

and one of his perukes, and trimmed and combed by one who knew him, the resemblance I presented was so remarkable that none of the lords at the table could be blind to it. One or two, in sheer wonder, exclaimed on it; while Sir John, who, poor gentleman, was more concerned than any, fairly gasped with dismay.

It was left to the Duke of Devonshire to break the spell. "What is this? Who is this?" he said, in the utmost astonishment. "What does it mean?"

The King, who had noted on an occasion that very likeness, which all now saw, and was the first to read the riddle, laughed dryly. "Two very common things, my lord," he said, "a rogue and a fool. Speak, man," he continued, addressing me. "You were in the Duke's household awhile ago? *n'est-ce pas ça?* I saw you here?"

"Yes, your Majesty," I said, hardly keeping my fears within bounds.

"And you have been playing his part, I suppose? Eh? At—how do you call the place—Ashford?"

"Yes, your Majesty—under compulsion," I said, trembling.

"Ay! Compulsion of that good gentleman at the foot of the table, I suppose?"

The words of assent were on my lips, when a cry, and an exceeding bitter cry, stayed their utterance. It came from Sir John. Dumbfounded for a time, between astonishment and suspicion, between wonder what this travesty was and wonder why it was assumed, he had at length discerned its full scope and meaning, and where it touched him. With a cry of rage he threw up his hands in protest against the fraud; then in a flash he turned on the villain by his side. "You d——d scoundrel!" he cried. "You have destroyed me! You have murdered me!"

Before he could be held off, his fingers were in Smith's neckcloth, and clutching his throat; and so staunch was his hold that Admiral Russell and Sir William Trumball