

SYBIL;

OR,

# THE TWO NATIONS.

BY

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"The Commonalty murmured, and said, 'There never were so many  
Gentlemen, and so little Gentleness.'"—BISHOP LATIMER.

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IN THREE VOLS.

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SYBIL

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BOOK IV

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"There is no more room for the  
Negro in the West Indies, and the  
the planters of the island, and the  
town of St. John's, and the  
"I have heard of the  
a great deal of  
taking of the  
a cable of  
"I have heard of the  
"Our people are  
Verdun  
VOL. III

# SYBIL,

## OR THE

### TWO NATIONS.

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#### BOOK IV.

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#### CHAPTER I.

“TERRIBLE news from Birmingham,” said Mr. Egerton at Brookes’. “They have massacred the police, beat off the military, and sacked the town. News just arrived.”

“I have known it these two hours,” said a grey-headed gentleman, speaking without taking his eyes off the newspaper. “There is a cabinet sitting now.”

“Well I always said so,” said Mr. Egerton “our fellows ought to have put down that Convention.”

"It is deuced lucky," said Mr. Berners, "that the Bedchamber business is over, and we are all right. This affair in the midst of the Jamaica hitch would have been fatal to us."

"These chartists evidently act upon a system," said Mr. Egerton. "You see they were perfectly quiet till the National Petition was presented and debated; and now, almost simultaneously with our refusing to consider their petition, we have news of this outbreak."

"I hope they will not spread," said the grey-headed gentleman. "There are not troops enough in the country if there be anything like a general movement. I hear they have sent the guards down by a special train, and a hundred more of the police. London is not overgarrisoned."

"They are always ready for a riot at Birmingham," said a Warwickshire peer. "Trade is very bad there and they suffer a good deal. But I should think it would not go farther."

"I am told," said the grey-headed gentleman, "that business is getting slack in all the districts."

"It might be better," said Mr. Egerton, "but they have got work."

Here several gentlemen entered, enquiring whether the evening papers were in and what was the news from Birmingham.

"I am told," said one of them, "that the police were regularly smashed."

"Is it true that the military were really beat off?"

"Quite untrue: the fact is there were no proper preparations; the town was taken by surprise, the magistrates lost their heads; the people were masters of the place; and when the police did act, they were met by a triumphant populace, who two hours before would have fled before them. They say they have burnt down above forty houses."

"It is a bad thing—this beating the police," said the grey-headed gentleman.

"But what is the present state of affairs?" enquired Mr. Berners. "Are the rioters put down?"

"Not in the least," said Mr. Egerton, "as I hear. They are encamped in the Bull Ring

amid smoking ruins, and breathe nothing but havoc."

"Well, I voted for taking the National Petition into consideration," said Mr. Berners. "It could do us no harm, and would have kept things quiet."

"So did every fellow on our side," said Mr. Egerton, "who was not in office or about to be. Well, Heaven knows what may come next. The Charter may some day be as popular in this club as the Reform Act."

"The oddest thing in that debate," said Mr. Berners, "was Egremont's move."

"I saw Marney last night at Lady St. Julians," said Mr. Egerton, "and congratulated him on his brother's speech. He looked daggers, and grinned like a ghoul."

"It was a very remarkable speech—that of Egremont," said the grey-headed gentleman.

"I wonder what he wants."

"I think he must be going to turn radical," said the Warwickshire peer.

"Why the whole speech was against radicalism," said Mr. Egerton.

"Ah, then he is going to turn whig, I suppose."

"He is ultra anti-whig," said Egerton.

"Then what the deuce is he?" said Mr. Berners.

"Not a conservative certainly, for Lady St. Julians does nothing but abuse him."

"I suppose he is crotchety," suggested the Warwickshire noble.

"That speech of Egremont was the most really democratic speech that I ever read," said the grey-headed gentleman. "How was it listened to?"

"Oh! capitally," said Mr. Egerton. "He has very seldom spoken before and always slightly though well. He was listened to with mute attention; never was a better house. I should say made a great impression, though no one knew exactly what he was after."

"What does he mean by obtaining the results of the charter without the intervention of its machinery?" enquired Lord Loraine, a mild, middle-aged, lounging, languid man, who passed his life in crossing from Brookes' to

Boodle's and from Boodle's to Brookes', and testing the comparative intelligence of these two celebrated bodies ; himself gifted with no ordinary abilities cultivated with no ordinary care, but the victim of sauntering, his sultana queen, as it was, according to Lord Halifax, of the second Charles Stuart.

"He spoke throughout in an exoteric vein," said the grey-headed gentleman, "and I apprehend was not very sure of his audience ; but I took him to mean, indeed it was the gist of the speech, that if you wished for a time to retain your political power, you could only effect your purpose by securing for the people greater social felicity."

"Well, that is sheer radicalism," said the Warwickshire peer ; "pretending that the People can be better off than they are, is radicalism and nothing else."

"I fear, if that be radicalism," said Lord Lorraine, "we must all take a leaf out of the same book. Sloane was saying at Boodle's just now that he looked forward to the winter in his country with horror."

"And they have no manufactures there," said Mr. Egerton.

"Sloane was always a croaker," said the Warwickshire peer. "He always said the New Poor Law would not act, and there is no part of the country where it works so well as his own."

"They say at Boodle's there is to be an increase to the army," said Lord Loraine, "ten thousand men immediately; decided on by the cabinet this afternoon."

"It could hardly have leaked out by this time," said the grey-headed gentleman. "The cabinet were sitting less than an hour ago."

"They have been up a good hour," said Lord Loraine, "quite long enough for their decisions to be known in St. James's Street. In the good old times, George Farnley used always to walk from Downing Street to this place the moment the council was up and tell us everything."

"Ah! those were the good old gentleman-like times," said Mr. Berners, "when members of Parliament had nobody to please and ministers of State nothing to do."

The riots of Birmingham occurred two months after the events that closed our last volume. That period, as far as the obvious movements of the chartists were concerned, had been passed in preparations for the presentation and discussion of the National Petition, which the parliamentary embroilments of the spring of that year had hitherto procrastinated and prevented. The petition was ultimately carried down to Westminster on a triumphal car accompanied by all the delegates of the Convention in solemn procession. It was necessary to construct a machine in order to introduce the huge bulk of parchment signed by a million and a half of persons, into the House of Commons, and thus supported, its vast form remained on the floor of the House during the discussion. The House after a debate which was not deemed by the people commensurate with the importance of the occasion, decided on rejecting the prayer of the Petition, and from that moment the party in the Convention who advocated a recourse to physical force in order to obtain their purpose, was in the ascend-

ant. The National Petition and the belief that although its objects would not at present be obtained, still that a solemn and prolonged debate on its prayer would at least hold out to the working classes the hope that their rights might from that date rank among the acknowledged subjects of parliamentary discussion and ultimately by the force of discussion be recognized, as other rights of other portions of the people once equally disputed, had been the means by which the party in the Convention who upheld on all occasions the supremacy of moral power had been able to curb the energetic and reckless minority, who derided from the first all other methods but terror and violence as effective of their end. The hopes of all, the vanity of many, were frustrated and shocked by finding that the exertions and expenditure of long months were not only fruitless, but had not even attracted as numerous an assembly or excited as much interest, as an ordinary party struggle on some petty point of factitious interest forgotten as soon as fought. The attention of the working classes was especially called by

their leaders to the contrast between the interest occasioned by the endangered constitution of Jamaica, a petty and exhausted colony, and the claims for the same constitutional rights by the working millions of England. In the first instance, not a member was absent from his place ; men were brought indeed from distant capitals to participate in the struggle and to decide it ; the debate lasted for days, almost for weeks ; not a public man of light and leading in the country withheld the expression of his opinion ; the fate of governments was involved in it ; cabinets were overthrown and reconstructed in the throes and tumult of the strife, and for the first time for a long period the Sovereign personally interposed in public transactions with a significance of character, which made the working classes almost believe that the privileged had at last found a master, and the unfranchised regained their natural chief. The mean position which the Saxon multitude occupied as distinguished from the Jamaica planters sunk deep into their hearts. From that moment all hope of relief from the demon-

stration of a high moral conduct in the millions, and the exhibition of that well-regulated order of public life which would intimate their fitness for the possession and fulfilment of public rights, vanished. The party of violence, a small minority as is usually the case, but consisting of men of determined character, triumphed ; and the outbreak at Birmingham was the first consequence of those reckless councils that were destined in the course of the ensuing years to inflict on the working classes of this country so much suffering and disaster.

It was about this time, a balmy morning of July, that Sybil, tempted by the soft sunshine, and a longing for the sight of flowers and turf and the spread of winding waters, went forth from her gloomy domicile to those beautiful gardens that bloom in that once melancholy region of marsh, celebrated in old days only for its Dutch canal and its Chinese bridge, and now not unworthy of the royal park that incloses them. Except here and there a pretty nursery-maid with her interesting charge ; some beautiful child with nodding plume, im-

mense bow, and gorgeous sash; the gardens were vacant. Indeed it was only at this early hour, that Sybil found from experience, that it was agreeable in London for a woman unaccompanied to venture abroad. There is no European city where our fair sisters are so little independent as in our metropolis; to our shame.

Something of the renovating influence of a beautiful nature was needed by the daughter of Gerard. She was at this moment anxious and dispirited. The outbreak at Birmingham, the conviction that such proceedings must ultimately prove fatal to the cause to which she was devoted, the dark apprehension that her father was in some manner implicated in this movement, that had commenced with so much public disaster, and which menaced consequences still more awful, all these events, and fears, and sad forebodings, acted with immense influence on a temperament which, though gifted with even a sublime courage, was singularly sensitive. The quick and teeming imagination of Sybil conjured up a thousand fears

which were in some degree unfounded, in a great degree exaggerated, but this is the inevitable lot of the creative mind practising on the inexperienced.

The shock, too had been sudden. The two months that had elapsed since she had parted, as she supposed for ever, from Egremont, while they had not less abounded than the preceding time in that pleasing public excitement which her father's career, in her estimation alike useful, honourable, and distinguished, occasioned her, had been fruitful in some sources of satisfaction of a softer and more domestic character. The acquaintance of Hatton, of whom they saw a great deal, had very much contributed to the increased amenity of her life. He was a most agreeable, instructive, and obliging companion ; who seemed peculiarly to possess the art of making life pleasant by the adroit management of unobtrusive resources. He lent Sybil books ; and all that he recommended to her notice were of a kind that harmonized with her sentiment and taste. He furnished her from his library with splendid

works of art, illustrative of those periods of our history and those choice and costly edifices which were associated with her fondest thought and fancy. He placed in her room the best periodical literature of the day, which for her was a new world ; he furnished her with newspapers whose columns of discussion taught her, that the opinions she had embraced were not unquestioned : as she had never seen a journal in her life before, except a stray number of the "Mowbray Phalanx," or the metropolitan publication which was devoted to the cause of the National Convention, and reported her father's speeches, the effect of this reading on her intelligence was, to say the least, suggestive.

Many a morning too when Gerard was disengaged, Hatton would propose that they should show Sybil something of the splendour or the rarities of the metropolis ; its public buildings, museums, and galleries of art. Sybil, though uninstructed in painting, had that native taste which requires only observation to arrive at true results. She was much interested with all she saw and all that occurred, and her gra-

tification was heightened by the society of an individual who not only sympathised with all she felt, but who, if she made an inquiry, was ever ready with an instructive reply. Hatton poured forth the taste and treasures of a well-stored and refined intelligence. And then too, always easy, bland, and considerate; and though with luxuries and conveniences at his command, to participate in which, under any other circumstances, might have been embarrassing to his companions, with so much tact, that either by an allusion to early days, happy days when he owed so much to Gerard's father, or some other mode equally felicitous, he contrived completely to maintain among them the spirit of social equality. In the evening, Hatton generally looked in when Gerard was at home, and on Sundays they were always together. Their common faith was a bond of union which led them to the same altar, and on that day Hatton had obtained their promise always to dine with him. He was careful to ascertain each holy day at what chapel the music was most exquisite, that the most

passionate taste of Sybil might be gratified. Indeed, during this residence in London, the opportunity it afforded of making her acquainted with some of the great masters of the human voice was perhaps to Sybil a source of pleasure not the least important. For though it was not deemed consistent with the future discipline which she contemplated to enter a theatre, there were yet occasions which permitted her, under every advantage, to listen to the performance of the master-pieces of sacred melody. Alone, with Hatton and her father, she often poured forth those tones of celestial sweetness and ethereal power that had melted the soul of Egremont amid the ruins of Marney Abbey.

More intimately acquainted with Sybil Gerard, Hatton had shrunk from the project that he had at first so crudely formed. There was something about her that awed, while it fascinated him. He did not relinquish his purpose, for it was a rule of his life never to do that ; but he postponed the plans of its fulfilment. Hatton was not, what is commonly

understood by the phrase, in love with Sybil; certainly not passionately in love with her. With all his daring and talents and fine taste, there was in Hatton such a vein of thorough good sense, that it was impossible for him to act or even to think anything that was ridiculous. He wished still to marry Sybil for the great object that we have stated; he had a mind quite equal to appreciate her admirable qualities, but sense enough to wish that she were a less dazzling creature, because then he would have a better chance of accomplishing his end. He perceived when he had had a due opportunity to study her character, that the cloister was the natural catastrophe impending over a woman who, with an exalted mind, great abilities, a fine and profound education and almost supernatural charms, found herself born and rooted in the ranks of a degraded population. All this Hatton understood; it was a conclusion he had gradually arrived at by a gradual process of induction and by a vigilant observation that in its study of character had rarely been deceived; and when one evening

with an art that could not be suspected, he sounded Gerard on the future of his daughter, he found that the clear intellect and straightforward sagacity of the father had arrived at the same result. "She wishes," said Gerard, "to take the veil, and I only oppose it for a time, that she may have some knowledge of life and a clear conception of what she is about to do. I wish not that she should hereafter reproach her father. But, to my mind, Sybil is right. She cannot look to marriage: no man that she could marry would be worthy of her."

During these two months, and especially during the last, Morley was rarely in London, though ever much with Gerard, and often with his daughter during his visits. The necessary impulse had been given to the affairs of the Convention, the delegates had visited the members, the preparations for the presentation of the National Petition had been completed; the overthrow of the whig government, the abortive effort of Sir Robert Peel, the return of the whig administration, and the consequent mea-

tures, had occasioned a delay of two months in the presentation of the great document : it was well for Gerard to remain, who was a leader in debate, and whose absence for a week would have endangered his position as the head of a party, but these considerations did not influence Morley, who had already found great inconvenience in managing his journal at a distance ; so, about the middle of May, he had returned to Mowbray, coming up occasionally by the train if anything important were stirring, or his vote could be of service to his friend and colleague. The affair of Birmingham however had alarmed Morley and he had written up to Gerard that he should instantly repair to town. Indeed he was expected the very morning that Sybil, her father having gone to the Convention where there were at this very moment very fiery debates, went forth to take the morning air of summer in the gardens of St. James' Park.

It was a real summer day ; large, round, glossy, fleecy clouds, as white and shining as glaciers, studded with their immense and immoveable forms the deep blue sky. There

was not even a summer breeze, though the air was mellow, balmy, and exhilarating. There was a bloom upon the trees, the waters glittered, the prismatic wild-fowl dived, breathed again, and again disappeared. Beautiful children, fresh and sweet as the new-born rose, glanced about with the gestures and sometimes the voices of Paradise. And in the distance rose the sacred towers of the great Western Minster.

How fair is a garden amid the toils and passions of existence ! A curse upon those who vulgarize and desecrate these holy haunts ; breaking the hearts of nursery maids, and smoking tobacco in the palace of the rose !

The mental clouds dispelled as Sybil felt the freshness and fragrance of nature. The colour came to her cheek ; the deep brightness returned to her eye ; her step that at first had been languid and if not melancholy, at least contemplative, became active and animated. She forgot the cares of life and was touched by all the sense of its enjoyment. To move, to breathe, to feel the sunbeam, were sensible and

surpassing pleasures. Cheerful by nature, notwithstanding her stately thoughts and solemn life, a brilliant smile played on her seraphic face, as she marked the wild passage of the daring birds, or watched the thoughtless grace of infancy.

She rested herself on a bench beneath a branching elm, and her eye, that for some time had followed the various objects that had attracted it, was now fixed in abstraction on the sunny waters. The visions of past life rose before her. It was one of those reveries when the incidents of our existence are mapped before us, when each is considered with relation to the rest, and assumes in our knowledge its distinct and absolute position; when, as it were, we take stock of our experience, and ascertain how rich sorrow and pleasure, feeling and thought, intercourse with our fellow creatures and the fortuitous mysteries of life,—have made us in wisdom.

The quick intelligence and the ardent imagination of Sybil had made her comprehend with fervor the two ideas that had been impressed on

her young mind ; the oppression of her church and the degradation of her people. Educated in solitude and exchanging thoughts only with individuals of the same sympathies, these impressions had resolved themselves into one profound and gloomy conviction, that the world was divided only between the oppressors and the oppressed. With her, to be one of the people, was to be miserable and innocent ; one of the privileged, a luxurious tyrant. In the cloister, in her garden, amid the scenes of suffering which she often visited and always solaced, she had raised up two phantoms which with her represented human nature.

But the experience of the last few months had operated a great change in these impressions. She had seen enough to suspect that the world was a more complicated system than she had preconceived. There was not that strong and rude simplicity in its organization she had supposed. The characters were more various, the motives more mixed, the classes more blended, the elements of each more subtle and diversified, than she had imagined. The People

she found was not that pure embodiment of unity of feeling, of interest, and of purpose, which she had pictured in her abstractions. The people had enemies among the people : their own passions ; which made them often sympathize, often combine, with the privileged. Her father, with all his virtues, all his abilities, singleness of purpose and simplicity of aim, encountered rivals in their own Convention, and was beset by open or, still worse, secret foes.

Sybil, whose mind had been nurtured with great thoughts, and with whom success or failure alike partook of the heroic, who had hoped for triumph, but who was prepared for sacrifice, found to her surprise that great thoughts have very little to do with the business of the world ; that human affairs, even in an age of revolution, are the subject of compromise ; and that the essence of compromise is littleness. She thought that the People, calm and collected, conscious at last of their strength and confident in their holy cause, had but to express their pure and noble convictions

by the delegates of their choice, and that an antique and decrepid authority must bow before the irresistable influence of their moral power. These delegates of their choice turned out to be a plebeian senate of wild ambitions and sinister and selfish ends, while the decrepid authority that she had been taught existed only by the sufferance of the millions was compact and organized, with every element of physical power at its command, and supported by the interests, the sympathies, the honest convictions, and the strong prejudices of classes influential not merely from their wealth but even by their numbers.

Nor could she resist the belief that the feeling of the rich towards the poor was not that sentiment of unmingled hate and scorn which she associated with Norman conquerors and feudal laws. She would ascribe rather the want of sympathy that unquestionably exists between Wealth and Work in England, to mutual ignorance between the classes which possess these two great elements of national prosperity; and though the source of that ignorance was to

be sought in antecedent circumstances of violence and oppression, the consequences perhaps had outlived the causes, as customs survive opinions.

Sybil looked towards Westminster, to those proud and passionate halls where assembles the Parliament of England; that rapacious, violent, and haughty body, that had brought kings and prelates to the block; spoiled churches and then seized the sacred manors for their personal prey; invested their own possessions with infinite privileges, and then mortgaged for their state and empire the labour of countless generations. Could the voice of solace sound from such a quarter?

Sybil unfolded a journal which she had brought; not now to be read for the first time; but now for the first time to be read alone, undisturbed, in a scene of softness and serenity. It contained a report of the debate in the House of Commons on the presentation of the National Petition; that important document which had been the

means of drawing forth Sybil from her solitude, and of teaching her something of that world of which she had often pondered, and yet which she had so inaccurately pre-conceived.

Yes! there was one voice that had sounded in that proud Parliament, that free from the slang of faction, had dared to express immortal truths: the voice of a noble, who without being a demagogue, had upheld the popular cause; had pronounced his conviction that the rights of labour were as sacred as those of property; that if a difference were to be established, the interests of the living wealth ought to be preferred; who had declared that the social happiness of the millions should be the first object of a statesman, and that if that were not achieved, thrones and dominions, the pomp and power of courts and empires, were alike worthless.

With a heart not without emotion; with a kindling cheek, and eyes suffused with tears, Sybil read the speech of Egremont. She ceased; still holding the paper with

one hand, she laid on it the other with tenderness, and looked up to breathe as it were for relief. Before her stood the orator himself.

## CHAPTER II.

EGREMONT had recognized Sybil as she entered the garden. He was himself crossing the park to attend a committee of the House of Commons which had sat for the first time that morning. The meeting had been formal and brief, the committee soon adjourned, and Egremont repaired to the spot where he was in the hope of still finding Sybil.

He approached her not without some restraint ; with reserve and yet with tenderness. "This is a great, an unexpected pleasure indeed," he said in a faltering tone. She had looked up ; the expression of an agitation, not distressful, on her beautiful countenance could not be concealed. She smiled through a gush-

ing vision ; and with a flushed cheek, impelled perhaps by her native frankness, perhaps by some softer and irresistible feeling of gratitude, respect, regard, she said in a low voice, "I was reading your beautiful speech."

"Indeed," said Egremont much moved, "that is an honour,—a pleasure,—a reward, I never could have even hoped to have attained."

"By all," continued Sybil with more self-possession, "it must be read with pleasure, with advantage, but by me—oh! with what deep interest."

"If anything that I said finds an echo in your breast," and here he hesitated, "——it will give me confidence for the future," he hurriedly added.

"Ah! why do not others feel like you!" said Sybil, "all would not then be hopeless."

"But you are not hopeless," said Egremont, and he seated himself on the bench, but at some distance from her.

Sybil shook her head.

"But when we spoke last," said Egremont, "you were full of confidence—in your cause, and in your means."

"It is not very long ago," said Sybil, "since we thus spoke, and yet time in the interval has taught me some bitter truths."

"Truth is very precious," said Egremont, "to us all; and yet I fear I could not sufficiently appreciate the cause that deprived you of your sanguine faith."

"Alas!" said Sybil mournfully, "I was but a dreamer of dreams: I wake from my hallucination as others have done I suppose before me. Like them too I feel the glory of life has gone; but my content at least," and she bent her head meekly, "has never rested I hope too much on this world."

"You are depressed, dear Sybil?"

"I am unhappy. I am anxious about my father. I fear that he is surrounded by men unworthy of his confidence. These scenes of violence alarm me. Under any circumstances I should shrink from them, but I am impressed with the conviction that they can bring us nothing but disaster and disgrace."

"I honor your father," said Egremont, "I know no man whose character I esteem so truly

noble ; such a just compound of intelligence and courage, and gentle and generous impulse. I should deeply grieve were he to compromise himself. But you have influence over him, the greatest, as you have over all. Counsel him to return to Mowbray."

"Can I give counsel?" said Sybil, "I who have been wrong in all my judgments? I came up to this city with him, to be his guide, his guardian. What arrogance! What short-sighted pride! I thought the People all felt as I feel ; that I had nothing to do but to sustain and animate him ; to encourage him when he flagged, to uphold him when he wavered. I thought that moral power must govern the world, and that moral power was embodied in an assembly whose annals will be a series of petty intrigues, or, what is worse, of violent machinations."

"Exert every energy," said Egremont, "that your father should leave London, immediately ; to-morrow, to-night if possible. After this business at Birmingham, the government must act. I hear that they will immediately increase the army and the police ; and that there is a

circular from the Secretary of State to the Lords Lieutenant of counties. But the government will strike at the Convention. The members who remain will be the victims. If your father return to Mowbray and be quiet, he has a chance of not being disturbed."

"An ignoble end of many lofty hopes," said Sybil.

"Let us retain our hopes," said Egremont, "and cherish them."

"I have none," she replied.

"And I am sanguine," said Egremont.

"Ah! because you have made a beautiful speech. But they will listen to you, they will cheer you, but they will never follow you. The dove and the eagle will not mate; the lion and the lamb will not lie down together; and the conquerors will never rescue the conquered."

Egremont shook his head. "You still will cherish these phantoms, dear Sybil! and why? They are not visions of delight. Believe me they are as vain as they are distressing. The mind of England is the mind ever of the rising race. Trust me it is with the People. And

not the less so, because this feeling is one of which even in a great degree it is unconscious. Those opinions which you have been educated to dread and mistrust are opinions that are dying away. Predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing. Let an accident, which speculation could not foresee, the balanced state at this moment of parliamentary parties cease, and in a few years, more or less, cease it must, and you will witness a development of the new mind of England, which will make up by its rapid progress for its retarded action. I live among these men ; I know their inmost souls ; I watch their instincts and their impulses ; I know the principles which they have imbibed, and I know, however hindered by circumstances for the moment, those principles must bear their fruit. It will be a produce hostile to the oligarchical system. The future principle of English politics will not be a levelling principle ; not a principle adverse to privileges, but favourable to their extension. It will seek to ensure

equality, not by levelling the Few but by elevating the Many."

Indulging for some little time in the mutual reflections, which the tone of the conversation suggested, Sybil at length rose, and saying that she hoped by this time her father might have returned, bade farewell to Egremont, but he also rising would for a time accompany her. At the gate of the gardens however she paused, and said with a soft sad smile, "Here we must part," and extended to him her hand.

"Heaven will guard over you!" said Egremont, "for you are a celestial charge."

## CHAPTER III.

As Sybil approached her home, she recognized her father in the court before their house, accompanied by several men, with whom he seemed on the point of going forth. She was so anxious to speak to Gerard, that she did not hesitate at once to advance. There was a stir as she entered the gate; the men ceased talking, some stood aloof, all welcomed her with silent respect. With one or two Sybil was not entirely unacquainted; at least by name or person. To them, as she passed, she bent her head; and then going up to her father, who was about to welcome her, she said, in a tone of calmness and with a semi-

blance of composure, "If you are going out, dear father, I should like to see you for one moment first."

"A moment, friends," said Gerard, "with your leave;" and he accompanied his daughter into the house. He would have stopped in the hall, but she walked on to their room, and Gerard, though pressed for time, was compelled to follow her. When they had entered their chamber, Sybil closed the door with care, and then, Gerard sitting, or rather leaning carelessly, on the edge of the table, she said, "We are once more together, dear father; we will never again be separated."

Gerard sprang quickly on his legs, his eye kindled, his cheek flushed. "Something has happened to you, Sybil!"

"No," she said, shaking her head mournfully, "not that; but something may happen to you."

"How so, my child?" said her father, relapsing into his customary good-tempered placidity, and speaking in an easy, measured, almost drawling tone that was habitual to him.

"You are in danger," said Sybil, "great and immediate. No matter at this moment how I am persuaded of this: I wish no mysteries, but there is no time for details. The government will strike at the Convention; they are resolved. This outbreak at Birmingham has brought affairs to a crisis. They have already arrested the leaders there; they will seize those who remain here in avowed correspondence with them."

"If they arrest all who are in correspondence with the Convention," said Gerard, "they will have enough to do."

"Yes; but you take a leading part," said Sybil; "you are the individual they would select."

"Would you have me hide myself?" said Gerard, "just because something is going on besides talk."

"Besides talk!" exclaimed Sybil. "O! my father, what thoughts are these! It may be that words are vain to save us; but feeble deeds are vainer far than words."

"I do not see that the deeds, though I have

nothing to do with them, are so feeble," said Gerard ; " their boasted police are beaten, and by the isolated movement of an unorganized mass. What if the outbreak had not been a solitary one ? What if the people had been disciplined ? "

" What if everything were changed, if everything were contrary to what it is ? " said Sybil. " The people are not disciplined ; their action will not be, cannot be, coherent and uniform ; these are riots in which you are involved, not revolutions ; and you will be a victim, and not a sacrifice. "

Gerard looked thoughtful, but not anxious : after a momentary pause, he said, " We must not be scared at a few arrests, Sybil. These are hap-hazard pranks of a government that wants to terrify, but is itself frightened. I have not counselled, none of us have counselled, this stir at Birmingham. It is a casualty. We were none of us prepared for it. But great things spring from casualties. I say the police were beaten and the troops alarmed ; and I say this was done without organization

and in a single spot. I am as much against feeble deeds as you can be, Sybil; and to prove this to you, our conversation at the moment you arrived, was to take care for the future that there shall be none. Neither vain words nor feeble deeds for the future," added Gerard, and he moved to depart.

Sybil approached him with gentleness; she took his hand as if to bid him farewell; she retained it for a moment, and looked at him steadfastly in the face, with a glance at the same time serious and soft. Then throwing her arms round his neck and leaning her cheek upon his breast, she murmured, "Oh! my father, your child is most unhappy."

"Sybil," exclaimed Gerard in a tone of tender reproach, "this is womanish weakness; I love, but must not share it."

"It may be womanish," said Sybil, "but it is wise: for what should make us unhappy if not the sense of impending, yet unknown, danger?"

"And why danger?" said Gerard.

"Why mystery?" said Sybil. "Why are

you ever pre-occupied and involved in dark thoughts, my father? It is not the pressure of business, as you will perhaps tell me, that occasions this change in a disposition so frank and even careless. The pressure of affairs is not nearly as great, cannot be nearly as great, as in the early period of your assembling, when the eyes of the whole country were on you, and you were in communication with all parts of it. How often have you told me that there was no degree of business which you found irksome? Now you are all dispersed and scattered: no discussions, no committees, little correspondence—and you yourself are ever brooding and ever in conclave, with persons too who I know, for Stephen has told me so, are the preachers of violence: violence perhaps that some of them may preach, yet will not practise: both bad; traitors it may be, or, at the best, hare-brained men.”

“Stephen is prejudiced,” said Gerard. “He is a visionary, indulging in impossible dreams, and if possible, little desirable. He knows nothing of the feeling of the country or the

character of his countrymen. Englishmen want none of his joint-stock felicity ; they want their rights,—rights consistent with the rights of other classes, but without which the rights of other classes cannot, and ought not, to be secure.”

“Stephen is at least your friend, my father ; and once you honoured him.”

“And do so now ; and love him very dearly. I honour him for his great abilities and knowledge. Stephen is a scholar ; I have no pretensions that way ; but I can feel the pulse of a people, and can comprehend the signs of the times, Sybil. Stephen was all very well talking in our cottage and garden at Mowbray, when we had nothing to do ; but now we must act, or others will act for us. Stephen is not a practical man ; he is crotchety, Sybil, and that’s just it.”

“But violence and action,” said Sybil, “are they identical, my father ?”

“I did not speak of violence.”

“No ; but you looked it. I know the language of your countenance, even to the quiver

of your lip. Action, as you and Stephen once taught me, and I think wisely, was to prove to our rulers by an agitation, orderly and intellectual, that we were sensible of our degradation ; and that it was neither Christianlike nor prudent, neither good nor wise, to let us remain so. That you did, and you did it well ; the respect of the world, even of those who differed from you in interest or opinion, was not withheld from you ; and can be withheld from none] who exercise the moral power that springs from great talents and a good cause. You have let this great moral power, this pearl of price," said Sybil with emotion,—"we cannot conceal it from ourselves, my father,—you have let it escape from your hands."

Gerard looked at her as she spoke with an earnestness unusual with him. As she ceased, he cast his eyes down, and seemed for a moment deep in thought ; then looking up, he said, "The season for words is past. I must be gone, dear Sybil." And he moved towards the door.

"You shall not leave me," said Sybil, springing forward, and seizing his arm.

"What would you, what would you?" said Gerard, distressed.

"That we should quit this city to-night."

"What, quit my post?"

"Why yours? Have not your colleagues dispersed? Is not your assembly formally adjourned to another town? Is it not known that the great majority of the delegates have returned to their homes? And why not you to yours?"

"I have no home," said Gerard, almost in a voice of harshness. "I came here to do the business that was wanting, and, by the blessing of God, I will do it. I am no changeling, nor can I refine and split straws, like your philosophers and Morleys; but if the people will struggle, I will struggle with them; and die, if need be, in the front. Nor will I be deterred from my purpose by the tears of a girl," and he released himself from the hand of his daughter with abruptness.

Sybil looked up to heaven with streaming

eyes, and clasped her hands in unutterable woe. Gerard moved again towards the door, but before he reached it, his step faltered, and he turned again and looked at his daughter with tenderness and anxiety. She remained in the same position, save that her arms that had fallen were crossed before her, and her downward glance seemed fixed in deep abstraction. Her father approached her unnoticed ; he took her hand ; she started, and looking round with a cold and distressed expression, said, in a smothered tone, "I thought you had gone."

"Not in anger, my sweet child," and Gerard pressed her to his heart.

"But you go," murmured Sybil.

"These men await me," said Gerard. "Our council is of importance. We must take some immediate steps for the aid of our brethren in distress at Birmingham, and to discountenance similar scenes of outbreak as this affair : but the moment this is over, I will come back to you ; and for the rest, it shall be as you desire ; to-morrow we will return to Mowbray."

Sybil returned her father's embrace with a

warmth which expressed her sense of his kindness and her own soothed feelings, but she said nothing; and bidding her now to be of good cheer, Gerard quitted the apartment.

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## CHAPTER IV.

THE clock of St. John's church struck three, and the clock of St. John's church struck four; and the fifth hour sounded from St. John's church; and the clock of St. John's was sounding six. And Gerard had not yet returned.

The time for a while after his departure had been comparatively light-hearted and agreeable. Easier in her mind and for a time busied with the preparations for their journey, Sybil sate by the open window more serene and cheerful than for a long period had been her wont. Sometimes she ceased for a moment from her volume and fell into a reverie of the morrow and of Mowbray. Viewed through the magic haze of

time and distance, the scene of her youth assumed a character of tenderness and even of peaceful bliss. She sighed for the days of their cottage and their garden, when the discontent of her father was only theoretical, and their political conclaves were limited to a discussion between him and Morley on the rights of the people or the principles of society. The bright waters of the Mowe and its wooded hills; her matin walks to the convent to visit Ursula Trafford—a pilgrimage of piety and charity and love; the faithful Harold, so devoted and so intelligent; even the crowded haunts of labour and suffering among which she glided like an angel, blessing and blessed; they rose before her—those touching images of the past—and her eyes were suffused with tears, of tenderness, not of gloom.

And blended with them the thought of one who had been for a season the kind and gentle companion of her girlhood—that Mr. Franklin whom she had never quite forgotten, and who, alas! was not Mr. Franklin after all. Ah! that was a wonderful history; a somewhat

thrilling chapter in the memory of one so innocent and so young! His voice even now lingered in her ear. She recalled without an effort those tones of the morning, tones of tenderness and yet of wisdom and considerate thought, that had sounded only for her welfare. Never had Egremont appeared to her in a light so subduing. He was what man should be to woman ever—gentle, and yet a guide. A thousand images dazzling and wild rose in her mind; a thousand thoughts, beautiful and quivering as the twilight, clustered round her heart; for a moment she indulged in impossible dreams, and seemed to have entered a newly-discovered world. The horizon of her experience expanded like the glittering heaven of a fairy tale. Her eye was fixed in lustrous contemplation, the flush on her cheek was a messenger from her heart, the movement of her mouth would have in an instant become a smile, when the clock of St. John's struck four, and Sybil started from her reverie.

The clock of St. John's struck four, and Sybil became anxious; the clock of St. John's

struck five, and Sybil became disquieted; restless and perturbed, she was walking up and down the chamber, her books long since thrown aside, when the clock of St. John's struck six.

She clasped her hands and looked up to heaven. There was a knock at the street door; she herself sprang out to open it. It was not Gerard. It was Morley.

"Ah! Stephen," said Sybil, with a countenance of undisguised disappointment, "I thought it was my father."

"I should have been glad to have found him here," said Morley. "However with your permission I will enter."

"And he will soon arrive," said Sybil; "I am sure he will soon arrive. I have been expecting him every minute—"

"For hours," added Morley, finishing her sentence, as they entered the room. "The business that he is on," he continued, throwing himself into a chair with a recklessness very unlike his usual composure and even precision, "The business that he is on is engrossing."

"Thank Heaven," said Sybil, "we leave this place to-morrow."

"Hah!" said Morley starting, "who told you so?"

"My father has so settled it; has indeed promised me that we shall depart."

"And you were anxious to do so."

"Most anxious; my mind is prophetic only of mischief to him if we remain."

"Mine too. Otherwise I should not have come up to-day."

"You have seen him I hope?" said Sybil.

"I have; I have been hours with him."

"I am glad. At this conference he talked of?"

"Yes; at this headstrong council; and I have seen him since; alone. Whatever hap to him, my conscience is assoiled."

"You terrify me, Stephen," said Sybil rising from her seat. "What can happen to him? What would he do, what would you resist? Tell me—tell me, dear friend."

"Oh! yes," said Morley, pale and with a

slight yet bitter smile. "Oh! yes; dear friend!"

"I said dear friend for so I deemed you," said Sybil; "and so we have ever found you. Why do you stare at me so strangely, Stephen?"

"So you deem me, and so you have ever found me," said Morley in a slow and measured tone, repeating her words. "Well; what more would you have? what more should any of us want?" he asked abruptly.

"I want no more," said Sybil innocently.

"I warrant me, you do not. Well, well; nothing matters. And so," he added in his ordinary tone, "you are waiting for your father?"

"Whom you have not long since seen," said Sybil, "and whom you expected to find here?"

"No;" said Morley, shaking his head with the same bitter smile; "no, no, I didn't. I came to find you."

"You have something to tell me," said Sybil earnestly. "Something has happened to my father. Do not break it to me; tell me at

once," and she advanced and laid her hand upon his arm.

Morley trembled; and then in a hurried and agitated voice, said, "No, no, no; nothing has happened. Much may happen, but nothing has happened. And we may prevent it."

"We! Tell me what may happen; tell me what to do."

"Your father," said Morley, slowly rising from his seat and pacing the room, and speaking in a low calm voice, "Your father—and my friend—is in this position Sybil: he is conspiring against the State."

"Yes, yes," said Sybil very pale, speaking almost in a whisper and with her gaze fixed intently on her companion. "Tell me all."

"I will. He is conspiring, I say, against the State. To-night they meet in secret to give the last finish to their plans; and to-night they will be arrested."

"O God!" said Sybil clasping her hands.

"He told me truth."

"Who told you truth?" said Morley, spring-

ing to her side, in a hoarse voice and with an eye of fire.

"A friend," said Sybil, dropping her arms and bending her head in woe; "a kind good friend. I met him but this morn, and he warned me of all this."

"Hah, hah!" said Morley with a sort of stifled laugh; "Hah, hah; he told you did he; the kind good friend whom you met this morning? Did I not warn you, Sybil, of the traitor? Did I not tell you to beware of taking this false aristocrat to your hearth; to worm out all the secrets of that home that he once polluted by his espionage, and now would desolate by his treason."

"Of whom and what do you speak?" said Sybil, throwing herself into a chair.

"I speak of that base spy Egremont."

"You slander an honourable man," said Sybil with dignity. "Mr. Egremont has never entered this house since you met him here for the first time; save once."

"He needed no entrance to this house to worm out its secrets," said Morley maliciously.

"That could be more adroitly done by one who had assignations at command with the most charming of its inmates."

"Unmannerly churl!" exclaimed Sybil starting in her chair, her eye flashing lightning, her distended nostril quivering with scorn.

"Oh! yes, I am a churl," said Morley; "I know I am a churl. Were I a noble the daughter of the people would perhaps condescend to treat me with less contempt."

"The daughter of the people loves truth and manly bearing, Stephen Morley; and will treat with contempt all those who slander women, whether they be nobles or serfs."

"And where is the slanderer?"

"Ask him who told you I held assignations with Mr. Egremont or with any one."

"Mine eyes—mine own eyes—were my informant," said Morley. "This morn, the very morn I arrived in London, I learnt how your matins were now spent. Yes!" he added in a tone of mournful anguish, "I passed the gate of the gardens; I witnessed your adieus."

"We met by hazard," said Sybil, in a calm tone, and with an expression that denoted she was thinking of other things, "and in all probability we shall never meet again. Talk not of these trifles, Stephen; my father, how can we save him?"

"Are they trifles?" said Morley, slowly and earnestly, walking to her side, and looking her intently in the face. "Are they indeed trifles, Sybil? Oh! make me credit that, and then ——" he paused.

Sybil returned his gaze: the deep lustre of her dark orb rested on his peering vision; his eye fled from the unequal contest; his heart throbbed, his limbs trembled; he fell upon his knee.

"Pardon me, pardon me," he said, and he took her hand. "Pardon the most miserable and the most devoted of men!"

"What need of pardon, dear Stephen?" said Sybil in a soothing tone. "In the agitated hour wild words escape. If I have used them, I regret; if you, I have forgotten."

The clock of St. John's told that the sixth hour was more than half-past.

“Ah!” said Sybil, withdrawing her hand, “you told me how precious was time. What can we do?”

Morley rose from his kneeling position, and again paced the chamber, lost for some moments in deep meditation. Suddenly he seized her arm, and said, “I can endure no longer the anguish of my life: I love you, and if you will not be mine, I care for no one’s fate.”

“I am not born for love,” said Sybil, frightened, yet endeavouring to conceal her alarm.

“We are all born for love,” said Morley. “It is the principle of existence, and its only end. And love of you, Sybil,” he continued, in a tone of impassioned pathos, “has been to me for years the hoarded treasure of my life. For this I have haunted your hearth and hovered round your home; for this I have served your father like a slave, and embarked in a cause with which I have little sympathy, and which can meet with no success. It is your image that has stimulated my ambition, developed my powers, sustained me in the hour

of humiliation, and secured me that material prosperity which I can now command. Oh! deign to share it; share it with the impassioned heart and the devoted life that now bow before you; and do not shrink from them, because they are the feelings and the fortunes of the People."

"You astound, you overwhelm me," said Sybil, agitated. "You came for another purpose, we were speaking of other feelings; it is the hour of exigency you choose for these strange, these startling words."

"I also have my hour of exigency," said Morley, "and its minutes are now numbering. Upon it all depends."

"Another time," said Sybil, in a low and deprecatory voice; "speak of these things another time!"

"The caverns of my mind are open," said Morley, "and they will not close."

"Stephen," said Sybil, "dear Stephen, I am grateful for your kind feelings; but indeed this is not the time for such passages: cease, my friend!"

"I came to know my fate," said Morley, doggedly.

"It is a sacrilege of sentiment," said Sybil, unable any longer to restrain her emotion, "to obtrude its expression on a daughter at such a moment."

"You would not deem it so if you loved, or if you could love me, Sybil," said Morley, mournfully. "Why it's a moment of deep feeling, and suited for the expression of deep feeling. You would not have answered thus, if he who had been kneeling here had been named Egremont."

"He would not have adopted a course," said Sybil, unable any longer to restrain her displeasure, "so selfish, so indecent."

"Ah! she loves him!" exclaimed Morley, springing on his legs, and with a demoniac laugh.

There was a pause. Under ordinary circumstances Sybil would have left the room and terminated a distressing interview, but in the present instance that was impossible; for on the continuance of that interview any hope of

assisting her father depended. Morley had thrown himself into a chair opposite her, leaning back in silence with his face covered ; Sybil was disinclined to revive the conversation about her father, because she had already perceived that Morley was only too much aware of the command which the subject gave him over her feelings and even conduct. Yet time, time now full of terror, time was stealing on. It was evident that Morley would not break the silence. At length, unable any longer to repress her tortured heart, Sybil said, "Stephen, be generous ; speak to me of your friend."

"I have no friend," said Morley, without taking his hands from his face.

"The Saints in heaven have mercy on me," said Sybil, "for I am very wretched."

"No, no, no," said Morley, rising rapidly from his seat, and again kneeling at her side, "not wretched ; not that tone of anguish ! What can I do ? what say ? Sybil, dearest Sybil, I love you so much, so fervently, so devotedly ; none can love you as I do ; say not you are wretched !"

"Alas ! alas !" said Sybil.

"What shall I do ? what say ?" said Morley.

"You know what I would have you say," said Sybil. "Speak of one who is my father, if no longer your friend : you know what I would have you do—save him : save him from death and me from despair."

"I am ready," said Morley ; "I came for that. Listen. There is a meeting to-night at half-past eight o'clock ; they meet to arrange a general rising in the country : their intention is known to the government ; they will be arrested. Now it is in my power, which it was not when I saw your father this morning, to convince him of the truth of this, and were I to see him before eight o'clock, which I could easily do, I could prevent his attendance, certainly prevent his attendance, and he would be saved ; for the government depend much upon the papers, some proclamations, and things of that kind, which will be signed this evening, for their proofs. Well, I am ready to save Gerard, my friend, for so I'll call him as you wish it ; one I have served before and long ;

one whom I came up from Mowbray this day to serve and save ; I am ready to do that which you require ; you yourself admit it is no light deed ; and coming from one you have known so long, and, as you confess, so much regarded, should be doubly cherished ; I am ready to do this great service ; to save the father from death and the daughter from despair,—if she would but only say to me, ‘I have but one reward, and it is yours.’”

“I have read of something of this sort,” said Sybil, speaking in a murmuring tone, and looking round her with a wild expression, “this bargaining of blood, and shall I call it love ? But that was ever between the oppressors and the oppressed. This is the first time that a child of the people has been so assailed by one of her own class, and who exercises his power from the confidence which the sympathy of their sorrows alone caused. It is bitter ; bitter for me and mine—but for you, pollution.”

“Am I answered ?” said Morley.

“Yes,” said Sybil, “in the name of the holy Virgin.”

"Good night, then," said Morley, and he approached the door. His hand was on it. The voice of Sybil made him turn his head.

"Where do they meet to-night?" she inquired, in a smothered tone.

"I am bound to secrecy," said Morley.

"There is no softness in your spirit," said Sybil.

"I am met with none."

"We have ever been your friends."

"A blossom that has brought no fruit."

"This hour will be remembered at the judgment-seat," said Sybil.

"The holy Virgin will perhaps interpose for me," said Morley, with a sneer.

"We have merited this," said Sybil, "who have taken an infidel to our hearts."

"If he had only been a heretic, like Egremont!" said Morley.

Sybil burst into tears. Morley sprang to her. "Swear by the holy Virgin, swear by all the saints, swear by your hope of heaven and by your own sweet name; without equivocation, without reserve, with fulness and with

truth, that you will never give your heart or hand to Egremont ;—and I will save your father.”

As in a low voice, but with a terrible earnestness, Morley dictated this oath, Sybil, already pale, became white as the marble saint of some sacred niche. Her large dark eyes seemed fixed ; a fleet expression of agony flitted over her beautiful brow like a cloud ; and she said, “I swear that I will never give my hand to —”

“And your heart, your heart,” said Morley eagerly. “Omit not that. Swear by the holy oaths again you do not love him. She falters ! Ah ! she blushes !” For a burning brightness now suffused the cheek of Sybil. “She loves him,” exclaimed Morley, wildly, and he rushed frantically from the room.

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## CHAPTER V.

AGITATED and overcome by these unexpected and passionate appeals, and these outrageous ebullitions acting on her at a time when she herself was labouring under no ordinary excitement, and was distracted with disturbing thoughts, the mind of Sybil seemed for a moment to desert her ; neither by sound nor gesture did she signify her sense of Morley's last words and departure ; and it was not until the loud closing of the street door echoing through the long passage recalled her to herself, that she was aware how much was at stake in that incident. She darted out of the room to recall him ; to make one more effort for her father ;

but in vain. By the side of their house was an intricate passage leading into a labyrinth of small streets. Through this Morley had disappeared; and his name, more than once sounded in a voice of anguish in that silent and most obsolete Smith's Square, received no echo.

Darkness and terror came over the spirit of Sybil; a sense of confounding and confusing woe, with which it was in vain to cope. The conviction of her helplessness prostrated her. She sate her down upon the steps before the door of that dreary house, within the railings of that gloomy court, and buried her face in her hands: a wild vision of the past and the future, without thought or feeling, coherence or consequence: sunset gleams of vanished bliss, and stormy gusts of impending doom.

The clock of St. John's struck seven.

It was the only thing that spoke in that still and dreary square; it was the only voice that there seemed ever to sound; but it was a voice from heaven; it was the voice of St. John.

Sybil looked up ; she looked up at the holy building. Sybil listened ; she listened to the holy sounds. St. John told her that the danger of her father was yet so much advanced. Oh ! why are there saints in heaven if they cannot aid the saintly ! The oath that Morley would have enforced came whispering in the ear of Sybil—"Swear by the holy Virgin and by all the saints."

And shall she not pray to the holy Virgin and all the saints ? Sybil prayed ; she prayed to the holy Virgin and all the saints ; and especially to the beloved St. John : most favoured among Hebrew men, on whose breast reposed the divine Friend.

Brightness and courage returned to the spirit of Sybil ; a sense of animating and exalting faith that could move mountains, and combat without fear a thousand perils. The conviction of celestial aid inspired her. She rose from her sad resting-place and re-entered the house ; only, however, to provide herself with her walking attire, and then alone and without a guide, the shades of evening

already descending, this child of innocence and divine thoughts, born in a cottage and bred in a cloister, she went forth, on a great enterprise of duty and devotion, into the busiest and the wildest haunts of the greatest of modern cities.

Sybil knew well her way to Palace Yard. This point was soon reached; she desired the cabman to drive her to a street in the Strand in which was a coffee-house, where during the last weeks of their stay in London the scanty remnants of the National Convention had held their sittings. It was by a mere accident that Sybil had learnt this circumstance, for when she had attended the meetings of the Convention in order to hear her father's speeches, it was in the prime of their gathering and when their numbers were great, and when they met in audacious rivalry opposite that St. Stephen's which they wished to supersede. This accidental recollection however was her only clue in the urgent adventure on which she had embarked.

She cast an anxious glance at the clock of

St. Martin's as she passed that church; the hand was approaching the half hour of seven. She urged on the driver; they were in the Strand; there was an agitating stoppage; she was about to descend when the obstacle was removed; and in a few minutes they turned down the street which she sought.

"What number, Ma'am?" asked the cabman.

"'Tis a coffee-house; I know not the number nor the name of him who keeps it. 'Tis a coffee-house. Can you see one? Look, look, I pray you! I am much pressed."

"Here's a coffee-house, Ma'am," said the man in a hoarse voice.

"How good you are! Yes; I will get out. You will wait for me, I am sure?"

"All right," said the cabman, as Sybil entered the illumined door. "Poor young thing! she's wery anxious about summut."

Sybil at once stepped into a rather capacious room, fitted up in the old-fashioned style of coffee-rooms, with mahogany boxes, in several of which were men drinking coffee and reading

newspapers by a painful glare of gas. There was a waiter in the middle of the room who was throwing some fresh sand upon the floor, but who stared immensely when looking up he beheld Sybil.

"Now, Ma'am, if you please," said the waiter inquiringly.

"Is Mr. Gerard here?" said Sybil.

"No, Ma'am; Mr. Gerard has not been here to-day, nor yesterday neither"—and he went on throwing the sand.

"I should like to see the master of the house," said Sybil very humbly.

"Should you, Ma'am?" said the waiter, but he gave no indication of assisting her in the fulfilment of her wish.

Sybil repeated that wish, and this time the waiter said nothing.

This vulgar and insolent neglect to which she was so little accustomed depressed her spirit. She could have encountered tyranny and oppression, and she would have tried to struggle with them; but this insolence of the insignificant made her feel her insignificance;

and the absorption all this time of the guests in their newspapers aggravated her nervous sense of her utter helplessness. All her feminine reserve and modesty came over her; alone in this room among men, she felt overpowered, and she was about to make a precipitate retreat when the clock of the coffee-room sounded the half hour. In a paroxysm of nervous excitement she exclaimed, "Is there not one among you who will assist me?"

All the newspaper readers put down their journals and stared.

"Hoity-toity," said the waiter, and he left off throwing the sand.

"Well, what's the matter now?" said one of the guests.

"I wish to see the master of the house on business of urgency," said Sybil, "to himself and to one of his friends, and his servant here will not even reply to my inquiries."

"I say, Saul, why don't you answer the young lady?" said another guest.

"So I did," said Saul. "Did you call for coffee, Ma'am?"

"Here's Mr. Tanner, if you want him, my dear," said the first guest, as a lean black-looking individual, with grizzled hair and a red nose, entered the coffee-room from the interior.

"Tanner, here's a lady wants you."

"And a very pretty girl too," whispered one to another.

"What's your pleasure?" said Mr. Tanner abruptly.

"I wish to speak to you alone," said Sybil; and advancing towards him she said in a low voice, "'Tis about Walter Gerard I would speak to you."

"Well, you can step in here if you like," said Tanner very discourteously; "there's only my wife;" and he led the way to the inner room, a small close parlour adorned with portraits of Tom Paine, Cobbett, Thistlewood, and General Jackson; with a fire, though it was a hot July, and a very fat woman affording still more heat, and who was drinking shrub and water and reading the police reports. She

stared rudely at Sybil as she entered following Tanner, who himself when the door was closed said, "Well, now what have you got to say?"

"I wish to see Walter Gerard."

"Do you indeed!"

"And," continued Sybil notwithstanding his sneering remark, "I come here that you may tell me where I may find him."

"I believe he lives somewhere in Westminster," said Tanner, "that's all I know about him; and if this be all you had to say it might have been said in the coffee-room."

"It is not all that I have to say," said Sybil; "and I beseech you, sir, listen to me. I know where Gerard lives; I am his daughter, and the same roof covers our heads. But I wish to know where they meet to-night—you understand me;" and she looked at his wife, who had resumed her police reports; "'tis urgent."

"I don't know nothing about Gerard," said Tanner, "except that he comes here and goes away again."

"The matter on which I would see him,"

said Sybil, "is as urgent as the imagination can conceive, and it concerns you as well as himself; but if you know not where I can find him"—and she moved as if about to retire—" 'tis of no use."

"Stop," said Tanner, "you can tell it to me."

"Why so? You know not where he is; you cannot tell it to him?"

"I don't know that," said Tanner. "Come, let's have it out; and if it will do him any good, I'll see if we can't manage to find him."

"I can impart my news to him and no one else," said Sybil. "I am solemnly bound."

"You can't have a better counsellor than Tanner," urged his wife, getting curious; "you had better tell us."

"I want no counsel; I want that which you can give me if you choose—information. My father instructed me that if certain circumstances occurred it was a matter of the last urgency that I should see him this evening and

before nine o'clock, I was to call here and obtain from you the direction where to find him ; the direction," she added in a lowered tone, and looking Tanner full in the face, "where they hold their secret council to-night."

"Hem !" said Tanner ; "I see you're on the free-list. And pray how am I know you *are* Gerard's daughter ?"

"You do not doubt I am his daughter !" said Sybil proudly.

"Hem !" said Tanner ; "I do not know that I do very much," and he whispered to his wife. Sybil removed from them as far as she was able.

"And this news is very urgent," resumed Tanner ; "and concerns me you say ?"

"Concerns you all," said Sybil ; "and every minute is of the last importance."

"I should like to have gone with you myself, and then there could have been no mistake," said Tanner ; "but that can't be ; we have a meeting here at half-past eight in our great room. I don't much like breaking rules, espe-

cially in such a business ; and yet, concerning all of us, as you say, and so very urgent, I don't see how it could do harm ; and I might—I wish I was quite sure you were the party."

"How can I satisfy you?" said Sybil, distressed.

"Perhaps the young person have got her mark on her linen," suggested the wife. "Have you got a handkerchief Ma'am?" and she took Sybil's handkerchief and looked at it, and examined it at every corner. It had no mark. And this unforeseen circumstance of great suspicion might have destroyed everything, had not the production of the handkerchief by Sybil also brought forth a letter addressed to her from Hatton.

"It seems to be the party," said the wife.

"Well," said Tanner, "you know St. Martin's Lane I suppose? Well, you go up St. Martin's Lane to a certain point, and then you will get into Seven Dials ; and then you'll go on. However it is impossible to direct you ; you must find your way. Hunt Street, going out of Silver Street, No. 22. 'Tis what you call a

blind street, with no thoroughfare, and then you go down an alley. Can you recollect that?"

"Fear not."

"No. 22, Hunt Street, going out of Silver Street. Remember the alley. It's an ugly neighbourhood; but you go of your own accord."

"Yes, yes. Good night."

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## CHAPTER VI.

URGED by Sybil's entreaties the cab-driver hurried on. With all the skilled experience of a thorough cockney charioteer he tried to conquer time and space by his rare knowledge of short cuts and fine acquaintance with unknown thoroughfares. He seemed to avoid every street which was the customary passage of mankind. The houses, the population, the costume, the manners, the language through which they whirled their way, were of a different state and nation to those with which the dwellers in the dainty quarters of this city are acquainted. Now dark streets of frippery and old stores, now market-places of entrails and

carriage with gutters running gore, sometimes the way was enveloped in the yeasty fumes of a colossal brewery, and sometimes they plunged into a labyrinth of lanes teeming with life, and where the dog-stealer and the pick-pocket, the burglar and the assassin, found a sympathetic multitude of all ages ; comrades for every enterprise ; and a market for every booty.

The long summer twilight was just expiring ; the pale shadows of the moon were just stealing on ; the gas was beginning to glare in the shops of tripe and bacon, and the paper lanterns to adorn the stall and the stand. They crossed a broad street which seemed the metropolis of the district ; it flamed with gin-palaces ; a multitude were sauntering in the mild though tainted air ; bargaining, blaspheming, drinking, wrangling ; and varying their business and their potations, their fierce strife and their impious irreverence, with flashes of rich humour, gleams of native wit, and racy phrases of idiomatic slang.

Absorbed in her great mission Sybil was almost insensible to the scenes through

which she passed, and her innocence was thus spared many a sight and sound that might have startled her vision or alarmed her ear. They could not now be very distant from the spot; they were crossing this broad way, and then were about to enter another series of small obscure dingy streets, when the cab-driver giving a flank to his steed to stimulate it to a last effort, the horse sprang forward, and the wheel of the cab came off.

Sybil extricated herself from the vehicle unhurt; a group immediately formed round the cab, a knot of young thieves, almost young enough for infant schools, a dustman, a woman nearly naked and very drunk, and two unshorn ruffians with brutality stamped on every feature, with pipes in their mouths, and their hands in their pockets.

"I can take you no further," said the cabman: "my fare is three shillings."

"What am I to do?" said Sybil, taking out her purse.

"The best thing the young lady can do," said the dustman, in a hoarse voice, "is to stand something to us all."

"That's your time o'day," squeaked a young thief.

"I'll drink your health with very great pleasure my dear," hiccupped the woman.

"How much have you got there?" said the young thief making a dash at the purse, but he was not quite tall enough, and failed.

"No violence," said one of the ruffians taking his pipe out of his mouth and sending a volume of smoke into Sybil's face, "we'll take the young lady to Mother Poppy's, and then we'll make a night of it."

But at this moment appeared a policeman, one of the permanent garrison of the quarter, who seeing one of her Majesty's carriages in trouble thought he must interfere. "Hilloa," he said, "what's all this?" And the cabman, who was a good fellow though in too much trouble to aid Sybil, explained in the terse and picturesque language of Cockaigne, doing full justice to his late fare, the whole circumstances.

"Oh! that's it," said the policeman, "the lady's respectable is she? Then I'd advise you and Hell Fire Dick to stir your chinks, Splinter-

legs. Keep moving's the time of day, Madam; you get on. Come;" and taking the woman by her shoulder he gave her a spin that sent her many a good yard. "And what do you want?" he asked gruffly of the lads.

"We wants a ticket for the Mendicity Society," said the captain of the infant band putting his thumb to his nose and running away, followed by his troop.

"And so you want to go to Silver Street?" said her official preserver to Sybil, for she had not thought it wise to confess her ultimate purpose, and indicate under the apprehended circumstances the place of rendezvous to a member of the police.

"Well; that's not very difficult now. Go a-head; take the second turning to your right, and the third to your left, and you're landed."

Aided by these instructions, Sybil hastened on, avoiding notice as much as was in her power, and assisted in some degree by the advancing gloom of night. She had reached Silver Street; a long, narrow, hilly street; and now she was at fault. There were not many

persons about, and there were few shops here ; yet one was at last at hand, and she entered to enquire her way. The person at the counter was engaged, and many customers awaited him : time was very precious : Sybil had made the enquiry and received only a supercilious stare from the shopman, who was weighing with precision some article that he was serving. A young man, shabby, but of a very superior appearance to the people of this quarter, good-looking, though with a dissolute air, and who seemed waiting for a customer in attendance, addressed Sybil. "I am going to Hunt Street," he said, "shall I show you the way?"

She accepted this offer most thankfully. "It is close at hand, I believe?"

"Here it is," he said ; and he turned down a street. "What is your house?"

"No. 22 : a printing-office," said Sybil ; for the street she had entered was so dark she despaired of finding her way, and ventured to trust so far a guide who was not a policeman.

"The very house I am going to," said the stranger : "I am a printer." And they walked

on some way, until they at length stopped before a glass and illumined door, covered with a red curtain. Before it was a group of several men and women brawling, but who did not notice Sybil and her companion.

"Here we are," said the man; and he pushed the door open, inviting Sybil to enter. She hesitated; it did not agree with the description that had been given her by the coffee-house keeper, but she had seen so much since, and felt so much, and gone through so much, that she had not at the moment that clear command of her memory for which she was otherwise remarkable; but while she faltered, an inner door was violently thrown open, and Sybil moving aside, two girls, still beautiful in spite of gin and paint, stepped into the street.

"This cannot be the house," exclaimed Sybil starting back, overwhelmed with shame and terror. "O! holy Virgin aid me!"

"And that's a blessed word to hear in this heathen land," exclaimed an Irishman, who was one of the group on the outside.

"If you be of our holy church," said Sybil appealing to the man who had thus spoken and whom she gently drew aside, "I beseech you, by everything we hold sacred, to aid me."

"And will I not?" said the man; "and I should like to see the arm that would hurt you;" and he looked round, but the young man had disappeared. "You are not a countrywoman I am thinking," he added.

"No, but a sister in Christ," said Sybil; "listen to me, good friend. I hasten to my father,—he is in great danger,—in Hunt Street,—I know not my way,—every moment is precious,—guide me, I beseech you,—honestly and truly guide me!"

"Will I not? Don't you be afraid my dear. And her poor father is ill! I wish I had such a daughter! We have not far to go. You should have taken the next turning. We must walk up this again for 'tis a small street with no thoroughfare. Come on without fear."

Nor did Sybil fear; for the description of the street which the honest man had incidentally given, tallied with her instructions. Encou-

raging her with many kind words, and full of rough courtesies, the good Irishman led her to the spot she had so long sought. There was the court she was told to enter. It was well lit, and descending the steps she stopped at the first door on her left, and knocked.

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## CHAPTER VII.

ON the same night that Sybil was encountering so many dangers, the saloons of Deloraine House blazed with a thousand lights to welcome the world of power and fashion to a festival of almost unprecedented magnificence. Fronting a royal park, its long lines of illumined windows and the bursts of gay and fantastic music that floated from its walls attracted the admiration and curiosity of another party that was assembled in the same fashionable quarter, beneath a canopy not less bright and reclining on a couch scarcely less luxurious, for they were lit by the stars and reposed upon the grass.

"I say, Jim," said a young genius of fourteen

stretching himself upon the turf, "I pity them ere jarvies a sitting on their boxes all the night and waiting for the nob's what is dancing. They as no repose."

"But they as porter," replied his friend, a sedate spirit with the advantage of an additional year or two of experience. "They takes their pot of half-and-half by turns, and if their name is called, the link what they subscribe for to pay, sings out 'here;' and that's the way their guvners is done."

"I think I should like to be a link Jim," said the young one.

"I wish you may get it," was the response: "it's the next best thing to a crossing: it's what every one looks to when he enters public life, but he soon finds 'tain't to be done without a deal of interest. They keeps it to themselves, and never lets any one in unless he makes himself very troublesome and gets up a party agin 'em."

"I wonder what the nob's has for supper," said the young one pensively. "Lots of kidneys I dare say."

"Oh! no; sweets is the time of day in these here blowouts: syllabubs like blazes, and snap-dragon as makes the flunkys quite pale."

"I would thank you, sir, not to tread upon this child," said a widow. She had three others with her, slumbering around, and this was the youngest wrapt in her only shawl.

"Madam," replied the person whom she addressed, in tolerable English, but with a marked accent, "I have bivouacked in many lands, but never with so young a comrade: I beg you a thousand pardons."

"Sir, you are very polite. These warm nights are a great blessing, but I am sure I know not what we shall do in the fall of the leaf."

"Take no thought of the morrow," said the foreigner, who was a Pole; had served as a boy beneath the suns of the Peninsula under Soult, and fought against Diebitsch on the banks of the icy Vistula. "It brings many changes." And arranging the cloak which he had taken that day out of pawn around him, he delivered himself up to sleep with that facility which is not uncommon among soldiers.

Here broke out a brawl: two girls began fighting and blaspheming; a man immediately came up, chastised and separated them. "I am the Lord Mayor of the night," he said, "and I will have no row here. 'Tis the like of you that makes the beaks threaten to expel us from our lodgings." His authority seemed generally recognized, the girls were quiet, but they had disturbed a sleeping man, who roused himself, looked around him and said with a scared look, "Where am I? What's all this?"

"Oh! it's nothin'," said the elder of the two lads we first noticed, "only a couple of unfortunate gals who've prigged a watch from a cove what was lousy and fell asleep under the trees between this and Kinsington."

"I wish they had not waked me," said the man, "I walked as far as from Stokenchurch, and that's a matter of forty miles, this morning to see if I could get some work, and went to bed here without any supper. I'm blessed if I worn't dreaming of a roast leg of pork."

"It has not been a lucky day for me," rejoined the lad, "I could not find a single gentle-

man's horse to hold, so help me, except one what was at the House of Commons, and he kept me there two mortal hours and said when he came out, that he would remember me next time. I ain't tasted no wittals to-day except some cat's-meat and a cold potatoe what was given me by a cabman ; but I have got a quid here, and if you are very low I'll give you half."

In the meantime Lord Valentine and the Princess Stephanie of Eurasberg with some companions worthy of such a pair, were dancing a new Mazurka before the admiring assembly at Deloraine House. The ball was in the statue gallery illumined on this night in the Russian fashion, which while it diffused a brilliant light throughout the beautiful chamber, was peculiarly adapted to develope the contour of the marble forms of grace and loveliness that were ranged around.

"Where is Arabella?" enquired Lord Marney of his mother, "I want to present young Huntingford to her. He can be of great use to me, but he bores me so, I cannot talk to him. I want to present him to Arabella."

"Arabella is in the blue drawing-room. I saw her just now with Mr. Jermyn and Charles. Count Soudriaffsky is teaching them some Russian tricks."

"What are Russian tricks to me ; she must talk to young Huntingford ; everything depends on his working with me against the Cut-and-Come-again branch-line ; they have refused me my compensation, and I am not going to have my estate cut up into ribbons without compensation."

"My dear Lady Deloraine," said Lady de Mowbray. "How beautiful your gallery looks to-night ! Certainly there is nothing in London that lights up so well."

"Its greatest ornaments are its guests. I am charmed to see Lady Joan looking so well."

"You think so ?"

"Indeed."

"I wish——" and here Lady de Mowbray gave a smiling sigh. "What do you think of Mr. Mountchesney ?"

"He is universally admired."

"So every one says, and yet——"

"Well what do you think of the Dashville, Fitz?" said Mr. Berners to Lord Fitzheron, "I saw you dancing with her."

"I can't bear her : she sets up to be natural and is only rude ; mistakes insolence for innocence ; says everything which comes first to her lips and thinks she is gay when she is only giddy."

"'Tis brilliant," said Lady Joan to Mr. Mountchesney.

"When you are here," he murmured.

"And yet a ball in a gallery of art is not in my opinion in good taste. The associations which are suggested by sculpture are not festive. Repose is the characteristic of sculpture. Do not you think so?"

"Decidedly," said Mr. Mountchesney. "We danced in the gallery at Matfield this Christmas, and I thought all the time that a gallery is not the place for a ball ; it is too long and too narrow."

Lady Joan looked at him, and her lip rather curled.

"I wonder if Valentine has sold that bay

cob of his," said Lord Milford to Lord Eugene de Vere.

"I wonder," said Lord Eugene.

"I wish you would ask him, Eugene," said Lord Milford, "you understand, I don't want him to know I want it."

"'Tis such a bore to ask questions," said Lord Eugene.

"Shall we carry Chichester?" asked Lady Firebrace of Lady St. Julians.

"Oh! do not speak to me ever again of the House of Commons," she replied in a tone of affected despair. "What use is winning our way by units? It may take years. Lord Protocol says that 'one is enough.' That Jamaica affair has really ended by greatly strengthening them."

"I do not despair," said Lady Firebrace. "The unequivocal adhesion of the Duke of Fitz-Aquitaine is a great thing. It gives us the northern division at a dissolution."

"That is to say in five years, my dear Lady Firebrace. The country will be ruined before that."

"We shall see. Is it a settled thing between Lady Joan and Mr. Mountchesney?"

"Not the slightest foundation. Lady Joan is a most sensible girl, as well as a most charming person and my dear friend. She is not in a hurry to marry, and quite right. If indeed Frederick were a little more steady—but nothing shall ever induce me to consent to his marrying her, unless I thought he was worthy of her."

"You are such a good mother," exclaimed Lady Firebrace, "and such a good friend! I am glad to hear it is not true about Mr. Mountchesney."

"If you could only help me, my dear Lady Firebrace, to put an end to that affair between Frederick and Lady Wallington. It is so silly, and getting talked about; and in his heart too he really loves Lady Joan; only he is scarcely aware of it himself."

"We must manage it," said Lady Firebrace, with a look of encouraging mystery.

"Do, my dear creature; speak to him; he is very much guided by your opinion. Tell him everybody is laughing at him, and any other little thing that occurs to you."

"I will come directly," said Lady Marney to her husband, "only let me see this."

"Well, I will bring Huntingford here. Mind you speak to him a great deal; take his arm, and go down to supper with him if you can. He is a very nice sensible young fellow, and you will like him very much I am sure; a little shy at first, but he only wants bringing out."

A dexterous description of one of the most unlicked and unlickable cubs that ever entered society with forty thousand a year; courted by all, and with just that degree of cunning that made him suspicious of every attention.

"This dreadful Lord Huntingford!" said Lady Marney.

"Jermyn and I will interfere," said Egremont, "and help you."

"No, no," said Lady Marney shaking her head, "I must do it."

At this moment, a groom of the chambers advanced and drew Egremont aside, saying in a low tone, "Your servant, Mr. Egremont, is here and wishes to see you instantly."

"My servant! Instantly! What the deuce

can be the matter? I hope the Albany is not on fire," and he quitted the room.

In the outer hall, amid a crowd of footmen, Egremont recognized his valet who immediately came forward.

"A porter has brought this letter, sir, and I thought it best to come on with it at once."

The letter directed to Egremont, bore also on its superscription these words: "This letter must be instantly carried by the bearer to Mr. Egremont wherever he may be."

Egremont with some change of countenance drew aside, and opening the letter read it by a lamp at hand. It must have been very brief; but the face of him to whom it was addressed became, as he perused its lines, greatly agitated. When he had finished reading it, he seemed for a moment lost in profound thought; then looking up he dismissed his servant without instructions, and hastening back to the assembly, he enquired of the groom of the chambers whether Lord John Russell, whom he had observed in the course of the evening, was still present; and he was answered in the affirmative.

About a quarter of an hour after this incident, Lady Firebrace said to Lady St. Julians in a tone of mysterious alarm. "Do you see that?"

"No! what?"

"Do not look as if you observed them: Lord John and Mr. Egremont, in the furthest window, they have been there these ten minutes in the most earnest conversation. I am afraid we have lost him."

"I have always been expecting it," said Lady St. Julians. "He breakfasts with that Mr. Trenchard and does all those sorts of things. Men who breakfast out are generally liberals. Have not you observed that? I wonder why?"

"It shows a restless revolutionary mind," said Lady Firebrace, "that can settle to nothing; but must be running after gossip the moment they are awake."

"Yes," said Lady St. Julians. "I think those men who breakfast out or who give breakfasts are generally dangerous characters; at least, I would not trust them. The whigs are very fond of that sort of thing. If Mr. Egremont joins

them, I really do not see what shadow of a claim Lady Deloraine can urge to have anything."

"She only wants one thing," said Lady Firebrace, "and we know she cannot have that.

"Why?"

"Because Lady St. Julians will have it."

"You are too kind," with many smiles.

"No, I assure you Lord Masque told me that her Majesty—" and here Lady Firebrace whispered.

"Well," said Lady St. Julians evidently much gratified, "I do not think I am one who am likely to forget my friends."

"That I am sure you are not!" said Lady Firebrace.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

BEHIND the printing office in the alley at the door of which we left Sybil, was a yard which led to some premises that had once been used as a work-shop, but were now generally unoccupied. In a rather spacious chamber over which was a loft, five men, one of whom was Gerard, were busily engaged. There was no furniture in the room except a few chairs and a deal table, on which was a solitary light and a variety of papers.

"Depend upon it," said Gerard, "we must stick to the National Holiday: we can do nothing effectively, unless the movement is simultaneous. They have not troops to cope with

a simultaneous movement, and the Holiday is the only machinery to secure unity of action. No work for six weeks, and the rights of Labour will be acknowledged !”

“We shall never be able to make the people unanimous in a cessation of labour,” said a pale young man, very thin but with a countenance of remarkable energy. “The selfish instincts will come into play and will baulk our political object, while a great increase of physical suffering must be inevitable.”

“It might be done,” said a middle-aged, thickset man, in a thoughtful tone. “If the Unions were really to put their shoulder to the wheel, it might be done.”

“And if it is not done,” said Gerard, “what do you propose ? The people ask you to guide them. Shrink at such a conjuncture, and our influence over them is forfeited and justly forfeited.”

“I am for partial but extensive insurrections,” said the young man. “Sufficient in extent and number to demand all the troops and yet to distract the military movements. We can count

on Birmingham again, if we act at once before their new Police Act is in force ; Manchester is ripe ; and several of the cotton towns ; but above all I have letters that assure me that at this moment we can do anything in Wales."

"Glamorganshire is right to a man," said Wilkins a Baptist teacher. "And trade is so bad that the Holiday at all events must take place there, for the masters themselves are extinguishing their furnaces."

"All the north is seething," said Gerard.

"We must contrive to agitate the metropolis," said Maclast, a shrewd carrotty-haired paper-stainer. "We must have weekly meetings at Kennington and demonstrations at White Conduit House ; we cannot do more here I fear than talk, but a few thousand men on Kennington Common every Saturday and some spicy resolutions will keep the Guards in London."

"Ay, ay," said Gerard ; "I wish the woollen and cotton trades were as bad to do as the iron, and we should need no holiday as you say, Wilkins. However it will come. In the

meantime the Poor-law pinches and terrifies, and will make even the most spiritless turn."

"The accounts to-day from the north are very encouraging though," said the young man. "Stevens is producing a great effect, and this plan of our people going in procession and taking possession of the churches very much affects the imagination of the multitude."

"Ah!" said Gerard, "if we could only have the Church on our side, as in the good old days, we would soon put an end to the demon tyranny of Capital."

"And now," said the pale young man, taking up a manuscript paper, "to our immediate business. Here is the draft of the projected proclamation of the Convention on the Birmingham outbreak. It enjoins peace and order, and counsels the people to arm themselves in order to secure both. You understand: that they may resist if the troops and the police endeavour to produce disturbance."

"Ay, ay," said Gerard. "Let it be stout. We will settle this at once, and so get it out to-morrow. Then for action."

"But we must circulate this pamphlet of the Polish Count on the manner of encountering cavalry with pikes," said Maclast.

"'Tis printed," said the stout thickset man; "we have set it up on a broadside. We have sent ten thousand to the north and five thousand to John Frost. We shall have another delivery to-morrow. It takes very generally."

The pale young man read the draft of the proclamation; it was canvassed and criticised sentence by sentence; altered, approved; finally put to the vote, and unanimously carried. On the morrow it was to be posted in every thoroughfare of the metropolis, and circulated in every great city of the provinces and populous district of labour.

"And now," said Gerard, "I shall to-morrow to the north, where I am wanted. But before I go I propose, as suggested yesterday, that we five together with Langley, whom I counted on seeing here to-night, now form ourselves into a committee for arming the people. Three of us are permanent in London; Wilkins and myself will aid you in the provinces.

Nothing can be decided on this head till we see Langley, who will make a communication from Birmingham that cannot be trusted to writing. The seven o'clock train must have long since arrived. He is now a good hour behind his time."

"I hear foot-steps," said Maclast.

"He comes," said Gerard.

The door of the chamber opened and a woman entered. Pale, agitated, exhausted, she advanced to them in the glimmering light.

"What is this?" said several of the council.

"Sybil!" exclaimed the astonished Gerard, and he rose from his seat.

She caught the arm of her father, and leant on him for a moment in silence. Then looking up with an expression that seemed to indicate she was rallying her last energies, she said, in a voice low yet so distinct that it reached the ear of all present, "There is not an instant to lose: fly!"

The men rose hastily from their seats; they approached the messenger of danger; Gerard waved them off, for he perceived his daughter

was sinking. Gently he placed her in his chair; she was sensible, for she grasped his arm, and she murmured—still she murmured—“fly!”

“’Tis very strange,” said Maclast.

“I feel queer!” said the thickset man.

“Methinks she looks like a heavenly messenger,” said Wilkins.

“I had no idea that earth had anything so fair,” said the youthful scribe of proclamations.

“Hush friends!” said Gerard; and then he bent over Sybil and said in a low soothing voice, “Tell me, my child, what is it?”

She looked up to her father; a glance as it were of devotion and despair; her lips moved, but they refused their office and expressed no words. There was a deep silence in the room.

“She is gone,” said her father.

“Water,” said the young man, and he hurried away to obtain some.

“I feel queer,” said his thickset colleague to Maclast.

“I will answer for Langley as for myself,” said Maclast; “and there is not another human being aware of our purpose.”

"Except Morley."

"Yes; except Morley. But I should as soon doubt Gerard as Stephen Morley.

"Certainly."

"I cannot conceive how she traced me," said Gerard. "I have never even breathed to her of our meeting. Would we had some water! Ah! here it comes."

"I arrest you in the Queen's name," said a serjeant of police. "Resistance is vain." Maclast blew out the light, and then ran up into the loft, followed by the thickset man, who fell down the stairs; Wilkins got up the chimney. The serjeant took a lanthorn from his pocket, and threw a powerful light on the chamber, while his followers entered, seized and secured all the papers, and commenced their search.

The light fell upon a group that did not move; the father holding the hand of his insensible child, while he extended his other arm as if to preserve her from the profanation of the touch of the invaders.

"You are Walter Gerard, I presume," said the serjeant, "six foot two without shoes."

"Whoever I may be," he replied, "I presume you will produce your warrant, friend, before you touch me."

"'Tis here. We want five of you, named herein, and all others that may happen to be found in your company."

"I shall obey the warrant," said Gerard after he had examined it; "but this maiden, my daughter, knows nothing of this meeting or its purpose. She has but just arrived, and how she traced me I know not. You will let me recover her, and then permit her to depart."

"Can't let no one out of my sight found in this room."

"But she is innocent, even if we were guilty; she could be nothing else but innocent, for she knows nothing of this meeting and its business, both of which I am prepared at the right time and place to vindicate. She entered this room a moment only before yourself, entered and swooned."

"Can't help that; must take her; she can tell the magistrate anything she likes, and he must decide."

"Why you are not afraid of a young girl?"

"I am afraid of nothing; but I must do my duty. Come we have no time for talk. I must take you both."

"By G—d you shall not take her;" and letting go her hand, Gerard advanced before her and assumed a position of defence. "You know, I find, my height; my strength does not shame my stature! Look to yourself. Advance and touch this maiden, and I will fell you and your minions like oxen at their pasture."

The inspector took a pistol from his pocket and pointed it at Gerard. "You see," he said, "resistance is quite vain."

"For slaves and cravens, but not for us. I say you shall not touch her till I am dead at her feet. Now, do your worst."

At this moment two policemen who had been searching the loft descended with Maclast who had vainly attempted to effect his escape over a neighbouring roof; the thickset man was already secured; and Wilkins had been pulled down the chimney and made his appearance in as grimy a state as such a shelter would naturally

have occasioned. The young man too, their first prisoner who had been captured before they had entered the room, was also brought in; there was now abundance of light; the four prisoners were ranged and well guarded at the end of the apartment; Gerard standing before Sybil still maintained his position of defence, and the serjeant was, a few yards away, in his front with his pistol in his hand.

“Well you are a queer chap,” said the serjeant; “but I must do my duty. I shall give orders to my men to seize you, and if you resist them, I shall shoot you through the head.”

“Stop!” called out one of the prisoners, the young man who drew proclamations, “she moves. Do with us as you think fit, but you cannot be so harsh as to seize one that is senseless, and a woman!”

“I must do my duty,” said the serjeant rather perplexed at the situation. “Well, if you like, take steps to restore her, and when she has come to herself, she shall be moved in a hackney coach alone with her father.”

The means at hand to recover Sybil were rude, but they assisted a reviving nature. She breathed, she sighed, slowly opened her beautiful dark eyes, and looked around. Her father held her death-cold hand; she returned his pressure; her lips moved, and still she murmured "fly!"

Gerard looked at the serjeant. "I am ready," he said, "and I will carry her." The officer nodded assent. Guarded by two policemen the tall delegate of Mowbray bore his precious burthen out of the chamber through the yard, the printing-offices, up the alley, till a hackney coach received them in Hunt Street, round which a mob had already collected, though kept at a discreet distance by the police. One officer entered the coach with them; another mounted the box. Two other coaches carried the rest of the prisoners and their guards, and within half an hour from the arrival of Sybil at the scene of the secret meeting, she was on her way to Bow Street to be examined as a prisoner of state.

Sybil rallied quickly during their progress to the police office. Satisfied to find herself with

her father she would have enquired as to all that had happened, but Gerard at first discouraged her; at length he thought it wisest gradually to convey to her that they were prisoners, but he treated the matter lightly, did not doubt that she would immediately be discharged, and added that though he might be detained for a day or so, his offence was at all events bailable and he had friends on whom he could rely. When Sybil clearly comprehended that she was a prisoner, and that her public examination was impending, she became silent, and leaning back in the coach, covered her face with her hands.

The prisoners arrived at Bow Street; they were hurried into a back office, where they remained some time unnoticed, several policemen remaining in the room. At length about twenty minutes having elapsed, a man dressed in black and of a severe aspect entered the room accompanied by an inspector of police. He first enquired whether these were the prisoners, what were their names and descriptions, which each had to give and which were written down, where they were arrested, why they

were arrested: then scrutinising them sharply he said the magistrate was at the Home Office, and he doubted whether they could be examined until the morrow. Upon this Gerard commenced stating the circumstances under which Sybil had unfortunately been arrested, but the gentleman in black with a severe aspect, immediately told him to hold his tongue, and when Gerard persisted, declared that if Gerard did not immediately cease he should be separated from the other prisoners and be ordered into solitary confinement.

Another half hour of painful suspense. The prisoners were not permitted to hold any conversation; Sybil sat half reclining on a form with her back against the wall, and her face covered, silent and motionless. At the end of half an hour the inspector of police who had visited them with the gentleman in black entered and announced that the prisoners could not be brought up for examination that evening, and they must make themselves as comfortable as they could for the night. Gerard made a last appeal to the inspector that Sybil might be

allowed a separate chamber and in this he was unexpectedly successful.

The inspector was a kind-hearted man : he lived at the office and his wife was the housekeeper. He had already given her an account, an interesting account, of his female prisoner. The good woman's imagination was touched as well as her heart ; she had herself suggested that they ought to soften the rigour of the fair prisoner's lot ; and the inspector therefore almost anticipated the request of Gerard. He begged Sybil to accompany him to his better half, and at once promised all the comforts and convenience which they could command. As, attended by the inspector, she took her way to the apartments of his family, they passed through a room in which there were writing materials, and Sybil speaking for the first time and in a faint voice enquired of the inspector whether it were permitted to apprise a friend of her situation. She was answered in the affirmative, on condition that the note was previously perused by him.

"I will write it at once," she said, and taking up a pen she inscribed these words :—

"I followed your counsel ; I entreated him to quit London this night. He pledged himself to do so on the morrow.

"I learnt he was attending a secret meeting ; that there was urgent peril. I tracked him through scenes of terror. Alas ! I arrived only in time to be myself seized as a conspirator, and I have been arrested and carried a prisoner to Bow Street, where I write this.

"I ask you not to interfere for him ; that would be vain ; but if I were free, I might at least secure him justice. But I am not free : I am to be brought up for public examination to-morrow, if I survive this night.

"You are powerful ; you know all ; you know what I say is truth. None else will credit it. Save me !"

"And now," said Sybil to the inspector in a tone of mournful desolation and of mild sweetness, "all depends on your faith to me," and she extended him the letter, which he read.

"Whoever he may be and wherever he may be," said the inspector with emotion, for the spirit of Sybil had already controlled his nature, "provided the person to whom this letter is addressed is within possible distance, fear not it shall reach him."

"I will seal and address it then," said Sybil, and she addressed the letter to

"THE HON. CHARLES EGREMONT M.P."

adding that superscription the sight of which had so agitated Egremont at Deloraine House.

a tribunal. The coarse jeers, the brutal threats  
 still echoed in her ear; and when she looked  
 around she could not for some moments recall  
 or recognise the scene. In one corner of the  
 room, which was sufficiently spacious, was a bed  
 occupied by the still sleeping wife of the in-  
 spector; there

# CHAPTER IX.

a picture of dark mahogany; a bureau, several  
 chests of drawers; over the mantel was a

NIGHT waned: and Sybil was at length  
 slumbering. The cold that precedes the dawn  
 had stolen over her senses, and calmed the  
 excitement of her nerves. She was lying on the  
 ground, covered with a cloak of which her kind  
 hostess had prevailed on her to avail herself,  
 and was partly resting on a chair, at which she  
 had been praying when exhausted nature gave  
 way and she slept. Her bonnet had fallen off,  
 and her rich hair, which had broken loose,  
 covered her shoulder like a mantle. Her slumber  
 was brief and disturbed, but it had in a great  
 degree soothed the irritated brain. She woke  
 however in terror from a dream in which she had  
 been dragged through a mob and carried before

a tribunal. The coarse jeers, the brutal threats, still echoed in her ear ; and when she looked around, she could not for some moments recall or recognise the scene. In one corner of the room, which was sufficiently spacious, was a bed occupied by the still sleeping wife of the inspector ; there was a great deal of heavy furniture of dark mahogany ; a bureau, several chests of drawers ; over the mantel was a piece of faded embroidery framed, that had been executed by the wife of the inspector when she was at school, and opposite to it, on the other side, were portraits of Dick Curtis and Dutch Sam, who had been the tutors of her husband, and now lived as heroes in his memory.

Slowly came over Sybil the consciousness of the dreadful eve that was past. She remained for some time on her knees in silent prayer : then stepping lightly, she approached the window. It was barred. The room which she inhabited was a high story of the house ; it looked down upon one of those half tawdry, half squalid streets that one finds in the vicinities of our

theatres ; some wretched courts, haunts of misery and crime, blended with gin palaces and slang taverns, burnished and brazen ; not a being was stirring. It was just that single hour of the twenty-four when crime ceases, debauchery is exhausted, and even desolation finds a shelter.

It was dawn, but still grey. For the first time since she had been a prisoner, Sybil was alone. A prisoner, and in a few hours to be examined before a public tribunal ! Her heart sank. How far her father had committed himself was entirely a mystery to her ; but the language of Morley, and all that she had witnessed, impressed her with the conviction that he was deeply implicated. He had indeed spoken in their progress to the police office with confidence as to the future, but then he had every motive to encourage her in her despair, and to support her under the overwhelming circumstances in which she was so suddenly involved. What a catastrophe to all his high aspirations ! It tore her heart to think of him ! As for herself, she would

still hope that ultimately she might obtain justice, but she could scarcely flatter herself that at the first any distinction would be made between her case and that of the other prisoners. She would probably be committed for trial; and though her innocence on that occasion might be proved, she would have been a prisoner in the interval, instead of devoting all her energies in freedom to the support and assistance of her father. She shrank, too, with all the delicacy of a woman, from the impending examination in open court before the magistrate. Supported by her convictions, vindicating a sacred principle, there was no trial perhaps to which Sybil would not have been superior, and no test of her energy and faith which she would not have triumphantly encountered; but to be hurried like a criminal to the bar of a police office, suspected of the lowest arts of sedition, ignorant even of what she was accused, without a conviction to support her or the ennobling consciousness of having failed at least in a great cause; all these were circumstances which infinitely dis-

heartened and depressed her. She felt sometimes that she should be unable to meet the occasion; had it not been for Gerard she could almost have wished that death might release her from its base perplexities.

Was there any hope? In the agony of her soul she had confided last night in one; with scarcely a bewildering hope that he could save her. He might not have the power, the opportunity, the wish. He might shrink from mixing himself up with such characters and such transactions; he might not have received her hurried appeal in time to act upon it, even if the desire of her soul were practicable. A thousand difficulties, a thousand obstacles now occurred to her; and she felt her hopelessness.

Yet notwithstanding her extreme sorrow, and the absence of all surrounding objects to soothe and to console her, the expanding dawn revived and even encouraged Sybil. In spite of the confined situation, she could still partially behold a sky dappled with rosy hues; a sense of freshness touched her; she could not

resist endeavouring to open the window and feel the air, notwithstanding all her bars. The wife of the inspector stirred, and half slumbering, murmured, "Are you up? It cannot be more than five o'clock. If you open the window we shall catch cold; but I will rise and help you to dress."

This woman, like her husband, was naturally kind, and at once influenced by Sybil. They both treated her as a superior being; and if, instead of the daughter of a lowly prisoner and herself a prisoner, she had been the noble child of a captive minister of state, they could not have extended to her a more humble and even delicate solicitude.

It had not yet struck seven, and the wife of the inspector suddenly stopping and listening, said, "They are stirring early!" and then, after a moment's pause, she opened the door, at which she stood for some time endeavouring to catch the meaning of the mysterious sounds. She looked back at Sybil, and saying, "Hush, I shall be back directly," she withdrew, shutting the door.

In little more than two hours, as Sybil had been informed, she would be summoned to her examination. It was a sickening thought. Hope vanished as the catastrophe advanced. She almost accused herself for having without authority sought out her father; it had been as regarded him a fruitless mission, and, by its results on her, had aggravated his present sorrows and perplexities. Her mind again recurred to him whose counsel had indirectly prompted her rash step, and to whose aid in her infinite hopelessness she had appealed. The woman who had all this time been only standing on the landing-place without the door, now re-entered with a puzzled and curious air, saying, "I cannot make it out; some one has arrived."

"Some one has arrived." Simple yet agitating words. "Is it unusual," enquired Sybil in a trembling tone, "for persons to arrive at this hour?"

"Yes," said the wife of the inspector. "They never bring them from the stations until the office opens. I cannot make it out. Hush!"

and at this moment some one tapped at the door.

The woman returned to the door and reopened it, and some words were spoken which did not reach Sybil, whose heart beat violently as a wild thought rushed over her mind. The suspense was so intolerable, her agitation so great, that she was on the point of advancing and asking if—when the door was shut and she was again left alone. She threw herself on the bed. It seemed to her that she had lost all control over her intelligence. All thought and feeling merged in that deep suspense when the order of our being seems to stop and quiver as it were upon its axis.

The woman returned ; her countenance was glad. Perceiving the agitation of Sybil, she said, "You may dry your eyes my dear. There is nothing like a friend at court ; there's a warrant from the Secretary of State for your release."

"No, no," said Sybil springing from her chair. "Is he here?"

"What the Secretary of State!" said the woman.

"No, no; I mean is any one here?"

"There is a coach waiting for you at the door with the messenger from the office, and you are to depart forthwith. My husband is here, it was he who knocked at the door. The warrant came before the office was opened."

"My father! I must see him."

The inspector at this moment tapped again at the door and then entered. He caught the last request of Sybil, and replied to it in the negative. "You must not stay," he said; "you must be off immediately. I will tell all to your father. And take a hint; this affair may be bailable or it may not be. I can't give an opinion, but it depends on the evidence. If you have any good man you know—I mean a householder long established and well to do in the world—I advise you to lose no time in looking him up. That will do your father much more good than saying good bye and all that sort of thing."

Bidding farewell to his kind wife, and leaving many weeping messages for her father, Sybil descended the stairs with the inspector. The office was not opened; a couple of policemen only were in the passage, and as she appeared one of them went forth to clear the way for Sybil to the coach that was waiting for her. A milkwoman or two, a stray chimney-sweep, a pieman with his smoking apparatus, and several of those nameless nothings that always congregate and make the nucleus of a mob—probably our young friends who had been passing the night in Hyde Park—had already gathered round the office door. They were dispersed, and returned again and took up their position at a more respectful distance, abusing with many racy excretions that ancient body that from a traditional habit they still called the New Police.

A man in a loose white great coat, his countenance concealed by a shawl which was wound round his neck and by his slouched hat, assisted Sybil into the coach, and pressed

her hand at the same time with great tenderness. Then he mounted the box by the driver and ordered him to make the best of his way to Smith's Square.

With a beating heart, Sybil leant back in the coach and clasped her hands. Her brain was too wild to think; the incidents of her life during the last four-and-twenty hours had been so strange and rapid that she seemed almost to resign any quality of intelligent control over her fortunes, and to deliver herself up to the shifting visions of the startling dream. His voice had sounded in her ear as his hand had touched hers. And on those tones her memory lingered, and that pressure had reached her heart. What tender devotion! What earnest fidelity! What brave and romantic faith! Had she breathed on some talisman, and called up some obedient genie to her aid, the spirit could not have been more loyal, nor the completion of her behest more ample and precise.

She passed the towers of the church of St. John; of the saint who had seemed to

guard over her in the exigency of her existence. She was approaching her threshold; the blood left her cheek, her heart palpitated. The coach stopped. Trembling and timid she leant upon his arm and yet dared not look upon his face. They entered the house; they were in the room where two months before he had knelt to her in vain, which yesterday had been the scene of so many heart-rending passions.

As in some delicious dream, when the enchanted fancy has traced for a time with coherent bliss the stream of bright adventures and sweet and touching phrase, there comes at last some wild gap in the flow of fascination, and by means which we cannot trace, and by an agency which we cannot pursue, we find ourselves in some enrapturing situation that is as it were the ecstasy of our life; so it happened now, that while in clear and precise order there seemed to flit over the soul of Sybil all that had passed, all that he had done, all that she felt—by some mystical process which memory could not recal, Sybil found

herself pressed to the throbbing heart of Egremont, nor shrinking from the embrace which expressed the tenderness of his devoted love!

herself pressed to the throbbing heart of Egremont, nor shrinking from the embrace which expressed the tenderness of his devoted love!

## CHAPTER X.

MOWBRAY was in a state of great excitement. It was Saturday evening; the mills were closed; the news had arrived of the arrest of the Delegate.

"Here's a go!" said Dandy Mick to Devilsdust. "What do you think of this?"

"It's the beginning of the end," said Devilsdust.

"The deuce!" said the Dandy, who did not clearly comprehend the bent of the observation of his much pondering and philosophic friend, but was touched by its oracular terseness.

"We must see Warner," said Devilsdust, "and call a meeting of the people on the Moor

for to-morrow evening. I will draw up some resolutions. We must speak out; we must terrify the Capitalists."

"I am all for a strike," said Mick.

"'Tisn't ripe," said Devilsdust.

"But that's what you always say, Dusty," said Mick.

"I watch events," said Devilsdust. "If you want to be a leader of the people you must learn to watch events."

"But what do you mean by watching events?"

"Do you see Mother Carey's stall?" said Dusty, pointing in the direction of the counter of the good-natured widow.

"I should think I did; and what's more, Julia owes her a tick for herrings."

"Right," said Devilsdust; "and nothing but herrings are to be seen on her board. Two years ago it was meat."

"I twig," said Mick.

"Wait till it's vegetables; when the people can't buy even fish. Then we will talk about strikes. That's what I call watching events."

Julia, Caroline, and Harriet came up to them.

"Mick," said Julia, "we want to go to the Temple."

"I wish you may get it," said Mick shaking his head. "When you have learnt to watch events, Julia, you will understand that under present circumstances the Temple is no go."

"And why so, Dandy?" said Julia.

"Do you see Mother Carey's stall?" said Mick, pointing in that direction. "When there's a tick at Madam Carey's there is no tin for Chaffing Jack. That's what I call watching events."

"Oh! as for the tin," said Caroline, "in these half-time days that's quite out of fashion. But they do say it's the last night at the Temple, for Chaffing Jack means to shut up, it does not pay any longer; and we want a lark. I'll stand treat; I'll put my earrings up the spout—they must go at last, and I would sooner at any time go to my uncle's for frolic than woe."

"I am sure I should like very much to go to

the Temple if any one would pay for me," said Harriet, "but I won't pawn nothing."

"If we only pay and hear them sing," said Julia in a coaxing tone.

"Very like," said Mick; "there's nothing that makes one so thirsty as listening to a song, particularly if it touches the feelings. Don't you remember, Dusty, when we used to encore that German fellow in 'Scots wha ha.' We always had it five times. Hang me if I wasn't blind drunk at the end of it."

"I tell you what, young ladies," said Devilsdust, looking very solemn, "you're dancing on a volcano."

"Oh! my," said Caroline, "I am sure I wish we were; though what you mean exactly I don't quite know."

"I mean that we shall all soon be slaves," said Devilsdust.

"Not if we get the Ten-Hour Bill," said Harriet.

"And no cleaning of machinery in meal time," said Julia; "that is a shame."

"You don't know what you are talking

about," said Devilsdust. "I tell you, if the Capitalists put down Gerard we're done for another ten years, and by that time we shall be all used up."

"Lor! Dusty, you quite terrify one," said Caroline.

"It's a true bill though. Instead of going to the Temple we must meet on the Moor, and in as great numbers as possible. Go you and get all your sweethearts. I must see your father, Harriet; he must preside. We will have the hymn of Labour sung by a hundred thousand voices in chorus. It will strike terror into the hearts of the Capitansts. This is what we must all be thinking of if we wish Labour to have a chance, not of going to Chaffing Jack's and listening to silly songs. D'ye understand?"

"Don't we!" said Caroline; "and for my part for a summer eve I prefer Mowbray Moor to all the Temples in the world, particularly if it's a sociable party and we have some good singing."

This evening it was settled among the prin-

cipal champions of the cause of Labour, among whom Devilsdust was now included, that on the morrow there should be a monster meeting on the Moor to take into consideration the arrest of the delegate of Mowbray. Such was the complete organisation of this district that by communicating with the various lodges of the Trades Unions fifty thousand persons, or even double that number, could within four-and-twenty hours on a great occasion and on a favourable day be brought into the field. The morrow being a day of rest was favourable, and the seizure of their cherished delegate was a stimulating cause. The excitement was great, the enthusiasm earnest and deep. There was enough distress to make people discontented without depressing them. And Devilsdust after attending a council of the Union, retired to rest and dreamed of strong speeches and spicy resolutions, bands and banners, the cheers of assembled thousands, and the eventual triumph of the sacred rights.

The post of the next morning brought great and stirring news to Mowbray. Gerard had

undergone his examination at Bow Street. It was a long and laborious one; he was committed for trial for a seditious conspiracy, but he was held to bail. The bail demanded was heavy; but it was prepared and instantly proffered. His sureties were Morley and a Mr. Hatton. By this post Morley wrote to his friends, apprising them that both Gerard and himself intended to leave London instantly, and that they might be expected to arrive at Mowbray by the evening train.

The monster meeting of the Moor it was instantly resolved should be converted into a triumphant procession, or rather be preceded by one. Messengers on horseback were sent to all the neighbouring towns to announce the great event. Every artisan felt as a Moslem summoned by the sacred standard. All went forth with their wives and their children to hail the return of the patriot and the martyr. The Trades of Mowbray mustered early in the morning, and in various processions took possession of all the churches. Their great pride was entirely to fill the church of Mr. St. Lys.

who not daunted by their demonstration, and seizing the offered opportunity, suppressed the sermon with which he had supplied himself and preached to them an extemporary discourse on "Fear God and honour the King." In the dissenting chapels thanksgivings were publicly offered that bail had been accepted for Walter Gerard. After the evening service, which the Unions again attended, they formed in the High Street and lined it with their ranks and banners. Every half hour a procession arrived from some neighbouring town with its music and streaming flags. Each was received by Warner or some other member of the managing committee, who assigned to them their appointed position, which they took up without confusion, nor was the general order for a moment disturbed. Sometimes a large party arrived without music or banners, but singing psalms and headed by their minister; sometimes the children walked together, the women following, then the men each with a ribbon of the same colour in his hat; all hurried, yet spontaneous and certain, indications how man-

kind under the influence of high and earnest feelings recur instantly to ceremony and form ; how when the imagination is excited it appeals to the imagination, and requires for its expression something beyond the routine of daily life.

It was arranged that the moment the train arrived and the presence of Gerard was ascertained, the Trade in position nearest to the station should commence the hymn of Labour, which was instantly to be taken up by its neighbour, and so on in succession, so that by an almost electrical agency the whole population should almost simultaneously be assured of his arrival.

At half past six o'clock the bell announced that the train was in sight ; a few minutes afterwards Dandy Mick hurried up to the leader of the nearest Trade, spoke a few words, and instantly the signal was given and the hymn commenced. It was taken up as the steeples of a great city in the silence of the night take up the new hour that has just arrived ; one by one the mighty voices rose till

they all blended in one vast waving sea of sound. Warner and some others welcomed Gerard and Morley, and ushered them, totally unprepared for such a reception, to an open carriage drawn by four white horses that was awaiting them. Orders were given that there was to be no cheering or any irregular clamour. Alone was heard the hymn. As the carriage passed each Trade, they followed and formed in procession behind it; thus all had the opportunity of beholding their chosen chief, and he the proud consolation of looking on the multitude who thus enthusiastically recognised the sovereignty of his services.

The interminable population, the mighty melody, the incredible order, the simple yet awful solemnity, this representation of the great cause to which she was devoted under an aspect that at once satisfied the reason, captivated the imagination, and elevated the heart—her admiration of her father, thus ratified as it were by the sympathy of a nation—added to all the recent passages of her life teeming with such strange and trying interest, over-

came Sybil. The tears fell down her cheek as the carriage bore away her father, while she remained under the care of one unknown to the people of Mowbray, but who had accompanied her from London,—this was Hatton.

The last light of the sun was shed over the Moor when Gerard reached it, and the Druids' altar and its surrounding crags were burnished with its beam.

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## CHAPTER XI.

It was the night following the day after the return of Gerard to Mowbray. Morley, who had lent to him and Sybil his cottage in the dale, was at the office of his newspaper, the Mowbray Phalanx, where he now resided. He was alone in his room writing, occasionally rising from his seat and pacing the chamber, when some one knocked at his door. Receiving a permission to come in, there entered Hatton.

"I fear I am disturbing an article," said the guest.

"By no means; the day of labour is not at hand. I am very pleased to see you."

"My quarters are not very inviting," continued Hatton. "It is remarkable what bad accommodation you find in these great trading towns. I should have thought that the mercantile traveller had been a comfortable animal—not to say a luxurious; but I find everything mean and third-rate. The wine execrable. So I thought I would come and bestow my tediousness on you. 'Tis hardly fair."

"You could not have pleased me better. I was, rather from distraction than from exigency, throwing some thoughts on paper. But the voice of yesterday still lingers in my ear."

"What a spectacle!"

"Yes; you see what a multitude presents who have recognised the predominance of Moral Power," said Morley. "The spectacle was august; but the results to which such a public mind must lead are sublime."

"It must have been deeply gratifying to our friend," said Hatton.

"It will support him in his career," said Morley.

"And console him in his prison," added Hatton.

"You think that it will come to that?" said Morley inquiringly.

"It has that aspect; but appearances change."

"What should change them?"

"Time and accident, which change everything."

"Time will bring the York Assizes," said Morley musingly; "and as for accident I confess the future seems to me dreary. What can happen for Gerard?"

"He might win his writ of right," said Hatton demurely, stretching out his legs and leaning back in his chair. "That also may be tried at the York Assizes."

"His writ of right! I thought that was a feint—a mere affair of tactics to keep the chance of the field."

"I believe the field may be won," said Hatton very composedly.

"Won!"

"Ay! the castle and manor of Mowbray

and half the lordships round, to say nothing of this good town. The people are prepared to be his subjects ; he must give up equality and be content with being a popular sovereign."

"You jest my friend."

"Then I speak truth in jest ; sometimes, you know, the case."

"What mean you?" said Morley rising and approaching Hatton ; "for though I have often observed you like a biting phrase, you never speak idly. Tell me what you mean."

"I mean," said Hatton, looking Morley earnestly in the face and speaking with great gravity, "that the documents are in existence which prove the title of Walter Gerard to the proprietorship of this great district ; that I know where the documents are to be found ; and that it requires nothing but a resolution equal to the occasion to secure them."

"Should that be wanting?" said Morley.

"I should think not," said Hatton. "It would belie our nature to believe so."

"And where are these documents?"

"In the muniment room of Mowbray castle."

"Hah!" exclaimed Morley in a prolonged tone.

"Kept closely by one who knows their value, for they are the title deeds not of his right but of his confusion."

"And how can we obtain them?"

"By means more honest than those they were acquired by."

"They are not obvious."

"Two hundred thousand human beings yesterday acknowledged the supremacy of Gerard," said Hatton. "Suppose they had known that within the walls of Mowbray Castle were contained the proofs that Walter Gerard was the lawful possessor of the lands on which they live; I say suppose that had been the case. Do you think they would have contented themselves with singing psalms? What would have become of moral power then? They would have taken Mowbray Castle by storm; they would have sacked and gutted it; they would have appointed a chosen band to rifle the round tower; they would have taken care that every document in it, especially an iron chest

painted blue and blazoned with the shield of Valence, should have been delivered to you, to me, to any one that Gerard appointed for the office. And what could be the remedy of the Earl de Mowbray? He could scarcely bring an action against the hundred for the destruction of the castle, which we would prove was not his own. And the most he could do would be to transport some poor wretches who had got drunk in his plundered cellars and then set fire to his golden saloons."

"You amaze me," said Morley, looking with an astonished expression on the person who had just delivered himself of these suggestive details with the same coolness and arid accuracy that he would have entered into the details of a pedigree.

"'Tis a practical view of the case," remarked Mr. Hatton.

Morley paced the chamber disturbed; Hatton remained silent and watched him with a scrutinizing eye.

"Are you certain of your facts?" at length said Morley abruptly stopping.

"Quite so ; Lord de Mowbray informed me of the circumstances himself before I left London, and I came down here in consequence."

"You know him?"

"No one better."

"And these documents—some of them I suppose," said Morley with a cynical look, "were once in your own possession then?"

"Possibly. Would they were now! But it is a great thing to know where they may be found."

"Then they once were the property of Gerard?"

"Hardly that. They were gained by my own pains, and often paid for with my own purse. Claimed by no one, I parted with them to a person to whom they were valuable. It is not merely to serve Gerard that I want them now, though I would willingly serve him. I have need of some of these papers with respect to an ancient title, a claim to which by a person in whom I am interested they would substantiate. Now listen, good friend Morley ;

moral force is a fine thing especially in speculation, and so is a community of goods especially when a man has no property, but when you have lived as long as I have and have tasted of the world's delights, you'll comprehend the rapture of acquisition, and learn that it is generally secured by very coarse means. Come, I have a mind that you should prosper. The public spirit is inflamed here; you are a leader of the people. Let us have another meeting on the Moor, a preconcerted outbreak; you can put your fingers in a trice on the men who will do our work. Mowbray Castle is in their possession; we secure our object. You shall have ten thousand pounds on the nail, and I will take you back to London with me besides and teach you what is fortune."

"I understand you," said Morley. "You have a clear brain and a bold spirit; you have no scruples, which indeed are generally the creatures of perplexity rather than of principle. You ought to succeed."

"We ought to succeed you mean," said Hutton, "for I have long perceived that you only wanted opportunity to mount."

"Yesterday was a great burst of feeling occasioned by a very peculiar cause," said Morley musingly; "but it must not mislead us. The discontent here is not deep. The people are still employed, though not fully. Wages have fallen, but they must drop more. THE PEOPLE are not ripe for the movement you intimate. There are thousands who would rush to the rescue of the castle. Besides there is a priest here, one St. Lys, who exercises a most pernicious influence over the people. It will require immense efforts and great distress to root him out. No; it would fail."

"Then we must wait awhile," said Hatton, "or devise some other means."

"'Tis a very impracticable case," said Morley.

"There is a combination for every case," said Hatton. "Ponder and it comes. This seemed simple; but you think, you really think it would not answer?"

"At this moment, not; that is my conviction."

"Well suppose instead of an insurrection we

have a burglary. Can you assist me to the right hands here?"

"Not I indeed!"

"What is the use then of this influence over the people of which you and Gerard are always talking? After yesterday I thought here you could do anything."

"We have not hitherto had the advantage of your worldly knowledge; in future we shall be wiser."

"Well then," said Hatton, "we must now think of Gerard's defence. He shall have the best counsel. I shall retain Kelly specially. I shall return to town to-morrow morning. You will keep me alive to the state of feeling here, and if things get more mature drop me a line and I will come down."

"This conversation had better not be mentioned to Gerard."

"That is obvious; it would only disturb him. I did not preface it by a stipulation of confidence because that is idle. Of course you will keep the secret; it is your interest; it is a great possession. I know very well you will be most

jealous of sharing it. I know it is as safe with you as with myself."

And with these words Hatton wished him a hearty farewell and withdrew.

"He is right," thought Morley; "he knows human nature well. The secret is safe. I will not breathe it to Gerard. I will treasure it up. It is knowledge; it is power: great knowledge, great power. And what shall I do with it? Time will teach me."

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

## BOOK VI.

## CHAPTER I.

“ANOTHER week,” exclaimed a gentleman in Downing Street on the 5th of August, 1842, “and we shall be prorogued. You can surely keep the country quiet for another week.”

“I cannot answer for the public peace for another four-and-twenty hours,” replied his companion.

“This business at Manchester must be stopped at once; you have a good force there?”

“Manchester is nothing; these are movements merely to distract. The serious work

is not now to be apprehended in the cotton towns. The state of Staffordshire and Warwickshire is infinitely more menacing. Cheshire and Yorkshire alarm me. The accounts from Scotland are as bad as can be. And though I think the sufferings of '39 will keep Birmingham and the Welch collieries in check, we cannot venture to move any of our force from those districts."

"You must summon a council for four o'clock. I have some deputations to receive which I will throw over; but to Windsor I must go. Nothing has yet occurred to render any notice of the state of the country necessary in the speech from the Throne."

"Not yet," said his companion; "but what will to-morrow bring forth?"

"After all it is only a turn-out. I cannot recast her Majesty's speech and bring in rebellion and closed mills, instead of loyalty and a good harvest."

"It would be a bore. Well, we will see to-morrow;" and the colleague left the room.

"And now for these deputations," said the

gentleman in Downing Street, "of all things in the world I dislike a deputation. I do not care how much I labour in the cabinet or the house; that's real work; the machine is advanced. But receiving a deputation is like sham marching: an immense dust and no progress. To listen to their views! As if I did not know what their views were before they stated them! And to put on a countenance of respectful candour while they are developing their exploded or their impracticable systems. Were it not that at a practised crisis, I permit them to see conviction slowly stealing over my conscience, I believe the fellows would never stop. I cannot really receive these deputations. I must leave them to Hoaxem," and the gentleman in Downing Street rang his bell.

"Well, Mr. Hoaxem," resumed the gentleman in Downing Street as that faithful functionary entered, "there are some deputations I understand, to day. You must receive them, as I am going to Windsor. What are they?"

"There are only two, sir, of moment. The rest I could easily manage."

“And these two?”

“In the first place, there is our friend Colonel Bosky, the members for the county of Calfshire, and a deputation of tenant farmers.”

“Pah!”

“These must be attended to. The members have made a strong representation to me that they really cannot any longer vote with government unless the Treasury assists them in satisfying their constituents.”

“And what do they want?”

“Statement of grievances; high taxes and low prices; mild expostulations and gentle hints that they have been thrown over by their friends; Polish corn, Holstein cattle, and British income tax.”

“Well you know what to say,” said the gentleman in Downing Street. “Tell them generally that they are quite mistaken; prove to them particularly that my only object has been to render protection more protective, by making it practical and divesting it of the surplusage of odium; that no foreign corn can come in at fifty-five shillings; that there are not enough

cattle in all Holstein to supply the parish of Pancras daily with beef-steaks ; and that as for the income tax, they will be amply compensated for it by their diminished cost of living through the agency of that very tariff of which they are so superficially complaining."

"Their diminished cost of living !" said Mr. Hoaxem a little confused. "Would not that assurance, I humbly suggest, clash a little with my previous demonstration that we had arranged that no reduction of prices should take place ?"

"Not at all ; your previous demonstration is of course true, but at the same time you must impress upon them the necessity of general views to form an opinion of particular instances. As for example a gentleman of five thousand pounds per annum pays to the income tax, which by the bye always call property tax, one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Well, I have materially reduced the duties on eight hundred articles. The consumption of each of those articles by an establishment of five thousand pounds per annum cannot be less than one pound

per article. The reduction of price cannot be less than a moiety; therefore a saving of four hundred per annum; which placed against the deduction of the property tax leaves a clear increase of income of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum; by which you see that a property tax in fact increases income."

"I see," said Mr. Hoaxem with an admiring glance. "And what am I to say to the deputation of the manufacturers of Mowbray complaining of the great depression of trade, and the total want of remunerating profits?"

"You must say exactly the reverse," said the gentleman in Downing Street. "Show them how much I have done to promote the revival of trade. First of all in making provisions cheaper; cutting off at one blow half the protection on corn, as for example at this moment under the old law the duty on foreign wheat would have been twenty-seven shillings a quarter; under the new law it is thirteen. To be sure no wheat could come in at either price, but that does not alter the principle. Then as to live cattle, show how I have entirely opened

the trade with the continent in live cattle. Enlarge upon this, the subject is speculative and admits of expensive estimates. If there be any dissenters on the deputation who having freed the negroes have no subject left for their foreign sympathies, hint at the tortures of the bull-fight and the immense consideration to humanity that instead of being speared at Seville, the Andalusian Toro will probably in future be cut up at Smithfield. This cheapness of provisions will permit them to compete with the foreigner in all neutral markets, in time beat them in their own. It is a complete compensation too for the property tax, which impress upon them is a great experiment and entirely for their interests. Ring the changes on great measures and great experiments till it is time to go down and make a house. Your official duties of course must not be interfered with. They will take the hint. I have no doubt you will get through the business very well, Mr. Hoaxem, particularly if you be 'frank and explicit ;' that is the right line to take when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse the minds of others. Good morning !"

## CHAPTER II.

Two days after this conversation in Downing Street, a special messenger arrived at Marney Abbey from the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Duke of Fitz-Aquitaine. Immediately after reading the despatch of which he was the bearer, there was a great bustle in the house ; Lady Marney was sent for to her husband's library and there enjoined immediately to write various letters which were to prevent certain expected visitors from arriving ; Captain Grouse was in and out the same library every five minutes, receiving orders and counter orders, and finally mounting his horse was flying about the neighbourhood with messages and commands. All this stir signified that the Marney regiment of Yeomanry were to be called out directly.

Lord Marney who had succeeded in obtain-

ing a place in the Household and was consequently devoted to the institutions of the country, was full of determination to uphold them ; but at the same time with characteristic prudence was equally resolved that the property principally protected should be his own, and that the order of his own district should chiefly engage his solicitude.

“I do not know what the Duke means by marching into the disturbed districts,” said Lord Marney to Captain Grouse. “These are disturbed districts. There have been three fires in one week, and I want to know what disturbance can be worse than that ? In my opinion this is a mere anti-corn-law riot to frighten the government ; and suppose they do stop the mills—what then ? I wish they were all stopped, and then one might live like a gentleman again ?”

Egremont, between whom and his brother a sort of bad-tempered good understanding had of late years to a certain degree flourished, in spite of Lord Marney remaining childless, which made him hate Egremont with double distilled

virulence, and chiefly by the affectionate manœuvres of their mother, but whose annual visits to Marney had generally been limited to the yeomanry week, arrived from London the same day as the letter of the Lord Lieutenant, as he had learnt that his brother's regiment, in which he commanded a troop, as well as the other yeomanry corps in the North of England, must immediately take the field.

Five years had elapsed since the commencement of our history, and they had brought apparently much change to the character of the brother of Lord Marney. He had become, especially during the last two or three years, silent and reserved; he rarely entered society; even the company of those who were once his intimates had ceased to attract him; he was really a melancholy man. The change in his demeanour was observed by all; his mother and his sister-in-law were the only persons who endeavoured to penetrate its cause, and sighed over the failure of their sagacity. Quit the world and the world forgets you; and Egremont would have

soon been a name no longer mentioned in those brilliant saloons which he once adorned; had not occasionally a sensation, produced by an effective speech in the House of Commons, recalled his name to his old associates, who then remembered the pleasant hours passed in his society and wondered why he never went anywhere now!

"I suppose he finds society a bore," said Lord Eugene de Vere; "I am sure I do : but then what is a fellow to do ? I am not in Parliament like Egremont. I believe, after all, that's the thing ; for I have tried everything else and everything else is a bore."

"I think one should marry like Alfred Mountchesney," said Lord Milford.

"But what is the use of marrying if you do not marry a rich woman—and the heiresses of the present age will not marry. What can be more unnatural ! It alone ought to produce a revolution. Why, Alfred is the only fellow who has made a coup ; and then he has not got it down."

"She behaved in a most unprincipled man-

ner to me—that Fitz-warene,” said Lord Milford, “always took my bouquets and once made me write some verses.”

“By Jove!” said Lord Eugene, “I should like to see them. What a bore it must have been to write verses.”

“I only copied them out of Mina Blake’s album: but I sent them in my own handwriting.”

Baffled sympathy was the cause of Egremont’s gloom. It is the secret spring of most melancholy. He loved and loved in vain. The conviction that his passion, though hopeless, was not looked upon with disfavour, only made him the more wretched, for the disappointment is more acute in proportion as the chance is better. He had never seen Sybil since the morning he quitted her in Smith’s Square, immediately before her departure for the North. The trial of Gerard had taken place at the assizes of that year: he had been found guilty and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment in York Castle; the interference of Egremont both in the House of Commons

and with the government saved him from the felon confinement with which he was at first threatened, and from which assuredly state prisoners should be exempt. During this effort some correspondence had taken place between Egremont and Sybil, which he would willingly have encouraged and maintained; but it ceased nevertheless with its subject. Sybil, through the influential interference of Ursula Trafford, lived at the convent at York during the imprisonment of her father, and visited him daily.

The anxiety to take the veil which had once characterised Sybil had certainly waned. Perhaps her experience of life had impressed her with the importance of fulfilling vital duties. Her father, though he had never opposed her wish, had never encouraged it; and he had now increased and interesting claims on her devotion. He had endured great trials, and had fallen on adverse fortunes. Sybil would look at him, and though his noble frame was still erect and his countenance still displayed that mixture of frankness and deci-

sion which had distinguished it of yore, she could not conceal from herself that there were ravages which time could not have produced. A year and a half of imprisonment had shaken to its centre a frame born for action, and shrinking at all times from the resources of sedentary life. The disappointment of high hopes had jarred and tangled even the sweetness of his noble disposition. He needed solicitude and solace : and Sybil resolved that if vigilance and sympathy could soothe an existence that would otherwise be embittered, these guardian angels should at least hover over the life of her father.

When the term of his imprisonment had ceased, Gerard had returned with his daughter to Mowbray. Had he deigned to accept the offers of his friends, he need not have been anxious as to his future. A public subscription for his service had been collected : Morley, who was well to do in the world, for the circulation of the Mowbray Phalanx daily increased with the increasing sufferings of the people, offered his friend to

share his house and purse : Hatton was munificent ; there was no limit either to his offers or his proffered services. But all were declined ; Gerard would live by labour. The post he had occupied at Mr. Trafford's was not vacant even if that gentleman had thought fit again to receive him ; but his reputation as a first-rate artizan soon obtained him good employment, though on this occasion in the town of Mowbray, which for the sake of his daughter he regretted. He had no pleasant home now for Sybil, but he had the prospect of one, and until he obtained possession of it, Sybil sought a refuge, which had been offered to her from the first, with her kindest and dearest friend ; so that at this period of our history, she was again an inmate of the convent at Mowbray, whither her father and Morley had attended her the eve of the day she had first visited the ruins of Marney Abbey.

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## CHAPTER III.

"I HAVE seen a many things in my time Mrs. Trotman," said Chaffing Jack as he took the pipe from his mouth in the silent bar room of the Cat and Fiddle; "but I never see any like this. I think I ought to know Mowbray if any one does, for man and boy I have breathed this air for a matter of half a century. I sucked it in when it tasted of prim-roses, and this tavern was a cottage covered with honeysuckle in the middle of green fields, where the lads came and drank milk from the cow with their lasses; and I have inhaled what they call the noxious atmosphere, when a hundred chimneys have been smoking like

one; and always found myself pretty well. Nothing like business to give one an appetite. But when shall I feel peckish again, Mrs. Trotman?"

"The longest lane has a turning they say, Mr. Trotman."

"Never knew anything like this before," replied her husband, "and I have seen bad times: but I always used to say, 'Mark my words friends, Mowbray will rally.' My words carried weight, Mrs. Trotman, in this quarter, as they naturally should, coming from a man of my experience,—especially when I gave tick. Every man I chalked up was of the same opinion as the landlord of the Cat and Fiddle, and always thought that Mowbray would rally. That's the killing feature of these times, Mrs. Trotman, there's no rallying in the place."

"I begin to think it's the machines," said Mrs. Trotman.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Trotman; "it's the corn laws. The town of Mowbray ought to clothe the world with our resources. Why

Shuffle and Screw can turn out forty mile of calico per day; but where's the returns? That's the point. As the American gentleman said who left his bill unpaid, 'Take my breadstuffs and I'll give you a cheque at sight on the Pennsylvanian Bank.'

"It's very true," said Mrs. Trotman. "Who's there?"

"Nothing in my way?" said a woman with a basket of black cherries with a pair of tin scales thrown upon their top.

"Ah! Mrs. Carey," said Chaffing Jack, "is that you?"

"My mortal self, Mr. Trotman, tho' I be sure I feel more like a ghost than flesh and blood."

"You may well say that Mrs. Carey; you and I have known Mowbray as long I should think as any in this quarter—"

"And never see such times as these Mr. Trotman, nor the like of such. But I always thought it would come to this; everything turned topsy-turvy as it were, the children getting all the wages, and decent folk turned adrift to pick up a living as they could. It's

something of a judgment in my mind, Mr. Trotman."

"It's the trade leaving the county, widow, and no mistake".

"And how shall we bring it back again?" said the widow; "the police ought to interfere."

"We must have cheap bread," said Mr. Trotman.

"So they tell me," said the widow; "but whether bread be cheap or dear don't much signify, if we have nothing to buy it with. You don't want anything in my way, neighbour? It's not very tempting I fear," said the good widow, in a rather mournful tone; "but a little fresh fruit cools the mouth in this sultry time, and at any rate it takes me into the world. It seems like business, tho' very hard to turn a penny by; but one's neighbours are very kind, and a little chat about the dreadful times always puts me in spirits."

"Well, we will take a pound for the sake of trade, widow," said Mrs. Trotman.

"And here's a glass of gin and water, widow," said Mr. Trotman, "and when Mowbray rallies you shall come and pay for it."

"Thank you both very kindly," said the widow, "a good neighbour as our minister says, is the pool of Bethesda; and as you say, Mowbray will rally."

"I never said so," exclaimed Chaffing Jack interrupting her. "Don't go about for to say that I said Mowbray would rally. My words have some weight in this quarter widow; Mowbray rally! Why should it rally? Where's the elements?"

"Where indeed?" said Devilsdust as he entered the Cat and Fiddle with Dandy Mick, "there is not the spirit of a louse in Mowbray."

"That's a true bill," said Mick.

"Is there another white-livered town in the whole realm where the operatives are all working half-time, and thanking the Capitalists for keeping the mills going, and only starving them by inches?" said Devilsdust in a tone of scorn.

"That's your time of day," said Mick.

"Very glad to see you, gentlemen," said Mr. Trotman, "pray be seated. There's a little baccy left yet in Mowbray, and a glass of twist at your service."

"Nothing exciseable for me," said Devilsdust.

"Well it ayn't exactly the right ticket, Mrs. Trotman, I believe," said Mick, bowing gallantly to the lady; "but 'pon my soul I am so thirsty, that I'll take Chaffing Jack at his word;" and so saying Mick and Devilsdust ensconced themselves in the bar, while good-hearted Mrs. Carey, sipped her glass of gin and water, which she frequently protested was a pool of Bethesda.

"Well Jack," said Devilsdust, "I suppose you have heard the news?"

"If it be anything that has happened at Mowbray, especially in this quarter, I should think I had. Times must be very bad indeed that some one does not drop in to tell me anything that has happened and to ask my advice."

"It's nothing to do with Mowbray."

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Trotman," said Mick, "and here's your very good health."

"Then I am in the dark," said Chaffing Jack, replying to the previous observation of

Devilsdust, "for I never see a newspaper now except a week old, and that lent by a friend, I who used to take my Sun regular, to say nothing of the Dispatch, and Bell's Life. Times is changed, Mr. Radley."

"You speak like a book, Mr. Trotman," said Mick, "and here's your very good health. But as for newspapers, I'm all in the dark myself, for the Literary and Scientific is shut up, and no subscribers left, except the honorary ones, and not a journal to be had except the Moral World and that's gratis."

"As bad as the Temple," said Chaffing Jack, "it's all up with the institutions of the country. And what then is the news?"

"Labour is triumphant in Lancashire," said Devilsdust with bitter solemnity.

"The deuce it is," said Chaffing Jack. "What, have they raised wages?"

"No," said Devilsdust, "but they have stopped the mills."

"That won't mend matters much," said Jack with a puff.

"Won't it?"

"The working classes will have less to spend than ever."

"And what will the Capitalists have to spend?" said Devilsdust.

"Worse and worse," said Mr. Trotman; "you will never get institutions like the Temple re-opened on this system."

"Don't you be afraid Jack," said Mick, tossing off his tumbler; "if we only get our rights, won't we have a blow out?"

"We must have a struggle," said Devilsdust, "and teach the Capitalists on whom they depend, so that in future they are not to have the lion's share, and then all will be right."

"A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," said Mick; "that's your time of day."

"It began at Staleybridge," said Devilsdust, "and they have stopped them all; and now they have marched into Manchester ten thousand strong. They pelted the police—"

"And cheered the red-coats like blazes," said Mick.

"The soldiers will fraternise," said Devilsdust.

"Do what?" said Mrs. Trotman.

"Stick their bayonets into the Capitalists who have hired them to cut the throats of the working classes," said Devilsdust.

"The Queen is with us," said Mick. "It's well known she sets her face against gals working in mills like blazes."

"Well this is news," said Mrs. Carey. "I always thought some good would come of having a woman on the throne;" and repeating her thanks and pinning on her shawl, the widow retired, eager to circulate the intelligence.

"And now that we are alone," said Devilsdust, "the question is what are we to do here; and we came to consult you, Jack, as you know Mowbray better than any living man. This thing will spread. It won't stop short. I have had a bird too singing something in my ear these two days past. If they do not stop it in Lancashire, and I defy them, there will be a general rising."

"I have seen a many things in my time," said Mr. Trotman; "some risings and some strikes, and as stiff turn-outs as may be. But to my fancy there is nothing like a strike in

prosperous times; there's more money spent under those circumstances than you can well suppose, young gentlemen. It's as good as Mowbray Staty any day."

"But now to the point," said Devilsdust. "The people are regularly sold; they want a leader."

"Why there's Gerard," said Chaffing Jack; "never been a better man in my time. And Warner—the greatest man the Handlooms ever turned out."

"Ay, ay," said Devilsdust; "but they have each of them had a year and a half, and that cools blood."

"Besides," said Mick, "they are too old; and Stephen Morley has got round them, preaching moral force and all that sort of gammon."

"I never heard that moral force won the battle of Waterloo," said Devilsdust. "I wish the Capitalists would try moral force a little, and see whether it would keep the thing going. If the Capitalists will give up their red-coats, I would be a moral force man to-morrow."

"And the new police," said Mick. "A pretty go when a fellow in a blue coat fetches you the Devil's own con on your head and you get moral force for a plaister."

"Why that's all very well," said Chaffing Jack; "but I am against violence—at least much. I don't object to a moderate riot provided it is not in my quarter of the town."

"Well that's not the ticket now," said Mick. "We don't want no violence; all we want is to stop all the mills and hands in the kingdom, and have a regular national holiday for six weeks at least."

"I have seen a many things in my time," said Chaffing Jack solemnly, "but I have always observed that if the people had worked generally for half time for a week they would stand anything."

"That's a true bill," said Mick.

"Their spirit is broken," said Chaffing Jack, "or else they never would have let the Temple have been shut up."

"And think of our Institute without a single subscriber!" said Mick. "The gals is the only

thing what has any spirit left. Julia told me just now she would go to the cannon's mouth for the Five Points any summer day."

"You think the spirit can't be raised, Chaffing Jack," said Devilsdust very seriously. "You ought to be a judge."

"If I don't know Mowbray who does? Trust my word, the house won't draw."

"Then it is U-P," said Mick.

"Hush!" said Devilsdust. "But suppose it spreads?"

"It won't spread," said Chaffing Jack. "I've seen a deal of these things. I fancy from what you say it's a cotton squall. It will pass, Sir. Let me see the miners out and then I will talk to you."

"Stranger things than that have happened," said Devilsdust.

"Then things get serious," said Chaffing Jack. "Them miners is very stubborn, and when they gets excited ayn't it a bear at play, that's all?"

"Well," said Devilsdust, "what you say is

well worth attention; but all the same I feel we are on the eve of a regular crisis."

"No, by jingo!" said Mick, and tossing his cap into the air he snapped his fingers with delight at the anticipated amusement.

## CHAPTER IV.

"I DON'T think I can stand this much longer," said Mr. Mountchesney, the son-in-law of Lord de Mowbray, to his wife, as he stood before the empty fire-place with his back to the mantel-piece and his hands thrust into the pockets of his coat. "This living in the country in August bores me to extinction. I think we will go to Baden, Joan."

"But papa is so anxious, dearest Alfred, that we should remain here at present and see the neighbours a little."

"I might be induced to remain here to please your father, but as for your neighbours I have seen quite enough of them. They are not

a sort of people that I ever met before, or that I wish to meet again. I do not know what to say to them, nor can I annex an idea to what they say to me. Heigho! certainly the country in August is a thing of which no one who has not tried it has the most remote conception."

"But you always used to say you doted on the country, Alfred," said Lady Joan in a tone of tender reproach.

"So I do; I never was happier than when I was at Melton, and even enjoyed the country in August when I was on the Moors."

"But I cannot well go to Melton," said Lady Joan.

"I don't see why you can't. Mrs. Shelldrake goes with her husband to Melton, and so does Lady Di with Barham; and a very pleasant life it is."

"Well, at any rate we cannot go to Melton now," said Lady Joan mortified; "and it is impossible for me to go to the Moors."

"No, but I could go," said Mr. Mountchesney, "and leave you here. I might have

gone with Eugene de Vere and Milford and Fitz-heron. They wanted me very much. What a capital party it would have been, and what capital sport we should have had! And I need not have been away for more than a month or perhaps six weeks, and I could have written to you every day and all that sort of thing."

Lady Joan sighed and affected to recur to the opened volume which during this conversation she had held in her hand.

"I wonder where Maud is," said Mr. Mountchesney; "I shall want her to ride with me to-day. She is a capital horsewoman, and always amuses me. As you cannot ride now, Joan, I wish you would let Maud have Sunbeam."

"As you please."

"Well I am going to the stables and will tell them. Who is this?" Mr. Mountchesney exclaimed, and then walked to the window that looking over the park showed at a distance the advance of a very showy equipage.

Lady Joan looked up.

"Come here, Joan, and tell me who this is," and Lady Joan was at his side in a moment.

"It is the livery of the Bardolfs," said Lady Joan.

"I always call them Firebrace; I cannot get out of it," said Mr. Mountchesney. "Well, I am glad it is they; I thought it might be an irruption of barbarians. Lady Bardolf will bring us some news."

Lord and Lady Bardolf were not alone; they were accompanied by a gentleman who had been staying on a visit at Firebrace, and who, being acquainted with Lord de Mowbray, had paid his respects to the castle in his way to London. This gentleman was the individual who had elevated them to the peerage—Mr. Hatton. A considerable intimacy had sprung up between him and his successful clients. Firebrace was an old place rebuilt in the times of the Tudors, but with something of its more ancient portions remaining, and with a storehouse of muniments that had escaped the civil wars. Hatton revelled in them, and in pursuing his researches, had already made dis-

coveries which might perhaps place the coronet of the earldom of Lovel on the brow of the former champion of the baronetage, who now however never mentioned the Order. Lord de Mowbray was well content to see Mr. Hatton, a gentleman in whom he did not repose the less confidence, because his advice given him three years ago, respecting the writ of right and the claim upon his estate had proved so discreet and correct. Acting on that advice Lord de Mowbray had instructed his lawyers to appear to the action without entering into any unnecessary explanation of the merits of his case. He counted on the accuracy of Mr. Hatton's judgment, that the claim would not be pursued; and he was right; after some fencing and preliminary manœuvring, the claim had not been pursued. Lord de Mowbray therefore, always gracious, was disposed to accord a very distinguished reception to his confidential counsellor. He pressed very much his guests to remain with him some days, and though that was not practicable, Mr. Hatton promised that he

would not leave the neighbourhood without paying another visit to the castle.

"And you continue quiet here?" said Mr. Hatton to Lord de Mowbray.

"And I am told we shall keep so," said Lord de Mowbray. "The mills are mostly at work, and the men take the reduced wages in a good spirit. The fact is our agitators in this neighbourhood suffered pretty smartly in '39, and the Chartists have lost their influence."

"I am sorry for poor Lady St. Julians," said Lady Bardolf to Lady de Mowbray. "It must be such a disappointment, and she has had so many; but I understand there is nobody to blame but herself. If she had only left the Prince alone, but she would not be quiet!"

"And where are the Deloraines?"

"They are at Munich; with which they are delighted. And Lady Deloraine writes me that Mr. Egremont has promised to join them there. If he do, they mean to winter at Rome."

“Somebody said he was going to be married,” said Lady de Mowbray.

“His mother wishes him to marry,” said Lady Bardolf; “but I have heard nothing.”

Mr. Mountchesney came in and greeted the Bardolfs with some warmth. “How delightful in the country in August to meet somebody that you have seen in London in June!” he exclaimed. “Now, dear Lady Bardolf do tell me something, for you can conceive nothing so triste as we are here. We never get a letter. Joan only corresponds with philosophers and Maud with clergymen; and none of my friends ever write to me.”

“Perhaps you never write to them?”

“Well, I never have been a letter writer; because really I never wanted to write or to be written to. I always knew what was going on because I was on the spot; I was doing the things that people were writing letters about—but now not being in the world any longer, doing nothing, living in the country—and the country in August—I should like to receive letters every day, but I do not know

who to fix upon as a correspondent. Eugene de Vere will not write, Milford cannot ; and as for Fitz-heron he is so very selfish, he always wants his letters answered."

"That is very unreasonable," said Lady Bardolf.

"Besides what can they tell me at this moment ? They have gone to the Moors and are enjoying themselves. They asked me to go with them, but I could not go, because you see I could not leave Joan ; though why I could not leave her, I really cannot understand, because Egerton has got some moors this year, and he leaves Lady Augusta with her father."

Lady Maud entered the room in her bonnet, returning from an airing. She was all animation—charmed to see everybody ; she had been to Mowbray to hear some singing at the Roman Catholic chapel in that town ; a service had been performed and a collection made for the suffering workpeople of the place. She had been apprised of it for some days, was told that she would hear the most beautiful

voice that she had ever listened to, but it had far exceeded her expectations. A female voice it seemed; no tones could be conceived more tender and yet more thrilling: in short seraphic.

Mr. Mountchesney blamed her for not taking him. He liked music, singing, especially female singing; when there was so little to amuse him, he was surprised that Lady Maud had not been careful that he should have been present. His sister-in-law reminded him that she had particularly requested him to drive her over to Mowbray, and he had declined the honour as a bore.

"Yes," said Mr. Mountchesney, "but I thought Joan was going with you, and that you would be shopping."

"It was a good thing our House was adjourned before these disturbances in Lancashire," said Lord Bardolf to Lord de Mowbray.

"The best thing we can all do is to be on our estates I believe," said Lord de Mowbray.

"My neighbour Marney is in a great state

of excitement," said Lord Bardolf; "all his yeomanry out."

"But he is quiet at Marney?"

"In a way; but these fires puzzle us. Marney will not believe that the condition of the labourer has anything to do with them; and he certainly is a very acute man. But still I don't know what to say to it. The poor-law is very unpopular in my parish. Marney will have it, that the incendiaries are all strangers hired by the anti-Corn-law League."

"Ah! here is Lady Joan," exclaimed Lady Bardolf, as the wife of Mr. Mountchesney entered the room; "My dearest Lady Joan!"

"Why Joan," said Mr. Mountchesney, "Maud has been to Mowbray, and heard the most delicious singing. Why did we not go?"

"I did mention it to you, Alfred."

"I remember you said something about going to Mowbray, and that you wanted to go to several places. But there is nothing I hate so much as shopping. It bores me more

than anything. And you are so peculiarly long when you are shopping. But singing, and beautiful singing in a Catholic chapel by a woman; perhaps a beautiful woman, that is quite a different thing, and I should have been amused, which nobody seems ever to think of here. I do not know how you find it, Lady Bardolf, but the country to me in August is a something ;”—and not finishing his sentence, Mr. Mountchesney gave a look of inexpressible despair.

“And you did not see this singer?” said Mr. Hatton, sidling up to Lady Maud, and speaking in a subdued tone.

“I did not, but they tell me she is most beautiful; something extraordinary; I tried to see her, but it was impossible.”

“Is she a professional singer?”

“I should imagine not; a daughter of one of the Mowbray people I believe.”

“Let us have her over to the Castle, Lady de Mowbray,” said Mr. Mountchesney.

“If you like,” replied Lady de Mowbray, with a languid smile.

"Well at last I have got something to do," said Mr. Mountchesney. "I will ride over to Mowbray, find out the beautiful singer, and bring her to the Castle."

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## CHAPTER V.

THE beam of the declining sun, softened by the stained panes of a small gothic window, suffused the chamber of the Lady Superior of the convent of Mowbray. The vaulted room, of very moderate dimensions, was furnished with great simplicity and opened into a small oratory. On a table were several volumes, an ebon cross was fixed in a niche, and leaning in a high-backed chair, sate Ursula Trafford. Her pale and refined complexion that in her youth had been distinguished for its lustre, became her spiritual office; and indeed her whole countenance, the delicate brow, the serene glance, the small aquiline nose, and the

well-shaped mouth, firm and yet benignant, betokened the celestial soul that habited that gracious frame.

The Lady Superior was not alone; on a low seat by her side, holding her hand, and looking up into her face with a glance of reverential sympathy, was a maiden over whose head five summers have revolved since first her girlhood broke upon our sight amid the ruins of Marney Abbey, five summers that have realized the matchless promise of her charms, and while they have added something to her stature have robbed it of nothing of its grace, and have rather steadied the blaze of her beauty than diminished its radiance.

"Yes, I mourn over them," said Sybil, "the deep convictions that made me look forward to the cloister as my home. Is it that the world has assoiled my soul? Yet I have not tasted of worldly joys; all that I have known of it has been suffering and tears. They will return, these visions of my sacred youth, dear friend, tell me that they will return!"

"I too have had visions in my youth, Sybil, and not of the cloister, yet am I here."

"And what should I infer?" said Sybil enquiringly.

"That my visions were of the world, and brought me to the cloister, and that yours were of the cloister and have brought you to the world."

"My heart is sad," said Sybil, "and the sad should seek the shade."

"It is troubled, my child, rather than sorrowful."

Sybil shook her head.

"Yes, my child," said Ursula, "the world has taught you that there are affections which the cloister can neither satisfy nor supply. Ah! Sybil, I too have loved."

The blood rose to the cheek of Sybil, and then returned as quickly to the heart; her trembling hand pressed that of Ursula as she sighed and murmured, "No, no, no."

"Yes, it is his spirit that hovers over your life, Sybil; and in vain you would forget what haunts your heart. One not less gifted than him; as good, as gentle, as gracious; once too breathed in my ear the accents of joy. He

was, like myself, the child of an old house, and Nature had invested him with every quality that can dazzle and can charm. But his heart was as pure, and his soul as lofty, as his intellect and frame were bright,——” and Ursula paused.

Sybil pressed the hand of Ursula to her lips and whispered, “Speak on.”

“The dreams of by-gone days,” continued Ursula in a voice of emotion, “the wild sorrows than I can recall, and yet feel that I was wisely chastened. He was stricken in his virtuous pride, the day before he was to have led me to that altar where alone I found the consolation that never fails. And thus closed some years of human love, my Sybil,” said Ursula, bending forward and embracing her. “The world for a season crossed their fair current, and a power greater than the world forbade their banns; but they are hallowed; memory is my sympathy; it is soft and free, and when he came here to enquire after you, his presence and agitated heart recalled the past.”

"It is too wild a thought," said Sybil, "ruin to him, ruin to all. No, we are severed by a fate as uncontrollable as severed you dear friend; ours is a living death."

"The morrow is unforeseen," said Ursula. "Happy indeed would it be for me, my Sybil, that your innocence should be enshrined within these holy walls, and that the pupil of my best years, and the friend of my serene life, should be my successor in this house. But I feel a deep persuasion that the hour has not arrived for you to take the step that never can be recalled."

So saying, Ursula embraced and dismissed Sybil; for the conversation, the last passages of which we have given, had occurred when Sybil according to her wont on Saturday afternoon had come to request the permission of the Lady Superior to visit her father.

It was in a tolerably spacious and not uncomfortable chamber, the first floor over the printing-office of the Mowbray Phalanx, that Gerard had found a temporary home. He had not long returned from his factory, and

pacing the chamber with a disturbed step, he awaited the expected arrival of his daughter.

She came ; the faithful step, the well-known knock ; the father and the daughter embraced ; he pressed to his heart the child who had clung to him through so many trials, and who had softened so many sorrows, who had been the visiting angel in his cell, and whose devotion had led captivity captive.

Their meetings, though regular, were now comparatively rare. The sacred day united them, and sometimes for a short period the previous afternoon, but otherwise the cheerful hearth and welcome home were no longer for Gerard. And would the future bring them to him ? And what was to be the future of his child ? His mind vacillated between the convent of which she now seldom spoke, and which with him was never a cherished idea, and those dreams of restored and splendid fortunes which his sanguine temperament still whispered him, in spite of hope so long deferred and expectations so often baulked, might yet be realized. And sometimes between these opposing visions,

there rose a third and more practical, though less picturesque result, the idea of her marriage. And with whom? It was impossible that one so rarely gifted and educated with so much daintiness, could ever make a wife of the people. Hatton offered wealth, but Sybil had never seemed to comprehend his hopes, and Gerard felt that their ill-assorted ages was a great barrier. There was of all the men of his own order but one, who from his years, his great qualities, his sympathy, and the nature of his toil and means, seemed not unfitted to be the husband of his daughter; and often had Gerard mused over the possibility of these intimate ties with Morley. Sybil had been, as it were, bred up under his eye; an affection had always subsisted between them, and he knew well that in former days Sybil had appreciated and admired the great talents and acquirements of their friend. At one period he almost suspected that Morley was attached to her. And yet, from causes which he had never attempted to penetrate, probably from a combination of unintentional circumstances,

Sybil and Morley had for the last two or three years been thrown little together, and their intimacy had entirely died away. To Gerard it seemed that Morley had ever proved his faithful friend: Morley had originally dissuaded him with energy against that course which had led to his discomfiture and punishment; when arrested, his former colleague was his bail, was his companion and adviser during his trial; had endeavoured to alleviate his imprisonment; and on his release had offered to share his means with Gerard, and when these were refused, he at least supplied Gerard with a roof. And yet with all this, that abandonment of heart and brain, and deep sympathy with every domestic thought that characterized old days, was somehow or other wanting. There was on the part of Morley still devotion, but there was reserve.

“You are troubled, my father,” said Sybil, as Gerard continued to pace the chamber.

“Only a little restless. I am thinking what a mistake it was to have moved in —39.”

Sybil sighed.

"Ah! you were right, Sybil," continued Gerard; "affairs were not ripe. We should have waited three years."

"Three years!" exclaimed Sybil, starting; "are affairs riper now?"

"The whole of Lancashire is in revolt," said Gerard. "There is not a sufficient force to keep them in check. If the miners and colliers rise, and I have cause to believe that it is more than probable they will move before many days are past,—the game is up."

"You terrify me," said Sybil.

"On the contrary," said Gerard, smiling, "the news is good enough; I'll not say too good to be true, for I had it from one of the old delegates who is over here to see what can be done in our north countree."

"Yes," said Sybil inquiringly, and leading on her father.

"He came to the works; we had some talk. There are to be no leaders this time, at least no visible ones. The people will do it themselves. All the children of Labour are to rise on the same day, and to toil no more, till they

have their rights. No violence, no bloodshed, but toil halts, and then our oppressors will learn the great economical truth as well as moral lesson, that when Toil plays Wealth ceases."

"When Toil ceases the People suffer," said Sybil. "That is the only truth that we have learnt, and it is a bitter one."

"Can we be free without suffering," said Gerard. "Is the greatest of human blessings to be obtained as a matter of course; to be plucked like fruit, or seized like a running stream? No, no; we must suffer, but we are wiser than of yore,—we will not conspire. Conspiracies are for aristocrats, not for nations."

"Alas, alas! I see nothing but woe," said Sybil. "I cannot believe that after all that has passed, the people here will move: I cannot believe that after all that has passed, all that you, that we, have endured, that you, my father, will counsel them to move."

"I counsel nothing," said Gerard. "It must be a great national instinct that does it; but

if all England, if Wales, if Scotland won't work, is Mowbray to have a monopoly?"

"Ah! that's a bitter jest," said Sybil. "England, Wales, Scotland will be forced to work as they were forced before. How can they subsist without labour? And if they could, there is an organised power that will subdue them."

"The Benefit Societies, the Sick and Burial Clubs, have money in the banks that would maintain the whole working classes, with aid in kind that will come, for six weeks, and that will do the business. And as for force, why there are not five soldiers to each town in the kingdom. It's a glittering bugbear this fear of the military; simultaneous strikes would baffle all the armies in Europe."

"I'll go back and pray that all this is wild talk," said Sybil earnestly. "After all that has passed, were it only for your child, you should not speak, much less think, this, my father. What havoc to our hearts and homes has been all this madness! It has separated us; it has destroyed our happy home; it

has done more than this—" and here she wept.

"Nay, nay, my child," said Gerard, coming up and soothing her; "one cannot weigh one's words before those we love. I can't hear of the people moving with coldness—that's out of nature; but I promise you I'll not stimulate the lads here. I am told they are little inclined to stir. You found me in a moment of what I must call I suppose elation; but I hear they beat the red-coats and police at Staley Bridge, and that pricked my blood a bit. I have been ridden down before this when I was a lad, Sybil, by Yeomanry hoofs. You must allow a little for my feelings."

She extended her lips to the proffered embrace of her father. He blessed her and pressed her to his heart, and soothed her apprehensions with many words of softness. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Gerard. And there came in Mr. Hatton.

They had not met since Gerard's release from York Castle. There Hatton had visited

him, had exercised his influence to remedy his grievances, and had more than once offered him the means of maintenance on receiving his freedom. There were moments of despondency when Gerard had almost wished that the esteem and regard with which Sybil looked upon Hatton might have matured into sentiments of a deeper nature; but on this subject the father had never breathed a word. Nor had Hatton, except to Gerard, ever intimated his wishes, for we could scarcely call them hopes. He was a silent suitor of Sybil, watching opportunities and ready to avail himself of circumstances which he worshipped. His sanguine disposition, fed by a very suggestive and inventive mind, and stimulated by success and a prosperous life, sustained him always to the last. Hatton always believed that everything desirable must happen if a man had energy and watched circumstances. He had confidence too in the influence of his really insinuating manner; his fine taste, his tender tone, his ready sympathy, all which masked his daring courage and absolute recklessness of means.

There were general greetings of the greatest warmth. The eyes of Hatton were suffused with tears as he congratulated Gerard on his restored health, and pressed Sybil's hand with the affection of an old friend between both his own.

"I was down in this part of the world on business," said Hatton, "and thought I would come over here for a day to find you all out." And then after some general conversation he said "And where do you think I accidentally paid a visit a day or two back? At Mowbray Castle. I see you are surprised. I saw all your friends. I did not ask his Lordship how the writ of right went on. I dare say he thinks 'tis all hushed. But he is mistaken. I have learnt something which may help us over the stile yet."

"Well-a-day," said Gerard, "I once thought if I could get back the lands the people would at last have a friend; but that's past. I have been a dreamer of dreams often when I was overlooking them at work. And so we all have I suppose. I would willingly give up

my claim if I could be sure the Lancashire lads will not come to harm this bout."

"'Tis a more serious business," said Hatton. "than any thing of the kind that has yet happened. The government are much alarmed. They talk of sending the Guards down into the north, and bringing over troops from Ireland."

"Poor Ireland!" said Gerard. "Well, I think the frieze-coats might give us a helping hand now, and employ the troops at least."

"No, my dear father, say not such things."

"Sybil will not let me think of these matters friend Hatton," said Gerard smiling. "Well, I suppose it's not in my way, at least I certainly did not make the best hand of it in—39; but it was London that got me into that scrape. I cannot help fancying that were I on our Moors here a bit with some good lads it might be different, and I must say so, I must indeed, Sybil."

"But you are very quiet here I hope," said Hatton.

"Oh! yes," said Gerard, "I believe our spirit is sufficiently broken at Mowbray. Wages

weekly dropping, and just work enough to hinder sheer idleness; that sort of thing keeps the people in very humble trim. But wait a bit, and when they have reached the starvation point I fancy we shall hear a murmur."

"I remember our friend Morley in —39, when we returned from London, gave me a very good character of the disposition of the people here," said Hatton; "I hope it continues the same. He feared no outbreak then, and the distress in —39 was severe."

"Well," said Gerard, "the wages have been dropping ever since. The people exist, but you can scarcely say they live. But they are cowed I fancy. An empty belly is sometimes as apt to dull the heart as inflame the courage. And then they have lost their leaders, for I was away you see, and have been quiet enough since I came out; and Warner is broken; he has suffered more from his time than I did; which is strange, for he had his pursuits, whereas I was restless enough, and that's the truth, and had it not been for Sybil's daily visit I think, though I may never be allowed

to live in a castle, I should certainly have died in one."

"And how is Morley?"

"Right well; the same as you left him; I saw not a straw's change when I came out. His paper spreads. He still preaches moral force, and believes that we shall all end in living in communities. But as the only community of which I have personal experience is a gaol, I am not much more inclined to his theory than heretofore."

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE reader may not have altogether forgotten Mr. Nixon and his comrades, the miners and colliers of that district not very remote from Mowbray, which Morley had visited at the commencement of this history, in order to make fruitless researches after a gentleman whom he subsequently so unexpectedly stumbled upon. Affairs were as little flourishing in that region as at Mowbray itself, and the distress fell upon a population less accustomed to suffering and whose spirit was not daunted by the recent discomfiture and punishment of their leaders.

"It can't last," said Master Nixon as he took his pipe from his mouth at the Rising Sun.

He was responded to by a general groan. 'It comes to this,' he continued, "Natur has her laws, and this is one; a fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

"I wish you may get it," said Juggins, "with a harder stint every week and a shilling a day knocked off."

"And what's to come to-morrow?" said Waghorn. "The buttty has given notice to quit in Parker's field this day se'nnight. Simmons won't drop wages, but works half time."

"The boys will be at play afore long," said a collier.

"Hush!" said Master Nixon with a reproving glance, "play is a very serious word. The boys are not to go to play as they used to do without by your leave or with your leave. We must appoint a committee to consider the question and we must communicate with the other trades."

"You're the man, Master Nixon, to choose for churchwarden," replied the reprov'd miner with a glance of admiration.

“What is Diggs doing?” said Master Nixon in a solemn tone.

“A-dropping wages and a-raising tommy like fun,” said Master Waghorn.

“There is a great stir in Hell-house yard,” said a miner who entered the tap room at this moment, much excited. “They say that all the workshops will be shut to-morrow; not an order for a month past. They have got a top-sawyer from London there who addresses them every evening, and says that we have a right to four shillings a day wages, eight hours’ work and two pots of ale.”

“A fair day’s wage for a fair day’s work,” said Master Nixon. “I would not stickle about hours, but the money and the drink are very just.”

“If Hell-house yard is astir,” said Waghorn, “there will be a good deal to be seen yet.”

“It’s grave,” said Master Nixon. “What think you of a deputation there? It might come to good.”

“I should like to hear the top-sawyer from London,” said Juggins. “We had a Chartist

here the other day, but he did not understand our case at all."

"I heard him," said Master Nixon, "but what's his Five Points to us? Why he ayn't got tommy among them."

"Nor long stints," said Waghorn.

"Nor butties," said Juggins.

"He's a pretty fellow to come and talk to us," said a collier. "He had never been down a pit in all his life."

The evening passed away in the tap room of the Rising Sun in reflections on the present critical state of affairs and in consultations as to the most expedient course for the future. The rate of wages which for several years in this district had undergone a continuous depression, had just received another downward impulse and was threatened with still further reduction, for the price of iron became every day lower in the market, and the article itself so little in demand that few but the great capitalists who could afford to accumulate their produce were able to maintain their furnaces in action. The little men who still continued their speculations

could only do so partially, by diminishing the days of service and increasing their stints or toil and by decreasing the rate of wages as well as paying them entirely in goods, of which they had a great stock and of which they thus relieved themselves at a high profit. Add to all these causes of suffering and discontent among the workmen the apprehension of still greater evils and the tyranny of the butties or middlemen, and it will with little difficulty be felt that the public mind of this district was well-prepared for the excitement of the political agitator, especially if he were discreet enough rather to descant on their physical sufferings and personal injuries than to attempt the propagation of abstract political principles, with which it was impossible for them to sympathise with the impulse and facility of the inhabitants of manufacturing towns, members of literary and scientific institutes, habitual readers of political journals and accustomed to habits of discussion of all public questions. It generally happens however that where a mere physical impulse urges the people to insurrection, though

it is often an influence of slow growth and movement, the effects are more violent and sometimes more obstinate than when they move under the blended authority of moral and physical necessity, and mix up together the rights and the wants of Man.

However this may be, on the morning after the conversation at the Rising Sun which we have just noticed, the population having as usual gone to their work, having penetrated the pit and descended the shaft, the furnaces all blazing, the chimneys all smoking,—suddenly there rose a rumour even in the bowels of the earth, that the hour and the man had at length arrived; the hour that was to bring them relief and the man that was to bear them redress.

“My missus told it me at the pit-head when she brought me my breakfast,” said a pikeman to his comrade, and he struck a vigorous blow at the broadseam on which he was working.

“It is not ten mile,” said his companion.

“They’ll be here by noon.”

“There is a good deal to do in their way,”

said the first pikeman. "All men at work after notice to be ducked, they say, and every engine to be stopped forthwith."

"Will the police meet them before they reach this?"

"There is none: my missus says that not a man John of them is to be seen. The Hellcats as they call themselves halt at every town and offer fifty pounds for a live policeman."

"I'll tell you what," said the second pikeman. "I'll stop my stint and go up the shaft. My heart's all of a flutter, I can't work no more. We'll have a fair day's wage for a fair day's work yet."

"Come along, I'm your man; if the doggy stop us, we'll knock him down. The People must have their rights; we're driven to this, but if one shilling a day is dropped, why not two?"

"Very true; the People must have their rights, and eight hours' work is quite enough."

In the light of day, the two miners soon learnt in more detail the news which the wife of one of them earlier in the morning had given

as a rumour. There seemed now no doubt that the people of Wodgate, commonly called the Hell-cats, headed by their Bishop, had invaded in great force the surrounding district, stopped all the engines, turned all the potters out of the manufactories, met with no resistance from the authorities, and issued a decree that labour was to cease until the Charter was the law of the land.

This last edict was not the least surprising part of the whole affair; for no one could have imagined that the Bishop or any of his subjects had ever even heard of the Charter, much less that they could by any circumstances comprehend its nature, or by any means be induced to believe that its operation would further their interests or redress their grievances. But all this had been brought about, as most of the great events of history, by the unexpected and unobserved influence of individual character.

A Chartist leader had been residing for some time at Wodgate, ever since the distress had become severe, and had obtained great influence and popularity by assuring a suffer-

ing and half-starving population, that they were entitled to four shillings a day and two pots of ale, and only eight hours' work. He was a man of abilities and of popular eloquence, and his representations produced an effect; their reception invested him with influence, and as he addressed a population who required excitement, being very slightly employed and with few resources for their vacant hours, the Chartist who was careful never to speak of the Charter became an important personage at Wodgate, and was much patronized by Bishop Hatton and his Lady, whose good offices he was sedulous to conciliate. At the right moment, everything being ripe and well prepared, the Bishop being very drunk and harassed by the complaints of his subjects, the Chartist revealed to him the mysteries of the Charter, and persuaded him not only that the Five Points would cure everything, but that he was the only man who could carry the Five Points. The Bishop had nothing to do; he was making a lock merely for amusement; he required action; he embraced

the Charter, without having a definite idea what it meant; but he embraced it fervently, and he determined to march into the country at the head of the population of Wodgate, and establish the faith. Since the conversion of Constantine, a more important adoption had never occurred. The whole of the north of England, and a great part of the midland counties were in a state of disaffection; the entire country was suffering; hope had deserted the labouring classes; they had no confidence in any future of the existing system. Their organisation, independent of the political system of the Chartists, was complete. Every trade had its union, and every union its lodge in every town, and its central committee in every district. All that was required was the first move, and the Chartist emissary had long fixed upon Wodgate as the spring of the explosion, when the news of the strike in Lancashire determined him to precipitate the event. The march of Bishop Hatton at the head of the Hell-cats into the mining districts was perhaps the most striking popular movement

since the Pilgrimage of Grace. Mounted on a white mule, wall-eyed and of hideous form, the Bishop brandished a huge hammer with which he had announced he would destroy the enemies of the people : all butties, doggies, dealers in truck and tommy, middle masters and main masters. Some thousand Hell-cats followed him brandishing bludgeons, or armed with bars of iron, pickhandles, and hammers. On each side of the Bishop, on a donkey, was one of his little sons, as demure and earnest as if he were handling his file. A flowing standard of silk inscribed with the Charter, and which had been presented to him by the delegate, was borne before him like the oriflamme. Never was such a gaunt, grim crew. As they advanced their numbers continually increased, for they arrested all labour in their progress. Every engine was stopped, the plug was driven out of every boiler, every fire was extinguished, every man was turned out. The decree went forth that labour was to cease until the Charter was the law of the land : the mine and the mill, the foundry and the loom-

shop were until that consummation to be idle : nor was the mighty pause to be confined to these great enterprises. Every trade of every kind and description was to be stopped : tailor and cobbler, brushmaker and sweep, tinker and carter, mason and builder, all, all ; for all an enormous Sabbath that was to compensate for any incidental suffering that it induced by the increased means and the elevated condition it ultimately would insure—that paradise of artizans, that Utopia of Toil, embalmed in those ringing words, sounds cheerful to the Saxon race—"A fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

## CHAPTER VII.

DURING the strike in Lancashire the people had never plundered, except a few provision shops, chiefly rifled by boys, and their acts of violence had been confined to those with whom they were engaged in what on the whole might be described as fair contest. They solicited sustenance often in great numbers, but even then their language was mild and respectful, and they were easily satisfied and always grateful. A body of two thousand persons, for example—the writer speaks of circumstances within his own experience—quitted one morning a manufacturing town in Lancashire, when the strike had continued for

some time and began to be severely felt, and made a visit to a neighbouring squire of high degree. They entered his park in order—men, women, and children—and then seating themselves in the immediate vicinity of the mansion, they sent a deputation to announce that they were starving and to entreat relief. In the instance in question, the lord of the domain was absent in the fulfilment of those public duties which the disturbed state of the country devolved on him. His wife, who had a spirit equal to the occasion, notwithstanding the presence of her young children who might well have aggravated feminine fears, received the deputation herself; told them that of course she was unprepared to feed so many, but that, if they promised to maintain order and conduct themselves with decorum, she would take measures to satisfy their need. They gave their pledge and remained tranquilly encamped while preparations were making to satisfy them. Carts were sent to a neighbouring town for provisions; the game-keepers killed what they could, and in a few

hours the multitude were fed without the slightest disturbance, or the least breach of their self-organised discipline. When all was over, the deputation waited again on the lady to express to her their gratitude, and the gardens of this house being of celebrity in the neighbourhood, they requested permission that the people might be allowed to walk through them, pledging themselves that no flower should be plucked and no fruit touched. The permission was granted : the multitude in order, each file under a chief and each commander of the files obedient to a superior officer, then made a progress through the beautiful gardens of their beautiful hostess. They even passed through the forcing houses and vineries. Not a border was trampled on, not a grape plucked ; and when they quitted the domain, they gave three cheers for the fair castellan.

The Hell-cats and their following were of a different temper to these gentle Lancashire insurgents. They destroyed and ravaged ; sacked and gutted houses ; plundered cellars ;

proscribed bakers as enemies of the people ; sequestrated the universal stores of all truck and tommy shops ; burst open doors, broke windows ; destroyed the gas works, that the towns at night might be in darkness ; took union workhouses by storm, burned rate-books in the market-place, and ordered public distribution of loaves of bread and flitches of bacon to a mob—cheering and laughing amid flames and rapine. In short they robbed and rioted ; the police could make no head against them ; there was no military force ; the whole district was in their possession ; and hearing that a battalion of the Coldstreams were coming down by a train, the Bishop ordered all railroads to be destroyed, and if the Hellcats had not been too drunk to do his bidding and he too tipsy to repeat it, it is probable that a great destruction of these public ways might have taken place.

Does the reader remember Diggs' tommy shop ? And Master Joseph ? Well a terrible scene took place there. The Wodgate girl, with a back like a grasshopper, of the Baptist

school religion, who had married Tummas, once a pupil of the Bishop and still his fervent follower, although he had cut open his pupil's head, was the daughter of a man who had worked many years in Diggs' field, had suffered much under his intolerable yoke, and at the present moment was deep in his awful ledger. She had heard from her first years of the oppression of Diggs and had impressed it on her husband, who was intolerant of any tyranny except at Wodgate. Tummas and his wife, and a few chosen friends, therefore went out one morning to settle the tommy-book of her father with Mr. Diggs. A whisper of their intention had got about among those interested in the subject. It was a fine summer morning, some three hours from noon, the shop was shut, indeed it had not been opened since the riots, and all the lower windows of the dwelling were closed, barred, and bolted.

A crowd of women had collected. There was Mistress Page and Mistress Prance, old Dame Toddles and Mrs. Mullins, Liza Gray

and the comely dame who was so fond of society that she liked even a riot.

"Master Joseph they say has gone to the North," said the comely dame.

"I wonder if old Diggs is at home?" said Mrs. Mullins.

"He won't show I'll be sworn," said old Dame Toddles.

"Here are the Hell-cats," said the comely dame. "Well I do declare they march like reglars; two, four, six, twelve; a good score at the least."

The Hell-cats briskly marched up to the elm-trees that shaded the canal before the house, and then formed in line opposite to it. They were armed with bludgeons, crowbars, and hammers. Tummas was at the head and by his side his Wodgate wife. Stepping forth alone, amid the cheering of the crowd of women, the pupil of the Bishop advanced to the door of Diggs' house, gave a loud knock and a louder ring. He waited patiently for several minutes; there was no reply from the

interior, and then Tummas knocked and rang again.

"It's very awful," said the comely dame.

"It's what I always dreamt would come to pass," said Liza Gray, "ever since Master Joseph cut my poor baby over the eye with his three foot rule."

"I think there can be nobody within," said Mrs. Prance.

"Old Diggs would never leave the tommy without a guard," said Mrs. Page.

"Now lads," said Tummas looking round him and making a sign, and immediately some half dozen advanced with their crow-bars and were about to strike at the door, when a window in the upper story of the house opened and the muzzle of a blunderbuss was presented at the assailants.

The women all screamed and ran away.

"'Twas Master Joseph," said the comely dame halting to regain her breath.

"'Twas Master Joseph," sighed Mrs. Page.

"'Twas Master Joseph," moaned Mrs. Prance.

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Mullins, "I saw his ugly face."

"More frightful than the great gun," said old Dame Toddles.

"I hope the children will get out of the way," said Liza Gray, "for he is sure to fire on them."

In the meantime, while Master Joseph himself was content with his position and said not a word, a benignant countenance exhibited itself at the window and requested in a mild voice to know, "What his good friends wanted there?"

"We have come to settle Sam Barlow's tommy book," said their leader.

"Our shop is not open to-day my good friends: the account can stand over; far be it from me to press the poor."

"Master Diggs," said a Hell-cat, "canst thou tell us the price of bacon to-day?"

"Well, good bacon," said the elder Diggs willing to humour them, "may be eightpence a-pound."

"Thou art wrong Master Diggs," said the

Hell-cat, "'tis fourpence and long credit. Let us see half a dozen good flitches at fourpence, Master Diggs; and be quick."

There was evidently some controversy in the interior as to the course at this moment to be pursued. Master Joseph remonstrated against the policy of concession, called conciliation, which his father would fain follow, and was for instant coercion; but age and experience carried the day, and in a few minutes some flitches were thrown out of the window to the Hell-cats who received the booty with a cheer.

The women returned.

"'Tis the tenpence a-pound flitch," said the comely dame examining the prize with a sparkling glance.

"I have paid as much for very green stuff," said Mrs. Mullins.

"And now Master Diggs," said Tummas, "what is the price of the best tea a-pound? We be good customers, and mean to treat our wives and sweethearts here. I think we must order half a chest."

This time there was a greater delay in complying with the gentle hint ; but the Hell-cats getting obstreperous, the tea was at length furnished and divided among the women. This gracious office devolved on the wife of Tummas who soon found herself assisted by a spontaneous committee of which the comely dame was the most prominent and active member. Nothing could be more considerate, good-natured, and officious, than the mode and spirit with which she divided the stores. The flitches were cut up and apportioned in like manner. The scene was as gay and bustling as a fair.

“It’s as good as a grand tommy day,” said the comely dame with a self-complacent smile as she strutted about smiling and dispensing patronage.

The orders for bacon and tea were followed by a very popular demand for cheese. The female committee received all the plunder and were very active in its distribution. At length a rumour got about that Master Joseph was entering the names of all present in the tommy

books, so that eventually the score might be satisfied. The mob had now very much increased. There was a panic among the women, and indignation among the men: a Hell-cat advanced and announced that unless the tommy books were all given up to be burnt, they would pull down the house. There was no reply: some of the Hell-cats advanced; the women cheered; a crowbar fell upon the door; Master Joseph fired, wounded a woman and killed a child.

There rose one of those universal shrieks of wild passion which announce that men have discarded all the trammels of civilization, and found in their licentious rage new and unforeseen sources of power and vengeance. Where it came from, how it was obtained, who prompted the thought, who first accomplished it, were alike impossible to trace; but as it were in a moment, a number of trusses of straw were piled up before the house and set on fire, the gates of the timber-yard were forced, and a quantity of scantlings and battens soon fed the flame. Everything indeed that could stimulate

the fire was employed ; and every one was occupied in the service. They ran to the water side and plundered the barges, and threw the huge blocks of coal upon the enormous bonfire. Men, women, and children were alike at work with the eagerness and energy of fiends. The roof of the house caught fire : the dwelling burned rapidly ; you could see the flames like the tongues of wild beasts, licking the bare and vanishing walls ; a single being was observed amid the fiery havoc, shrieking and desperate he clung convulsively to a huge account book. It was Master Joseph. His father had made his escape from the back of the premises and had counselled his son instantly to follow him, but Master Joseph wished to rescue the ledger as well as their lives, and the delay ruined him.

“He has got the tommy book,” cried Liza Gray.

The glare of the clear flame fell for a moment upon his countenance of agony ; the mob gave an infernal cheer ; then some part of the building falling in, there rose a vast cloud of smoke and rubbish, and he was seen no more.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"LIFE'S a tumbleabout thing of ups and downs," said Widow Carey stirring her tea, "but I have been down this time longer than I can ever remember."

"Nor ever will get up, Widow," said Julia at whose lodgings herself and several of Julia's friends had met, "unless we have the Five Points."

"I will never marry any man who is not for the Five Points," said Caroline.

"I should be ashamed to marry any one who had not the suffrage," said Harriet.

"He is no better than a slave," said Julia.

The widow shook her head. "I don't like

these politics," said the good woman, "they bayn't in a manner business for our sex."

"And I should like to know why?" said Julia. "Ayn't we as much concerned in the cause of good government as the men? And don't we understand as much about it? I am sure the Dandy never does anything without consulting me."

"It's fine news for a summer day," said Caroline, "to say we can't understand politics with a Queen on the throne."

"She has got her ministers to tell her what to do," said Mrs. Carey, taking a pinch of snuff. "Poor innocent young creature, it often makes my heart ache to think how she is beset."

"Over the left," said Julia. "If the ministers try to come into her bed-chamber, she knows how to turn them to the right about."

"And as for that," said Harriet, "why are we not to interfere with politics as much as the swell ladies in London?"

"Don't you remember, too, at the last election here," said Caroline, "how the fine ladies

from the Castle came and canvassed for Colonel Rosemary ?”

“ Ah !” said Julia, “ I must say I wish the Colonel had beat that horrid Muddlefist. If we can’t have our own man, I am all for the Nobs against the Middle Class.”

“ We’ll have our own man soon, I expect,” said Harriet. “ If the people don’t work, how are the aristocracy to pay the police ?”

“ Only think !” said Widow Carey shaking her head. “ Why, at your time of life, my dears, we never even heard of these things, much less talked of them.”

“ I should think you didn’t, widow, and because why ?” said Julia ; “ because there was no march of mind then. But we know the time of day now as well as any of them.”

“ Lord, my dear,” said Mrs. Carey ; “ what’s the use of all that ? What we want is, good wages and plenty to do ; and as for the rest, I don’t grudge the Queen her throne, nor the noblemen and gentlemen their good things. Live and let live say I.”

“ Why, you are a regular oligarch, widow,” said Harriet.

“Well, Miss Harriet,” replied Mrs. Carey, a little nettled; “’t isn’t calling your neighbours names that settles any question. I’m quite sure that Julia will agree to that, and Caroline too. And perhaps I might call you something if I chose, Miss Harriet; I’ve heard things said before this, that I should blush to say, and blush to hear too. But I won’t demean myself, no I won’t. Holly-hock, indeed! Why holly-hock?”

At this moment entered the Dandy and Devilsdust.

“Well young ladies,” said the Dandy. “Aswelling the receipt of customs by the consumption of Congo! That won’t do, Julia; it won’t, indeed. Ask Dusty. If you want to beat the enemy, you must knock up the revenue. How d’ye do, widow?”

“The same to you, Dandy Mick. We is deploring the evils of the times here in a neighbourly way.”

“Oh, the times will soon mend,” said the Dandy gaily.

“Well, so I think,” said the widow; “for

when things are at the worst, they always say  
——”

“But you always say they cannot mend, Mick,” said Julia interrupting her.

“Why in a sense, Julia, in a certain sense, you are right; but there are two senses to everything, my girl,” and Mick began singing, and then executed a hornpipe to the gratification of Julia and her guests.

“’Tis genteel,” said Mick, receiving their approbation. “You remember it at the Circus?”

“I wonder when we shall have the Circus again?” said Caroline.

“Not with the present rate of wages,” said Devilsdust.

“It’s very hard,” said Caroline, “that the Middle Class are always dropping our wages. One really has no amusements now. How I do miss the Temple!”

“We’ll have the Temple open again before long,” said the Dandy.

“That will be sweet,” exclaimed Caroline.

“I often dream of that foreign nobleman who used to sing, ‘Oh, no, we never!’”

"Well, I cannot make out what puts you in such spirits, Mick," said Julia. "You told me only this morning that the thing was up, and that we should soon be slaves for life; working sixteen hours a day for no wages, and living on oatmeal porridge and potatoes, served out by the millocrats like a regular Bastile."

"But, as Madam Carey says, when things are at the worst ——"

"Oh! I did say it," said the widow, "surely, because you see, at my years, I have seen so many ups and downs, though I always say ——"

"Come, Dusty," said Julia, "you are more silent than ever. You won't take a dish I know: but tell us the news, for I am sure you have something to say."

"I should think we had," said Dusty.

Here all the girls began talking at the same time, and without waiting for the intelligence, favouring one another with their guesses of its import.

"I am sure it's Shuffle and Screw going to work half time," said Harriet. "I always said so."

"It's something to put down the people," said Julia : "I suppose the Nobs have met, and are going to drop wages again."

"I think Dusty is going to be married," said Caroline.

"Not at this rate of wages I should hope," said Mrs. Carey, getting in a word.

"I should think not," said Devilsdust.

"You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Carey. And I don't know exactly what you mean, Miss Caroline," he added, a little confused. For Devilsdust was a silent admirer of Caroline, and had been known to say to Mick, who told Julia, who told her friend, that if he ever found time to think of such things, that was the sort of girl he should like to make the partner of his life.

"But Dusty," said Julia, "now what is it?"

"Why, I thought you all knew," said Mick.

"Now, now," said Julia, "I hate suspense. I like news to go round like a fly-wheel."

"Well," said Devilsdust, dryly, "this is Saturday, young women, and Mrs. Carey too, you will not deny that."

"I should think not," said Mrs. Carey, "by the token I kept a stall for thirty year in our market, and never gave it up till this summer, which makes me always think that, though I have seen many ups and downs, this ——"

"Well, what has Saturday to do with us?" said Caroline; "for neither Dandy Mick nor you can take us to the Temple, or any other genteel place, since they are all shut from the Corn Laws, or some other cause or other."

"I believe it's the machines more than the Corn Laws that have shut up the Temple," said Harriet. "Machines, indeed! Fancy preferring a piece of iron or wood to your own flesh and blood. And they call that Christianlike!"

"It is Saturday," said Julia, "sure enough; and if I don't lie in bed to-morrow till sunset, may I get a bate ticket for every day for a week to come."

"Well, go it my hearty," said Mick to Devilsdust. "It is Saturday, that they have all agreed."

"And to-morrow is Sunday," said Devilsdust solemnly.

"And the next day is the blackest day in all the week," said Julia. "When I hear the factory bell on Monday morning, I feel just the same as I did when I crossed with my uncle from Liverpool to Seaton to eat shrimps. Wasn't I sick coming home, that's all!"

"You won't hear that bell sound next Monday," said Devilsdust solemnly.

"You don't mean that?" said Julia.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Caroline. "Is the Queen dead?"

"No bell on Monday morning," said Mrs. Carey, incredulously.

"Not a single ring if all the Capitalists in Mowbray were to pull together at the same rope," said Devilsdust.

"What can it be?" said Julia. "Come, Mick; Dusty is always so long telling us anything."

"Why we are going to have the devil's own strike," said Mick unable any longer to contain himself and dancing with glee.

"A strike!" said Julia.

"I hope they will destroy the machines," said Harriet.

"And open the Temple," said Caroline, "or else it will be very dull."

"I have seen a many strikes," said the widow, "but as Chaffing Jack was saying to me the other day       "

"Chaffing Jack be hanged," said Mick. "Such a slow coach won't do in these high-pressure times. We are going to do the trick and no mistake. There shan't be a capitalist in England who can get a day's work out of us, even if he makes the operatives his junior partners."

"I never heard of such things," said Mrs. Carey in amazement.

"It's all booked, though," said Devilsdust. "We'll clean out the Savings' Banks; the Benefits and Burials will shell out. I am treasurer of the Ancient Shepherds, and we passed a resolution yesterday unanimously, that we would devote all our funds to the sustenance of Labour in this its last and triumphant struggle against Capital."

"Lor!" said Caroline, "I think it will be very jolly."

"As long as you can give us money, I don't care, for my part, how long we stick out," said Julia.

"Well," said Mrs. Carey, "I didn't think there was so much spirit in the place. As Chaffing Jack was saying the other day ——"

"There is no spirit in the place," said Devilsdust, "but we mean to infuse some. Some of our friends are going to pay you a visit to-morrow."

"And who may they be?" said Caroline.

"To-morrow is Sunday," said Devilsdust, "and the miners mean to say their prayers in Mowbray Church."

"Well, that will be a shindy!" said Caroline.

"It's a true bill, though," said Mick. "This time to-morrow you will have ten thousand of them in this town, and if every mill and work in it and ten mile round is not stopped, my name is not MICK RADLEY!"

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## CHAPTER IX.

It was Monday morning. Hatton, enveloped in his chamber robe and wearing his velvet cap, was lounging in the best room of the principal commercial inn of Mowbray, over a breakfast table covered with all the delicacies of which a northern matin meal may justly boast. There were pies of spiced meat and trout fresh from the stream, hams that Westphalia never equalled, pyramids of bread of every form and flavour adapted to the surrounding fruits, some conserved with curious art, and some just gathered from the bed or from the tree.

"It's very odd," said Hatton to his com-

panion Morley, "you can't get coffee anywhere."

Morley, who had supposed that coffee was about the commonest article of consumption in Mowbray, looked a little surprised; but at this moment Hatton's servant entered with a mysterious yet somewhat triumphant air, and ushering in a travelling biggin of their own fuming like one of the springs of Geyser.

"Now try that," said Hatton to Morley, as the servant poured him out a cup; "you won't find that so bad."

"Does the town continue pretty quiet?" enquired Morley of the servant as he was leaving the room.

"Quite quiet I believe, Sir; but a great many people in the streets. All the mills are stopped."

"Well, this is a strange business," said Hatton when they were once more alone. "You had no idea of it when I met you on Saturday?"

"None; on the contrary, I felt convinced that there were no elements of general disturb-

ance in this district. I thought from the first that the movement would be confined to Lancashire and would easily be arrested; but the feebleness of the government, the want of decision, perhaps the want of means, have permitted a flame to spread the extinction of which will not soon be witnessed."

"Do you mean that?"

"Whenever the mining population is disturbed the disorder is obstinate. On the whole they endure less physical suffering than most of the working classes, their wages being considerable; and they are so brutalized that they are more difficult to operate on than our reading and thinking population of the factories. But when they do stir there is always violence and a determined course. When I heard of their insurrection on Saturday I was prepared for great disturbances in their district, but that they should suddenly resolve to invade another country as it were, the seat of another class of labour, and where the hardships however severe are not of their own kind, is to me amazing, and convinces me that there is some political

head behind the scenes, and that this move, however unintentional on the part of the miners themselves, is part of some comprehensive scheme which, by widening the scene of action and combining several counties and classes of labour in the broil, must inevitably embarrass and perhaps paralyse the Government."

"There is a good deal in what you say," said Hatton, taking a strawberry with a rather absent air, and then he added, "You remember a conversation we once had, the eve of my departure from Mowbray in —39?"

"I do," said Morley reddening.

"The miners were not so ready then," said Hatton.

"They were not," said Morley speaking with some confusion.

"Well they are here now," said Hatton.

"They are," said Morley thoughtfully, but more collected.

"You saw them enter yesterday?" said Hatton. "I was sorry I missed it, but I was taking a walk with the Gerards up Dale to see the cottage where they once lived, and which they

used to talk of so much! Was it a strong body?"

"I should say about two thousand men, and as far as bludgeons and iron staves go, armed."

"A formidable force with no military to encounter them."

"Irresistible, especially with a favourable population."

"You think the people were not grieved to see them?"

"Certainly. Left alone they might have remained quiet; but they only wanted the spark. We have a number of young men here who have for a long time been murmuring against our inaction and what they call want of spirit. The Lancashire strike set them all agog; and had any popular leader, Gerard for example or Warner, resolved to move, they were ready."

"The times are critical," said Hatton wheeling his arm-chair from the table and resting his feet on the empty fire-place. "Lord de Mowbray had no idea of all this. I was with him on my way here, and found him quite tranquil. I suppose the invasion of yesterday has opened his eyes a little."

"What can he do?" said Morley. "It is useless to apply to the Government. They have no force to spare. Look at Lancashire; a few dragoons and rifles hurried about from place to place and harassed by night service; always arriving too late, and generally attacking the wrong point, some diversion from the main scheme. Now we had a week ago some of the 17th Lancers here. They have been marched into Lancashire. Had they remained the invasion would never have occurred."

"You haven't a soldier at hand?"

"Not a man; they have actually sent for a party of the 73d from Ireland to guard us. Mowbray may be burnt before they land."

"And the castle too," said Hatton quietly. "These are indeed critical times Mr. Morley. I was thinking when walking with our friend Gerard yesterday, and hearing him and his charming daughter dilate upon the beauties of the residence which they had forfeited, I was thinking what a strange thing life is, and that the fact of a box of papers belonging to him being in the possession of another person who

only lives close by, for we were walking through Mowbray woods—”

At at this moment a waiter entered and said there was one without who wished to speak with Mr. Morley.

“Let him come up,” said Hatton, “he will give us some news perhaps.”

And there was accordingly shown up a young man who had been a member of the Convention in 1839 with Morley, afterwards of the Secret Council with Gerard, the same young man who had been the first arrested on the night that Sybil was made a prisoner, having left the scene of their deliberations for a moment in order to fetch her some water. He too had been tried, convicted, and imprisoned, though for a shorter time than Gerard; and he was the Chartist Apostle who had gone and resided at Wodgate, preached the faith to the barbarians, converted them, and was thus the primary cause of the present invasion of Mowbray.

“Ah! Field,” said Morley, “is it you?”

“You are surprised to see me;” and then the young man looked at Hatton.

"A friend," said Morley; "speak as you like."

"Our great man, the leader and liberator of the people," said Field with a smile, "who has carried all before him, and who I verily believe will carry all before him, for Providence has given him those superhuman energies which can alone emancipate a race, wishes to confer with you on the state of this town and neighbourhood. It has been represented to him that no one is more knowing and experienced than yourself in this respect; besides as the head of our most influential organ in the Press, it is in every way expedient that you should see him. He is at this moment below giving instructions and receiving reports of the stoppage of all the country works, but if you like I will bring him up here, we shall be less disturbed."

"By all means," said Hatton who seemed to apprehend that Morley would make some difficulties. "By all means."

"Stop," said Morley, "have you seen Gerard?"

"No," said Field. "I wrote to him some time back, but his reply was not encouraging. I thought his spirit was perhaps broken."

"You know that he is here?"

"I concluded so, but we have not seen him; though to be sure, we have seen so many, and done so much since our arrival yesterday, it is not wonderful. By the bye, who is this black-coat you have here, this St. Lys? We took possession of the church yesterday on our arrival, for it's a sort of thing that pleases the miners and colliers wonderfully, and I always humour them. This St. Lys preached us such a sermon that I was almost afraid at one time the game would be spoiled. Our great man was alarmingly taken by it, was saying his prayers all day and had nearly marched back again: had it not been for the excellence of the rum and water at our quarters, the champion of the Charter would have proved a pious recreant."

"St. Lys will trouble you," said Morley. "Alas! for poor human nature, when violence can only be arrested by superstition."

"Come don't you preach," said the Chartist. "The Charter is a thing the people can understand, especially when they are masters of the country; but as for moral force, I should like

to know how I could have marched from Wodgate to Mowbray with that on my banner."

"Wodgate," said Morley, "that's a queer place."

"Wodgate," said Hatton, "what Wodgate is that?"

At this moment a great noise sounded without the room, the door was banged, there seemed a scuffling, some harsh high tones, the deprecatory voices of many waiters. The door was banged again and this time flew open, while exclaiming in an insolent coarse voice, "Don't tell me of your private rooms; who is master here I should like to know?" there entered a very thickset man, rather under the middle size, with a brutal and grimy countenance, wearing the unbuttoned coat of a police serjeant conquered in fight, a cocked hat, with a white plume, which was also a trophy of war, a pair of leather breeches and topped boots, which from their antiquity had the appearance of being his authentic property. This was the leader and liberator of the people of England. He carried in his hand a large hammer which

he had never parted with during the whole of the insurrection ; and stopping when he had entered the room, and surveying its inmates with an air at once stupid and arrogant, recognizing Field the Chartist, he halloed out, "I tell you I want him. He's my Lord Chancellor and Prime Minister, my head and principal Doggy; I can't go on without him. Well, what do you think," he said advancing to Field, "here's a pretty go! They won't stop the works at the big country mill you were talking of. They won't, won't they? Is my word the law of the land or is it not? Have I given my commands that all labour shall cease till the Queen sends me a message that the Charter is established, and is a man who has a mill, to shut his gates upon my forces, and pump upon my people with engines? There shall be fire for this water;" and so saying the Liberator sent his hammer with such force upon the table, that the plate and porcelain and accumulated luxuries of Mr. Hatton's breakfast perilously vibrated.

"We will enquire into this, Sir," said Field, "and we will take the necessary steps."

"We will enquire into this and we will take the necessary steps," said the Liberator, looking round with an air of pompous stupidity, and then taking up some peaches, he began devouring them with considerable zest.

"Would the Liberator like to take some breakfast?" said Mr. Hatton.

The Liberator looked at his host with a glance of senseless intimidation, and then as if not condescending to communicate directly with ordinary men, he uttered in a more subdued tone to the Chartist these words, "Glass of ale."

Ale was instantly ordered for the Liberator, who after a copious draught assumed a less menacing air, and smacking his lips, pushed aside the dishes, and sate down on the table swinging his legs.

"This is my friend of whom I spoke and whom you wished to see, Sir," said the Chartist, "the most distinguished advocate of popular rights we possess, the editor of the Mowbray Phalanx, Mr. Morley."

Morley slightly advanced, he caught the

Liberator's eye, who scrutinized him with extreme earnestness, and then jumping from the table shouted; "Why this is the muff that called on me in Hell-house Yard three years ago."

"I had that honour," said Morley quietly.

"Honour be hanged," said the Bishop, "you know something about somebody; I couldn't squeeze you then, but by G—— I will have it out of you now. Now, cut it short; have you seen him, and where does he live?"

"I came then to gain information, not to give it," said Morley. "I had a friend who wished much to see this gentleman ——"

"He ayn't no gentleman," said the Bishop; "he's my brother: but I tell you what, I'll do something for him now. I'm cock of the walk you see, and that's a sort of thing that don't come twice in a man's life. One should feel for one's flesh and blood, and if I find him out I'll make his fortune, or my name is not Simon Hatton."

The creator and counsellor of peers started in his chair and turned pale. A look was

interchanged between him and Morley which revealed their mutual thoughts, and the great antiquary—looking at the Liberator with a glance of blended terror and disgust—walked away to the window.

“Suppose you put an advertisement in your paper,” continued the Bishop. “I know a traveller who lost his keys at the Yard and got them back again by those same means. Go on advertising till you find him, and my prime minister and principal doggy here shall give you an order on the town council for your expenses.”

Morley bowed his thanks in silence.

The Bishop continued—“What’s the name of the man who has got the big mill here, about three mile off, who won’t stop his works and ducked my men this morning with his engines. I’ll have fire I say for that water—do you hear that Master Newspaper—I’ll have fire for that water before I am many hours older.”

“The Liberator means Trafford,” said the Chartist.

"I'll Trafford him," said the Liberator and he struck the table with his hammer. "He ducks my messenger does he? I tell you I'll have fire for that water," and he looked around him as if he courted some remonstrance in order that he might crush it.

"Trafford is a humane man," said Morley in a quiet tone, "and behaves well to his people."

"A man with a big mill humane!" exclaimed the Bishop; "with two or three thousand slaves working under the same roof, and he doing nothing but eating their vitals. I'll have no big mills where I'm main master. Let him look to it. Here goes," and he jumped off the table. "Before an hour I'll pay this same Trafford a visit and I'll see whether he'll duck me. Come on my prime Doggy," and nodding to the Chartist to follow him, the Liberator left the room.

Hatton turned his head from the window, and advanced quickly to Morley. "To business, friend Morley. This savage cannot be quiet for a moment; he exists only in de-

struction and rapine. If it were not Trafford's mill it would be something else. I am sorry for the Traffords; they have old blood in their veins. Before sunset their settlement will be razed to the ground. Can we prevent it? And why not attack the castle instead of the mill?"

## CHAPTER X

About noon of this day there was a great stir in Mowbray. It was generally whispered about that the Liberator at the head of the Hell-cats and all others who chose to accompany them was going to pay a visit to Mr. Trafford's mill in order to avenge an insult which his envoy had experienced early in the morning when accompanied by a rabble of two or three hundred persons they had repaired to the Newshals works in order to signify the commands of the Liberator that labour should stop and if necessary to enforce those commands. The rejoinders were disregarded and when the mob in great numbers

## CHAPTER X.

ABOUT noon of this day there was a great stir in Mowbray. It was generally whispered about that the Liberator at the head of the Hell-cats and all others who chose to accompany them was going to pay a visit to Mr. Trafford's settlement, in order to avenge an insult which his envoys had experienced early in the morning when, accompanied by a rabble of two or three hundred persons, they had repaired to the Mowedale works in order to signify the commands of the Liberator that labour should stop, and if necessary to enforce those commands. The injunctions were disregarded, and when the mob in pursuance of

their further instructions began to force the great gates of the premises, in order that they might enter the building, drive the plugs out of the steam-boilers, and free the slaves enclosed, a masqued battery of powerful engines was suddenly opened upon them, and the whole band of patriots were deluged. It was impossible to resist a power which seemed inexhaustible, and wet to the skins and amid the laughter of their adversaries they fled. This ridiculous catastrophe had terribly excited the ire of the Liberator. He vowed vengeance, and as, like all great revolutionary characters and military leaders, the only foundation of his power was constant employment for his troops and constant excitement for the populace, he determined to place himself at the head of the chastising force, and make a great example which should establish his awful reputation and spread the terror of his name throughout the district. Field the Chartist had soon discovered who were the rising spirits of Mowbray, and Devilsdust and Dandy Mick were both sworn on Monday morning of the council of the Libe-

"in order or I'll be among you."

rator, and took their seats at the board accordingly. Devildust, used to public business and to the fulfilment of responsible duties, was calm and grave, but equally ready and determined. Mick's head on the contrary was quite turned by the importance of his novel position. He was greatly excited, could devise nothing and would do anything, always followed Devildust in council, but when he executed their joint decrees and showed himself about the town, he strutted like a peacock, swore at the men and winked at the girls, and was the idol and admiration of every gaping or huzzaing younker.

There was a large crowd assembled in the Market Place, in which were the Liberator's lodgings, many of them armed in their rude fashion, and all anxious to march. Devildust was with the great man and Field; Mick below was marshalling the men, and swearing like a trooper at all who disobeyed or who misunderstood. "Come stupid," said he addressing Tummas, "what are you staring about? Get your men in order or I'll be among you."

"Stupid!" said Tummas, staring at Mick with immense astonishment. "And who are you who says 'Stupid?' A white-livered Handloom as I dare say, or a son of a gun of a factory slave. Stupid indeed! What next, when a Hell-cat is to be called stupid by such a thing as you?"

"I'll give you a piece of advice young man," said Master Nixon taking his pipe out of his mouth and blowing an immense puff; "just you go down the shaft for a couple of months, and then you'll learn a little of life, which is very useful."

The lively temperament of the Dandy would here probably have involved him in an inconvenient embroilment had not some one at this moment touched him on the shoulder, and looking round he recognised Mr. Morley. Notwithstanding the difference of their political schools Mick had a profound respect for Morley, though why he could not perhaps precisely express. But he had heard Devilsdust for years declare that Stephen Morley was the deepest head in Mowbray, and though he regretted the

unfortunate weakness in favour of that imaginary abstraction called Moral Force for which the editor of the Phalanx was distinguished, still Devilsdust used to say that if ever the great revolution were to occur by which the rights of labour were to be recognised, though bolder spirits and brawnier arms might consummate the change, there was only one head among them that would be capable when they had gained their power to guide it for the public weal, and as Devilsdust used to add, "carry out the thing," and that was Morley.

It was a fine summer day, and Mowedale was as resplendent as when Egremont amid its beauties first began to muse over the beautiful. There was the same bloom over the sky, the same shadowy lustre on the trees, the same sparkling brilliancy on the waters. A herdsman following some kine was crossing the stone bridge, and except their lowing as they stopped and sniffed the current of fresh air in its centre, there was not a sound.

Suddenly the tramp and hum of a multitude broke upon the sunshiny silence. A vast

crowd with some assumption of an ill-disciplined order approached from the direction of Mowbray. At their head rode a man on a white mule. Many of his followers were armed with bludgeons and other rude weapons, and moved in files. Behind them spread a more miscellaneous throng, in which women were not wanting and even children. They moved rapidly; they swept by the former cottage of Gerard; they were in sight of the settlement of Trafford.

"All the waters of the river shall not dout the blaze that I will light up to-day," said the Liberator.

"He is a most inveterate Capitalist," said Field, "and would divert the minds of the people from the Five Points by allotting them gardens and giving them baths."

"We will have no more gardens in England; everything shall be open," said the Liberator, "and baths shall only be used to drown the enemies of the People. I was always against washing; it takes the marrow out of a man."

"Here we are," said Field, as the roofs and

bowers of the village, the spire and the spreading factory, broke upon them. "Every door and every window closed ! The settlement is deserted. Some one has been before us and apprised them of our arrival."

"Will they pour water on me ?" said the Bishop. "It must be a stream indeed that shall put out the blaze that I am going to light. What shall we do first ? Halt there, you men," said the Liberator looking back with that scowl which his apprentices never could forget. "Will you halt or won't you ? or must I be among you ?"

There was a tremulous shuffling and then a comparative silence.

The women and children of the village had been gathered into the factory yard, of which the great gates were closed.

"What shall we burn first ?" asked the Bishop.

"We may as well parley with them a little," said Field ; "perhaps we may contrive to gain admission and then we can sack the whole affair, and let the people burn the machinery. It will be a great moral lesson."

"As long as there is burning," said the Bishop, "I don't care what lessons you teach them. I leave them to you ; but I will have fire to put out that water."

"I'll advance," said Field, and so saying he went forward and rang at the gate ; the Bishop, on his mule, with a dozen Hell-cats accompanying him ; the great body of the people about twenty yards withdrawn.

"Who rings ?" asked a loud voice.

"One who by the order of the Liberator wishes to enter and see whether his commands for a complete cessation of labour have been complied with in this establishment."

"Very good," said the Bishop.

"There is no hand at work here," said the voice ; "and you may take my word for it."

"Your word be hanged," said the Bishop. "I want to know ——"

"Hush, hush !" said Field, and then in a louder voice he said, "It may be so, but as our messengers this morning were not permitted to enter and were treated with great indignity ——."

"That's it," said the Bishop.

"With great indignity," continued Field, "we must have ocular experience of the state of affairs, and I beg and recommend you therefore at once to let the Liberator enter."

"None shall enter here," replied the unseen guardian of the gate.

"That's enough," cried the Bishop.

"Beware!" said Field.

"Whether you let us in or not, 'tis all the same," said the Bishop; "I will have fire for your water, and I have come for that. Now lads!"

"Stop," said the voice of the unseen. "I will speak to you."

"He is going to let us in," whispered Field to the Bishop.

And suddenly there appeared on the flat roof of the lodge that was on one side of the gates—Gerard. His air, his figure, his position were alike commanding, and at the sight of him a loud and spontaneous cheer burst from the assembled thousands. It was the sight of one who was after all the most popu-

lar leader of the people that had ever figured in these parts, whose eloquence charmed and commanded, whose disinterestedness was acknowledged, whose sufferings had created sympathy, whose courage, manly bearing, and famous feats of strength were a source to them of pride. There was not a Mowbray man whose heart did not throb with emotion, and whose memory did not recall the orations from the Druid's altar and the famous meetings on the moor. "Gerard for ever" was the universal shout.

The Bishop who liked no one to be cheered except himself, like many great men, was much disgusted, a little perplexed. "What does all this mean?" he whispered to Field. "I came here to burn down the place."

"Wait awhile," said Field, "we must humour the Mowbray men a bit. This is their favourite leader, at least was in old days. I know him well; he is a bold and honest man."

"Is this the man who ducked my people?" asked the Bishop fiercely.

"Hush!" said Field; "he is going to speak."

"My friends," said Gerard, "for if we are not friends who should be? (loud cheers and cries of 'Very true'), if you come hear to learn whether the Mowedale works are stopped, I give you my word there is not a machine or man that stirs here at this moment (great cheering). I believe you'll take my word (cheers, and cries of 'We will'). I believe I'm known at Mowbray ('Gerard for ever!'), and on Mowbray Moor too (tumultuous cheering). We have met together before this ('That we have'), and shall meet again yet (great cheering). The people haven't so many friends that they should quarrel with well-wishers. The master here has done his best to soften your lots. He is not one of those who deny that Labour has rights (loud cheers). I say that Mr. Trafford has always acknowledged the rights of Labour (prolonged cheers and cries of 'So he has'). Well, is he the man that we should injure? ('No, no'). What if he did give a cold reception to some visitors this morning—

(groans)—perhaps they wore faces he was not used to (loud cheers and laughter from the Mowbray people). I dare say they mean as well as we do—no doubt of that—but still a neighbour's a neighbour (immense cheering). Now, my lads, three cheers for the National Holiday," and Gerard gave the time, and his voice was echoed by the thousands present. "The master here has no wish to interfere with the National Holiday; all he wants to secure is that all mills and works should alike stop (cries of 'Very just'). And I say so too," continued Gerard. "It is just; just and manly and like a true-born Englishman as he is, who loves the people and whose fathers before him loved the people (great cheering). Three cheers for Mr. Trafford I say;" and they were given; "and three cheers for Mrs. Trafford too, the friend of the poor!" Here the mob became not only enthusiastic but maudlin; all vowing to each other that Trafford was a true-born Englishman and his wife a very angel upon earth. This popular feeling is so contagious that even the Hell-cats shared

it—cheering, shaking hands with each other, and almost shedding tears—though it must be confessed that they had some vague idea that it was all to end in something to drink.

Their great leader however remained unmoved, and nothing but his brutal stupidity could have prevented him from endeavouring to arrest the tide of public feeling, but he was quite bewildered by the diversion, and for the first time failed in finding a prompter in Field. The Chartist was cowed by Gerard ; his old companion in scenes that the memory lingered over, and whose superior genius had often controlled and often led him. Gerard too had recognized him and had made some personal allusion and appeal to him, which alike touched his conscience and flattered his vanity. The ranks were broken, the spirit of the expedition had dissolved, the great body were talking of returning, some of the stragglers indeed were on their way back, the Bishop silent and confused kept knocking the mane of his mule with his hammer.

“Now,” said Morley who during this scene

had stood apart accompanied by Devilsdust and Dandy Mick. "Now," said Morley to the latter, "now is your time."

"Gentlemen!" sang out Mick.

"A speech, a speech!" cried out several.

"Listen to Mick Radley," whispered Devilsdust moving swiftly among the mob and addressing every one he met of influence.

"Listen to Mick Radley, he has something important."

"Radley for ever! Listen to Mick Radley! Go it Dandy! Pitch it into them! Silence for Dandy Mick! Jump up on that ere bank," and on the bank Mick mounted accordingly.

"Gentlemen," said Mick.

"Well you have said that before."

"I like to hear him say 'Gentlemen,' it's respectful."

"Gentlemen," said the Dandy, "the National Holiday has begun——"

"Three cheers for it!"

"Silence; hear the Dandy!"

"The National Holiday has begun," continued Mick, "and it seems to me the best

thing for the people to do is to take a walk in Lord de Mowbray's park."

This proposition was received with one of those wild shouts of approbation which indicate the orator has exactly hit his audience between wind and water. The fact is the public mind at this instant wanted to be led, and in Dandy Mick a leader appeared. A leader to be successful should embody in his system the necessities of his followers; express what every one feels, but no one has had the ability or the courage to pronounce.

The courage and adroitness, the influence of Gerard, had reconciled the people to the relinquishment of the great end for which they had congregated; but neither man nor multitude like to make preparations without obtaining a result. Every one wanted to achieve some object by the movement; and at this critical juncture an object was proposed, and one which promised novelty, amusement, excitement. The Bishop whose consent must be obtained, but who relinquished an idea with the same difficulty with which he had imbibed

it, alone murmured, and kept saying to Field, "I thought we came to burn down this mill! A bloody-minded Capitalist, a man that makes gardens and forces the people to wash themselves: What is all this?"

Field said what he could, while Devilsdust leaning over the mule's shoulder, cajoled the other ear of the Bishop, who at last gave his consent with almost as much reluctance as George the Fourth did to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics; but he made his terms, and said in a sulky voice he must have a glass of ale.

"Drink a glass of ale with Lord de Mowbray," said Devilsdust.

## CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the news had arrived in the morning at Mowbray, that the messengers of the Bishop had met with a somewhat queer reception at the Mowedale works, Gerard prescient that some trouble might in consequence occur there, determined to repair at once to the residence of his late employer. It so happened that Monday was the day on which the cottages up the dale and on the other side of the river were visited by an envoy of Ursula Trafford, and it was the office of Sybil this morning to fulfil the duties of that mission of charity. She had mentioned this to her father on the previous day, and as in consequence of the strike, he

was no longer occupied, he had proposed to accompany his daughter on the morrow. Together therefore they had walked: until they arrived at the bridge, it being then about two hours to noon, a little above their former residence. Here they were to separate. Gerard embraced his daughter with even more than usual tenderness; and as Sybil crossed the bridge, she looked round at her father, and her glance caught his, turned for the same fond purpose. Sybil was not alone; Harold, who had ceased to gambol, but who had gained in stature, majesty and weight what he had lost of lithe and frolick grace, was by her side. He no longer danced before his mistress, coursed away and then returned, or vented his exuberant life in a thousand feats of playful vigour; but sedate and observant, he was always at hand, ever sagacious, and seemed to watch her every glance. The day was beautiful, the scene was fair, the spot indeed was one which rendered the performance of gracious offices to Sybil doubly

sweet. She ever begged of the Lady Superior that she might be her minister to the cottages up Dale. They were full of familiar faces. It was a region endeared to Sybil by many memories of content and tenderness. And as she moved along to-day her heart was light, and the natural joyousness of her disposition, which so many adverse circumstances had tended to repress, was visible in her sunny face. She was happy about her father. The invasion of the miners, instead of prompting him as she had feared to some rash conduct, appeared to have filled him only with disgust. Even now he was occupied in a pursuit of order and peace, counselling prudence and protecting the benevolent.

She passed through a copse which skirted those woods of Mowbray wherein she had once so often rambled with one whose image now hovered over her spirit. Ah! what scenes and changes, dazzling and dark, had occurred since the careless though thoughtful days of her early girlhood! Sybil mused: she recalled the moonlit hour when Mr. Franklin first paid a visit

to their cottage, their walks and wanderings, the expeditions which she planned and the explanations which she so artlessly gave him. Her memory wandered to their meeting in Westminster, and all the scenes of sorrow and of softness of which it was the herald. Her imagination raised before her in colours of light and life the morning, the terrible morning when he came to her desperate rescue; his voice sounded in her ear; her cheek glowed as she recalled their tender farewell.

It was past noon: Sybil had reached the term of her expedition, had visited her last charge; she was emerging from the hills into the open country, and about to regain the river road that would in time have conducted her to the bridge. On one side of her was the moor, on the other a wood that was the boundary of Mowbray Park. And now a number of women met her, some of whom she recognised, and had indeed visited earlier in the morning. Their movements were disordered, distress and panic were expressed on their countenances. Sybil stopped, she spoke to some, the

rest gathered around her. The Hell-cats were coming, they said; they were on the other side of the river, burning mills, destroying all they could put their hands on, man, woman and child.

Sybil, alarmed for her father, put to them some questions, to which they gave incoherent answers. It was however clear that they had seen no one, and knew nothing of their own experience. The rumour had reached them that the mob was advancing up Dale, those who had apprised them had, according to their statement, absolutely witnessed the approach of the multitude, and so they had locked up their cottages, crossed the bridge, and ran away to the woods and moor. Under these circumstances, deeming that there might be much exaggeration, Sybil at length resolved to advance, and in a few minutes those whom she had encountered were out of sight. She patted Harold, who looked up in her face and gave a bark, significant of his approbation of her proceeding, and also of his consciousness that something strange was going on. She had not

proceeded very far before two men on horse-back, at full gallop, met her. They pulled up directly they observed her, and said, "You had better go back as fast as you can: the mob is out, and coming up Dale in great force."

Sybil enquired, with much agitation, whether they had themselves seen the people, and they replied that they had not, but that advices had been received from Mowbray of their approach, and as for themselves they were hurrying at their utmost speed to a town ten miles off, where they understood some yeomanry were stationed, and to whom the Mayor of Mowbray had last night sent a despatch: Sybil would have enquired whether there were time for her to reach the bridge and join her father at the factory of Trafford, but the horsemen were impatient and rode off. Still she determined to proceed. All that she now aimed at was to reach Gerard and share his fate.

A boat put across the river; two men and a crowd of women. The mob had been seen; at least there was positively one person present who had distinguished them in the ex-

treme distance, or rather the cloud of dust which they created; there were dreadful stories of their violence and devastation. It was understood that a body meant to attack Trafford's works, but, as the narrator added, it was very probable that the greater part would cross the bridge and so on to the Moor, where they would hold a meeting.

Sybil would fain have crossed in the boat, but there was no one to assist her. They had escaped, and meant to lose no time in finding a place of refuge for the moment. They were sure if they recrossed now, they must meet the mob. They were about to leave her, Sybil in infinite distress, when a lady driving herself in a pony carriage, with a couple of grooms behind her mounted also on ponies of the same form and colour, came up from the direction of the Moor, and observing the group and Sybil much agitated, pulled up and enquired the cause. One of the men, frequently interrupted by all the women, immediately entered into a narrative of the state of affairs for which the lady was evidently quite unprepared, for her alarm was considerable.

"And this young person will persist in crossing over," continued the man. "It's nothing less than madness. I tell her she will meet instant death or worse."

"It seems to me very rash," said the lady in a kind tone, and who seemed to recognise her.

"Alas! what am I to do!" exclaimed Sybil. "I left my father at Mr. Trafford's!"

"Well, we have no time to lose," said the man, whose companion had now fastened the boat to the bank, and so wishing them good morning, and followed by the whole of his cargo, they went on their way.

But just at this moment a gentleman, mounted on a very knowing little cob, came cantering up, exclaiming, as he reached the pony carriage, "My dear Joan, I am looking after you. I have been in the greatest alarm for you. There are riots on the other side of the river, and I was afraid you might have crossed the bridge."

Upon this, Lady Joan related to Mr. Mountchesney how she had just become acquainted with the intelligence, and then they

conversed together for a moment or so in a whisper : when turning round to Sybil, she said, "I think you had really better come home with us till affairs are a little more quiet."

"You are most kind," said Sybil, "but if I could get back to the town through Mowbray Park, I think I might do something for my father!"

"We are going to the Castle through the park at this moment," said the gentleman. "You had better come with us. There you will at least be safe, and perhaps we shall be able to do something for the good people in trouble over the water," and so saying, nodding to a groom who, advancing, held his cob, the gentleman dismounted, and approaching Sybil with great courtesy, said, "I think we ought all of us to know each other. Lady Joan and myself had once the pleasure of meeting you, I think, at Mr. Trafford's. It is a long time ago, but," he added in a subdued tone, "you are not a person to forget."

Sybil was insensible to Mr. Mount-

chesney's gallantry, but alarmed and perplexed, she yielded to the representations of himself and Lady Joan, and got into the phaeton. Turning from the river, they pursued a road which entered after a short progress into the park, Mr. Mountchesney cantering on before them, Harold following. They took their way for about a mile through a richly-wooded demesne, Lady Joan addressing many observations with great kindness to Sybil, and frequently endeavouring, though in vain, to distract her agitated thoughts, till they at length emerged from the more covered parts into extensive lawns, while on a rising ground which they rapidly approached rose Mowbray Castle, a modern castellated building, raised in a style not remarkable for its taste or correctness, but vast, grand, and imposing.

"And now," said Mr. Mountchesney, riding up to them and addressing Sybil, "I will send off a scout immediately for news of your father. In the mean time let us believe the best!" Sybil thanked him with cordiality, and then she entered — Mowbray Castle.

## CHAPTER XII.

LESS than an hour after the arrival of Sybil at Mowbray Castle the scout that Mr. Mountchesney had sent off to gather news returned, and with intelligence of the triumph of Gerard's eloquence, that all had ended happily, and that the people were dispersing and returning to the town.

Kind as was the reception accorded to Sybil by Lady de Mowbray and her daughter on her arrival, the remembrance of the perilous position of her father had totally disqualified her from responding to their advances. Acquainted with the cause of her anxiety and depression and sympathising with womanly softness with her

distress, nothing could be more considerate than their behaviour. It touched Sybil much, and she regretted the harsh thoughts that irresistible circumstances had forced her to cherish respecting persons, who, now that she saw them in their domestic and unaffected hour, had apparently many qualities to conciliate and to charm. When the good news arrived of her father's safety, and safety achieved in a manner so flattering to a daughter's pride, it came upon a heart predisposed to warmth and kindness and all her feelings opened. The tears stood in her beautiful eyes, and they were tears not only of tenderness but gratitude. Fortunately Lord de Mowbray was at the moment absent, and as the question of the controverted inheritance was a secret to every member of the family except himself, the name of Gerard excited no invidious sensation in the circle. Sybil was willing to please and to be pleased ; every one was captivated by her beauty, her grace, her picturesque expression and sweet simplicity. Lady de Mowbray serenely smiled and frequently when unobserved viewed her through

her eyeglass. Lady Joan, much softened by marriage, would show her the castle ; Lady Maud was in ecstasies with all that Sybil said or did ; while Mr. Mountchesney who had thought of little else but Sybil ever since Lady Maud's report of her seraphic singing, and who had not let four-and-twenty hours go by without discovering, with all the practised art of St. James', the name and residence of the unknown fair, flattered himself he was making great play when Sybil, moved by his great kindness, distinguished him by frequent notice. They had viewed the castle, they were in the music-room, Sybil had been prevailed upon, though with reluctance, to sing. Some Spanish church music which she found there called forth all her powers : all was happiness, delight, rapture, Lady Maud in a frenzy of friendship, Mr. Mountchesney convinced that the country in August might be delightful, and Lady Joan almost gay because Alfred was pleased. Lady de Mowbray had been left in her boudoir with the "Morning Post." Sybil had just finished a ravishing air, there was a murmur of luncheon—when sud-

denly Harold, who had persisted in following his mistress and whom Mr. Mountchesney had gallantly introduced into the music-room, rose and coming forward from the corner in which he reposed, barked violently.

"How now!" said Mr. Mountchesney.

"Harold!" said Sybil in a tone of remonstrance and surprise.

But the dog not only continued to bark but even howled. At this moment the groom of the chambers entered the room abruptly and with a face of mystery said that he wished to speak with Mr. Mountchesney. That gentleman immediately withdrew. He was absent some little time, the dog very agitated; Lady Joan becoming disquieted, when he returned. His changed air struck the vigilant eye of his wife.

"What has happened Alfred?" she said.

"Oh! don't be alarmed," he replied with an obvious affectation of ease. "There are some troublesome people in the park; stragglers I suppose from the rioters. The gate-keeper ought not to have let them pass. I have given directions to Bentley what to do, if they come to the castle."

"Let us go to mama," said Lady Joan.

And they were all about leaving the music-room, when a servant came running in and called out "Mr. Bentley told me to say, sir, they are in sight."

"Very well," said Mr. Mountchesney in a calm tone but changing colour. "You had better go to your mama, Joan, and take Maud and our friend with you. I will stay below for a while," and notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, Mr. Mountchesney went to the hall.

"I don't know what to do, sir," said the house steward. "They are a very strong party."

"Close all the windows, lock and bar all the doors," said Mr. Mountchesney. "I am frightened," he continued, "about your lord. I fear he may fall in with these people."

"My lord is at Mowbray," said Mr. Bentley. "He must have heard of this mob there."

And now emerging from the plantations and entering on the lawns, the force and description of the invading party were easier to distinguish. They were numerous, though consisting of only

a section of the original expedition, for Gerard had collected a great portion of the Mowbray men, and they preferred being under his command to following a stranger whom they did not much like on a somewhat licentious adventure of which their natural leader disapproved. The invading section therefore were principally composed of Hell-cats, though singular enough. Morley of all men in the world accompanied them, attended by Devilsdust, Dandy Mick, and others of that youthful class of which these last were the idols and heroes. There were perhaps eighteen hundred or two thousand persons armed with bars and bludgeons, in general a grimy crew, whose dress and appearance revealed the kind of labour to which they were accustomed. The difference between them and the minority of Mowbray operatives was instantly recognizable.

When they perceived the castle this dreadful band gave a ferocious shout. Lady de Mowbray showed blood; she was composed and courageous. She observed the mob from the window, and re-assuring her daughters and

Sybil she said she would go down and speak to them. She was on the point of leaving the room with this object when Mr. Mountchesney entered and hearing her purpose, dissuaded her from attempting it. "Leave all to me," he said; "and make yourselves quite easy; they will go away, I am certain they will go away," and he again quitted them.

In the meantime Lady de Mowbray and her friends observed the proceedings below. When the main body had advanced within a few hundred yards of the castle, they halted and seated themselves on the turf. This step re-assured the garrison: it was generally held to indicate that the intentions of the invaders were not of a very settled or hostile character; that they had visited the place probably in a spirit of frolic, and if met with tact and civility might ultimately be induced to retire from it without much annoyance. This was evidently the opinion of Mr. Mountchesney from the first, and when an uncouth being on a white mule, attended by twenty or thirty miners, advanced to the castle and asked for

Lord de Mowbray, Mr. Mountchesney met them with kindness, saying that he regretted his father-in-law was absent, expressed his readiness to represent him, and enquired their pleasure. His courteous bearing evidently had an influence on the Bishop, who dropping his usual brutal tone mumbled something about his wish to drink Lord de Mowbray's health.

"You shall all drink his health," said Mr. Mountchesney humouring him, and he gave directions that a couple of barrels of ale should be broached in the park before the castle. The Bishop was pleased, the people were in good humour, some men began dancing, it seemed that the cloud had blown over, and Mr. Mountchesney sent up a bulletin to Lady de Mowbray that all danger was past and that he hoped in ten minutes they would all have disappeared.

The ten minutes had expired: the Bishop was still drinking ale, and Mr. Mountchesney still making civil speeches and keeping his immediate attendants in humour.

"I wish they would go," said Lady de Mowbray.

"How wonderfully Alfred has managed them," said Lady Joan.

"After all," said Lady Maud, "it must be confessed that the people——" Her sentence was interrupted; Harold who had been shut out but who had laid down without quietly, though moaning at intervals, now sprang at the door with so much force that it trembled on its hinges, while the dog again barked with renewed violence. Sybil went to him: he seized her dress with his teeth and would have pulled her away. Suddenly uncouth and mysterious sounds were heard, there was a loud shriek, the gong in the hall thundered, the great alarum-bell of the tower sounded without, and the housekeeper followed by the female domestics rushed into the room.

"O! my lady, my lady," they all exclaimed at the same time, "the Hell-cats are breaking into the castle."

Before any one of the terrified company could reply, the voice of Mr. Mountchesney

was heard. He was approaching them ; he was no longer calm. He hurried into the room ; he was pale, evidently greatly alarmed. "I have come to you," he said ; "these fellows have got in below. While there is time and we can manage them, you must leave the place."

"I am ready for anything," said Lady de Mowbray.

Lady Joan and Lady Maud wrung their hands in frantic terror. Sybil very pale said "Let me go down ; I may know some of these men."

"No, no," said Mr. Mountchesney. "They are not Mowbray people. It would not be safe."

Dreadful sounds were now heard ; a blending of shouts and oaths and hideous merriment. Their hearts trembled.

"The mob are in the house, sir," called out Mr. Bentley rushing up to them. "They say they will see everything."

"Let them see everything," said Lady de Mowbray, "but make a condition that they

first let us go. Try Alfred, try to manage them before they are utterly ungovernable."

Mr. Mountchesney again left them on this desperate mission. Lady de Mowbray and all the women remained in the chamber. Not a word was spoken : the silence was complete. Even the maid-servants had ceased to sigh and sob. A feeling something like desperation was stealing over them.

The dreadful sounds continued increased. They seemed to approach nearer. It was impossible to distinguish a word, and yet their import was frightful and ferocious.

"Lord have mercy on us all!" exclaimed the housekeeper unable to restrain herself. The maids began to cry.

After an absence of about five minutes Mr. Mountchesney again hurried in and leading away Lady de Mowbray, he said, "You haven't a moment to lose. Follow us!"

There was a general rush, and following Mr. Mountchesney they passed rapidly through several apartments, the fearful noises every moment increasing, until they reached the

library which opened on the terrace. The windows were broken, the terrace crowded with people, several of the mob were in the room, even Lady de Mowbray cried out and fell back.

"Come on," said Mr. Mountchesney. "The mob have possession of the castle. It is our only chance."

"But the mob are here," said Lady de Mowbray much terrified.

"I see some Mowbray faces," cried Sybil springing forward, with a flashing eye and a glowing cheek. "Bamford and Samuel Carr : Bamford, if you be my father's friend, aid us now ; and Samuel Carr, I was with your mother this morning : did she think I should meet her son thus ? No, you shall not enter," said Sybil advancing. They recognised her, they paused. "I know you, Couchman ; you told us once at the Convent that we might summon you in our need. I summon you now. O, men, men !" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "What is this ? Are you led away by strangers to such deeds ? Why, I know you all ! You came here to aid, I am sure, and not to harm. Guard

these ladies ; save them from these foreigners ! There's Butler, he'll go with us, and Godfrey Wells. Shall it be said you let your neighbours be plundered and assailed by strangers and never tried to shield them ? Now, my good friends, I entreat, I adjure you, Butler, Wells, Couchman, what would Walter Gerard say, your friend that you have so often followed, if he saw this ?”

“Gerard for ever !” shouted Couchman.

“Gerard for ever !” exclaimed a hundred voices.

“’Tis his blessed daughter,” said others ;  
“’tis Sybil, our angel Sybil.”

“Stand by Sybil Gerard.”

Sybil had made her way upon the terrace, and had collected around her a knot of stout followers, who, whatever may have been their original motive, were now resolved to do her bidding. The object of Mr. Mountchesney was to descend the side-step of the terrace and gain the flower-garden, from whence there were means of escape. But the throng was still too fierce to permit Lady de Mowbray and her

companions to attempt the passage, and all that Sybil and her followers could at present do, was to keep the mob off from entering the library, and to exert themselves to obtain fresh recruits.

At this moment an unexpected aid arrived.

"Keep back there! I call upon you in the name of God to keep back!" exclaimed a voice of one struggling and communing with the rioters, a voice which all immediately recognised. It was that of Mr. St. Lys. "Charles Gardner, I have been your friend. The aid I gave you was often supplied to me by this house. Why are you here?"

"For no evil purpose, Mr. St. Lys. I came as others did, to see what was going on."

"Then you see a deed of darkness. Struggle against it. Aid me and Philip Warner in this work; it will support you at the judgment. Tressel, Tressel, stand by me and Warner. That's good, that's right! And you too, Daventry, and you, and you. I knew you would wash your hands of this fell deed. It is not Mowbray men who would do this. That's

right, that's right! Form a band. Good again. There's not a man that joins us now who does not make a friend for life."

Mr. St. Lys had been in the neighbourhood when the news of the visit of the mob to the castle reached him. He anticipated the perilous consequences. He hastened immediately to the scene of action. He had met Warner the handloom weaver in his way, and enlisted his powerful influence with the people on his side.

The respective bands of Sybil and Mr. St. Lys in time contrived to join. Their numbers were no longer contemptible; they were animated by the words and presence of their leaders: St. Lys struggling in their midst; Sybil maintaining her position on the terrace, and inciting all around her to courage and energy.

The multitude were kept back, the passage to the side-steps of the terrace was clear.

"Now," said Sybil, and she encouraged Lady de Mowbray, her daughters, and followers to advance. It was a fearful struggle to maintain

the communication, but it was a successful one. They proceeded breathless and trembling, until they reached what was commonly called the Grotto, but which was in fact a subterranean way excavated through a hill and leading to the bank of a river where there were boats. The entrance of this tunnel was guarded by an iron gate, and Mr. Mountchesney had secured the key. The gate was opened, Warner and his friends made almost superhuman efforts at this moment to keep back the multitude, Lady de Mowbray and her daughters had passed through, when there came one of those violent undulations usual in mobs, and which was occasioned by a sudden influx of persons attracted by what was occurring, and Sybil and those who immediately surrounded her and were guarding the retreat were carried far away. The gate was closed, the rest of the party had passed, but Sybil was left, and found herself entirely among strangers.

In the meantime the castle was in possession of the mob. The first great rush was to the cellars: the Bishop himself headed

this onset, nor did he rest until he was seated among the prime binns of the noble proprietor. This was not a crisis of corkscrews; the heads of the bottles were knocked off with the same promptitude and dexterity as if they were shelling nuts or decapitating shrimps: the choicest wines of Christendom were poured down the thirsty throats that ale and spirits had hitherto only stimulated; Tummas was swallowing Burgundy; Master Nixon had got hold of a batch of tokay; while the Bishop himself seated on the ground and leaning against an arch, the long perspective of the cellars full of rapacious figures brandishing bottles and torches, alternately quaffed some very old Port and some Madeira of many voyages, and was making up his mind as to their respective and relative merits.

While the cellars and offices were thus occupied, bands were parading the gorgeous saloons and gazing with wonderment on their decorations and furniture. Some grimy ruffians had thrown themselves with disdainful delight on the satin couches and the state beds: others

rifled the cabinets with an idea that they must be full of money, and finding little in their way, had strewn their contents—papers and books and works of art over the floors of the apartments; sometimes a band who had escaped from below with booty came up to consummate their orgies in the magnificence of the dwelling rooms. Among these were Nixon and his friends, who stared at the pictures and stood before the tall mirrors with still greater astonishment. Indeed many of them had never seen an ordinary looking-glass in their lives.

"'Tis Natur!" said Master Nixon surveying himself, and turning to Juggins.

Many of these last grew frantic, and finished their debauch by the destruction of everything around them.

But while these scenes of brutal riot were occurring there was one select but resolute band who shared in none of these excesses. Morley, followed by half a dozen Mowbray lads and two chosen Hell-cats, leaving all the confusion below, had ascended the great stair-

case, traced his way down a corridor to the winding steps of the Round Tower, and supplied with the necessary instruments had forced his entrance into the muniment room of the castle. It was a circular chamber lined with tall fire-proof cases. These might have presented invincible obstacles to any other than the pupils of Bishop Hatton; as it was, in some instances the locks in others the hinges yielded in time, though after prolonged efforts, to the resources of their art; and while Dandy Mick and his friends kept watch at the entrance, Morley and Devilsdust proceeded to examine the contents of the cases: piles of parchment deeds, bundles of papers arranged and docketed, many boxes of various size and materials; but the desired object was not visible. A baffled expression came over the face of Morley; he paused for an instant in his labours. The thought of how much he had sacrificed for this, and only to fail, came upon him—upon him, the votary of Moral Power in the midst of havoc which he had organised and stimulated. He cursed Baptist Hatton in his heart.

"The knaves have destroyed them," said Devilsdust. "I thought how it would be. They never would run the chance of a son of Labour being lord of all this."

Some of the cases were very deep, and they had hitherto in general, in order to save time, proved their contents with an iron rod. Now Morley with a desperate air mounting on some steps that were in the room, commenced formally rifling the cases and throwing their contents on the floor; it was soon strewn with deeds and papers and boxes which he and Devilsdust the moment they had glanced at them hurled away. At length when all hope seemed to have vanished, clearing a case which at first appeared only to contain papers, Morley struck something at its back; he sprang forward with outstretched arm, his body was half hid in the cabinet, and he pulled out with triumphant exultation the box, painted blue and blazoned with the arms of Valence. It was neither large nor heavy; he held it out to Devilsdust without saying a word, and Morley descending the steps sate down for a moment on a pile of deeds and folded his arms.

At this juncture the discharge of musketry was heard.

"Hilloa!" said Devilsdust with a queer expression. Morley started from his seat. Dandy Mick rushed into the room. "Troops, troops! there are troops here!" he exclaimed.

"Let us descend," said Morley. "In the confusion we may escape. I will take the box," and they left the muniment room.

One of their party whom Mick had sent forward to reconnoitre fell back upon them. "They are not troops," he said; "they are yeomanry; they are firing away and cutting every one down. They have cleared the ground floor of the castle and are in complete possession below. We cannot escape this way."

"Those accursed locks!" said Morley clenching the box. "Time has beat us. Let us see, let us see." He ran back into the muniment room and examined the egress from the window. It was just possible for any one very lithe and nimble to vault upon the roof of the less elevated part of the castle. Revolving

this, another scout rushed in and said, "Comrades, they are here! they are ascending the stairs."

Morley stamped on the ground with rage and despair. Then seizing Mick by the hand he said, "You see this window; can you by any means reach that roof?"

"One may as well lose one's neck that way," said Mick. "I'll try."

"Off! If you land I will throw this box after you. Now mind; take it to the convent at Mowbray and deliver it yourself from me to Sybil Gerard. It is light; there are only papers in it; but they will give her her own again, and she will not forget you."

"Never mind that," said Mick. "I only wish I may live to see her."

The tramp of the ascending troopers was heard.

"Good bye my hearties," said Mick, and he made the spring. He seemed stunned, but he might recover. Morley watched him and flung the box.

"And now," he said drawing a pistol, "we

may fight our way yet. I'll shoot the first man who enters, and then you must rush on them with your bludgeons."

The force that had so unexpectedly arrived at this scene of devastation was a troop of the yeomanry regiment of Lord Marney. The strike in Lancashire and the revolt in the mining districts had so completely drained this county of military, that the lord lieutenant had insisted on Lord Marney quitting his agricultural neighbourhood and quartering himself in the region of factories. Within the last two days he had fixed his head-quarters at a large manufacturing town within ten miles of Mowbray, and a despatch on Sunday evening from the mayor of that town having reached him, apprising him of the invasion of the miners, Egremont had received orders to march with his troop there on the following morning.

Egremont had not departed more than two hours when the horsemen whom Sybil had met arrived at Lord Marney's head-quarters, bringing a most alarming and exaggerated report of the insurrection and of the havoc that was

probably impending. Lord Marney being of opinion that Egremont's forces were by no means equal to the occasion resolved therefore at once to set out for Mowbray with his own troop. Crossing Mowbray Moor he encountered a great multitude, now headed for purposes of peace by Walter Gerard. His mind inflamed by the accounts he had received, and hating at all times any popular demonstration, his lordship resolved without inquiry or preparation immediately to disperse them. The Riot Act was read with the rapidity with which grace is sometimes said at the head of a public table—a ceremony of which none but the performer and his immediate friends are conscious. The people were fired on and sabred. The indignant spirit of Gerard resisted; he struck down a trooper to the earth, and incited those about him not to yield. The father of Sybil was picked out—the real friend and champion of the People—and shot dead. Instantly arose a groan which almost quelled the spirit of Lord Marney, though armed and at the head of armed men. The people who before this were

in general scared and dispersing, ready indeed to fly in all directions, no sooner saw their beloved leader fall than a feeling of frenzy came over them. They defied the troopers, though themselves armed only with stones and bludgeons; they rushed at the horsemen and tore them from their saddles, while a shower of stones rattled on the helmet of Lord Marney and seemed never to cease. In vain the men around him charged the infuriated throng; the people returned to their prey, nor did they rest until Lord Marney fell lifeless on Mowbray Moor, literally stoned to death.

These disastrous events of course occurred at a subsequent period of the day to that on which half-a-dozen troopers were ascending the staircase of the Round Tower of Mowbray Castle. The distracted house-steward of Lord de Mowbray had met and impressed upon them, now that the Castle was once more in their possession, of securing the muniment room, for Mr. Bentley had witnessed the ominous ascent of Morley and his companions to that important chamber.

Morley and his companions had taken up an advantageous position at the head of the staircase.

"Surrender," said the commander of the yeomanry. "Resistance is useless."

Morley presented his pistol, but before he could pull the trigger a shot from a trooper in the rear, and who from his position could well observe the intention of Morley, struck Stephen in the breast; still he fired, but aimless and without effect. The troopers pushed on; Morley fainting fell back with his friends who were frightened, except Devilsdust, who had struck hard and well, and who in turn had been slightly sabred. The yeomanry entered the muniment room almost at the same time as their foes, leaving Devilsdust behind them, who had fallen, and who cursing the Capitalist who had wounded him managed to escape. Morley fell when he had regained the room. The rest surrendered.

"Morley! Stephen Morley!" exclaimed the commander of the yeomanry. "You, you here!"

"Yes. I am sped," he said in a faint voice.

"No, no succour. It is useless and I desire none. Why I am here is a mystery; let it remain so. The world will misjudge me; the man of peace they will say was a hypocrite. The world will be wrong, as it always is. Death is bitter," he said with a deep sigh, and speaking with great difficulty, "more bitter from you; but just. We have struggled together before, Egremont. I thought I had scotched you then, but you escaped. Our lives have been a struggle since we first met. Your star has controlled mine; and now I feel I have sacrificed life and fame—dying men prophecy—for your profit and honour. O Sybil!" and with this name half sighed upon his lips the votary of Moral Power and the Apostle of Community ceased to exist.

Meanwhile Sybil, separated from her friends who had made their escape through the grotto, was left with only Harold for her protector, for she had lost even Warner in the crush. She looked around in vain for some Mowbray face that she could recognise, but after some fruitless research, a loud shouting in the dis-

tance, followed by the firing of musketry, so terrified all around her, that the mob in her immediate neighbourhood dispersed as if by magic, and she remained alone crouching in a corner of the flower-garden, while dreadful shouts and shrieks and yells resounded from the distance, occasionally firing, the smoke floating to her retreat. She could see from where she stood the multitude flying about the park in all directions, and therefore she thought it best to remain in her present position and await the terrible events. She concluded that some military force had arrived, and that if she could maintain her present post, she hoped that the extreme danger might pass. But while she indulged in these hopes, a dark cloud of smoke came descending in the garden. It could not be produced by musket or carbine : its volume was too heavy even for ordnance : and in a moment there were sparks mingled with its black form ; and then the shouting and shrieking which had in some degree subsided, suddenly broke out again with increased force and wildness. The Castle was on fire.

Whether from heedlessness or from insane intention, for the deed sealed their own doom, the drunken Hell-cats brandishing their torches, while they rifled the cellars and examined every closet and corner of the offices, had set fire to the lower part of the building, and the flames that had for some time burnt unseen, had now gained the principal chambers. The Bishop was lying senseless in the main cellar, surrounded by his chief officers in the same state: indeed the whole of the basement was covered with the recumbent figures of Hell-cats, as black and thick as torpid flies during the last days of their career. The funeral pile of the children of Woden was a sumptuous one; it was prepared and lighted by themselves; and the flame that, rising from the keep of Mowbray, announced to the startled country that in a short hour the splendid mimicry of Norman rule would cease to exist, told also the pitiless fate of the ruthless savage, who, with analogous pretension, had presumed to style himself the Liberator of the People.

The clouds of smoke, the tongues of flame, that now began to mingle with them, the multitude whom this new incident and impending catastrophe summoned back to the scene, forced Sybil to leave the garden and enter the park. It was in vain she endeavoured to gain some part less frequented than the rest, and to make her way unobserved. Suddenly a band of drunken ruffians, with shouts and oaths, surrounded her ; she shrieked in frantic terror ; Harold sprung at the throat of the foremost ; another advanced, Harold left his present prey and attacked the new assailant. The brave dog did wonders, but the odds were fearful ; and the men had bludgeons, were enraged, and had already wounded him. One ruffian had grasped the arm of Sybil, another had clenched her garments, when an officer covered with dust and gore, sabre in hand, jumped from the terrace, and hurried to the rescue. He cut down one man, thrust away another, and placing his left arm round Sybil, he defended her with his sword, while Harold now become furious, flew from man to man, and protected

her on the other side. Her assailants were routed, they made a staggering flight; the officer turned round and pressed Sybil to his heart.

"We will never part again," said Egremont.

"Never," murmured Sybil.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

It was the Spring of last year, and Lady Bardolf was making a morning visit to Lady St. Julians.

"I heard they were to be at Lady Palmerston's last night," said Lady St. Julians.

"No," said Lady Bardolf shaking his head, "they make their first appearance at Deloraine House. We meet there on Thursday I know."

"Well, I must say," said Lady St. Julians, "that I am curious to see her."

"Lord Valentine met them last year at Naples."

"And what does he say of her."

"Oh! he raves!

"What a romantic history! And what a fortunate man is Lord Marney. If one could only have foreseen events!" exclaimed Lady St. Julians. "He was always a favourite of mine though. But still I thought his brother was the very last person who ever would die. He was so very hard!"

"I fear Lord Marney is entirely lost to us," said Lady Bardolf looking very solemn.

"Ah! he always had a twist," said Lady St. Julians, "and used to breakfast with that horrid Mr. Trenchard, and do those sort of things. But still with his immense fortune, I should think he would become rational."

"You may well say immense," said Lady Bardolf. "Mr. Ormsby, and there is no better judge of another man's income, says there are not three peers in the kingdom who have so much a year clear."

"They say the Mowbray estate is forty thousand a year," said Lady St. Julians. "Poor Lady de Mowbray! I understand that Mr. Mountchesney has resolved not to appeal against the verdict."

"You know he has not a shadow of a chance," said Lady Bardolf. "Ah! what changes we have seen in that family! They say the writ of right killed poor Lord de Mowbray, but to my mind he never recovered the burning of the Castle. We went over to them directly, and I never saw a man so cut up. We wanted them to come to us at Firebrace, but he said he should leave the county immediately. I remember Lord Bardolf mentioning to me, that he looked like a dying man."

"Well I must say," said Lady St. Julians rallying as it were from a fit of abstraction, "that I am most curious to see Lady Marney."

The reader will infer from this conversation that Dandy Mick, in spite of his stunning fall, and all dangers which awaited him on his recovery, had contrived in spite of fire and flame, sabre and carbine, trampling troopers and plundering mobs, to reach the Convent of Mowbray with the box of papers. There he enquired for Sybil, in whose hands, and whose hands alone he was enjoined to deposit them. She was still absent, but faithful

to his instructions, Mick would deliver his charge to none other, and exhausted by the fatigues of the terrible day, he remained in the court-yard of the Convent, lying down with the box for his pillow until Sybil under the protection of Egremont herself returned. Then he fulfilled his mission. Sybil was too agitated at the moment to perceive all its import, but she delivered the box into the custody of Egremont, who desiring Mick to follow him to his hotel bade farewell to Sybil, who equally with himself, was then ignorant of the fatal encounter on Mowbray Moor.

We must drop a veil over the anguish which its inevitable and speedy revelation brought to the daughter of Gerard. Her love for her father was one of those profound emotions which seemed to form a constituent part of her existence. She remained for a long period in helpless woe, soothed only by the sacred cares of Ursula. There was another mourner in this season of sorrow who must not be forgotten; and that was Lady Marney. All that tenderness and the most considerate thought could

devise to soften sorrow and reconcile her to a change of life which at the first has in it something depressing were extended by Egremont to Arabella. He supplied in an instant every arrangement which had been neglected by his brother, but which could secure her convenience and tend to her happiness. Between Marney Abbey where he insisted for the present that Arabella should reside and Mowbray, Egremont passed his life for many months, until by some management which we need not trace or analyse, Lady Marney came over one day to the Convent at Mowbray and carried back Sybil to Marney Abbey, never again to quit it until on her bridal day, when the Earl and Countess of Marney departed for Italy where they passed nearly a year, and from which they had just returned at the commencement of this chapter.

During the previous period however many important events had occurred. Lord Marney had placed himself in communication with Mr. Hatton, who had soon become acquainted with all that had occurred in the muniment room of

Mowbray Castle. The result was not what he had once anticipated; but for him it was not without some compensatory circumstances. True another, and an unexpected rival, had stepped on the stage with whom it was vain to cope, but the idea that he had deprived Sybil of her inheritance, had ever, since he had become acquainted with her, been the plague-spot of Hatton's life, and there was nothing that he desired more ardently than to see her restored to her rights, and to be instrumental in that restoration. How successful he was in pursuing her claim, the reader has already learnt.

Dandy Mick was rewarded for all the dangers he had encountered in the service of Sybil, and what he conceived was the vindication of popular rights. Lord Marney established him in business, and Mick took Devilsdust for a partner. Devilsdust having thus obtained a position in society and become a capitalist, thought it but a due homage to the social decencies to assume a decorous appellation, and he called himself by the name of the town

where he was born. The firm of Radley, Mowbray, and Co., is a rising one; and will probably furnish in time a crop of members of Parliament and Peers of the realm. Devilsdust married Caroline, and Mrs. Mowbray became a great favorite. She was always perhaps a little too fond of junketting but she had a sweet temper and a gay spirit, and sustained her husband in the agonies of a great speculation, or the despair of glutted markets. Julia became Mrs. Radley, and was much esteemed: no one could behave better. She was more orderly than Caroline, and exactly suited Mick, who wanted a person near him of decision and method. As for Harriet, she is not yet married. Though pretty and clever, she is selfish and a screw. She has saved a good deal and has a considerable sum in the Savings' Bank, but like many heiresses she cannot bring her mind to share her money with another. The great measures of Sir Robert Peel, which produced three good harvests, have entirely revived trade at Mowbray. The Temple is again open, newly-painted, and

re-burnished, and Chaffing Jack has of course "rallied" while good Mrs. Carey still gossips with her neighbours round her well-stored stall, and tells wonderful stories of the great stick-out and riots of —42.

And thus I conclude the last page of a work, which though its form be light and unpretending, would yet aspire to suggest to its readers some considerations of a very opposite character. A year ago, I presumed to offer to the public some volumes that aimed to call their attention to the state of our political parties; their origin, their history, their present position. In an age of political infidelity, of mean passions and petty thoughts, I would have impressed upon the rising race not to despair, but to seek in a right understanding of the history of their country and in the energies of heroic youth—the elements of national welfare. The present work advances another step in the same emprise. From the state of Parties it now would draw public thought to the state of the People whom those parties for two centuries have governed. The

comprehension and the cure of this greater theme depend upon the same agencies as the first: it is the past alone that can explain the present, and it is youth that alone can mould the remedial future. The written history of our country for the last ten reigns has been a mere phantasma; giving to the origin and consequence of public transactions a character and colour in every respect dissimilar with their natural form and hue. In this mighty mystery all thoughts and things have assumed an aspect and title contrary to their real quality and style: Oligarchy has been called Liberty; an exclusive Priesthood has been christened a National Church; Sovereignty has been the title of something that has had no dominion, while absolute power has been wielded by those who profess themselves the servants of the People. In the selfish strife of factions two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England—the Monarch and the Multitude; as the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the People have disappeared; till at length the sceptre

has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated again into a serf.

It is nearly fourteen years ago, in the popular frenzy of a mean and selfish revolution which neither emancipated the Crown nor the People, that I first took the occasion to intimate and then to develope to the first assembly of my countrymen that I ever had the honour to address, these convictions. They have been misunderstood as is ever for a season the fate of Truth, and they have obtained for their promulgator much mis-representation as must ever be the lot of those who will not follow the beaten track of a fallacious custom. But Time that brings all things has brought also to the mind of England some suspicion that the idols they have so long worshipped and the oracles that have so long deluded them are not the true ones. There is a whisper rising in this country that Loyalty is not a phrase, Faith not a delusion, and Popular Liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profane exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

That we may live to see England once more possess a free Monarchy and a privileged and prosperous People, is my prayer ; that these great consequences can only be brought about by the energy and devotion of our Youth is my persuasion. We live in an age when to be young and to be indifferent can be no longer synonymous. We must prepare for the coming hour. The claims of the Future are represented by suffering millions ; and the Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.

THE END.

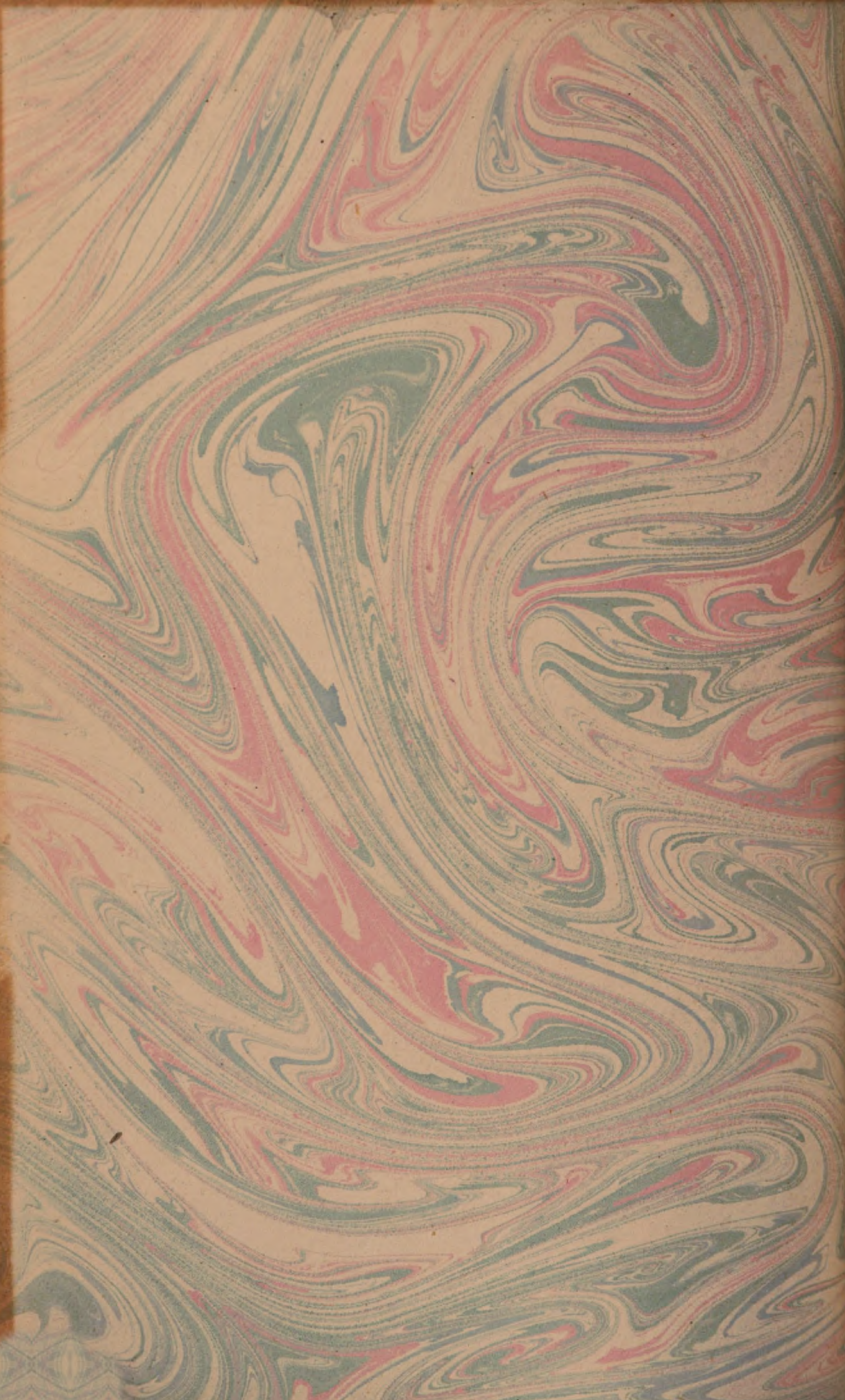
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