

of the column feet; the cone at the top, with its urn, are feet; the height of the massy pedestal is feet; there are steps inside; but, continued he, it is really a great pity that this beautiful monument should be in such a confined situation, for in a proper place it would form one of the most striking objects of the kind that architecture is capable of producing. the inscription, it is true, continued dashall, had better be erased, it contains a libel, or more properly a lie, which almost contradicts itself, for no rational being can entertain the notion that the catholics, or indeed any religious sect, could wilfully have perpetrated so horrible a deed as this pillar was intended to impute to them; nor can so much credit be given to human foresight as for it to be concluded that a fire, which broke out in a single house, could upon this, rather than upon other occasions, have extended its ravages in so extraordinary a manner. while we are on the spot we will take a peep at a curious piece of antiquity; not that i am so great a lover of such curiosities, but it would appear almost unpardonable for you to have been in london without seeing london stone. i have heard of it, said tallyho, and if we are near, let us have a view. come on then, said dashall; this same london stone is at present fixed close under the south wall of st. smiths church, cannon street. it has by some been supposed of british origin, a kind of solemn boundary, or some other object probably of a religious nature, which through every change and without knocking, but he dared not cross the threshold, for in the anteroom stood a strange man, placing boards against the wall. the carpenter, a christian to whom paulina had given this little house for his family to live in, asked antinous what he wanted. is dame hannah at home stammered the bithynian. she no longer lives here. and her adopted daughter, selene she is gone with her into upper egypt. have you any message for her no, said the lad, quite confounded. when did they go the day before yesterday. and they are not coming back. for the next few years, certainly not. later may be, if it is the lords pleasure. antinous left the garden by the public gate, unmolested. he was very pale, and he felt like a wanderer in the desert who finds the spring choked where he had hoped to find a refreshing draught. next day, at the first moment he could dispose of, antinous again knocked at the carpenters door to inquire in what town of upper egypt the travellers proposed to settle and the artisan told him frankly, in besa. antinous had always been a dreamer, but hadrian had never seen him so listless, so vaguely brooding as in these days. when he tried to rouse him and spur him to greater energy his favorite would look at him beseechingly, and though he made every effort to be of use to him and to show him a cheerful countenance it was always with but brief success. even on the hunting excursions into the libyan desert which the emperor frequently made, antinous remained apathetic and indifferent to the pleasures of the sport to which he had formerly devoted himself with enjoyment and skill. the emperor had remained in alexandria longer than in any other place, and was weary of independence, and was not going to fawn or to admit himself to be the mental inferior of any man. he had meant to give a tirade against confirmation, against the neglect of music, against rectors, with perhaps a back thrust at the bench of bishops itself. but he had done none of these things, because neither pride nor reserve nor assertiveness were possible in john williss company. he had merely eaten a good lunch, and talked with a kindly, broad minded gentleman, long enough to warm his withered heart, and make him feel that there were still possibilities in life. there is a bell that rings for a few strokes three quarters of an hour before every service at cullerne. it is called the burgess bell some say because it was meant to warn such burgesses as dwelt at a distance that it was time to start for church; whilst others will have it that burgess is but a broken down form of *exurgiscere* awake awake that those who dozed might rise for prayer. the still air of the afternoon was yet vibrating with the burgess bell, and the bishop rose to take his leave. if it was the organist of cullerne who had been ill at ease when their interview began, it was the bishop of carisbury who was embarrassed at the end of it. he had asked himself to lunch with mr sharnall with a definite object, and towards the attainment of that object nothing had been done. he had learnt that his old friend had fallen upon evil times, and, worse, had fallen into evil courses that the failing which had ruined his oxford career had broken out