

grim chuckle, and after a pause long enough to accentuate the answer.

"I thought so," said the King. "It was the Friday the plot was discovered. I remember it. I am afraid that if you impeach the Duke, you must impeach me with him."

At that there was a great roar of laughter, which had not worn itself out before one and another began to press their congratulations on the Duke. He for his part sat as if stunned; answering with a forced smile where it was necessary, more often keeping silence. He had escaped the pit dugged for him, and the net so skilfully laid. But his face betrayed no triumph.

Matthew Smith, on the other hand, brought up short by that answer, could not believe it. He stood awhile, like a man in a fit; then, the sweat standing on his brow, he cried that they were all leagued against him; that it was a plot; that it was not His Majesty's hand! and so on, and so on; with oaths and curses, and other things very unfit for His Majesty's ears, or the place in which he stood.

Under these circumstances, for a minute no one knew what to do, each looking at his neighbour, until the Lord Steward, rising from his chair, cried in a voice of thunder, "Take that man away, Mr. Secretary, this is your business! Out with him, sir!" On which Sir William called in the messengers, and they laid hands on him. By that time, however, he had recovered the will and grim composure which were the man's best characteristics; and with a last malign and despairing look at my lord, he suffered them to lead him out.