

unhappy girl—must rest in her father's appeal to the broken laws of his country—I must haste to apprise him of this heartrending intelligence.

As Tressilian, thus conversing with himself, approached to try some means of opening the door, or climbing over it, he perceived there was a key put into the lock from the outside. It turned round, the bolt revolved, and a cavalier who entered, muffled in his riding cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, with a drooping feather, stood at once within four yards of him who was desirous of going out. They exclaimed at once, in tones of resentment and surprise, the one 'Varney!' the other 'Tressilian!'

'What make you here?' was the stern question put by the stranger to Tressilian, when the moment of surprise was passed.—'What make you here, where your presence is neither expected nor desired?'

'Nay, Varney,' replied Tressilian, 'what make you here? Are you come to triumph over the innocence you have destroyed, as the vulture or carrion-crow comes to batten on the lamb, whose eyes it has first plucked out?—Or are you come to encounter the merited vengeance of an honest man?—Draw, dog, and defend thyself!'

Tressilian drew his sword as he spoke, but Varney only laid his hand on the hilt of his own, as he replied, 'Thou art mad, Tressilian—I own appearances are against me, but by every oath a priest can make, or a man can swear, Mistress Amy Robsart hath had no injury from me; and in truth I were somewhat loath to hurt you in this cause—Thou know'st I can fight.'

'I have heard thee say so, Varney,' replied Tressilian; 'but now, methinks, I would fain have some better evidence than thine own word.'

'That shall not be lacking, if blade and hilt be but true to me,' answered Varney; and, drawing his sword with the right hand, he threw his cloak around his left, and attacked Tressilian with a vigour which for a moment seemed to give him the advantage of the combat. But this advantage lasted not long. Tressilian added to a spirit determined on revenge, a hand and eye admirably well adapted to the use of the rapier; so that Varney, finding himself hard pressed in his turn, endeavoured to avail himself of his superior strength, by closing with his adversary. For this purpose he hazarded the receiving one of Tressilian's passes in his cloak, wrapped as it was around his arm, and ere his adversary could extricate his rapier thus entangled, he closed with him, shortening his own sword at the same time, with the purpose of despatching him. But Tressilian was on his guard, and, unsheathing his poniard, parried with the blade of that weapon the home-thrust which would otherwise have finished the combat, and, in the struggle which followed, displayed so much address, as might have confirmed the opinion that he drew his origin from Cornwall, whose natives are such masters in the art of wrestling, as, were the games of antiquity revived, might enable them to challenge all Europe to the ring. Varney, in his ill-advised attempt, received a fall so sudden and violent, that his sword flew several paces from his hand, and, ere he could recover his

feet, that of his antagonist was pointed to his throat.

'Give me the instant means of relieving the victim of thy treachery,' said Tressilian, 'or take the last look of your Creator's blessed sun!'

And while Varney, too confused or too sullen to reply, made a sudden effort to arise, his adversary drew back his arm, and would have executed his threat, but that the blow was arrested by the grasp of Michael Lambourne, who, directed by the clashing of swords, had come up just in time to save the life of Varney.

'Come, come, comrade,' said Lambourne, 'here is enough done and more than enough—put up your fox, and let us be jogging—The Black Bear growls for us.'

'Oll, abject!' said Tressilian, striking himself free of Lambourne's grasp; 'darest thou come betwixt me and mine enemy?'

'Abject! abject!' repeated Lambourne; 'that shall be answered with cold steel whenever a bowl of sack has washed out memory of the morning's draught that we had together. In the meanwhile, do you see, shog—tramp—begone—we are two to one.'

He spoke truth, for Varney had taken the opportunity to regain his weapon, and Tressilian perceived it was madness to press the quarrel further against such odds. He took his purse from his side, and, taking out two gold nobles, flung them to Lambourne: 'There, catiff, is thy morning wage—thou shalt not say thou hast been my guide unhired.—Varney, farewell—we shall meet where there are none to come betwixt us.' So saying, he turned round and departed through the postern-door.

Varney seemed to want the inclination, or perhaps the power (for his fall had been a severe one), to follow his retreating enemy. But he glared darkly as he disappeared, and then addressed Lambourne: 'Art thou a comrade of Foster's, good fellow?'

'Sworn friends, as the haft is to the knife,' replied Michael Lambourne.

'Here is a broad piece for thee—follow yonder fellow, and see where he takes earth, and bring me word up to the mansion-house here. Cautious and silent, thou knave, as thou valnest thy throat.'

'Enough said,' replied Lambourne; 'I can draw on a scent as well as a sleuth-hound.'

'Begone then,' said Varney, sheathing his rapier; and, turning his back on Michael Lambourne, he walked slowly towards the house. Lambourne stopped but an instant to gather the nobles which his late companion had flung towards him so unceremoniously, and muttered to himself, while he put them up in his purse along with the gratuity of Varney, 'I spoke to yonder gulls of Eldorado—By Saint Anthony, there is no Eldorado for men of our stamp equal to bonnie Old England! It rains nobles, by Heaven!—they lie on the grass as thick as dewdrops—you may have them for gathering. And if I have not my share of such glittering dewdrops, may my sword melt like an icicle!'