

Monsieur Otto, and I—monsieur can see my hands now, and imagine what they were like when I was seven-and-twenty years of age.

"Well, now that I had him in my coach, the question was what I should do with him. I did not wish to hurt him if I could help it.

" 'This is a pressing business,' said he. 'I have a dispatch which I must deliver instantly.'

"Our coach had rattled down Harley street, but now, in accordance with my instructions, it turned and began to go up again.

" 'Hullo,' he cried. 'What's this?'

" 'What then?' I asked.

" 'We are driving back. Where is Lord Hawkesbury?'

" 'We shall see him presently.'

" 'Let me out! he shouted. 'There's some trickery in this. Coachman, stop the coach! Let me out, I say!'

"I dashed him back into his seat as he tried to turn the handle of the door. He roared for help. I clapped my hand across his mouth. He made his teeth meet through the side of it. I seized his own cravat and bound it over his lips. He still mumbled and gurgled, but the noise was covered by the rattle of our wheels. We were passing the minister's house and there was no candle in the window.

"The messenger sat quiet for a little, and I could see the glint of his eyes as he stared at me through the gloom. He was partly stunned, I think, by the force with which I had hurled him into his seat. And also he was pondering perhaps what he should do next. Presently he got his mouth partly free from the cravat,