

ing it with his arm, while a tiger-like expression sat on his countenance, and his eyes shot into the youth like drops of molten lead. For some time he thus held the lad in torture from very capriciousness. "Tell him to come in then!" growled the man at last, turning away, his head sinking down again to the attitude of repose,—and the boy darted off without waiting for a second bidding, and when he returned with a stranger, his master's features had undergone a wonderful transition. Supreme content and affability of manner seemed characteristic of the man. When his eye caught the uniform of Monmouth, it did flame a little, but very little. "Ha!" thought he, "another fool runs his neck into the noose!"

"What would'st with me, friend?" he said in a careless tone of voice.

"I come to —" the speaker hesitated, and his face crimsoned a moment with a semblance of shame—"I accept life on the offered terms, Colonel Kirke."

"'Tis well and wise! proceed!"

"A follower of Monmouth has been secreted by a woman."

"There's nothing strange in that! women are the head and front of all rebellion! what more?"

"Her name is Gaunt!"

"And his?"

"Give me first assurance that you'll keep faith with me."

"There's no need of promises. Thou'rt in my power already. Hast not looked at thy dress to-day?"

The stranger trembled slightly; "but suppose," he replied, recovering himself;—"I'm habited thus to avoid suspicion by Monmouth's friends!"

"He who would serve the king, needs no disguises. It will not serve you, friend!"

"But I have come hither on offer of indemnity."

"Well then, safety depends on the information you may furnish."

"His name is Martin Gould?"

"Where is he?"

"Before you!"

"Say't again?"

"I've said it!" the other replied doggedly.

Colonel Kirke eyed his visitor with no little curiosity. Bad himself, and familiar with wicked men, he seemed yet doubtful that he had heard aright. "Tell me," he again demanded, "Am I to understand shelter was given to you—to you, yourself?"

The man nodded assent.

Kirke regarded him contemptuously for some minutes;—for even the depraved can censure those of their own stamp, and hunt down their faults with pursuit more eager than that of better men.

"You seek to amuse me, friend," he said in a playful tone, throwing himself back with the air of a man preparing to examine some curiosity at his ease. "You do but jest at Monmouth and his friends—and faith! the joke's a good one—a lampoon like that should be preserved; 'tis rich, man! rich!—would'st sell the authorship?—well keep it then, and take it to the King's Attorney General. Take with thee too, a file of soldiers, lest you lose it by the way. Ho! Albert, escort this man, and see him taken care of. Ha! ha! ha!" he added when left alone, "I wonder had Monmouth any more such men as that to fight his battles?" * * * * *

It was a fine morning in April in the year lately referred to, there was just enough motion in the air to create that sleepy rustling noise among the leaves, so congenial to the unruffled spirit; scarcely a foot passenger was to be seen in many parts of London. The desire of seclusion seemed to have extended to the very dogs, which, whenever they ventured upon the side-walks, looked about them with an air that seemed to imply a sense of latent danger, and retreated quickly to their kennels. Now and then might be seen an anxious face peering between the folds of a window-blind as a mounted patrol thundered by. A stranger, unacquainted with the history of the times, might have supposed that a judgment had passed over the city, and struck down its multitudinous inhabitants, and that few were left to perform the last offices for the dead. A sentence had indeed been passed, but it was not that of offended heaven against a guilty people. A judgment had been pronounced, but it was upon one of nature's purest handiwork. The noble bird, whose spirit soared high on pinions of light, had fallen a prey to the wiles of the wicked; and the city, lost and depraved as it was, wept for her misfortunes. A cry of execration had gone up, and the silence of despair had succeeded; and then men looked upon their offspring and wondered whether such a destiny might not soon be theirs. Tempted by the allurements of mammon, and the hope of preserving his miserable existence, Martin Gould had basely given up his benefactress, and by his own unsupported testimony, convicted her of the crime of succouring his own unworthy person, when all others had desert-