

us are broad oriel windows, ornamented gateways and many decorations of terra cotta carvings, which bespeak the foreign taste of the owner.

'Tis the home of the great cardinal, and we see him pacing up and down the paved way with quick, impatient strides.

Servants are hurrying hither and thither, and presently one of them ushers in the young man whom we saw under the yew tree.

"I marvel not a little at thy folly," exclaimed the cardinal, without waiting for Percy to speak, "that thou wouldst thus attempt to assure thyself with that foolish girl yonder on the court, Anne Bullen. Dost thou not consider the estate that God hath called thee unto in this world? See what thou hast done in thy usefulness. Thou hast not only offended thy father, but also thy loving sovereign lord. I will send for thy father, that his majesty may complain of thee to him."

"Sir," quote the Lord Percy, weeping, "I know not the king's pleasure, and I am sorry for it. I consider myself of good years and able to provide myself with a wife as my fancy please me. Though she be but a simple maid, yet she is descended of right noble parentage and she hath my plighted troth. Why, then, sir, should I be scrupulous to match with her. Therefore, I most humbly beseech your grace's favor therein, and also entreat the king in this matter, which I cannot forsake."

"So, sirs," exclaimed the cardinal to some of his gentlemen who were standing near, "ye may see what wisdom is in this wilful boy's head. I thought," turning to Percy, "that when thou heardest the king's pleasure and intention therein thou wouldst have put thyself to the king's will and pleasure, and by him been ordered as his grace thought good."

"Sir, so I would," answered the unhappy lover, "but I have gone so far in this matter, and before so many witnesses, that I know not how to discharge myself and my conscience."

"Why thinkest thou that the king and I know not what we have to do in as weighty matters as this? Yes, I warrant thee, but I see no submission in thee to that purpose."

"Forsooth, my lord, if it please your grace I will submit myself wholly to the king and your grace in this matter, my conscience being discharged of a weighty burden thereof."

"Well, then," concluded the cardinal rising, "I will send for thy father out of the north; in the mean season I charge thee that thou resort no more unto her company, as thou wilt abide the king's indignation."