



"Ay, to be sure. They may cough, and peer, and groan in Parliament, and call me fool and madman, but which of them can raise this human sea and make it swell and roar at pleasure? Not one."

is! Too much watching, too much care, too much thought—ah! Lord preserve him for a martyr! He is a saint, if ever saint drew breath on this bad earth."

"Which of them can say for his honesty, what I can say for mine; which of them has refused a minister's bribe of one thousand pounds a year, to resign his seat in favor of another? Not one."

"The savior of his country and his country's religion, the friend of his poor countrymen, the enemy of the proud and harsh; beloved of the rejected and oppressed, adored by forty thousand bold and loyal English hearts—what happy slumbers his warned be!"

"I have not been sleeping." "Not sleeping!" he repeated with assumed confusion. "What can I say for having in your presence given utterance to thoughts—but they were sincere—they were sincere!"

"No, I will be sure, when the hour arrives? I have spoken boldly for them, ventured much, suppressed nothing. They'll not fall off, will they?"

"You did well," said his master, "and are a great and worthy instrument. If you will ring for John Grueby to carry the portmanteau into my room, and will dispose of business as usual, if you're not too tired."

"Doubt. No. Who says I doubt? If I doubted, should I cast away relatives, friends, everything for this unhappy country's sake; this unhappy country," he cried, springing up in bed after repeating the phrase "unhappy country's sake" to himself, at least a dozen times, "forsaken of God and man."

"I hope you are not a-going to trouble your head to-night, or my lord's head neither with anything more about Bloody Mary," said John.

"The secretary dropped his head with an expression of perfect acquiescence in anything that had been said or might be; and Lord George gradually sinking down upon his pillow, fell asleep."

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lessly in his bed as he spoke, "these people will desert me, when the hour arrives? I have spoken boldly for them, ventured much, suppressed nothing. They'll not fall off, will they?"

and has been from the creation of the world, a master-passion. To awaken it, to gratify it by slight degrees, and yet leave something always in suspense, is to establish the surest hold that can be had, in wrong, on the unthinking portion of mankind.

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If a man had stood on London Bridge, calling till he was hoarse, upon the passers-by, to join with Lord George Gordon, although for an object which no man understood, and which in that very incident had a charm of its own,—the probability is, that he might have influenced a score of people in a month. If all zealous Protestants had been publicly urged to join in association for the avowed purpose of singing a hymn or two occasionally, and hearing some indifferent speeches made, and ultimately petitioning Parliament not to pass an act for abolishing the penal laws against Roman Catholic priests, the penalty of perpetual imprisonment denounced against those who educated children in that persuasion, and the disqualification of all members of the Romanish church to inherit real property in the United Kingdom by right of purchase or descent,—matters so far removed from the business and bosoms of the mass, might perhaps have called together a hundred people. But when vague rumors got abroad, that in this Protestant association a secret power was mustering against the government for undefined and mighty purposes; when the air was filled with whispers of a confederacy among the Popish powers to degrade and enslave England, establish an Inquisition in London, and turn the city of Smithfield market into stakes and caldrons; when terrors and alarms which no man understood were perpetually being broached, both in and out of parliament, by one enthusiast who did not understand himself, and bygone bugbears which had lain quietly in their graves for centuries were raised again to haunt the ignorant and credulous; when all this was done, as it were, in the dark, and secret invitations to join the Great Protestant Association in defence of religion, life, and liberty, were dropped in the public ways, thrust under the house-doors, tossed in at windows, and pressed into the hands of those who trod the streets at night; when they glared from every wall, and shone on every post and parapet, so that stocks and stones appeared infected with the common fear, urging all men to join together blindfold in resistance of what they knew not what, why, or when the mania spread indeed, and the body, still increasing every day, grew forty thousand strong.

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So said, at least, in this month of March, 1789, Lord George Gordon, the Association's president. Whether it was the fact or otherwise, few men knew, or cared to ascertain. It had never made any public demonstration; had scarcely ever been heard of, save through him; had never been seen; and was supposed by many to be the mere creature of his disordered brain. He was accustomed to talk largely about numbers of men—stimulated, as it was inferred, by certain successful disturbances, arising out of the same subject, which had occurred in Scotland in the previous year; was looked upon as a crack-brained member of the lower house, who attacked all parties and sided with none, and was very little regarded. It was known that there was discontent abroad—there always is; he had been accustomed to address the people by placard, speech, and pamphlet, upon other questions; nothing had come, in England, of his past exertions, and nothing was apprehended from his present. Just as he has come upon the reader, he had come, from time to time, upon the public, and been forgotten in a day; as suddenly as he appears in these pages, after a blank of five long years, did he and his proceedings begin to force themselves, about this period, upon the notice of thousands of people, who had mingled in active life during the whole interval, and who, without being deaf or blind to passing events, had scarcely ever thought of him before.

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My lord, said Gashford in his ear, as he drew the curtains of his bed betimes; "my lord!"

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Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and the name of the feast or saint. Includes dates for September 1905.

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retary. "In dreams! No, nor waking either."

footman carries in these days; and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the saber of a horse-soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance.

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Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him or cried in jest or earnest as it might be, "Hurrah George! No Popery!"

"I am, I will be sure, when the hour arrives? I have spoken boldly for them, ventured much, suppressed nothing. They'll not fall off, will they?"

When they reached the town and rode along the streets, these notices became more and more frequent; some laughed, some hissed, some turned their heads and smiled, some wondered who he was, some ran along the pavement by his side and cheered. When this happened in a crush of carts and chairs and coaches he would make a dead stop, and pulling off his hat, cry, "Gentlemen, No Popery!" to which the gentlemen

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