harbour, and, since he was very little minded to come against my Lord's men, he took from a chest two oranges and a piece of cane-tobacco, and down the angled, cobbled, narrow streets took his way in the half-dusk to the house of Magdalena Koop.

The Pastor's house lay nearest of all to the gateway of the town itself; the Dutchmen that came latest having been given lodgings on these town lands which were just beyond the walls, separated from the town by what was in winter a passable stream and in summer an almost impassable roadway where the swine, in spite of ordinances, waddled all day amid puddles and wet depressions by the wallsides. Rye Foreign, whilst it contributed with its taxes to the glory of the ancient town, enjoyed none of the privileges of the Ports; it had the right neither of infangtheff nor of utfangtheff, and, far from being free of all marketable fees throughout the realm, the foreigners paid toll, lastage, tonnage, soccage, succage and poundage and market fees there in Rye town itself. Nevertheless such Dutchmen—and in that term were included Protestants from all Holland, Germany and Almain—such Dutchmen as had been there from the earlier and persecutions from the various sects—the Brethren, Apostles, Saints, Anabaptists and Schmalkaldners, had prospered very well and were there content to remain with their progenies, rather than go back to their native lands, though persecutions had ceased. They awaited with tranquil minds their comings of the Saints,

their Reigns on Earth, their Days of Revenge, of Atonement or of Rejoicing; they built houses and conventicles for their pastors; they wove, cured bacon, dried simples, traded in cordials or changed money; they buried, they married, they were born and they were baptized—or they refused to baptize —much at their own sweet wills, denouncing only occasionally to the Privy Council in London, their rulers in the ancient town; and denouncing every seventh day or three times a day, according to their faiths and practices, the bishops and clergy of the Established Church, or the deacons and pastors of the six other several sects that existed amongst them. They were beginning already to be called Puritans in the town of Rye, and several of their sects had many followers amongst the poorer townsmen and yokels.

The Pastor Koop had been born many years before in the Prince Bishopric of Münster on the Dutch border. His parents, when he was but a lad, had escaped with much difficulty from the Prince Bishop's persecutions and had found refuge in the town of Sandwich. There he had studied with much diligence the Scriptures in High Dutch and Hebrew—by the light of what was called Knipper-Dollingry, and, having grown monstrous stout from constant sitting at his loom or with his Bible, he had married his cousin, had Magdalena, lost his wife, become deacon of the Knipper-dollings in Sandwich, and had finally been translated to the care of the Knipperdollings of Rye town. He wore his hair very long for those days; he dressed in hodden-grey; spoke Dutch better

than English and Hebrew better than either. He was extraordinarily square upon his feet; had a lifeless face; corrected all conversations addressed to him, so constantly upon points of doctrine that it was very seldom that he conversed with any one, save his deacon or his long-haired apprentice. He had very few grievances against the English powers; he had licence to preach, to bury, to marry and to baptize—and, upon Sabbath and Fast Days, as well as upon the anniversaries of the First and Second takings of Münster, he preached sermons of an astonishing heat, in which he doomed all such of his neighbours as were not then in his houseplace within earshot to a Hell very full of flames and Revelation beasts.

Magdalena Koop had been born in the Dutch settlement within the walls of the port and town of Sandwich, which is in Kent. Her father had not yet accounted her worthy of baptism; but during the enforcement of an Act of the late Queen, whilst she was still a child, she had, along with many other Dutch children, been baptized in a pew by the English Vicar of Sandwich High Church. It was perhaps this act of oppression which gave to her her silence and her seriousness; for it seriously perturbed her, in secret, to know whether it would be better to take her chance of Heaven with the Churchmen of that land or to remain assured, in spite of all her efforts, of a certain damnation within her father's fold. She was very conversant with both doctrines by reason of her father's enunciation of the one and denunciation of the other; she was fairly confident of

another fifty years of life; she was able to contemplate herself with placidity, for she was fair, large, strong, gentle and enduring. She could read Dutch and English, she could write English, she could nearly understand Hebrew when it was read in passages familiar to her in the Scriptures. She wore rather Dutch clothes: a white hood, and on fair days golden twists above her ears; her hair was golden, her eyes large and blue, her forehead white and smooth, her cheeks smooth and pink. She smiled enough to show white teeth when Edward Colman passed her door or entered; she could be silent to listen to his calculations when he talked of them; she could confirm him in his opinions when he was determined, or advise him when he wished it, or she had an open mind upon a thing, just as occasion demanded. She wove an excellent strong cloth for making men's coats of, and had a linen loom of her own in the big room below the rafters where she sat all through the summer days, with the roof door open looking at Edward Colman among his ships and throwing backwards and forwards the shuttle.

She sat with Edward Colman in the shadows of the dusky houseplace. The Pastor, huge, square, and decorated with horn spectacles, sat astride a three-legged chair, his huge book upon a ledge that rose from the chairback, after the manner of a lectern. It was the Pastor's habit thus to sit astride whether he read or wrote. Beside him, with long, lank hair, a high-crowned hat and a lugubrious expression, on the broad hearth, with his wollen stockings stretched across the sea-coal

fire, there sat the Pastor's deacon and apprentice, Tribulation Jones, an Englishman, who patiently carved the head of a bobbin of boxwood into a grotesque face with squinting eyes and a protruding tongue. Edward Colman was drawing upon a slate that he used because paper was dear, the lines of a ship of seventy tons. The price of timber having risen very much in that neighbourhood of late years, it was a matter to be considered to make the lines of a ship to take very little timber. From time to time he spoke, saying, "So!" or "So!" with his eyes upon his drawing and the little smile upon his lips.

Magdalena sat close beside him upon the polished oak wood top of the chest; at times she looked tranquilly over his shoulder; at times she polished the brass sconce that she had taken down from the wall; at times she lifted slowly to her nostrils one or other of the two oranges that Edward Colman had brought to her and that lay on the dark, polished wood of the huge table. The firelight flickered tranquilly upon the wooden chests that lined all the walls as high as the beams of the ceiling; it flickered on the metal hinges, and dimly on the sconces along the walls. Mirror-bright as they were, they were covered with network to keep them unsullied. Every piece of furniture in the room was, in the older Dutch fashion, formed of a chest. The seats all round the walls, upon which, during service time, the Pastor's disciples sat, were formed of chests standing before the other chests. The huge table itself had lockers below; the chairs themselves, all save the Pastor's, were

formed of chests that had necks or arms set to them. And all of these things were of wood that Magdalena polished, with a love for the brown, rich surfaces and for the work of polishing, that was as great, as tranquil and as deep as her love for Edward Colman or for the scent of that rare fruit, the orange. She looked upon Edward Colman's drawing, and it was good; upon his smile—and it was good; upon the brown wood of the chests, and it was good; and she inhaled the perfume of the orange's surface—and that was good.

The Pastor turned over a leaf; pushed the horn spectacles up to his forehead; took with the little tongs a coal from the brass brazier on the table and set it on his pipe. He puffed out wreaths of smoke, but never took his eyes from his page. The apprentice laid down his carving with a sigh; turned up his eyes towards the chimney bar above his head; muttered with his lips and then began to bray the Pastor's cane-tobacco that was warming in a boxwood mortar beside his knees. Then they were all still again, and the fire rustled.

The half door of the cottage flung ajar, and against the blue evening light was to be seen the body and pale, gleaming face of Anne Jeal. She stood with one hand upon her breast, the other fumbling at the bolt that kept the lower panels closed; she panted, and she cried out at the same time—

"Aye, your doom is come; aye, the guards come out of Rye Gate; aye, you cannot back into the town; you shall be taken here in the Foreign! You shall be hanged, traitor that you be!"

She flung the half door open, and there appeared the farthingale of white damask that stood out like a cart-wheel all round her waist; she drew in the breath hardly through her curved nostrils; her closed lips worked one upon the other.

"I have told my Lord Lieutenant," she cried out; "he hath sent his guards. Wool hath been found sticking to nailheads in the holds of your ships. The guards come to take you: hear their footsteps!"

They heard indeed a noise of footsteps of several hastening men.

The old Pastor turned his head round as he sat astride; he arose sedately; he approached her, and with his elbow pushed her aside; closed the two doors; set sound the bar that fitted from top to bottom; turned the great key and put it in his pocket. Anne Jeal was so breathless with her running that she leaned against the wall by the fireside, and the key was in the fat man's voluminous hose before she had sprung at him, for he moved faster than he seemed to.

III

ANNE JEAL, in going to the dinner with the Lord Lieutenant, had been so incensed that she omitted to say an "Our Father" as she passed the spot at the bottom of the Udimore Road where formerly a cross had stood. And this, as afterwards came into her mind, had made her enterprise appear ill-omened—for, if the folk of that countryside were by that time Protestant enough, it was still accounted ill to set out upon any adventure, and more particularly upon any adventure that was illicit or unsavoury, without paying attention to the ancient observances. The old crosses had been torn down in the county of Sussex, but there lingered about the spots where they had stood a certain supernatural savour, that grew a little more ominous as, with the settling down of the New Faith, they came to be believed more evil. The old saints were devils now—and in these days folks paid attention to demons.

But up to this point her adventure had gone favourably enough: it was all to her advantage that the Lord Warden of the Five Ports had come, hardly expected, from Dover to confer with the Lord Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant was one of the Spaniardized Scots that King James had

brought with him from the north country; he wore his beard pointed, dressed in black, and had such a round ruff that his head appeared to repose upon a trencher. He cared no more for the privileges and the traditions of the Five Ports than he cared for the men who had beaten the Armada in the Queen's days. The Lord Warden was a failing, ancient man, who cared so much for the Cinque Ports he governed, as Viceroy, that he was ready to concede many points so that he and they might stand well with the King and his minions. This made Anne Jeal's task very easy.

It was easy for her to stand forward out of the ranks of the Barons of Rye and the Barons of Winchelsea who, in long ranks of scarlet, reverend and stiff, sat round the long hall, awaiting dinner. The Spaniardized Scot approached her, as manners called for, with odd hitchings of his black legs, and she had only to speak a little slowly to get his ear. She had to say, "Sir, I will give you very secret and good advice concerning the wooling trade if you will take me apart!" and his eyebrows lifted! But he took her by the fingers and led her, with high steps, to a window twenty yards off, whence they could see the little hill of Winchelsea, the long grey valley, with its tide-swamps, and the distant grey sea.

She had told him that they had only to send men to search the holds of Edward Colman's ships in Rye harbour and he would find, sticking against nail-ends, fragments of wool. He could not, she said, take a Portsman in a Cinque Port, but if he

would send soldiers, after dusk, to the house of the Pastor Koop, which lay beyond the gates, in the Foreign, where the King's writ ran, he might take Edward Colman and hale him before the Star Chamber for examinations and for hanging.

"My Lord," she finished, "I am Mayoress of Rye, and these things I vow are so. I would not work treachery—but this man was my suitor, and has betrayed me first."

The Scots Lord, who had a difficulty in understanding English, raised his brows again at these words, until she spoke them again in French; he could well believe them. He fingered his collar of the Thistle upon his breast of black satin.

"But then!" he muttered; "these plaguey, pocky liberties of the Portsmen!"

With a jerk of his head above his ruff he summoned to him the Lord Warden, who came between anger and trepidation, his grey, square beard bristling below his square face.

"Lord Warden," the Scot said, "is it lawful for me to search ships of the Ports in a port?"

"By no means!" the Warden answered.

"I must have the Writ of the Barons of the Port?" the Scot asked.

"Sir," Anne Jeal broke in, "if you ask for that, assuredly you will not have it, and the barons would send messengers to Edward Colman."

"Even so!" the Scot answered. "Dame Mayoress, ye have a keen wit! I kiss your hands."

"But, sir," he turned upon the Warden, "your

writ overrides the writs of the barons, for you are even as the King in these liberties of theirs?"

The Lord Warden's worried blue eyes wandered along the faces of the aligned barons.

"Before God!" he said, "I came here to do your Lordship favours. I would I had not come, if you will have me——"

"Sir Warden," the tall man in black answered, "I will do all things with rule and in precedent. Very sacred are the rights, doubtless, of the Five Ports and of the two ancient towns. God forbid that I must make report to the sacred Majesty of our father the King, who is called Solomon Britannicus, that I have been letted and hindered in doing the King's devoirs."

"God forbid it!" the Warden said, and mused in his short beard.

"Well, here," the Lord Lieutenant said, "is information brought me of a wicked cozener and thief. I ask you for no writ to take his body, for no warrant to take his ships from the port. These, maybe, you cannot give, for I know not what be your powers in your vice-royalty——"

"Even what, then?" the old Lord asked.

"I am come here," the other answered, "to take cognisance; to gather together information how certain disorders, not in the port, but in the countryside, may best be purged. I ask you that you give me no warrant to take, but one to examine, your subjects' ships, that if (which God forfend!) they show evidence of guilt, such ships may be known and raided against in waters

that are not those of the Ports, but of the King's realm."

The Lord Warden said—

"Anan? I may not follow your long speeches. We have simple English wits here."

"I will put it simply," the Scotsman said, "though God knows your tongue is an impediment to me. If you will not aid the King's Majesty to gather knowledge, what shall prevent the King's Majesty to say that these Ports of yours, which form a realm within this realm, are barbarous, antique, stiffnecked cumberers of the ground of England?"

"My Lord," the Warden cried out, "you are overbold. With our ships of the Ports for eleven hundred years we have defended England against French, Spaniards, and Scots——"

"Aye," the Scot answered, "that is good reason why your liberties, which were given for your services, should be respected, revered, and preserved. If ye can do little now, with your small ships, your locked ports, your dwindled peoples, ye may yet shine in the eyes of a Scots King. But will ye not so, the more surely, if you aid him, rather than these that are deemed to be traitors to him? I advise you to give me a warrant of search——"

So, in the end, the warrant of search had been given; the Ports, as the Warden saw it—those glorious Ports which at different times had fought all England and all Scotland, and came out well—could not, in these days of their gradual decay, contend against Scotland and England together.

Nay, more; they were even at that day suing the King to send them subsidies with which to keep open their slowly-vanishing harbours. The Lord Warden had given the warrant; the Lord Lieutenant had, with tact and discretion, kept near him all the barons of the two towns, and the men that Edward Colman had seen from his window had been the Lord Lieutenant's guards searching his ships beneath his nose, whilst the barons still ate in Udimore.

Now, whilst Anne Jeal stood in the Pastor's houseplace, they were coming to take Edward Colman in the Foreign. Anne Jeal had hastened back to Rye, forsaking her litter and riding a mule, with a young man she could trust to guard her. From her own window she had seen the Lieutenant's men search Colman's ships. That they would find wool ends and traces of wool she was certain, for she had bidden one of her lovers—a Spanish renegade who had a post of harbour-warden, and could thus go in and out among the ships at will—she had bidden him go into the hold of the *Anne Jeal* and drive into the planks nails with grapnel heads, to which strands of wool would be caught up, as if they came from his last cargo. And having seen the Lieutenant's four men and an officer come up from the ships, she had hastened down through the town, out at the gate, which was closing for the dusk, and so down to the cottage of the Koops she had run, hindered by her farthingales and skirts, and short-breathed on account of her tightened bodice.

"Aye!" she cried out to Magdalena, "now you have lost your gallant; now you may go shed tears into your weavings; now you may mumble your Dutch prayers; it is all one; he will be hanged!"

Edward Colman sat back on one chest, his head against the other behind him; his lips were tight-set at the corners. Magdalena leaned forward, her arms along the table; her perfectly clear skin shone a little in the firelight; the gold ornaments in the ears of her white hood shone a little too; she was beauteous, and large, and strong, and silent, where Anne Jeal was drawn in dark, and small, and quivered, as a wasp quivers above an apple.

The Pastor was whispering in Hebrew in the ear of the deacon, who rose lugubriously to his feet.

"And what make of dull Dutch dump are you," Anne Jeal cried out to Magdalena, "to take a man's eye? What can you? Weave, and rub wooden chests and brass! What else are you fit for? My white mare is as good a woman as you. Can you talk Spanish or Latin? Can you play on the lute? Can you sing? Your voice is like a bull's rumble! Your face is like a Dutch clock! How long would this false man be content with you if he had you? Sit you not there like a clod of earth! Lift up your skirt corner and weep into it. I do you a service to rid you of this false man. He would play with you and tire of you, as if you were a collop of fat bacon."

"Woman." Edward Colman said sharply, "I was

tired of you or ever I began with you. I saw you beat your little negro maid, when you were but waist-high, for not knowing how to say you were fairer than the Duchess of Guise. Since that day —and you were not fourteen—I have known you, and avoided!"

Anne Jeal cried out—

"Aye; coward that thou art, thou wast afraid of beatings. But thou hast spoken to me civilly; thou hast passed my door and smiled at the sky. Thou hast lived! What right has a man to live —what right has a man to be pleasant in the neighbourhood of a woman if she may not have him?"

"He hath been no more pleasant with thee than with all men, women, and boys." Magdalena Koop spoke slowly and deeply.

"Aye, dollop without understanding!" Anne Jeal cried out. "But of what right is a man pleasant to all?"

Magdalena Koop rose to her tall and tranquil height; she spoke with a deep and level voice.

"Anne Jeal! If you were the only woman in the world he would never have looked at you."

She had understood what her father had said in Hebrew to his apprentice, and she unlocked, with a key at her belt, the strong door of her great hanging press, that was taller than a man and broader than six men, and she said to her lover, in Dutch—

"Sit quietly; my father may find a way to save thee, little one of my heart."

Anne Jeal, with her ears straining to catch the speech, made, at the incomprehensible words, a shudder of disgust and rage.

Edward Colman answered, in Dutch: What could she do, for there was no door at the back of the house? But because he had only a little Dutch, picked up there in the Pastor's house, Anne Jeal cried out—

"No, there is no back way of escape from me now! I hold you, and you are mine for ever, for you shall die."

It was at that moment that the apprentice threw upon the fire a whole bucketful of water, and all the light died out of the room, save only the very feeble glimmer from the taper, twisted round an iron spike and thrust into a socket on the Pastor's lectern. Anne Jeal caught her breath at the hiss of the coals, and whilst the smell of wet sulphur spread through the room she could not again speak. She sprang a little aside; close to her elbow the latch lifted gently. She put her hand to her heart, and said—

"Now they are here!" The apprentice stepped softly behind her back along the chimneypiece, but she was so intent upon Edward Colman that she never noticed this movement. She stretched out to the young man her hand.

"What make of mortal are you, Edward Colman," she asked, with a sudden and mournful hatred, "to make me do this treachery? Am I one that ever before lied or betrayed?"

There came quite a soft knocking, and they held

their ears open to listen; then they heard through the great door a faint cry of "Open! open!"

"What are you," she asked again, "that have done this thing to me?"

Edward Colman started a little forward; the apprentice had suddenly, from behind, clasped one black arm round Anne Jeal's chest and a long hand over her mouth. And in a second, shifting his arm down, he had lifted up her little figure; she was borne across the room, a struggling mass of white things. She was in the clothes-press and the door was shut upon her swiftly-drowned cry before ever the knocking grew loud. It came, indeed—three hard knocks, and then ceased; but other knocks began on the door of the clothes-press. The apprentice stood with his back against it; his lank, black locks were in confusion; he breathed short.

The Pastor, from beside the door, turned all of one piece upon Edward Colman; he held his long pipe still in his hand. Magdalena stood before the door that went into the hind-house; she had her key-basket still at her waist.

"Edward Colman," the Pastor uttered, "I think I may save thy life for three hours, during which you may debate upon how you shall escape. I will do this upon two conditions, the Lord aiding me."

He spoke slowly and deliberately, with a little trace of Dutch in his tone. The knocking grew louder from the house door.

Edward Colman looked at the slate on the table.

"I think," he said, with the smile still about his lips, "that they will break down the door or ever you have had time to make your conditions, father."

"I think, Edward Colman," the Dutchman said, "they will break down no door of mine. For the sound of these blows already will have brought my congregation into the street. They will wait till I open my door."

And, indeed, the knocking, if it were loud, was not prolonged, and was made with something small—not with a pike or an axe.

Edward Colman, whose mind worked slowly, spoke again.

"Before we come to conditions," he said, "it were well to be certain that Anne Jeal have not lied, and that these be truly come to take my person."

The Pastor, who had never moved, answered—

"If they be not come to take your person, Edward Colman, you shall walk free of this house, as well you know, for the need of conditions will not be there——"

The knocking, after this interval, came again, but still the sound was rather of men intent on awakening sleepers than of men minded to break down the door.

"Then let me hear your conditions," Edward Colman said.

The Pastor moved his hand, with the white, long pipe in it, forward, to give weight to his words.

"If," he said, "I shall ensure you four hours in which to devise an escape, for the first thing, you shall now, at once, marry my daughter Magdalena; for the second thing, you shall set your name to a will, that if you die, shall leave all your goods and gear, after my daughter Magdalena, to the Church of the Saints on Earth."

Edward Colman looked up at Magdalena; she looked down upon him from the doorway; her large blue eyes were upon his face, apparently passionless and unreflecting. And, whilst he wrinkled his brows to think, she spoke slowly—

"I have not asked my father to make these conditions!"

"Well I know it," Edward Colman said. He continued to look at his slate, and was about to speak when the knocking on the door and on the door of the clothes-press made him pause. He looked up, however, at the Pastor with the untroubled and calculating gaze from his grey eyes that he would have given to a merchant asking him to lade wool for Amsterdam.

"First," he said, in the new silence, "it was ever my pure intent and only will to marry your daughter Magdalena, since I had first known her two months, to tell her disposition, which I do love best in the world. You shall wed me this hour if you will, and I will thank you." He paused, and tapped the table with his little fingers.

"But for your Church of the Saints—I have heard much of it that is for and against it, and I do neither love nor despise it. That you have heard me say

once or twice. I hate Papists and the Alva-men who harried you; but I am minded to leave my wealth to my wife and her children, as is the English custom."

The Pastor said—

"Aye; but after her and them to the Church of the Saints."

Edward Colman said—

"After her, if she have no child by me, it shall go even where she wills it."

The Pastor considered these words for some time. There came from outside the house a loud hail, as if several voices continued together to attempt awakening the inmates. Edward Colman leaned forward above the table.

"Father," he said firmly, as one who has made his last offer, "I do take it that my life is not so endangered as Anne Jeal doth think; betwixt the hand of the officer and the rope of the hangman are byeways one may 'scape from. But it is certain that I may the better bargain with an angry, if clement, sovereign, from a foreign country. I will marry your daughter, for that is to my taste; but my money and my gear shall be hers to do as she will with, if, when I be dead, the laws do leave her them."

The clergyman motioned with his pipe towards the inglenook.

"Sit you here, where you may not be seen from the window," he said. "I will adventure what I may do, if the Lord give me skill."

Edward Colman slid round the side of the table,

and set himself in the long settle between the fire and the ingle wall. Magdalena came to sit at his side; and though the hand that she set in his did not tremble, and though, in the dim light of the taper, she had no apparent pallor, nevertheless her arm started suddenly when her father, with a slow deliberation, set to removing the bars from behind the board in the window.

IV

THE knocking which had at last become insistent, stayed when the window with the removal of the shutters let out cracks of light. When the window itself opened beneath the Pastor's heavy fingers, there came into the room the noise of several voices speaking at once—for, as he had forecast, the sound of knocking had brought into the dim street a great crowd of his congregation and of other Dutchmen. But they stilled to let a peremptory voice come in—

"Open your door, Pastor, in King James's name!" and, in the ingle nook, Magdalena clutched now at Colman's arm.

"It is true they seek you," she whispered; "if she have lied all her life else she told truth in this."

But the Pastor, standing before the window, said—

"Show me your warrant if you be a King's man!"

There came up to the window in the dark the black shadow of a man in a little, bowl-like hat.

"Old Knipperdolling," he said, "here is my warrant."

The Pastor took from without a paper or a parchment; it had hanging from it two seals that

dangled on a green ribbon. He took it to the taper to read by, bending his head down and grunting a little.

"I see here a warrant to take the body of one Edward Colman," he said, when he handed it again through the window.

"And then?" the officer asked, and he answered blankly—

"And then?"

"Open then thy door, knave Dutchman," the officer cried out.

"Show me your warrant, man of wrath," the Pastor answered.

"Oh, Knipperdolling that thou art," the officer said, "is the warrant not enow?"

"Oh, officer of the temporal power that endureth but for a little while," the Pastor answered, without a rise in his tone, "oh man clothed in a little brief authority, earthborn and soon to pass; I see a warrant to take a child of wrath; I see none that bids me open the door of my house, that is also the conventicle of the children of grace."

The officer laughed before the window.

"Open, old Socrates, old heathen, or I will break thy doors. The man is here."

"Sir," the Pastor answered, "have ye witness of what ye speak?"

The officer called back among the dusky crowd at his rear, "Ho! Who hath seen one Edward Colman enter here?" But there came no answer either from Dutch or townsmen.

"What witness have you?" the Pastor repeated slowly.

"Have a care, Knipperdolling," the officer answered, "the times grow evil for such as you. This King that we have loveth not a church that hath no bishops. Let us in to search thy house."

"Oh child of a great wrath," the Pastor answered, and he spoke as one who has before him all time till eternity, "if your powers afflict us, the Saints on Earth shall gird up their loins and seek land in new worlds——"

"Little Jan o' Leyden," the officer said, "let us search thy house for this man. You have prated enough."

"Man of the Laws," the Pastor answered, "search thy Scriptures, for even in evil versions you shall read of what befell them that called out upon Elijah; and, if no bears come to eat thee nor no worms consume thy flesh till thou die—if the day of the Lord not being yet come, thou escape these disasters, I, who am a stranger and a sojourner in the land, do know its laws. Show me your warrant to search my house, for assuredly you have one."

"Nay, I have none," the officer answered.

"Assuredly you have one," the Pastor said gravely, "for better you must know your laws than to come thus without warrant to my doors and thus to incur the penalty of such as—by the statute of the late Queen, that gave us leave here to dwell—without warrant shall attack the conventicles or the houses of incomers from the Seven United Provinces being Protestant. This my house is the house of God: those who brawl before it, spit or strike upon its panels, or seek entry, not

being of the congregation or having a mind to conversion——"

He paused, and said seriously—

"But it may be you seek to be of the Saints of God?"

"God forbid," the officer said, "at least before my time."

"Then take notice," the Pastor said, "that by striking upon that door, which is the door at once of a pastor of the Faith and of a conventicle where Protestant worship is held, by statute of the Realm of England, and by laws of the Liberties of the Cinque Ports, since this house lieth within bow-shot of the gate of Rye town, you have incurred the penalty of sacrilege—which by the Statute Law of England is to stand in the pillory, you and each of your men, for three days a week during three months, and by the enactment of the Ports to lose each one ear and one half your goods."

The officer bit his glove points; he was acquainted little with the law of the realm and less with the enactments of the Liberties of the Ports; he had no wish to come within the law's clutches, for the law loved forfeitures.

"I must have Edward Colman," he said.

"Officer of the Law," the Pastor answered, "if God wills it, you shall have Edward Colman. Of that I know nought. But, if you will enter my doors you must have a warrant sealed by the Lord Lieutenant, for that this house is without the walls of Rye, and sealed again by the Lord Warden, for that it is within bowshot of Rye Gate."

The officer looked round upon the crowd. He had with him four men; he was near the gatehouse in the town wall, where he might drink a bottle of wine with the wardens of the gate; to break down that door with no axes, or to find axes, and possibly to fight with a hostile crowd might be a matter of an hour or more. To send a man to Udimore for a warrant would be at most a matter of three or four hours. He had no hurry, he had no wish to fight; he had even a distaste for taking Edward Colman, since, up Lewes way his brother had land that fed many sheep, and owling helped the price of wool. He must take Edward Colman if he could, but he had no will to break laws in the taking. He could leave three men at the Pastor's door; he could send another to Udimore for the warrants; he could sit himself and watch within Rye gatehouse if perchance Edward Colman should prove to have gone elsewhere than to the Pastor's house—for it was impossible to tell from the old man's stolid tone whether or no the man was there.

"Pastor," he said good-humouredly, "I shall send for warrants to search."

The Pastor did not speak.

"But," the officer called into the room, "if you be there, Edward Colman, think not to come off, for men shall watch this door all night."

Magdalena shivered—with dread and with relief.

"Why," Edward Colman whispered in the ingle, "that is Gilmour's voice. If ever I should tell all I know I could hang his brother; he has sent

me many cargoes of fleeces from his farm near Lewes." And he added to comfort Magdalena, "Sweetheart, I think the King shall not easily hang me, for there are few gentlemen and lords of these parts—and several in the Shires—that shall not come offering to save my neck if they may buy my silence about them that send wool abroad."

And truly, going back through the crowd, and the mud, in the blue and gusty February night, between the mud walls of the Dutchmen's cottages, the young officer reflected that, had the Lord Lieutenant been a Sussex lord and not this pestilent Scotsman, better he would do to let Edward Colman escape back into the town of Rye.

"If I take him," he said, "the odds will be that my brother Gilmour will feel the rope. But, with this plaguey Northern King, it is certain that my brother Gilmour's lands will fall to him and not to me his heir!"

. . . .

The apprentice opened a little grating that served the better to air the linen in the great press, where Anne Jeal sat upon a little stool. But they were forced to close it again, so dreadful were the imprecations that she uttered when through the grille she saw the Pastor marry his daughter to Edward Colman.

Magdalena Koop was tall, fair and rosy, all through the High Dutch service that lasted an interminable half-hour; only, when the Anabaptist rite required that she should kneel to her bridegroom and set both her hands between his, she

said slowly that she liked the English manner better, for no kneeling could make her better minded to serve him. She had better have saved her words, for the Pastor interrupted his homilies to set in another in which he said that having been baptized with the rites of Satan—which were those of the English Church—she was, it was evident, not yet purged, cleansed, broken, annealed and rendered by fire whole again. But the deacon standing with his lustreless eyes agog in witness of the ceremony, and the old man, with a hand on each of their heads, having administered, as the rite had it, the paternal blessing of the father himself, he dismissed them both to the upper floor where were the looms and the sleeping-rooms. He bade them devise an escape, and bade especially Magdalena to think upon how often he had told her Cornelius Van Vos escaped from the watchers of Philip the Accursed's Inquisitors in 1572.

Left to himself with the deacon apprentice, he had the fire relit, the window rebolted, the taper stand refilled and the door undone, all save its last fastening, but so noiselessly that no sound came through to the soldiers on the threshold. Then he bade set loose Anne Jeal. She came from the cupboard at once, pale, heated, and heaving with her whole body; but before she could do more than call upon the Pastor's house the vengeance of the abolished Saints of Papist days, the lank apprentice had her by the elbows, near the door. The Pastor had it opened and closed with a swift and deliberate turn of the arms and she was in

the cold street, cursing at a soldier that laid hands upon her.

The deacon gazed upon the Pastor with melancholy, puzzled eyes.

"Man of God," he said, "I marvel that you have let her go to tell our news."

"Tribulation," his superior answered, "where the half-elect marvel, the elect walk surely. For two things we need: that she shall bear witness to our late marrying so that the gold of my son-in-law be secured to my daughter and the faith. In her passions she shall reveal that, crying it out to many men, who, if she had time for reflection, might conceal or deny it. And the second is that, if my son-in-law shall escape, the guards must watch closely by the door. Therefore they must know that he is within."

"That he may escape by another issue?" the apprentice asked.

"Sure, Tribulation," the Pastor answered, "God that hath given thee such great faith as to be a marvel hath yet not given thee understanding worth consideration in the ways of man. They shall watch the more closely at the door that my son-in-law may the more surely escape from it, and thus shall be made the more manifest the miracle of is and is not. For I would have you mark the five-and-fiftieth verse——"

The deacon folded his lean hands before him and stood silhouetted against the fire, the black hair falling from his crown beneath his high hat in thin locks.

V

It was, nevertheless, some six hours before the new warrants came from Udimore; in all that time the Pastor's house remained dark and silent; the shutters to, the cold wind sweeping in the narrow ways between cottage and cottage. They stood so close together and the thatches were so broad that the eaves almost touched, and, for a matter of fifty houses on each side of the narrow street, there was an almost continuous mass of little roofs showing black against the starlight of the blue heavens. The three soldiers hid themselves by turns in the black channels between the Pastor's wall and the wall of his neighbour; from time to time the officer walked down from the lighted gateway that, high and massive, towered an indistinct mass upwards to be lost in the night. From time to time, too, a window would open and a Dutch head peer forth; it would not be easily that the soldiers would attack the door of their Pastor. They had, too, by that date, many English converts in the town and countryside, and if these all paid taxes and lived quietly, they were not ready to see the officers of the law come amongst them—for already it was rumoured that this first James of England was ready to press hardly upon all that

were not of the Church of England, and already—though it was ten or a dozen years before the first of them began to gird up their loins—already there were some Puritans who talked of a New World where they might worship as they would and constrain all and sundry so to worship. And, these Dutchmen and the Englishmen they had infected, being a suspicious and a crafty folk, they were ready to believe that the officer's avowed intention to await warrants might be no more than a stratagem to have them out of the way so as, with axes, to assault the Pastor's door. Thus, in the lighted cottages, they sat in their black cloaks, drinking Dutch cordials, reading Bibles in High and Low Dutch, discussing points of regeneration and rebirth, or talking of the days when the Duke of Alva had harried their fathers with flame and blood throughout the Netherlands. There was amongst them, all of the seven sects, a common uneasiness that kept them wakeful; the days of Elizabeth had been tranquil with them; but who could tell that the Stuart kings were not a rebirth of Charles and Philip that they had fled from? Who could tell that these soldiers who had come among them, avowedly to search for a prisoner, were not actually the first-comers of days of a new tribulation?

It was, however, one of the clock before, amid all this watchfulness, the officer issued from the gateway, having in his hand the new warrants that, in Udimore, had been granted only with difficulty and after much wrangling between the Lord Lieutenant on the one hand and the Warden and the angry barons upon the other. There had been

turmoil in Rye town when the barons had come back; nevertheless most of the townsmen were by now abed, but the officer had with him a half-dozen Rye men who walked with him to observe his acts. He kept his head cool, for, in the main, he favoured the townsmen; but he had his warrants and he must execute them, for from Anne Jeal—who had sat talking to him an hour, seeking to get him to set flames to the Pastor's roof—he knew that Edward Colman was in the upper part of the Pastor's house; that he had not come out he was certain, for there was no backway; there was no issue save only the door and the loft door above from which, with his pulley, the Pastor was wont to let down or to hoist up bales of flax or of wool. He had marked this loft door very carefully, and remembered to keep it in his mind.

As he went down the street in the mud, doors opened and light shone out from the doorways; there issued forth many men in black cloaks with high-crowned hats; they stepped sedately into the streets, and many of them had cudgels beneath their cloaks. He noted this with satisfaction—for what could be more satisfactory than to have his prisoner taken from him by great forces, once he had been warrantably arrested?

Thus there was some crowd in the street before he came to the Pastor's dark house. He had to call out very loudly before he could make his voice heard among all these black forms—

"Ho there! Stand back. Keep a silence. Observe the King's peace!"

Then he knocked with his sword-hilt upon the

Pastor's door; he stood back again to keep his eye upon the loft. At his second knocking the Pastor came to the window, and from the black space his voice said—

"Man of wrath, have you your warrants?"

"Aye, Knipperdolling," the officer said, and passed them through the window; the Pastor disappeared; they saw a faint glow of light in the cottage, it faded; the Pastor returned to the window.

"Wait; I will open," he said curtly.

The officer stood back again.

He bade three of his men be well in the roadway with their eyes upon the loft; the other one he bade enter at his back, and he drew his sword.

"I am full certain," he said to one of the townsmen at his side, "that your friend will spring from up there down into the street. But I am too old a bird to be taken with that chaff."

The door opened before him, and there was a space of blackness; he entered in, and he heard the Pastor's voice—

"Have a care that you defile not the house of the Lord with oaths!"

He answered good-humouredly—

"Make a light, Pastor."

And the Pastor's voice came expressionlessly—

"Have you a warrant that I should make a light?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders; he had nothing better to await than this. But the light from the cottage window opposite made a faint glow in the large room, and so polished was the

wood of all the chests round the wall that he could see all light save the open door of the hind house and the shadow of the ingle. He set his man to blow the coals in the fire and satisfied himself that no man sat there. He took a lighting stick from his belt, a thin splinter of pine wood, and with it in his hand adventured himself in the hind house; he was a very bold man and trusted his sword. He found little closets and then a stairway that ended at a trap-hatch, and the board was down. The voices of the crowd in the street sounded like a pleasant babble.

He knocked upon the trap-hatch with his sword-hilt; he set his head against it and lifted it; a strong gust came down and blew out the lighting stick.

He said, "H'm; a window is open there!" And, at the same moment, he heard a sudden, loud, urgent wail and the cry of many voices. His man in the room below cried out—

"Ho, captain; the fox bolts from above our heads; come quickly!" and he fell down the stairs in his haste.

There had been such a babble of voices in the street that no man had heard the bolts of the loft door drawn back; they were only aware that the door was open when they saw its motion, as it swung back, against the sky, beside the mass of the gable. And then, without doubt, against the sky was a hat of a man who clambered cautiously on the thatch. The great shout went up then, and all the faces were turned skywards. The black mass crept along the roof; it went fast; it came

down the house ends between the houses; but when the officer ran into the alley to take his man, it sprang across the little space between the thatches, that was no more than a foot, and began to climb the next roof. Men held their breaths.

A soldier cried out—

"Climb the roof and take him!" But a townsman said—

"Fool; he has thatching irons on his ankles; you could never climb there."

And a voice cried out in Dutch—

"Go round behind the thatch, Edward Colman; drop in Cat's garden, where there is no gate to the wall."

The officer shrugged his shoulders—

"I have the man now," he said to his friendly townsman; "this is a fool's trick; he may run along a roof but we are faster on the ground."

The figure, as if it had caught the advice, disappeared behind the roof-ridge; the officer went through the alley-way to the back, and breaking down a fence, waited and followed; the crowd crushed into the alley and followed; the Pastor's door was left deserted and open. The Pastor himself came out, followed by his deacon, and, leaving his door open, after he had coughed methodically, he waddled slowly down the street. He waited by about the seventh door down—the house of Pitmsovn der Tessel—and presently the crowd came out of the alley in ones and twos. The officer, following the fugitive, had climbed the wall of Mynheer Cat's garden; the figure must perforce keep on its way along the roof.

The crowd paused to surround the Pastor.

"What will he do?" they said; "what will he do?" For they half believed that their Pastor, who had studied alchemy in the interests of the Church, had a gift of wings or of invisibility. The Pastor, however, let nothing escape from his lips but the smoke of his pipe. "Surely you have help for him," they said.

He answered to that—

"Is he of the congregation? What is he to me?"

"Pastor," a man said in Dutch, "he has worked against this accursed King that with his temporal power will oppress us."

The Pastor smoked his pipe.

"Stand back," he said; "the men of wrath approach. Do not hinder them, for the day is not yet."

"Accursed Knipperdolling," a townsman said; "is this how you repay us that have sheltered you?"

The Pastor answered only—

"Stand back and spare your breaths. This is your law, not one of the Saints'."

The soldiers came one by one from the nearest alley; the figure appeared on the roof line and sat astride, gasping for breath. Between this house and the next was a matter of two yards and more where a streamlet ran across the roadway.

"Aye, he is done now," the officer said. "He can never jump that."

A great groan went up from the crowd; the dark figure on the roof was descending slowly; it

climbed down cautiously; it hung by its hands, wavered and was in the mud. The officer held his man by the shoulder; the soldiers drew their swords and held the crowd off. He called—

"Silence, that I read the warrant."

The Dutchmen were not set, without word from their Pastor, to make a rescue; the townsmen were too few, and the officer sighed with satisfaction.

The prisoner made no move; the officer held the warrant to the window of Van der Tessel's cottage, where there was light enough to read by. But as his voice began to sound the Pastor waddled towards him.

"Man of wrath," he said, "where is your warrant?"

"Old Jan o' Leyden," the officer said, "you have seen it once."

"I have seen no warrant to take my daughter, Magdalena," the Pastor answered. "Take heed how you lay hands upon one of the elect. For by the Statute of Queen Elizabeth——"

VI

It may stand as a record of the seriousness with which the town of Rye viewed this attempt to take one of its barons that, at a quarter to one, when Edward Colman climbed over the town wall, a little to westward of the gateway, he should find not only the Corporation sitting in the Court Hall, but that several of the barons—four at least of Rye and two of Winchelsea—quite sober. He had come very silently out of the Pastor's door, unseen by any of the crowd, who were all down the street, between the cottages, and, setting his toes between crevices of the stones, and catching his fingers in to the roots of the ivy and the wallflowers, he had climbed up the wallside, stepped along the passage way on the wall top, and come down by one or two projecting stones into the little street that was between the old monastery wall and the wall of the town. It was quite still there, and in the darkness he paused to listen, to take thought, and to brush from his knees and elbows the invisible clots of dirt.

It was all so dark and silent in the little town, roofs, walls, and windows seemed all so fast asleep, that he was afraid to venture on any knocking; he was afraid, because it seemed to him that any knocking noise must be heard to the very top of

the church steeple and to the furthest limits of the quays. He was accustomed to act swiftly and with a good humour; he could still even smile at the way he had come off; he could smile more tenderly at the thought of Magdalena—and wasn't she his wife now?—making her way over the roof tops, sedately and capably. She was always, and would always be, sedate and capable. But for the rest, it was all doubtful. They had debated the matter in the Pastor's loft up above; but they had been so shut in and alone that they had had no news of what had passed in the town. They could not, either of them, imagine or conceive that the inviolability of a Cinque Port should have been trespassed upon; they could not, that is to say, imagine that the Lord Lieutenant could have ventured to send soldiers into Rye town itself. Custom forbade it, the law of the realm, privilege, the baronial standing. The King himself would not have the right. And, if he were young and good-humouredly sceptical, he still had, all his life, so relied upon his privileges as a Free Man of this realm of the Five Ports—this realm, whose origins were hidden in the black night of antiquity, but whose rights had never been challenged by the mightiest of kings—he was so accustomed to being immune from pains, penalties, and taxes, that he had not well been able to make himself believe that he could be taken in the town of Rye. It was bad enough that they had made an attack upon him so near home; but the Pastor's house *was* outside the walls; it could be humorously acknowledged that the King was within the letter of the law, and in those

days all men, and Edward Colman among them, loved chicanery, sanctuary, and all the differences of life that had come down to them from former days.

But if he could not believe that the Lord Lieutenant would dare to send soldiers into Rye town, nevertheless, that part of him that was modern, humorous, and sceptical allowed him to see that a foreign Lord Lieutenant, with strong powers behind him, might well disregard the rights of a little and nearly powerless, but very ancient, nest of dwellings. New days had come in, a year or two before, with the death of Eliza; the newness might well begin to touch Rye town. English kings had had cause to be grateful to the Ports. A Scots king had none, and there would be really little cause for surprise if there should prove to be soldiers in his house, ready to take him when he came home. It was not probable; but some likelihood there was.

He must, then, find in the streets a friend who could inspect and take cognisance of his house. But it was one o'clock; folk went to bed at nightfall, to save candles.

He slipped out from between the wall of the monastery and the wall of the town; he found himself in Friars Alley, that ran steeply down between dark, small, thatched buildings. But they were all black; there was no light; there was no sound. In the main street, along the hill, there were also no lights and no sounds; the houses towered very high, their tops loomed ever above him, and from above came the croak of a heron flying out from the heronry at Brede. The cobbles resounded

beneath his feet, with little metallic echoes, along the housefronts; he stepped into the kennel, where it was all mud and soundless walking. He discovered that, having thus once escaped capture, he was more intent on further escape than he would before have believed; his heart beat fast.

He went up West Street, where, between the smaller houses, the steep gutter still ran like a river after the fortnight of rain that they had had. Here there were smaller houses and one or two inns; but there were no lights and no sounds. In the butchers' street, that ran aslant across the top, there was, against the laws of the town, a sheep's carcase before a door, and he started when a dog growled beside it. The stars shone down, but there was no other light. As he came into the great square round the church the quarter-boys struck the half-hour.

"Assuredly," he said, "Rye town is no place to revel late in." It displeased him, though before he had been well content with the ways of the town. Around the great church were many little, old, dark houses, with pinnacles and tiny doors, that before had sheltered many priests, with their dark ways. Here he saw one little light, high up, and faint. But he shrugged his shoulders. It was the window of the widow Belise, an old culler of simples, a woman reputed to be a white witch, but one who was notoriously bedridden, and likely to be of no use to him. On the east of the ghostly church was his own house and the houses of many of his friends; all dark and silent. He did not approach them, fearing a trap, but slipped, silent,

foxlike, and still laughing a little, beneath the flying buttresses of the dark church. He did not like churchyards at night, and he started very much when, between the buttresses, he came upon a black mass, that might be a figure of a woman or of a beast. He started back, and then advanced; the figure remained without motion.

"Ho! Who be you?" he said.

It took three questions from him, and he had crossed himself three times, before the figure mumbled that she was the widow Belise.

"Ho!" he said, and felt a great contentment because this was no vampire nor black ghost. "You gather simples! It is forbidden of the law."

"Edward Colman," it answered, "I gather no simples. I watch round the corner."

He took her by the hands, which she offered him; she had in them neither plants, nor trowels, nor baskets, and it pleased him, because he was never one to love troubling old women said to be witches, though that the law demanded.

"How could I see to gather simples in this blackness?" The shrill whispering sounded like the clitter of a bat's voice.

"What do you?" he asked again; and she uttered, with an intense whisper—

"I watch windows. I am a wise woman; it is my place to know."

"Why," Edward Colman said, "you tell fortunes by watching at windows; and what you learn by the keyhole you read for the foolish in weevilly nuts. It is a very base practice."

Having before surrendered her hand to his

magistrate's search, she now caught hold of his arm; she whispered—

"Edward Colman, if I read fortunes for the foolish, this fortune I read for you, who are middling wise, from the stars and what I have in my head, and know of assured truths: Anne Jeal will have your life!"

He answered—

"Why, she would if she could; that I know without divination, or the stars, or listening at keyholes!"

"Aye," the old woman said; "you may fight her in temporal matters with temporal things; you are as good as her there, or may be better. But"—and her voice sank—"I am a white witch; you have heard it said. I cure where others have made ill; I warn where others seek to render mad by evil counsels. I am against Anne Jeal, as white is against black. Nevertheless," and she paused, as if she were weary, "evil is always stronger than good in this earth. Anne Jeal may pray a man to death; there are Saracen prayers; Anne Jeal may sweat before a fire the waxen dummy of a man——"

Edward Colman set back his head and smiled noiselessly; the buttresses went, inky, and as if of a fluid black, over their heads below the clusters of stars, that were like bees together.

"You are a good old woman," he said aloud.

"Why, put your head round this stone," she said, "and see!"

Edward Colman put his head round the corner of the wall buttress, and he was aware that the windows of the Court Hall were lighted. It stood

higher than the church, but close to it and up against the bank; and, leaning to the east window, her body drawn back into the shadow, was a woman's small form. Seven windows there were, and she was against the last one, nearest them, and the light from within just touched the white outlines of her dress. Without doubt the tones of Edward Colman's voice had dimly reached her ear; for, as he looked round the buttress, her head was turned outwards from the window, and her eyes searched the night. He drew in his head, and whispered—

"What does she make there?"

"Two things," the old woman answered, "she prays you to death, here in the churchyard, betwixt midnight and cockcrow; and she watches upon the Council to see if you come in; and she listens to what is said in the Council to know what they shall devise to save you; and since from there, as well she knows, she may see your door, she watches your door to see if you do come."

Edward Colman reflected for a minute.

"There are no soldiers set in my house?" he asked.

"No," the old woman answered; "she was devising with the officer at the gate, she praying him, and he refusing, to enter this town and take you."

"You heard all that!" Edward Colman said, and he had for the moment a swift feeling of anger and dismay, that thus these common folk and mean flotsam should so well know the actions and the speeches of him and his like. "You speak a very good English."

"Edward Colman," she answered, "I hear all things that I may hear, for that is my avocation; I speak a very good tongue because I am of origin a French woman, and it is the pride of the French women to do all things well and seemly."

"Then there is no guard set upon my house," he said.

"Edward Colman," she answered, "that shall not stay the dwindling of your fortunes, even as dwindles the waxen doll that Anne Jeal melts of you."

Edward Colman answered patiently and with good humour that he set little store by the melting of dolls and suchlike, otherwise long since he would have moved with other magistrates to cleanse the town of that old woman herself. He spoke with patience, for he was devising within himself how he should act, and he was not prone to hurry to an action.

"I do not say that witches and witchcraft, necromancing and the alchymist's art, never were or are not now. I have heard of great cures wrought by alchymists when all physicians' remedies have failed. But for sure they have grown seldom, or near died out, along with antique customs, before Eliza's reign or in a few years after. . . . Tell me," he broke off to ask, "who sit within the Council?"

She answered—

"Only men that you may trust: townsmen of Rye and one or two barons of Winchelsea, come with them to devise of how wooling best may be protected."

"There are no emissaries of the Lord Lieutenant?" he asked.

"Nor no lawyers of the Lord Warden's," she answered; "none but men that you may trust. I know them all for true men, and your friends."

"And Anne Jeal watches upon them!"

"Aye," she answered, "that is a folly of Anne Jeal's. In these matters you may well outwit her. But if she was to stay with her incantations and her sweating of images, very soon should your ships be beset by storms upon the seas, your correspondents, whether in Bordeaux or Haarlem, steal your goods, your house be breached by heavy weather, and knives of assassins be aimed at your ribs. Nay, thieves should find the secret horde of gold your grandfathers left you, that is hidden between the walls of your house."

Edward Colman caught her by the wrist.

"Ah!! you hurt," she said.

"How know you that?" he asked. But because in the darkness he could neither see her face nor make her answer more than that it was her avocation to know, he soon desisted from his questions; for, for sure, he must soon move that store of gold, whether she knew of it or no.

"What would you have me to do?" he asked. "Shall I go in to the Council?"

"Edward Colman," she answered, "what you do, or how, in these things temporal matters nothing. If the arrow that is aimed in the dark shall strike you, it shall strike you; if your doom is said, it is said. But I may tell you how to avoid the sweating image of Anne Jeal."

He answered—

"Why, come to me to-morrow with those devices; to-night I fear more the soldiers of the King that is than the powers of the Prince of the Nether-world."

She answered—

"Sir, if you will escape a sad death, put your knife to the heart of Anne Jeal and go across the seas. That you will go across the seas I know from the stars, but what your end shall be I have not seen, for the maps I have made show not all the water you shall traverse."

"Why," he said, "it is true I have had some thoughts of seeing this New World. But that you may have heard from my housekeeper and nurse."

"Edward Colman," she said again, "put a knife to the heart of Anne Jeal; for, for sure, otherwise she shall have your life."

"Old beldam," he said, "doubtless Anne Jeal hath maltreated thee; I believe it well; she hath maltreated many of the poor. But use thine own knife or make a waxen image of her; it is not I that traffic in these things."

He reflected again for a moment, and then he spoke—

"If it is very certain that no untrue men be in the Council, I will get me there; I have my plan. For it is certain that they shall not say I be in the town. And I do think you will not say so, and Anne Jeal——"

He broke off to say—

"I marvel Anne Jeal should pursue me so with death."

She laughed shrilly.

"Man," she said, "have you ever known a woman? There is no woman that shall not hate the man she may not have. Women are not of the lymphatic blood of men."

"Aye," he answered gravely; "but if she loves me, wherefore doth she not pursue me, to win me, rather with sweetness?"

"Man," she said, "no women pursue with sweetness; they fly and would be followed. Women do not love; women's love is not like men's love. If a woman would have a man to love her she wounds him in play with gibes, and little pouts and mockeries; but if he should avoid and go in preference to another, then she will not tire till he be dead."

"It is a foolish way!" he answered. "Whom doth it profit?"

"Edward Colman," she answered him, "what a woman asks is not, 'Whom shall it profit?' but rather, 'How may I find ease?'"

He was leaning back against the bottom of the buttress to pull off his shoes, or he would not have talked this folly. But now that he had his shoes in his hand he uttered—

"Why, I am wedded to Magdalena, for all that folly. Here—here is money for thee; pouf! how cold these stones be."

The old woman watched him creep soundlessly beneath the buttresses to the church corner.

"Now I wonder," she said to herself, "how much he trembles beneath his calm." She spat upon his coin in her hand and crept after him—to the corner.

He went tiptoeing noiselessly out of the black

shadow of the church until he stood upon the wet grass of the bank; he held his breath, and kept his hand upon the chain he had round his neck, so that its chinking should not reach to the ears of Anne Jeal. He was very close to her, and had his hand out to catch her wrist when he observed that, pale and gleaming, her eyes were upon him.

She leaned her ear against the little square hole where a pane was missing in the window of the Court Hall; all her body was in shadow, and her face outlined against the red of the robes that filled the hall. The sound of voices reached Edward Colman's ear, and she had the hood that should have covered her head cast back nearly on to her shoulders, so that she might the better listen, and she had one hand to the side of her face; only her eyes and mouth were turned outward towards him. She waited for a long time, listening to the voices within, and neglected his presence, as if he were of no avail.

Eventually she spoke, but monotonously, because she still listened.

"Aye, Edward Colman, I hear your mind say that you will take me by the wrist and draw me before these Council men." And she held up her hand to him to be silent, that she might hear better what they said within.

At last she moved up and back from the window, saying—

"There is no end to their prating of shall they resist or not resist them that shall come to take thee. They have talked five hours, and come to no resolution."

She drew the hood forward over her head, so that looking at her face was like looking into a cavern, and then he saw, in the shadow, that she was holding out to him her wrist.

"Take hold of it, Edward Colman," she said, "and hale me before the magistrates. I have done treason to the town of Rye." And when she saw that he withdrew his hand into the little cape he wore, that came just down to his elbow, she laughed. "Well, you cannot lay hands upon a woman, or take me to disgrace before many men! I hear your thoughts thinking themselves."

"It is certain that you must be mewed up," he answered resolutely.

"Aye," she cried out, "you would not lay hands upon me or publicly disgrace me; but I shall go into a closet or a strong room, because I am the only one that will betray you or the deliberations of this town of Rye. See you how well I do read your thoughts! I hear them thinking themselves."

"I do not believe that you can read my thoughts," he said; "but it is very certain that you must be mewed up for a space, for you are the only one here that would betray my being in this town, and it is very certain that no man will break in upon this sanctuary if he be not assured that I am here."

"Why," she said, "I know you like little to pin me thus against a stone wall, like a bully. I read your thoughts, and I will walk beside you to where you will to be mewed up." She took a step on the grass beside him, and uttered then, with a high laugh, "Are the kisses of your fat wife sweet, Edward Colman? I warrant you have had none

ere marriage from that Puritan. Whereas from me——"

She took another step, when he uttered, marching at her side—

"God help you, you have had no kisses from me save in the way of courtesy!"

"God help me!" she said, with a hating sneer. "It is you that God should help. Such a pair of doltish lovers; tee-hee! Side by side upon a bench they sit, mum, still, silent, tongue-tied; she casting him ox-eyes to the smell of oranges; he wooing to the tune of drawings on a slate! And she! Clambering over roof-tops; a Dutch, Puritan dollop with a world of men at gaze upon her. Tee-hee! Here's Puritanism; here's maiden modesty; here's wifely perspicacity and matron's reserve upon the thatch. She will clamber on roof-tops like a great boy at the playhouse. I—I will kill thee! Tell me, Edward Colman, thou great villain, which of us loves thee best!"

They had come to the edge of the grass, and a pebbly path ran down from the high-door of the church.

"God knows," he said, "I am no villain. I have never loved thee, nor toyed with thee, nor looked lovingly upon thee."

She faced him on the grassy edge; his bare feet were cold with the wet of the dew.

"Edward Colman," she said, and her voice dropped, "what is that collop of a woman beside me? I am so little, and so quaint, and so limber, I could creep through a ring. Have I not a thousand tricks wherewith I could beguile thee?

Can she play upon the lute? Tune virginals? Wear a farthingale gown and not look like a play-house? Can she tickle thine ear with her voice? Can she distil waters, talk medicine, turn a verse, or do aught but polish, and cleanse, and scour, and sand, and wet your floors all day, to cleanse them till you sneeze? What can she for your entertainment when you are melancholy?"

"Why, I am never melancholy," he said.

"Aye," she answered; "thou art of the complexion of the Medes and Persians: thou alterest not. . . . But, oh! heavy shall the days hang upon thy hands——" and he shrank back the distance of a hair's breadth.

"Oh, coxcomb!" she cried out heinously; "dolt! sot! He believes I am set to turn his allegiance from his new-worn wife!" She paused to draw breath. "Love thee!" she said; "love thee! Curse thee! Would I take thee after another? I! I!" She came close up to him and hissed in his face. "Shall I take another's leavings? Before God, I will eat in my own trencher. You shall die—miserably, unshriven, of a sudden, in your sins. Thou art a villain, Edward Colman!" She imitated his voice, with a frenzy of soft lisping. "Thou hast never kissed me save in the manner of courtesy! Thou hast never loved me, nor toyed with me, nor looked lovingly upon me! I tell thee thou wast born a villain! Thou wast a villain in thy playing childish games with me! Thou hast always had a ready smile, a long patience, a gentle wit! All villainy! For what do men be born, for what do they live, and smile, and be pleasant, and cause

poor women to love them unlovingly? But, before God, Edward Colman, your sins have found you out. You have no more attraction in my eyes. I do not love you; no, I do not love you. Preen not your feathers at that thought. Shall I love a dolt and a sot that will link himself to that——?"

The quarter-boys above the church porch made a wheezing and groaning of iron and wheels; it startled him, and he looked upwards, whilst he was thinking that it was a patent folly to listen to this raving, and dropped his shoes from his hand to the turf, intending to shuffle his feet into them. As he looked back she cried out—

"I do not love thee, Edward Colman, but rather, as the cold sea, the keen winds, or the grey hairs of old age—so. . . ." She struck him suddenly in the face as he looked back, and crying out, "I abhor thee!" she sprang into the path and turned and ran.

He was very quick, so that she must leave her woollen cloak in his hands; but he could not run, so much his stockinged feet hurt him upon the pebbles of the path, and she laughed, from a distance—

"Aye, thou wouldst fain pursue me now, Edward Colman," and was gone amidst the shadows and housefronts of the descending street.

VII

WHILST he was shuffling his feet into his shoes he was aware of the old woman from the church end, who wept near him like a terrified cat in the deep shadows.

"Woe!" she said. "You are a bleeding reed for the poor to trust to. You have let Anne Jeal go free. Anne Jeal that knows everything and hateth me. Shall she not now oppress and grind my face for ever! Woe to you, woe to you!"

"Why," Edward Colman said, pulling up one flap of his shoe, "if I live to be a thousand I may live to understand of women. A man would have stood and stayed, being as it were upon parole!"

"Oh man," she answered, "I begin to believe that you are so calm only because you are a fool."

He answered coolly—

"Fair words, old beldame! I am calm that I may think the better. But because I have let her 'scape I will speak of thy case to the Council that she oppress thee not. I think the Council will not much favour her in time to come."

He pulled on his shoe.

"Jove!" he said. "This is a difficult world. I have been too easy—but I will amend."

The Court Hall was a building of two storeys in front where it was but of one behind, because it was built against the bank. The lower range, in

the street, was open, with wooden pillars, between which the market people set up their stalls; up above, the Council Hall showed a range of lighted, painted windows with criss-cross leadings, but below it was all dark and damp. Only at the foot of the stairway the Town Chamberlain slept beside his iron lanthorn that sent a few dancing rays through pierced holes in the metal. His robes were all black, his sword of office and his sword of State leant against the wall behind him; but he slept so soundly that Edward Colman could take from his waist his bunch of keys and could unlock the door without his ever stirring. In Edward Colman's disfavourable humour this too seemed to him to be out of order and antiquated. He went up the dark stairs jangling the keys in his hand.

"A pretty imbroglio," he said, selecting three greybeards to address from the mass of scarlet robes, chains and faces that confronted him—"a pretty imbroglio you have made. I am tired of this ancient town."

He stood in his short black cloak, with his wide knee breeches and the little black hat with its tuft of feathers in the brim, in the midst of a whole galaxy of red-cloaked figures. Some were asleep with their heads cast back, some were asleep with their heads on the tables, round three sides of the panelled hall that had dark oak rafters and cross beams above the head. There were vessels of silver, in the shape of ships and of lions and cocks, along the board and glistening in the lamplight. But behind the cross table, where lay the mayoral mace and where stood the big seats of panel gilt,

there was a black wood canopy, and upon it, all in silver, a round plaque with the arms of the Five Ports—three half ships from which protruded the heads, legs and claws of three small lions. In the seat sat the Mayor of Rye, an old man with a bluish-white beard, beside him leaned the Mayor of Winchelsea, an oldish, seafaring-looking man, with a heavy moustache of grey as long as a Moor's beard. Each of these men was sober, and beside the one was a young man, only middling drunk, but too drunk to speak intelligibly, and a man without beard or hair to speak of, very brown and wizened, who was called Solomon Keymer and was a goldsmith.

"This ancient town," Colman spoke again, "can neither keep its secrets nor yet shield its townsmen. Its barons go before a Lord Lieutenant and, beneath their noses, a half-baked girl swears away the life of a brother baron. Sirs, I tell you that, but for the wit of an old Dutchman whom ye despise because he was not born in this antique nest, I had never stood here now."

Solomon Keymer, with the wrinkled brown skin, spoke croakingly—

"Put on your robes, Edward Colman. It is appointed in the Customals of this Port Town that no baron do speak before brother barons save in his robes under a penalty of forty shillings."

Edward Colman addressed himself to Jeal and to the Mayor of Winchelsea—

"There you have the town of Rye," he said, "there you have to what this realm of the Cinque Ports is descended. It can talk of its fusty rules;

it cannot shield its citizens. It can oppress old women; it cannot keep its hoydens to order."

The Mayor Jeal spoke with a grieved and heavy solemnity—

"Ill it becomes you, Edward Colman," he said, "you that descend from more barons than any of us here can boast of, thus to deride our ancient dignities because to-day we be oppressed by great force and august powers."

Edward Colman, if he had spoken harsh words, had kept his good humour, and the never-failing smile was round the ends of his foxy and little moustache. Now he laughed.

"There you have it," he said. "We have broken the laws of the realm in these ports for many centuries. We have harboured Jews, we have fought with the Frenchmen in days of peace; there are scarce two men here that have not plied the owling trade immune by dint of prating of our privileges. Now we prate of oppression because we are little and weak, and our trade is gone and our harbours choked up——"

"It is oppression," the Mayor Jeal answered him, "if the Lord Lieutenant should come to take you on our lands and in our liberties."

"Oh, Godfather Jeal," Edward Colman laughed, "we have laughed at the King and the laws in ages past. We have overborne and been burdensome; if now the King and the laws be too strong for us that is not oppression—it is tit for tat. Let us put aside these foibles; this is a newer age."

Solomon Keymer, who had studied the ancient customals till he had each word by heart, groaned

that the Mayor did not stop Edward Colman's mouth; the Mayor of Winchelsea, who congratulated himself that he had no daughter, spoke—

"Nevertheless it behoves us to maintain——" at the same time as Jeal said—

"The Corporation of the Cinque Ports is a great and glorious——" And each stopped speaking at the same moment.

"Sirs," Edward Colman said, "we are a great and glorious corporation, nevertheless our daughters, for lack of beating, twist us by the beards. And it is all of a piece——"

He paused, and explained to the men that did not follow him but looked puzzled, "It was good harbours and good discipline that made us powerful; now our harbours are stopped up and we have grown so indulgent that no man here hath chidden our Mayor for letting his daughter grow saucy. Let us fling aside our talk of privilege, and see to getting back our old trade, or we are lost for ever."

"Were you ever beaten that you speak so saucy?" Solomon Keymer asked.

"Aye, Solomon Keymer," Colman answered, "I was so swinged as a boy that I have marked my books and know how the world wags."

The young, drunken baron, that had been staring at Colman with amazed eyes, uttered now some indistinguishable babble about a sack of malt—and when he was silent again Edward Colman asked—

"What have ye devised to do to save me?" and waited for an answer.

"Why," the Mayor answered, "we have debated this five hours of whether we shall resist if the Lieutenant send to take you."

"Aye," Edward Colman answered, "you have debated for five hours——"

"Sir," the Mayor of Winchelsea interrupted him, "it is a matter for debate; for, firstly, we may well and of good conscience resist, that being our right. But secondly, should we resist with wisdom? For if we resist and our powers be overcome—as well they may be—there go our rights for ever. But, if we lie very low now—if you escape to foreign parts—if, in short, our rights remain till we be stronger again——"

"Why—you speak a peck of sense," Edward Colman said. "I shall get me across the seas!"

The Mayor of Rye leaned back; the Mayor of Winchelsea forward; Solomon Keymer scratched his chin disfavourably. It had seemed to all three of them so incredible that a Baron of Rye should not wish to assert the privileges of his estate though all the world crumbled; it had seemed to all the rest of the Corporation so incredible that a man could wish to leave the town of Rye, which for them was not only the centre of the world but the utmost horizon of it, that though each of them in the enthusiasm of his cups had mooted this idea, there was not one of them that, whilst he was sober, had done more than debate upon whether or no they should resist the Lieutenant's soldiers or where or how they should hide him in the town till the search was given over.

But to Edward Colman a privilege that you could

not maintain against all the world was a privilege not worth the maintaining by hook or crook. He would have said, had he not been humorously set to irritate these old men, that he loved the town of Rye enough to have had it long enough in his mind that he should in some way seek to restore the falling fortunes of the town; as it was he only harped upon that decline.

"We have been losing our shipping this hundred years," he said. "Where my fathers had a hundred ships I have but a few; we have much of gold hoarded up, but what is the use of gold if it be not employed in merchandise to increase and fructify? and each day the cost of livelihood increases with the wealth of the age. Yeomen and small squires live as formerly lords did when Henry was King. And are we not a mock and a laughing-stock if we call ourselves barons and have not wealth increasing to set us up above the small tillers of the soil or the merchants of Bristol and Fowey?"

Solomon Keymer shook a thin finger at him.

"Aye," he croaked, "there the shoe pinches. He would eat off silver where his father ate off wooden trenchers. God forbid that I should see the day when a man of Rye should say that Rye is not enough for his pleasuring. Get you to London, young sir, with its foul ways and loose living. That is the place meet for you." But he cackled incredulously, for it was a thing beyond belief; no man there having been to London, save when they went as barons for the Coronation feast of the new King, the Barons of the Cinque Ports

sitting upon the King's right hand at the Coronation feast, so high had their status always been in England till that day.

The Mayor Jeal, however, was too eager to grasp at Edward Colman's offer to heed any more whether he prized Rye, high or low.

"You will get across the seas?" he asked.

Edward Colman answered—

"I take you all three to witness that I have this day lawfully wedded the daughter of the Pastor Koop. I bind you all to witness and set down in the minutes of this town that you shall cherish my properties here, encroaching upon none of them, unless they be attaindered by the law of the realm, which they cannot well be by the law unless I be taken and brought to trial——"

"That we will do, Edward Colman," the Mayor said.

"Aye," Edward Colman answered him; "but see that you attend very diligently to the safety and property of my wife Magdalena and any of her offspring. And see that you look very carefully to my coming away. For I trow, Mayor Jeal, that you have one in your house that shall strive to strike at my wife and my gear. But be careful."

Jeal looked at him with an astonished air of resentment.

"Would you threat us?" he asked. "Would you doubt our honesty?"

"Why," Edward Colman answered, "I would not doubt your honesty, godfather—nor the honesty of them that slumber around me. But I doubt your capacities, unless you be threatened. And I

do threat you for fear of your daughter, the Mayoress of this town."

Old Jeal drew himself up; but Edward Colman interrupted his speech before he could bring out more than half a word.

"Oh, I know the matter. But I tell you this: that if my wife be injured or molested, or if my house be touched or despoiled by the common law, I must come back to England; and if I come back to England I may be taken; and if I be taken as like as not I may be tortured, and if I be tortured I may disclose such things about the illicit trading of wool as shall forfeit half the goods and half the gear and half the houses—nay, and half the lives—of all the Barons of Rye."

The tipsy baron, who had continued to gaze upon him, brought out suddenly—

"What, Edward Colman turn traitor? Edward Colman play informer? Never! I'll not believe it."

Edward Colman turned upon him a sunny glance.

"Why, I would not turn traitor," he said, "save upon the compulsion of torture, and I will not come under the compulsion of torture save after Rye town have betrayed me. I will not come back till I be pardoned or till the town of Rye fail to protect my goods and my wife with its best endeavours."

He paused, and looked at the two Mayors.

"This is the compact, and it is a very tight knot! You shall protect my wife, each and several of you as if you were her fathers, and at the expenses of

the town you shall protect my goods by all processes of our law against all processes of the law of the realm, and ere the last chicanery be spent upon it. By your bungling of matters up at Udimore ye have made me your scapegoat; you have jeopardized the estate of a Baron of Rye: you shall work to protect him."

The Mayor of Winchelsea pulled the ends of his long moustache that were far below his chin.

"This is a very simple, sailorly and straight-made compact," he said, "and I think the townsmen of Rye may well observe it, and I may well be witness to it. For I take it that there is no duty of us barons more due and fit to be observed than the protection of the goods of a baron and brother against the laws of the realm or the succouring of his wife against such as would oppress her."

"I approve," the Mayor said, and looked round upon the other barons, but they all slept reclining backwards or forwards in their scarlet. Only Solomon Keymer added to his "And I!" the proviso—

"Upon condition that this, our brother baron, acknowledge that in this the power and worship of our ancient town be shown, approved, and rendered glorious."

"Oh, I grant you that, brother baron," Edward Colman smiled; and his next action showed the man as much as any, for he went swiftly to the great cupboard at the hall end. It was wont to hold all the scarlet robes of the barons, but now held only his own, all the others being there around the hall. He took from his neck the chain upon

which there hung the medallion with arms; with this, when a baron went without the Liberties of the Five Ports, he was accustomed to show his rank. He hung it upon the wooden peg above the furred collar of his gown.

"See you," he said, "let that hang there till I come back again. It is not to-day nor to-morrow that the New World shall acknowledge the privilege of a Baron of the Ports, and I am minded to see if there shall not be found merchandise once more to make our town richer than Venice or Cadiz, as once it was."

He turned to his com-barons and smiled.

"Sirs, I have spoken roughly; but here is little time, and *pauca verba* perforce my motto. To-morrow, or to-day, before dawn I will sail with Von Voss, who setteth towards Amsterdam. And, sir," he said to Jeal, "and you, brother baron," to Solomon Keymer, "I think you have correspondents at Amsterdam. I pray you to walk with me to the house that is mine. I will do business with you this night."

VIII

"SEE you," he said to Jeal, as, at the stairfoot, he cast the keys into the lap of the Town Chamberlain, that still slept, in that dark and damp space beside his lanthorn, "that is all of a piece. You have all sorts of guards, and they slumber by the doors whilst your daughters spy upon your most secret conclaves at your hinder windows."

"It is very well," Solomon Keymer sneered at him, "that you are going abroad in the morning. Truly you will find outlandish towns more to your taste." His voice echoed in sneering whispers through the vaulted and pillared darkness of the market places, and Edward Colman caught him up.

"Beseech you, neighbour," he said, "talk not of my plans in these darknesses. Who knows where Anne Jeal, who has hearkened at so many of your conclaves, is not now hearkening?"

The Mayor, who had held his peace for so long, spoke now with gravity.

"Godson," he said, "you accuse my daughter of listening at our windows. Know you not the gravity of that offence?"

They went out into the dark, echoing, and wet streets, where a light rain was falling.

"Oh," Edward Colman laughed, whilst they turned up the collars of their short cloaks, "the

penalty of listening at your mysteries is to lose one ear each time of listening. Is it by her witchcraft that Anne Jeal has grown a hundred ears?"

"Anne hath never listened," his godfather maintained stoutly.

"A hundred times she hath," Edward Colman laughed. "Myself I took her in the act, even now—at that pane." They were passing in the churchyard behind the lighted windows of the hall. He laughed again. "Why, I exact no penalty," he said. "These old-fashioned penalties are a folly, along with all your relics of the dark ages."

Solomon Keymer stopped suddenly and mulishly in the street.

"I will make no transactions of giving bills in Amsterdam for one that jeers at our ancient corporations," he said.

Edward Colman stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"Then there remain for me only the prison and the torture. I am good at bearing pain, but not when it comes to looping a rope round my head and twisting it tight with a stick. That is done in the Court of the Star Chamber in London, they say."

"You would betray your fellow townsmen!" Solomon Keymer said, as if he addressed Judas Iscariot.

"Not if they will aid me!" Edward Colman said.

"Oh, in God's name," Jeal broke in, "let us not hinder him from going. Willingly will I give one hundred pounds—nay, two; nay, three—that he may get him gone. I would rather give a thousand

pounds than that we should lose our liberties—and that it will come to if we resist his seizure or if we let him be taken."

Solomon Keymer looked at the wet faces of the houses before him.

"Why," he said, "if Edward Colman will speak civil words of the liberties I will give willingly a hundred, or two hundred, or three hundred pounds. I am an old man; long I have not to live. That much will I give, that our privileges remain as they are till my eyes close for good. Aye, and more; I would keep only enough as may serve to maintain me till I die. For the Corporation of the Cinque Ports is a most ancient and honourable estate."

"Why, so it is," Edward Colman said; and he smiled, for he saw that these two old men were minded to bribe him to be gone; "so it is, for old men that come of King Henry VIII's day. But I am a young man, and would be frisking it."

The hill told upon the breath of these two, so he let them be in peace till he came to the door of his house. The key, which was small for those days, was hidden in a nook beneath the paving-stones before his door.

"See you," he said, "how we of the modern fashion contrive! I warrant you have each two lazy and useless servitors sleeping in your doorways to let you come in. I do send my old nurse to bed, so, with her and a cookmaid and an apprentice, I make mine house seem better than yours, who have ten knaves and wenches each. And my house is bigger than either of yours."

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Nevertheless in the dark entry-hall a pale figure greeted them with a—

"God be thanked, Master Edward;" his old nurse having crept down again and again from her room to see if he were come home, though it was against his most stern commands.

"Get you gone ere I kindle a light," he said. "I'm come off very well, as you see."

"Oh, not now," the aged voice pleaded; "tell me of your adventures;" and when she was but a fading whiteness on the stairs he cried after her—

"Why, old trembler! Dress you, that your teeth may not chatter when I speak. It is too cold for old ones to be out of bed. But I will tell you——

"Aye, and pray for me," he cried after. "I am bent upon a long journey."

"She remains a concealed Papist," he said, whilst he was getting a light for his taper from the wood ashes that still held fire in the grate.

In the upper house, that jutted over the street, he had a great room, where his fathers had done business with pilgrims, taking of them their passage moneys to Compostella, or Rome, or to the Holy Land, according as they were pilgrims, or Romers, or palmers. It backed out upon the town wall, over the harbour, and it fronted the street that runs at the back of the church. His fathers had taken bands of pilgrims from Guildford or Horsham, or as far away as Cirencester, sending with them trusty guides, selling them poultry, and wine, and sweet cakes for the voyage, and sending

them all together in little fleets of their ships when the Narrow Seas were perilous on account of pirates. And his nurse could tell that his grandmother had once seen seven hundred pilgrims bargaining in that room upon one day. Now it seldom saw more than five, or at most half-a-score, of Holland or French merchants, so that she had good reason to bewail the sweeping away of the old Faith in that land, since the folk who had gone on pilgrimages had brought great profit to the house of Colman. And now there were no more pilgrims in all England. And even, since the loss of Calais, no more royal princes set sail from Rye for France—though the walls of this great chamber were covered with the armorial bearings of all the princes and queens since Edward I's day, that, down to Queen Jane Seymour, had set sail for France in good ships hired from the Colmans in the port of Rye. It had been a room to see much grand and lordly company, with always a Colman as rich and as lordly as any; it had seen the Lord High Admirals sitting there, to ask of Colmans their ships to do service in war time. And their ships had fought in many great sea-battles, and Colmans, with the other Barons of the Ports, had done great feats of arms. That was why they were called Barons—for, from the battle of the Spaniards-on-the-Sea, which is called the Victory of Winchelsea, to the days of the Armada itself—in three hundred years—there had been no sea-battle in which the ships of the Five Ports, and those of the Colmans among them, had not been in the vanguard. New ships of war had

grown too great to enter that small port; there was hardly enough work for the few ships that Edward Colman had, and not merchandise enough in all those ports to employ the gold that his fathers had hoarded up.

It was not for him, he explained, whilst he talked in this vein to the two old men in the great chamber, dimly lighted by one candle in the midst of the long table that ran down the wall beneath the escutcheons of Queen Jane Seymour, painted on the plasterwork—it was not the life he would lead, to put out his money in usury, like a Jew, or to sit on his gold-sacks and grow fat, as an alderman, whilst the sacks grew lean as a parson's horse. He was for new land and new merchandise, and for reviving the glories of the port of Rye.

The old men grew very tired; Jeal solemnly and Keymer owlishly blinked at the light, and his speeches and action alike dismayed and amazed them. They were used to be in bed by nine of the clock; they were used to let their minds revolve around two thoughts every day—one before dinner and one before supper—or three thoughts at the most on a Friday, when the laws prescribed fasting. So that, though they resented, they did not well understand his thoughts, and made him no answer at all. And they blinked at his actions in the dim light.

He pulled open presses where, to prove his words, there reclined, brown and faded, the old printed "Directions for Pilgrims," in hundreds of broadsheets. His fathers had bought them in that number the year before all pilgrimages had been

forbidden by law in Henry VIII's day, and there they lay still. They were of no use; they never would again be of use: they were like the old privileges of the Ports, the old customs, the old faiths. They must get them new ones—either from the New World or from elsewhere, he said. They must cut their coats according to newer cloths.

He pulled two parchment sheets from a lower shelf and stood before them.

"Here I stand, Edward Colman, a young man and proper, going into outlawry because all that I could find to spend my time on was a trade that is against the law. Is it not silly to keep up an old law that would prevent the export of fleeces and the coming in of gold to this realm? Yet that is all that you and I—and all of us—can find to do in the ancient town!"

He turned a sheet of parchment in front of each of his elders, and cried—

"Write each of you a bill of a thousand pounds upon the merchants of Amsterdam!"

And whilst a sudden comprehension of that, at least—and a sudden protest—came into each face together, he said—

"What! You will not write to save the town of Rye?"

He put a leaden inkpot, with goose-quill pens, between them, and started to cut a pen with a little knife.

"Sir," he said to Jeal, "you are a master iron-worker; you have many furnaces and ironpits; you earn two thousand pounds by the year, yet you

will not give a thousand pounds of a bill to save your town."

And: "Brother Baron," he said to the wrinkled Solomon Keymer, "you are of yourself the richest man of his town, with much gold made with former trade to Bordeaux. You are said to be worth £17,000 in gold. Where are your brave words now? And remember you, for both of you I have carried cargoes of wool into Holland. Much good shall not remain to you if I tell what I can to the King's Council. You had best aid me to be gone!"

Solomon Keymer whimpered—

"Five hundred—between the two of us—five hundred in Dutch gold."

The old nurse came into the room; she was turned of seventy, yet she was thin and limber, and dressed in brown linsey-woolsey, without any farthingale to swell round her waist, and with a tailed, flat hood such as had been worn in the days of Henry VIII. She came to him swiftly, with both her hands stretched out to stroke his; he cried over his shoulder to the two old men—

"Two thousand pounds, paid in Dutch gold in Amsterdam, I will have bills for;" and went with her to a place in the wall beside the high fireplace where they were hidden by a great post that upheld the dim ceiling. There they might not see him, and he pulled out from the wall what seemed to be a solid panel of plastering, but it fell back on hinges that the old woman had greased once a week for fifty years. The voice of the sea-springs, that there ran far into the land, came up to them

whispering from deep below. Many years before this had been a well in the town wall—four hundred years before, at the least, it had been made. But the well-sinkers had found only salt water, and when the Colmans had built their house against the wall they had come to using this well as a place for hiding such things as they would hide. At low tide its bottom now was dry, and they could go down to it by a rope ladder; but for the most part it was filled, deep down, with salt water, that came oozing from the sea through the sandbanks and the shingle.

There may have been folk in the town that had known, or had forgotten, that there was this old well in the Colmans' house, but no one knew there what it held save Edward Colman and this old nurse of his.

He gave her his news in between his lamentations; there was something merciless in his telling her that he must go beyond the seas, since he was almost like her very grandchild, and she came of times when "over-the-seas" had meant a world of dragons, devils, Saracens, cut-throat Frenchmen, stabbing Spaniards, evil women, and fell robbers. He could not bring to her mind in that short time that over the seas he would find streets, and clean towns, and honest Dutch faith. So that whilst he worked and she aided him, he could do no more than direct her what she should do whilst he was away. She was so acquainted with his way and his merchanting that, if only she lived till he came back, he could leave his house to her and to Magdalena, who, he had advised with himself,

should come there to live, out of the perils of Rye Foreign.

"Ahí!" the old woman grizzled softly; "I must have a Knipperdolling mistress!" And she crossed herself in the shadow.

There were, below the inner wall of the well, so low down that Edward Colman must bend to reach them, a number of hooks, out of sight, in the cavity. On each hook there hung a ring, and from each ring there depended downwards a chain, painted, so that it might not rust. These rings Edward Colman took one by one and set them on the bucket-hook, that still hung from a rope over a wheel in the roof of the well-chamber. They laid hold of the rope-end and silently and methodically pulled together. Each time there came up at last a wet, green-slimed, chain-bound, and heavy little case of wood.

And whilst he pulled, in between the rattling of the chain on the wheel and the hollow, continual dripping sound of the water, he directed her as to what she was to do. She might, he said, if she would, argue with her new mistress upon points of doctrine—Magdalena was no very hot Knipperdolling; but betwixt her pulling one way and the old woman's pulling the other, Magdalena, or both of them, might very well come to be of the Church of England, which, as seemed likely, would remain the Church of that realm for many years. But she was to leave Magdalena to do what polishing and cleansing her heart yearned after in the house; the rushes off the floor should go, and sand take its place; the sconces of iron

might be replaced by sconces of brass; what Magdalena would have, that she should have. And the old woman was to instruct Magdalena in the details of what small trade should, in his absence, come to his house; she was, he said, of a swift and steady capacity to learn. He had tried her.

"I will," he said, "that if it prove that you die ere I come back, this my house—if God grant me an heir—shall have at its head this wife of mine instructed in my ways and able to instruct mine heir. And I know of no woman that better can do it than you. I will enjoin upon her in a letter I shall write her before I go that in those things she shall be subject to you for instruction."

She said, "Ahí! ahí!" but in a tone of mollification and consolement.

At last they had fourteen wet boxes on the floor beside them; the old [illegible]man panted very much and Edward Colman [illegible]tle when he turned back into the long room and went to the two old men.

"Sirs," he said, "have you written me those bills?"

Each of them looked at the other to speak, till he put in, with a great laugh—

"Why, I had forgotten," he said, "ye can neither of ye write!" and he called into the shadows, "Nurse Janet, come ye and write two bills of a thousand pound upon such merchants of Amsterdam as their worships shall advise you of."

And whilst, with her lips working over a difficult writing that, nevertheless, she had by heart, having been schooled thereto by Edward Colman's father,

Edward himself went back and forth between the dark corner and the lit table, bearing each time a heavy box, wet with salt water and green with slime. He had himself to take a breathing space at the fourteenth journey, and after that he spoke.

"Sirs," he said, "are ye well minded to set your marks, esteemed and known in Amsterdam, to these bills of a thousand pounds?"

Solomon Keymer answered, "Aye!" and nudged Jeal till he, too, answered, "Aye!"

"Then," said Edward Colman, with the green slime of his boxes on his hands, his arms, and his thighs, "I take back much of what I have said against this ancient town. For, for sure, much of good it must have in it if it breed old men that so love its customs. For old age breeds avarice, and in few places will you find old men to do this much."

"Why," Solomon Keymer said, "the Corporation of the Five Ports is an ancient and honourable estate."

"I have heard that said afore now," Edward Colman answered him; "yet bethink you of the motto of this port of ours. I do think you know how it runs: 'God save England and the town of Rye'? Well, then, hear me speak this: in fourteen boxes repose the sum of seven thousand pounds in gold coins. And I do take it that in your breasts repose two hearts of honour, that are more precious than ten thousand weight each of gold. This gold I had of my ancestors in better times; your goodly hearts you had of the same origin. These seven thousand pounds I deliver into your

hands. Two of the thousand shall be yours against the bills ye have given me." Solomon Keymer scratched his head and the Mayor held his beard at these words. "The other five thousands you shall safeguard for me, dispensing of them such coins as my young wife shall need till I come back, accounting for them to me then, or to her and her heirs if that I do die. Sirs, you have been my neighbours and the neighbours of my father, and your fathers of my fathers, through countless years withouten tale or number. Such deeds of trust as this of mine were done in the old days by our fathers, and because of such unity and trust our town grew great. Now it is a little town amongst the cities, but because I believe in the honorability in the hearts of you, I shall get me forth from this shelter with a better courage. For, for sure, ye be barons at heart, and the corporation of the Five Ports is an ancient and honourable estate still. And whilst there remain here old men, as I am sure, of approved honour, and young men of, as I do hope, courage and adventure, there shall not yet be need to call out in despair, 'God save England and the town of Rye.'"

He spoke this long speech well and without halting, because he had been well trained in Latin, and reading, and rhetoric at the Grammar School of King Edward, and had been many times chosen to speak for the town upon great occasions. But the two old men came of King Henry's time, and were slow witted, so that they hardly understood more than the drift of his context. Old Jeal, indeed, had some tears in his eyes, because of a

shame that he felt; but Solomon Keymer had it still in him to say—

"I perceive that you have jested till now, Edward Colman, and if I little like your jesting I will, for the sake of your sensible speech, make you a good wish, and the oath of a Baron of the Five Ports, to observe your trust as you were my son and your wife my good daughter. For the Corporation of the Cinque Ports is an ancient and honourable estate."

When he had nearly got them from the room, Edward Colman had yet to suffer a measure of apologies and condolences from the Mayor.

"I am to blame," he wept. "I—I—because I have begotten the daughter that has made this bother."

"Oh aye," Edward Colman answered; "but you will have to pay for it when your daughter learns I am come off with the Dutch ship. And for your daughter, it is not for begetting her that you are to blame; it is for having beaten her so little."

"Aye; but," the Mayor said, "these be newer times. Beatings be out of fashion for maidens."

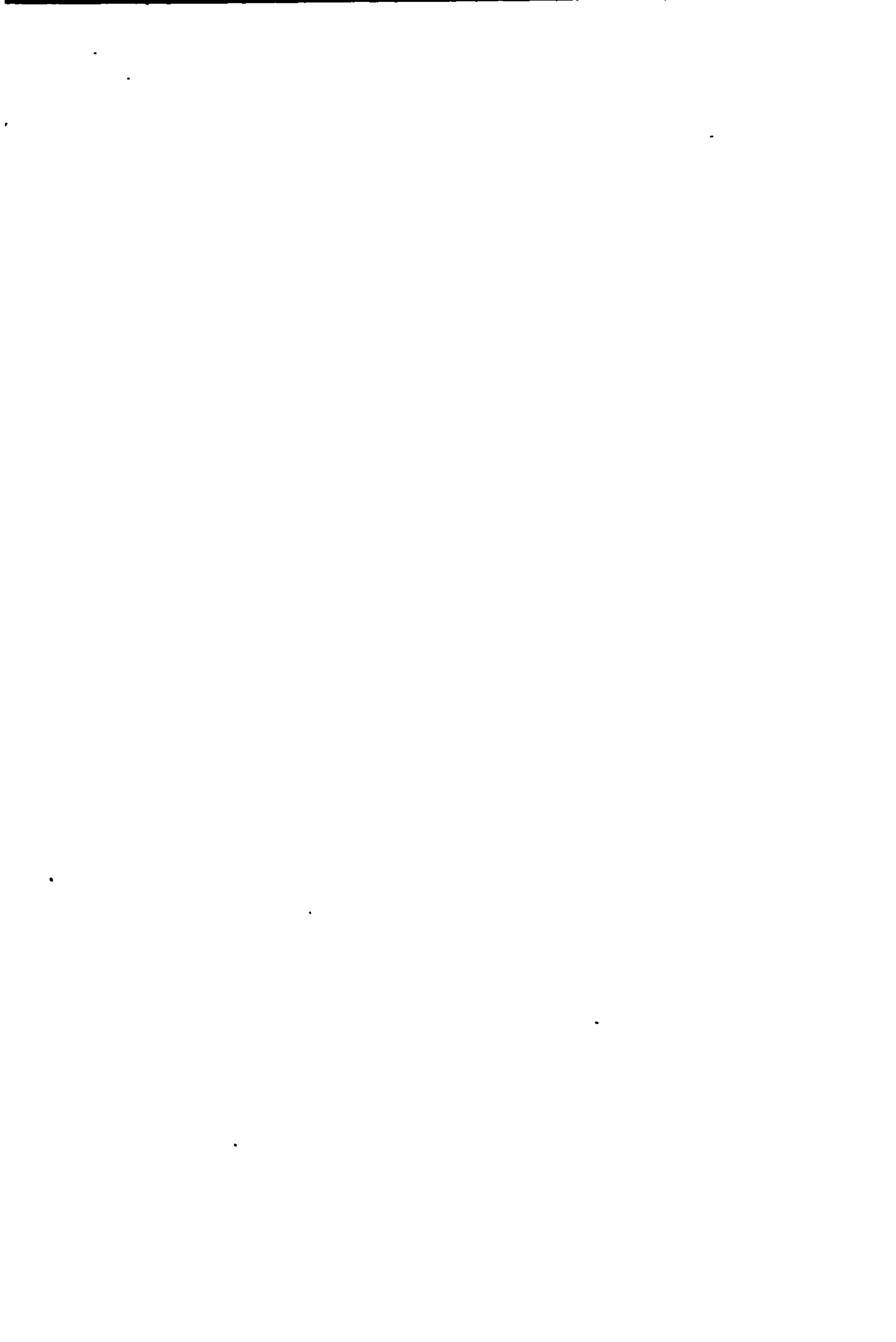
"Sir," Edward Colman answered him, "here is a great medley of new and old. Let us keep what is good and salutary of the old. The great Queen Eliza was well beaten, as we have read, so she grew to be a virtuous and a virgin queen—the greatest that ever was. Because you had not the stern heart of the older days you did not beat your daughter; therefore she is a shrew, and hath betrayed us all. For me, I was long since minded to

see other lands and learn of other ports how this of ours may be amended. Therefore, if I go now—since I am wedded to my wife—I have little to clamour at; and though somewhat you have injured me, yet I pardon it very willingly, and pray God to keep and save you."

He spoke a little negligently, pushing the old man towards the dark opening of the stairway.

"Why, you are my godfather," he added more earnestly. "I have much to do and but an hour to do it in. Pray you give your blessing before you go—to me, and this house, and my new enterprise."

The old woman, with her head on the table, beside the candle, in the dim room, whimpered, "Ahí! ahí!"



PART II

GOING ABROAD

I

"SIRS," Henry Hudson said, "the Ancients have spoken of setting up monuments of brass, or monuments of good verses. But we do set now-a-days our names upon the hills that are more lasting than brass, and upon broad rivers that shall flow when all libraries be burned."

He was a man of a great girth, heavy upon his feet, with a square and curly beard of an iron grey and deep-set eyes of a shining black. He had in his air something of the overbearing, something of the masterly, something of the gasconading and something of the heavy and the trustworthy. He was rather a man of the last age—of Henry's or Elizabeth's day—than of that year of a new century when men were less lusty than he, when men were more prone to question, more prone to sneer and apt to grin in cabals behind a leader's back, to form cabals, mutinies and obstinate knots and to question the divine right of pastors and kings.

But there, in the room of the Golden Horn, which was next door to the hall of the Dutch East India Company at Amsterdam, he was very much a king and very much unquestioned.

He had sixteen listeners standing in a half-ring before him, and one, M. de Brinic, agent from

Henry IV of France, that sat astride a little three-legged chair and looked up at him. His wife, a plain, square, fat Bristol woman with but one eye, sat a little behind him, beside the great stove, and knitted for him a cap of grey wool that in time would cover his whole head, forehead and chin, as the chain helmets of the old knights had done. She had come all the way from Bristol to prepare his clothes against this sailing away in quest of the North-West Passage that, in fourteen days from then, he was to attempt.

It was to M. de Brinic that the heavy man mostly addressed himself, though he had always an eye for the faces of the ring that stood before him —a ring of elderly Dutchmen in straight black coats and with worn features, of a few Frenchmen that were secretaries seeking to be taken as adventurers upon his voyage.

"Sir," he said, and this time he addressed himself to Brinic, "former Ages have been called Ages of Gold, of Brass, of Iron; or Ages of Horace, of Tully, of Aristotle, as the bookmen will tell you. But I think that future ages shall speak of this as the Age of Pilots. For, for sure, the great men that be masters of my craft and mystery shall have great honours shown to them that for princes, kings and commonwealths, discover realms, islands, empires, continents, harbours, passages, anchorages or straits, and do give to the Alexanders of this day new regions to conquer or to the republics that at present exist, the lands upon which to set up colonies and commonwealths."

The French agent slapped his knee with his

embroidered glove and, with a beck of his head, summoned a secretary to translate into his ear the words that Hudson had spoken. He nodded when he heard, moved his knees inward upon the stool, set his chin upon the top of the stool-back, and then—

"Pilot," he said, "you cannot say that we, that we——" He spoke a very hesitating English, and Hudson kept upon him his dark, masterly eyes in which there danced little beads of light. "In short," the Frenchman said, "we have demonstrated that we highly honour you. For has not my master—the King, that is more valiant than any man, Henry of Navarre and France—has not he offered—offered——"

"Monsieur," Hudson said, "your great and Protestant sovereign has offered me twice what the Hollanders will pay me, and four ships and larger for the Netherlands one and a little one. But he comes late; and, see you, it is better merchanting, and better honouring, to be first in the market with a little price than second with a great one."

The Frenchman stood upon his legs, with the back of the stool between them.

"It is bad selling to take the first offer!" he said.

"Why," Hudson said, "I am a better navigator than a seller of my services. That is true!"

The Frenchman took his little hat from his head; he had a vexed face, for he had urged his King to secure this voyage of Hudson's—he had urged his King long before to employ this great navigator and pilot, and the King had never given

his commission till that day morning when it was too late, and Hudson was many weeks engaged to seek out the North-West Passage in the interests of the Dutch.

"Monsieur," Hudson said, and he removed his huge hat with a more negligent formality, "so you will, I will engage myself under bond and seal, if I have not before then discovered the traverse and passage north-westerly to the Indies —if I have not before then discovered this passage for these Hollanders, I will make a voyage for your King. But for this year, whilst the weather holds, and the hearts of my men and the victuals of my ship, I must honestly and with all endeavours make the essay for my new masters."

The French agent bit his glove.

"I will bethink me upon it," he said.

"Monsieur," Hudson answered, "I rede and advise you to come to your determination swiftly. For here in Amsterdam I have to visit my agents from the city of Genoa that lost Christopher to the Spaniards, and from the Portugals, that lost Cabot to the English; each of them would employ me next year to make for them a voyage of discovery."

"Sir," the French agent said, "I will bethink me upon it, and you shall have my answer this night."

"Monsieur, I salute you," Hudson answered.

And setting on his hat again, and again lifting it, the Frenchman pushed his way through the listeners and was followed by his little quota of secretaries and writers. Hudson set his broad back

closer in to the white porcelain of the high stove, and gazed jovially and heavily before him.

Henry Hudson was a man then turned of forty; and, if he never put it into words, it was certainly true when he hinted that he was the most celebrated navigator that then lived. He was one of those West of England men who had come to the fore as sailors when the trend of wars rather against Spain than France, the trend of trade rather towards the West than the East, and above all the pitiless drift of the tides in the channel that swept shingle into all the Eastern harbours and closed them to shipping, had rendered the south-east of England no longer the maritime centre of the world. In his day the Alards, the Fiennes, the Colmans and all the great names of the fighting shipmen, from William of Normandy's day to Henry VII's, had been almost forgotten. The sailors of Fowey had beaten the sailors of the Cinque Ports in Rye Bay—and when you spoke of sailors you meant men of Fowey, of Somerset, Bristol men and Plymouth lads. But Hudson had never set himself to be either fighting sailor or sailing merchantman. Very early in his life he had taken to heart the honours and the profits of the Cabots, those Portuguese-born navigators of Bristol. He had a favourite speech that he uttered very often—

"Consider you the Cabots how they sailed East and West and gained great honour; for in fourteen hundred and ninety-seven Cabot the elder sailed to forty degrees south of the line, and to sixty-seven to northwards. King Henry VIII

knighted him and made him Grand Pilot of England. Edward VI gave him a pension of £166 13*s*. 4*d*. by the year. Here are great honours and profits. Consider also the glory of Sir H. Willoughby who was frozen to death, of Martin Frobisher that was knighted for his search of the Passage; of Sir H. Gilbert that hath had much honour."

It was these men that formed the names of his talk always; Sir Francis Drake, who sailed round the world first of all Englishmen, he honoured less, because he did that voyage for profit of taking ships laden with gold. He was for navigators only, and he debated much and often as to who it was that first found the New World in ancient days—whether King Arthur, or Maljo, or Brandon, or that Prince Madock the Welshman, whom Orsin Quineth in his chronicle upholdeth as having sailed away for ever with men from Wales into the West. And there were Danes and Frisians who said that the first to see the western lands was a Danish pirate—and the Spaniards said it was Hanno, a Carthaginian Prince, that lived in times of the old Romans. Save that he hated the Spaniards he was inclined to give the palm to Hanno the Carthaginian—but always his talk was of navigators, not of merchants or ship-soldiers. He thought so much of this, that although it was the Hollander West India Company that had asked him to come to Amsterdam to lead their fleet for them, it was to the Hollander East Indiamen he engaged himself for that year.

He had debated the matter with his fat wife,

that had come with him to knit him garments and to guide him with advice.

"Nay, dame," he said, when not very eagerly she bade him consider that the West Indiamen offered him two hundred and seventy pounds, where the East Indiamen offered him but two hundred and fifty by the year; "the East Indiamen pay me to guide them to the East Indies by the North-West Passage; the West Indiamen offer me more to guide them to Spanish ports in the Gulf, where they may sack towns and take galleons. But I am no general to guide soldiers and freebooters; I am a navigator to discover passages."

And his wife was not very earnest to over-persuade him, for she was not set to make him push himself in where there was fighting—he had already the knack of finding trouble, since, being overbearing, he had always a mutiny or two of his men to tell of when he came back to her at his voyage ends. And at that time, though with the truce between Spain and the United Provinces of the Netherlands, it soon after changed its character, the Dutch West India Company was no association of peaceful merchants; it was made up wholly and purely of privateers, who preyed upon the Spanish galleons in the Gulf of Mexico. When Hudson had gone to their hall to treat with them of his engagement, he had seen, between the wooden pillars and beneath the models of ships that hung from the arch-keys, whole piles of silver candlesticks, of golden vessels, of ingots and bars of precious metals and whole heaps and mounds of altar cloths and stoles and chasubles—the most

costly, jewelled and gold-sewn textiles—roughly sorted and thrown down together ready for selling. And when he had asked what these were and had been told by the interpreter—for he had no Dutch—that these were the produce of their ships just come from the Western Main, he had sniffed and said—

"What islands exhibit trees that bear such fruits? I know of none." And when he was told by the Dutchmen there assembled that he was wanted to guide them not to any solitary seas but to unknown and hidden towns of the Spaniards, he had sniffed still more and said—

"Why, then, I shall set my name to no promontories, unless I slay a Spaniard to take from it the name he had bestowed. This is the duello, not navigating." And it was whilst he had been in this discontented mood that an emissary of the East Indiamen, a man with a melancholy face and a black cloak who, because he was a merchant and not a freebooter, spoke English and needed no interpreter like the Western men—this melancholy merchant had taken him by the sleeve and had said: If he had a mind to find the East Indies by way of the North-West Passage, maybe he might find the employment he sought, hard by in another hall in the Keizersgracht.

It was a quest much more to the navigator's taste—for the North-West Passage was Hudson's Philosopher's Stone; to find it he would have guided fleets unpaid. All the great navigators of the world had sought it; some had died frozen in the ice, like Willoughby; some had been seduced

by the way southwards, like Magellan, or by the love of plunder, like Sir Francis Drake; some had been contented with the finding of the New World, like Columbus or Vespucci. But the Passage remained undiscovered; a thing for the steadfast, a thing for the adventurous, a thing that all navigators had sought for and none found. Three attempts after it he had made already, always in English bottoms, as apprentice and as master-pilot, six times he had seen the New World; and it was partly out of a feeling of half-superstition that he had been willing to come to terms with these Dutchmen, since the three most prosperous discoverers had been always foreigners in foreign pay; Columbus, a Genoese in pay of the Castilians; the Cabots, Portuguese in pay of England; Vespucci, an Italian in pay of Spain, or Giovanni Venazano for France.

Why, then, should not the last and greatest secret fall to him, an Englishman in pay of the Hollanders? In that mood he had come to Amsterdam, and it was whilst he was in that mood that he had heard with disgust of the West Indian filibustering. He could have had a dozen offers as good in London; he could have had them from France, from Genoa, from Venice itself. He could take engagements for ten years ahead to guide settlements to the American coast; each year one, or even two, from different nations. But he desired to find the North-West Passage. He was the greatest navigator then in the world; he could choose his employers.

At the hall of the East Indiamen—an older,

browner hall than that of those Western men—he found older and graver men. He found maps offered to his view, instead of chasubles and ingots—maps of all Cathay and the Spice Islands of the East. These men were concerned with finding a short channel to the golden and flowering lands of merchandise; the others had been set merely upon regions of plunder. The ships in the West India Hall—the models hung between the wooden pillars in the arches—had been high turreted, lean bellied, swift, agile, of little use for cargo and tremendously over-sparred. The men there had been fighting men, fat, loud-voiced, and set to avenge upon the devils of Spain their long struggles, their harryings under Alva and Requescens and Don John of Austria. These men were worrying down Spain as dogs worry a great stag to death. That was very well; but he sought the North-West Passage. England in these days was peaceable enough to Spain; they had beaten the Armada, they had suffered nothing at any time, they had feared nothing for thirty years.

In the East India Hall, where men ruffled much less and were staid, precise and melancholy, where merchandise came before war, and ciphers in account-books before deaths to be blotted out with blood, his quick eye took in that the models of ships were flatter, slower, longer, rounder below the water line, swelling out like gourds and melons or tureens for soup, with masts proportionately shorter and cordage proportionately more dense.

"Sir," he said to his guide, "these are good ships

to carry burthens; but they will ill sustain the burden of a navigator."

His guide, who was bringing him before the merchants, said—

"Aye; but that is provided for and thought of."

These merchants were indeed employers after his own mind; they had thought to give him a fly-boat—a Dutch make of craft, very shallow of draft and yet swift in the water—one that was new and stout and had been tried upon one voyage to find that she sailed well. He had no need to doubt that, because they, in their slow way, were as eager as he to find the Passage and shorten their road to their merchanting ground. He was to have this swift fly-boat—little, yet with all her cargo space filled with provender enough for nine months, and another smaller one as consort; he was to have twenty-four men under their own captains, and might take one Englishman that understood not navigation; he was to have very new and good compasses; very good cordials and comforters; a cabin well ordered and furnished; services of silver and gold and beakers of crystal after the navigating practice of East India shipping ways. For it was considered that if they came upon savage peoples or upon great pagan emperors, it was well that these should be impressed with wonder and admiration at the way in which these sailors lived that would do trade with them. And, for his reward, the navigator should have two hundred and fifty pounds for his voyage—and, if he found the Passage, he should have the title of High Pilot to the United Provinces

and a salary of two hundred pounds by the year for as long as his Passage remained secret from other country traders and one hundred pounds afterwards. This was to keep him to secrecy and silence if he found the way.

Upon these terms Hudson rubbed his hands.

"Why," he said, "when I have seen the two ships and have taken counsel with my wife, I will tell you more. But I like your terms."

They were, indeed, so practical, these sad and solemn and black-coated men, that they took out their maps and consulted with him then and there upon when he should sail, and they had passages marked of all voyages made before and spoke learnedly, which he liked less. For that was trespassing upon his ground—upon the secret and mystery of navigation. Nevertheless, when he had seen his little ships, and had said that he would have higher masts for swifter sailing when ice seemed like to close in, and stout fenders of bales of wool-cloth to withstand the pressure of ice, and when he had consulted with his wife as to when she would have her knitting ready, he made his agreement to sail in one month from that day—it was the 15th of February—and he took one quarter of his pay in advance, the rest being to be paid to his wife by the East India Company upon the day on which he sailed.

By the first day of March there had come to him the agents of the French King, of the Venetians and of certain Portugals, each offering him higher sums than the other. And there he stood in the large room of his inn of the Golden Horn,

like a king, with his court before him and his wife beside the stove at his back, and gave them all their dismissals.

"Sirs," he said, "this estate of navigator is the most honourable that yet hath been found. Ye offer me weighty sums in gold, yet I blow it—for the honour of my mystery and craft—as if it had been thistledown, from me. I will take mine engagement for some future year to the King of France, and for the next and the next to the city of Venice or the Portugals, according as they offer and in their order. But this year I am for this East India Company of the City of Amsterdam."

There remained, when these foreigners had gone, seven young Englishmen. They were all strong and straight; you could not choose between them. Five had followed him from London town, his commission having been in his absence noised abroad; one had come from Venice with the Embassy to him—such was his fame and such the desirability of these adventures to the young of that day. And the seventh was Edward Colman.

II

He had been a fortnight out of Rye now, and he had seen and considered many things. But he had two things that he most urgently considered: in the first place how he could most cheaply and most easily purchase his pardon in England, for he was not very much minded that Magdalena should come out of England—voyaging was not a thing for women—and he was not much minded to be parted from his wife and from his home for very long. At that day, when ships were very slow and roads very bad, if a man went away he might very well stay for six months or nine, but longer he would have found irksome. So, to that end, he went to one of the several pardon-brokers of Amsterdam—a Dutchman who had dwelt for most of his life in Sandwich itself, where he had been born and where he had been bred to the law. This man, called Husum, a brisk young man of thirty, had made a great art of getting outlawed Papists pardoned at little cost. He charged a man so many pounds according to his crimes and the greatness of his estate, and, for that sum, he agreed to pay the outlaw's fines, bribe those lords of the King's Council that were to be bribed, and provide him with passports and a pardon signed by King James himself. When it came to such a crime as owling, he told

Edward Colman very honestly he could not fix the cost nor know the nature of the fine. But he took upon him to work for Edward Colman's pardoning in the cheapest way that he could, and, when he had ascertained the charges—which might be great or small, he did not know—to treat with him as to his own fees and to come to an honourable compact with him.

He placed the date, at which this consummation could be arrived at, at seven months; he undertook to impede with the Council of the United Provinces any applications that the English agent might make for Edward Colman's cession as a rebel, and, in the meanwhile, he recommended that Edward Colman should make a voyage or an overland travel in various parts of the provinces, and, whilst he stayed in Amsterdam, to avoid going into the Heerengracht at night, for there the English agent had his lodgings. My lord Scroop had been known to hire bullies that threw pitch-plasters over English outlaws' faces, and so to ship them to England secretly. Edward Colman thanked him for his advice and stored it carefully in his mind, and, because the man had the reputation of a very honest practitioner who had restored more than three hundred exiles to their native land and, therefore, was little likely to play false and lose that profitable renown, he made that compact with him and dismissed the matter from his well-ordered mind.

He went about only by daylight, for Amsterdam was at that time a port very filled with foreigners, and, though he did not think that any man then

there knew of his being there, it might well be that some merchant he had done business with, some sea-captain or some sailor might recognize his face and report his presence to Lord Scroop, the English agent. And, though he was safe to walk the streets by day, it might well be that he could be stunned or stifled in some court, or even overset from his boat in some canal and so taken, at night, aboard of an English ship. So it was part of his plan to take a voyage somewhither—even to the New World—after he should have had a letter from Magdalena, which should come with a ship of his, from Rye, in a fortnight. He took, in the meanwhile, a room in the Engelgracht, which is parallel and behind the Keizersgracht, and he devoted himself to the study of ship-building as it was there practised.

This had been one of his chief reasons for selecting Amsterdam as the place of his sojourn, for, though he had seen only a few Dutch ships, he had heard many reports from seamen of how swift and how fitted to carry great cargoes and make great voyages were the ships of little draft that the Hollanders built for sailing in their shallow inland seas. He went, therefore, very little along the broad, white-faced, tall and clean streets of the city. Once or twice he walked in them for his pleasure and entertainment; it amazed him, coming from Rye, which was dirty and crooked and small, to see how the streets spread out and were clean and straight, with square and pointed gables, going upwards like steps towards the heavens, with the red roofs behind. It pleased him to see Holland

girls polishing the cobble-stones before their doors, giving to each stone the attention of sand-paper and cloth, because that reminded him of Magdalena. But, for the most part, he took a little boat each morning out along the side-canal, called the Canal of St. Michael, running between the tall house fronts to where, without the walls on the dunes, there were some thirty score of ships, their timbers clean and white, like skeletons of sweet-smelling wood, beneath the skies mostly, but some beneath open roofs so that the men might work even when snow fell. And here, amongst the famous fly-boats, he spent long mornings with measures and plumblines and note-books and his quick eye—long days of absorbed and tranquil work. For, in heart and before everything, he delighted in tools and workmanship, and was a shipbuilder.

And in these famous fly-boats that he could see tacking, engrossed all round him in the shallow waters, he could foresee the regeneration of his town of Rye, with its shallow waters, its sea that came up over miles of mud flats and its setting harbour. It was what he had come out to see, and he took a sensuous delight in learning each detail of keels and transoms, of spars and sails and riggings. He learned, very carefully, all these names in Low Dutch, for he was minded to take back with him a crew of Dutch workmen that should build such ships for him in his yards at home till his own men were taught and fit. His nights he spent with an old shipbuilder, who had been ruined by the Spaniards at Antwerp and wore

great horn spectacles, and taught him Dutch words and measurements for pay, or with one or two Dutch youths in his inn, with whom he played draughts or disputed upon points of religion.

His letter from Magdalena taught him that she was well contented to be in his house and to be guided by his old nurse. Anne Jeal, she had heard, had gone to London, but some said she had flown away with a sorcerer; but she, Magdalena, was unmolested and treated honourably, sitting in his seat in the church, and allowed to go out before the wives of eleven other barons in her order of precedence. Her father, however, remained where he had been. And she prayed her husband to be mindful of his safety, to preserve her image in his heart, and to come back to her when there was no more danger and he had learned all that might be for his profit in foreign parts.

It was after he had had this letter, and after he had again consulted with his pardon-broker, that Edward Colman sought out Henry Hudson, the navigator.

He heard the great man's interviews given to the French and Venetians and the Portuguese, and he considered with himself whether he should stay and make his application, for this, it appeared to him, might prove an expensive enterprise, and he could not forget that his life and fortunes were in some danger. Not a great danger, but some. And he considered that, if he died, he must leave to Magdalena all the money that he could leave there in Holland out of the clutches of the King's wrathful Majesty and the Star Chamber Court.

Nevertheless, he did not consider that death or forfeiture were very near him, and it behoved a proper man not to take death early and unnaturally into his account, but to lay his plans for the future so that, if he died in the three-scores, he might leave to his heirs a goodly name and heritage. For this he wished to see the New World, so that he might know what merchandises he should best send thither and what he must commission his agents there to buy for him of the savages. For he imagined himself in the future, seated in his town of Rye, building his fly-boats and sending out his fleets to the New World or to other ports in the East if America seemed like to prove unprofitable.

He had kept himself a little apart from his brother Englishmen in that room; they were, all the six of them save one, younger than he and rawer; he had little taste for the converse of boys. But when the foreigners were gone he came perforce into the little, curved line of seven, over which the navigator ran his twinkling eyes.

"Ho!" he said, and ran his fingers caressingly in his thick square beard, "here be seven adventurers. Dame, whom will ye best trust to mend my cloaks?"

He took, however, no heed to his wife's protest that it was not for her to speak; but, with his back still to her and the stove, shot out quickly the query—

"Who among you hath studied the art and mystery of navigation?"

There stood out from among them the one of

them that was least young—a man maybe of forty, but thin and weatherbeaten, with a tight-skinned nose and hollowish temples.

"My name is Pember Trewinnoth," he said, and his voice was a little hollow.

"Sirrah," Hudson said, "I know that name. You sailed with Devlin to the New Found Land."

"I have sailed to many places," the lean man said; his black cloak was a little threadbare, his stockings had a hole in them.

"You are a man very useful at a pinch?" Hudson asked. "You know the sails and the ropes? If I fell ill you could mark down the reckonings for me? you have the Dutch language which I have not, and could converse with the crew? You have a little coin and would adventure it—it being your last—upon such a voyage as this?"

"All this I can and will," Pember Trewinnoth said a shade eagerly, and with a light in his deep-set eyes. "I learned the mystery of navigation of Plymouth pilots."

"Why, you would be a very proper man," Hudson said. "If I should die you could step into my shoes."

"I think," a fair, heavy boy whispered in Edward Colman's ear, "that this man will be chosen. We had best go about our affairs."

"I am minded to wait," Colman answered.

"Why," the navigator said to Trewinnoth, "you are a very proper man; you may get you gone."

Trewinnoth flushed hideously, and muttered in his throat—

"For why, Henry Hudson?"

"You know too much, Pember Trewinnoth, and have too little coin. I am contracted to the East Indiamen to take no man with me that knoweth the mystery of our craft. They will not that what I discover for them should go forth to the world."

"Pray you——" Trewinnoth flustered.

"Pray you," Hudson cried him down; "you and I should never agree; I like not your complexion. You are of the kidney of such men as Mr. Doughty that was hanged for his disagreements in Magellan's Land by Sir Francis Drake. I know too much of mutinies on the seas: dried meat breedeth mutineers. I will have none with me that can step into my shoes. It shall be life and death to this vessel that I alone can bring it back. I have done, get you gone."

Trewinnoth did not get him gone, but he sat down behind a pillar, at a drinking-table and called for a filled pipe and muscadel wine to drink. Hudson laughed.

"Now, bully boys," he said, "who of you hath money to cast upon this adventure? Some of you would be sending merchandise or bringing it along; who be they? Where's Balthasar Harse that writ to me?"

The fair, heavy boy that had whispered to Colman stepped forward and blushed.

"Why, get you gone, Balthasar Harse," Hudson cried out; "there is no profit to be won in this adventure, but only the profit of honour, adventure and some learning."

The boy hung his head and turned upon his heel.

Hudson surveyed the five that still stood before him.

"Now," he said, "I will ask you, how many of you have £300 to adventure upon the chance of this voyage?"

The four others stood still to signify that they all had it: but Edward Colman moved a little apart.

"Sir," he said, "I will first discover if the voyage is such a one as shall profit me."

Hudson gave him a quick glance beneath his brows.

"Gentleman adventurer," he said, "as to that you shall satisfy yourself hereafter. Now I am about discovering if you be such a man as shall profit *me*."

"That is in reason," Edward Colman answered. Hudson looked at him more carefully, from his face to his shoes and then returned his glance to the other four.

"Now I will ask," he said, "how many of you do not speak this Holland tongue;" and three of them were sent away because they had no Dutch.

There remained then Edward Colman and a young man of Bideford called Lang; to these two Hudson addressed his words—

"Ye two have each three hundred pounds, ye have each no knowledge of the mystery of navigation; you seek, neither of you, any profit of merchandise; ye have each a passable knowledge of this language here. Let me now test you in this last particular and I have done. The one of you who shall best satisfy me may then ask his questions."

He paused for a minute, and then said—

"Go now, one of you, to that old man that sitteth at the doorway. To my sorrow he hath no English, for he will sail with me upon this voyage, and I have but three words of High Dutch and none at all of Low. Go, then, to that old Dutchman, and tell him that he shall get himself to my chamber. In my chamber he shall find a little model of this ship, the *Half Moon*, that shall carry me and maybe one of you. That model is too weighty for such an old man to bear. But tell him to bring me hither the model of her little consort, the *Good Hope;* he shall bring it with its spritsail half-reefed, with a Dutch pennant a-trail from a staff at its stern, and with the water kegs filled and stowed, and the mariner's compass aboard as if it would make a little voyage out of consort-ship. If you can do that I think you may be of profit to me as an interpreter." He spoke to Lang of Bideford, "Can you do that thing?"

Lang put his finger beneath his hat to scratch his head.

"Why, I will try," he said. And he betook him towards the door where an old Dutchman with a flat cap was gazing gloomily at the floor.

Hudson looked at Edward Colman.

"From your smile I perceive that you can do this thing," he said.

"It was said that I was born smiling," Edward Colman answered. "But I can do this thing, and talk in Low Dutch of most things about a ship."

"Your smile I like," Hudson said, "for it argues a contented mind. And of all things upon the sea

the most to be feared is discontent, for there have been few pilots but have had to contend with mutinies from Christopher Columbus's day till Devlin's. That ragged man whom first I sent away did mutiny against Devlin; I know his name well, so I was short with him."

He looked aside and saw the mutineer's cloak edge that showed from beside the pillar, where he sat smoking his pipe and drinking.

"Will he foment a meeting here?" he asked impatiently, but he added, "Why, this is a public room for guests," and fell to gazing thoughtfully at his stout and heavy feet.

Young Lang of Bideford came back, still scratching his head.

"I can make nowt on't," he said. "I can speak all your Dutch of merchandise, but not this of shipping."

Hudson spoke to Edward Colman, "Go you!" he said.

The old Dutchman at the door, where he sat upon a bench, with very large red hands, and ears and red eyelids, was very angry. He spat at the sand on the floor and muttered. He had high boots painted yellow, little black trousers and a narrow jerkin of blue worked on the breast with a pentagon in white wool, to avert spells and witchcraft. His little beard, white and crisp, stood out like a brush all round his face.

"What sort of man is this?" he asked the floor. "A heathen English pilot that sends madmen to me to ask for toys."

"Old man, a good day," Edward Colman said

in Dutch. The old man turned his questions from the floor to his interlocutor.

"What voyage shall this be?" he said. "Assuredly where we turn the ship's nose corpses shall lie at the bottom of the sea, and no ship may sail over corpses. Ill-omen'd! Ill-omen'd!"

"Venerable senior," Edward Colman smiled, "the navigator is not mad. He asked for no toys, but he desires the model of the pinnace from his room, with a little sprit-sail half-reefed and your Dutch pennant a-trail from its staff at the stern, and the water kegs filled and stowed, and the mariner's compass aboard and all made ready for a little voyage apart."

The old Dutchman stood upon his legs.

"That boy asked for toys for this English navigator to play with," he asseverated.

"Oh, belike," Edward Colman answered, "the boy, knowing no better word, spoke of toys when he should have said models."

"Young sir," the old man answered, and the blue eyes between the red lids were full of an obstinate misgiving, "it is a very ill-omen when the first word that a shipmate or captain sends you upon a voyage are mad words." He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and gazed at the floor. "If I were not still poor after thirty voyages never would I go with this mad Englishman, for 'mad words, mad witches, mad weather,' the proverb says. And this man's first words are mad."

"Pray you begone upon mine errand," Edward Colman answered.

The old Dutchman turned slowly upon his heel, and then stayed to utter—

"This will be an evil voyage. I counsel you, go not with us if such your purpose is, for I am very certain that you or I shall not come back again, but we shall die by devil's craft or hags of the sea."

"Pray you begone upon mine errand," Edward Colman repeated. The old man reluctantly pushed the door open and, shaking his white head, disappeared.

When he returned he had in his huge red hand the little pretty model of the *Half Moon's* consort, and he still shook his head.

"Tell this mad and doomed navigator," he said, "that I can find no Dutch pennant to trail at the stern. And that, too, is an ill-omen. I counsel you not to go upon this voyage. I like not this man, he is too fat to be a sailor and he whistles when he speaks."

When Edward Colman told Hudson that the old man could not find the pennant, Hudson looked negligently at the little boat, and then asked quickly—

"Tell me this: Why, if you know no navigation, you are conversant with the terms of shipping?"

"Because," Edward Colman answered, "I am a builder of ships, and am come here to see how fly-boats are builded."

"And how have you the Dutch tongue?"

"Because I am wedded to a Dutch maid after many years' courting."

"And why will you sail with me?"

"Sir," Edward Colman answered, "I am not very certain that I shall sail with you; but if I do so sail it is because you shall voyage in a fly-boat, and I am minded to build fly-boats, and I would fain see how fly-boats are fitted for such seas as you shall sail in."

"Well," Hudson said, "the *Half Moon* is a very good fly-boat. You may see much that you are desirous to see."

"Moreover," Edward Colman said, "it is good for my health that I make a voyage of some six or seven months."

Hudson smote his thigh.

"Mother," he said to his wife, "look upon this young man and say if he is such a one as I may trust." And, without waiting for her protests, he went on, "If you be not a Papist I will not ask after your health and its reasons. But I was very certain, when first I glanced upon you, that you were not one of those that sought navigation or great journeys because you were avid of gallant adventures."

Edward Colman answered, "I am no Papist and have done no murder, and it is true that I am not avid of adventure, but seek merely knowledge how I may advance my trade in shipping from a little harbour that is much choked up."

"Why, I am very glad that you are none of these adventure-popinjays," Hudson said. "The world is too full of such youths. I could have a hundred for snapping my fingers in Bristol market-place."

The good Master Hudson began, indeed, to think that he had found such a man as he sought.

He was in truth jealous, maybe, to wish to have neither adventurers nor navigators to vie with him. He loved to command men he could bid do this and that without questioning or comprehending the why or wherefore. For he feared, above all things, mutinies of men who thought they knew more than he; and, upon this voyage above all others, with Dutchmen for a crew whom he opined to be both obstinate and proud, he was anxious to find a man that could not only interpret his orders to the crew, but one that was not likely to join league with them to depose him. This Edward Colman could not do since, if he knew nothing of navigation, he could neither guide the ship nor step into a pilot's shoes. He appeared, too, to be of a generous and a contented disposition in ordinary. To assure himself of this he plied Edward Colman with many and hard questions for a long while.

Edward Colman, on the other hand, saw before him a man, great in his way and, as such, to be honoured, but heavy, opinionative and overbearing. To the questions that Hudson had a right to ask he returned ready answers, for he had nothing that could make him ashamed. The voyage was not just such a one as he had wished to make, but the season was late; if he travelled down to Bordeaux or to Marseilles or to any other foreign port, that sent adventurers forth to the New World, he might come there only after ships had all sailed.

He put his objections frankly and coolly to Hudson.

"I see not," he said, "very well how it shall profit me to go with you. For, on the one hand,

if you find not the Passage I shall be in no wise advanced, and, if you do find it, on the other, you must keep the secret of where it lies and so my ships might not go thither."

Hudson's eagerness to take Edward Colman grew with this measure of opposition.

"Now," he said, "you shall go with me. As like as not you shall not have your pardon, then you may become a Dutchman and so profit by my finding of the Passage."

"Why," Edward Colman said, "I like well enough the thought of becoming a Dutchman to be of the people of my wife, whom I do love well. That would consort well with my likings if I may not go back to mine own country. But I hope I shall; then what shall it profit me if you do find this Passage for only Dutchmen?"

Hudson was angry; he pulled his beard and looked at his wife.

"Dame," he said, "may I trust this man?"

Mrs. Hudson looked up from her knitting, and, "He appeareth with an honourable face and bearing," she said. "But I wish ye would ask not me, for ye quarrel always, afterward, with my advice."

"*Basta!*" Hudson called out, "you are a very ill pair to drive in my cart. Shall I be the greatest man alive and be so bargained with?" He recovered his humour, however, and dropped his voice. "Edward Colman," he said, "this is the day neither of private adventuring nor of merchanting. I tell you this is the day of taking up great tracts of land and filling them with settlers. The

old days are past when a man might take a little ship and rob six galleons between July and Michaelmas. This is a new age."

"Sir," Edward Colman answered, "I know it well, and am minded to send out settlers if it appeareth that profitable lands may be found. But how shall your Passage help me to that? If I come there it is like to be but snow and ice."

"Aye," Hudson said, and he dropped his voice still further, "but there is this: you have heard speak of my friend Captain John Smith, that for Sir Walter Raleigh did conduct and pilot a colony to the land called Virginia? Captain John Smith is to me as my brother, he and I having played as children at the same school and talked of the same voyages."

"I have heard tell of him among the sailors at Rye," Colman said.

"Well, then," quoth Hudson, whilst his wife glanced up at his back as if she were not sure that he was wise to reveal his secret intentions, "this is my plan: this Captain Smith hath had converse, as well you know, very intimate with the Indian savages of that land, and, one and all, they tell of a great isthmus of water running across their land far to the northward of that colony of Virginia. And this is my offer: if you will deposit here in safe hands enough gold to pay unto this my wife forty pounds a year until my second boy, that is now fourteen, be come to man's estate, if you will deposit this sum to be paid to my wife in case I die and come back no more, but to be paid back again to you if I return sound and well, this I will do for

you: I will take you upon this adventure to serve me as my interpreter, to feed you very well, as you shall eat with me in my cabin, to sail for the North-West Passage amongst the ice of the North at first; but then, when early winter comes, to sail down along the western mainland, southward as far as the 40th parallel, ascending all inlets and rivers to find this strait whereof the Indians speak." He paused to draw his breath, and then, perceiving that Colman was attentive and made calculations, he continued, "So you may see the coasts of this land, descending at places to mark the soils and dispositions of places most fitting to bear settlements. And, when you shall find such a place as seems good to you, I will give you a chart with its bearings marked that your expedition again may find it. So you shall find what shall profit you."

Edward Colman remained considering for a while.

"Why," he said at last, "it is a very good offer, save in one particular. If you should die I shall pay to your wife forty pounds by the year for seven years, or I shall leave in good hands £240 that with its interest shall make that sum."

"Aye," Hudson said, "for I am minded that my wife shall not starve and have so devised this means."

"Aye," Edward Colman said, "I am willing to that if that you die and I remain alive, for I shall be here to profit mine own new wife. But if we both should die it is too much considering that mine own wife shall in no wise profit whilst you shall have had no loss by me but only my services.

So, if I die alone, you shall repay to my wife the whole of that sum, whilst if we both do die your wife shall have the half, *viz.* twenty pounds by the year and the rest revert, with my other goods and gear, unto mine own wife, whom I love."

Hudson looked at his wife.

"Why," she said, "if the young man shall faithfully serve and protect you, and urge you against too much drinking of strong waters and see that at night time, when the seas are high, you wear my knitted caps, if he will so much help in these things that shall do much to the preserving of thy life, I am well contented with this compact."

III

"AYE," Anne Jeal said to the young officer who the night before had failed to take Edward Colman in the Pastor's house, "you men are all of a make for swaggering and roistering, and making postures; but where would you be but for us women?"

They were in the Mayor's garden which was outside the town walls in the part called Gallows March, beside the Tillingham. The garden had three sides of a high-clipped quickset hedge and along the Tillingham brook grew many willow trees to hide it, so that it was a very private place. This marsh was all within the liberties of the town itself, but just beyond the Tillingham stream the land was in the county of Sussex and not subject to the town. Across the stream went a little bridge from the Mayor's garden, and in the middle was a little, high gate with oaken pillars for side posts and an oaken arch above it. It was on the inside of this gate that Anne Jeal stood with her hands upon the bars—and without it stood the officer of the Lord Lieutenant, his horse cropping the grass of the river-bank, being tethered to a post in the hand-rail of the bridge. There were a few sheep in the wide fields beyond; but the land was always

very wet and soggy in February and March so that no man ever passed that way and it was a very private place.

Anne Jeal had summoned him there with a private letter sent by a fish-seller of the town to Udimore, where still the Lord Lieutenant stayed in the hope to gather evidence against the wool-sellers. She had promised to tell him where Edward Colman lay hidden in the town, and, in his disgrace at having let the owler slip, he was glad to hasten to her. He was a young, gay, dark, Sussex younger brother; he had little bashfulness about him, and he wore a cuirass of bright steel, a little rusted by the rain of the night before, a jerkin of yellow leather beneath it, a long Toledo sword and high, muddy boots. Anne Jeal rated him for a little while. Men, she said, were bunglers, clumsy, timorous, foolish. It had taken a woman to find for the Lord Lieutenant evidence against the owlers; he had found no other. And, after meddling and muddling with silly warrants—where any woman would have broken down the Pastor's door and taken what she needed—he, the young man before her, had let this prisoner slip, gulled by a ruse that any woman would have seen through.

"Why, it was a good enough trick," the young officer laughed to think of Magdalena's figure scrambling over the thatch; "and it was a thing not very easy to do, to break in the Pastor's door against the laws."

"The laws! The laws!" she mocked him. "A woman will tell you that the laws are made to

be used for her purpose. Laws that hinder are no laws."

"Aye, mistress," he began and laughed. "I warrant you could give evidence against a great many other owlers than Edward Colman."

She looked at him a little contemptuously through the gate and he continued in a good humour—

"Edward Colman is not the only one that sells wool to Flanders and the French. There are few in this town and a few only in this county of Sussex that have not at one time or another broken the owling law. Will you give evidence only against Edward Colman? Or against some others?"

"That is not my purpose," she said coolly and contemptuously.

"Oh, very well. I know that it is not your purpose to aid the law but to avenge a private wrong."

She did not answer that, but spoke hotly.

"If you had been a man," she said, "last night you would have broken in Rye gates . . . But no! All men are women. If you had been a woman you would have left no stone of Rye unturned, but would have taken your prey."

He stretched his booted legs apart, muttered, "Oh, aye," and began to stroke the fingers with which she held the bars of the little gateway. She did not move her hands. Suddenly he asked—

"Even where is your man?"

She took in her hand, and said—

"Nay, I know not!"

"If you can swear and aver that he is hidden in the town of Rye," he said, and stretched his gloved

hands through the bars to touch her fingers, "we will have warrants from the Lord Warden—he lies still at Udimore—to enter and take him."

She let him catch her hand indifferently.

"I do not know," she said—and she was thinking deeply. "I do not believe that you are very eager to take these owlers."

She snatched away her hand, and repeated fiercely—

"I do not believe you are very zealous to take him!"

The young man's hand clutched at the empty air, and he was up against the gate.

"Before God," he said, "I am zealous enough to take Edward Colman if he have wronged you. But as for the other owlers—why, I would not hang half the lords of this county; neither would you."

"Before God!" she mocked his tones, but with a fiery rage of her own, "I would hang every man in Sussex to come at what I would."

He was a little appalled at her, but he laughed still, as at a spitting kitten.

"Take another sweetheart," he said. "You will forget the one that was faithless, and the world will be less troubled."

She clenched her small, nervous fist and held it in the air.

"By all the saints that were," she said, "and by the Archangel Michael, I will forget the man I would slay only with my life. I will make a waxen image of him, that I will sweat by the fire and stab with pins of gold; I will pray for his death

each night till he die; I will see his leman set in the pillory for a bad woman; I will see his house sold to others; I will call down the law upon his woman's people, that are Anabaptists, and worse; I will move all powers that are, of the earth, or of heaven and hell, against all his and hers; I will have no rest nor no sleep save such as shall maintain life and reason, till this I have accomplished."

"Oh, call not upon the old saints," he said; "they are done away by the law. Take another sweetheart;" and again his dark-gloved hand stretched towards her. A heavy wet wind swept among the willows of the brook all round them, but a shaft of watery sunlight fell upon the little hills that bordered the flat and tranquil marshland. They glowed, low and green, like emeralds, and then faded into the greyness again. She went nearer to the gate.

"I will go to the King himself," she said seriously, for she had mastered her passion. He caught at her fingers and rubbed them between his own; she looked down at them, and said—

"Why, if you will aid me in this enterprise you shall have me if you will. It is all one to me. But I will see the King."

He laughed, still credulously, and said, as if it were nonsense—

"Belike King James will be taken with your face till he works your will."

She looked at him fairly and directly; her eyes were quite clear; only her nostrils quivered.

"Belike he may, belike he may not," she said. "But the King is the head power of this land.

The King is above the laws. The King is very set against both owling and all Puritans."

"Well, we shall have new laws against these nose-singers," he said. "That is certain." But he avoided her main theme.

"I will see the King," she said; "a Mayor of Rye has no overlord and superior but the King alone, and may speak with him. And I am Mayoress, and when I come before the King in his Council I will tell him such tales of this owler and these Anabaptists——"

He let go her hand to gaze at her the more.

"Why, I believe you would," he said. "But this is very mad. You have my Lord Lieutenant to tell your tales to."

She shrugged her little shoulders to her ears.

"The Lord Lieutenant is a coif," she said; "the Lord Lieutenant is a Scotch oaf. I have trusted him once and you once; but I will trust no man in Sussex again."

"Why, the King is a Scotch oaf, too," he answered her, for he was jealous of her desire to take the King's eye. "I have seen him now and again; he stutters and sits cross-kneed. And how will you come to the King? Your father the Mayor shall not help you, nor shall one of your kin again be living with you, but you will be outcast and accursed."

She said disdainfully—

"My father I sway as I will; for my kin and the townsmen I have devised a scheme to fool them."

He listened to her, leaning his face against the

bars of the gate, as if to the musings of a pretty child.

. . . .

It came about, then, in pursuance of her scheme, to which he had half consented, that, towards three of that afternoon, her father was sitting, very much perturbed with his business of ordering whether his foundries for the next six weeks should make cannon or chimney-backs. His forges and works were up behind Brede, most of them, and his master founder, black with charcoal and pink only around the eyelids, was troubling him terribly with alternatives. For, on the one hand, they had twenty chimney-backs ordered from five several new houses between there and Tonbridge. These should be put in hand, and each took half a day to make, because they were big and with coats-of-arms. On the other hand, news—if it was but a rumour—had come that the King's new ship, that had been building for so long, was nearly finished. At any moment the King's Comptroller might come upon them and claim, under a fine of 13*s.* and 4*d.* per day each, twelve cannon. To make the cannon would mean clay-stopping half their furnaces, and that could not be again undone within a week, so that the chimney-backs must wait unduly, unless they were first made. And there were seventy yards of iron railing promised for London town, and nine gross of rough horse-shoe rods for Lewes, and three ship's anchors for Rye Harbour. All these must be put off if the cannon were made, but if the cannon were not made it might undo them. The master founder put these

dismal problems again and again to the Mayor, returning from one settlement, when it was arrived at, to all the objections to it. He was a lean man, who shook his head lugubriously, and his hair was full of soot.

The Mayor could make nothing out of it; he sat in his little office—the only room that his daughter allowed him—in the house-end, with a door that gave on to the wet alley between their house and Edward Colman's. The room was little and dark; the rough upright beams showed through the white plaster of the walls; and the Mayor sat in a stuff chair behind a board counter. When he had not his robes on—as now—he wore a puce-coloured linsey-woolsey coat; his beard was going very grey, and every day new furrows were showing in his brow. He raised his hand from time to time, and uttered an—

"A—gh! Was ever man thus troubled! A—gh! I shall be maddened with this maze." He had been up so late the night before with Edward Colman, and his mind still ran so upon the problem of where he should stow Edward Colman's gold—for he had devised no hiding-place, his own being filled with wool—that his head ached and his senses reeled. He was of late little used to troubles, though he was turned of fifty; but his wife had been dead ten years.

He dropped his eyes sullenly, and almost guiltily, on to the board of his counter, when Anne Jeal came to stand in the little door at the elbow of his chair. It let her speak with him when she had business in the house, and it came from a room

where there were stored sacks of corn for bread, and, in winter, the salted carcases of oxen and hogs. She was much more like a wife than a daughter to him, for he was a man that had always been dominated by his womenfolk.

She stood quite still in the narrow doorway, looking down upon her father and listening with a contemptuous air to the tale of the founder, who began all over again to tell of his railings, his horse-shoes, his cannon, and his chimney-backs. From time to time the Mayor raised his fist an inch or two and let it sink again on to the board counter, that was polished where his hands usually rested. He had not seen her that day, nor at all since the Lieutenant's dinner the day before. Many things had happened since then; and his fear of her drove out of his head all thoughts of his iron business. Besides, his hiding-places were filled—packed tight with wool. How could he move them in these dangerous times? And where was he to place Edward Colman's gold? His head swam; he raised his hand quite high, and uttered again—

"A—gh! Was ever man thus troubled! A—gh! I shall be maddened by this!"

Anne Jeal spoke calmly and disdainfully—

"Well, what have you decided?" And he let out another sound of intense exasperation—

"Nothing! nothing! I shall be maddened by this! This is your doing!"

She looked still more disdainfully at the master founder.

"Why," she said, "make the King's cannon.

There has been too much angering of the King already with aiding of traitors to come off. Let the others bide. Get you gone."

The founder's eyes stared more pinkly in the sooty face; he appeared transfixed with horror; his hand felt behind him for the latch of the little door into the alley. He did not like to turn his back upon Anne Jeal. For Anne Jeal was a witch to all who dwelt in the forest.

She spoke to her father, who appeared dazed.

"Sir, your head aches. This has been a pretty tulsie. Let us go to the garden and debate of where the peas shall grow. That will cool your head."

He was aware that he must soon speak to her with a great wrath, that he must, perhaps, even beat her. But, for the moment, he was so glad she spoke to him peacefully that he stirred at once in his chair and began to rise. When he was upon his feet he remembered, still more fully, that he had promised Edward Colman to beat her well. He must assert his authority, though his stomach felt suddenly weak. To make a beginning, he spoke wrathfully to the smith, who was disappearing through the little door.

"It is you who muddled my wit with your bleating. Make the cannon this day."

In the alley-way the founder rubbed the soot in his hair.

"This very day!" he muttered. "How can that be? That is not easy! It is three weeks' work!"

Those dwellers in the forest and by the iron-pits had very little pay and very little food. The iron

that was in the puddles of clay—and they drank the water from them—was said to addle the wits. So they all thought very slowly, and were content with such wages as had been paid in the day of Henry IV. That was why the Mayor was so wealthy a man.

His custom was, when he went abroad in the town, to wear a long gown, cut, like his robes, to inspire respect out of black—not of scarlet—to show that he was not proud, as some Mayors had been; and, whilst he was taking this gown from its press, Anne Jeal came to him with a little parcel, wrapped in green cloth and sealed with the device of a truelove knot, that had been given to her by one of her lovers. She asked him to keep the parcel always by him, in a sure place, till she should ask it of him again; and the request was so extraordinary to him—she was used to keeping her own things to her own self—that it put him into a new fluster. It nearly brought about, indeed, the storm that he had been avoiding all day.

"What new madness is this?" he muttered out. His voice was always very much impeded by his beard and his moustachios; "what new wickedness? what new folly?"

He had on a great black Spanish hat that hid most of his face; she a little hat like a man's, with a feather in the band, so that even in that dim hallway her face was plain enough to be seen—and it was impassive, and, to him, alarming.

"What madness, and folly, and wickedness have I yet done?" she asked.

She wore underneath her blue cloak a short and tight red jacket of silk and a dark-green skirt, somewhat longer than women wore at that time, with her farthingale beneath it. So that, voiding her question, that he was afraid of, he put another querulously—

"Are you going to ride on a horse?"

She was pulling on silken gauntlets, that were finer than leather gloves, and she answered—

"I tore my linsey gown on a nail; it is a cold day; I will be warm about the legs if we go to the gardens."

He asked, still ill-temperedly—

"And your tabac-gown and your cheval? And where are your yellow ruffs? Will you be so fine on a weekday?"

He was a man that had a very nice eye for clothes, and there was arising a very nice quarrel between them, when, at the bottom of Lion Street, they came upon their neighbour, Justus Avenel, who was looking at the masons setting bricks on the new Grammar School wall. He was a fat, harsh owner of tan works, and he had so little love for Anne Jeal—he was the one of all the Council, though there were many, who liked her least—that the Mayor would have turned down the little alley-way behind the George Tavern. But Anne Jeal held him to his course. And—

"Neighbour Avenel!" she called across the street, "come with us to our garden, to see where our peas shall grow."

"What—a devil!" the Mayor whispered to her. "Are you clean mad?"

Justus Avenel turned round and rolled his eyes; he had had a Dutch mother, so that he was very square and paunchy—and he was also very disagreeable when sober. And he had been counting the number of bricks that went to a line of wall, so that in the Council he might complain upon his com-baron, the master mason, that there were not more. But, seeing Anne Jeal, he considered that he might first rate her and then return to the tale of bricks. So that, w[illegible] a row half counted, he made across the street, [illegible]kling his sore toes on the sharp flint cobbles.

It was but a short wa[illegible] the Water Gate, and the streets were empty, so [illegible]at, in the Mint, beneath the dark and high houses, Anne Jeal was ready to ask—

"What have you of the Council done with Edward Colman?"

"Before God!" the Mayor cried out. This was the most amazing thing that ever Anne Jeal had done. And Justus Avenel opened his mouth like a codfish. He and the Mayor stood to look at each other. In the Council they were always enemies, but they united in that action. And Anne Jeal, her body, plain to see, in quiver with rage, her nostrils dilated and her head held high, walked before them, very quickly, through the gloomy arch of the gate, out among the high, clipped hedges of the townsmen's gardens. There were about forty of these gardens, each with its high quicken fence, that was still blackthorned and unflowering in the February gales, so that the place was very much of a maze. When they caught her

up, Justus Avenel direfully silent and the Mayor muttering, with his eyes on the ground, she was passionately unlocking the little gate that, beneath an arch cut in the hedge, gave ingress to the Mayor's garden. Within there were a hundred apple trees above a grass plat, and further on square beds for vegetables, all black and barren now, and moon-shaped, oval, or serpentine beds that showed great stalks of mulleins not yet cut down and the old bluish-green leaves of the pink, together with one or two little rose trees and a single yew clipped to look like a great letter J. This plat of beds was quite near to the little gate that went over the stream, with its thicket of willows and osiers, and it was here that Anne Jeal let her fury burst upon them.

"Fine upholders of the town of Rye be you!" she cried out. "What have you done? How have you enraged the King against you? What is this that yesterday I was asked by my Lord Lieutenant? A foul tale how that you be all owlers! Was ever the like of this? You take me, a girl, on a banquetting! You take me there. And I am to be asked who among you trades in wool. And I am to be told that all of you do this treason. So says my Lord Lieutenant."

She pretended to pant with rage; she looked with looks of horror from one to the other of them. She pretended that never had she heard of the owling trade; that all she had known had been that Edward Colman, as she had once seen, had had wool in a ship of his.

"And when," she cried out, "the Lord Lieutenant

told me you were all of you owlers I was like to faint. My head turned giddy."

"Oh aye!" Justus Avenel roared out. "You betrayed to the Lord Lieutenant my sister's nephew, who withstood your love philtres and oglings."

"Justus Avenel," she cried at him, "you are so drunken that you have only filthy thoughts in your head. It is men like you that let a girl go unprepared to be questioned by a cunning Scot. If you would have had me conceal these foul doings—though God knows I would never have gone had I known of them—ye should have warned me afore I went."

"Lying——," Justus Avenel cried out, "ye knew it all these ten years!"

She raised her hand in horror. "Then it is true!" she cried out. "And what shall I do? For this Lord Lieutenant has a warrant out to take me as one that might bear witness before the King."

The Mayor muttered—

"Oh woe! What is this?" And she cast at him aside—

"Nan Price's brother came running from Udimore this noon to tell me that news." She sneered again at Justus Avenel: "You were so drunken in the Council last night that you know not where Edward Colman is bestowed."

Avenel opened his square-chinned mouth, but could get no answer out.

"It is such drunkards and fools," she went on, "as have brought me to this lamentable pass. For now, without the town is a warrant to take me; and

within the walls all men say, 'Fie upon her; she betrayed her neighbour.'"

"Why——" the Mayor began to stutter.

"Sir," she dropped out her words at him, "the Lord Lieutenant asks of me, 'Do you know well the harbour?' as if he were in play, toyingly. And I say, 'Yes.' And says he, 'What ships fetch wine? and whose saffron? and whose Irish beef salted? and whose take away iron?' And then he drops out, 'And whose take away wool?' And I, knowing nothing, give him answers. How should I know? I have seen wool upon the ship *Anne Jeal*. How should I know it was a crime that was being done?"

Justus Avenel's square brown face was shaking with passion, as if he had had the palsy. Suddenly he cast his hands above his head and waddled away, like a hastening toad, towards a pile of pea-sticks against the hedge.

Anne Jeal spoke pitifully to her father.

"Before God," she said, "where is Edward Colman hidden? Let me see him and speak with him, that I may devise with him what to say when they take me. He is the only man of sense in your Council. If I am to be taken I must have a tale to tell."

The Mayor shook his head; he had sworn an oath to tell no soul whither Edward Colman had gone, for the King was reputed to have arms long enough to reach across the waters.

"Why," he said, "I cannot tell you." He looked at the grass with a sort of shamefaced relief. He could not believe that she did not know of the

owling trade. Men did not speak of it much, but she had seen the bales of wool stuffed into the cellars of their house till they were all full. He could not believe her tale, but he was ready to make the pretence, to save quarrelling with her, and he was ready to adopt it, that he might stave off with it the reproaches of his fellows.

It was whilst he was thinking these thoughts that she was saying—

"For the sake of Heaven, tell me. And let his hiding-place be a secure one. For they will burst in the town walls to take him and me, to be a witness against him. Nan Price's brother said this."

The Mayor still looked at the grass. Justus Avenel appeared to have lost his wits, for he was pulling pea-sticks from the pile and breaking them across his fat knees. Being last year's, the sticks were mostly as rotten as tinder-wood, and his grunts came to them between the snapping when they broke. The sky was very overcast, and though the dark dry hedges kept the wind from them, it swayed the feathery osiers with a continuous rushing sound.

"Why," the Mayor said, "they will not come to take him save if they be assured that he is here."

Her voice grew filled with alarm.

"But he is hidden in the town," she cried.

He shook his head with a touch more of spirit; the story that she had told seemed a good one to tell his fellow townsmen. He would be able to hold up his head again. He raised it, indeed, and looked at her.

"No," he said, "he is not in the town."

"But," she cried out, and her voice was full of alarm, "if he is outside the Liberties he will be taken. In every nook of Kent and Sussex there are soldiers sent to search for him and me. Oh woe! Oh woe!"

Her anguish appeared so extreme that he said, to soothe her—and now he quite believed her tale, for he was very ready to do so—

"He is upon the sea."

She reflected for a very short minute.

"Why, Van Voss sailed this morning. He is bound for Amsterdam. Will he wait there to sue out a pardon, or what? And what shall I do meanwhile? What shall I do? I shall be taken."

The Mayor said gravely, and with some pomposity, for his spirits were coming back—

"Why, they may not come to take a townswoman upon a witness warrant when they have no prisoner. And Edward Colman is safe in Amsterdam till he have sued out his pardon." Justus Avenel came waddling towards them; he had found a stout and crooked stick that would not break. Before he reached them the Mayor set his finger to his lip, and said to his daughter, "But tell no man this; I am sworn to tell none." Already he was repenting himself for having told her.

Justus Avenel caught him by the sleeve and held out the stick.

"You shall beat that wench," he wheezed. "Now, at last! Or we shall cast you out of your Mayoralty. They do that to women-ridden fools. It is in the statute."

"Why, your wife beats you when you are drunk," Anne Jeal spoke, with a galling disdain.

The Mayor raised his hand to still her; it appeared to him lamentable to quarrel now that all was in train for peace. But Justus Avenel's eyes were red with fury, and little, like a boar's.

"Small wonder the town goes to ruin," Anne Jeal said, "when the Council are so sackheaded they cannot twice make a row of bricks come to the same number."

Justus Avenel shuddered all over his body. He raised the stick above his head and lurched, one fat brown hand held out, towards her on the wet and soggy February grass. She gave one great scream; she turned and ran; she pushed through the gate over the stream; her blue, and red, and green figure was in the field beyond. And suddenly, from the osiers all round her, there sprang out men in steel cuirasses, with leather jerkins and sleeves. When they laid hands upon her she gave one more scream.

And the Mayor's slow brains were startled to life by the sound of his daughter's voice; he cursed hideously and ran over the grass to the bridge. A man with a great hat and a sash across his breastplate stood before him, his sword drawn, and he placed one hand upon the Mayor's chest. The Mayor was running fast, but it stayed him for a minute, and his robes were heavy and his muscles soft. And the other men had Anne Jeal upon a horse in the quagmire, five yards away, where you could not walk.

"Mayor of Rye!" the officer called out, "this is

the county of Sussex. If you stay me, who take your daughter by warrant, I will take you too."

He moved a little back, set his foot in his stirrup where his horse was belly-deep in the reeds, and then was carried away to his horsemen. The Mayor, in his long robes, floundered desolately into the meadows, holding out his hands. Justus Avenel was come to the limit of the little bridge; he stood, his mouth and eyes wide, the stick drooping to the ground; the soldiers with Anne Jeal stayed for a moment to talk. Two poor men had run into the garden from plots beside theirs, and there were already half-a-score of others who had been drawn by the noise to the ends of their own little bridges over the stream—for, in the evening, there were always many that came to watch their hands at work in the garden beds, since in the town there was little to see. And in the silence of amazement that fell upon them all before that prospect of a little group of horse-folk on the long grass of the marsh, that spread away, bluish and flat, into the grey distance of the evening, the voice of Anne Jeal cried out—

"Men of Rye, I take ye all to witness: I have been driven with cudgels out of the Liberties of the town. Justus Avenel drove me here, and here were men lying in wait with a warrant to take me from my father and my home. I believe Justus Avenel brought them here. He is a foul traitor."

At that the soldiers seemed to have had enough of her words, for they set their horses in motion and rode away silently over the flats, until, a little black group, they were no longer seen. Beside the

bridgeway Justus Avenel stood like a man stricken with plague. The Mayor drew his legs wearily out of the soft clay; he went slowly home through the town, and, because he was considered unfortunate, no one came to speak to him. His brain was quite addled; when he came to his house, he saw upon a chest the little parcel with the seals that his daughter had given him to keep for her. He stood poising it in his hand, and it was very heavy. Then it came to him dimly that in it he might find some clue to this mysterious and terrible disaster, and he broke the seals.

The parcel contained a collar of gold and green, of very heavy links of enamelled gold, joined with little links of gold alone; it was like a mayor's chain-collar, but below it, in a pendant, was a jewel, such as knights wear, of green thistles enamelled upon gold. He thought it was some present that a lover had sent her, and because that struck him as a thing very sad he began to cry—a silly old man in a dark hall-way before his clothes-press of black carved work that had always given him pride.

IV

THOUGH he was most often called the Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, the Earl Dalgarno was actually no more than a High Commissioner. The last Lord Lieutenant had been dead two years, and this Scottish earl was one of the great swarm of Scots that had come with the King from the North. A place had had to be found for him, and, if it was above even the King's powers to make a man who had no lands in the county a Lord Lieutenant, it was, most men said, typical of the King that he should irritate his lieges by appointing no new Sussex peer and leaving the post in commission. The Lord Lieutenancy was a post of no power and of very little profit; it in nowise filled Dalgarno's pockets, and his filling it had raised great angers, particularly down Lewes way. The emblem of this county is a hog, and its motto "Wun't be druv." He had been expressly commanded to inquire into the various misdemeanours that flourished in that stubborn and inaccessible tract of land, which is all hills and woods and ironpits and clay roads; but, after eleven months of progresses and inquiries, he had got together no evidence at all—and he was now come to the extreme eastern border of the county where it joins Kent. The crimes that

were said most to flourish in the world were those of mayhem, Catholicism, owling, witchcraft and Puritanism, whilst Jews were said to be harboured in certain of the ports.

But up to that day he had found nothing; it was all the more difficult for him in that he spoke one incomprehensible tongue and the men of Sussex another. It had been very much of a relief to him to speak with Anne Jeal in French, and it was still more of a relief to come upon traces of prisoners and evidence. Thus when, towards noon of that day, he had received a message from Anne Jeal that he might take her if he would to London town, where she would give testimony against owling and the Dutch Puritans—when he received her message he had little of hesitation in taking her. She proposed to him in set terms that he should send, at a quarter after three, to the little gate by the Tillingham brook, men with a show of force and a warrant to take her. She would contrive so to anger her father, or another man, that he should raise his hand to beat her, then she would run out of the gate and be taken with much noise. Thus it would appear that she had been betrayed and came against her will, though it was true that there was nothing she had ever done more willingly. She asked him to send her, in token of his consent, his collar of the Order of the Thistle, that she would keep in a safe place as hostage of her return and good treatment. It wrung his loins to part with his collar: it was the best part of the wealth that he had in the world. But, on the other hand, he was like enough to lose his collar and his few poor

acres in Scotland and his starved castle if he could make no show of aiding the King's visitation upon illdoers. He had been eleven months out of London, and he had left behind him at least a hundred Scotsmen who wished him very ill. For, in London, as it had been in Scotland, the Scots nobles had been starved, cliquish, hating each other, combining in knots to bring one another down, bearing evil tales. And this poor lord knew well that one of his own cousins had been to the King with the story that, if he made no prisoners, it was because he was bribed by the Sussex peers to baffle and ill-use the King's justice.

And this Lord Dalgarno, for all he was bitter, insolent and haughty to men like the Lords of Polegatte and Widmington, and though he threatened the Lord Warden with the King's vengeance—it was because he was a Scotsman, and the Scots' manner at that day was bitter and proud. *Fier comme un Escossais* it was customary to say. Yet he was so poor that he adopted with avidity the new custom of wearing yellow ruffs, because they needed to be washed and repaired very seldom, and with an equal eagerness the habit of dressing like the Spaniards, all in black, because black was a cheap colour with cloth merchants. And it made him shudder to contemplate the cloaks and coats of the Englishmen around him, after the fashion of the last reign, sewn with pearls and embroidered with gold upon purple or red cramosyn and velvet, such cloaks and coats as, it was said, cost one hundred pounds. He made himself fit in with his formal dress by walking with an odd gait, dragging his

long and thin legs, speaking Scots interlaced with Spanish words, raising his eyebrows high and pointing all round him with his long and thin fingers.

He awaited Anne Jeal booted and spurred, but thus posturing to himself, alone in the great hall of the Manor of Udimore that was still a royal residence.

"*Muy hermosa Alcaldina*," he said, and flourished his fingers. "My horse is at the door: now we will ride, ere night is deep, to Little Tonbridge and sleep well."

"Why," she answered, "this is very sudden. I am not yet certain that I will come with you, and I await my garments that shall follow me."

He shrugged his shoulders up to his ears, so that his yellow ruff went up too and peeped over his crown.

"Very worshipful Mayoress," he said, "I have lain three days in this house, which is all I may do at the cost of the village. Would you have me maintain at mine own charges an intolerable troop of hungry men and horses?"

It was true that he might not live at the King's charges for longer than three days: that was why, perhaps, he had found so little evidence, for he had perpetually flitted from place to place to avoid being at his own costs, and was hardly ever long enough together in one place for the discontented, if they would, to find him.

"And, as for your worship's willingness or unwillingness to come," he said, "that, lamentably, lieth out of your or my power to decide."

"Aye," she said calmly; "but I have your collar of knighthood."

"Aye," he answered her, calmly too; "but supposing you should, let us say, send an order for my collar to be broken to pieces, the penalty for so breaking a collar of a very sacred order is death and maiming."

She shrugged her shoulders in turn.

"I think," she said, "the penalty of doing such a thing to a woman for whom it is a hostage would be the finger of scorn all your life hereafter."

He answered that to a mind conscious of righteousness the finger of scorn was a very little thing, and then, drawing his right leg round in a half-circle, he spoke smoothly and slowly—

"It is a folly to quarrel. If you would come swiftly out of these parts and not be rescued we must, I trow, ride off hot foot. For I have a force of but ten swords, with mine own true Toledo. And what is that against half a mutinous shire in arms? For, full surely, they will seek to succour one so fair."

"Why, they will rise to succour me," she said.

He drew both his heels together; he had a thin face, a greyish beard and narrow eyes.

"Then let us make a pact," he said. "Upon mine honour as an Earl of the kingdom of Scotland and upon mine oath as a knight you shall come to London and back unmolested by me, for I have a wife and am a man not given to gallantries."

She moved her shoulders at this as if it were a matter of little import.

"In other things," he continued, "our interests

do leap together. You shall come before the King and his council; you shall give such evidence as you will. If you will have a certain man down so will I very heartily and so will the King. If you would have a certain heresy rooted out, so would I and so also the King. London is a foul place and a sooty, but there is good feeding and junketing there, and no doubt the King, who is a good and gracious King, shall see you well bestowed and well entreated whilst you stay. Such is his habit."

"Why," she said, "if you will swear that I shall give mine evidence, I will come with you at once."

He strode, with great steps, to a table before a disused chair and laid his hand upon a great book there, chained with iron chains, and he took a great oath that she should give her evidence. . . .

It was the middle of the night before they came to the manor of Little Tonbridge, on this side of the county border. They had pressed their horses heavily, so that they might reach a place where there was no longer any fear of pursuit or rescue, and so that the Earl Dalgarno might reach another place where he might lodge rent free, because, in the villages where there was a royal manor house, the villagers must pay for his food; and thus they had ridden over twenty miles over very bad roads and mostly in the darkness, with only the light of a great lanthorn carried by the cornet at his saddle-bar. It was a very new thing for Anne Jeal to be abroad thus in this darkness, and it shows how her mind was shaken by the going of Edward Colman and set upon one only thought of revenge that never afterwards did she remember anything

of that ride, save only the lanthorn light shining on the cornet's boot-toes, the ears of her own horse and little wisps of mist that made them shiver in the hollows. Once only, she remembered, on coming to herself where they crossed the little river Biddle. It was swollen so high that she must, like one in a dream, cross her legs over her saddle and draw her skirts high. And at one moment, when her horse was off his feet, she came back to see the river water gleaming all around her out of the darkness and the soft and glowing lanthorn held high on the further bank to show where to guide the horses to. At that one moment the horse was swept slowly downwards, and she felt a sudden fear of the water, the darkness and all that it hid. But, with a smooth rising upwards, the horse found the ground, and then it was all one again.

But when she came to the Little Tonbridge manor house, where the sheriff had lights and wine awaiting them, as by custom prescribed, she called out whilst she was going up the great and shining staircase very wearily—

"Why, your candles are of mutton fat. I will have wax torches!"

The writs that prescribed a Lord Lieutenant's housing were very old, so old that wax candles were hardly known when they had been granted. Thus mutton candles were all that had been found by the sheriff, and the Earl Dalgarno cried up at her from the bottom of the stairs, where he was scraping the mud from his boots with an iron knife—he was not minded to bear the expense of a page-boy to do such things for him—

"Señora Mayoress, this wine is very good, and here are bread and salt. But wax candles do not grow on Sussex trees."

"I will have wax torches!" she cried out.

And, when she was in the great room that had been set aside for her, still she would have torches of wax, until at last the cornet, who was very mindful to purchase her favours, went at last to buy her two long sconces of wax from the old keeper of the house—an ancient soldier and knight of Queen Elizabeth's Flemish wars, who had been granted this residence to live in for his lifetime in lieu of pension. He had these two candles of wax, that had come from a church near Bergen-op-Zoom, treasured up against his dying when they were to have stood at the head of his bed. The cornet had only time to tell her that they were blessed candles of the old faith and to mark how her eyes leapt and flamed at that news, when she put her hand upon his chest and thrust him back out of the room, not waiting to hear how dearly he had purchased them nor how hard it had been to entreat the old man.

She slammed the door before his nose; she hung her cloak over the keyhole; she went very swiftly to the east corner of the large and dim room and laid the candles on the floor in the form of a cross. The clock struck one, and she had five hours, at that time of year, till cockcrow. It was also the first of March, a propitious day.

She hurried very much in her actions; but her eyes were so filled with tears, because Edward Colman was gone, that when she set the great iron crock that was on the rack in the ingle forward

and over the fire, she had to peer aside or over the drops as if she had worn spectacles. Her coat was scarlet and her skirt green, and, in the huge darkness, as she went about she sobbed and moaned.

He was gone away over the sea!

She set a little basin down beside the crossed candles of yellow wax, she laid in it a little embroidery stiletto that she drew from her housewife at her girdle; she bared her left breast and it stood out, white and firm from her red coat, as if she were about to give suck to a child. She knelt down between the western-most arm of the crossed candles, she folded her hands with the index fingers pointing downwards, and then, after a great crisis of sobbing, she bethought her of the words she had to say. Then she spoke, and her voice wandered away among the dark pillars of the bed, the dark hangings, the dark presses that had carved on them the arms of the Queen Anne Boleyn, painted in red and gold and blue, but very much faded.

"*Malo a nos libera sed—tentationem in inducas nos ne et . . .*"

She made with her left hand the sign of the cross backwards, and then repeated the prayer of our Saviour backwards and very carefully so that she might have no word wrong up to—

"*Coelo in es qui noster pater.*"

Then having risen and three times bowed, she said the "Hail!" which is a prayer to Belcabrae the wife of Satan. The tears choked her throat so that she must begin twice the *oderc;* but, when she came to where she must stab the point of her

breast, she drove the bodkin into the soft flesh and smiled.

She asperged the candles smiling, and still she smiled whilst she melted the wax in the crock about the fire and poured in the blood from the little basin.

She grew very hot over the fire, and she took off her jacket and bodice and let down her black hair about her shoulders. When she came away from the fire with her ball of wax she shivered; but, with her little silver meat knife and her bodkin she set to her work, muttering the backward fragments of Latin prayers of the old faith that were all that there remained for the most part in England. And, shivering, sobbing, her teeth chattering and furiously brushing the black hair from her eyes and sometimes waiting till her breast should have done heaving, she went to her work. When she came to modelling Edward Colman's face she was very still; she turned the little doll round and round in her hands, and then with a bodkin pricked in the place of the eyes. And then suddenly she thought she heard Edward Colman say—

"It is too dark. Cast anchor till the dawn!"

It was a full, clear sound, his voice; it seemed to come from beside the fireplace, "It is too dark. Cast anchor till the dawn!"

Her eyes distended wildly; she gazed into the shadows of the chimney. And then her face was full of triumph and a fearful malice. For she remembered that, if you make a waxen image of a man with intent to sweat it and so to cause his fading away and sickness and death—if the image

be made with all the true prayers and spells, it is a sign that the work is well done if you hear suddenly the voice of the man speaking sensible words. And, at that time, Edward Colman was upon the sea and it was very dark. So raising her eyes to the plume of dusty feathers that, like an owl, nodded in the darkness above the canopy of the bed, duskily in the highest point of the room—

"God of Heaven," she said, the last prayer of that spell, "send that none thine angel intercede between this man and me."

She looked upon the little image in her hand; as the fire flickered it seemed that the smile was about Edward Colman's mouth, and she shuddered all over her being.

And suddenly a faint, clear, shrill sound fell upon her ears. It was cockcrow.

She laid herself down upon the bed with the little image pressed to her breast. According, as she believed, some of Edward Colman's life was gone from him and into that homunculus that had her own blood mingled with its being. And as, after fourteen days, she would sweat it and melt it before slow fires, so maladies and sinkings would beset him, until, with the last dripping away of the wax and blood, his life would pass out miserably. Her eyes closed slowly; she muttered once—

"He is upon the sea." Her eyes opened and she gazed into the room where the fire was gone down to grey ashes. "How dark!" she whispered.

Then she had him in her arms and, whilst the grey dawn crept in at the window, she was in a sunny room and heard him talking of how he had

sailed the world round and come back to her. It was considered that if, during the waking hours, witches and wizards and the like suffered the tortures of the damned, they had, when they slept, the property of dreaming that what they most desired had come to pass. So that Edward Colman toyed with her hair and spoke of sailing upon the seas from which he had come back.

She rode next day beside the young cornet, over the Kentish border, in the midst of her little troop of horse. The Earl Dalgarno rode ahead in a sort of Scottish dignity and gloom that made him little beloved by his men, who deemed themselves as great as he, and were far better horsemen. At times she laughed, at times she even answered the cornet's questions, so that he began again to have some opinion of her wit. When he spoke of his exploits in gaining for her the wax torches she smiled in a very absent manner. Kent is a fairer county than Sussex, it has fields more open and drier and greener, and the sun shone out when they went across. It is difficult for a young thing to believe that she has parted for ever from a man she loves, so difficult that, at times, when the sun shines and there are green fields, she will forget the parting and laugh as if it were not yet come. It was thus that Anne Jeal laughed, though when she remembered that the wind was in the south-west and that Edward Colman, upon the sea, must be nearing the coasts of Holland she grew grave or reckless in her speech. When she was absent it was when she was thinking that she had the waxen image in her pocket. For fourteen days she might

not sweat it till, that is to say, the new moon came in. And if, in that time, Edward Colman took the communion her spells would be powerless. At the thought that he might do so she became sorrowful; but at the thought that, to be efficacious in saving him, it must be the communion of the Old Faith she became again serene. Edward Colman was little likely to have truck with papists. He had too much of disbelief and liked to laugh.

Once, when the cornet asked her what she muttered of, she said that she was thinking of an enemy she had. Actually she had said—

"Aye, Edward Colman, on the fourteenth day of March your pains will begin. Very slowly you shall sweat and die and be mine." And once she laughed, and the cornet felt flattered and more gay; but she was thinking it was odd that she should love a man and yet desire his death.

V

It was upon the 14th day of March that Henry Hudson the navigator came in the evening—and he had his wife with him—to tell Edward Colman that the English agent knew he was in Amsterdam. Hudson had gone before the Lord Scroop to get his leave of liberty to be out of England for one year; and whilst, because he was so famous a navigator, the agent had been talking with him of his voyage, there had come in Sir H. Wotton, the envoy who lay for so long under disgrace because he wrote in a Dutch lady's album that an ambassador is a man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. This Sir Henry had stayed also for a long time talking to Hudson, and in the middle of his laughing talk he had asked the navigator if by chance he had come across one Edward Colman in that city. Hudson had answered that, aye, he knew him very well. . . .

Edward Colman was considering of the armour that the Dutch Company had found for him on his voyage. He was troubled because the Dutchmen should hand it to him there at his lodgings, and not on board the *Half Moon*. He might not wear armour in going to his ship, because the putting on of war-harness was forbidden in the city. Then he must find a boy to carry it for him, and the

Dutch boys were very thievish. When Hudson uttered the words he had said to Sir H. Wotton, Colman let out a sudden "Oh, woe!" and sat down upon the bed that was in a space in the wall. He kept his hand to his head, and, in the light of the tallow dip that stood also in a hollow of the wall, Hudson eyed him very narrowly.

"Why," he said, "you think me a very traitor to have said this. But I was minded to hear the worst that might be said against you, for do we not sail to-morrow? and I have little knowledge of what is in your past."

Edward Colman moved his stockinged feet as he sat on the floor; the navigator's wife gazed at him very anxiously from her one eye, her head being upon one side.

"Edward Colman," she said, and her voice was filled with concern, "why speak you not? This is an evil sign of guilt, that you do not speak."

She had at that date knitted for him such a woollen cap as her husband should wear, and it gave her a pang at her heart to think that Edward Colman might be a very guilty man, because she had from the first thought that she would wish her eldest son to grow up like him—docile, smiling, and alert, too, for her days with Hudson were a little troublesome; he was such a loud man.

Edward Colman shuffled again his legs on the floor, and said—his voice was very stifled—

"What heard you of Sir Henry?"

"Why," Hudson answered, "this envoy says that very evil things have been said of you in London

by a woman that is witness before the King's Council."

Edward Colman muttered—

"Oh, well! oh, well!" and loosened the jacket round his neck.

The three eyes of the married couple were upon him very sharply; he leaned his head against the side wall of the bed.

"Why," Hudson said, "I perceive that these are things against you that Sir H. Wotton did not know. '*For,*' says this goodly knight, '*a certain Scots lord and the King himself cry out very loudly upon this man of Rye. He is said to be not only an illicit seller of wool and an Anabaptist, but one that foments great treacheries against the King's peace. . . . But,*' says Sir H. Wotton, '*I did see this woman myself, and I have a house in Sussex, and have had this many years. So that I think there is little in the story of treason. But for owling, no doubt it is true. And be it as it will, I am very strictly enjoined by the President of the Council—a Scots lord—to tell here my Lord Scroop that he must diligently seek after this man and take him. For,*' said my Lord President, '*there have been too many men, outlaws, that escape out of Amsterdam.*'"

Edward Colman gave a great cry; he sprang from the bed and stretched out his hand towards the black table, where there was a carafe of water. But he fell upon his knees, with his hands to the air.

"Lord Jesu, pity me!" he cried.

Mrs. Hudson turned to a deadly pallor.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked," she said, "that thus

his guilt is unmasked, and he shall not sail with thee!"

Hudson stroked his beard.

"Woman," he said, "I believe you are over careful of me. I think this is not guilt, but the Dutch fever."

Edward Colman gazed at Hudson; his eyes rolled in his head; he pointed to his mouth and to his throat.

"Fire here!" he mumbled pitifully.

Hudson strode to the table; he filled a glass masterfully with wine; he held it to Edward Colman's lips; it clittered and clattered, and the wine gushed to the floor from his clenched teeth. Hudson bent to set his arm under the shoulders of the young man; he lifted him right up with one arm, so strong he was, and dropped him gently upon the bed.

"Undo his shirt," he said to his wife; "feel of his heart, how it beats."

She approached the man with repulsion; she slid her hand down between his shirt and his skin.

"It goes flutter, and then stops, and then beats mightily," she said.

Hudson slapped his swordhilt with a heavy triumph.

"Why, it is a Dutch fever," he repeated. "When you have been as often in Amsterdam as I you will know the signs."

She looked round upon him anxiously.

"Do not take this man with you," she said. "His heart has nearly stopped."

"Dame," Hudson said angrily, "it will vanish

when he is two days at sea. I will take him the more because of this."

"You do not think of what will befall me if he mutiny," she reproached him. "Shall I be widowed?"

"Woman," he said, for such speeches angered him very much, "it is because I think of you and your children that I will take him. For this is a disease of sober men; it comes of drinking water, and it is your wine-bibbers that are the first to mutiny."

She kept her hand still in its place.

"Why, his heart stirs again," she said.

"Men do not die often of this," her husband answered. "It is a disease of such as drink the foul waters of the canals here. You may not drink any water in this city of canals, for it is more costly than wine. If it is potable, it is brought from springs away in Gelderland. He will revive again in five minutes' time, and then for the *Half Moon!*"

She withdrew her hand from Edward Colman's heart.

"I do think," she said, "that if this be not guilt it is witchcraft. Do not take this man with you!"

He laughed at her aloud.

"Why, I have seen a dozen men struck with Dutch fever. Saw you ever one that was bewitched? It is an old wife's tale."

"My brother's wife's uncle," she answered him, "wronged a woman; he was taken with such a sweating as this—and there was an old woman ducked and drowned for bewitching him."

"Why, he lived in Chidrock Quagmire," Hudson laughed; "this is all a folly of witchcraft."

"Aye," she said; "but I have heard you often speak of spells, and sorceries, and corpse-lights upon the sea."

"Woman," he said, "this is not upon the sea, where, for certain, there are witches."

"Henry," she shook her head at him, "see how he sweats. I have seen my uncle so."

"In a minute," he said, "he will be well. That is ever the way with the Dutch fever."

"Aye," she answered, "in a minute he will be well. That is because the witch no longer makes her spells, for fear he die at once and be no more tortured."

She paused.

"Henry," she said, "that stripling hath wronged a woman. One that hath wronged a woman will wrong a man."

"In a first place," he answered, "that is folly. In a second, I asked Sir H. Wotton if he had wronged this woman that betrayed him. And Sir. H. Wotton said very expressly he had questioned her, and she said no, but she did it out of love for the King."

Edward Colman sat up suddenly and laughed; the sweat was in great beads upon his forehead, and one side of his face had the appearance of being shrunken, but the smile had come back to the corners of his little foxy moustache. "My pains are gone!" he cried out.

Hudson turned upon his wife.

"Did I not say so it would be?" he said. "The pains and fever abate when the sweat comes."

His wife turned upon him and uttered—

"Did I not say so it would be? The pains and fever abate when the witches cease their spells."

Edward Colman looked at them wide-eyed.

"Ye were speaking of my crimes," he said. "I have done none save owling, which is none."

The good wife looked upon him with a great earnestness from her one eye.

"Have you never wronged a woman?" she asked. "It is a very strong crime."

Edward Colman laughed at her, only the side of his face went a little awry, like the waning of the full moon.

"As I hope to enter heaven, none," he said, "unless it be when, as a magistrate, I have sent scolds to the cucking-stool. That may not be justice, but it is so deemed in the customals."

It was only then that he heard that Anne Jeal had got to London town, and he stopped to think about it, whilst husband and wife fell into a long wrangle about what should be done for him. Hudson, who believed only in Dutch fever, said that being upon the ship and in the air of the sea was his most certain cure; his wife said that the only remedy was to be bathed from head to foot in the holy water of the old faith. And as there was a Papist church not very far off, she was minded to go herself at once in their boat along the canals and fetch the idolators' fluid. Hudson forbade it, she was on the point of doing it, and each rehearsed how they had foretold that so his fit would end as it had ended. Edward Colman sat upon the bedside, looking upon the ground and swinging his stockinged feet, whilst

Mrs. Hudson's voice rose higher and higher, till it resembled the sound that a hen makes when it leaves the nest. Suddenly Edward Colman sprang on to the floor. He had finished his meditations, and was certain that it was good that Anne Jeal was in London, since Magdalena was in Rye. Anne Jeal might move the King's ministers in London town, but she could not—and that was his fear—use her knife to Magdalena if she were not in Rye town. The King's ministers he did not fear so much; it was well that they should see Anne Jeal, for then they would the less believe her.

So he spoke to the old woman—

"Why, as for holy water, I like it not, for I am no Papist ; and as for witchcraft, though the King doth bid us believe it, I hold little with it nowadays. If what comes from Papists alone can cure it, then, say I, God, who is good, did send it out of our land when He cleansed them of Papists. Besides, know ye not it is of evil omen to begin upon a voyage with these mummings of anti-Christ? If it would cure me, yet would I not do it, and spoil a fair voyage for my mates; I had rather bear pains."

"Now, by God," Henry Hudson said, "though thou hadst done all the crimes of the Duke of Alva, that harried through Holland and slew many poor women, yet would I take you for that fine speech."

The good wife shook her head and mumbled her lips; she did not speak any more, for she would have let the young man suffer the tortures of death ere he should imperil her husband's voyage.

"Why, then, to the *Half Moon!*" Hudson cried out.

Edward Colman looked upon the steel breast-plate, upon the heavy thigh-greaves of steel and leather, and upon the steel cap, with its flap far in front and its little bar of steel that came down before the mouth.

"I would willingly," he said, "but how shall I get these to the ship?—for I may not wear them in the streets of this town."

"Why, we will take boat to the ship along the canal," Hudson said, "and they with us."

"But first I have a visit to pay to my man of law."

"I advise you," Hudson said heavily, "that you walk not the streets of Amsterdam this evening!"

"Master mine," Edward Colman laughed at him, "I am no seaman, but my affairs do lie upon the hard land, and I have a wife that must be fended for. So, in this matter, you cannot as well advise me as I can myself take counsel with myself."

Hudson grunted the grunt of a humorous man who has been told to put something in his pipe and smoke it.

"Well, if you will do things," he said, "it falls upon me to devise how you may do them with the least folly and danger."

Edward Colman had set his affairs well in order that day, for they were to sail on the morrow, when the tide served. He had not wasted his time in Amsterdam, but had made an alliance with a merchant-shipper, Van der Gelderland, which would insure cargoes to such of his ships as came there out of Rye, and send orders back to merchant-shippers in Rye for cargoes to be sent into

Amsterdam for the nine months to come. In this way alone his stay in this city had been profitable, and he had had time to make a calendar so that all his ships could run between Amsterdam and Rye, or Sandwich, or the port of Dover, throughout all that year. This calendar and a power of agent he had left with the lawyer Husum to put in force, and to have a check upon Husum and upon Van der Gelderland he had given a power of scrutiny to a bread merchant called Koop, who was Magdalena's uncle, a rich man of the town council of Dordrecht. These things might not be as well done as they would have been could he have stayed there; nevertheless, he foresaw that by this year's business he would make more money than in any year since he had inherited his father's ships. But the news that Anne Jeal was in London made him consider that there were still two things that he could do to insure more protection for his house and for his wife; and those two things he must do, though it was dangerous, now that Sir Henry Wotton was come, to stay longer in that town or to walk the streets at all. For the world of that day was full of alarums and excursions amongst the great lords and powers. The United Provinces were upon the point of contracting a truce with Spain that should last for ten years ; and though the United Provinces had always been stiffnecked in the matter of giving up foreign outlaws, it might well be that to gain some point of their own in negotiation they might surrender him as a prisoner to Sir Henry. If he were once upon the *Half Moon* it would be much safer for him, for the harbour laws

of Amsterdam, as in all other great ports, were very different to the land laws, and the power of the East India Company, which was very great, would assuredly protect him, since, as Hudson's servant, he was their man.

But before they sailed in the dawn he must see the lawyer Husum, and to see him he must go to him, since it chanced that for that twenty-four hours Husum was an acting syndic of the city, and must stay in his house all day and night to send any malefactors to the Round House.

"Wife," Henry Hudson addressed his one-eyed partner, "there is one way that is best!" Their heavy boat was in the canal at the bottom of that inn's hind court—for in those days Amsterdam was much more a city of canals than it has ever since been, and at the back of every house there was one of those waterways running right up to the walls. So that the Hudsons' boat had come with them upon this visit. Most of Hudson's gear was already on the *Half Moon*, but one chest remained to go.

Edward Colman's own boat, the cock-boat of his own ship, the *Christopher*, that was then in the harbour, lay before his inn, with three of his own men, waiting to motion to his ship. But between it and the door was a broad quay, and upon this, if Sir Henry Wotton had made an attempt for his surrender, there might be waiting Dutch guards, who would arrest him as he crossed. There might or there might not; there was no saying—for there were always guards upon that quay, to take the customs dues of the country people that came in boats from the nearest water-gate. They could see

from the window six fat men in buff jerkins, with large pikes and high boots, leaning back against stone posts in the dusk. There was no telling from the look of them whether they had or had not orders to take any one. Upon the edge of the quay there were two nondescript fellows, one in a peaked jerkin, the cast-off finery of the last age, and one, very small and round, with a leathern coat that paunched over his belt, holding what looked like a pudding in a dish-cloth hanging from his hand. They were beneath a lime-tree, leaning over and talking to some boat's crew probably, invisible, on the canal edge. These were all that were to be seen, for most people were in their houses so near nightfall. None the less, Hudson was pleased that they had come to the back steps of that inn, and tried to take credit to himself for having come there out of prudence, till his wife insisted that it was she that had come that way to save time.

They counted that they would be rowed to the back stairs of Husum's house, where his writing office was. They would go in the boat of the Hudsons, by the back ways, leaving the cock-boat from the *Christopher* where it was, to mislead any that watched for him. Then they would send from the *Half Moon* for Edward Colman's chests and cloaks. It was only the steel armour that troubled Edward Colman, for it was the duty of a proper man, if he had no page-boy, to let no one but himself finger or touch this honourable equipment. But he might not wear arms in the city, and the things were cumbersome to carry. How-

ever, Hudson bore the steel and leather greaves for him, and Mrs. Hudson his sword, and he himself carried in his arms the cuirass, and, for his ease, he put on his head the steel cap, that had a great steel flap before it. This flap was intended for turning aside the upper cut of sword strokes, and it was supported in front by a steel bar from the chin, that curved up till it met and upheld the flap itself.

They passed unseen through the stairways and passage of the house—for these Dutch inns were very quiet places, because no Dutchman moved more than he had occasion to. Before the little red brick bake-house in the red-tiled court there stood a Dutch maid in a gay skirt, with a clout over her head, wiping a brown earthenware bowl with a blue cloth; the three rowers of the Hudsons' boat were asleep over their oars. They started to row with phlegmatic but very strong strokes, before their fares were well settled in the boat—for, because of the argumentativeness of Hudson's wife, it was only with difficulty that Edward Colman could find a place for his cuirass to rest drily. He would have had it on his knees, but she would not suffer him to do that, because it would tire him after his fit of fever; it would not rest on a cross seat, and there was water on the bottom boards. This discussion was never ended, because Hudson observed suddenly, and with anger, that the boatmen had taken them swiftly through a little channel between the inn and the next house but two into the main canal itself. This annoyed him very much. The narrow canals between the housebacks

had no quays and were very dark, like cracks in high cliffs, the house-sides yellow, gloomy, high, stained and patched with many windows, and black doors and pulleys. The sea boatmen disliked these little waterways, because there was only just room for the oars, and because the water stank very disagreeably when it was stirred up. The coxswain of this barge had a few words of English, and Hudson had told him very carefully that he wished to go to the Michaeli's Gracht, where the Dutch lawyer dwelt, by way of these back canals. The main ways had quays and roadways upon each side of them, and here people walked, and it was possible to be seen.

But by the time that his thunderous denunciation of the coxswain had interrupted the discussion of his wife with Edward Colman, the nose of the barge was turned down the main canal, and they were almost abreast of the inn and the pinnace from the *Christopher*, that lay at the steps, with a seaman, cloaked to the ears, in its stern.

It was then too late to turn, and there seemed to be a great peace on the quay; the six halberds of the six guards were to be seen aligned and motionless; the two men, one of them with the pudding in the clout, were still leaning against the lime-tree at the edge of the quay, and because the water was very low where they were, it was possible to see only the upper parts of the inn itself—the gables, that mounted like steps to the sky, and the paintings of stags, and trees, and shields in their white fronts above the last tier of square windows in each. Only the boatman of the *Christopher* turned at the sound

of Hudson's voice, and rubbed his eyes in astonishment to see his master pass so close to him. But, "Stay you till I send," Edward Colman called to him, and they went clear.

The Dutch coxswain shook his head stonily at Hudson's upbraiding of him. He had hard blue eyes and dark red hair, so that without doubt his blood had much of the Spanish in it; and when Edward Colman spoke to him in Dutch, upbraiding him for having disobeyed Hudson's command, he spat into the water alongside—he had great earrings of drops of silver, such as the Antwerp girls gave their sailor lovers—and he muttered—

"This man is our pilot at sea. Is not that shame enough for us? Shall we be piloted by him through our own city?"

Hudson suddenly spun around upon the cross seat; he raised his huge hand and struck the Dutchman one vast blow upon his shoulder near the neck.

"By God!" he said, "what a crew is this they have given me!" He had not waited for Edward Colman to interpret the words, but caught the tone of the voice. "One old man says it is ill-omened to sail with me, and then this collop——!" He continued to shake his fist before the coxswain's eyes. "Oho! oho!" he cried out; "I will maim some of you ere again ye see your Keizersgracht!"

The man's arm dropped at his side from the tiller; he passed his left hand across his body and took the oar, but he uttered no more words.

"Now I would fain know that man's thoughts,"

Mrs. Hudson said, and she began to upbraid her husband for using so much brute strength, and thus another great quarrel arose in the boat, whilst the rowers pulled mechanically. It came into Edward Colman's head that it was a thing to be avoided in the future, to tell Hudson of what the Dutchman said of him upon the voyage.

It had fallen nearly dark when they turned out of that main canal and came once more into a narrow way. Here once more it was all dark, and when they came to the door and water-steps of the lawyer Husum they could hardly have seen it save that it was painted black on the white walls. It profited them very little, however, to have found it, for, beat as they would upon it, it was not opened. And then Edward Colman remembered that it was the law and custom of that place that a lawyer's back door must always be closed irrevocably at sunset-time, for the better preservation of order. For it was thought that in that way evil-doers, who dared not essay to come to their lawyer's in the light of day, would be prevented from coming to him thus at night, but might only come along the quays and frequented streets, where there was a better likelihood of their detention. It prevented, too, the coming and going of Spanish spies, with whom, at that time, the lawyers were suspected of complicity. Thus they were forced to row round to the great mainway, and to come to the steps of the quay before the Husum Huïs. Here again the grey dusk showed them the houses, and because the quays were lower they saw them well, dwindling away in long parallel rows, white, rather low,

because they were old, and gabled, the lights shining out between double rows of tree-trunks, but revealing very few people. The quay here was so broad that Edward Colman had full twenty yards to go before he came to the lawyer's steps, but no one hindered him, and he went in.

It was arranged between them that, because he would be fully an hour within, the Hudsons should go back to their inn and fetch away Hudson's chests, so that thus, for good and all, there would be an end of fetching and carrying. But when Edward Colman came out from the lawyer's house it was nearly pitch dark; there was a procession with many torches just close at his right hand, but upon the gleaming water of the canal there was no boat below the quay. He stood at the edge to let the procession pass. First, appearing of portentous size in the frame of darkness, with two torches above a huge umbrella held high over his head, marched a great, brown-faced man with fierce eyes and a long grey moustache; round his shoulders was a pelisse of ermine; green robes dropped to his feet; a great turban of white fur was around his head, and, high up, an aigret swayed above a huge ruby-jewel. Behind him walked a Moor all in white, holding forward the umbrella with a strained and anxious attitude; and behind came many men in straight black cloaks, with high, black, sugarloaf hats and with white collars that caught the light. This was the ambassador from the Soldan of Berbery, who was being escorted back to his lodgings by the Dutch notables. He had come to beg the United Provinces to make no truce with Spain, that

was the ancient foe of the Soldan's, as of the Netherlanders. The torches of the procession lit up the house-fronts for a little, and the tree-trunks and the cobble-stones of the quay; then, black interspersed with white, it moved slowly away. Edward Colman was aware that he had a pebble in his shoe; it had troubled him for a minute or so, and he was bending down—because, since he must wait for the barge, he had time—to undo the latchet.

Something soft and heavy struck upon the flap of his helmet, and fastened itself round the steel bar of the visor and stuck clammily to his left eye. He was aware that there were two black shadows leaping at him; he put up his hand to feel, and his fingers were caught by a viscous, cold mass, like birdlime upon a bit of soft cloth. His hand came down with this muck all around it, and he heard a high shout, and thrust his hand into the face of the first figure to reach him.

The shout stopped; the figure threw up its arms and fell back, but in the darkness there fell upon Colman a heavy mass of humanity, that pinned both his arms straitly against his hips and shook him from side to side. So heavy was this second man, though his stature was so little his hat was pressed against Colman's face, that he could hardly keep his feet, but his fingers being forced downwards, he twined them into the man's belt. This struggle seemed to last for a long time, but Edward Colman wasted no breath with calling out to know what it meant; the little man at his chest wheezed incessantly, and grunted out, "The ropes now! The ropes!" In their struggle—for Edward Col-

man again and again nearly lost his feet—they came under a tree at the quay edge.

He thought that he would call out for help. But if these men were Dutch police or had Dutch warrants that would only bring more men to take him, and he struggled in silence.

"Ho," Edward Colman thought to himself, "if I may come nearer the trunk I shall yet see Magdalena and the *Half Moon*," and the next struggle of the little man brought them nearer the tree. He stayed for a moment to draw a breath, and cried out—

"The ropes now!" and then, casting out mightily with his legs, Edward Colman forced his chest towards the tree-trunk, so that the little man's knees bent with the weight. His head was jammed, hard and heavily, against the tree, his arms loosened their hold, and Edward Colman, with his fingers in the belt, sprang backwards in the darkness, so that, with the impetus of his spring, he might swing the little man back into the canal. He knew that he had very strong arms, but the little man was very heavy; his left foot found only the air when next he stepped back, and both together they toppled, swayed inward for a moment, and they were in the air. For the moment he saw the lights of the procession far away, then no lights, then a wet chill enveloped him, the sound of water, and a great struggling. He came up close to the boat-steps and held his knee upon them, but the other man caught him by the leg and pulled him back; their arms clenched round each other's necks, they went under again, each striking at the other; the struggle

seemed endless in the stinking water; when they went under they just touched bottom; at times they left off fighting to hold to the steps. Edward Colman kept his temper; he knew that this fat villain had cast a mass of pitch from a string at his face from a little distance; if he had not chanced to wear his steel cap and to bend at the moment he would have been choked and senseless, and bound and carried away—and he struck heavy blows upon the wet skull of the man beside him in the water. But the man's skull appeared to be of stone, and when he struck back it was only the steel cap that saved Colman from the weight of his fist.

They hung at last, both gasping and powerless, their elbows on the slimy granite of the steps, and then Edward Colman was aware of a harder, sharper blow upon his temple, a resounding clang of metal, and of stars in his eyes.

"By God!" he said, "that was a stone. If I had not forgotten to take off this potlid I had been a dead man, and never seen Magdalena again."

A larger stone struck the water beside him, and he hung there panting.

"These will crack nuts," he said. "I think it is nearly done with me."

The long man was peering over the quayside, his legs apart, and in his hand one of the great stones that were piled along the quay for the repairing of the roadway.

"Come down with the ropes," the fat man whispered. "I will hold him till then."

"That, by God, you shall not!" Edward Colman

cried out. Because the men were so quiet, he realized quickly that these were outcasts employed by the English agent, or another, and that they were not empowered by any warrant to take him, and were very afraid of being heard. "We will go further out into the water and drown." He began, too, to cry out lustily for help.

The little man again cast his arms round Edward Colman's neck; Edward Colman set up a great outcry now, and pushed with his leg further out into the water, and their weary struggle began again, whilst the great stones fell from above all round them. Edward Colman felt the paralysis of the cold creep upon him; he could hardly keep hold upon the man's wet leathern shoulders, they were so slippery; they went under once and twice, and, "God preserve my soul," he said to himself, "but I am a finished volume."

He heard a wail; the man's arms about him were gone; he was quite free, and he grasped the step-side. A great stone had struck his adversary upon the brow.

"Ho, my friend, I have you!" he cried to the man on the quay above. "Wait you. I will come to you."

He crawled out of the water and made to mount the steps. But the second man did not await him; the sound of his running was dying away down the quay.

Edward Colman sat down on the step at the top; he was very wet and cold, and he pulled off his jerkin to be rid of it, but he was too tired to run up and down for warmth.

"By Heaven!" he said to Hudson and his wife when the boat came, "I warrant you stayed to wrangle which should go first down the stairs—the black box or the leather sack. But I am glad you came not sooner, for I have had the time to show myself a good fighter."

PART III

TOWARDS THE POLE

I

WHEN Anne Jeal saw London town from Denmark Hill her heart sank very low; when she had passed over London Bridge she seemed to have no heart at all. From the Hill the city appeared to be ominous, for, even in the morning sun, such a pall hung above it that its limits could not be seen; its walls were high, its gates appeared like little holes, there were tiny boats like beetles in myriads all upon its river, and through the mists and smoke the great church threw up its tower like the great beam of a spear, and all around it went up a multitude of steeples and spires, like the masts of ships or like flagstaffs with the banners furled upon them. She counted six separate sparks of light where vanes and weathercocks caught the sun.

"Before God!" she said to herself, "I shall not very easily come to the King of this place!"

But when they rode over the bridge a great dizziness beset her. There were so many cries, the houses were so high, the street so narrow; there was such a throng of men, they were so strangely garbed and collared, and they spoke such a strange tongue. Their little company rode with little ease through the press; her horse reared, and many boys, capless, aproned, with yellow legs, called out horrid cries. In the streets beyond the

houses were higher still; up above they almost touched, so that you could hardly see the sky; nauseating odours made her senses reel, and she had glimpses of narrow alleys between the immense buildings—alleys that seemed filled with twilight, to wind away to endless and unknown recesses between walls green with damp and slime.

"Before God!" she said, and this time she spoke to the cornet, "if I were lost in this place I should never come to the King."

He could draw his horse alongside of hers, for there was less press in these streets, though a rabble followed the steel-clad and muddied band of men on horseback, shouting out that she was a papist rebel bound for the Tower.

"Faith!" he said. "You will come before the King very soon, whether you will or no." For the Lord Dalgarno, who rode before them haughtily, was mighty anxious to be rid of the costs of his charge, and he was mighty intent to come before the King very quickly, before other lords his ill-wishers could discount the value of his discoveries; he was also anxious to press in before dinner, that his men might eat at the King's table and expense. Thus he rode on before so expeditiously that when they came to a great gate in a long wall, where on one side there was a man in a suit of red with a halberd, and on the other a man in a suit of green with a long bow, they were able to follow his beckoning and go directly through the gateway and over the drawbridge. Anne Jeal had never seen so much of stone together. There were huge, straight, long walls, blackened with smoke

and immensely high; there were no windows, but only loopholes so small that they appeared to be the places from which stones were missing. Underfoot it was all stone, and she could see no green thing. When they passed under such another little gate they came to a courtyard where there were trees and little houses, but all round great turrets and keeps towered tumultuously aloft, so that, though the courtyard was so big, where a company of men in steel were aligned and marching they seemed no larger than ravens amid giants' houses. There were knaves that carried faggots, and ostlers that walked with chargers, and cook-boys with shaven heads that sat upon steps and teased little turnspit dogs waiting for their turn in the spit cages. But no one raised an eye to their cavalcade.

"Why, this must be the Palace of Gog-Magog!" she said, for these giants were said to dwell in that city.

"No," he said. "This is the Tower of London, and upon that hill traitors find their ends."

She gave a sudden wail of, "Owé! I am in prison." And they passed through more gateways and passages than she could keep in memory. But her fear augmented her grief, and her grief came to the rescue of her hatred.

"Shall I soon see the King?" she said. "Shall I soon tell what I know of this traitor?"

"I do not know," her companion answered.

They had clattered through a last archway, they were come to a little square yard before a huge tower, white but not very high. Many men were

streaming up a little outside stairway of stone, many others stood around its bottom, with cuirasses of steel cut across by white or blue sashes. The cornet had grown suddenly stiff and rigid in his saddle, his voice was short and cold. The Lord Dalgarno set his knee over his saddle-bow and sprang to the ground. He was a very nimble man and light on his legs. He ran very hastily up the steps, pushing men aside in his hurry. They looked after him and shrugged their shoulders. Anne Jeal heard a man cry out—

"The Scot's in a hurry to the lion's den," and others laughed.

Her own men lighted stiffly down and stood, each man at his horse's neck, as the regulation there was; but Anne Jeal sat still and shivered, for the wind blew in great draughts round the corners of these stony places. She had many eyes upon her, but she felt the little image that she had in her pocket-place, and at the thought that, if this stroke failed her, she would melt this image till Edward Colman died; she felt no embarrassment, but only cold. And, at the last, the Lord Dalgarno came out of the little doorway in the white wall; his eye had a pleased glare in it, he walked jauntily down the stairway.

He came to her stirrup and aided her to descend; he led her up the stair, taking immense steps upwards and holding her by the finger-tips; he guided her up a tiny corkscrew stairway where it was very dark and smelt of old bones and into a huge white chapel, with pillars vast enough to hold up the world, where at the far end some Scot-

tish clergymen in black gowns were holding a service to themselves before a wooden communion table. In this place he said to her drily—

"You had best not curtsey, nor yet kneel; but stand with your hands folded before you."

"But," she cried out, "what shall I say?"

"God forbid," he answered, in a high voice coming from his nose, "that I should answer you that." And then he whispered fiercely, raising his brows and his mouth close to her ear, "Have we not concerted all that many times on the road?" He raised his voice to add, "Set 'your Majesty' and 'your Grace' like jewels in your discourse, or say 'Sire,' for his Majesty is the true Father of his people."

They went through a large room, empty save for a guard or two, unarmed, because the King hated to see edged weapons or pistols. Anne Jeal's heart rose a good deal, because here there was so little state, only emptiness and blue space with a touch of mist in the mournful air and no furnishing, but only the bare brown wainscoting to the bare white ceiling. There was here, she said, nothing to alarm a woman with a good conscience, and she set her chin high and snuffed the misty air.

A lean man sat before the fire in the next huge room; all alone he gazed at the coals, but there were half-a-dozen others in a far window that stood and bent their heads together over their huge ruffs. James Stuart, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, gazed at the coals and was thinking of a Latin rebus; he sat upon a little stool, his pointed

chin resting upon his hands and poked out at the blaze. When the Earl Dalgarno hemmed behind him, holding his fingers to his mouth, the King looked round cautiously over his shoulder, turning his entire neck as a hedgehog does.

"Ha! the Mayoress of Rye!" he uttered in shrill tones. He revolved slowly upon the stool-top until he faced her, with both hands upon his knees. At that time the King dwelt in the Tower because he had heard of a plot to kill him, and he was afraid to walk the streets. "Now," he said, "ye come to tell me that tale, videlicet," and he began sharply to recount in incomprehensible language and with tired comments all the story that Lord Dalgarno and she had agreed upon between them in the manor house of Bromley, where they had stayed on the last night but one. The King wore a plain suit of rusty black, his legs were very thin, but around his hips they were swelled out to a great size by his breeches; he had a crinkled ruff about his neck, so that his head appeared to be severed from his shoulders, and on his head there was a little pot hat with white lace tied about the brim. He had a hooked nose, that crooked over to one side, a little moustachio that turned upwards, and little, tired, beady bright eyes that had many wrinkles beneath them. His voice was monotonous and haughty and, at the same time, querulous, and he recounted the terrible exploits of a monster called Edward Colman, who had organized a whole great conspiracy with the Anabaptists to defraud himself of his just dues and cause wool to leave the kingdom contrary to the laws and the statutes.

This recital of his own appeared to bore him and to tire him; but suddenly he came to a pause, lifted up one leg, caught the ankle of it with both hands and pulled it on to his knee. He beckoned then over his shoulder, with a little whimsy of feathers and beads of amber that hung round his neck by a silken string. He was anxious that the other lords should approach him that they might take pleasure in the sagacity of his queries. They moved from the great window all in a mass, with slow pacings as if they were a machine pushed forward from behind. Five of them were dark and wore chin-beards that fell down upon their ruffs, and they maintained airs of great gravity and were clothed in black. But the sixth was a fair youth with high eyebrows; he tittered often, and was habited in a suit of red, very slender about the waist and sewn all over, right down to his red stockings and shoes with large pearls. Later on he leaned over the King's shoulder and made faces at Anne Jeal, kissing his finger tips and rubbing the jacket above his heart till the pearls came unsewn and dripped on to the dark floor.

"Now," the King said, "this is my council; ye will give yourself the pain to answer me these questions forgetful of the dread quhilk doubtless you will be feeling at our majesty."

He leaned right forward over his knee, that projected like a crooked elbow.

"Tell us just how that, being provost's wife of a town, ye come blithering ill things thereof?"

Anne Jeal faltered and turned red; before she had been conscious of being alone in a great room,

but now, with these hard men's eyes reading her, she felt more lonely and more small in a vaster space than would have taken in all the room, and her red coat and green skirt were travel-stained, and her feather, though she had curled it, was bedraggled and dirty. She looked appealingly at Dalgarno, who stood beside her; the words that had assailed her seemed to have no sense or relation to anything in this world; but his eyes were half closed, his hand was upon his hip, one black leg was very crooked, one very straight.

"Nay," the King said sharply, "you shall not claver with Dalgarno. Tell me, Mayor's wife of Rye, how it is you bear tales?"

She faltered, clutching at the front of her gown—

"Because of the great love our town bears you."

He pointed a long finger at her.

"But how is it ye came lonely, why is the Mayor not here?"

"Because my father is afraid," she said, and she took her courage into her hands; "my father is afraid of the knife of Edward Colman."

The King said, "Oho! This augurs not a great love of your father to us, if he is so afraid of a knife he will not do us a service."

She was afraid to answer him with a sharp reply, and she whispered—

"A dead witness would little help your Grace's cause."

He bade her speak up and not to mutter, and when she had repeated her words he rubbed his hands.

"Oho!" he said, "there is sense in this, we are coming to some sense," and he looked at his lords for approbation, but appeared annoyed at their impassiveness. His tone to her became kindly and paternal. "Let us hear now what you will say to this," he bleated. "How is it that your father, the Mayor, who is master of lancemen and archers and halberdiers and companioned with barons, even as I am"—and he tittered—"is afraid of the knife of but one man?"

She cast her eyes upon the ground, and then, remembering that she spoke in a good cause and had only herself to help her to her desires, she spoke boldly, looking into the King's eyes, which was what he loved—

"Sire," she said, "there are in our town and about our gates a great many of a folk called Puritans, Anabaptists, Knipperdollinck, Viderdibors and Latter-day Saints——"

The King muttered, "Oho! oho!" and looked round upon his council, as if he were gaining a victory over them.

"These folk," Anne Jeal gained courage to say, "were given licence by the late Queen to dwell beside us. Then there were very few, now there are a great many—so many that lancemen and archers and halberdiers and loyal com-barons are not enow to protect us. But they are a mutinous, drunken, foul-swearing herd enow, that eat up our substance and affright us so that we do live in terror."

"Oho! oho!" the King said. "Now at last I myself extract the truth that has been kept from my

ears about this realm of mine!" Two of the lords behind him looked into each other's eyes, and one of them shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Sire," Anne Jeal said, "this Edward Colman is fast linked with these mutineers. He is married to the presbyter of them, for they do marry contrary to all rule and decencies in holes by themselves. He is linked with them and they do his bidding, so that your loyal town of Rye——" The lord who had shrugged his shoulders shrugged them again at this and turned half away, and seeing this Anne Jeal faltered, but she stuck to her faith in the King, though at the bottom of her mind there was the thought that he was a bitter fool to believe her. "Sire," she cried out, "this is the true truth of the matter. Your town of Rye is the most loyal town that you have. In it you will find no man but goes to church weekly to pray for you; in it you will find no owlers, no Papists, no traitors, no single man but blesses Heaven for his King, not one save only this black traitor, Edward Colman, and his Puritan band of fellows. It is they who are the traitors, it is they who are the owlers, it is they who have given to us our evil name in the land."

The King shrugged his shoulders at the council behind him.

"We believe you," he said, "for these folk have no bishops—and no bishop, no King! We have said it a thousand times."

The fair courtier had now his elbows on the King's shoulders; he leered at Anne Jeal from first one side and then the other of the King's hat, and

with this backing the King peered up at her with a sort of hunchbacked gravity.

"Maiden," he said, "we are beholden to ye for these depositions; this state of things hath been withheld from us by our council, th'of we ha'e suspected it. Ye shall kneel down to us and ask us what boon ye will have."

Anne Jeal knelt down upon the hard floor; it went against the grain, as all things went against the grain that men did for this King.

"Sire," she said, "first I will ask you that you confirm the charters of the town of Rye that have not yet been confirmed. And secondly I will ask you that you unmake this marriage between this traitor, Edward Colman, and this traitor's daughter that is pastor of the Anabaptists of our town."

The King said, "Eh! eh!" in an astonished grunt.

"Sire," she pleaded, "for myself I ask nothing, but only such things as are for the good of your realm."

The King's face wore a look of cunning interest.

"How shall it profit my realm to unmake a marriage?" he asked.

"Sire," she pleaded again, "these people are very haughty, but much it should discredit and bewray them and cast them down if this daughter of their accursed breed should be disgraced and called shame on for a no-marriage, and her children made bastard and disinherited."

The King leaned still more forward with the weight of the courtier upon his shoulders.

"Child," he said, "we see that you mean well by us and love us well."

"Of a truth I love your Grace well," she said;

"and by this taking away from the Knipperdollincks of the power to make marriages you shall much hurt them."

"Ah!" he said, "now you speak sense. We will meditate upon taking away from these people the power to make marriages in the future. But, child"—and he took on a manner of serious gravity—"there is one thing that We will not do; there are bastards enow in our realms," and he looked up, away, at the face of the courtier above him as if this were a keen witticism. "We will do nought to make more. It hath always been the policy and endeavour of the Supreme Head of all churches to recognize and not to break every statutory marriage." He pushed the courtier back off his shoulders by leaning forcibly to rearwards. "Therefore we would not unmake this marriage if we could."

Anne Jeal bit her lip furiously. She had profited nothing so far.

"But," the King said, "the charters of your town you have a right to. It hath never been said that James Stuart regarded not the rights of his servants. They, we promise you, shall be confirmed." He paused, and added, "Subject to their paying the usual fines and amercements—the usual fines and amercements. Now get you up."

She stood up upon her feet: she was fit to scream with rage, she had advanced herself so little. She had asked for the charters of Rye so that she might be able to aver to her townsmen, on her return, that she had done a good stroke for them and so that she might retain the full glories

of Mayoress. But the goodwill of the townsmen was as nothing to her; it was as nothing to her to be Mayoress; she desired only that she should be revenged upon this Magdalena and upon Edward Colman. And this King with his mouthings, and sputterings, and gazing down his nose, and air of wisdom filled her with such rage that she could have spat upon him. She had not yet got over thinking that the King must be a kind of god. And yet it was for this that she had come from the world's end. Why, in Rye with a word from her ten score youths would have fallen upon the Anabaptist huts and torn them to the ground! James Stuart was meandering along, mouthing the English that he spoke, so that she could understand him, but with a wry face, because he held that the Scots was the only speaking for men.

"For the Anabaptists and Puritans we ourselves are thinking upon speeches and sermons against them. And if these will not serve, we will have recourse to other matters."

"Burn down their houses, your Grace!" she cried out, and she clenched her hands. "Ye will have no peace in England till ye have their houses and them."

He raised his eyebrows at her.

"We wonder much and we commend much your loyalty," he said. "Mebbe 'twill come to burning." He looked more brightly. "And for yourself, maiden," he continued, "certainly—for that my council will meddle in all things—you must come before my council to have your answers written down in books and to be examined. For,

after the manner of this country, these lords will aye be having their say——" He faltered, and then said, "But you shall be hospitably bestowed during your stay here. You shall live with the constable's wife, for are you not the daughter of a baron? You are a good living maiden, therefore you shall be junketed and made to see many sights. Videlicet, there are my lions here, and sights of armour and men hanging in chains at Tyburn and elsewhere. We will find for you——" He looked up at the fair courtier behind him to ask, "What is it that maidens most love in this our city?" He was looking up with a childlike innocence, but the fair courtier raised his brows and tittered, and, leaning down, whispered in his ear. The King tittered with an odd pleasure in turn, and smacked gently his creature's face.

"Ye are nae decent to y'r Sovereign Master," he said, then he waved his hands distractedly. "Get ye gone, maiden," he said. "We have many other things to think of. But ye s'all ha'e fine junketings and a safe-conduct to your home."

. . . .

She was lodged in a little stone room, next that of the constable's wife, of the Tower. And she saw, indeed, the lions pacing their little cells, the halberds and partisans for six hundred men, that were kept always oiled and sharpened in case any riotings arose in the city of London; and she saw bears chained to posts, their red eyes dripping blood upon the muzzles of dogs and bulls, baited in rings by mastiffs; and she saw the streets filled with great crowds and the playhouses, where men

spoke a tongue it was hard for her to follow about passions of love and revenge and murder and hatred and jealousy and madness, that she knew more of than they did. For three separate mornings she was called to wait upon the council that sat at Westminster, but they did not have her in before them; thus they forgot her for seven days more, and did not send for her till the second day of March.

They sat, the six men that she had seen before, at six round black tables in a round room, painted to resemble the blue sky with gilt stars upon it. At a seventh table was a man with an engrossed face, long hair and a large white collar that fell down to his shoulders; he did not speak, but wrote incessantly, and there was a constant coming and going of men with letters all the time that her examination lasted.

It was a different thing being before these six men; they asked her questions in cold voices, and she could not tell whether they believed her or no. Five of them asked many questions and one only a few, but he was the most deadly to parry. He had a little, long black beard, a ruff edged with black and a black hat with a square brim that was stiff and curved out in the crown of it.

How, they questioned her, if the other burgesses were so loyal, had they suffered this Edward Colman to grow so formidable in disloyalty?

She answered that he had done it very secretly at first, and had grown upon them as if in the night time.

How, they asked her, if this Edward Colman

had threatened to murder any that gave information against him, had he not murdered her?

She answered that it was because he had an affection for her he had protected her; he had many times molested her with his offers of love.

They asked her: why, if this man so loved her, he had wedded himself to this daughter of an Anabaptist?

She answered that it was to have the more power with these people.

They asked: why, then, had he done it so lately?

And she answered that it was to protect his own property against these people because he must go across the sea.

The councillor that spoke least frequently asked her: why, if this man molested her with his love and it was distasteful to her, she had sought to break this marriage that was her best protection?

She answered that it was out of her great love to the King, and he fell silent again.

They wearied her so with all sorts of questions, of things she knew and of things she had never even heard of, that at last she herself grew incredulous of the story that she had worked herself into believing, for she believed with a hot faith that all that she had said was true. And then they all fell into a dead silence.

The man who had least spoken cleared his throat—

"My lords," he said, "if it is your pleasure, I believe this is all a tale of a mare's nest; I report that this man is in Amsterdam, and has applied to

sue out his pardon. If it is your pleasure I move that this man be granted his pardon subject to proper fines and subject to his coming hither to face this witness here present."

A lord, with much of grey in his beard, said, "She must be held till he come."

"Gentlemen," she cried out, "you have heard how the King did hear me out and believe!"

"Why, be silent," a lord said to her across his shoulder.

"She must be held till he come," the dark lord said, "or she may depart to her home if he is long in coming under surety for her return." He motioned her, with a long and white hand, to begone, and already all their heads and ruffs went towards each other, debating upon another matter.

Her teeth chattered as if with pest; she had never before known such rage; she had dressed herself in her finest finery, that had cost her father five hundred pounds, so that she was as grand as Queen Elizabeth had ever been. She knew she was a woman good to look upon, and she wore a gown of sky-coloured satin, wrought and embroidered with silver, with a farthingale, a chain of jewels and a fair necklace of pearls, with pendants of diamonds in her ears, and she could make any man that married her a baron of her own right, yet she had never before been handled as if she were such a thing of nought; she had never known what it was to lie before, for she had never lied so desperately and been so coldly disbelieved. These men had not even looked at her, many of them.

It was a thing she had never before imagined that she could be with men and they not look at her. She imagined it must be because she was dark, and all the fashion in this town then was for fair women; all the sonnets and stanzas of the day were written about women with white skins and fair or reddish hair. And her hatred against Edward Colman grew till it was tenfold as great. She saw nothing on her homeward journey; she sat upon her mule, and but that it followed the horses of her guard she would never have reached the Tower. She saw no houses, no people, no stalls, booths or so much as a coach upon wheels, though that was such a novelty that one of her two guards turned in his saddle to point it out to her near Paul's Church where the fountain was.

It was Edward Colman who had brought her to this shame; it was he who had wronged her; it was he who had caused her to wish for revenge upon him. And how could she be avenged upon him, but by lying? She prayed that the curse of Job, the unrest of Alaliel, the ceaseless thirst of Ixion might be his lot, and suddenly she fell to beating her mule about the head to make it hasten.

When they came to her lodging in the Tower it was nearing twilight, and she cried out that she was frozen, and, indeed, her teeth chattered still more than ever with passion and with desire. When she went up the stone stair to her little stone chamber she cried out that she would have a great fire, and she ran about in the little space, clinching her hands and grinding her teeth, her eyes glittering, whilst the constable's wife's maid brought

billets of wood and blew the coals, trembling at the wildness that was behind her back as she knelt.

The fireplace was a little square opening in the thick wall, the flames licked up it out of sight; it was already dark there, because the window was so tiny, though outside it was still dusk. Anne Jeal drew the bolt against the servant, and ran to the oak closet with circles curved upon it, where she kept her belongings. She drew from her breast the iron key, she unlocked the black lid and drew out a little bundle, wrapped in rags of silk that she had stolen from the bed-hangings at Little Tonbridge. These, purple and green and red, she unswathed and the little hideous image, like a waxen faked radish, yellowish and shaded with streaks of pink, lay in her hand. It was the fourteenth day since she had made it, and she trembled because this was the first time that ever she had done this sorcery.

The fire was very hot, and roared like the sea in a high wind; she must hold one hand before her eyes when she sat herself before it upon a stool. She quivered and shook: it seemed to her that she held life—a human child, a baby—in the hand that she stretched to the coals and logs. She implored unseen powers for strength to do this thing, looking round upon the bare stone walls, upon the pallet that was covered with a cloth and upon the great bible chained to a staple above a wooden lectern near the barred window. The wax of the little image was very old—thirty years and more, and the blood of hers that she had mixed with it made it slow to melt.

She closed her eyes.

"What maketh lads so cruel be!" she cried out, and she thought of how Edward Colman, far away beyond the seas, should have joined himself to her, for he belonged to her because of her great wishes for him.

A great wail, a moan, a sob like the cry of a child struggling for speech whirled round in the little, tiny cell.

"Fire here, oh God! in my throat, in my limbs," she heard, and she sprang from the stool and crouched against the wall, far away from the fire. Her fingers were sticky with wax, as if it had been blood, and she scraped at them with her nails. She screamed out; in the dancing light of the fire the little image lay among the rushes on the floor where she had cast it down, it seemed to her to writhe and to turn; but, since she could not see the rushes move, she thought her eyes must deceive her.

It had melted very suddenly between her fingers, and at the head part, which she had held downwards, one whole cheek had run away in a huge drop. This drop lay on the bricks before the hearth, as big as a crown piece, and with little spatters all around it in a circle. She crouched for a long time against the wall, dreading lest she should have killed Edward Colman, for, if she had stayed for much longer, she thought, the image would have melted clean away. And the thought that she might have done this filled her with an intolerable dread and longing, with an unbearable feeling of fear and horror, so that all her limbs felt drawn together and cramped.

But, when the fire died down, she assuaged this feeling by falling upon her hands and knees and holding her face over the little image in the rushes. She gazed at it for a long time, and at last cried out—

"I have heard thee speak! I have heard thee speak!"

It seemed to her at once a triumphant fact, and yet it was intolerably pitiful that to hear him speak she must cause him so great pain. And she lifted up the image and bathed it with water, and anointed it with an ointment that she had for making her hands white, and she wrapped it round with cloths and set it to lie in her bed upon the pallet. One of its eyebrows was melted clean away.

She remained in this state of apathy for fourteen days, and she was kept closely by two guards, who walked the courtyards beside her, and there was trouble about the expense of her lodging, for she was now half a prisoner, but she cared little and spent much of her time in washing her hands.

II

THEY were fourteen days out from Amsterdam, and had got only to the northward of Lerwick in Scotland before Edward Colman fully perceived that he had nearly lost sight of his left eye and was very deaf in the ear on that side. He was made most fully aware of that because he saw that the crew of the *Half Moon* drew to that side of him, when they were minded to utter certain things that they said with grimaces and afterwards laughed at.

There were fourteen men of them all told, together with the captain, who was called Vanderdonk, and had an impediment in his speech and spoke very slowly. And, with the exception of the old man who wore the jerkin with the pentagon on the breast, all these men were dressed from head to heel in black broadcloth and had hats of black cloth half-a-yard high in the crown. They had an extraordinary slowness of gait, the younger men of them being clean-shaven, and it was for Edward Colman the oddest thing in the world to see one of these fellows bent down over a yard, with his black locks falling down, and his black cloak ends falling down, and his black hat-peak pointing at the waves.

They passed the northern end of Scotland, going always more northerly towards Iceland, till a great

wind, into which they could not sail, drove them southwards once more towards Ultima Thule, where it was said that there dwelt anthropophagi and men with very broad noses. It was always very cold, and they never saw the sun; the sea was grey and heavy so that it seemed like the end of the world, and islands and capes peered out at them ever and anon or remained on the horizon for day after day as they beat wearily against the north-west winds.

But Henry Hudson would come up from the cabin-way and stand in the door of the sterncastle that was gilded and carved like the great leaves of the mullein. And he would hold his great hand over his eyes and look at the foot of Iceland and laugh and swear it was all famous.

It was April still, and never so early in the year had he been so far to the northward, and never had he had a boat so fast nor sailors so ready at their work. These last words surprised Edward Colman, for he had never seen men so deliberate in their motions or so surly in their answers.

"Aye," Hudson answered him, "but let us be just in all things. I can see trouble a-brewing; but if you will mark me who have sailed many voyages you will never find quicker mariners than these Hollanders—for they waste no time with showing that they hurry, yet each man's hand goeth surely to his appointed rope's end as into his breeches pockets. Only trouble will come." He looked again at the tail of Iceland, scratched his forehead and went back again to his cabin.

The wind held steadily from the northwards,

and all that night Edward Colman was upon his legs carrying orders from the navigator to the ship's captain where he was upon the poop. Hudson sat nearly always within the cabin, playing backgammon with Edward Colman or schooling his white mice to be sailors, for he had a great love of animals, and had brought with him a little cage of white mice and a little model of a ship with tiny flags upon sticks. And, with an endless patience, he set little grains of wheat here and there in the riggings, and with tiny whistlings between his teeth he encouraged the furry dwarfs to run up to the maincastle, the Jew's peak or the high-mast, bearing flags between their sharp teeth and clinging sedulously to the tiny cordage as the *Half Moon* rolled on the cross seas. By morning they were well up to eastward of the Iceland coast; by next nightfall they were well up to the north-east; by the next day at dawn they were standing across the constant wind to the coast of Norway and the sea was very high.

Henry Hudson sat in the cabin always, and gave his orders through Edward Colman to the Captain Vanderdonk. Once he asked whether ever the captain had said anything, and when Colman answered that the captain had said that if they sailed north and east at this rate they would have to go over Greenland to make any North-West Passage, Hudson laughed inwardly. And it was plain to Edward Colman that the captain said truth, for, according to such maps as were nailed up in the cockpit, Iceland was a little island level with the foot of Greenland and the head of Nor-

way, and at present they must lie between the north of Iceland and the northernmost coasts of Norway, so that all Greenland, a very continent, lay between them and any passage to the north of the New World. And they were heading always more and more to the north. They had counted forty days of sailing by that day at supper-time.

Their little consort, the *Good Hope*, sailed foot for foot as they did, keeping a distance more or less of a mile and a half; at night they led her with lanthorns, and still with the zig-zag of their course into the wind they were never at dawn far enough away from her not to make out the grey triangle of her sails a little to the south of them. At noon of the fourth day after they had passed Iceland's foot she bore down towards them—for she sailed closer to the wind than the *Half Moon*—and putting her sails across, they dropped a boat that came dancing terribly and tiny in the furry seas, rowed by three men in black cloaks, and with a fourth in her stern sheet.

The fourth man was her master; he was a young Dutchman from Sluys, and he had very long hair that tossed upon his shoulders, and a yellow, shaven face. He stamped his boots upon the deck where he stood there, and wished the captain of the *Half Moon* a good-day. The Captain Vanderdonk had a copper-coloured face, agate blue eyes and a tuft of black hair upon his chin which protruded as if it were a weapon he was offering to attack you with. This captain and this Master Outreweltius stood for a long time exchanging compliments and questions as to whether their water was still fresh

or their store of beef bade fair to hold out the voyage. The crew of the *Half Moon*, all the fourteen of them, save the helmsman, who was the old man with the pentagon upon his breast, leaned against the bulwark in a silent row; their cloaks flapped nearly down to their knees, and they were of all shapes and sizes, like a row of black crows, and they looked nearly all at their shoes or at the horizon. The three in the boat of the *Good Hope* rose sometimes high above the rail and sometimes disappeared from sight.

Suddenly the master of the *Good Hope* asked whither they were bound.

Hudson's voice rose up through the skylight of the cabin; he was singing a Devonshire catch to his own huge contentment.

"For," said the Master Outreweltius, "with this heavy weather and these dark nights they might well part company, and it were a fitting and a proper thing to have some spot appointed where they might join in agreement to wait the one for the other."

"Master Outreweltius," the captain said, "what you ask is very prudent and well beseems the cautious seafarer that you are."

It was plain that all the crew listened very intently, though their eyes remained upon the planking of the deck.

"But," Captain Vanderdonk spoke, "you are acquainted with the terms of our service. We are in this navigator's hands; we wander upon the waters; I can give you no help."

The Master Outreweltius looked sedately at the

wrinkled skins of his boats that had been painted with pitch; the voice of Hudson came up through the sky-light singing, "To-rol-dilly-to-rol," and there was a blank disfavour in the faces of all these Dutchmen as if this were a very drunken sacrilege.

"Captain Vanderdonk," the master asked, "give me permission to ask the navigator these serious questions."

"Oh, master," the captain said, "are you not acquainted that this navigator has not our tongue? We may not speak with him." He spoke always very slowly to avoid the impediment in his speech; but he could outshout a gale of wind.

Outreweltius looked upon Edward Colman.

"Captain Vanderdonk," he uttered, "here is the navigator's interpreter. Shall we ask of him whither we are bound?"

"He will not know it more than you or I, Master Outreweltius," the captain answered.

This grave colloquy that was uttered within a yard of Edward Colman's face where he leaned against the cabin-house door, filled Edward Colman with a desire to laugh. He pressed his elbow upon the gilt crank of the door and slipped backwards down the stairs, whilst the two captains looked into each other's eyes.

"Ho, he shall have his rendezvous," Hudson laughed, when Edward Colman gave him his news. He set down the black jack from which he had been drinking, and rising to his feet shook himself like a bear. "It has come, then!" he said. "Body of God!" He was by no manner of means

drunk, but he was very merry. He put his hands jovially with a great weight upon Edward Colman's shoulder, he pushed him through the cabin door and up the companion, which was lined with tulip wood—a dark timber from the New World that the Dutchmen loved.

"Gossip," he said; "set very carefully each word that I say into Hollandish. I will show thee how to manage these Dutch dogs."

Before the doorway he blinked a little in the open air, for he had not been out of the cabin for two whole days. He kept his hands upon Edward Colman's shoulder and laughed.

"Which is your deaf side? For you are very deaf upon one side."

The crew had surrounded the captains in a half-moon behind them; two of the men had come up out of the boat. Hudson wore a blue suit and Colman one mostly green, that he had had seven years' wear of. Both these Englishmen smiled, Edward Colman subtly and with curiosity, Hudson masterfully and showing his little strong teeth. The Dutchmen nearly all scowled a little. Hudson looked upon them for a long space till one of them began to fidget his legs. Suddenly he roared out—

"Master Outreweltius, and you two of the *Good Hope*, get you upon your knees for you be mutineers," and Edward Colman translated his words swiftly and in a low voice.

Outreweltius looked at the planks of the deck; his sallow, shaven face became of a copper-colour with the blood that ran into it. He made no

motion at all, and no man stirred save as the ship swayed them to and fro. Hudson, balancing himself somewhat difficultly on his broad feet—for he was not a very good sailor—ran his little eyes perpetually from face to face; he chuckled, and seemed to swallow something in his huge throat. He scratched his chin nonchalantly, and whispered to Edward Colman—

"My beard itches; the wind will change soon." But he uttered no more words to be translated.

Outreweltius looked at the Captain Vanderdonk. Vanderdonk kept his eyes away over the seas at where, in the grey windward, an iceberg appeared to be like a long castle with three square towers; the wind made a very ungodly moaning amongst the thick cordage of the high mast.

"This is good waiting," Hudson said in English, "we are like to see the Pole soon if the wind change."

"Will you say no more?" Edward Colman asked him, but he only laughed and uttered—

"Watch the Guy Fawkes' face. He knoweth I may hang him and will."

Hudson looked steadfastly into Outreweltius's face and then up to the fixed yard of the high mast, from which in Dutch ships any hangings were done. A spasm of motion like a wave passed over Outreweltius's sallow features, and suddenly he felt beneath his cloak. He drew out a yellow handkerchief; he bent till the top of his black hat nearly touched the boards of the deck, and began to wipe the planking.

"Oh," Hudson said to Edward Colman, "our voyage and, I think, our lives are saved."

"Why," Edward Colman asked, "are our lives in danger?"

Outreweltius was rolling his eyes round the horizon.

"Ned," Hudson answered, "our lives are always in danger. But these Dutchmen have seen so many men die in the Spanish persecutions—and so many poor women—that they think it less to take a life than we."

Suddenly, with the action of a camel that gives way at the knee as if its joints were broken, Outreweltius got swiftly on to his knees; but as if he disliked this solitude he looked behind him. The two boatmen from the *Good Hope* came close behind him and, each with the same stiffness, fell upon one knee. One of them was fat and laughed as if he were ashamed, one was almost a dwarf and had a black beard like a desperado's all around his face. He was called Hieronymus, and was more than half a Spaniard in blood. All three knelt in a little knot, their cloaks on to the deck, their hats forming a peak each, like haycocks turned black.

Hudson was, in an astonishing time for so fat a man, right upon them; with three muffled blows he had sent their hats spinning on to the feet of the *Half Moon's* crew. Their locks blew out in the wind.

Hudson came back to Edward Colman.

"Say to them," he said, "I thank them—that, by their very ready kneeling they have saved me the trouble of hanging them from the stiif-yard."

He looked upon Captain Vanderdonk, and then, "Ask of this cockle-beard is this not a just sentence that they be hanged."

Captain Vanderdonk looked still at the iceberg that gleamed suddenly in a waft of sunlight, blue and purple, and scarlet and shadowy green, for the grey air was very clear.

"It were a just sentence," he muttered; "you have the authority of the East Indian Council to bid me do it."

"Now make this speech for me, Edward Colman," Hudson said. "And make it in a very loud voice, for hitherto you have spoken a little mumblingly." He looked up at the vane and reflected, then he spoke—

"I, Henry Hudson, am, by the grace of God and mine own endeavours, a prince among navigators, and for the duration of this voyage High Pilot of the United Province of the Netherlands." Edward Colman called these words out in Dutch. "I stand here," Hudson continued, "to do my best endeavours for that State in whose service I am. I will do my best endeavours; if you do not my bidding I will rub your faces against such a grindstone that your mothers when you come back shall not know A from B nor your fore-ends from your sterns. I am Henry Hudson the navigator; I care not whether you like or mislike my sailing orders. I sail where I will to do my best endeavours; it is nothing to me what you do think."

Whilst Edward Colman translated these words Hudson set his thumbs in his belt and thought.

He was quite ready by the time Edward Colman had finished those words, and he spoke on—

"I had given orders that no man of the *Good Hope* should leave his ship. Master Outreweltius, you have broken orders. Had you not now kneeled down in acknowledgment of your heavy sin I would have hanged you."

All the Dutchmen were so perfectly still that it was marvellous.

"But," Hudson said, "I was never much of a man for hanging men in their sins; I like not to think of men a-suffering in hell. It is a horrid thought. I will give you time to repent and amend. But remember that you will henceforth walk beneath the shadow of the gallows, till I be pleased to pardon you."

The Dutchmen still looked at the flooring of the deck.

"Master Outreweltius," Hudson said again, "I do not like that men with the gallows brand upon them should give orders in my ships. You shall not any more be master of the *Good Hope*. You shall walk these decks of the *Half Moon*, a private man, and pay your passage and victuals till I see that you be amended. Get you up and go forward. You are no more a seaman of mine and shall not hear my councils."

When Edward Colman had translated these words Outreweltius staggered to his feet.

He said only, "Why, this is justice. I acknowledge it," and he went forward till the mainsail hid his black figure behind its pearly grey expanse.

"There is much of good sense in that Outrewel-

tius," Hudson said to Edward Colman. "You will mark how in silence he let his mind run to just conclusions. There must have been much of mutiny on the *Good Hope* to force him to break my orders and come here."

"You visit it very heavily upon him," Edward Colman said.

"Yet see what a conversion my heaviness hath worked," Hudson answered. "For that is the best type of Dutchman that we have."

He looked upon the other two from the *Good Hope* that still knelt, the one of them smiling like a fool, round and blue-eyed. The other, the black dwarf, was gnawing his beard.

"I do not like that black man," Hudson said. "Say now these words for me." And Edward Colman was made to say—

"Hieronymus, this is your sentence; you have been mate to Outreweltius; your sin is great, but not so great as his. I will have you stay upon this ship, but not in the honourable capacity of a seaman-gentleman; you shall wash the dishes and draw the beer and so serve for your passage—for I trow you are a very poor man—too poor to pay your meat and salt."

Hieronymus rose and stamped his feet. He cast a baleful glance round upon the crew of the *Half Moon*.

"You have a knife beneath your cloak," Hudson said, "pray you cast it into the sea and get you forward out of this council."

Hieronymus shrugged his cloak-shoulders right up to his ears; when he was abreast of the

high-mast they saw him cast something into the sea.

"That was the sheath, not the knife," Hudson said to Edward Colman. "That is a very evil man. I will wager he came with Outreweltius as a spy upon him, and was the mouthpiece of the others of the *Good Hope* to urge him to mutiny."

"Why will you not call him back," Edward Colman said, "and make him cast away his knife too?"

"Edward Colman," Hudson answered; "if you make objections to my rulings you and I shall have a quarrel."

He looked upon the round-headed man that still knelt.

"What is your name?" he asked him; for he had Dutch enough for that.

The man on his knees laughed foolishly and said he was Joseph Cats.

"Oh, aye," Hudson answered, "you are a very good sailor man. I know your name."

He reflected for fully a half minute.

"Which man," he asked Edward Colman, "which man was it that steered our boat on the canals? Him that I struck on the shoulder."

Colman pointed at the man with the red hair and blue eyes.

"And which is his best friend according to your observations?"

Edward Colman pointed to a man that was the red-haired man's brother. Both were called Jubal—Peter and Charles.

"I have taken two men from the *Good Hope*," Hudson bade him say. "You two, Peter and Charles, get you into the boat. You shall to the *Good Hope* to take their places in the crew."

Peter and Charles Jubal went slowly to the peak of the stern-house, where the boat lay at the end of a line. There was more hatred in Peter Jubal's eyes than in the eyes of Hieronymus the black dwarf with the knife, and his brother dragged his legs very unwillingly upon the floor.

"So we are rid of two that might mutiny," Hudson said.

"Aye," Edward Colman answered. "But will not the crew of the *Good Hope* by that be rendered the more mutinous?"

"Edward Colman," Hudson answered, "I bid you not question my decrees. Later I will deal with thee."

"Why," Edward Colman answered, "I did not say it was not very wise. I asked you but why you did these things as a pupil may ask of a scholar."

"Speak now to Joseph Cats." Hudson vouchsafed him no more answer.

"Joseph Cats, I perceive you are a simple and a childish man. You are also a good sailor. I do make you master of the *Good Hope*."

Joseph Cats rubbed his head; he arose half from his knees, but because he was very stiff with kneeling he sat down suddenly upon the deck.

"Well," Hudson said, "it is a good omen that you prostrate yourself. Get you up and be gone.

See that you come not here again till you have orders. See that you rule your crew that I perceive to be very mutinous."

Joseph Cats had no more to say than "I will;" but because when he came to speak he stammered very badly it took him a long time to say it. He sought for his hat upon his hands and knees; it lay in the scuppers, and when he was there he pulled himself up by the bulwark and roared for the boat—for he could shout very well, though the impediment in his speech rendered low talking very painful to him.

He had one leg over the side, when Hudson shouted to him to come back.

"Gentlemen of my crew," Hudson said; "this, as you have perceived, is a council. I will have the master of the *Good Hope* in it to aid me with his advice."

He had before him then eleven sailors, and the Captain Vanderdonk of the *Half Moon* and the round-headed Master Cats.

"Sirs," Hudson said, "I will ask you whither we are bound and in search of what."

He asked first the Captain Vanderdonk this question, and Captain Vanderdonk answered—

"To the East Indies, I think, by way of the North-West Passage."

Hudson bade Edward Colman ask each man, from the ancient down to the three boys, and then the Master Cats.

Each man answered, to the East Indies by way of the North-West Passage; only Joseph Cats, who was very afraid and very jubilant together,

answered that he did not know whither they were bound.

Hudson bade Edward Colman go ask the steersman whither they were bound.

The steersman was the old man with the pentagon upon his breast. He was up upon the house at their backs. He had his feet planted very firmly upon the deck up there in the air; his eyes were angrily upon the mainsail, his back against the steering-bar; his white hair blew shaggily across his blood-red face, and at each bound of the ship that he strove to keep up into the wind he frowned angrily. The floor of that little platform was painted white, and the little wooden pillars of the balustrade all round it were white and green and gilt. It was more spotless than was commonly a lady's litter in England, and the grey seas with their locks and bars of foam crouched and seethed all round this old Dutchman alone and solitary. There was no land anywhere to be seen, and the iceberg was hidden by the mainsail; only its breath was beginning to come very cold down to them. The steering-bar creaked and jerked, and the old man cried out—

"What good are you, oh Englishman? When shall a man come to relieve me?"

"Doubtless when the council is ended," Edward Colman laughed at him; for if this old Dutchman cursed at him, they liked each other very well.

"Oh, mad Englishman," the old man cried out with his engrossed and bloodshot eyes still upon the peak of the mainsail, "here is a mad voyage;

a mad council, and assuredly we sail into mad seas."

"The navigator," Edward Colman said, "does bid me ask thee whither we are bound."

The old man set his eyes upon Edward Colman's face; he took one hand from the bar to smite his lean, hard breast.

"We are bound to hell, where it is icy!" he said. "You will not ever again see home nor wife—nor I—but we shall be tormented by devils. All the omens say that thing."

Edward Colman leaned back against the balustrade and laughed.

"But whither upon this earth are we bound?"

The old man shook the hair from his forehead.

"In the old days there was none of this passaging and traversing," he said.

"Old Jan," Edward cried out, "whither are we bound?"

"In my grandfather's day they took a cage of ravens to sea," old Jan answered.

"Oh, aye," Edward Colman laughed, "and they coasted along the shores, and when a fog came they let a raven loose to see if they were far from land."

"You will laugh at a raven," old Jan said, "but it is true that a raven is your best navigator. And the ravens will have eaten you and me or ever we see our homes again."

He spat upon the floor.

"English madman," he said, "tell your mad master I know very well what he will essay. But it is an old madness. He will never come to it."

"You say we are for the North-West Passage."

Edward Colman asked, for he was impatient to come back to the council and hear the end.

"I say," old Jan answered, "that this voyage the ship will not be lost, but only you and I and maybe another. And I say that witches are roaring upon us, and I say I have never yet seen such a crawling sea, and I say that the wind will alter so that it will be hard to come back for them that survive us." He was working himself into a hot rage, his voice was going higher, and Edward Colman left him.

"The steersman," he said to Hudson, "does not know whither we are bound."

Hudson gathered himself together for his dramatic effect. First he looked upon Joseph Cats.

"Master Mariner," he said, "it is fitting that I give you a rendezvous in the case that our ships lose sight the one of the other."

He addressed himself next to his captain and his crew.

"Masters all," he said, "it was deemed fitting whilst we were yet in Amsterdam that our true destination should be concealed from all the world by a false report of whither we are bound. It is true that we are bound to the Indies, for is not this ship of the Company of the East Indiamen? But we are not bound thither by way of the North-West Passage—for I am not yet such a fool as to think that I shall find a passage westward when all Greenland lies to our westward. No, my masters, I am not yet such a madman."

A certain unrest showed itself amongst all these

black figures of seamen; they questioned each other with their looks; and it was here that Hudson paused that Edward Colman might translate his words. Then Hudson spoke again—to Joseph Cats this time.

"To you," he said, "I appoint as a rendezvous the northern end of Novaia Zemlia Land, in the place that I have named Hudson's Touches."

A sudden, stilled motion was observable in all those faces before him; the Captain Vanderdonk even turned his face from the observation of the horizon and looked at Hudson. Hudson stroked his beard.

"My masters," he said, "whither we are bound is the East Indies—but we go there over the North Pole."

There was no need of Colman to translate those words; the crew caught that one ominous sound, and there went up from them a deep sigh, like a grunt of rage. One voice cried out—

"We did not ship for this madness!"

And Hudson still stood stroking his beard.

When he had heard Edward Colman's translation of that cry he said—and he strove to put reasonableness into his tone—

"My masters and shipmates, ye did not ship for any destination, but as your bond and agreement is with your Company, to sail for six or for nine months. That was how your indenture ran. Ye cannot deny it."

"It was said in Amsterdam," Captain Vanderdonk uttered at last, "that we were bound for the North-West Passage."

"Aye," Hudson said to him, "it was so said in Amsterdam by the cookmaids and tavern wenches; you heard no such word from me or from any of the council."

"That is true," Captain Vanderdonk answered, "it was a very sly trick. We are well caught. For assuredly none of us would have enlisted for this mad enterprise."

"I may well believe you," Hudson said, "but these are the orders under which I sail, as I will show you if you come to my cabin to read mine orders."

He reflected for a moment; then he added—

"I will sail this ship heartily and with loyal eagerness to find the passage that is spoken of, over the North Pole where Thorne reported there were open sea-ways; I will do this with the last endeavour of my life. I would will to sail with ye all as good companions. But this I promise you; I was never a man for hanging; I do not like it—but he who first says, 'Turn back this ship of the *Half Moon*,' he shall go back to Holland in chains and there he shall not easily escape his hanging. God prosper our voyage."

He stayed to note very keenly how the crew should receive the translation of this message, then he said—

"Captain, I order and advise you to put the ship about. For we draw very near that field of ice. It is a very large one, and since I have been often in these seas I can tell that suddenly the wind will change and blow towards it."

And he betook himself to his cabin.

IV

ANNE JEAL was walking in the shaded court of the Tower, where the block is set up to behead traitors upon. Her two guards followed her about, going where she would, but never leaving her from their sight; they were leaning against the balustrade of the steps up into the White Tower where the King lodged. One had his arms folded across his chest and his head forward as if he were asleep, the other was throwing little grains of pebbles at a young sparrow that had fallen from a nest in the gutter above.

Anne Jeal was very disconsolate and low in spirits; she dared not sweat her waxen image for fear it should slay her lover, she could not otherwise come into touch with him, though it was sweeter to hear his sighs and groans than not to hear him speak at all. She had all London town to go about if she would, but she got no pleasure there. Once she had been to a conjurer and necromancer in the Crooked Friars, but she thought him a very fool, and though she had made a promise to him to visit him again she had little heart to do so. She had tried to speak with the King, but she had found no way to come to him; the Earl Dalgarno was gone she knew not where.

She desired very heartily at times to be at home,

for she had heard from a knave, whom her father had sent to London with boxes of clothes and gear six days before, that Magdalena Koop was come into Edward Colman's house. And at times this filled her so with fury that she was mad to run to Rye and tear the eyes from the fair girl's head. But always the thought came to her, when she had these fits of raging, that Edward Colman was coming from Amsterdam to be examined before the council and to be confronted with her.

And her heart became sick with hope at the thought of being there with him in London, for she could not believe that Magdalena Koop could inspire a very lasting attachment, she was too like an ox. But if he was coming there to London, if she was to see him again; it might be very soon, it might be in the next seven days. And the seven days from the 23rd to the 29th of March of that year were, as her tables showed, the most fitting to set out upon a love adventure of all the days of the year. . . .

The trees above the courtyard were showing leaves of green, the sunlight slanted down between the towers, in the gutter the parent sparrows were calling angrily at the man who threw little stones on to their child where it fluttered.

There came down the steps the lord that, at the council, had put to her such few and sharp questions and had made all the other lords do his will. He came swiftly down the steps; he wore a cloak of damson-coloured velvet and a little hat with white plumes in the side of it, and he had several papers in his dark and narrow fingers. Her two

guards sprang up as he came down, they pulled their blue flat caps to their proper angles on their shaven heads, they crossed their hands before them and bent each one knee. He hardly glanced at them at all, but hurried by. Anne Jeal had many times thus seen him; almost every day he had hastened once or twice past her out of some passage. But he had never spoken to her, and she had never wished to speak with him. She had heard his name—it was Hog or Ham, or she had forgotten it because she hated him.

Whilst he was hastening like that, engrossed and fast, he checked suddenly and turned upon his heel. His eye had just lit on her, and he spoke to her guards; they stood very respectfully, their caps inclined to listen, then they went slowly over the great cobble stones towards the door of the guard-house. The courtier came very swiftly to her; he was very magnificent that day; there were great rings upon his thin fingers, his white ruff had little gold wire-work at its edge, and there was a band of blue silk with a jewel round his hat.

"Mayoress of Rye," he said, and he had the hardest voice she had ever heard speaking to her, "I think you are a very hardened liar."

The hot blood flew into her cheeks. She began to say, "My lord," with a great rage.

"Call me not 'lord,'" he said; "I am the King's Attorney, and that is a much more fell thing than any lord." His eyes were heavy and keen, his little black moustachios and his tiny black beard were very fierce and pointed.

"Mr. Attorney," she said, "ye forget the mother

that bore you when you call a woman a liar. I have been shamefully mishandled."

He looked at her with a sort of rat-like dislike.

"Wench," he said, "keep your tongue between your teeth. What have you done with the forty pounds the King sent you?"

The blood went back from her cheeks.

"I have it still," she muttered.

He answered, "You lie! Or why have you importuned the King to pay for your lodgings so bitterly?"

"It was fitting," she cried out, "that the King should pay for his witness's lodging!"

"You have not been his witness this fourteen days," the Attorney answered. "You have been a suspected prisoner. You paid twenty-five of that forty pounds to two bullies to murder Edward Colman in Amsterdam."

"Before God——" She was about to say this was not true, but he caught her up gravely.

"Why, take not the sacred name as witness to false things!"

She clenched her fist impotently.

"Sir," she said, "it is impossible to speak if you think me so great a liar."

"I have no wish that you should speak," he said: "but I have to speak in your reproof, for this is a very naughty thing that you have done, for you have much hindered our desires."

"Sir——" she began again, but he stopped her with putting out his hand.

"You have bribed two men to do a murder." She made a motion to stop him, but he held on. "But

that that murder was to be done out of this country you would now end your days by the headsman's axe, for that is high treason. But one of these men was slain by the man you would have murdered. And his death you have upon your soul to answer for before the most High Judge of us all."

She put her hand to her throat, and cried out, "Sir, was Edward Colman hurt?"

He said dryly, "That we do not know. But it is difficult to withstand the assaults of two assassins. Only we know that he is fled further beyond the seas to the New World."

She gave a great cry, for she had been thinking that she would see Edward Colman next week, which was the propitious week of the year. The boughs of the tree with its little fillets of green leaves waved above their heads in the wind; the sun had gone in, and the square towers all around them reached towards the heavens in a dull grey. His voice became filled with a dark cold anger.

"In this you have done a very naughty thing. For the King's council was minded to discover how much of truth there was in this wild-goose story that was brought to us by a mad girl and my Lord Dalgarno." He uttered no comment at this Scot's peer's name, but his face expressed a colder disdain. "Now," he said, "this Edward Colman is fled beyond the seas. God in His mercy alone knows when he will return."

"Sir!" she cried out, and she stretched out her hands, "as Jesus is my Saviour I swear that I bribed these men to bring him back here, not to slay him."

"How came you to desperadoes?" he asked.

"Sir," she said, "it was through the cornet of horse. He brought me them to win my favour, for he had an affection for me."

The Attorney said, "You are a very foolish wench thus to meddle. How could you guide desperadoes? It is a folly." Suddenly he let forth the question, "Wherefore would you have had this man brought here if you sought not his life?"

She wavered a little, and then she said, "Sir, it was to show him that I had a power over him."

He looked at her with gloomy eyes of an unutterable scorn.

"Abominable woman," he said, "that for a petty tale of love hast overwhelmed a whole community of simple and good people! What is this that I must hear to make me hate my kind? You have so perjured yourself with tales of plots before the King's Majesty that the King is hot to avenge himself upon this poor, simple people of Dutch folk."

She gave a little cry, he could not tell if it were not of joy.

"Oh, woman," he said, "get you to your home and to your prayers. For a little whim of love and malice you have done a great wrong that God will not easily pardon in you."

"Shall I go back to Rye?" she cried out.

"Wench," he said, "have you no more shame?"

"Sir, shall I go back to Rye?" she repeated.

"You have merited a great punishment," he said, "for you have made disorder and unpeacefulness in a quiet state. But, because you are such

a little and an impotent thing, we will not war upon you. Get you gone to your home, and hold yourself ready always to come here and answer for your crimes when this Edward Colman shall be found. And fast, and pray, and search diligently in your soul for the secret room in which the source of shame is hidden in you. And so set loose a stream of penitence as you will be overwhelmed therewith."

She was not heeding very much what he said, she gazed instead at the stones beside his feet.

"Why, if I may go back to Rye . . ." she said.

He looked at her with gloomy inquiry, then it came to him that she was mad, and he had a little compassion before he dismissed her for good from his mind.

"Do not meddle any more in such things," he said. "You are a very bad politician."

He was going away when he turned and met the full gaze of hatred that she threw at his back.

"Till to-morrow at this time you are free to go where you will," he said; "then you shall take water upon a King's ship that goes to Rye for guns."

She embraced in a renewed look of hatred the red velvet of his cloak, his high and stiff ruff and his little hat, and he disappeared under the little gate that goes towards the water-way on Thames side.

She talked that night with the conjurer in Crooked Friars. She had no other place that attracted her desires in all London, and the constablė's wife of the tower would not very willingly

sit with her any more, but gave her maid to be her companion, and they went masked and with two soldiers to guard them to the end of the dark alley-way at their end of the street.

The conjurer sat in a little, dark and very lofty room, hung all over with black cloth, and with a red light in it. He wore a great conical hat and a big beard of tow and black, long-sleeved robes, and he talked in a squeaking voice. Because the room was so very lofty all above his head was shadowy, but she could see the form of a crocodile with extended claws, as if it were puddling water above his head, and from time to time there was the flitting, leathern sound of a bat's wings that threaded the thick shadows, and that this Doctor Eusebius called his Familiar. It squeaked shrilly each time that he said "Hem!" He had before him a table with a very black cloth, and on it there was painted in blue and glimmering flames a great death's head and crossed bones. It was so very dark that only his face above the red lamp was at all plainly to be seen, and there was a close and earthy smell in the place, and all the walls were hung with black cloth.

The anger in which she had been left by the Attorney's words to her and by his contempt, as if she had been a bundle of hay, still remained to her; she shuddered with rage each time that she thought of him, and, in consequence, she spoke to the conjurer with a bitter contempt.

"I am not to be frightened by these semblances of horror," she said.

The sorcerer cried, "Hem! hem! hem!" and

"Buzz! buzz! buzz!" the bat, which had sunk to rest, squeaked shrilly three times, and again resumed its tireless flittings, like a shadow blown by mad winds. The sound of a Chinese gong filled the air; a white skeleton with a white cat crouching on its shoulder danced across the further end of the room to vanish in an unseen closet; the image of an owl darted beams of light down upon her from the back of the crocodile.

"Why," Anne Jeal said, "this would frighten city madams, and your ante-chamber is full of them. But my mother had the secrets of Adonai and Pharpar. I am not one to be moved by such things. My old grandmother could call up the devils called efrits. She was a Morisco. What is all this searching for the philosopher's stone that you London sorcerers prate of? We have old witches can raise a storm of wind that would blow all London about your ears."

The sorcerer leaned his head on his hand. He was a man half charlatan, but half he believed that there were great secrets. Only he had always been poor and had little chance to study, for he had only been door-boy to the famous Doctor Medices of Edmonton, who, in turn, was said to have been a pupil of Doctor Faustus. To get the means to live poorly and study his mysteries he did tricks for city wives to be frightened at, and taught druggists and silk mercers how to orient their shops, what signs to set over their doors, and how to adulterate tobacco. But in Anne Jeal he had met a practitioner of magic that came of an older and more cunning tradition than his. There were, he

knew, some such witches in country places. They still held the secrets that knights of the Temple, who were all black necromancers and worshipped Satan and spat on the emblem of redemption at their masses, had brought back from the Crusades with women captives from the Saracens and paynims, who were mighty necromancers and could raise fiends and demons with great wings overshadowing the sky. His furthest effort might teach him the secret of making gold; but these old women who had instructed Anne Jeal, as she claimed, had the power of shaking the earth, of causing tempests and swaying the minds of kings and the powers of darkness.

He leaned his head on his hand and thought how he could show her that he too could do somewhat. Hitherto he had not yet spoken. He felt in his great sleeve and produced a shining white globe of crystal, larger than a large orange. In the light of his lamp it glowed and shone with semi-circular and tenuous streaks of light. He set it on a little black cane that had a flattened top.

"Pooh!" she said, "I will show you three images with a little drop of ink in my palm for one that you will show me in that crystal."

Nevertheless, because he saw that she looked with a little interest at the globe, he was emboldened to speak at last.

"Madam," he said, "I know very well that you may do more things than I. But this is yet one thing that you cannot do—to foretell the future for your own self."

"That is very true," she answered; "I could have told you that."

"Now," he said, "let us make this bargain; I am accustomed to charge a fee of twenty shillings for each one that gazes into this globe. But I will let you gaze uncharged if you will let me see my end in a drop of ink in your palm."

She said regally, "Why, I am not one to make bargains with poor and little people. I will pay your fee and gaze. And you shall see your end without any fee, for I think from your look that it will be no joyous end. You have a very starveling look."

He gave a heavy sigh; he had a great curiosity to know his end, for half he believed that he would find the philosopher's stone, the secret of gold-making, and half he believed that he would die at the hangman's hands.

He pushed with his foot a little stool from under the black cloth of his table.

"Sit you there," he said, "and gaze, with your face nine inches from the crystal."

"Why," she said, "at the same time you shall gaze at my palm."

She sat her down at the little stool and stretched her white arm across the table. The back of her hand was on the black cloth, and her white palm had a little hollow in it.

"Pour a little ink from your horn into my palm," she said, "and hold your eyes close to it."

They sat there, silent and intent, for a long space of time. The shadows were very quiet all round them, and no draught stirred the flame of the

little lamp. His eyes were very intent upon the gleam of ink in her palm; her face, lit up by the red glow, was rapt and vacant and merely curious.

He heaved suddenly a heavy sigh, then he pulled from off his face the long beard of tow and cried out, springing back in his chair. He had the face of a young, weary-eyed, hungry man, and his features were leaden-coloured, blue about the gills with long fasting, and so thin in the upper lip that his teeth showed through. He fastened his hand upon hers and gazed in her palm again.

"It cannot be true!" he said.

She answered, "What?" in an expressionless and passionless voice.

"That I shall lie and die in a gutter, starved to death!" he cried. "I clasp a flint stone to my breast. No, it cannot be!" She continued to gaze at the crystal.

"I think it is most likely," she answered coldly. "I can see nothing in your glass."

He fell back in his chair, his hands gripped the arms, his hollow eyes gazed at the darkness above his head. And suddenly Anne Jeal moved her face a shade closer to see better, and uttered a little "Ah" of sound.

The blood hummed in her ears softly and insistently. The colours of the little glass were spinning round. She saw a rim of blue, horizontal and like the sea, and over it featherings of orange and red and purple and carmine, arching like the boughs of a forest in a tremendous beauty of autumn. Edward Colman was beneath these faces

and boughs, and shapes like demons leapt from tree to tree in the forest all round him. He ran very fast towards the blue line, and suddenly he threw up his arms and fell on to his side. She saw his lips move, and the demons closed upon him. Then the globe was full of fire; it leaped upwards and glowed and rose impatiently in huge flames. And amidst it stood Edward Colman, and the demons leaped around him. . . .

She leaned back in her chair and saw the conjurer, with his thin face and no beard and the high conical cap, leaning grotesquely forward, and the darkness all around of the black hangings.

Her pride made her say, "Why, I have seen the man I hated struck down and dying."

But in her heart there was a black misery. She would not again see Edward Colman, and her fingers scratched on the black cloth of the table.

"I have a waxen image of this man," she said, "and I trow he will die when I stab it through the heart."

The conjurer remained for a moment in a stupor.

"I see you are a very evil woman," he said.

For a moment the idea crossed his brain that if he could persuade her by entreaties to stay with him as his familiar or empress he might escape starvation by the riches she would bring him. But it fell away before the thought that he dreaded her, and that if she stayed with him she might in truth beggar him and steal what small secrets he had, and cast him to die in the streets of starvation

with a flint clasped to his breast in lieu of the philosopher's stone that she would rob him of. He made an effort to regain his pride.

"Mayoress of Rye," he said, "for by my spells I have divined you to be her——"

"Oh, fool," she said bitterly, "I know ye sent a little boy to follow me when last I went away from you. And at the Tower of this city you have learnt all that gossip could tell you of me."

He shivered still more into his robes, and then there came to him the thought that if he could not propitiate this devil she would for ever ensorcel him.

"Be it as you will," he said; "but I know certain things of you and might aid you."

She had still a belief that he might have secrets to learn, for he was reputed to be a pupil of the great Doctor Faustus, and she had a great longing to be aided.

"Why, speak, doctor," she said.

"I know," he said earnestly, and he leaned forward in his chair to seem the more persuasive, and his tired eyes perused her face with beseeching glances, "that you hate a certain man through love, and have tried to set in motion the powers of the King against him."

She said, "Oh, aye!" and he spoke again.

"Now," he said, "take this advice of me, for assuredly I am not learned in the way of commanding djinns and efrits with great wings, yet I am very cunning in the tricks of men, having studied them since I was a tiny boy."

"There is some sense in that," she said, and she listened to him.

"Therefore," he said, and the blood began to come back to his heart, "consider this that I speak now; you have very lamentably failed when you have intrigued with men. Therefore, cease for ever from meddling with the affairs of men and giving witness. At that you are a woman and powerless; you have muddled and miscarried in all that you have dealt with. And so it will always be with you."

"There's some sense in that," she said.

"I was for two years in the service of a Jesuit in Flanders," he said; "it did much to sharpen my wits in affairs of men and intrigues. I know you will never be good at such things."

"What would you rede me to do?" she asked.

He grew more learned in his air as he gained confidence.

"Thus I advise and counsel you," he said. "Your lover is now upon the seas."

"You have very good intelligencers," she said. "I only knew that this afternoon."

"I have many spies in many places," he said, and he grew more authoritative in his air. "Your lover is now upon the sea. If you can raise winds, raise winds about him that his ship may be driven here and there till he be wearied and astonished. And pray that your efrits raise mutinies amongst his fellows, and let him be affrighted and beaten and oppressed. Let him be cowed and wearied, so that he shall come back, and let him have no rest,

and let him hunger and thirst." He stayed to look at her. "So," he said, "when at last he shall come back to you, you shall tell him that he shall have no rest, for you will reveal to him what you have done—no rest till he give in to your will, and love you, and follow you as a beaten spaniel loves and follows its mistress."

"Why, you are a wise man, after all," she said. "I am minded to follow your advice."

He leaned over and touched her hand.

"This much more I will advise you; use not your knife, neither upon his image nor against his wife. For I think that your will is to enjoy him and his love, not to kill him or, if you kill his wife, to be hanged yourself. This I will tell you—I know it, for I have many about the Court that come to visit me—there are some that will be hit against this man and his house, for, like the King, they believe that he's a rebel and a Puritan. Evil things are preparing against the Puritans of this realm, and these shall not be stayed. It may well be that, if you will leave these things, yet shall this man be so ruined and undone that he will leave his wife and come to you for succour, and housing, and comfort, and love. Yet, there are in the Court they that are powerful and would protect this man and his wife, for they have been well bribed and think you have acted ill."

"My lord Attorney was bribed?" Anne Jeal asked breathlessly.

"I say not so," he answered; "but Edward Col-

man sent £500 to England for the protection of his house and wife and to get his pardon."

Anne Jeal laughed with scorn and delight.

"Why, I would have sworn my lord Attorney was bribed. This is virtue!"

"Well," the necromancer answered her, "remember I rede you not to use your knife, for this Attorney is strong enow to make you die on the gallows if you do murder, and this is sure. And it is right too. For if you call in the unseen powers to aid you they will be jealous if you seek to aid yourself with gross and material tools and human intrigues."

Anne Jeal was very pensive as she rose to leave him.

"I think," she said, "that this is very good advice. And if it work well I will tell you the secret of how to make lamb's blood in a crucible. It is a sovereign cure for the shingles, and will bring you much gold."

His eyes shone at the thought that she went away from him favourably and would not make spells against him.

"Remember," he said, "above all, use no earthly means in this supernal encounter. It were better far that you made friends with this man's wife, to gloat over her or to learn her secret uglinesses, than that you anger the djinns and efrits. And you are a very clumsy plotter; it shall not profit you."

She laid seven gold coins on the table.

"Sir," she said, "though you ask me no fee, I

leave you this; for you are very thin, and it is costly to keep so many spies."

She was very pensive as she went with the maid and the two soldiers through the dark and plashing streets, for there was a heavy rain, and water was falling from all the gutters.

PART IV

THE 'HALF MOON'

I

THE weary seas weltered unceasingly around them; it was always grey thus early in the year. The south wind drove them incessantly inwards; a week before they had passed through a great barrier of ice, that stretched out of view from the castle at the high-mast to the utmost verge of the horizon, where the skies were whitened by the reflection of infinite miles of ice out of all ken beyond. And at the sight of that dim glow that grew lower and lower on the horizon behind them—a half-inch of ghostliness vanishing as they sailed onwards—the hearts of the *Half Moon's* men grew more and more weary.

They saw strange lights in the sky, and great puce-fishes gloomed in the waters near them. They sailed at times through little groups of icebergs, like toothed rocks, and at night they cast their sails a-back and rode in bottomless seas, and heard the ceaseless sound of water beating on the terrible crags. At times they were in very open seas, with no glimpse of land or of ice. They saw schools and companies of seals and of sea-dogs rising up out of the uneasy waters to their shoulders to gaze at them, and they saw the great white bears descending the slopes of ice slowly and furtively.

And some men said that they had seen the shapes of men-fish amongst these portents; and they told tales of how these men-fish bored little holes in ships' bottoms; and they came to the regions where it is said night is eternal.

There came a great storm from the westward, and drove them for three days in the darkness towards the north of Novaia Zemlia; there came a great storm from the eastward, and drove them back again for three days more. On that sixth day the sun looked over the edge of the sea for a half-hour, and they saw to the northward before them a new barrier of ice and a new ice-blink. They were, as it were, in a prison in a great pall of grey sea a hundred miles across between two endless barriers. And incessantly the navigator drove them to eastward and westward along this northern floe, beating along, very near the ice always, and entering into the deep fields and bays, that might at any moment close in upon them, in search of a passage that might pierce this barrier.

At the third week, which was nearly May, he beat finally to the eastward to find the *Good Hope* that they had lost a month before. They found her sheltering behind a headland, her spars bare and her sails furled like grey fillets along them. It was a very black cleft in granite rocks; it was always half dark there, though the sun once more had caught them up, coming towards the solstice, but the bay was as deep and as narrow as a cleft in the cliffs of Devon, so that the water was always very black and still.

Hudson took a boat and went aboard the *Good*

Hope; but he bade the *Half Moon* lie a mile away and come no nearer; neither did he let the one man that rowed him go aboard the *Good Hope.* When he came back his face had no expression or meaning in it; it looked from out the hole in his grey woollen headpiece, and showed only an oval of his eyes, his nose, and his upper lip—for it was then very cold, and the crew wore cloaks of grey above their cloaks of black, and most men had ear-caps of otter-skin, so that they were all very ghostly in the half-light.

He had not taken with him Edward Colman, for there was aboard the *Good Hope* a man that had the English tongue; but when he came back he bade Edward Colman call together the crew and tell them that he would make it death if any man of the *Half Moon* went to the *Good Hope.* There arose then a sudden murmur amongst all these grey and haggard men. And Edward Colman, who thought he knew these Dutchmen's mind better than the navigator, made bold to say to him—

"Master, is this a wise order?"

Hudson pulled down the grey wool from before his mouth and gazed at Edward Colman.

"For," Colman continued, "these men are very weary, and have need of relaxing. And they have some of them brothers and some of them good friends that it would be a great pleasure for them to see and speak with."

Hudson stepped one pace back.

"Master," Edward Colman pleaded, "I have mixed much with these men, and know their minds."

Suddenly Hudson swung out his hand, with his fist clenched.

"Aye!" he cried out, with a scornful fury; "you have mixed much with these men. I have heard a story of you on the *Good Hope*."

A blank amazement made Edward Colman open his mouth; but it gave way so suddenly, to the thought that this was to be expected of a man like the navigator, that he uttered no word. Hudson called out many and hateful words against Edward Colman, and the crew listened attentively. He called out—

"*Schehn!*" and "*Malet' huis!*" and "*Dupf!*" and "*Kwlenhigt!*"—for he had such Dutch words that were evil and opprobrious. And he called out—

"Aye! If you were not an Englishman I would hang you! You are a damnable traitor. I have heard tales of you. You shall no more eat with me; get you forward. I will no longer soil the sound of my voice by sending it to your hateful ears!"

"Why, I am patient," Edward Colman said, "but this is more than patience can bear."

At the sound of his voice Hudson strode upon him; he caught him by the collar of his hood and shook him backwards and forwards, and when Edward Colman struck at him he threw him loose and drew his grey sword from his scabbard.

"Before God!" he said, "if you go not forward or come again upon this my deck I will spit you like a lark."

Edward Colman raised his hand to the sky.

"Master Hudson," he cried out, "you are very drunk! But it is in the bond between us that I eat and sleep in your cabin. I may not war upon you; but, before God, in England you shall fight me!"

"Devil," Hudson cried out, and he raised his sword on high, "I have heard that you have raised sorceries against this voyage. Get you gone."

But suddenly he cried out to the captain, in such gasping Dutch as he had—

"Ho! seize him; throw him down; iron him to the deck!"

There was, in the forward part of the ship, on the deck a staple to which, with great chains, was affixed what they called the nightingale's nest. It was a girdle of a great iron hoop, that could be locked around a man's waist and hold him sitting or lying on to the deck. It was called the "nightingale's nest" because it was the custom to chain down in it such men as were drunk, until they were sober enough to sing the XIXth Psalm in Dutch. And into this caging they locked Edward Colman, so that he was held down to the hard deck in the bitter cold. The black cliffs raised themselves all round; the ship was quite at rest, and in a broken Dutch, in the stillness, Hudson's voice went up shouting to the assembled crew imprecations against Edward Colman.

Beside the Englishman, as he lay on the deck, the Master Outreweltius, that had been deposed from being a seaman, walked up and down in silence. He had not any leave to go on to the after-deck or the poop, but must remain there, solitary and inactive. The dark dwarf, Hieronymus,

squatted at the door of the castle in the bows, and scraped an iron crock with a scrap of old iron.

The Master Outreweltius approached Edward Colman.

"What are these evil things that I hear?" he said. "I had not believed it of you." His yellow and lugubrious features were more yellow, his lank locks fell further down upon his shoulder; but he was very impervious to the cold, so that he wore still his cloak of black broadcloth.

"Why," Edward Colman said, "this madman is tempestuously drunk."

"Englishman," Outreweltius answered, "it is very plain that he is not drunk, for he talks clearly and stands steady."

"Then," Edward Colman answered, "before God, he is mad. For never when he is sober has he done anything but rail against witchcraft, and now he has a tale that I am a sorcerer and have bewitched this voyage."

Outreweltius drew a full step back; his eyes were filled with alarm, his nostrils enlarged.

"A sorcerer!" he said. "God defend us all!"

"Why, you are mad," Edward Colman answered him, for he was a very angry man.

The old man with the pentagon upon his breast came to them; he had covered himself with cloths dipped in oil to keep out the cold, and he had his head in a bladder cut for his face into an oval hole.

"What is this?" he muttered. "Oh, ill-omened voyage!" and his eyes were full of sadness, for he had a great love for Edward Colman.

"Jan," Outreweltius said, "this man is said to

be a sorcerer. And I well believe it. For never have I observed such gallant sailing as this of the navigator's so frustrated, if it were not by sorcery. I have sailed these seas before, but never have I seen ice so far to the south and so late in the year."

"Sorcerer!" Edward Colman said. "This is a tale to hang more of a violent man. It was upon a pretext of sorcery that Francis Drake hung Mr. Doughty. It is an old contrivance, and this is a very evil man." The smile at last had gone from his face, and where his cheek was drawn by the illness he had had in Amsterdam it twitched so that he seemed to grin. "The man is a good navigator," he said, "but a devil beyond his workings and calculations."

Hieronymus, the dwarf, with his crook beneath his arm, had crept nearer to listen.

"Master Outreweltius," the old Jan said, and his head, with the grey bladder over it, looked like the head of a very old walrus, "I do not believe that this Englishman is a sorcerer. But that you are right when you say sorcery is abroad in the air I very well believe. There are spells cast all around us. My thumbs prick. Who saw ever such waves —or who saw ever a man driven so mad as the navigator, save by witchcraft?"

Most of the crew came around them now, for Hudson had finished his speaking and was gone below. And Edward Colman, when his rage was a little abated, had leisure to observe that ten of the men went with Outreweltius, and cast evil looks upon him. And the other three of the crew went

to Hieronymus and talked together, looking at him often. Old Jan showed him kindnesses—putting a sea-cloak beneath him on the deck, inserting strips of linen between his wrists and the irons that held them, and fetching a great blanket to cast all over him, sewing it with a bit of thin cordage over his chest, so that it made a cloak like a priest's chasuble. He also brought him a cordial of Dutch waters and a sheepskin folded to sit upon—for, since he was given to liquor, he had spent several days of his long life in the nightingale's nest, and knew what things in it most galled the skin and the joints. And he squatted on his own hams beside Edward Colman, and, grey-headed and lugubrious, talked of witches and sorcery.

"You shall not die here," he said, "for I have foretold, with strands of rope yarn, that you and I will die by demons later in this voyage."

"Why, there are no demons," Edward Colman said. "If there were any they vanished with the last age and the Papists and darkness."

Old Jan talked of witches that ensorcel a ship from far away inland and of witches that lived in the seas, floating past and singing, and of the spirits that have no corporeal shapes, but one compounded of the air and the waves, making currents to drive ships upon rocks in the lonely seas of the south.

"Why," Edward Colman answered him at last, "there is mischief enough made by the evil beasts of men. At times it is a very evil world, this of ours." And his tongue was loosened, so that he told the old man all his life, and the old man

advised him to put a knife into Anne Jeal if ever he came near her again. But, with a dry circumspection, he avoided speaking of the navigator.

There came instead, when the night had long fallen, the dark form of Master Outreweltius, bearing a lanthorn. He sat down upon the deck that he might the better see Edward Colman's face.

"Englishman," he said, "I come to you with this petition from the crew"—and he recited their names—"that from henceforth you do not hinder this voyage with rough winds and high seas."

"Oh, get you gone!" Edward Colman cried out. "Are you not all a-weary of this voyage?"

"Nay," the Dutchman answered, and, in the lanthorn light, his long locks were shadowy and his lugubrious eyes gleamed; "this voyage might have prospered had you, instead of raising adverse winds, stilled the seas and the gales."

"Oh, madman," Edward Colman called, "have you, too, not suffered from the injustice of the over-proud navigator?"

Outreweltius shook his head, and the shadow of his great hat played upon the network of shrouds and guide-ropes in the high-mast a great way above them.

"I was very justly punished," he said. His eyes dilated. "For," he said, "there is no passion in life so glorious as this of sailing over unknown seas, of doubling for ever over headlands to see what lies beyond. And there is nothing so base as to hinder such a voyage that carries us ever further into the unknown and the void."

Old Jan spat upon the floor.

"It is not our shipmates that sent you to say that," he commented dryly.

"That is true," Outreweltius answered; "our shipmates would have the seas stilled, to save their necks. For he whom they call the mad Englishman will certainly propel us further northward, and they would go with as little peril as they may. But for me"—and he raised his hand to the skies—"I would sail ever and always, whether I lead, or follow, or pay my passage."

"Why, here is a passionate Dutchman," Edward Colman laughed bitterly. "This is a black swan, a rare bird upon the waters; that would sail even with a madman."

"Englishman," Outreweltius said, "this man is not mad. For surely—and all our shipmates are agreed upon it and weary and afraid—surely there is sorcery at work upon us. For consider the great storm that arose to drive us eastward and, that being gone, the great storm that drove us to the west. For thirty days we have had no peace and no rest from storms, and consider——"

He held up his hand for them to listen.

It was very still where the ship lay, sheltered between the black headlands, so that the rushlight in the lanthorn did not flicker, but burned in a dim tranquillity. But from afar there came the dreary sound of the winds that rushed past the entrance, and the waves that came down in hollow and booming vocality upon those coasts of iron.

"Consider," Outreweltius said; "do you not hear the voices of ghostly hounds set crying for our pale deaths? Have we not heard dreary noises, un-

known before to the ears of men, in all these tempests and gales?"

He paused, and searched Edward Colman's face with his melancholy eyes.

"Assuredly," he said, "there are evil powers at work, and we may not, like the Papists, pray to saints to defend us, for we are of a better faith."

"Why, God help you," Edward Colman said, "I do little believe in witches and sorceries, which went away from the inhabited regions with the old faith that fed them. Yet it may be that to these lonely regions, uninhabited by Christian men, the wizards and warlocks have retreated to hide themselves."

He paused and raised his chained wrists.

"But the mad navigator——" he said.

"Sir," Outreweltius said earnestly, "this navigator is not mad. For that sorceries may be abroad you do yourself acknowledge. And if he believes what is thinkable he is not mad. And he has been aboard the *Good Hope*, which is full of mutineers that wish him ill. And it is very likely that an evil man has told him you plotted or weaved evils against him. For an evil man might wish to disunite you from him."

"Why," Edward Colman said, "I was the best friend he had aboard the two ships till now."

"Sir," Outreweltius answered, "that may be very true. But it is the more likely then that bad men would seek to disunite you, hoping to injure him. So that this navigator, if he be mistaken, may yet not be mad."

"Master Outreweltius," Colman cut him short, "if he is so jealous as to believe the first tale he hears, he is so jealous as to be mad."

He paused angrily.

"I have so little studied witchcraft that I know of no charms against it. If I knew any I would use them for your sakes. And I am no Papist, so that I can teach you no prayers to Saint Leonard, who formerly protected our fishermen of Rye, nor yet to St. Nicholas, who kept watch on the channel. Nor do I know what saint may be powerful in the seas. It may be St. Brandon—but I know not. I cannot help you. If we must all drown at the will of this madman, drown we all must."

The drowsy night came very deeply upon their little ship in the gulf. And presently there came the captain to tell them that the navigator had commanded them all to seek their beds and bunks. For of late they had travelled much and wearily upon the seas, and it behoved them to obey as implicitly a command to rest as commands to toil. And *aqua vitæ* should be served out to them, that they might sleep well, and no watch should be kept that night, so that all might slumber to get new sleep.

The captain drove both old Jan and Outreweltius below, and he went up and down the deck with the lanthorn, sending all the men to their berths and bunks. When he was quite alone he came back to Colman where he lay upon the deck before the high-mast. The lanthorn showed that he had a great cloak upon him; his cheek-bones were so high that they cast shadows upon his temple; his eyes

were sombre and blue, and his beard was little and black, like an Englishman's.

From under his cloak he drew a piece of biscuit and a flagon of wine.

"The navigator sends you these," he said. "When you have eaten put out the light." He took a pistol from under his cloak and examined the primings.

"Sir," Edward Colman said, "shall I lie here all night?"

"Ask me nothing," the captain said. He went to the side and set his foot in the shroud, as if he would climb to the high-mast.

"Before God," Edward Colman cried out, "was ever a man so served?"

"I do not know," the captain answered. "When you have eaten and drunk put out the light." His dark figure mounted by one foot and then by the other, and silently, like a black shadow against black shadows, he went up and out of sight.

Edward Colman ate the biscuit and drank the wine. He put out the lanthorn, and, with a great clanking of irons, drew himself up from where he lay, with one elbow on the sheepskin, till he sat upon his hams.

It was so dark that he saw nothing at all; it was so still that he could hear the voice of Hudson talking to his mice in the cabin; the stars shone with a great brilliance between the black lines of the cliffs, and far away the tempest of the seas moaned unceasingly. Up above the rim of the tub on the high-mast he thought he could see the black mass of the captain's great hat. He called out—

"Captain, what is all this?" But there was no motion of the black, weird disk.

He thought that perhaps the captain watched him to see him call devils and familiars to him, and to shoot him if he conversed with them.

A long time went by; he heard the seals spring from the rocks into the still waters; he saw a great planet rise above the lines of the cliffs. His heart was filled half with black anger and half with the hope that some good sense must return to his master. There was the click of the forecastle door behind him; he heard whispers, and, almost at the same moment, the voice of Hudson rose up from the cabin, singing—

"When green comes springing o'er the heath."

A form crept past him and whispered—

"Hist!"

It crouched in the shadow of the bulwarks and went along the deck. It had about it something unholy and apelike. The voice of Hudson continued to troll out—

"Then each small bird with bated breath
Cries, 'Brothers, consider the joy there is in living.'"

The figure came near him, moving very stealthily, so that its footsteps made no sound, and, by its voice in the thick darkness, Edward Colman knew that it was Hieronymus the dwarf. And a great dread possessed Edward Colman for fear the captain should take this man for his familiar spirit and shoot him as he lay. Therefore he said, in a high voice—

"Speak more loudly; you know I am very deaf, Hieronymus."

The dwarf whispered—

"Dare you burden your soul with the death of a man?" and when Edward Colman said again, "Speak more loudly!" he repeated in a harsher whisper these same words.

"Why, whom should I kill?" Edward Colman asked.

"Ah!!" the dwarf whispered, shivering with malice and rage; "is there any man but one that oppresses us all?"

"You would have me kill the navigator, Hieronymus?" Edward Colman asked. "Then how should we bring this ship to haven again?"

"Even you we would follow," the dwarf said.

"Why, speak louder," Edward Colman uttered. "You would follow me, Hieronymus? But you know I have not the secret of navigation."

The dwarf gave an incredulous laugh.

"Who would believe that?" he said. "I know that you have said so and the navigator has said so. But did any Englishman ever speak truth?" And he repeated a Dutch proverb, to the effect that you may believe a Spaniard when he swears by the Virgin, and a Frenchman when he speaks of anything but love, but an Englishman only when he is drunk or talks in his sleep.

"So that," Edward Colman said, "I must slay this navigator and give you the command of this ship, to follow my advice. But how many of you be there?"

"Why, there are three more and I," the dwarf

said; "all very fierce fighters. And all the crew of the *Good Hope* are on our side."

"This is a very dangerous adventure," Edward Colman said. "I must hear more of this ere I grant it."

"Englishman," Hieronymus answered, "this is a very safe plot. For all of us five hate this navigator. Now I have drugged the crew into a deep sleep; for it is I that have been degraded into serving out their liquor. And we four that are in the plot have secreted weapons, and all the other weapons of the crew we will hide away. And whilst they sleep we will slay the navigator and cast him into the sea. So, when the crew awaken——"

Lying upon his elbow, Edward Colman thought—

"Oh, here is a pretty pass; a drugged crew and four mutineers, and this dark night and great dangers."

"Why," he interrupted the dwarf, "have I not reason to hate this navigator?"

"Aye, have you?" the dwarf answered.

"Is he not even as a rabid dog, whom it is the duty of all true men to slay?"

"Aye, is it?" the dwarf said.

"And the crew are all asleep?" Edward Colman asked.

"I have tweaked all their ears," the dwarf answered, "and no man did more than moan of them that be faithful to the navigator and the captain."

"The captain is faithful to the navigator?" Colman asked.

"Aye," the dwarf answered; "all this crew is faithful to him, for he has cowed them."

Edward Colman thought—

"If only the captain has heard!" and the sweat tingled out on his forehead.

"Why," he asked at last, "and when we have slain the navigator, what will you do?"

"Then," the dwarf answered, "we will warp the ship near to the *Good Hope*, so that when the crew awakens we may overpower them with the crew of the *Good Hope*. Then you shall guide us to the Indies, and we will plunder and grow rich, and return each man to his house to live at ease."

The voice of Henry Hudson rose from the cabin, singing, very plainly—

> "*Now men, come walking o'er the heath*
> *To mark this pretty world beneath,*
> *Bethink them. . . .*"

"Hieronymus," Edward Colman said, "this is a very fair scheme, and likely to succeed. But wherefore must I slay the navigator?"

"To make us the more certain that you will keep faith with us," the dwarf laughed. "For with the brand of Cain upon you you will not very well dare to take us treacherously into an English port unknown to us."

"Why, it is a very good plot," Edward Colman said. "But you must saw off my chains and give me two pistols, so that if with one I miss I may hit with the other."

"I have the keys beneath my cloak," the dwarf said; "they hang always in the cockpit, for that is their appointed place."

"Then set me loose," Edward Colman said, "and

give me my pistols and chafe my wrists when I am loosened."

He had it in his head to strangle the dwarf when he was loose, and to run to call upon Hudson and the captain, so that they would be three men against three men of the remaining mutineers.

But the dwarf gave three little chirps of a cricket between his teeth, and there came over the decks other men, creeping softly. There were four men altogether around him, and they carried heavy swords, that they laid upon the deck, and three or four pistols.

"It is very well," the dwarf said. "He will do his work. Let us hasten."

They fumbled in the darkness a long while over the keyholes of his chain.

"One of you fetch a lanthorn," the dwarf said; "there is no need for much secrecy now. All the crew are in a stupor."

Whilst they waited one of them put to Edward Colman an oath that he would treat them all always with secrecy, even as they deserved it of him. And whilst he boggled over this—for he was unwilling to take an oath that he knew he must break—he looked up at the high-mast against the stars. He noticed that the round disk he had taken to be the captain's great hat was no more there, but instead there was a very thin black bar, hardly to be seen, but like a shadow.

The man came back with the lanthorn, and they found the padlock of his chains, so that the dwarf was very soon chafing Edward Colman's wrists. The lanthorn just showed their shadowed faces,

their black cloaks and hats, but it was a great light compared with the darkness that there had been.

"Why," Edward Colman said, "give me the two pistols, for we must hasten to this work. Afterwards, if it succeed, I will take what oaths you will; but it is foolish to swear oaths before the enterprise succeeds—and it is of ill-omen. I will not do it."

The dwarf bent over his left wrist, for he still lay on the deck. He looked into Edward Colman's face with a quick glance of suspicion, and opened his lips to speak.

There was a quick little sound, a half-visible motion in the air; the dwarf's face sank down upon the deck, his nose pressed on to the planks. The three Dutchmen's faces filled with dull amazement; they all saw, quivering and waving to and fro waspishly.in the dim light, the feathers of an arrow. Its haft ended in the back of the dwarf's neck, and it pinned him to the wooden deck.

And whilst they still gazed with their mouths open another invisible messenger made a little sound in the air, and the hand of a man who had a reddish beard was transfixed upon one of the links of a chain, the arrow-head passing through wrist and chain-link and held to the planking. He gave a great scream and fell back, kicking with his legs, and the other two screamed out, too, and sprang to their feet, using their hands to push them up. But whilst they ran for the forecastle there came a stream of light from near the masthead.

"By God!" Edward Colman said, "if I do not hurry I shall be late at this conquest!" and he got his fingers on to a sword-hilt and sprang up.

But when he ran, waving the sword above his head, the fourth man ran before him down the deck towards the stern, and when Edward Colman came up with him he saw, even in that darkness, that the man was kneeling down and holding his clasped hands up above his head.

And he cried out for mercy, and Edward Colman had no heart to kill him.

II

THAT night, when they had thrown two dead men overboard and trussed up the one that had an arrow through his hand and another that was unharmed but mad with fright, Henry Hudson in his cabin kissed Edward Colman and the captain on both cheeks and drank much wine from silver goblets and set his tame mice to perform tricks and dilated upon his charts and held a high carouse till the crew began to awaken and come forth. It was then that he made his great scene.

"For," as he said to Edward Colman, "there is not much that one may learn in London town save the art of handling crowds. But that much I have learned there, attending at playhouses and at public spectacles and at many places where the air is very foul."

He had the crew, as he loved, lined up before him, but allowed to lean against the rigging for their better attention, that they might not grow weary, and he had put on his blue steel armour with gold inlayings that had been given him by the Muscovy merchants, and at his side he had a table with twelve goblets of silver and a great parcel-gilt beaker of French wine. The cliffs all round them were very high, and brown and purple and black; the air was very still, and there were

no sea-beasts to ruffle the surface of the water, that was satin grey shot, in the shadows of the currents with translucent green or the purple reflections of the cliffs. And through Edward Colman he made them this great speech, that gave him great joy and pleasure to deliver, with slow gestures and broad smiles—

"My masters and my friends," he said, "for I trow ye are all my approved friends and I love ye all most well. We are now in the most northerly haven that it shall be our fortune to reach in this voyage, and I will explain to you certain mysteries and things that shall not have appeared very plain to you. And in the first place I will explain to you the very beginnings. Firstly, I am engaged to make not one but several voyages for this East India Company of Holland that we all serve. Now that being so, say I to those masters of mine, firstly, I will have a good ship, and secondly, I will have an approved and a tried crew cemented to me by suffering hardships and tried by me with appearances of unreason. I say with appearances of unreason, for I am not an unreasonable man."

He paused and laughed.

"Now, if you will try the strength of tackle-hooks to bear two hundred pounds weight, you do not try them with a weight of two hundred pounds but with five or six or seven hundred pounds, over-testing them to see that the steel of them is true. So I have tested you. For I said to the Company, 'Give me the best twenty men that you can find and I will test them very nearly, and so select from them ten or a dozen to be my comrades upon

several voyages.' And they gave me the fourteen best that are here, and the ten next best that are upon the *Good Hope*. And I have well tested you.

"First, touching this voyage over the Pole to India. I know very well—and very well I knew—that this voyage is accounted a great folly in Holland. It is, by you, accounted and called the 'English madness,' for it was an Englishman called Will Thorne who first said that there was a free and open sea at the Pole. You, of Holland, much dreaded this voyage, for you held that these seas were impassable for ice, bewitched by sorcerers, shrouded in a perpetual night and beset by endless tempests. I will not say that I hold all these beliefs of yours, but I have made two stout voyages for the Muscovy Company of London and I believe that there is no way over the Pole.

"I believed this before I left Amsterdam; I believe it now. But the good merchants of the East India Company have their own ideas and their own reasons to believe, not having, like you and me, sailed the seas and known the look of ice. They said to me, 'We will have you make this endeavour to go to India over the Pole, for we have heard the assertions of Will Thorne, and we would have you to try this way again.'

"I say to them, 'You are my masters and employers; I will do your will for this voyage if, for the next voyage, you let me essay the only way that I believe to be adventurable, viz. by the North-West Passage. I will in this first voyage make

a stout endeavour in places where I have not been when I sailed for the Muscovy merchants of London.'

"This I did the more readily, for I knew that thus I should have a good test for my crew. For if ye served me well upon a voyage that ye undertook very unwillingly, how much the better would ye not serve me upon a voyage that ye did with all your hearts.

"So I had it set about that our voyage was for the North-West Passage, and when we were well engaged and at sea I told ye all, as ye wist, that it was for over the Pole. So then arose amongst ye discontented ones—and some that sailed discontentedly, but with cheerful obedience as your duty was. Now I have sifted out them that be mutinous—and two of them be dead and two in chains, and those of the *Good Hope* who were all in a second class have been proved all but two to be men of little account. But you whom I have tested and tried I believe to be the best men that ever I may find in this world to sail with me. I call ye my friends, my brothers, my tried assistants and my trusty ones—and to you all I drink this glass of wine."

He lifted a silver goblet, with a large gesture, and drank and paused. The faces of his crew were expressionless—but he didn't hope for cheers from Hollanders. He set his goblet down, wiped his beard and spoke on—

"Now let me tell you a thing," he said, "that will put contentment into all your hearts: this voyage, as far as it is a voyage to the northwards,

is ended. Now we sail west and south and into warm seas and pleasant climes. Now we shall see what few of ye, I believe, have seen, that western land called the New World, where there are green fields and fine champaigns and noble rivers and spiceries and sweets and gentle savages and juice-filled fruits."

He paused again, and then he said—

"I will not say that this is altogether to my will; I am a man more for hardships and ice and tempests than for rivers and champaigns and fruits. Yet I go this adventure willingly—for if it be child's play yet it serves my turn, which is, in my next voyage with ye, to go for that Passage, north and east and over the western continent to the further ocean. But this year it is too late in the season thither to set sail; we must seek warmer seas.

"In thiswise it is that this latter half of our voyage is fallen about. Our masters of the East India Company have in their heads another fairy tale that is a hundred years old or so, like the tale of Will Thorne. And this other fairy tale has it that there is a deep and broad channel across the western continent to the ocean called the Pacific.

"This is a very old tale of the days of Columbus, that fell into disrepute. But your East India masters have of late had it revived for them by the sayings of certain Indians, that they have seen great waters crossing their continent in the north parts that no man has trodden. This I think is an old wife's tale. But it has pleased my masters to bid me seek for this passage, and seek for it I

will and with pleasure; for if it is but child's play sailing, yet I too have my seasons when I would have rest and leisurous journeyings. And next year we shall go to the north-west for our reward.

"Of what my plans are I will say no more than this: that now we sail to south and west, and when we come to these New World coasts we shall quarter them from north to south, seeking the entrance to this passage across the land, even as hitherto we have beaten east and west along the barrier of ice, seeking the passage to the Pole. So I will make no more bones about this, but very soon I will drink a bumper of wine with each man of you, and so send you to your play and enjoyment for three days' time.

"But first let me say somewhat touching another matter. The most excellent and trusted friend that I have upon this ship is mine interpreter, through whom I speak to you. But I was minded to set a trap for certain malcontent mice that did infest this ship. And to set a trap nothing is so excellent as cheese if it be well toasted. And so ye may look upon certain blows and foul words that I gave this friend of mine as the toasting of a piece of cheese, and this Edward Colman was the piece of cheese. And how well he did take these dangerous vermin you have had related to you. I think there was never stratagem so well devised or so perfect in its success. For had it not appeared that I mistreated that man those conspirators would never have come out of their holes, but might have slain us all as we slept, and so turned pirators as many other ships' crews have done. And no other

man would have served my turn so well as this Edward Colman, for they took him for a pilot who, like myself, could have taken them back to charted seas, so that their hearts leapt with joy when they saw me mistreat the only man that—they thought—could serve their turns.

"And touching the manner of their execution, I trust ye will not take it cowardly in me that it was your captain and not I that I set in the high-mast top to slay them with arrows when he had overheard their devilish plottings. For indeed it was no small test of my courage that I should sit thus still in my cabin and sing whilst these things were acting, and far rather had I gone among them with swords and blows. But this your good captain is the man to deal with executions, and I would not have it against me in your eyes that I who am an Englishman and a foreigner should slay these your countrymen, how treacherous soever they were and deserving of death.

"So that I think ye will all say that I have done very well by you, and I take great credit to myself for having so well explained this delicate matter to your captain, without an interpreter, but using only signs and dumbshow and writing down the few words of Latin that he and I have in common, so that I take great credit to myself for this. And now we will drink together a glass of wine, each one touching our cups against the others. And to show how I esteem ye I will myself serve you and pledge you."

He went round among them, giving to each man a cup, which he filled well from his beaker of parcel-

gilt, and going back to his place before the white and gilt door of the companion way he gave them this toast—

"Friends and brother mariners, I pray you toast this voyage that we make to the New World. If fortune is kind to us we will find a passage across it. But if we do not yet this New World is a golden place for glorious new adventures and voyagings. A little while ago men went to it to find gold and to find ideal republics and commonwealths. Now it is the fashion rather to seek to found settlements and colonies. May we who lead the way with little profit to ourselves yet find eternal renown for ourselves; may great republics and commonwealths with cities named after us arise there to keep our fame always in men's minds. May New Hollands and other Englands arise on that soil and grow and multiply, and may this voyage of the *Half Moon* that begins now so nobly and amicably be never forgotten or off the lips of men.

"Now fare ye well, for I grow hoarse. I will have you to do certain things, such as warping this ship up against the *Good Hope* and discharging into her the two that we have in chains and choosing from her four men to take the places of them we have lost and taking aboard from her certain victuals that we need, and so sending her with little glory back to Holland whilst we sail away over leagues of sea towards new glories. But for that ye shall ask directions of our good sailing master and captain. And I pardon now the Master Outreweltius and make him under-master of the

ship, for I trow he would rather that than to be master of the one that with little honour shall sail back to Amsterdam."

When he was in his cabin he drank much wine, for he was very contented with himself. And he smote Edward Colman on the back and cried—

"This is the best day that ever I had."

Edward Colman smiled foxily.

"Why," he said, "if you sail so close to the wind again I doubt you will miscarry."

"Oh, croak! croak!" the navigator answered him, and he set a little mouse to run up his arm. "You are like the ravens they used to carry for pilots on shipboard. You will not join with me in my triumph. Have I not purged my ship and tried my crews?"

"Oh aye," Edward Colman said, "but we came near enough to death for the sake of your glory."

Hudson laughed at him.

"You are angry still for the way I fooled you," he said. "If you play for a great stake you must gamble."

"You might have saved me some evil moments," Edward Colman said. "You tried me very sorely. What if I had joined the mutineers and told them how the captain watched in the top castle? You would not have come out well. For we should have gone to the *Good Hope* for help and all your men were drugged."

Hudson pished at him boisterously.

"Do I not know a faithful man when I see him?" he said. "I am a leader of men. You deemed I was mad; but it was you that were mad; for you

deemed I deemed you unfaithful, and madly you misjudged me. But I will make it up to you with cossetings and findings, and tell you many secrets and lead you to find such a piece of land to build a settlement upon as will make you the richest lord in Christendom." He cast his arm round Edward Colman's neck; took the little white mouse from his shoulder and placed it tenderly on the table before a piece of biscuit, and poured out more wine for the young man.

"Aye," Edward Colman said, "you are always princely. You would rather run into great danger for all our necks and your own, and so shine out like the King at a play, than go quietly and soberly to work, however safe it was."

"Why so I would," Hudson said, "for that is the way to gain men's hèarts and win renown."

"I had rather die a prince than live puritanically," he said again seriously. "But thou—thou hast somewhat of a puritan in thee. It comes from wedding a Knipperdollinck."

"Well, let us drink to our wives," Edward Colman said. "I thought last night when I lay on the deck that never should I see mine again, which caused me great woe, for I love her. For when I asked the dwarf Hieronymus for two pistols—not knowing for certain but that the captain too was drugged and asleep—I thought to myself, 'Two pistols will slay two of these men. Then shall the other two slay me. Hudson may make a shift to bar himself in against them and so live, but I shall never see Magdalena again!' Yet I was fain to see her and my child, if she shall have a child."

"These are the rules of the game," Hudson answered him, "for the world is builded by men that never again see wife nor child. It may come to thee or me. I wonder how many good men sleep beneath the waters or little mounds in far countries; or how many true men's bones bleach beneath the sun on sands or grow brittle on frozen ground, leaving widows and the children they have never seen? I trow there are many thousands of them, and thus the world is builded up and spins around. But it was a good thought of thine to kill two men and die for me."

III

It was on a day in July towards ten o'clock in the morning that first they sighted the shores of the New World, being then well to the north of the island called Newfoundland and farther in, too, to the west. It was a very hot day too, and the wind fell when they came in with the land and found soundings, and there was much of haze in the air. But, from where they let the anchor drop into the steel-like water, they could descry the little mouth of a river or creek, red rocks, many green pine-trees and, farther in, several mountains much more lofty than are to be seen in England or Holland, but more such as they had observed passing Scotland on their northern voyage. So they debated how it would be to call this land New Scotland if it had no other name, and they filled their two boats, called the pinnace and the little-boat, with their water-casks to be filled at the river, and taking their stand-guns and some bows and arrows, all of them but two rowed into the little creek, which, sure enough, they found to be of fresh water.

And as they rowed up this little creek, between rocks and boulders and old grey dead trees, and many trees like pine-trees that were quite still in the unwindy weather, laughing and talking all together, they heard wild cries, resounding and full,

like the notes of owls and hawks, and soon they saw great hawks and, soon after, men, leaping along over the fallen trees, all brown, with blankets of brown upon them and with hatchets in their hands and their long hair, all black, floating behind them. In the pinnace where Hudson was he made them sit quietly and observe these indigenes; but the little boat was behind, and they saw old Jan in it stand up and plant his gun on a rest and set his eye along it, and the sound of his shot echoed many times among the deep hills and the white smoke hung in the still air. They could not, in the pinnace, see that he had killed any man, only the Indians, who had been coming close along the right bank, made off into the trees and up the hillsides, calling out mournfully and awakening mournful echoes.

Hudson scowled heavily at this deed, and bade them lay on their oars till the little-boat came up with them. For, he said, and he called it out to the old man, not only are these people a simple and a friendly folk, but here when they came first many vessels would follow them. And if any were shipwrecked how would it fare with the poor crews upon this land if they, the first comers, mishandled thus, without any provocation?

But the old Jan was in no way dismayed or cast down. He answered that these peoples and all peoples with black or brown skins were devils, that was why they had that mark of brownness set upon them by God. And it was his duty and his pleasure to slay some of them that came within reach of pellets or bolts.

"Well," said Hudson, "I have in this no command over you. But I hold it for a very wicked thing to do, and I would fain have spoken with these people as to whether near here a strait crosses this land."

"Why, you cannot speak with them," old Jan called back, "for if you have no Dutch assuredly you have not the tongue of devils such as these be. And they would misguide you and lead you astray and murder us all, and they have ways of sending men to hell after having slain them. My grandfather, who was a sailor, heard that of his confessor in the Indies."

Hudson answered that it was not true, or, if it were, so much the more reason not to slay these poor peoples in their sin, but to bring them to see God.

"I am never for killing," he said.

But in that mind he had only Edward Colman with him. For the Dutchmen, when they did not incline to believe the teachings of old Jan, said that these brown-skinned peoples were no more than beasts, and you slay a beast when you see it.

"That do I not," Hudson said, and the boat's crew laughed at him.

For they said that he was a very great man in all else; but in this he was a little simple and foolish. For did he not play with white mice, which, in Holland, was held to be the deed of a natural, since mice were not eatable, neither did they give forth agreeable songs like birds, or make gross antics for men to laugh at like apes?

But, because each man was eager to set forth

upon this New World, they gave over this talking and set about to find a convenient landing-place. And, with a few strokes of the oars, they came to a place where a canoe painted with ochre lay upon a pebbly flat. Behind it were three tents of deer-skins with the poles crossed above them, and before the openings were fires smouldered down, and the tents were painted in ochre with the figures of monstrous horned beasts where they stood beneath the trunks of great pine-trees in the shadows. So the Dutchmen fired three gun-shots, one into each tent, and a score or so of arrows through the sides to make sure that no savages lurked within. And there came out of them no more than a yellow-furred dog, that howled at them till one shot it with an arrow.

Then they said it was proof of the devilish nature of these brown men that, without message carried to them, they knew that the boats were arrived. So they went ashore and gave thanks to God that had so safely brought them to this land after such many and fearful storms and escapes. For, but four days before, on a dark night they had come very close to an iceberg and had come away only with great peril.

And most of them were filled with a great emotion of wonder and contentment thus, for the first time, to tread upon these shores where each man, after his disposition, imagined that his heart's content was to be found. For some aspired to perfect republics, and some to find places where the True Doctrine, as they took it to be, should flourish in tranquillity, and some desired gold, and some

strange sweetmeats and spices and fruits. And each had heard that all these things were to be found in this New World.

So they stretched their legs and rifled the tents, where they found only skins and a few fish, and some hatchets and tools, whose use they did not know, made of stone tied with thongs to sticks, and two carcases of deer hung to a tree, and some baskets of rush-work and a little money, and some strips of leather that had beads of a substance they knew not and sharks' teeth stitched into them, and other strips of leather with coronals of feathers and strips of great eagles' feathers sewn to them. And all these things they carried to their boats, and they filled their casks with water, and four or five of them ran a race along the level ground, and they cut many green boughs of a sort of tree that bore nuts and looked like a hazel. And one man with his bow shot a hawk that was high overhead in the sky. And some stretched themselves on the little pebbles in the hot sunlight and debated of this New World and of all they had heard told of it by other travellers, and they drank wine they had brought with them.

But, to Edward Colman, this did not seem a very good place to found a colony, for the rocks were very dry and had no lichens, and the soil was sand and there was neither grass nor flowers, and the hills were high and precipitous all around that little stream, and there was no level ground, only there was timber enough to build all the navies and fleets of the world.

And Hudson bade him be patient, for farther

south he would find him meadows and champaigns and flat places level with river mouths; aye, and timber too, and fruit trees and streams bearing gold in their sands and a great fertility and many sweet flowers.

"This is no good place," he said, "or only good in midsummer time, for here we are above the sixtieth parallel, and I know that in winter it is very cold. And you may plainly tell by the poverty of gear in these tents that this is a very poor place."

Towards sundown there came a great swarm of midges and of flies, and the sun set toward the top of the mountains to a fire and red gold such as they had never seen. And when they had slit the tents to ribands with their swords and set fire to the canoe, that was as thin as paper, they got into their boat, and with their oars tore the satin of the water into foam and made the hills once more echo, this time with psalms in Dutch and some few gun-shots.

The next morning they decorated the ship all over the rigging with the boughs of trees that they had cut, and they set a little fir-tree on the high-mast and another on the little mast at the stern, and they declared it a Sabbath day and did nothing but lie at anchor.

Hudson made them also another long speech, telling them what his plans were and how they should sail. They were to search, he said, for a great strait of water that ran right across this continent. Now, north of where they were, the country had been well explored by the French, who,

sixty years before, had sent there a great expedition under the Lord of Riverolles. And, since then, every year they had sent there expeditions to the land that they had called Canada; and they brought away furs and skins, and had made friends with and converted the natives to the Papist form of religion, and the French Protestants, called Huguenots, had there attempted to found settlements and colonies, and had set up posts bearing the arms of the Kings of France, and had made excellent good charts. So that, although there was there a very great gulf called the Gulf of St. Lawrence, after the day on which it had been found by the Papist French, they were well assured that, to the north of them, there was no strait extending through America.

To the south and west of them the land bowed out to the island called Newfoundland. Here the French fishermen came every year from French Britaigne and fished; and here there were said to be settlements on the shores, and they might have meats and fish and replenish their stores. And from the southern port of America up to the fortieth parallel they were main certain that there was no passage, the French and the Spaniards having searched the coasts so high on the east, and Sir Francis Drake having searched so high on the western or Pacific shore. For this idea of the passage through America was a very old idea that had been pursued by many men.

But the shores in between the southern end of Newfoundland and the fortieth parallel were less well known and charted than any. Only it was

known that here were many inlets and sounds such as, if any there were, might well be the western end of such a passage. Therefore he was minded, if they would suffer him, to take them right away from the shore of Newfoundland, not very near to the land, but observing it, down to the fortieth parallel and from there northwards again to nearly Newfoundland, searching all the creeks and inlets till they were well satisfied.

And he made them, at the end, another great speech of the glory and renown to be had in such an enterprise and in setting their names to headlands, saying that their ship and their voyage should live as long in the minds of men as the ship called *Argos* that bore of old Jason and the Argonauts in search of the golden fleece. For were they not in search of a fleece, allegorically, as precious—the gold of a land where men might dwell in peace and unity and concord and affluence and plenty, such as were not in their own lands where too much sorrow was?

But for himself, he confessed to Edward Colman after this speech, whilst he wiped his great forehead with a towel, for it was very hot, he cared much less for the glory of opening new horizons of land. He wished much more to penetrate into new seas. And he was very contented.

For with this voyage he had searched well the northern seas, and was assured that there was no outlet over the Pole, for it was the third time that he had made that essay. And, for himself, he was assured that they would find no strait across this continent; but he was well content to make the

essay, since it would set his mind at rest, and, being then well assured that there were no other corners of the world to leave unprobed, he could, in subsequent voyages, set to discovering the secrets of the seas and the northward of the Gulf of St. Lawrence—more northerly than ever the Frenchmen had sailed.

On this glory he dilated much. And he laid himself upon his couch to sleep through the afternoon. But Edward Colman went with a boat to the shore lower down than where they had landed the day before, for his mind was set upon the land and not upon the inconstant seas, and he dreamed of sending settlements to these shores, and he observed the rocks and the trees and how there was little fresh water there and many flies and little grass and herbage.

IV

Early in August and at, or nearly, the fortieth parallel they came, as far south as they were bound, to the mouth of a great river.

All that month there had been many and great storms from the eastwards, though in two days of calm they met with French Newfoundland fishermen, and had from them meat and biscuits and some fresh fish and much dry. And when the east wind drove them towards the land they found a great sound, like a lake, where they ran for so many miles in an inland sea that at first the navigator nearly believed they had found their passage. But at last they came out, perilously, into the main sea once more and knew that they had been running behind the shelter of an island, that for its length they called Long Island.

The river that they found on the fortieth parallel was very big and ran into the land between two banks. And at first this too they began to believe was their strait. But Hudson observed that the water was fresh and sweet after twenty miles or so, and unless there fell great rivers into the strait the water could not be fresh. Nevertheless, they sailed up it for many miles, till they came to a place where it divided into two streams, a great and a little, tributary and parent, and then they knew that this was only a river.

And on this tongue of land, between the two rivers, Edward Colman landed with a boat's crew, and he found that the land was level and wooded and covered with grass and flowers of a great size and of a great rankness and fertility. And here, it seemed to him, was one place where he might very well found a settlement, for it appeared to him that here was everything that the heart of a man could desire, and good navigation for ships up to the very foot of it and beyond. So he noted this place down in his note-books as a very good place, only that the air there was very clammy and hot in the August sun, and he would rather be farther to the northward.

For by now he had made a very definite plan, and had worked upon it to find the figures and the profits. It was in this way that, if he could send several of his roomiest ships with good settlers such as could be found in and near the town of Rye, he could send them, each with forty men, with tools, axes for hewing down trees, spades to dig with, ploughs, guns, arrows, ammunition, seeds for planting and traps for catching beasts—each ship provided with enough of these for thirty men not sailors. And this would cost him £240 for each ship. But when the ships returned, each with ten men, they could catch fish enough and buy other fish from the Frenchmen of Newfoundland, enough to make a cargo of fish worth £520 or more in England. So that that voyage would yield him a good profit. And the Dutchmen were all for a commonwealth with stadtholders only and no kings; but Edward Colman was for a king and

for bishops and archbishops too, much such as they had in England. For he said that the common people could not govern. Nay, he would have in the towns mayors and barons and jurats and a lord warden over them all, much such as the Cinque Ports had at home. But he would have only good kings and perfect laws—not such a law as that against the export of wool—the law that had sent him abroad. And when he argued with the Dutchmen he was inclined to relent in his other idea that all creeds should be free of his realm. For it was one thing as an Englishman alone to say that he would let all people—Anabaptists and Saints on Earth, and the rest of those in the Dutch settlement at Rye—worship as they would. But it was another to let stubborn and stiff-necked Dutchmen claim as their just right what he would only accord as an English favour.

For he remembered how at home these Dutchmen not only lived and worshipped, but they made converts among the common people, so that, at Rye, then, many ploughmen and poorer seamen and the keepers of small shops had become Puritans of one sort or another. Nay, one of his own canvas-makers had taken it upon himself to interpret the Scriptures to him, Edward Colman, his master and a Baron of the Ports.

And such things were a danger in a State where freedom must be tempered by a due respect of the fabric of the commonwealth that was knitted together of many estates and orders, rising from hind to king through the degrees of priests and bishops, and knights and jurats, and barons, as it should

be always, and always had been. And he remembered that he was a member of the Church of England, and he decided that he would have a law that these Dutch Churches might worship as they would; but they should be prevented from making converts under great penalties. And so with the Huguenots and Lutherans and Calvinists and all the rest.

It was only the old Jan who derided without ceasing these New World schemes of theirs. He looked upon the dry and rocky shores that passed slowly before their eyes. And he said, Would there never be an end of this mad sailing? For he was wild to be back in Holland and draw his pay and take his ease and drink much liquor. For he came of an older generation that had held that only in the old world at home was there Christendom. And all the rest was a dark land peopled with beasts with black skins or yellow skins or copper skins. And such of these as had gold it was fitting to slay and take their gold from them, for they were devils; and such as had no gold they should slay at once. And leaning over the bulwarks he spat into the crawling waters, and pointed with gloomy derision at those shores. For, said he, farther south the Spanish conquistadores had had stores of gold from Montezuma's men; and in the East, in the Moluccas and the Philippines and the Islands of Spice they had pepper and gold and nutmegs for the taking. All that had been in the good days of old. But here there was nothing. It was a land accursed of God; for here the Indians that they slew had no wealth but

feathers. And that proved the accursed barrenness of the land. For these Indians were devils and sorcerers, and if they could wring from the earth no gold or spices it was a proof that the earth there was poor and useless.

"And aye me!" he said, "it is in the omens that I shall never go back to Amsterdam. Unlucky me that late in life have set out upon such a voyage that is weary and profitless to me. And we are beset with sorcery and have no rest."

And he told how he had had it of a Spanish prisoner in Holland before they hanged him, in the centre of this God-accursed land there dwelt a sort of Pope, called a Grand Susham, who never died, but lived for ever and instructed all these brown fiends in their devilries. And they danced round fires and howled; and each time they howled the souls in hell had fresh tortures, below in the earth's centre. So that even the Spaniards themselves, who were devils, had not taken this land of fear and horror.

"And never shall there arise out of it any good thing or republic. For it is for ever accursed. Nay," he said, "some hold that it hath no corporeal existence, for all you could see it and tread upon it. But it was really only a solidified mist, set there in space to beguile good men into the hands of these brown spirits."

Towards the middle of August there arose, coming from the east, the most huge storm they had ever yet encountered. It came very suddenly, and very suddenly it ended when they were within

a cable-length of great rocks. And in the midst of it Edward Colman was again seized with his Dutch fever.

He sat, having tied himself under the bulwarks when it first began; and he could no more speak or hardly, for the huge seas fell all over him and he was nearly drowned with them; and in the cordage the wind made such a shrieking that of all that old Jan—who stayed near him between the lurchings and the waves—of all that old Jan shouted to encourage him, he heard only the words, in a little lull of the gale—

"Not death's time yet!"

He was in great pain, so that he could not speak, and only dimly he could think.

"I believe it is death and am not very much afraid, for I have done what I might for my wife's sake and my town's."

And when the storm went down he lay there very still, and Hudson came to howl and shed great tears above him, for he loved him better than his son. And the old Jan came and fell upon Hudson with his fists—for he said that Hudson was Edward Colman's murderer for having brought him so far. And both men blubbered there on each other's shoulders, and Edward Colman opened his eyes where they had laid him on the cabin light-hatch. The sun was shining again, though the sea was still very rough, and when they got farther out to sea they could see that the waves had swept in upon the land very far, and the sea was full of the trunks of trees and dead beasts and networks of wild vines and flowers.

That night in the cabin Edward Colman told Hudson that whilst he had been in the faint his soul had gone upon a great journey. And he had seemed to pass over endless waters, till the sun grew dark and he had perceived lights and the outlines of the town of Rye, and he had been wafted into his own house and seen his own room, lit only by a fire—and so from the old world and darkness he had come back to this New World where it was still light.

But he did not tell the navigator the rest of his vision, since he was afraid that it would make Hudson afraid when nothing could be done. For in his own room he had seemed to see Anne Jeal before the fire. And in one hand, with the firelight shining upon her, she had held a sieve with peas that she twirled round and round and, in the other, a little image that she was melting. And he, appearing to be there in shadows and half amid the hangings, half in the wall of the room, had uttered these last words of his conscious thoughts—

"I believe this is death coming to me!"

And at these words of his Anne Jeal had dropped alike the sieve and the image, and had looked round with staring eyes into the gloom. And so his soul had come back over the seas to the sunshine.

V

HUDSON set this new illness of Edward Colman's down to a return of his Dutch fever; for three nights they had had the *Half Moon* grounded in a shallow lagoon to cleanse her bottom and to paint her with pitch, though they found her not very foul, since they had spent so many days in the fresh waters of rivers that most of the barnacles and sea-weeds upon her were killed. But in this stagnant place the air at nights had been full of miasmas—nay, they had even seen pismires and marsh-lights, and Edward Colman was not the only man on the ship that fell sick, for it was very hot weather. And he explained to Edward Colman that he must expect returns of his complaint at intervals for many years, when he came near marshy places and at other times; for that was the nature of the Dutch fever, which was much like a tertian or a quartan ague.

And he said that it was a very common thing for men sick of this disease to see visions—and what more natural than that they should see what most they thought of? And assuredly Edward Colman thought most of his home and his young wife, and his little town of Rye upon its hill. For in that way the doctors accounted for the visions that Papists had of their saints—sickly maidens and

men who had mused much on these illusions being very prone to see them when they were fevered.

To himself Edward Colman thought—privately and in his own mind—that there might be a great deal in these sayings. For if of late he had mused much on his home and his wife, he had not given one thought in ten days to Anne Jeal. But, on the other hand, if he had thought of Anne Jeal—and once or twice he had—it was to think that perhaps she was answerable for these storms and his illness. He had always heard her accounted a sorceress—and sorceresses played such tricks with peas in a sieve and waxen images. So that it might well be that these were only the creatures of his own imaginings and dreams. But he was certain that he had seen his town of Rye very clearly in the night, the lights climbing up the little hill in a triangle or pyramid, whilst he had seemed to rush through the air, high up. And the storm had struck them about four o'clock in the afternoon. And in Rye, as he saw it, it might well be about nine at night, as it would be, if this vision were real. For at nine at night there would still be lights in the windows, for it was yet early to be in bed.

And he had some pleasure to have seen his little town and his house again if—as he began to think —he was to die soon. And some mournful thoughts came over him, but he advised with himself to put his trust in God after he had read some prayers to himself. For if this were Anne Jeal's sorcery he might well die—and yet he might well die without it. But if he died by Anne Jeal assuredly God

would be pitiful to his soul. So he looked back upon his past life to think of his misdeeds.

Because of these illnesses Hudson put out to sea for three days. It was then the end of August, and on the second day of September, very near the foot of the island they had called Long Island, they came to the mouth of a large river. This was near the end of their searching of the coast; they had come north, right from the fortieth parallel, to near the place where they started, and they had already searched the sound that lay between Long Island and the mainland.

So, as they had nothing better to do, Hudson determined that they would ascend and explore this river as high as it was navigable. And to it he gave the name of the Hudson River, to be a token to all time of this, his third great voyage; just as before he had given, on his first voyage, his name to Cape Hudson, and, on his second, to the islands in the Waigatz Sea the name of Hudson's Touches.

He was very contented with himself after he had thus named the river—but there occurred very soon a thing that caused him no little discontent.

It was towards sunset of the 2nd of September that they came into this river, and lay in a great expanse of water like a millpond, with low, dark hills to their left and behind them a little spit of sand, and, a very long way before them, the sun going down beyond level land, as it seemed. And not very high above the sun was a little, silver new moon.

There came out, as if to meet them, from the shores of the bay a large fleet of canoes, with many

men to paddle them, each with a coronal of feathers. Three of them, that were so long as to carry thirty rowers, came the first. And in the bows of one sat a man holding a large wooden cross, and in another a man holding up a bough of a tree, and in the third a man with a large flag of white cloth. And from all these canoes, near each other in the sunset light, there went up a sound of singing.

The *Half Moon* had only a few of her sails taken off, yet the wind had fallen so much that they flapped idly in the evening air, and the ship was almost still in the stillness of the water. The canoes came to a stop maybe fifty yards from the ship and lay altogether in a flat group, keeping a little way on them with their paddles. And from the stern Hudson beckoned to them to approach. But from the bows the crew ran out their culverin, and at its sound in the stillness Hudson turned rigid, and said, "What is that? The anchor?"

And the culverin was fired, whilst the sound of laughter went up, and the stone ball did not even skip over the water, so close they were. But Hudson saw the Indians in one boat throw up their arms, and that canoe turned over, and another, and yet a third, so that there was a clear space of water in the midst of the flotilla. Then those soft songs were changed to horrible cries and calls; the canoes turned and fled, using their paddles furiously, back to the dark shores. The Dutchmen fired arrows and one or two shots from their stand-guns; and the sun went down very suddenly, and the red of the waters changed to grey, and silver, and green.

Then Hudson was very angry. For, said he,

this was the first act of white men upon this stream that should bear his name. And it was a very shameful thing. For those men came out with the sign of the Cross—having learned, doubtless, Christianity from the French of Canada—and with green boughs, which were their tokens of peace, and with a flag all white, which was a token of peace to all that were civilized.

And he pointed to the moon and said, full surely, ere that little crescent had waxed and finished its waning, they should rue that day; and he said that the sun hid its face for shame of them. And he wept at last to think that his stream had so, at the offset of its naming, been so baptized with innocent blood.

Whilst he wept the Dutchmen jeered at him; for they said that that sign of the Cross was a Papist emblem, that it was fitting to fire always upon, and that the white flag was an emblem of the treacherous French, for most likely it had *fleur de lis* upon it, and the green boughs were an emblem of the leafage wherewith those devils were wont to hide their guile. And that flotilla, they said, was a very great menace to them; had they come closer the Indians would have shot arrows upon them, and sent their souls to hell. And Dutch, they said, were not come to a far haven to be shot with arrows for an Englishman's whim. And they said that they were weary and needed entertainment; and that, compared with these beasts, they were as gods—and the gods slew whom they would, and there was an end of it.

But Edward Colman did not translate these words to the navigator, who went down to his cabin and

covered his head with his cloak. And he did not speak to those Dutchmen any more that night. All through the dark hours they heard, coming from the distant shores, great cries and the groaning of drums. And they saw enormous fires lit in five places on the level beaches, and black figures leaping and roaring before them; and, in the darkness, all that blaze was doubled by the waters, so that it stood out like a fiery portent in the black night. And the Dutchmen said that these were the devils at their horrid antics.

In the morning, at dawn, there came the sea-breeze from the east. It drove them, when they quickly hoisted their sails, high up into the river, and it freshened towards noon, so that they ran very fast, and that night they lay close to a strip of land where the river forked on the right and not far from high rocks on the left.

Edward Colman went ashore with a few men next day upon this strip of land. But the men did not go ashore very willingly any more. For they had a certain anger with the navigator and with Edward Colman because of the affair with the Indians, and they said it was none of their duty to voyage on land, and they were tired of this continent that offered them little profit, and were fain to sail back to Holland and draw their wages and take their ease.

And old Jan was unceasing in his preaching to Edward Colman that he should not go ashore. For, said he, on the one hand, Edward Colman had against him a very powerful sorceress in the Old World, and here, in the New, there were always

these copper-skinned fiends that spied upon men and led them astray to slay them.

But Edward Colman answered—

"I shall die upon God's appointed day. As for the witch, if she will slay me, I shall die either here or elsewhere. There is no way to stay it. As for the Indians, I do not believe that they are devils, but rather, as the Frenchman, Jacques Cartier, said, that they are a simple and a good people. For in 1534 he brought ten of them from Canada to Paris, to teach the Frenchmen how to live godly lives."

And he said again—

"If I could save myself from Anne Jeal by staying aboard the ship I would do it. But that will not save me from her if she have any power, and it is more fearful to sit still and await disasters than to meet them on one's feet. I came out here to spy out the goodness of this goodly land, and having come so far, I will not abandon it and my hopes."

So they landed upon the spit of land, having upon them their harness of steel, and bearing their swords and bows; but old Jan took a stand-gun. The under-master, Outreweltius, came with them, for his avidity to explore either land or sea never left him. And they saw no signs of Indians; and they made a compact with the crew of the boat that it should row up the stream parallel with the course they took for ten or fifteen miles, going slowly, so that if they came down to the water they should never be out of hearing of a gun-shot.

The outermost fringe of the land between the two rivers was a marshy spit, that they crossed quickly, for it was still the cool of the morning. It was dry

enough then, for it was September after a droughty year, but there were many dead, swampy grasses and weeds. And a little farther on it was quite dry underfoot, but there was, beneath the sun, a hot entanglement of little bushes, of rushy sort of flowers with thick pods full of viscous fibres, of small bushes bearing red berries, sour, but pleasant to the taste, and of little trees that had very sweet-smelling flowers.

It was hot work pushing through this scrub, but it always mounted in a slow slope, with here and there rocky places where there were pine-trees, and, except for the heat, there came to them no dangers. They came, after an hour or so, to one rock that stood up high, and Edward Colman climbed upon it, and when he was up he cried out—

"Why, here I will set my town!"

Before him the land sloped down to the haven; upon the left there was one broad river, and upon the right the Hudson, where the *Half Moon,* little, and with her sails just unfurling, was preparing to go upwards with the tide. And to the right, across the Hudson, was to be seen a long row of reddish rocks, like a ribbon, or like a castle wall, crowned with dark trees, and creased and crumpled with a thousand shadows. The two rivers were all silver, the slopes between them were greenish and yellow, with many yellow flowers and weeds, and behind them the ground sloped up, with short and greenish grass, into the foot of dark woods of trees like pines or cedars. He had never been in such a clear air.

"Why, here I will have my town!" he said.

For it lay deep in a noble haven; it had rocks

for building-stone; it was between two rivers, and very easy to fortify with a palisade inland across the spit; it was near to Newfoundland; it had a good soil in the marshy parts, and there were the trees for building houses, and brushwood to make wattles, and earthy mud to daub on the sides, and clay and rushes for tiles or thatch. And looking down from there he seemed to see his little town that he would found, with the roofs of thatch and tile, the golden weathercock upon the church tower, the harbour, with its masts and spars, and cordage fringing it all, and, beyond, the great bay and the pale sea. He seemed to see it much as you see Rye, looking at it from the hills inland, little, old, and grey, with the sea-line beyond.

They rested there for a long time, because they were weary and the rock gave a shade; they saw the *Half Moon* hoist all her grey sails and swing, little and heavy, up the silver river. Towards afternoon they went up into the thick woods, where the going was so difficult that once or twice they lost each other, and must call out to once more find each other, and once or twice they seemed to see shadows flit between the tree-trunks. And once an arrow struck upon Edward Colman's cuirass, and glanced and quivered in the pine-needles close to his feet. Old Jan fired off his great gun then, and they heard loud calls in the shadows. And they made as fast as they could, burdened with their armour, through the trees to come down to the shore.

The Master Outreweltius and old Jan were very much afraid, for they said that all the wood was alive with devils. And once they saw a man of

huge stature, who appeared to be covered with yellow fire and paint and to glide noiselessly over the ground, holding a great bow, and to vanish suddenly.

But, "Hurry on, my masters," Edward Colman said, "for it is very late. Let us come to the water's edge." And he bade them not to despair; for assuredly these were men, not devils, since the arrow, which he had drawn from the soil, had mortal feathers and a stick of plain wood.

"And," said he, "if ye fear them for devils, assuredly they, who are men, fear us for gods, who carry thunder with us and are impregnable to arrows."

It took them nearly all that afternoon to go over the shoulder of the hill, as if it were ten miles of hard going; and over the tree-tops the sun began to sink.

VI

On that day, which was the 4th of September, 1609, towards seven in the evening Anne Jeal was sitting watching Magdalena Colman, Edward Colman's wife, at her sewing, when there came a message to Magdalena that a French fisherman was below that had brought a letter from her lord, and desired a fee of five crowns for the bringing it from the Newfoundland.

Anne Jeal turned more pale than death, but Magdalena Colman looked up from above her sewing, hardly moving her face, and commanded that the Frenchman be sent up to her. The man came up into the large room. His clothes, of a make of brown grogram, were encrusted white with salt, his beard was very long, and his hair fell about his shoulders; his hands were huge and knotted, like the roots of trees, and there were fish-scales still on his high boots. But his face beneath this wildness of brown hair was very jovial, because he was going home.

He held a large packet under his elbow, and, in a mixture of French and English—for Edward Colman had chosen him because he spoke some English—he cried out—

"*Ohé, la commère,* I have joyful news for you!"

He held out the packet; it was covered with

cloth and tied with twine and sealed with a yellow wax.

"I would gladly give it you for nothing," he said, "for it makes one's heart glad to bring good tidings from a seafaring husband to a good wife. But—what would you?—this ten crowns shall be shared by my crew, who are all poor men."

Magdalena rose slowly, and going to a cupboard of Spanish inlaid wood, all yellow and greenish, where she kept her money and the money that she had made for Edward Colman by merchandise and ship hire, she opened the big doors very deliberately.

"Before God," Anne Jeal said, "you do not hurry!"

"Oh!, maiden," the fisherman answered her, "such joy as this that a wife feels you do not yet know. It is a thing that makes the heart beat slowly for a while, because of the surprise."

He whistled a little Breton air which goes with the words—

"Il était une barque à trente matelôts,"

and then uttered with a great breath, "Damn! how good it is to whistle and not to fear the rising of the wind."

Anne Jeal rose to her feet; she beat her heel on the floor through sheer impatience.

Magdalena came slowly back with the five crowns in her large hand. She paid them to the fisherman and took from him the heavy parcel, which she set upon the table; her blue eyes were shiny, as if varnished.

"Oh! !" the fisherman said; "tears of joy. How it is good to have a good wife weep tears of joy for one."

Magdalena drew up her neck a little so that she had a certain air of matron's dignity with all her large and gentle placidness. Anne Jeal clenched her fingers till her nails tore her soft palms.

"Was my lord and master well when you saw him?" Magdalena asked at last, and Anne Jeal laughed harshly.

"Ah, it is always that they ask!" the Frenchman said. He swept his long brown curls back and raised his right hand. "Consider to yourself," he said, "how we poor fishermen in our coggers are fishing in the gloom. And so we see sailing before the wind a great Dutch ship, the foam curling over her bows. Like that!"

He made with a sweep of his arm a wide curve, the outline of a huge wave. Then he went on to detail the meeting, imitating the hail from ship to ship, the declarations of brotherhood, the jargon they talked in. And so, at last, he brought in Edward Colman.

"Such a gallant ship," he said, "such a steadfast man! for sure you need have no fears. And how he loves you! Ah, *par Saint Ygoviono*, how his eyes smiled and danced at your name! And such words as he used: My wife, my good wife, my sole treasure! And so and so——"

"Had they not had great storms?" Anne Jeal interrupted him harshly.

"Huge storms!" the fisherman said. "Such waves, such lightning, such hail! Oh, you would

have said there were fiends all around them. But," and he turned again his face to Magdalena, "you need have no fear, *la commère*. For it is the noblest ship in the world. And a crew so gallant and so lion-hearted. And your good man the most gallant and lion-hearted of them all. And so he loves you that it makes him the less to fear tempests, for the more the wind howls the more he thinks of you!"

"Had he not been very ill?" Anne Jeal asked.

"That I do not know," the Frenchman said. "But I never saw a man so well as he was then. So upright, so confident, with such bright eyes and such a carriage. Ah, *la commère*, have no fear. It is not such a man as that that illness will soon kill. No, *par Saint Ygoviono!*"

"Good French fisherman," Magdalena Colman said, "I will go to find many delicacies and sweetmeats for you that this night your shipmates and you may share the happiness you have brought me."

"Gentle English woman," he said, and he swept the floor with his hat, "those are brave words, and I know you would be rid of me quickly to be alone with your joy."

Anne Jeal fell upon him when she was gone, with the words—

"Are those not lies you have told? Has his ship not much suffered, and is he not very ill?"

"Maiden," the hairy Frenchman said, "I think those are quite true words. For, though they had great storms, the *Half Moon* is a gallant vessel. And her man appeared to my eyes to be in very fine health and complexion of the mind."

"I think you lie," she said, and she came near him, like a stealthy cat, and gazed into his eyes.

He crossed himself and said—using two Breton saints called Pedrodal and Caramuton to back up Saint Ygoviono—

"You are a very anxious woman. One would say you do not wish to hear the good truth. Yet it is quite true."

"His shipmates?" Anne Jeal asked, "they were all in good health? They were not affrighted by the tempests?"

"Why," the Frenchman said, "if you have a lover on that ship you may be well contented. For I never saw men so contented!"

Anne Jeal threw up her hands with a passionate gesture of rage and despair.

She had observed very carefully the maxims of the sorcerer in London, who had told her to give over her plotting, to spy upon Magdalena Colman, and, by enchantments, so to beset Edward Colman upon the seas with storms and fearful apparitions, that at the last he should return to her awearied and affrighted and a beaten man.

She had left his waxen image alone and unharmed, all save once since then, for she could not bear to think that she was killing him. Only once, when she had been unable to bear never hearing his voice she had sweated it a little before a fire—three weeks or so before—and she had heard his voice then, uttering the words, "*I believe this is death coming to me!*"

This sweating she had done, not to harm him so much as from sheer longing to hear his voice. It was unbearable not to do it when she had always that remedy. But she carried the image always with her, beneath her farthingale or between her breasts, for she was afraid that, if she let it out of her keeping, by some mischance it might break, and so he would die.

She had told all the townsmen that men said lies against her if they said she had sought to do ill to Edward Colman. It was all lies, she said, invented by Justus Avenel, who hated her and had had her taken prisoner. In London, she said, where she had seen the King, she had prayed him to pardon Edward Colman and to confirm the charters of Rye town. And the King had promised her these things.

With Magdalena Colman she had a different tale, for she could not do away with the words she had uttered in the Pastor's hut. So she compassed that she had loved Edward Colman with such a passion that she had denounced him. But then she had been half mad. When she had understood what she had done she had gone up to London to pray the King to pardon him, and this the King had promised her. And she said that she had found another lover—for the cornet of horse pursued her still with his suit, and every Monday he sent her presents of jewels and eggs from Lewes. And she told Magdalena that she loved Edward Colman now only as his cousin or sister, and that, to make further atonement, she would be Magdalena's servant till her husband came back. And

she begged Magdalena to keep her guilty secret from the townsmen. And she said—

"As you are so rich in your husband's perfect love, pardon me who was starved."

Magdalena said nothing at all of whether or no she believed Anne Jeal, but with a placid silence she accepted Anne Jeal's offer of service, setting her tasks of sewing, for Anne Jeal sewed very beautifully, and assigning her a room in that house to sleep in so that at times the humiliation had been more than Anne Jeal could easily bear. But she set her teeth hard at these crises, and she hung round Magdalena, spying over her for ever and always, hardly keeping her fingers off her face, but gloating over the thoughts of what one day she should do and say to her, when Edward Colman came back a beaten and trembling man to be her own slave. And in the evening, with her sieves and pease, she worked hard at conjuring up the spirits that should break his spirit.

Therefore it had pleased her very much when she had heard him say, last time she had sweated his image—

"*I believe this is death coming to me.*"

For she was certain that, when she proved to him that she could slay him thus at great distances, he would forsake Magdalena to save his own life. So she had redoubled her efforts to stand well with the fair girl, and made mocking faces where she sat behind her back.

And towards June there came news that the King had confirmed the charters of the town, and a little later there came from Amsterdam a Dutch lawyer

called Husum, who bore the pardon for Edward Colman with the King's seal and the signature of the King's Attorney. Then all the townsmen believed that Anne Jeal was innocent, and Justus Avenel was disgraced and avoided in the streets, and he began to drink himself to death in his solitude, and on Midsummer Day Anne Jeal's father was again elected to be the Mayor.

So the time had glided very tranquilly away, save that every three weeks or so Anne Jeal was pervaded by such a fit of longing rage that she must go out at night into deserted places and scream, so that it was said in Rye that there was a new kind of ghost abroad, and it was seriously debated whether thirteen clergymen should not be sent to Gallows Marsh to exorcise the spirits that screamed unrestfully there. But on the whole Anne Jeal was so sure Edward Colman was being bent to her will, that, save for her exorcisms, she could rest very much in peace, and she set her mind to work to invent tales against Magdalena about men, for indeed the townsmen of Rye gave themselves much trouble to shield and protect her. They sent many cargoes abroad in her ships and let her sit higher in church than was her real due, for, though she was christened, there remained about her a savour of Anabaptists, and every day she visited her father.

Thus Anne Jeal had felt a sense of tranquillity and of such secureness descend on her as she had not felt for many months now. So that, when the Frenchman, with his hair about his ears, said that Edward Colman was well and confident, she was

for a moment sure that he lied. But, by the time Magdalena came back to thank him and bid him depart with her apprentice, such a bitter rage seized upon the girl that she could hardly hold her tongue.

Magdalena stood in the midst of the dim room and appeared to think for a long time after they had heard the last sound of the fisherman's boots die away on the stairs. In the dusk the parcel of cloth showed its seals like glimmering disks of blood, and Anne Jeal prowled round it like a cat round a jug of milk that she dared not touch.

"By God!" she said at last, "you do not hasten as I would to read my husband's words."

"Why," Magdalena answered slowly, "these days have seemed very long: shall I not draw out my joy for as long as I may?"

Anne Jeal shrugged her shoulders up to her ears.

"Like a boy with succades!" she sneered bitterly.

"Even so," Magdalena answered. "And I give time, too, to thanking God for this news and praying Him to make me not over glad."

Her emotions had made her more talkative than she had ever been, and this touch of showing what passed in her inner self filled Anne Jeal with a gloating and a savage curiosity.

"Oh, Puritan," she said, "shall God enter into your highest joys?"

Magdalena went slowly towards the packet, she took a little pair of scissors that hung at her girdle.

"God has given me great joys," she said, and slowly she cut the threads of twine near the seals,

uttering at the same time, "Surely such great joys that I am the happiest woman on earth."

Anne Jeal came very close to her, hanging over the table so that it was almost into her ears that she whispered—

"How can you say that when Edward Colman is across the seas?"

Magdalena looked into her eyes.

"Anne," she said, "it is not the corporeal presence of him that can make him more mine, for I have his heart and he mine, and neither tempests, nor death, nor yet the powers of darkness can shake this union that God hath blessed."

Her slow fingers drew aside the wrappings, but this speech of hers had so enraged Anne Jeal that she took a turn down the room that she might not seek to strangle the woman before her.

There fell out from the parcel many rough things —a hammer of stone, with two points bound with leather thongs to a leathern-bound stick; a strip of hide with dark eagle feathers attached to it; a little knife of green stone with a handle of painted wood; a necklet of white beads, and a little rattle, made of a sort of osier-withing in basket-work, and a letter wrapped in a green cloth.

Magdalena fingered all these things slowly and thoughtfully, dwelling for a long time on the little rattle. Anne Jeal came near again, and looked at these things too. She sneered that such trash was the best that Edward Colman could find to send his wife, and then her fingers closed round the little knife. She felt the edge, and the point was so sharp that it pricked her finger. She shuddered,

having heard that these Indian knives had poison in them; hot smoulderings of light crept across her dark pupils.

Magdalena unwrapped the letter from the green cloth, and at the sight of its superscription a great light went over her fair, large face. She looked at it for a long time, holding it away from Anne Jeal's eyes, then slowly she went over to the window.

It was quite dusk in the room where Anne Jeal stayed beside the feathers and stone implements, but near the window there was light, and Magdalena's motions were very visible and all her face. She held the letter in her fingers for a long time and gazed at it, then she put it to her lips and her forehead, and then pressed it to her heart-place.

With a sudden swiftness, in that dusk, Anne Jeal's left hand sought the pocket in her farthingale; she drew out a little bundle wrapped in cloths, and, with a bitter mockery on her face, she pressed it first to her lips, then her forehead and then her heart. She laid the little green knife down on the table whilst she unswathed the parcel. She averted her eyes from Magdalena Colman and looked at the shadows on the dim floor.

Magdalena's letter rustled, and when Anne Jeal looked at her again there was such a light of pleasure on her face as she had never seen before. She seemed to be intolerably fair—so intolerably fair that, to Anne Jeal in the shadow, there came a despair that made her cry out. She could never be as fair as that!

Magdalena looked round into the room. Anne Jeal was holding in one hand the little image of wax, and in the other the little green knife, but it was so dark that Magdalena could not see what it was she held. She looked back to her letter, and there escaped from her a little "Ah!" of ecstasy.

Then Anne Jeal aimed the point of the knife at the waxen head; but, because her hand trembled, it missed and went home in the soft wax of the shoulder. Anne Jeal fell back against the table, panting, and her eyes wide open.

Suddenly she screamed out in triumph.

There came, as if from a metal disk, a glow of red light that shed no illumination into the room. Then she saw that it was a cuirass upon which sunlight seemed to fall, and there, all in his armour, with his sword in his hand, she saw Edward Colman, with that sunlight from another world flecked all over him as if it fell from trees. His eyes, beneath the long metal flap of his helmet, appeared alone to be shadowy, and they were fixed upon her, eyes without joy and without reproach.

She opened her arms to run to him, and she cried out, "Ah, you come to me!"

But she could not come up against him.

"Ah, you come!" she cried out. "You surrender. You are mine!"

Magdalena looked back into the room from the window and her letter.

"What is that you say?" she asked.

Anne Jeal fell back against the table; she looked at Magdalena, her eyes wide open, her lips apart.

"Do you not see him?" she whispered. "He is here."

Magdalena widened her eyes to peer back into the gloom.

"I do not see anything," she said; "I think you are ill." She let down her letter for a minute and came towards Anne Jeal. Anne Jeal caught her by the shoulder, and leaning upon her, pointed one hand out.

"Do you not see?" she whispered.

"I see the chimney-piece," Magdalena said, "and the blue hangings."

Anne Jeal clung to her.

"The sunlight is all over him," she whispered. "There is a knife in the soft part of his throat."

Edward Colman stood there very still; his lips did not move. Anne Jeal put her fingers in her ears. But she heard him thinking the thoughts that seemed to fill the room and whisper from all the dusk.

"*I have come to you*," they said. "*This is indeed death*." She screamed out. "*This is indeed death; but I am not afraid, for I have done my best for this town, and this house of mine, and for this my wife, and for my son that shall be one day the leader of legions yet to be!*"

Anne Jeal pressed her fingers yet more tightly into her ears; Magdalena, with her large eyes, looked from her face to her feet; near her right foot she saw the little waxen image, and she stooped to pick it up.

"*It was a cruel death to die*," the thoughts went

on, "*for I was but a young man in the flower of my years. But so God willed it that no more I shall suffer. . . .*"

The thoughts grew fainter; she heard, "*Now I am dead!*" and no more.

The simulacrum, making no motion, save only that it averted its eyes from her in an awful reproach, seemed to fade back, further and further. When it was very small and distant, so that it appeared to be receding through a forest glade, she knelt down and stretched out both her hands.

"Come back!" she cried out. "For an hour, for an instant, once more——"

Then it was all dark.

She sprang to her feet, and said harshly to Magdalena, "Why, we are both widowed. He is dead. And you never heard him!"

She tore the dress from her throat, she beat her breast, she took wood ashes from the fireplace—because the nights had been cold they had a fire there that night—and she cast them upon her head.

"Aye!" she cried out, and she stretched her fist to Magdalena, "judge if he be the more mine or thine. It was I that killed him in his sin, and with me he will live in hell for evermore."

Magdalena eyed her unmoved and placid.

"It was all lies," she asked, "that you told me when you said you loved him no more and had got another lover? I had thought it was all lies."

Anne Jeal cried out, "It was to me he came, not thee. And how should he come to thee, who sat and sewed and waited and never sighed? I loved

him so that I slew him. Could you do that? What are you? What is your love?"

Magdalena looked at her face and then at the little image she held.

"Is it with this you claim to have slain my husband?" she said. "I do not believe that this can be done."

"What was your love to mine?" Anne Jeal said again.

"Anne Jeal," Magdalena said, "such was my love that I could wait for him—and that you could not do."

Anne Jeal cast up her hands.

"Must you always have the best, even in words?" she said. A frightful passion of weeping passed over her, and at the thought that even by means of the image that she had made and annealed with her blood—even by means of that she should never hear his voice again, she sprang towards Magdalena Colman. But Magdalena was so strong that, with one hand, she held her very easily back, whilst with the other she crumbled the dried wax into little fragments. She cast them into the ashes.

"I will not believe that you have killed my husband with this gewgaw," she said. "But, if you have, because I was so rich in my husband's love I pardon you who were so starved."

Anne Jeal fell to her knees before the fireplace; she dug her hands into the soft ashes to find the little fragments of her image; a light dust went up, and her eyes were filled with scalding tears so

that she could no longer see. Suddenly she turned upon her knees.

"God help you with your pardons," she said. "Wait till you have learned the worst. You are an Anabaptist and a foreigner. Very soon the King shall make a law that all the goods and gear of you and your folk shall be taken from you. You shall be cast out from this house, you shall starve, you shall be a beggar. Starve! You have said I starved! Why, you shall be a starveling and an outcast, without a husband, or a name, or a home, or a crust, or a clout to your back, or a grave for your bones, or——"

Magdalena's thoughts had gone back to one of her earlier speeches.

"If that my husband be dead," she said, "and even if he died in sin, yet he will go to heaven to await my coming, for he was a good man all his life. So till the coming of the saints upon the earth and beyond it and for ever he will be with me and not with thee. You shall never see him again unless you repent."

Anne Jeal looked round to the place where it had seemed to her that Edward Colman's shining simulacrum had disappeared; she imagined that there she might see a point of light that would grow larger until he was there again. But it was all dusky and dark, for the hangings were of a dark green.

"Why, get you gone from my house, Anne Jeal," Magdalena said, "for though I pardon you yet it is not seemly that you remain here where you

have sought to work evil against the house of my lord."

Anne Jeal closed her lips and remained kneeling. At last she uttered—

"Why, I repent that I have killed my love, for it has taken out of my hands the power to kill him again in the future."

She remained kneeling, looking at the floor desolately; she scratched the boards with her finger-nail.

Magdalena took up the stone axe and the little rattle and the eagle's feathers and the little knife into her arms. She held the letter in her hand, and she was going to a room where there was a light by which she might read it.

"Get you gone when you will, Anne Jeal," she said. "But, since I will never speak word with you again, I will read you some lessons." She was almost invisible in the dusk by the door, and she paused to arrange her thoughts. "You have said that I was an Anabaptist and a foreigner; that is not true, since for love of my husband I will never again be one. But these things I know, that they have taught me that of all things in the world the strongest are patience and love." She paused again, for she thought a little slowly. Anne Jeal remained motionless. "And," Magdalena Colman answered, "just as with patience my father's people await the second coming of the saints on the earth, so have I awaited the coming of my lord and love. And if he be dead I will so await his coming back to earth with the saints as the Anabaptists believe, or I will strive so to live that I may be

taken up to him where he is among the elect in heaven."

She paused again, and then, "And this, too, I have learned of them; that it is all one where that waiting is done, and whether it be done in purple and fine linen and good houses and many honours, or whether in rags and hunger, so long as you be assured of the perfect love either of the saints or of him who is my husband in God's good eyes. For the Anabaptists have been driven over the earth till they came here, and they are still steadfast and wait. And if—as very truly it may—new persecutions strike them and me in this land, so they will wander again and without doubt to that New World where my husband is. And so, if he be dead, I will await his coming till all earthly hope of his return be lost and until my little child be born. And then, if there is no more hope and they be persecuted and I, so I, and they with me, will beget ourselves to that New World. For, certainly, it is no further from there to heaven than from here, since one sky covers those regions and this. And may be, if my husband is dead there, it is nearer from there to the part of heaven in which my husband is. . . ."

This was the longest speech that she had ever made, and her words failed her. In the failing light only her white forehead was visible, and then she went through the doorway. Anne Jeal remained upon her knees, scratching the wood of the floor with her finger-nail for a long time afterwards. At last she raised her arm on high, and whispered—

"Great God! Where is Thy justice, that one

should have all and one of us nothing at all?" She was silent, and then she cried out, "Great God! What was her love to mine that Thou shouldst give her such a strength and render me so weak?"

By then it had grown quite dark.

EPILOGUE

UPON the *Half Moon* that had swung a little way up the river with the tide—a matter of six or seven miles or so—Hudson waited with a great impatience after the sun got low. They had dropped the anchor and lay about where the red and rocky wall was in that part at its highest. At one time they had heard a gun-shot from the thick woods on the left-hand side of them when they faced seawards; but they heard no more sounds till towards three of the afternoon, when there were two gun-shots almost abreast of them—but a little far inland. Then there was no more sound—and a great anxiety fell upon Hudson.

He had a little boat out and rowed up and down the rocky shore of the left hand; the trees came almost down to the water's edge; it was a very hot day, and many sea-birds and great eagles sat on the stones of the shore. But the sun went down, and the blood-red light turned the red rocks to a colour so bright that it hurt the eyes to see them. The *Half Moon* lay still on the silent river; fishes sprang up here and there; the night fell and the moon gave a little light. Far up in the hills they thought they saw a glow as of a faint fire, but they could not be certain that it was not a last glimmer of the sunset over the black tree-tops.

At last Hudson swore he heard a faint moaning almost abreast of them, that he saw a faint blackness on the shore or in the water, moving about up and down. He had out a boat and steered through the quiet; and then they knew that it was a faint voice that cried out.

Outreweltius stood there up to his waist in the water. He was quite calm, and still carried his stand gun, but he said that Edward Colman was dead and old Jan either dead or taken. He said that the Indians had ringed them round all that afternoon among the trees as if they were afraid. Once or twice they had fired arrows in showers, but these had always rebounded from their breastplates and helmets, so that he deemed the savages thought them godlike and invulnerable. But at last one arrow had struck the palm of old Jan where it was unprotected, and he had given a great cry of pain. They were in a sort of glade then, with the sunlight upon them—and immediately old Jan cried out the Indians, as if they saw these were no more than men, had burst out twenty or thirty yards above them, bedizened and hideous in the sunlight, all copper-skinned, bedaubed with ochre, waving stone hatchets and leaping in the air, shooting arrows in a cloud as they came, it seemed many hundreds of them among the rocks. An arrow had struck Edward Colman in the soft part of the neck, glancing down off his helm between helmet and cuirass. Both old Jan and himself had fired with their stand-guns, but when he stepped back to reload he had fallen down into a sort of pit that was quite covered with briars and bushes. He had

known no more of the fight, for he had lain quite still, only he heard cries and voices and the feet of men going round among the bushes. And he had lain there still, the pit at its top being quite closed out from the sky by the verdure and thorns. But at nightfall he had crept out of the pit and so down to the river, where they had come to take him.

Next morning, whilst they still debated on the *Half Moon*, there came down to the water a great many copper-coloured men with feathers on their backs and painted with ochre. Amongst them they had a white man quite naked. They stayed their howling until the *Half Moon* sent a boat near the shore—and it was to be seen that the white man among them was old Jan with his beard falling upon his naked chest.

One of the Indians, a man of huge stature, made to them in the boat a long speech. He pointed to the sea, to eastward, and to the heavens above; he raised one finger and then six; he affected to draw his bow and shook his head; he made as women do when they cast ashes on their heads and bewail the dead. The warriors around him leaned up in their bows and were silent. From time to time old Jan screamed and jabbered and then the chief paused and looked at him, afterwards resuming his sonorous words. Finally he paused for a long time too, and leaning on his own bow seemed to await speech from the boat. He was a man near seven feet high, and his coronal of feathers made him appear to have a great majesty. Suddenly he uttered one single word, and he and all his com-

panions had vanished into the road as if they had sunk into the ground.

Old Jan remained alone on the shore, naked and gibbering, and when they drove the boat to take him aboard he ran away over the stones of the shore, crying out unintelligible words. But at last he fell down, and they bound him with the rope and took him aboard.

Henry Hudson was like a man mad with grief for a time; he cried out upon the Dutchmen that it was because of their firing on the canoes that the Indians had slain his innocent mate and friend, and he said that the Indians with their clemency were better Christians than they all. But they could not understand one word in ten of what he said, and at last, signing them to up-anchor, he went down into his cabin to be lonely with his grief. So they sailed away up that broad stream.

THE END

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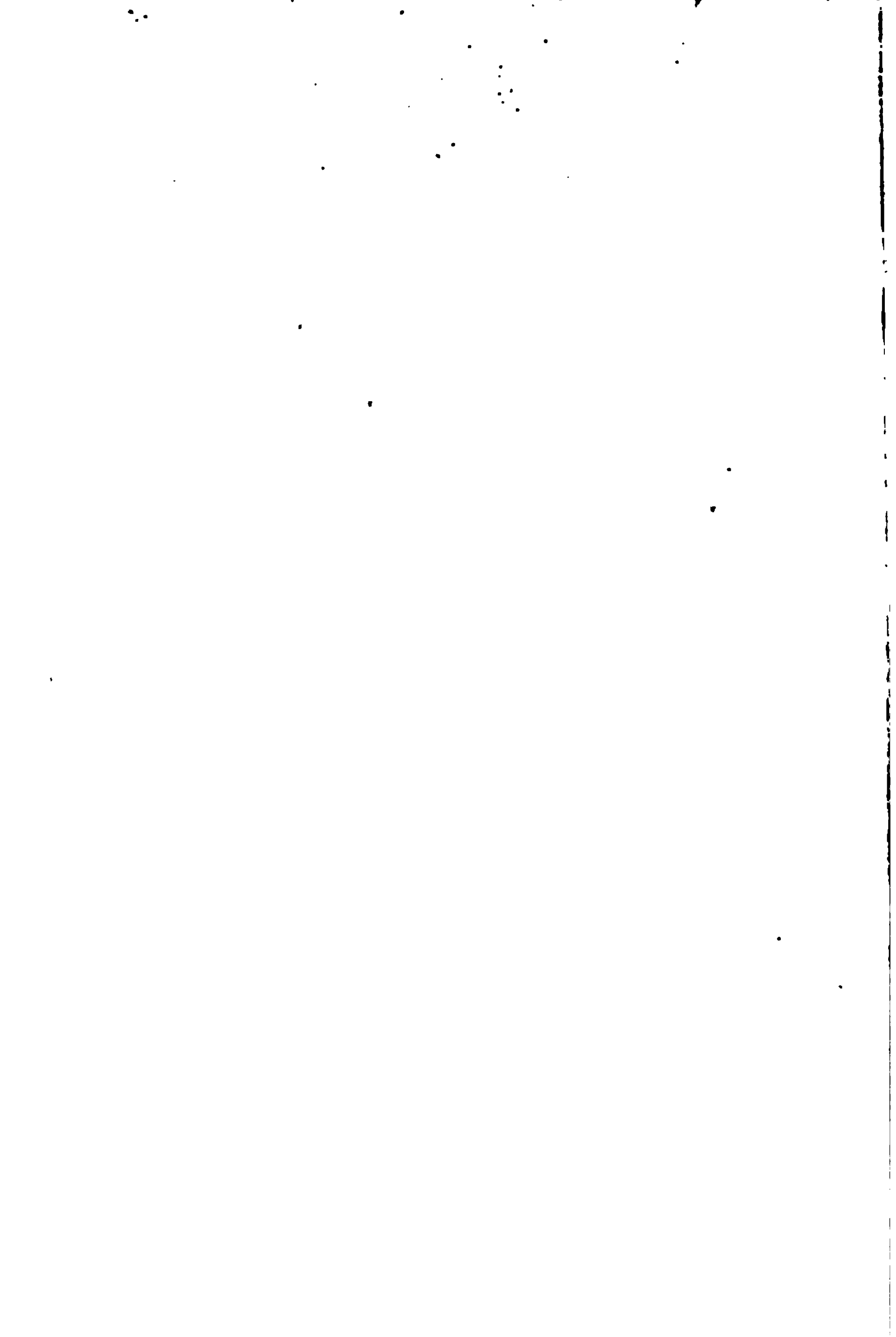

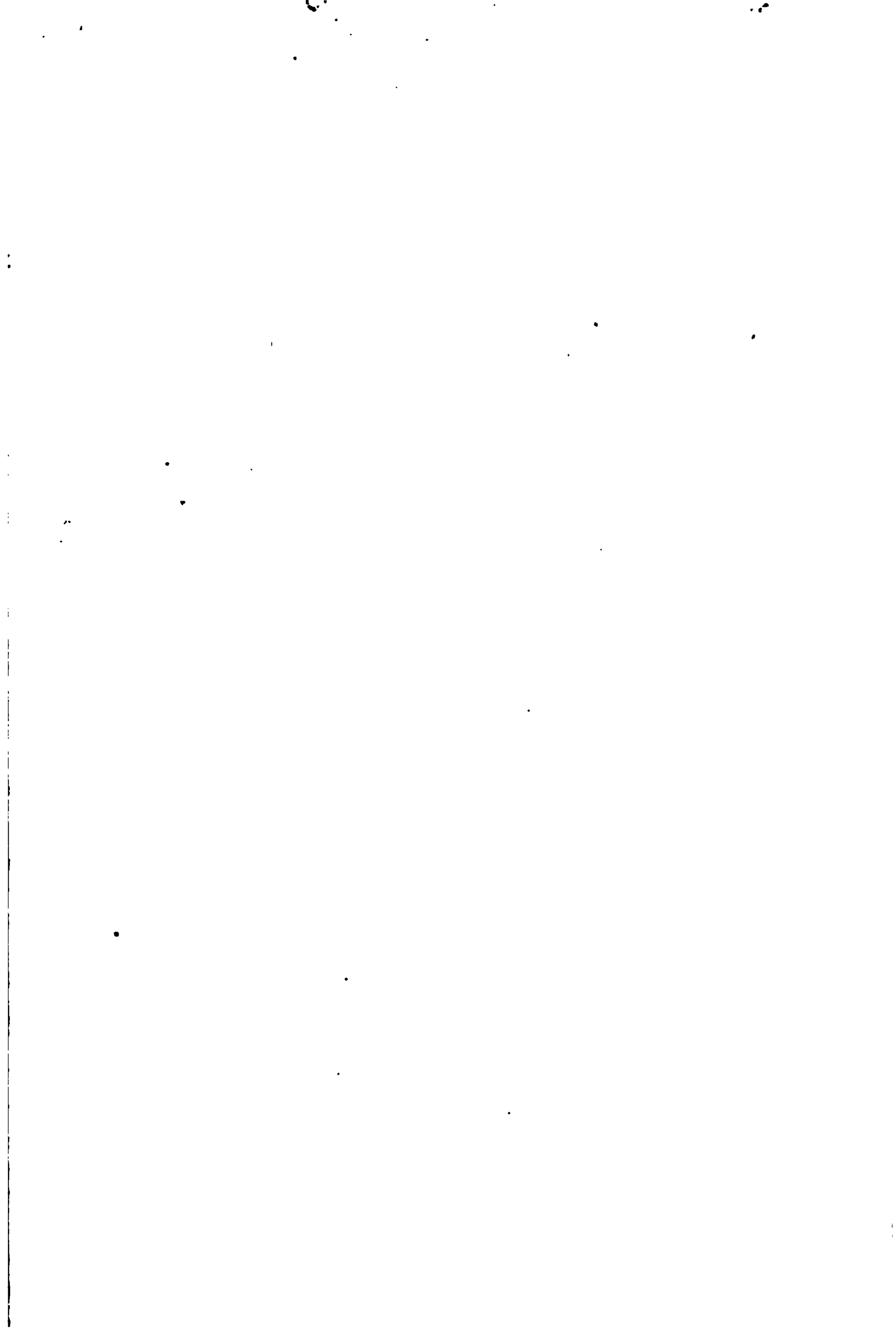

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