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## THE WEEK.

AFOTHER " mystery " has been solved, and this in a very prossic manner. Little of the mysterious attaches to the reported tragedy on the Metropolitan Railway. No outrage has been committed, though a fearful mishap has occurred. An examination of the railway tunnel between Freed-street and Edgware-road leaves little doub that Mr. Fischen, the injured man, had his head and shoulders out of the railway carriage window, and that his head came into contact with the entrance to the railway arch at what is called Praced-street Junction. The mark of contact is very clear, and blood can be traced for a short distance from this place for nearly three hundred yards. Shocking as these details are, those who habitually travel on the line will be somewhat relieved from gloomy apprehensions by the result of the inquiry. The railway company will probably see the advisability of preventing a similar occurrence by the placing of bars on the

THERE is well-nigh universal grief at the terrible accident, so tragic in its accompaniments, which occurred at the Crarge stone quarry, near Glasgow, on Saturday. The annual "monstre blast" was witnessed from the sea by a large party of invited persons, amongst whom were members of the Glasgow City Council and many public officials. Several tons of powder were used in the operation, and huge masses of rock were successfully displaced. Then a large number of persons left the steamer by which they had travelled from Glasgow and entered the quarry - prematurely it would appear, for in a very short time most of them were overcome by afterdamp. Six were removed dead, another died after being carried from the scene, and twenty or thirty others were taken to hospital in a dangerous condition. The consternation and grief caused by the accident were intense in Glasgow. The "monstre blast" has caused a sensation of a far different kind to that intended. The custom of blasting on such a gigantic scale will probably, after the shocking episode of Saturday, be discontinued.

THERE will be general satisfaction at the prospect of a revival of trade. For the first time, in many years, we are told, the commercial community can look upon a bright horizon. Prices, coubtless, touched the bottom last winter, and now there is an upward tendency visible, which will encourage manufacturers to increase their stock. The better times that are in store for us are put down by rabid partisans to the advent of a Conservative Government. This argument i as absurd as the one which traces the course had trade to the presence in power of a particular Administration. The truth is, as every tyro in commerce knows, trade is subject to fluctuations, and the present is one of those turns in the tide which make some few men rich, and compensate the whole community for a long period of distress and disaster. It is to be hoped that the working-men, who, as a matter of course, will benefit largely from more plentiful labour, will take to heart the bitter lessons of the past, and in the time of prosperity put by sufficient money to provide for the inevitable "rainy day."

THE newly-discovered gold fields of South Africa have already induced a tremendous "rush." From all parts of the civilised world men are being attracted to the Transvaal by the prospect of making their fortunes within a short time. It is to be feared that most of these human moths will be far from realising their golden dreams, and that, instead, they will find their ultimate condition far worse than it was before they set foot on the Dark Continent. I ought to be borne in mind that these so-called "mines" are of such a nature that mere 'diggers' can extract nothing from them. They require to be developed by a company with plenty of capital at its command, and the operations carried out in the best and most scientific manner. It is to be hoped that the vein of ore which seems to have been struck will be sufficiently extensive as to repay enterprise. It is quite evident, if as is asserted by many of our most thoughtful commercial men, the appreciation of gold is the cause of many of our present financial troubles. that the difficulty can only be settled by the influx of more gold into the market,

EANEURY Cross is going to be "restored. This time-honoured landmark is known by reputation, at least, to every one of us. In the days of our infancy we were constantly urged to " ride a cock-horse" to this ancient monument, and in return for the long journey thither we were promised the sight of a fine lady upon a Eather an inadequate thought, for all DIADY us involved; but, rate. Banbury (ross has become well welder into the national sentiment, and it is, therefore, of some interest to ascertain what it is proposed to do with the memorial. Fortunately, it is no intended to "restore" the cross off the face of the earth, as might have been feared. It is proposed to enclose the base by means of a flower garden, and to utilise the stem the sacred sign as a gas standard. This latter suggestion strikes one as exceedingly utilitarian and lacking veneration for the handiwork of our religious forefathers. The innovation would certainly have considerably disconcerted the lady " with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," but if the people of Banbury desire more light, and prefer a cross by day and a gas-lamp by night, no one else has cause of

In his address to the anthorities of Linlithgow Lord ROSEBERY made some very suggestive remarks on the overgrowth of London and the dangers to which it might give rise. He held that the special temptations which the Metropolis offered to skilled labourers had the effect of denuding the rest of the country; while the attractions and amusements which the richer classes found there proved a definite loss to all provincial The evil is no new one. The Capital of any country must have the power of drawing to it a large proportion of matter of great political significance; though the wealth and fashion; and where these are cannot be allowed by the authorities to pass i we shall also find in increasing numbers as of no importance whatever. Were those who can provide the wares which wealth and fashion demand. One of our Tubor sovereigns had occasion to deplore what was then considered the overgrowth of London-small though the metropolis of that day was as compared with that of ours and issued an edict ordering country gentlemento remain on their estates. It may, however, be doubted if this portion of the evil which Lord ROSEBERY sees in the tendency of London to increase will not in time remedy itself. Is it not a fact, for instance, that London artists are often compelled to look for a market in the Provinces, and that railway and telegraphic development is constantly reducing the necessity for settled residence on the banks of the Thames. Formerly, when the means of travelling were defective, a man who was obliged to spend three days a week "in "town" would also stay there the remaining three; now he rushes off, as rapidly as steam can carry him, to his provincial home.

BAD as the condition of Ireland has been for some years, it is pleasant to know that it has not nearly reached the depth of misery and crime which marked the closing years of the last century. In 1790 a letter was published in Belfast journal describing the efforts of a country gentleman to defend his home from the attacks of "Defenders, United Irishmen, Banditti and "Rebels of all kinds." For two years he relied on his servants for assistance, and when these joined in the opposition to him he had to apply allowed to forget them. for military protection. Three times his house | "gilded monuments of Princes" - to was attacked, and though the assailants were vary EHAKSPERE'S line - will long bear beaten off, his wife and daughter became so alarmed that he had to retreat to Dublin. In the Irish capital he met friends from Antrim, Derry, Wexford, Carlow, Wicklow, and Rildare, who had all been driven from their residences in a similar manner. The account | the QUEEN, as representing he nation, forms a may, of course, be slightly exaggerated; in any fitting period at which to make a record of the case it does not give the version in which, progress accomplished. There may, of course, be but there can be no doubt that when we speak follow the lead taken by Lady DUFFERIN of disorder in Ireland to-day we mean some- who urges the need of increased correspondent. I am pleased, Colonel, thing of a much milder character than existed a exertion in the work of sending women doctors century ago. GRATTAN's Parliament, though in to India to minister to Indian women-who surprise. It is so unusual to see persons of thea sense "National," in no way represented the people. Demogratic notions had not then become popular in England. Class interests and class been effected. Let us hope that before long the concession of just demands may make an im- not Imperial, in their nature; and the wider scope provement quite as necessary in its way as that of the proposed Institute cannot fail to strike the which the present century has brought about, imagination of the race.

PARLIAMENT is prorogued, but already politicians are beginning to predict that the next Session is certain to be a turbulent one. A policy of "Thorough" is likely to be pursued in Ireland during the coming winter. The Government are already pledged to a great Local Government scheme embracing the sisterisle, to a measure for cheapening and facilitating the transfer of land, to a Merchandise Marks Bill, to a Railway Rates Bill, and a number of other important measures, all of which will provide opportunity for interminable and keen debate. If to these is added the probability of a new Coercion Act, then the lot of the Govern-

ment next year is " not a happy one."

THERE seems to be an instinctive craving in the human breast for party emblems. As if the wearing of primrose badges was not enough misery, the daisy is suggested as an appropriate flower to be worn by Liberals. Why, in the first place, the simple little flower of the field should be selected for the purpose of inspiring political enthusiasm is not quite apparent, and the originator of the idea might very well explain the features of the daisy which distinguishes . above all its "lovely companions" as an outward sign of the Liberal creed. But, after all, is it not too had for the great parties in the State to confiscate the fairest flowers of Gad's creation to their own narrow purposes? We have far too many paltry divisions and sects, which seem inevitable, without purposely perpetuating and flaunting them at every hour of the day means of emblems which by right are the inheritance of all.

This is an age of novel exhibitions, but what will the world say to an exhibition of edicted Irish tenants: It is confidently asserted in a wellinformed quarter that, in the event of the Irish landlerds turning out a great many of their tenants during the coming winter, the Nationalist party intend to adopt the above extraordinary device for drawing the public attention of this country to the sad state of things now prevailing. One of the mud cabins from the west freland will be removed bodily and conveyed to England upon a waggon, and accompanying it will be the tenants-men. women, and children in the exact condition in which they were when they were expelled from their roof-tree. The British public dearly appreciate realism, and are charitable withal, and the promoters of the contemplated pilgrimage may therefore rest assured that the poor peasants thus paraded before them would benefit pecuniarily. We trust, however, that the necessity may not arise for such a startling innova-

HE Bishopric of Melbourne has, at length been filled by the selection of the Rev. F. F. GOR, rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, one of the best known and most widely esteemed clergyman of the metropolis. The vacant See has gone a-begging for over a year, and the long delay in filling such an important post was fast degenerating into a scandal. There have doubtless been great difficulties in finding a suitable man willing to go cut to Australia, but, if the Colonies continue to look to the Mother Country for their chief ecclesiastics, the two Archbishops, to whom the task of selection is generally deputed, might find it an immense saving of time and trouble to have a list of likely men ready for such vacancies. Curiously enough. Wednesday's telegrams which brought us the news as to Mr. Gor, also conveyed the information that the Most Rev. Thos. CARR, Bishop of Galway, has been appointed Catholic Archbishop

It seems to be no easy matter to arrive at a correct conclusion with respect to the condition of the Australian labour market. So many contradictory statements are made that it is not surprising to find a feeling of bewilderment arising in the minds of working-men and others who are contemplating the advisability of a resort to emigration as a means of bettering their condition. On the one hand we are assured that, all things considered, not only Victoria but New South Wales, in addition, is in fairly good circumstances. This roseate view of matters meets with a flat denial from other authorities. The working classes in New South Wales are, according to this version, in a truly deplorable condition. Sydney swarms with thousands of the unemployed-not loafers, drunkards, or ne'er-do-weels, but honest artisans and labourers of every description, many of whom have tramped from one end of the colony to the other in search of work. The causes of this terrible depression are ascribed to long-continued droughts; excessive immigration pauperised, thrittless classes of Great Britain ; Chinese labour; and the enormous importation of the cheap and woefully underpaid productions of British and Continental manufacturers.

Novels often inform the public of "poor but honest" folk coming into sudden strokes of fortune. The reader knows that these pleasant occurrences do not happen in real life, but there is such a charm in imagining good fortune in unexpected quarters that he feels no astonishment at these easy translations from poverty to wealth. Wilkinson, the Stourbridge carpenter, seems destined, however, to make another instance of " truth being stranger than fiction." In 1882 he was walking along the banks of the Type when, seeing an elderly gentleman fall accidentally into the water, he promptly rescued him. This gentleman died a short time ago, and is said to have left Wilkinson the munificent sum of £25,000 in property and £1,500 in money. At the time of the rescue our lucky carpenter received five shillings and a few words of thanks, doubtless thinking himself a lucky fellow. He will now have good reason to congratulate himself that he did not audibly grumble at the old gentleman's generosity at the

THE extraordinary incident reported from Cairo, where M. LAVISON, a Russian, acting as agent for the EX-KHEDIVE, employed a number of men to break into a building attached to the Ismailia l'alace, need not be set down to Russian or French intrigues. It does not seem to be a Lavison an Egyptian it would have been impossible for him to commit such an outrage. native who attempted a violent entry into a Roya palace would soon have found himself an inmate of the Cairo gaol. But M. LAVISON is an European, and therefore, under the Capitulations, enjoys an immunity from arrest by the local police. He is subject only to the Consular inrisdiction of his own country; and, if the Russian Consul had not interfered, might still be in possession. The outrage is merely a prominent illustration of what goes on every day in school Alexandria, Cairo, and other towns where Europears are to be found, and if it leads to a revision of the system all who desire to see Egypt orderly will have cause for satisfaction. No doubt the Capitulations were a necessary safeguard for Europeans when the rule of the Pashas was supreme: but now, with a revised Criminal Code and a strict watch on officialdom, they are no more required than they are in York or London.

THE proposal to celebrate the QUEEN'S Jubilee by founding an Imperial and Colonial Institute in London is not likely to fall through for want of pecuniary support. Great Britain, we do not doubt, will do her share, and there i every reason for supposing that the Colonies wil. not show backwardness. This is an age o monuments and memorials. Our statesmen an public servants who rise to eminence are that oertain record to their services; and it is well that this should be so. But the last fifty years have show: a power more remarkable than that of any individual man. Our Colonial development has been not the work of one but of all, and the jubilee of possibly, those who attacked him could have other efforts in connection with the Jubilee, and recorded their ideas of the general situation; it is probable that other philanthropists will otherwise are without the benefit of Western science. But all suggestions of this description will certainly not precede the movement at the legislation had full sway. A vast revolution has head of which the Prince of Wales has consented to place himself. The former are sectional,

## A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN. ATTHOR OF "SUADOW OF THE EWORD," "A CHILD OF MATURE," AND " GOD AND THE MAN.

## CHAPIER I.

THE LADIES SCHOOL. Time, June; scene, a smoothly-shaven lawn attached to a ladies' college at Sunbury, on the banks of the Than es.

Some dezen young ladies of all complexions, from the flaxen-haired, freckled daughter of the great linen draper who is head of the firm of Purvis and Purvis, to the adipose Miss Schwartz, the half-breed from Demerara, were walking or reclining in various attitudes near the water's edge.

The garden plots were bright with flowers and One magnificent chestnut spread its seven-leaved fan and broke to amber foam of waxen blooms over a garden seat, on which two young students in their leens sat spart, reading.

Both of these students were charming. One was rather under the middle height, with blue eyes, and a complexion of delicate pink and white; the other was tall and dark, with large passionate eyes, and r comewhat petulant mouth. The fair girl held a a book in her lap, and read in a low voice aloud the other encircled her with one arm, and held up a richly-laced parasul with the other. They were so absorbed that they failed to notice the approach of Miss Romney, superintendent of

figure, who had an uncomfortable habit of twitching her eyelids and cheeks as she was speaking, and who, for the rest, was a superb embodiment of all the Miss Romney addressed the fairer of the two, with the bland air of moral omniscience which sat so well

the establishment, a grave elderly lady of portly

" Hem! Miss Sloare!" Miss Sloane started, flushed, and acting on a sudden in pulse, shut the book and put it beside her, thus concealing, or attempting to conceal, it from the Miss Romney smiled suspiciously.

"May I ask, Miss Sloane, what book you are reading-hem! - with so much interest?" The fair girl flushed more deeply, looked confused, and glanced rather helplessly at usr comranion, who, being of less angelic temper, shrugged ber shoulders a little defiantly.

"The book I was reading, Miss Romney?" Yes, and which you have just handed to Miss Raymond. Not, I trust, a novel?" "No, Miss Romney," replied the girl quickly; "it is poetry - a volume of poems!"

Indeed. May I look at it?" 'It-it isn't mine. It belongs to Miss Ray-'I should like to see it, if Miss Raymond has no

So saying, Miss Romney looked with an insinuating but persistent smile at the dark beauty, who, after a noment's hesitation, gave a quick, careless laugh, and handed the book to the schoolmistress, Miss Romney took it, still coldly smiling, and looked at the title rage. No sooner had she done so than she uttered a scream of horror, and dropped the volume as if had been red-hot.

All the young ladies started, and looked towards the spot where Miss Romney was standing. A gay canocist in flannels, in the act of blowing a kiss to school-world in general as he floated by on the river. nearly capsized his vessel with his sudden start of

Dear me, Miss Romney," said the tall girl haughtily, ' what is the matter?" And as she spoke she stooped to lift the book which had been let fall, but was interrupted with another little scream. "Miss Raymond, I forbid you! Let the hem-

work lie where it is. I am-hem !-shocked beyond Again the dark beauty shrugged her shoulders and laughed curiously. Pray, what has shocked you?"

That book! That dreadful book! Do you know I believe," returned Miss Raymond, "that it i Lord Byron e poems."

Another little scream from the schoolmistress. "Irabel-Miss Raymond-I forbid you! I cannot in justice to myself and to those-hem !-who at confidence in me, have such productions even named in this establishment. I trust I am not bigoted even prudish. To certain works of imagination, though sufficiently frivolous, I have no objection, and I have never exercised a dictatorial supervisionhem -- unnecessarily. But the line of moral demarcation is indeed passed when I find the young ladies of this establishment, who should be sans reproche. studying the profanest and most immoral o

unch istian productions. Miss Raymond's eyes flashed. She reached up her hand, and seizing one of the fans of the horse chestnut, crew it down with an impatient gesture, so that the loosened blooms rained round her and showered upon the fallen book.

"Pray, Miss Romney," she asked, "have you read the poems-Lord Byron's, I mean?" Miss Raymond, I forbid you! I? I read such The girl laughed again. I am bound to admit that

her manner was extremely irritating.

"If you have not read them," she said dryly "how do you know they are immoral." Miss Romney gasped. She knew the stormy spirit with which she had to deal, having had to reckon with more than once; but she was not prepared for such pen criticism. In her despair she turned to Miss care, who seemed quite startled by the turn affairs and taken, and said, almost sharply: "At all events, Miss Sloane, I looked for different

conduct from you!" Poor Miss Sloane looked pleadingly up. Indeed, Miss Romney, I did not know the book was wicked; and and what I read seemed very

By this time all the girls were gathered round, and Miss Romney found it necessary to improve the occasion. Placing her hand on the woolly head of Miss Schwartz, whose moral perceptions were about on a level with those of a negro piccaninny, she con-

"Let this unseemly discussion end. It is not fit for the ears of young ladies. Miss Sloane, you have been tempted, in a weak moment, into indiscretion by a stronger and more rebellious spirit than your own. Hem ! understand then, once and for ever, that works of this kind are forbidden. Poetry of any sort is not of a bracing tendency, morally considered; this poetry was written by a wicked man in arms against society outraging all decorum, breaking all the laws of morality and religion. He was-bem !- a monster. not to be named in the presence of those who preserve their self-respect.

" He was not wicked," cried Miss Raymond: " he was not a monster. He was an eagle, Miss Romrey!-yes, an eagle chained to a hencoop, and conden ned to the cackle of things that run and peck upon the ground. He came to make the world brighter and better! He bared his poor heart to the cruel world, which did not understand him, and then-and then-" "Bilence, Mies Raymond!" cried the school-

mistress, utterly amazed at the girl's impetuosity. cannot listen! If you remain much longer amorg us your frightful notions will corrupt the

"Then the sooner I go the better. I'm sure I don't wish to stay! "Oblige me by returning to your room. You bave given me a shock, a very great shock, and must think it over! Miss Sloane," she added. that young lady made a movement to follow her

frier d. " oblige me by remaining here." Stooping quickly, Miss Raymond had secured the book which had earned so much opprebrium, and was strolling indolently towards the house. poor schoolmistress sank with a heavy sigh upon a high square forehead, deep grey eyes, and a full the garden seat. She had scarcely done so, when large rowing boat, pulled by a professional boatman, ran into the landing-place at the edge of the lawn, and a swarthy gentleman, who wore a light summer suit, with a broad straw hat cocked rakishly over his eyes, and who smoked a very long cheroot, leapt lightly out.

The girls uttered an exclamation, for the place was sacred from male intrusion. Miss Romney rose, still trembling, to ber feet. "S:r," she cried, 'this place is private, What do

The stranger smiled affably. Want? You, ma'am." "Bless me, who are you?"

"Don't be slarmed, my dear," continued the stranger, sweeping off his hat, "Guess you're the set oolmistress? If so, let me introduce myself. I'm Colonel Sloane! 'Father!" cried Miss Sloane, recognising him.

Oh, I'm so glad you've come! What. Angy!" he said as she kissed him and clung around him. "Why, how you've grown! There, there, don't excite yourself-that'll do." "Colonel Sloane, is it possible?" exclaimed the schoolmistress, "My most esteemed and practical your acquaintance; but you have quite taken us by

do come, they-pardon me !- they do not approach us unceremoniously from the river!" "I dessay not, ma'am," answered the Colonel, smiling again. "You see I've rowed up from the village, and as I came up I heard these young misses chattering like Virginia doves on a rail, and knew at cace, without my boatman's information, that I had struck the school. Well, here I am at any rate, and

hem !- other sex in these grounds, and when they

girl has been behaving herself, and is a credit to her one snother.

At a sign from Miss Romney, the young ladies, who said the young man softly. had been clustering round and eagerly listening, fell back, and resumed their occupations in the garden. Then Miss Romney looked at the Colonel's daughter, I ought to meet you. Miss Romney would be very not unkindly, and meeting the beseeching light of her angry, and—we have never been properly introduced." eyes, reassured her, first with a look, and then as "That is true," returned Fotheringay lightly.

"Argela is one of my favourite pupils, and I have no complaint to make concerning her. I think you will find her greatly improved."

The Colonel nodded, and looked again at his daughter. They were a curious contrast, father and child! Colonel Sloans was a man between forty and fifty years of age, tanted and grizzled like an old sea-captain, with an air of coarse good humour, which was belied to some extent by his small deepset eyes and straight-cut, firm-set mouth. manner, though bluff, was not quite gental, the expression of his countenance as he eved his daughter was more critical than affectionate and wanti: g in sympathetic warmth. Angels, on the other hand, was gentieness and timidity perscnified; so frail, so shrinking in her delicate beauty that it was difficult to understand how so soft and tender a blossom had sprung from such a tree. this inconsistency, however, the Colonel himself soon volunteered an explanation.

There, there, Angela, don't excite yourself," he said, as the girl, with tears standing in her eyes, lifted his rough hand to her lips and kissed it fondly. "She takes after her mother, ma'am, and is a heap too soft-hearted. You could make her mother cry with a look, you could, and she was that sentimental the pined herself into an early grave. Now, though I don't look it, I'm a sentimental man myself, but I den t give way to it-in this world, you see, it don't

Romney blandly, with a view of changing the sub-

I sail for home on August 30th, ma'am, in the Mesopotamia. Till then I shall be running about, sometimes in Lordon (you'll always hear of me at the American Exchange), sometimes over in Paris, sometimes in Vienna.

"Our vacation begins in a fortnight, said the schoolmistress. "Do you propose that Miss Sloane should remain here as usual, or-"Jest so, interrupted the Colonei; "she can't be better anywhere than here with you. But I guess her education is about completed. If I'm wrong, "I hate the mention of it. At any rate, I suppose

"You are quite right, returned Miss Romney. requisite accomplishments. She plays as well as can be desired for a young lady with no particular gift for music, and her French and German are both excellent. Her deportment is still a little unformed. little wanting in manner, but of that she will doubtless mend when she 'comes out and encounters the necessary moral friction of good society."

"Bumph:" muttered the Colonel, visibly impressed by Miss Romney's dignified catalogue of accomplishments. "Then, with your permission, masm, I'll take her away with me this fall, Till then, however, I'll ask you to look after her." "Certainly, Colonel."

Then that's all right! And now, ma'am, my boat's waiting, and I'm going back to the hotel at Sunbury to dinner. I should like my little gel to come with me, if you have no objection." Miss Romney had no objection, and Angels, radiant at the proposal, was forthwith handed into the boat. Her father joined her in the stern, and took the steering ropes. Then, raising his straw had politely to the schoolmistress and to the young ladies who came crowding on the bank, he requested the boatman to "go shead."

## CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCES THE HERO "IN POSSE," On entering the house, Miss Raymond, the darkeyed apologist for the late Lord Byron, hesitated for a moment in the lobby, and then, instead of obeying orders and ascending to her room, passed out at the front door, crossed another lawn leading to the front gate, and found herself in a quiet country road. The sun was shining pleasantly, the air was ful summer scents and sounds, and all things invited her to a stroll in the sweet Sunbury lanes, which she forthwith determined to take.

Turning to the right, she walked slowly along in the shadow of flowering limes and chestnuts, and lilacs and laburnums hanging over garden walls of villas clustering on the river-side. stroll of about a mile brought her to green fields, where the villas ceased, and where the road turned inland towards the neighbouring village. But on the right hand of the road was an old-fashioned country stile, and beyond it a foot-path leading through the fields to a quiet piece of pasture land on the banks of

She paused at the stile, and looked round her. No buman teing was visible. Then crossing over, she took the foot-path, and strolled aimlessly along in

Though all was so bright around her, the brow of this young can sel was cloudy, her eye dreamy was, by the way, the deep brown ox-like eye of the ancients, but full of quick agate-like gleams unknown to the yielding orbs of lo. For Miss Isabel Raymond, whose father had been a wealthy planter in Fouth America, and had left his orphan daughter the heirees to an enormous and steadily accumulating fortune, was not altogether happy. Nature had gifted her with great impulses and passionate instincts not yet realised, and she was, moreover, of proud and indomitable disposition. She was sick of being a mere boarding-school miss, a "young lady she hated the trammels of mere convention, and had visions in which she figured as a heroine. To prattle my mother, a rich planter's daughter. Instead o prettily in French, to play brilliantly on the piano, to air the other commonplace accomplishments of young ladyism, was child's play to a person who might have sat for the picture of Guinare or Haidée, and who thought Lord Byron a mightily ill-used and lovable individual.

Tall, slight, and lissom, with an erect carriage and a springy step, with an oval face of perfect beauty. from the f.ons minima with its dark braids of hair down to the delicately-rounded yet decided chin with a complexion clear as alabaster, a skin Which looked like marble and smelt like myrrh.

Isabel Raymond was as lovely and lovable as young women are ever made, even in the dreams of voluptuous poets. For the rest, she wore light pink muslin decorated with creamy lace, a coquettish hat to match, and she carried a parasol, which matched toc. The sunlight followed her as if it loved her, and the birds on the boughs sang loudlier when she approached, as if delighted at her coming. But even this flattery of Nature failed to conciliate her. She was manifestly out of temper, as even angels in their teens are apt to be.

Crossing several fields she came at last on a lonely part of the river-side, just where the silver Thames puts out a secret arm to encircle an island thickly time in his life. Disengaging herself, she moved covered with dwarf willows. Here on the banks the rapidly away; but he followed her, walking at her grass was deep and long, and so full of splendid buttercups that, in a few moments, the young lady's little boots were covered with dusty gold. A thick golden haze hung over the fields and the river, and

Doubling the heat with sound akin to heat, a cuckoo was crying.

All at once Miss Raymond's face brightened, and a faint tinge of rose came into her cheek. Does the reader ask why? This phenomenon, it is well known, generally occurs when the eyes of pretty virginity fall on what is known, technically or literally, as "a young man."

The young man in question was lying on his back, deep in the meadow grass, fast asleep. A high white hat was tilted over his forehead, partly shading his face. The rest of his attire was shabby, net to say seedy. He had a well-coloured meerschaum pipe held firmly between his teet h, jus as when he had dropped off to slumber. By his side was a piece of paper containing the remains of sandwich, close to that a pint bottle of champagne

(empty), and a small Latin book bound in vellumthe Basta of Johannes Secundus. Closer ir spection would have shown that his face, despite the warmth of the weather, was pale and not too healthy; that it was a very handsome face, with mouth, finely formed but somewhat weak. He wore his bair long, and his cheeks and lins were clean shaven. His figure was slight and elegant, his hands small and white, adorned with several showy rings. He lay on his back, with one leg crossed over the

other, and dangling in the air. This position had a disadvantage; it exposed to full view an exceedingly shabby boot, with a very thin worn sole and a fresh patch on the little toe. Not far from this young man floated a rowing boat,

The sun was pouring down upon the young man's face and neck with scorehing beams, but he slept heavily, to gentle nasal music. Miss Raymond approached quietly, frowned on seeing the empty champagne bottle, and then gently touched the sleeper with her parasol. "Mr. Fotheringay!"

He opened his eyes suddenly and looked at her with a dazed sort of curiosity. "Mr. Fothermgay!" she repeated. "Excuse me, but are you not afraid of getting a sunstroke?" Recognising the speaker with a smile, he sat up, and adjusted his hat upon his flushed forehead; then, conquering an impulse to yawn, he said :

was-ab-reading, and the warmth of the weather sent me into a dose. Pray let me apologise for the absurdity of my position. There was a sort of faded elegance about his manner which barmonised with his handsome but somewhat effeminate face and his general shabby gentility. His blue eyes were beautiful, his smile

"Miss Raymond! You caught me napping

honours of his own establishment, Miss Raymond laughed, and obeyed. It was clear | years too early.

I hope I find you well, ma'am; and I hope my little that they were on a fcoting of some familiarity with

"You did not meet me yesterday, as arrang it?" "No. Mr. Potheringay. There was a music lesson. and I could not get away. Besides, I don't think

"I am a poor devil, and you are a lady, far above It would have been better for me, perhaps, if we had never met.

He sighed sentimentally, but his sentiment, after !, was mock heroic and theatrical. "Please don't be ridiculous, said Miss Raymond

I never know really when you are in jest or earnest. In carnest—awfully !" If My would it have been better, Mr. Fotherin-

Can you ask, Miss Raymond? he replied "Our positions are so different. The world-She plucked a buttercup, and threw it from her I don't mind the world! I am old enough to

judge for myself. Perhaps one reason that I like to

meet you is because I know it would annoy people and make them talk! But I am aware that I am very foolish." And she blushed. Leaning towards her, and resting on his elbow Fotheringay regarded her with fearless admiration. "Miss Raymond," he cried, "you are not foolish you are divire.

You have only one fault in my eyes -a heinous one-tou are rich. I wish to heaven you were How do you know I am rich?" she asked, smiling

"It is common talk. I am not such a humbug as to presend ignorance of the fact. You personify Do you remain long in England?' asked Miss dollars; I, impecuniosity. You represent the auriferous stage of civilisation; I, the stage before the invention of precious metals, when alone in woods the noble savage ran, his food the roots of the ear; his drink-hum !- " (here his eye fell upon the emptied bottle of champagne, and he added quickly) 'in thort, I am a Bohemian, without a penny."

His bold and dippant talk seemed to please and fascinate her, and the sly dog knew it. To a fresh from boarding-school, even this shabby fellow, by virtue of Lis impudence and his handsome face, seemed romantic. "I wish you would not talk of money," she cried.

"Well, yes; and in that phrase you express the Miss Sloane is now eighteen, and possesses all the absurdity of my position. I should have been a soldier of fortune, an explorer, a handicraftsman, anything but what I am-a poor player, as you are aware. In matter of fact, and in professional parlance, I am a 'walking gentleman '-nothing more,"

she looked at him thoughtfully. "But actors, now, are admitted into the best society. Even Miss Romney says that," "Quite so," he replied. "Rogues and vagabonds ro longer, they wear purple and fine linen, when they are successful. Now, I am not successful. professionally, I am an outsider. I have taken a bachelor's degree at Cambridge, I paint a little scribble a little, and act for a living. Successful actors now dress well on and off the stage; I-hum -well, I don't."

In his light-hearted depreciation of himself, he was inscrutable to her, and consequently, like all inscrutable things, charming.

" I wish I could make you out! " she said. "I wish I could make myself out!" he returned carelessly. "Sometimes I feel as if I were intended for great things; my soul expands; I have Napoleonic visions of empires to conquer, crowns to be won; but afterwards I laugh at myself—at the farce of the whole thirg. But I feel my unworthiness most when I look at //ou!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Raymond, laughing, a little nervously. "Yes, indeed!" cried the young man with more enthusiasm. "I have only one merit—that of knowing my own inferiority; and even that is no merit, for if I did not know it. I should be an idiot For the rest, Miss Raymond, I can't justify my own conduct. I ought to be working hard instead reflecting on my own idleness. I ought to be at the other end of the earth, instead of here. I ought to fly temptation, yet I seek it. I ought not to let you meet me, yet I glory in our meetings. I ought not to love you, and yet, as you know, I do!" He had drawn nearer and taken her hand. freed herself and rose to her feet, when he also rose.

Her face was flushed to the temples, but her clear nable eyes met his without any fear. "Pray don't talk in that way, Mr. Fotheringay? Ah, you despise me!"

Nothing of the kind; but I don't like to hear you talk nonsense Nonsense, Miss Raymond?" fee. When a gentle Lan cares for a lady-very much, I mean—he tries to become better for her sake.

He does not run himself down, but endeavours to erroble himself in her eyes. How can you expect me to respect you, she continued warmly. " when you do not even respect yourself?" "I don't expect it! That's just the point!"

She turned from him impatiently, almost indig-"Then why do you talk of it-I mean," she added quickly, "why do you talk of what you yourself consider impossible Because I am a fool and can't help it! Oh, Miss Raymond, if I were only a Crusus!"

Or a Rothschild !" "Ab. urd again. Mr. Fotheringay, when my father

was your age, be was as poor as you are. He loved despising himself, and thinking his love hopeless, he set to work and made a name for himself, so that, tefore lorg, he was able to ask my mother's hand i marriage. He did not make money, but a great name, gained on the tattle-field; and when the time came, my mother proudly and gladly laid her fortune at his feet. The application of this anecdote was so obvious. that Isabel, who had spoken almost without reflection, became suddenly embarrassed, and blushing scarlet, turned away. With an eager cry he sprang

after her, and boldly took her round the waist, Miss Raymond! Isabel?" Please let me go, sir." Did you mean that? Did you actually mean that if I were different, if I -were a little more derving, you'd actually look at a fellow like me? Jupiter, if I thought so !"

She looked round into his face.

"Well, if you thought so?" "I think it would make another man of me Id-I'd-in short, I'd go in for something or other ! Do you really mean it?" She answered him with a radiant lock, and upon the spur of the moment he kissed her -for the first

"When shall I see you again?" he asked eagerly. " I don't know - soon, perhaps. Think of what I have said to you.

" I will! You wish me to become a hero? Con-" But seriously?" 'Seriously. Shall I swear it? No. I wont : but

I'll do it, or drown myself-there!" She paused at the end of the field, and offered him Don't come any further, we may be seen ! "Then good-bye, and God bless you, my darling,"

he said, with a passion more genuine than he had yet She tripped away across the meadow without once looking back; for her face was radiant, and she did

not care that he should see it. In truth, she was only s child, and was just entering on a new and delicious experience. In her heart she adored Fotheringar for his very faults, and could not have colerated a more lachrymose or a more respectable lover. He stood watching her, and muttering to himself the lines of the old dramatist -

Here was she wont to tread! and here! and here! Just where the daisies, pinks, and violet grow -Her treading would not bend a blade of grass, Or shake the downy blowball from its stalk-But where she went the flowers took thickest root, As she had sown them with her odorous foot.

slowly back to the river side. Standing on the bank, and contemplating his own reflection, he soliloquised : "So, Fotheringay, my boy, it is decided. You are either to become a hero or to drown! what is the test way to realise the first alterna-

Finally, when she had disappeared, he strolled

tive? The second, of course, is easy. Well, we shall resigned. He pocketed Johannes Secundus, stepped into the outrigger, and rowed, lazily and thoughtfully, down

admits that the evidence of the incorporation of

to t be village. (To be continued.)

Freeman are carrying on, in the pages of the Spectator, a sort of triangular duel over the right of Ripon to its Millenary. Mr. Freeman says that there is no good evidence that Ripon was a Corporation in 886, but that, if the Millenary celebration rested on the establishment of the Ripon Minster, it sught to

leges in connection with the monastery so far back as | them 686. Mr. Freeman is not satisfied, and repeats that Ripon citizens have made a mistake. The discussion will amuse outsiders, but the good people of Ripon "Won't you-sh-sit down?" be continued, will not thank the critical professor for pointing out motioning to the bank, with the air of one doing the | that they have been celebrating their Millenary two hundred years too late, or an unknown number of

WITH PAPER, 2D

WOLSEY, THE CARDINAL-CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE, IN THREE BOOKS.

BY JOHN ASTLE. BOOK THE THIRD. CHAPTER THE LAST. Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,

But as the marigold at the sun's eve; And in themselves their pride lies buried. For at a frown they in their glory die. His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him. For then, and not till then, he felt himself

And found the blessedness of being little

And, to add greater honours to his age

Than man could give him, he died fearing God. A "sinister accusation" having been made against Wolsey, Sir Walter Walshe, knight, one of the gentlemen of the King's Privy Chamber, was " sent the country unto the Earl of Northumberland," with

orders to co-operate with him in arresting the Cardinal on a charge of " hault treason." In due course the earl and the knight, " jointly in communion, reached Cawood Castle. When they arrived the Archbishop was at dinner, and he seems to have been greatly concerned to provide for them with wonted hospitality. At first he was ignorant

their errard, aithough it is not improbable that the coming event cast its shadow before. Always a believer in omens Wolsey found one in there are an in the an incident which occurred upon Allballoan Day at Cawcod-just at the moment Sir Walter Walshe , took borse "to ride north, with orders to arrest the

The Primate, his friends and retinue, in common with the nobles in that age, dined together. His Grace, with his principal guests, occupied the upper erd of the first table in the "great chamber," which was known as "the Lord's Board-end." The officer of his household, and inferior guests, sat at long tables below in the ball. In the middle of each table stood a great rait-cellar; and as particular care was taken to place the guests according to their rank, it became a mark of distinction whether a person sat above or

below the salt. On the day in question the Cardinal had "at his board's end divers of his most worthiest chaplains, sitting at dinner to keep him company for lack of | night, ar at the sty was called upon to prescribe for strangers . A great cross of silver, which usually him, and but a white confection which greatly stood at the table's end, was leaning against the reflected him. In the course of the day on which tappet or hanging of the chamber. In rising, "one this medicine was administered to Wolsey, Sir Doctor Augustine, a physician, being a Venetian born William & ngaton, constable of the Tower, arrived baving a boisterous gown of black velvet upon him. as he came out, "overthrew the cross" which 'trailing down along the tappet, chanced to fall on

Doctor Bonners head. The Cardical attracted by the confusion inquired | hingston, he interpreted their statement to mean what had happened, and was duly informed of the nature of the occurrence. "Hath it drawn blood? 'asked Wolsey.

"Yea, forsooth, my lord, replied his gentleman

uster; "it hath indeed. The Cardinal kept silence and looked sad for a while. At last quoth he, shaking his head: " malum omen, " and immediately said grace after meat. He then "rose from the table, went into his bedchamber, and remained there lamenting and making his

Subsequently, when at Pomfret Castle after his arrest, Wolsey said to Cavendish, "Thou dost remember the accident to Dector Bonner? Marry, that I do right well, my lord, "was the reply, "it was on Halloun Day." "It bore this interpretation, "the Cardinal observed. the Cross, which belonged to the dignity of York, was typical of myself; Augustine of my accusers; and

given a sign to me that my last days are at hand, and the end of my trouble near." The first demand made by the Earl of Northumbe-land in the King's name was for the keys of the castle, which the porter refused to give up to anyone except the Cardinal.

the blood from Bonner's head of death. God bath

for the King our sovereign lord's use, thou shalt remain in thy office." Having taken the oath the warder was left in On meeting the Cardinal, the Earl, who had been brought up under his roof, was much disturbed in his mind, and going with him into his becchamber --

there being no one else besides the gentleman-usher present -- said with a trembling voice : " My lord, I arrest you of high treason!"

"Where is thy commission?" asked the Primate;

" Nay, sir, that you may not," quoth the earl. Then will I not obey your arrest," answered Wolsey, "for there bath been between some of your predecessors and mine great contentions. After pause he added: "Unless I see your authority and commission I will not obey you." While this was going on Sir Walter Walshe had arrested Dr. Augustine, and in doing so, being

opposed by his prisoner, "thrust him in with

The Cardinal having inquired of Sir Walter what he knew of the matter, was informed that the Earl certainly had a warrant. "I beseech your grace hold us excused from showing it," he observed, "since there is annexed unto our commission a schedule with certain instruction

which ye may in nowise be privy unto." After some further contention the Cardinal agreed to yield himself to Sir Walter Walshe, saying: am ready to be ordered and disposed at your will put therefore the king a commission and your autho rity in execution, a God's name, and spare not, will obey my sovereign's will and pleasure, for I fear more the cruelty of my unnatural enemies -turning a repreachful glance at the Earl, whose benefactor he had been-"than I do my truth and allegiance. I take God to witness I never offended the King's majes'y, in word or deed; and therein I dare stand face to face with any man alive, having indifferency,

without partiality. His money, documents, and valuable property were then secured, and all servants removed from close attendance on the Cardinal with the exception of Cavendish, who was sworn to act in obedience to the King's commands.

"I am greatly pained," said Wolsey to Cavendish, "That I cannot reward thy fidelity and diligence. Thou hast left wife, children, home and family for me. It grieveth me that I have nothing now to bestow upon thee. Nor can I requite the honest merits of other servants whom I intended to advance from time to time, as occasion should serve. Alas! I have nothing left; I am only now a desolate and miserable master; bare and wretched, without help or succour but of God alone. "Be of good cheer, interposed his gentleman-

usher; "God will restore your Grace." "I fear me not! "exclaimed Wolsey;" but Cavencish, I am a true man, and therefore thou shalt never receive shame of me for thy service." "My lord," replied the faithful usher, "I nothing mistrust thy truth; and for the same I dare and will be sworn before the King's person and his honourable council." Casting himself upon his knees he added, " Comfort thyself, my lord; be of good cheer; the malice of uncharitable enemies : hall never prevail against truth and faithfulness. Doubt not that thou wilt be able to acquit and clear thyself all their surmised and feigned accusations, and that the King will restore thee to former dignity and

Dinner being presently served, the Cardinal was able to eat "very little meat, " and drank only a small mantity of water. Broken in spirit and feeble in body, he burst several times into tears, speaking, as his usher declares." the most sorrowfulest words that hath been beard of any woful creature. " At last the unhappy Primate found a voice, and said aloud : "O Constantia Martirum Claudabilis! O charita, mextinguibilis! O pacientia invincibilis, que licet inter pressurar persequentium visa sit despicabili in-

venietur in laudem, et gloriam ac honorem tempore tribulationis." The Cardinal then rose, and passed forth from his dinner in great lamentation and heaviness, having been "more fed and moistened with sorrow and tears than with either pleasant meats or delicate

It is recorded that there was not a dry eye among all the gentlemen sitting at the table with him, and that in demeanour and speech he was submissive and It was arranged that the illustrious prisoner should commence his journey to London on Sunday, and

his chamber were directed to attend him. All others were dismissed his service or ordered to remain Dean Fremantle, Caron MacColl, and Mr. E. A. On going down stairs the sick Prelate asked to see his retainers that he might bid them farewell. This request was not granted until he told the Earl of

Cavendish, his chaplain, barber, and two grocms

Northumberland that he would not depart out of th house without seeing them. They were therefore assembled in the chapel, and kneeling down before him "pitifully lamented their master's fall and trouble.' After bestowing upon them a blessing the Cardinal

have been held in 1661. Canon MacColl practically Ripon in 886 is very visionary, but he says that the shook each by the hand, and mounting his mule set Dean and Chapter participated in the Millenary cele- | forth at eventide for Pomfret, More than three bration on "the condition of the civic life of Ripon | thousand persons had assembled at the gates, who him for the space of an hour or two " to persuade being recognised as resting on the church of St. cried as he passed them: "God save your grace! Foul Wilfrid." Dean Fremantle contends that there is evil take them that have thus taken thee from us! evidence that Ripon possessed certain municipal privi- We pray God that a very vengeance may light upon

> him through the town of Cawood, they loved him so well. Surely the people had great loss of him, both the poor and the rich. For the poor had ever of him great relief; and the rich never lacked his counsel." Before Wolsey had gone far on his way he sent to have good success. My time draweth on fast. back for a red buckram beg which he had left in his | may not turry with you | Forget not, I pray thee,

mith speed brought the bag to Pomfret, and it was handed to the Cardinal soon after he retired to his

chamber in the abbey at night. The bag contained three shirts of bair, " which he

delivered to his chaplain, his ghostly father, very secretly." On leaving Pomfret the monks and the townsfolk turned out, craved his benediction, and running before him with candles in their bands, cried 'G. 3 tave your grace, my good lord cardinal! Tous he entered the monastery of Blackfriers, near Donesster

On the morrow Wolsey was taken to Sheffield Park accompanied by a mighty concourse of all classes. who " cried and lamented as he rode along. The Earl and Countees, with a train of gentlewomen and gentlemen, and yeomen, standing without the gates, received him. My lord, " quoth the Earl, " your grace is most

neartily welcome. I am right glad to see you in my poor lodge, and have often desired to entertain you. Would that you had come hither under happier con-Ab. my gentle lord of Shrewsbury," said the Cardinal, I heartly thank you! and although I

Dave to cause to rejuice, yet, so far as a sorrowful beart may have juy, I am glad that I have come into the Eands and custody of so noble a person, of whose spiprored honour and wisdom there can be no doubt." The har! declared that he did not receive him as a prisoner, but as " a good ford, and the King's true

please you, my lord Cardinal," cried the warm-tearted nobleman, "here comes my wife to advancing bareheaded, kissed the Countees

ed all her gentlewomen in a familiar way, shaking hards with all the gentlemen and reomen If was then conducted into " a fair chamber at a goodly gallery, within a new tower."

Acress the midst of the apartment a traverse of sarsanet was disiding it in twain-one part for the Carcinal and the other for the Earl. Litte if was that his custodian informed him that he daily received letters from the King commanding h'm 'n enterion the Primate as one "that he loveth." A more war training words also reached Wolsey

The Pat h, otherwise John Williams, which h in aster to tears. He assured tor good ford," said the jester, " that thy pour fuel bars thy revered name in mind, and will in the last fall to keep thee in honour before the

The Cardinal began to grow worse every day. After turning at Sheffeld Park for nearly a fort-

and took charge of the prisoner. This had the effect of exciting him very much, Having been informed by some fortune-tellers in previous rears that he "should have his end at that he would do at hingston-on-Thames, which place being aras Hampton Court, might not unreasonably have been fixed upon by them as the scene of his denise. In the Cardinals weak state, harrowed by his purney and long iliness, he was creduleus encur it believe that he would perieb in the Tower white in the custody of Kingston.

Death, however, was nearer at hand, and doubtless

saved h in from the fate of Buckingham, whom he was faltely accessed of having sent to the block; whereas a low flagant words respecting Henry's extravegance ore fully at Gumes on the occusion of his meeting with Francis on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, brought about the result. When the Constable of the Tower assured his prisentribal he had orders to convey him by "easy journeys to Lordon, Wolsey seemed to be somewhat reassured, but he evidently felt that he had aiready

entered into the valley of the shadow of death. I thank just for your good news and kindness. Master L. giller, thin the Cardinal, when asked on what cry he was willing to proceed, "and would ride forth with you at orce, but I am sorely distressed, having a malady which maketh me very weak, and unable to sit on my mule."

During the ensuing night he was so seriously ill Thou art a good fellow," said the earl, "and | that it was the ught he would die. By some it was speaketh like a faithful servant to his master. If | said the Cardmal had been poisoned, and by others theu wilt swear to keep well and truly these gates, that he had possoned himself. "If I have not some help shortly," he whispered faintly to Cavendah, "it will cost me my life." Then it was that Dr. Nicholas, a physician, was

consulted, and gaze as upinion to the effect that he

would he live longer than four or five days. Nevertheless the Cardinal desired to set forth, and next Car, against all acrice, " he took journey with Master himpston a d the guard." The delivationable of him were sorely distressed, and when the melanthity party reached Hardwick-on-Line, at out four miles from Newstead, where the

Farl of Shawahury and another house -not Hardwick Hall in Perhantice it was clear that the hand of death was up n him. Being at at the proceed, and refusing a litter which was area and far him, he was carried forward

to Nottingham, where, " stoker still, he lodged that The next car the Cardinal "waxed so sick that he was divers times like it to have failen from his mule." Delay on the road prevented them from reaching Leicester before night-fall, but the Abbot, with all in his convent, being appraised of his coming, " met him with the light of namy torches, and received the dying Prelate with honour and reverence.

" Pather Abbot, said Wolsey, "I am come hither They then brought him on his mule to the foot of the stairs leading to his chamber, and he there alighted. The Contable of the Tower who assisted him said he never carried so heavy a burden in his life. This was in Saturday night. On the morrow be became worse, and on Monday, Cavendish, " standing by his bedside, about eight o'clock, the windows being close shut, and wax lights burning on the cupboard," beheld his master, " fast drawing to his end."

Perceiving a shadow on the wall, the Primate asked. It is I sir, was the reply. " How do you? inquired the dying Cardinal: Being told that it was past eight in the morning, he

fell into a kind of reverie. " Eight of the shock," quoth he ; " that cannot be ; eight of the clock, eight of the clock? Nay, by eight of the clock thou shalt lose thy master; for my time draweth rear that I must depart out of the world." Doctor Palmer, his confessor, then asked Cavendish o inquire whether the Cardinal would be shriven.

it his duty to question Wolsey respecting the disposition of the money known to be in his possession at Cawood, and received an explanation to the effect that he had none of his own, but only certain sums borrowed of his friends" to bury him and to bestow among his servants who had taken great pains with "Notwithstanding, said the dying Cardinal,

"Who be they asked the Constable of the " Sir John Allen of London, Sir Richard Greeham.

the Master of Savoy, Dr. Hickden, Dean of my College in Oxford, the Treasurer of the Church of York, the Denn of York, my Chaplain Ellie, and my Kingston seems to have doubted whether the names and the amounts-fifteen hundred pounds in all-had been correctly stated, and pressed for

further particulars, saying he would come to him sgain on the morrow. That merrow came, but another authority supplanted the Constable of the Tower, and his prisoner war arrested by Death. Having refused a "cuilis made of chicken," on the

ground that it was St. Andrews Day, and that he should fast, the Cardinal " was in confession for the Kingston came to his bedside about seven o'clock. bade him good morrow, and saked how he did. .. Sir. " was the dying prelate's reply, " I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render my

simple soul into his divine hands." " Nav. sir in good faith," quoth the officer, " you he in delour and pensiveness, which maketh you much worse than ye should be." "Well well, Master Kingston," replied the Cardinal, raising bis voice with an effort, "I see the matter against me, how it is framed; but if I had served God as hilligently as I have done the king. he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

"Then wilt ret recover, my lord, interposed Cavendish, stooping over his master's face. "That will be," the officer whispered in broken tones; "that will be, "Nay, that may not be," the Cardinal said in a

solemn voice: " Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do the King service, only to satisfy his vain pleasure, and not regarding my duty He then bade them commend him to His Majesty, toke of him as having "royal courage and a princely

heart," and stated that he had often kneit before

him from his will and appetite." He then expressed a hope that " the King in God's name" would enforce the mandate which, as Legate, he had issued against "the new permissions sect of Lutherans; "spoke of the "Thus," says Cavendish, "they ran crying after folly of "trusting in routs or animwful assemblies of common people, and uttered a benediction. "Farewell, said the Cardinal to Kingstor, Carendish, and one or two others who stood at his bedaids "farewell. I can no more but wish all things "right"

and presently for a time he talked with his ghostly father in Latin. Gettirg worse next day, "Master Kingston thought him and been true and faithful men. scarcely able to articulate, "if it be the King's pleasure to take this money from me. I hold myself content. Yet I humbly beseech his Majesty to see my good friends repaid, that my conscience may be