

Whitehall. He was going, as Chadwick expressed it, "in a half-canter," waving his arms and jabbering, and the people were giving him as much room on the sidewalk as he wanted. Private Chadwick walked as rapidly as he could without attracting attention. His instinct told him that if he ran or even appeared to be in too great a hurry he would presently be arrested; so he went forward easily but swiftly; his slouching gait being well calculated to deceive the eyes of those who might be moved to regard him attentively.

But at the corner of Whitehall Street he was delayed by a file of soldiers conveying a squad of forlorn prisoners, captured in some sally or skirmish on the outer lines. Disentangling himself from the small rabble that surrounded and accompanied the soldiers and their prisoners, Chadwick pressed forward again. Looking far down Whitehall he saw the hunchback whisk into Mitchell Street. He hastened forward, but thereafter he was compelled to rely wholly on his own judgment, for when he reached the corner of Mitchell, the hunchback had disappeared. At the outset, therefore, Chadwick had a