



VOL. III.—No. 75.

FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 344.

### CHAPTER LXXIII.—SIR GEORGE EXPLAINS HIS BRAND.

The king was evidently displeased as well as alarmed at the violence of the words used by Sir George—as shown in our last chapter. Sir George saw that, and moved more warily.

The cups were placed on the table, and then with some real, mingled with a good deal of false emotion, the king raised the kneeling soldier, and made him sit by his side on a low stool.

Seeing his visitor was again inclined to sit in a kind of gloomy reverie rather than speak what was in his mind after the check he had received, the king endeavoured to tempt him on by a leading question.

"You have seen Lord Langton?"

"I have, your majesty; and it is partly because I have seen him, and with so little satisfaction to myself, that I am here."

"Indeed! Does this point to his fidelity—his honour?"

"Certainly not, sire. In brief, your majesty, the difference between Lord Langton and myself is this: he thinks revolutions *can* be made with rose-water; I, unhappily, being an older man, have a conviction that it is necessary to let blood."

"You do not put it pleasantly, Sir George."

"No, your majesty, that is my fault. And there again Lord Langton and I are at issue. I never saw a man set to work in such a hopeful spirit to cut blocks with a razor, as that amiable young nobleman. My notion of the true tool is the Highlander's broadsword."

"We are free to confess," said the king, beginning to revert to his royal dignities of speech, as he saw, he thought more clearly, the serious questions about to be raised, "that, abstractedly, our own views incline to those you now express."

"Is it so, indeed, your majesty?" said Sir George, with sudden animation, and rising to his feet; when, being admonished by a grave gesture, he reseated himself, fuming a little in his secret soul at the king's folly in not letting

him have his own way, even if it were to the temporary prejudice of etiquette.

"Well, your majesty, the long and short of the matter—for I am not good at words—is this:—Lord Langton, to do him justice, is doing for the cause all that can be done in *his way*; but that way, if taken alone, will only bury us deeper in the present Slough of Despond. If an insurrection—looked at as a single measure—can be brought to such a state of development before it bursts as to deserve and obtain success, Lord Langton will do it. He is wonderfully clever, wonderfully agile, and wonderfully lucky! He seems to be finding and discoursing with—even if but for a few seconds of time—all our best men; yet no one of our men, so far as I can discover, can find him."

"You say that ironically, Sir George?" observed the king, gravely.

"No, sire—or if there be a spice of malice in me, it is not dangerous. No, your majesty; I honour the young gentleman even while I believe he is labouring under a great delusion."

"And that is——?" queried the king.

"The belief that ordinary measures will suffice for a time that is essentially extraordinary."



Two Figures entered representing respectively Archbishop Laud and Charles I.