

up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time—an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century." He goes on to describe a Founder's Day, and to tell how attending it on the 12th of a December, he looked up from the service in the chapel and saw seated among the black-coated old pensioners Colonel Newcome, fallen on evil days and come here for refuge, to end his life as one of the Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse. On a later occasion, Pendennis comes with Ethel Newcome to visit the Colonel; he chances to be out for the day; but they go into his room, and Ethel looks "at the pictures of Clive and his boy; the two sabres crossed over the mantelpiece; the Bible laid on the table by the old latticed window." In this same room the Colonel lay ill at last and dying, and you remember the close of his story: "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo,