

dauphin had survived his wound, and was out of danger; but then, to Richard, followed this alarming passage:

"As was inevitable, sentence of death has been passed upon you, and a heavy reward held out as the price of your apprehension; this you need not have feared—but I know from positive authority of a private nature, that the Spaniard, Malpertz, induced by the hope of a title, and by the desire to revenge some wrong that you have done him, has taken a sacred oath to follow you to your retreat, and at the risk of his own life, to capture or destroy you."

At that moment a ship was crossing the seas to England, and Alessandro Malpertz was pacing to and fro upon her deck.

A cloudy day had given place to a clear, starlight night. The autumn winds were abroad, and the few leaves that yet remained upon the solitary tree in the garden attached to Richard's house fluttered mournfully upon the branches—for their companions were yellow and dead, and scattered upon the ground, and the rustling song of the green and crowded leaves, that had given renewed youth and cheerful life to the old tree, was now silent and gone, and the sound occasionally given forth, as the strong wind more rudely shook the branches, was but the memory of a former time, and the heavy sigh of old age for the faded glory of youth.

One apartment of that house, which looked upon the garden, presented a striking contrast to the cheerlessness without; a large bright fire blazed ruddily in the grate, and lighted up the paintings that were hung about the room, while the magnificent mirror upon the mantel-piece reflected the dancing rays as they shifted fantastically about, and followed their curious antics in a hundred varying phases.

It was one of those roomy and substantial houses that our ancestors loved to build; and every chamber gave an indication of wealth and ease. The rich tint of Sienna marble was on the walls, and the broad and many-stepped staircases, the massive and highly-finished doors, the warm wainscoting and profuse drapery—all served to stamp the habitation as that of a family of affluence. It was in a time when the rich merchants of London invariably dwelt in the city, and built for themselves houses more

resembling the mansions of nobility than the dwellings of tradesmen, and this house was one of the most sumptuous. Retired somewhat from the public thoroughfares, and reached by a court-way closed at night by tall and massy iron gates, it combined at once the comforts and convenience of a town residence with the repose and safety of a castle. But on the night of which we treat, when the iron gates were closed, they shut the enemy in. At dusk, a stealthy footstep had passed unseen up the courtway, and when the porter secured the gates and entered the house, he saw not the dark figure crouching beneath the shadow of the garden wall.

Let us return to the chamber where the broad mirror is chasing the shifting rays upon the pictures, and as we pass through the doorway, we may hear in a low tone the single word "Check!" pronounced.

The two figures seated at the table by the fire, with the curious little ivory men between them, are Richard and Marie, and they are playing the thoughtful game of Chess.

But a deeper game was being played—a game of mighty import, to be won and lost that night. The old tree in the garden, whose branches sometimes touched the window, was shaking violently, and it was not the wind that shook it; it was no bird that alighted now upon it, for a strong man had climbed to the trunk, and was straining every nerve to reach the window by the aid of its sturdy arms.

"You are not playing well to-night, Richard," said his wife.

"I am not altogether well myself, Marie," he rejoined, as he threw himself back in his chair. "The weather influences one's spirits; it has been very gloomy to-day, and I have had sadder thoughts than usual; I have been thinking of Paris, and I never think of Paris without being sad."

"You should not give way to desponding thoughts," said Marie, tenderly; "I can think of Paris, and yet not be sad."

"It is when I think of *you*, Marie, that the shadow comes. You do not betray a wish to see France again, and I know it is in kindness to me you hide your thoughts. Do you never long for your native country? do you never sigh for the home of your birth?"