

of friends and allies. Of a certainty, the French have given enough for both to do, so far. You are a soldier of the King, Lieutenant Spencer, and so are you, Lieutenant Charteris."

Whether his words would have stopped us I do not know, but at that moment I heard cries outside. I had heard a hum or distant murmur before, but paid no attention, thinking it was the ordinary noise of a busy town, such as ours. Now it was much nearer and louder.

"I think it is a street affray, and perhaps a serious one!" cried Culverhouse, seizing the opportunity to put a stop to our affair. "Come, gentlemen, we will see what it is!"

He grasped me by the arm, and half dragged me to the door. Any suspicion of my courage was saved, as the others, incited by curiosity, came too. The loungers crowded after us.

A crowd of men and boys, many of villainous look, had gathered about a man and a woman in the street, and were shouting at them curses, and other abuse as bad.

"Stone the French spy! Kill him!" they cried.

I could see over the crowd the head of the man whom they threatened. A face almost as dark as that of an Indian, but the darkness of weather, and not of nature, a fierce, curved nose, blue eyes, and very black hair—the whole a leonine countenance. He looked disdainfully at the crowd, and said something in the French tongue. Though I understood the language, I did not