adorning him with the numbers of his own proclamation that he had scattered; and treated with every ignominy and harshness, he was committed for that evening to the military prison.

The taking of a spy, and more especially the threatened execution of one, made of course a mighty noise throughout the city. Aware of the progress of the allies, the inveterate commandant pressed the trial and every intermediate step that was to precede his final vengeance.

The citizens, nevertheless, Bonapartists as they were, had no such sanguinary wishes, but rather commiserated the brave man. The fishermen felt still more sympathy, and resolved among each other to return Lieutenant Neville's past kindness and forbearance to them by rescuing him at any hazard.

They kept their designs secret with ease, as they formed quite a distinct class from the rest of the population. In order to mask their intentions, they took occasion to display the utmost fury against the spy; and their vociferations for sunken boats and lost cargoes, of which they accused the commander of the Ariel, resounded in the ears of the commandant, as also in those of the pretended victim, who was at a loss to account for this gratuitous inveteracy.

From the military prison to the Palais de Justice, or scene of trial, was a considerable distance, and the captive more than once meditated the possibility of escape as he was brought back and forward. He was not manacled, but the guard was always too strong for the hope of success. As he returned from condemnation, the prisoner and escort were surrounded by an immense throng of fishermen and their wives, and these last were neither the least active nor least vociferous. They cried, "Death to the spy!" "Down with the English corsair!" "Cursed Englishman! where are our men and our vessels?" and a smart volley of stones, seemingly intended for the prisoner but really overwhelming the escort, made the soldiers think it was most prudent for them to give up the victim of popular fury; and as he was to be hanged on the morrow, the fate that at present was imminent over him was less ignominious than that which justice threatened.

The fishermen and women, therefore, carried off their prey without any opposition, or rather drove it before them, pelting and shouting, and in many cases severely wounding one another, that the earnestness of their rage might not be called in question. The soldiers followed, however, somewhat mistrustful, through the narrow lanes and passages by which the victim and his apparent assassins, but real rescuers, hurried toward the harbor. The guard expected to find the mangled body of their late prisoner at every step; on the contrary, victim and avengers disappeared. They were no sooner out of sight of the military, than the brawny fishermen, seizing the lieutenant, bore him at full speed, each holding a limb, through their suburb, again putting him upon his feet, and chasing him before them as they emerged upon the quay. There, chasing and abusing, they directed him toward a little lugger that lay moored at the extremity of the wooden pier. "There's your home," cried they, pointing to the waves. Lieutenant Neville shook the hand of the speaker, and stepped on board. The sails were hoisted already, and the lugger swept out of the harbor before a single shot could be brought to bear on her.