

our footsteps aroused him, and opening his eyes, he raised his head and stared wildly about him. His appearance, as he did so, was ghastly in the extreme. His beautiful black hair had been shorn away at the temples to permit his wound to be dressed, and his head was enveloped in bandages, stained in many places with blood; his face was pale as death, save a bright hectic spot in the centre of each cheek, fatal evidence of the inward fever which was consuming him. His classical features, already pinched and shrunken, their paleness enhanced by contrast with his black whiskers, were fixed and rigid as those of a corpse; while his eyes, which burned with an unnatural brilliancy, glared on us with an expression of mingled hate and terror. He seemed partially to recognize me, for, after watching me for a moment, his lips working convulsively, as if striving to form articulate sounds, he exclaimed in a low, hoarse voice:—

"Ha! on the scent already! The staid sober lover—let him take care the pretty Clara does not jilt him. I know where she is?—not I—that's a question you must demand of Mr. Cumberland, sir. I beg your pardon, did you say you doubted my word?—I have the honour to wish you good-morning—my friend will call upon you. What!—Lizzy Manrice! who dares to say I wronged her?—'tis false. Take that old man away, with his grey hair—why does he torment me?—I tell you the girl's safe, thanks to—to—my head's confused—the 'long man,' as Curtis calls him, Harry Oaklands, handsome Harry Oaklands. What did I hear you mutter? that he horse-whipped me?—and if he did, there was a day of retribution—ha!—ha!—Sir, I shot him for it; shot him like a dog—I hated him, and he perished—the strong man died—died! and what then?—what becomes of dead men? A long-faced fool said I was dying, just now—he thought I didn't hear him—I not hear an insult! and I consider that one—I'll have him out for it—I'll—" and he endeavoured to raise himself, but was scarcely able to lift his head from the pillow, and sank back with a groan of anguish. After a moment he spoke again, in a low, plaintive voice, "I am very ill, very weak—send for her—she will come—oh yes, she will come, for she loves me; she knows my fiery nature—knows my vices, as men call them, and yet she loves me—the only one who ever did—send for her—she will come, it is her son who wishes for her." Then, in a tone of the fondest endearment he continued, "*Lucia, bella madre, il tuo figlio ti chiama.*"

"He has been speaking Italian for some time," observed the surgeon in a whisper.

"That man Spicer told me he thought he was of Italian extraction," replied I.

Low as were our voices, the quick ear of the sufferer caught the name I had mentioned.

"Spicer," he exclaimed eagerly; "has he returned? Well, man, speak! is she safely lodged? Cumberland has done his part admirably, then. Oh, it was a grand scheme!—Ha! played me false—I'll