

A knock at the door interrupted him, and he turned that way impatiently, and paused. The King, too, glanced round with a gesture of annoyance. "See what it is," he said.

Sir William Trumball rose and went; and after a brief conference, during which the lords at the table continued to cast impatient glances towards the door, he returned. "If it please you, sir," he said, "a witness desires to be heard." And with that his face expressed so much surprise that the King stared at him in wonder.

"A witness?" said the King, and pished and fidgeted in his chair. Then, "This is not a Court of Justice," he continued, peevishly. "We shall have all the world here presently. But—well, let him in."

Sir William obeyed, and went and returned under the eyes of the Council; nor will the reader who has perused with attention the earlier part of this history be greatly surprised to hear that when he returned, I, Richard Price, was with him.

I am not going to dwell on the misery through which I had gone in anticipation of that appearance; the fears which I had been forced to combat, or the night watches, through which I had lain, sweating and awake. Suffice it that I stood there at last, seeing in a kind of maze the sober lights and dark rich colours of the room, and the faces at the table all turned towards me; and stood there, not in the humble guise befitting my station, but in velvet and ruffles, sword and peruke, the very double, as the mirror before which I had dressed had assured me, of my noble patron. This, at Mr. Vernon's suggestion and by his contrivance.

While I had lived in my lord's house, and moved to and fro soberly garbed, in a big wig or my own hair, the likeness had been no more than ground for a nudge and a joke among the servants. Now, dressed once more, as Smith had dressed me, in a suit of the Duke's clothes,