

"You must speak, or—the alternative does not lie with me. But you know it."

"And I choose it," Sir John cried, recovering his spirit and courage.

"So be it," said His Majesty slowly and solemnly.

"I will not say that I expected anything less from you. My lords, let him be removed."

And with that the messengers came in and Sir John bowed and went with them. It may have been fancy, but I thought that as he turned from the table a haggard shade fell on his face, and a soul in mortal anguish looked an instant from his eyes. But the next moment he was gone.

I never saw him again. That night the news was everywhere that Goodman, one of the two witnesses against him, had fled the country; and for a time it was believed that Sir John would escape. How, in face of that difficulty those who were determined on his death, effected it: how he was attainted, and how he suffered on Tower Hill with all the forms and privileges of a peer—on the 28th of January of the succeeding year—is a story too trite and familiar to call for repetition.

On his departure the Council broke up, His Majesty retiring. Before he went, a word was said about me, and some who had greater regard for the *post factum* than the *pœnitentia* were for sending me to the Compter, and leaving the Law Officers to deal with me. But my lord, rousing himself, interposed roundly, spoke for me and would have given bail had they persisted. Seeing, however, how gravely he took it, and being inclined to please him, they desisted, and I was allowed to go, on the simple condition that the Duke kept me under his own eye. This he very gladly consented to do.

Nor was it the only kindness he did me, or the greatest; for having heard from me at length and in detail all the circumstances leading up to my timely intervention, he