

confident valour. The next morning departed for the north the several leaders—Gloucester, Rivers, Hastings, and the king.

CHAPTER VII

THE LANDING OF LORD WARWICK, AND THE EVENTS THAT ENSUE THEREON

And Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, "prepared such a greate navie as lightly hath not been seene before gathered in manner of all nations, which armie laie at the mouth of the Seyne ready to fight with the Earle of Warwick, when he should set out of his harborowe."*

But the winds fought for the Avenger. In the night came "a terrible tempest," which scattered the duke's ships "one from another, so that two of them were not in compaignie together in one place;" and when the tempest had done its work, it passed away, and the gales were fair, and the heaven was clear. When, the next day, the earl "halsed up the sayles," and came in sight of Dartmouth.

It was not with an army of foreign hirelings that Lord Warwick set forth on his mighty enterprise. Scanty indeed were the troops he brought from France—for he had learned from England that "men, so much daily and hourelly desired and wished so sore his arrival and return, that almost all men were in harness, looking for his landyng."† As his ships neared

* Hall, p. 282, ed. 1809.

† The popular feeling in favour of the earl is described by Hall, with somewhat more eloquence and vigour than are common with that homely chronicler:—"The absence of the Earle of Warwick made the common people daily more and

the coast, and the banner of the Ragged Staff, worked in gold, shone in the sun, the shores swarmed with armed crowds, not to resist but to welcome. From cliff to cliff, wide and far, blazed rejoicing bonfires; and from cliff to cliff, wide and far, burst the shout, when, first of all his men, bareheaded, but, save the burgonot, in complete mail, the popular hero leapt to shore.

"When the earle had taken land, he made a proclamation, in the name of King Henry VI., upon high paynes, commanding and charging all men apt or able to bear armour, to prepare themselves to fight against Edward, Duke of York, who had untruly usurped the croune and dignity of this realm."*

And where was Edward?—afar, following the forces of Fitzhugh and Robin of Redesdale, who, by artful retreat, drew him farther and farther northward, and left all the other quarters of the kingdom free, to send their thousands to the banners of Lancaster and Warwick. And even as the news of the earl's landing

more to long, and bee desirous to have the sight of him, and presently to behold his personage. For they judged that the sunne was clerely taken from the world when hee was absent. In such high estimation, amongst the people, was his name, that neither no one manne, they had in so much honour, neither no one persone they so much praised, or to the clouds so highly extolled. What shall I say? His only name sounded in every song, in the mouth of the common people, and his persone [effigies] was represented with great reverence when publique plaies or open triumphes should bee shewed or set furthe abrode in the stretes," &c. This lively passage, if not too highly coloured, serves to show the rude saturnalian kind of liberty that existed, even under a king so vindictive as Edward IV. Though an individual might be hanged for the jest that he would make his son heir to the crown (viz., the grocer's shop, which bore that sign), yet no tyranny could deal with the sentiment of the masses. In our own day it would be much less safe than in that to make public exhibition "in plaies and triumphes," of sympathy with a man attainted as a traitor, and in open rebellion to the crown.

* Hall, p. 32.

reached the king, it spread also through all the towns of the north—and all the towns in the north were in “a great rore, and made fires, and sang songs, crying—‘King Henry—King Henry! a Warwick—a Warwick!’” But his warlike and presumptuous spirit forsook not the chief of that bloody and fatal race—the line of the English Pelops—“bespattered with kindred gore.”* A messenger from Burgundy was in his tent when the news reached him. “Back to the duke!” cried Edward; “tell him to re-collect his navy, guard the sea, scour the streams, that the earl shall not escape, nor return to France—for the doings in England, let me alone! I have ability and puissance to overcome all enemies and rebels in mine own realm.” †

And therewith he raised his camp, abandoned the pursuit of Fitzhugh, summoned Montagu to join him (it being now safer to hold the marquis near him, and near the axe, if his loyalty became suspected), and marched on to meet the earl. Nor did the earl tarry from the encounter. His army, swelling as he passed—and as men read his proclamations to reform all grievances and right all wrongs—he pressed on to meet the king, while fast and fast upon Edward’s rear came the troops of Fitzhugh and Hilyard; no longer flying but pursuing. The king was the more anxious to come up to Warwick, inasmuch as he relied greatly upon the treachery of Clarence, either secretly to betray or openly to desert the earl. And he knew that if he did the latter on the eve of a battle, it could not fail morally to weaken Warwick, and dishearten his army by fear that desertion should prove, as it ever does, the most contagious disease that can afflict a camp. It is probable, however, that the enthusiasm which had sur-

* Æsch. Agam.

† Hall, p. 273.

rounded the earl with volunteers so numerous, had far exceeded the anticipations of the inexperienced Clarence, and would have forbid him that opportunity of betraying the earl. However this be, the rival armies drew near and nearer. The king halted in his rapid march at a small village, and took up his quarters in a fortified house, to which there was no access but by a single bridge.* Edward himself retired for a short time to his couch, for he had need of all his strength in the battle he foresaw. But scarce had he closed his eyes, when Alexander Carlile, † the serjeant of the royal minstrels, followed by Hastings and Rivers (their jealousy laid at rest for a time in the sense of their king’s danger), rushed into his room.

“Arm, sire, arm!—Lord Montagu has thrown off the mask, and rides through thy troops, shouting ‘Long live King Henry!’”

“Ah, traitor!” cried the king, leaping from his bed. “From Warwick, hate was my due—but not from Montagu! Rivers, help buckle on my mail. Hastings, post my body-guard at the bridge. We will sell our lives dear.”

Hastings vanished. Edward had scarcely hurried on his helm, cuirass, and greaves, when Gloucester entered, calm in the midst of peril.

“Your enemies are marching to seize you, brother. Hark! behind you rings the cry, ‘A Fitzhugh—a Robin—death to the tyrant!’ Hark! in front, ‘A Montagu—a Warwick—Long live King Henry!’ I come to redeem my word—to share your exile or your death. Choose either while there is yet time. Thy choice is mine!”

And while he spoke, behind, before, came the various

* Sharon Turner, *Commes*.† Hearne’s *Fragment*.

cries near and nearer. The lion of March was in the toils.

"Now, my two-handed sword!" said Edward. "Gloucester, in this weapon learn my choice!"

But now all the principal barons and captains, still true to the king, whose crown was already lost, flocked in a body to the chamber. They fell on their knees, and with tears implored him to save himself for a happier day.

"There is yet time to escape," said D'Eyncourt—"to pass the bridge—to gain the sea-port! Think not that a soldier's death will be left thee. Numbers will suffice to encumber thine arm—to seize thy person. Live not to be Warwick's prisoner—shown as a wild beast in its cage to the hooting crowd!"

"If not on thyself," exclaimed Rivers, "have pity on these loyal gentlemen, and for the sake of their lives preserve thine own. What is flight? *Warwick fled!*"

"True—and returned!" added Gloucester. "You are right, my lords. Come, sire, we must fly. Our rights fly not with us, but shall fight for us in absence!"

The calm WILL of this strange and terrible boy had its effect upon Edward. He suffered his brother to lead him from the chamber, grinding his teeth in impotent rage. He mounted his horse, while Rivers held the stirrup, and, with some six or seven knights and earls, rode to the bridge, already occupied by Hastings and a small but determined guard.

"Come, Hastings," said the king, with a ghastly smile—"they tell us we must fly!"

"True, sire, haste—haste! I stay but to deceive the enemy by feigning to defend the pass, and to counsel, as I best may, the faithful soldiers we leave behind."

"Brave Hastings!" said Gloucester, pressing his



He dashed alone into the very centre of the advanced guard.

hand, "you do well, and I envy you the glory of this post. Come, sire."

"Ay,—ay," said the king, with a sudden and fierce cry, "we go—but at least slaughtering as we go. See! yon rascal troop!—ride we through the midst! Havock and revenge!"

He set spurs to his steed, galloped over the bridge, and, before his companions could join him, dashed alone into the very centre of the advanced guard sent to invest the fortress; and while they were yet shouting—"Where is the tyrant—where is Edward?"

"Here!" answered a voice of thunder—"here, rebels and faytors, in your ranks!"

This sudden and appalling reply, even more than the sweep of the gigantic sword, before which were riven sallet and mail, as the woodman's axe rives the faggot, created amongst the enemy that singular panic, which in those ages often scattered numbers before the arm and the name of one. They recoiled in confusion and dismay. Many actually threw down their arms and fled. Through a path broad and clear, amidst the forest of pikes, Gloucester and the captains followed the flashing track of the king, over the corpses, headless or limbless, that he felled as he rode.

Meanwhile, with a truer chivalry, Hastings, taking advantage of the sortie which confused and delayed the enemy, summoned such of the loyal as were left in the fortress, advised them, as the only chance of life, to affect submission to Warwick; but when the time came, to remember their old allegiance,* and promising that he would not desert them, save with life, till their safety was pledged by the foe, reclosed his visor, and rode back to the front of the bridge.

* Sharon Turner, vol. iii. 289.

And now the king and his comrades had cut their way through all barrier, but the enemy still wavered and lagged, till suddenly the cry of "Robin of Redesdale!" was heard, and sword in hand, Hilyard, followed by a troop of horse, dashed to the head of the besiegers, and, learning the king's escape, rode off in pursuit. His brief presence and sharp rebuke reanimated the falterers, and in a few minutes they gained the bridge.

"Halt, sirs," cried Hastings; "I would offer capitulation to your leader! Who is he?"

A knight on horseback advanced from the rest. Hastings lowered the point of his sword.

"Sir, we yield this fortress to your hands upon one condition—our men yonder are willing to submit, and shout with you for Henry VI. Pledge me your word that you and your soldiers spare their lives and do them no wrong, and we depart."

"And if I pledge it not?" said the knight.

"Then for every warrior who guards this bridge count ten dead men amongst your ranks."

"Do your worst—our bloods are up! We want life for life!—revenge for the subjects butchered by your tyrant chief! Charge! to the attack—charge! pike and bill!" The knight spurred on, the Lancastrians followed, and the knight reeled from his horse into the moat below, felled by the sword of Hastings.

For several minutes the pass was so gallantly defended that the strife seemed uncertain, though fearfully unequal, when Lord Montagu himself, hearing what had befallen, galloped to the spot, threw down his truncheon, cried "Hold!" and the slaughter ceased. To this nobleman, Hastings repeated the terms he had proposed.

"And," said Montagu, turning with anger to the Lancastrians, who formed a detachment of Fitzhugh's force—"can Englishmen insist upon butchering Englishmen? Rather thank we Lord Hastings, that he would spare good King Henry so many subjects' lives! The terms are granted, my lord; and your own life also, and those of your friends around you, vainly brave in a wrong cause. Depart!"

"Ah, Montagu," said Hastings, touched, and in a whisper, "what pity that so gallant a gentleman should leave a rebel's blot upon his scutcheon."

"When chiefs and suzerains are false and perjured, Lord Hastings," answered Montagu, "to obey them is not loyalty, but serfdom; and revolt is not disloyalty, but a freeman's duty. One day thou mayst know that truth, but too late!" *

Hastings made no reply—waved his hand to his fellow-defenders of the bridge, and, followed by them, went slowly and deliberately on, till clear of the murmuring and sullen foe; then putting spurs to their steeds, these faithful warriors rode fast to rejoin their king; overtook Hilyard on the way, and after a fierce skirmish, a blow from Hastings unhorsed and unhelmed the stalwart Robin, and left him so stunned as to check further pursuit. They at last reached the king, and gaining, with him and his party, the town of Lynn, happily found one English and two Dutch vessels on the point of sailing; without other raiment than the mail they wore—without money, the men, a few hours before hailed as sovereign or as peers, fled from their native land as outcasts and paupers. New dangers beset them on the sea: the ships of the Easter-

* It was in the midst of his own conspiracy against Richard of Gloucester that the head of Lord Hastings fell.

lings, at war both with France and England, bore down upon their vessels. At the risk of drowning, they ran ashore near Alcmaer. The large ships of the Easterlings followed as far as the low water would permit, "intendeing at the fludde to have obtained their prey."* In this extremity, the lord of the province (Louis of Grauthuse) came aboard their vessels—protected the fugitives from the Easterlings—conducted them to the Hague—and apprised the Duke of Burgundy how his brother-in-law had lost his throne. Then were verified Lord Warwick's predictions of the faith of Burgundy! The duke, for whose alliance Edward had dishonoured the man to whom he owed his crown, so feared the victorious earl, that "he had rather have heard of King Edward's death than of his discomfiture." † And his first thought was to send an embassy to the king-maker, praying the amity and alliance of the restored dynasty.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT BEFELL ADAM WARNER AND SIBYLL, WHEN
MADE SUBJECT TO THE GREAT FRIAR BUNGEY

We must now return to the Tower of London—not, indeed, to its lordly halls and gilded chambers, but to the room of Friar Bungey. We must go back somewhat in time; and on the day following the departure of the king and his lords, conjure up in that strangely furnished apartment the form of the burly friar, standing before the disorganised Eureka, with Adam Warner by his side.

* Hall.

† Ibid., p. 279.

Graul, as we have seen, had kept her word, and Sibyll and her father, having fallen into the snare, were suddenly gagged, bound, led through by-paths to a solitary hut, where a covered wagon was in waiting, and finally, at nightfall, conducted to the Tower. The friar, whom his own repute, jolly affability, and favour with the Duchess of Bedford, made a considerable person with the authorities of the place, had already obtained from the deputy-governor an order to lodge two persons, whom his zeal for the king sought to convict of necromantic practices in favour of the rebellion, in the cells set apart for such unhappy captives. Thither the prisoners were conducted. The friar did not object to their allocation in contiguous cells; and the gaoler deemed him mighty kind and charitable, when he ordered that they might be well served and fed till their examination.

He did not venture, however, to summon his captives till the departure of the king, when the Tower was, in fact, at the disposition of his powerful patroness, and when he thought he might stretch his authority as far as he pleased, unquestioned and unchid.

Now, therefore, on the day succeeding Edward's departure, Adam Warner was brought from his cell, and led to the chamber where the triumphant friar received him in majestic state. The moment Warner entered, he caught sight of the chaos to which his Eureka was resolved, and uttering a cry of mingled grief and joy, sprang forward to greet his profaned treasure. The friar motioned away the gaoler (whispering him to wait without), and they were left alone. Bungey listened with curious and puzzled attention to poor Adam's broken interjections of lamentation and anger, and at last, clapping him roughly on the back, said—

"Thou knowest the secret of this magical and ugly device; but in thy hands it leads only to ruin and perdition. Tell me that secret, and in *my* hands it shall turn to honour and profit. *Porkey verbey!* I am a man of few words. Do this, and thou shalt go free with thy daughter, and I will protect thee, and give thee moneys, and my fatherly blessing;—refuse to do it and thou shalt go from thy snug cell into a black dungeon full of newts and rats, where thou shalt rot till thy nails are like birds' talons, and thy skin shrivelled up into mummy, and covered with hair like Nebuchadnezzar!"

"Miserable varlet! Give *thee* my secret—give *thee* my fame—my life. Never! I scorn and spit at thy malice!"

The friar's face grew convulsed with rage.—"Wretch!" he roared forth, "darest thou unslip thy hound-like malignity upon great Bungey?—Knowest thou not that he could bid the walls open and close upon thee—that he could set yon serpents to coil round thy limbs, and yon lizard to gnaw out thine entrails? Despise not my mercy, and descend to plain sense. What good didst thou ever reap from thy engine?—why shouldst thou lose liberty—nay, life—if I will, for a thing that has cursed thee with man's horror and hate?"

"Art thou Christian and friar to ask me why? Were not Christians themselves hunted by wild beasts, and burned at the stake, and boiled in the caldron for their belief? Knave, whatever is holiest, men ever persecute. Read thy bible!"

"Read the bible!" exclaimed Bungey, in pious horror at such a proposition. "Ah! blasphemer, now I have thee! Thou art a heretic and Lollard. Hollo—there!"

The friar stamped his foot—the door opened; but to his astonishment and dismay appeared, not the grim gaoler, but the Duchess of Bedford herself, preceded by Nicholas Alwyn.

"I told your grace truly—see lady!" cried the goldsmith.—"Vile impostor, where hast thou hidden this wise man's daughter?"

The friar turned his dull, bead-like eyes in vacant consternation, from Nicholas to Adam, from Adam to the duchess.

"Sir friar," said Jacquetta, mildly—for she wished to conciliate the rival seers—"what means this overzealous violation of law? Is it true, as Master Alwyn affirms, that thou hast stolen away and seduced this venerable sage and his daughter—a maid I deemed worthy of a post in my own household?"

"Daughter and lady," said the friar, sullenly, "this ill faytor, I have reason to know, has been practising spells for Lord Warwick and the enemy. I did but summon him hither that my art might undo his charms; and as for his daughter, it seemed more merciful to let her attend him, than to leave her alone and unfriended; specially," added the friar with a grin, "since the poor lord she hath witched is gone to the wars."

"It is true then, wretch, that thou or thy caitiffs have dared to lay hands on a maiden of birth and blood!" exclaimed Alwyn. "Tremble!—see, here, the warrant signed by the king, offering a reward for thy detection, empowering me to give thee up to the laws. By St. Dunstan! but for thy friar's frock, thou shouldst hang."

"Tut—tut, Master Goldsmith," said the duchess, haughtily—"lower thy tone. This holy man is under

my protection, and his fault was but over-zeal. What were this sage's devices and spells?"

"Marry," said the friar, gruffly, "that is what your grace just hindereth my knowing. But he cannot deny that he is a pestilent astrologer, and sends word to the rebels what hours are lucky or fatal for battle and assault."

"Ha!" said the duchess, "he is an astrologer! true, and came nearer to the alchemist's truth than any multiplier that ever served me! My own astrologer is just dead—why died he at such a time? Peace—peace! be there peace between two so learned men. Forgive thy brother, Master Warner!"

Adam had hitherto disdained all participation in this dialogue. In fact, he had returned to the Eureka, and was silently examining if any loss of the vital parts had occurred in its melancholy dismemberment. But now he turned round and said, "Lady, leave the lore of the stars to their great Maker. I forgive this man, and thank your grace for your justice. I claim these poor fragments, and crave your leave to suffer me to depart with my device and my child."

"No—no!" said the duchess, seizing his hand. "Hist! whatever Lord Warwick paid thee, I will double. No time now for alchemy; but for the horoscope, it is the veriest season. I name thee my special astrologer."

"Accept—accept," whispered Alwyn; "for your daughter's sake—for your own—nay, for the Eureka's!"

Adam bowed his head, and groaned forth—"But I go not hence—no, not a foot—unless *this* goes with me. Cruel wretch, how he hath deformed it!"

"And now," cried Alwyn, eagerly, "this wronged and unhappy maiden?"

"Go! be it thine to release and bring her to our presence, good Alwyn," said the duchess; "she shall lodge with her father, and receive all honour. Follow me, Master Warner."

No sooner, however, did the friar perceive that Alwyn had gone in search of the gaoler, than he arrested the steps of the duchess, and said, with the air of a much-injured man—

"May it please your grace to remember, that unless the greater magician have all power, and aid in thwarting the lesser, the lesser can prevail; and therefore, if your grace finds, when too late, that Lord Warwick's or Lord Fitzhugh's arms prosper—that woe and disaster befall the king—say not it was the fault of Friar Bungey! Such things may be. Nathless I shall still sweat, and watch, and toil; and if, despite your unhappy favour and encouragement to this hostile sorcerer, the king *should* beat his enemies, why then, Friar Bungey is not so powerless as your grace holds him. I have said—*Porkey verbey!—Vigilabo et conabo—et perspirabo—et hungerabo—pro vos et vestros, Amen!*"

The duchess was struck by this eloquent appeal; but more and more convinced of the dread science of Adam, by the evident apprehensions of the redoubted Bungey, and firmly persuaded that she could bribe or induce the former to turn a science that would otherwise be hostile into salutary account, she contented herself with a few words of conciliation and compliment, and summoning the attendants who had followed her, bade them take up the various members of the Eureka (for Adam clearly demonstrated that he would not depart without them) and conducted the philosopher to a lofty chamber, fitted up for the defunct astrologer.

Hither, in a short time, Alwyn had the happiness of leading Sibyll, and witnessing the delighted reunion of the child and father. And then, after he had learned the brief details of their abduction, he related how, baffled in all attempt to trace their clue, he had convinced himself that either the duchess or Bungey was the author of the snare, returned to the Tower, shown the king's warrant, learned that an old man and a young female had indeed been admitted into the fortress, and hurried at once to the duchess, who, surprised at his narration and complaint, and anxious to regain the services of Warner, had accompanied him at once to the friar.

"And though," added the goldsmith, "I could indeed procure you lodgings more welcome to ye elsewhere, yet it is well to win the friendship of the duchess, and royalty is ever an ill foe. How came ye to quit the palace?"

Sibyll changed countenance, and her father answered gravely, "We incurred the king's displeasure, and the excuse was the popular hatred of me and the Eureka."

"Heaven made the people, and the devil makes three-fourths of what is popular!" bluntly said the Man of the Middle Class, ever against both extremes.

"And how?" asked Sibyll, "how, honoured and true friend, didst thou obtain the king's warrant, and learn the snare into which we had fallen?"

This time it was Alwyn who changed countenance. He mused a moment, and then frankly answering—"Thou must thank Lord Hastings," gave the explanation already known to the reader.

But the grateful tears this relation called forth from Sibyll, her clasped hands, her evident emotion of delight and love so pained poor Alwyn, that he rose abruptly and took his leave.

And now, the Eureka was a luxury as peremptorily forbid to the astrologer as it had been to the alchemist. Again the true science was despised, and the false cultivated and honoured. Condemned to calculations which, no man (however wise) in that age held altogether delusive, and which yet Adam Warner studied with very qualified belief—it happened by some of those coincidences, which have from time to time appeared to confirm the credulous in judicial astrology, that Adam's predictions became fulfilled. The duchess was prepared for the first tidings, that Edward's foes fled before him. She was next prepared for the very day in which Warwick landed, and then her respect for the astrologer became strangely mingled with suspicion and terror, when she found that he proceeded to foretell but ominous and evil events; and when, at last, still in corroboration of the unhappily too faithful horoscope, came the news of the king's flight, and the earl's march upon London, she fled to Friar Bungey in dismay. And Friar Bungey said—

"Did I not warn you, daughter? Had you suffered me to——"

"True, true!" interrupted the duchess. "*Now* take, hang, rack, drown, or burn your horrible rival, if you will, but undo the charm, and save us from the earl!"

The friar's eyes twinkled, but to the first thought of spite and vengeance succeeded another: if he who had made the famous waxen effigies of the Earl of Warwick, were now to be found guilty of some atrocious and positive violence upon Master Adam Warner, might not the earl be glad of so good an excuse to put an end to himself?

"Daughter," said the friar at that reflection, and

shaking his head mysteriously and sadly, "daughter, it is too late."

The duchess, in great despair, flew to the queen. Hitherto she had concealed from her royal daughter the employment she had given to Adam; for Elizabeth, who had herself suffered from the popular belief in Jacquetta's sorceries, had of late earnestly besought her to lay aside all practices that could be called into question. Now, however, when she confessed to the agitated and distracted queen the retaining of Adam Warner, and his fatal predictions, Elizabeth, who, from discretion and pride, had carefully hidden from her mother (too vehement to keep a secret) that offence in the king, the memory of which had made Warner peculiarly obnoxious to him, exclaimed, "Unhappy mother, thou hast employed the very man my fated husband would the most carefully have banished from the palace, the very man who could blast his name."

The duchess was aghast and thunder-stricken.

"If ever I forsake Friar Bungey again!" she muttered; "OH, THE GREAT MAN!"

But events which demand a detailed recital now rapidly pressing on, gave the duchess not even the time to seek further explanation of Elizabeth's words, much less to determine the doubt that rose in her enlightened mind whether Adam's spells might not be yet unravelled by the timely execution of the sorcerer!

CHAPTER IX

THE DELIBERATIONS OF MAYOR AND COUNCIL, WHILE
LORD WARWICK MARCHES UPON LONDON

It was a clear and bright day in the first week of October, 1470, when the various scouts employed by the mayor and council of London came back to the Guild, at which that worshipful corporation were assembled—their steeds blown and jaded, themselves panting and breathless—to announce the rapid march of the Earl of Warwick. The lord mayor of that year, Richard Lee, grocer and citizen, sat in the venerable hall in a huge leather chair, over which a pall of velvet had been thrown in haste, clad in his robes of state, and surrounded by his aldermen and the magnates of the city. To the personal love which the greater part of the body bore to the young and courteous king, was added the terror which the corporation justly entertained of the Lancastrian faction. They remembered the dreadful excesses which Margaret had permitted to her army in the year 1461—what time, to use the expression of the old historian, "the wealth of London looked pale;" and how grudgingly she had been restrained from condemning her revolted metropolis to the horrors of sack and pillage. And the bearing of this august representation of the trade and power of London was not, at the first, unworthy of the high influence it had obtained. The agitation and disorder of the hour had introduced into the assembly several of the more active and accredited citizens, not of right belonging to it; but they sat, in silent discipline and order, on long benches beyond the table crowded by the