

plished through the motive of the hour. He had seen, in moments of emergency, the right thing to do, and he had done it. He knew that other men had a policy which had come to them with a knowledge of motives—which had come with the experience of human selfishness,—which had come with a keen apprehension of ends and a careful study of means. He very plainly saw this; and he was cute enough to apprehend the fact, not only that he would be obliged to rely on his instincts and his quick and unsophisticated moral and intellectual perceptions for maintaining his power and poise, but that he had a certain advantage in this. The game that policy would be obliged to take at long range,—with careful calculations of deflections, distances, and resistances,—a quick and pure perception could clap its hands upon. A mind that knew too much—a mind that was loaded with precedents, gathered in the path of conventionality and custom—would be slow to see a new way, while one to which all things were new would be hindered by nothing.

All that education and association could do to give Nicholas a woman's mind and a woman's purity, had been done; but behind this mind, and pervaded with this purity, there sat a man's executive power. Of this he had become conscious in his occasional contact with men whose life was a scheme and a policy. What wonder, then, that he was curious about himself? What wonder that the discovery of himself should have been esteemed by him an enterprise quite worthy of his undertaking?

He had been installed in his apartments but a few days, when his presence in New York seemed to have been discovered in quarters most unlikely to acquire the knowledge. College friends who were having a hard time of it in the city found it convenient to borrow small sums of money of him. He was invited to dinners and receptions; and he learned that the flavour of his heroism still hung about him, and that he was still an object of curious interest. Then, various claims to his beneficence were presented by the regular benevolent societies. To all these he turned a willing ear, and lent a generous hand. It was a matter of wonder to him, for a good many days, how so many people, of such different grades, should know just where to look for him.

One morning, as he had completed some business of his own that had cost him an hour at his desk, Pont appeared with the card of "Mr. Jonas Cavendish." Who Mr. Jonas Cavendish was, he had not the remotest apprehension; but he told Pont to show him up.

Mr. Jonas Cavendish came in, holding before him, as if he expected Nicholas to take it, an old and carefully brushed hat. The weather was cold, but he wore no overcoat. There was a cheerful—almost a gleeful—look on the man's face, a dandyish air about his buttoned-up