BELIEVE IN MAN.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Believe in man, nor turn away,
Lo! man advances year by year;
Time bears him upward, and his sphere
Of life must broaden day by day.

Believe in man with large belief,
The garnered grain each harvest time
Hath promise, roundness and full prime
For all the empty chaff and sheaf.

Believe in man with proud belief;
Truth keeps the bottom of her well,
And when the thief peeps down, the thief
Peeps back at him, perpetual.

Faint not that this or that man fell;
For one that falls a thousand rise
To lift white Progress to the skies;
Truth keeps the bottom of her well.

Fear not for man, nor cease to delve
For cool, sweet truth, with large belief,
Lo! Christ himself chose only twelve,
Yet one of these turned out a thief.

THE EVIL MAY DAY;

—OR—

A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

A Tale of the Time of Henry VIII.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

The Dutch printer was already slightly known to the dean, having sold him many books. A few words were exchanged with him, but it was plain that the dying man could not be moved. Colet knelt over him so as to be able to hear, while Lucas and Ambrose withdrew, but were soon called back for the remainder of the service for the dying. The old man's face showed perfect peace. All worldly thought and care seemed to have been crushed out of him by the blow, and he did not even appear to think of the unprotected state of his daughter, although he blessed her with solemn fervor immediately after receiving the Viaticum—then lay murmuring to himself sentences which Ambrose, who had learnt much from him, knew to be from his Arabic breviary, about palm-branches, and the twelve manner of fruits of the Tree of Life.

It was a strange scene—the grand, calm, patriarchal old man, so peaceful on his dark-haired daughter's lap in the midst of his shattered home in the old fuedal stable. All were silent awhile in awe, but the dean was the first to move and speak, calling Lucas forward to ask sundry questions of him.

'Is there no good woman,' he asked, 'who could be with this poor child and take her home, when her father shall have passed away?'

'Mine uncle's wife, sir,' said Ambrose a little doubtfully. 'I trow she would come—since I can certify her that your reverence holds him for a holy man.'

'I had thy word for it,' said the dean. 'Ah! reply not, my son, I see well how it may be with you here. But tell those who will take the word of John Colet that never did I mark the passing away of one who had borne more for the true holy Catholic faith, nor held it more to his soul's comfort.'

Ambrose sped away, knowing that Perronel would be quite satisfied. He was sure of her ready compassion and good will. Colet intimated his intention of remaining a little longer to pray with the dying man, and further wrote a few words on his tablets, telling Ambrose to leave them with one of the porters at his house as he went past St. Paul's

It was broad daylight now, a lovely May morning, such as generally called forth the maidens, small and great, to the meadows to rub their fresh cheeks to the silvery dew, and to bring home kingcups, cuckoo flowers, blue bottles, and cowslips for the Maypoles that were to be decked. But all was silent now, not a house was open, the rising sun made the eastern windows of the churches a blaze of light, and from the west door of St. Paul's the city beneath seemed sleeping, only a wreath or two of smoke rising. Ambrose found the porter looking out for his master in much perturbation. He groaned as he looked at the tablets, and heard where the dean was, and said that came of being a saint on earth. It would be the death of him ere long! What would old Mistress Colet, his mother, say? He would have detained the youth with his inquiries, but Ambrose said he had to speed down to the Temple on an errand from the dean, and hurried away. All Ludgate Hill was now quiet, every house closed, but here and there lay torn shreds of garments, or household vessels.

As he reached Fleet Street, however, there was a sound of horses feet, and a body of men-at-arms with helmets glancing in the sun were seen. There was a cry: 'There's one! Thats one of the lewd younglings! At him!'

And Ambrose, to his horror and surprise, saw two horsemen begin to gallop towards him, as if to ride him down. Happily, he was close to a narrow archway leading to an alley down which no war-horse could possibly make his way, and dashing into it and around a corner, he eluded his pursuers, and reached the bank of the river, whence, being by this time experienced in the by-ways of London, he could easily reach Perronel's house.

She was standing at her door looking out anxiously, and as she saw him she threw up her hands in thanksgiving to Our Lady that here he was at last, and then turned to scold him. 'O lad, lad, what a night thou hast given me! I trusted at least that thou hadst wit to keep out of a fray and to let the poor aliens alone, thou that art always running after yonder old Spaniard. Hey! what now? Did they fall on him? Fie! Shame on them!—harmless old man like that.'

'Yes, good aunt, and what is more, they have slain him, I fear me, outright.'

Amidst many a 'good lack' and exclamation of pity and indignation from Perronel, Ambrose told his tale of that strange night, and entreated her to come with him to do what was possible for Abenali and his daughter. She hesitated a little; her kind heart was touched, but she hardly liked to leave her house, in case her husband should come in, as he generally contrived to do in the early morning, now that the Cardinal's household was lodged so near her. Sheltered as she was by the buildings of the Temple, she had heard little or nothing of the noise of the riot, though she had been alarmed at her nephew's absence, and an officious neighbor had run in to tell her first that the 'prentice lads were up and sacking the houses of the strangers, and next that the Tower was firing on them, and the Lord Mayor's guard and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court were up in arms to put them down. She said several times, 'Poor soul!' and 'Yes, it were a shame to leave her to the old Dutchkin,' but with true Flemish deliberation she continued her household arrangements, and insisted that the bowl of broth, which she set on the table, should be partaken of by herself and Ambrose before she would stir a step. 'Not eat! Now out on thee, lad! what good dost thou think thou or I can do if we come in faint and famished, where there's neither bite nor sup to be had? As for me, not a foot will I budge, till I have seen thee empty that bowl. So to it, my lad! Thou hast been afoot all night, and lookest so grimed and ill-favored a varlet that no man would think thou camest from an honest wife's house. Wash thee at the pail! Get thee into thy chamber and put on clean garments, or I'll not walk the street with thee! 'Tis not safe—thou wilt be put in ward for one of the rioters.'

Everybody who entered that little house obeyed Mrs. Randall, and Ambrose submitted, knowing it vain to resist, and remembering the pursuit he had recently escaped; yet the very refreshment of food and cleanliness revealed to him how stiff and weary were his limbs, though he was in no mood for rest. His uncle appeared at the door just as he had hoped Perronel was ready.

'Ah! there's one of you whole and safe!' he exclaimed. 'Where is the other?'

'Stephen?' exclaimed Ambrose. 'I saw him last in Warwick Inner Yard.' And in a few words he explained. Hal Randall shook his head. 'May all be well,' he exclaimed, and then he told how Sir Thomas Parr had come at midnight and aroused the Cardinal's household with tidings that all the rabble of London were up, plundering and murdering all who came in their way, and that he had then ridden on to Richmond to the king with the news. The Cardinal had put his house into a state of defence, not knowing against whom the riot might be directed—and the jester had not been awakened till too late to get out to send after his wife, besides which, by that time, intelligence had come in that the attack was directed entirely upon the French and Spanish and artificers in distant parts of the city and suburbs, and was only conducted by lads with no better weapon than sticks, so that the Temple and its precincts were in no danger at all.

The mob had dispersed of its own accord by 3 or 4 o'clock, but by that hour the Mayor had got together a force, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court and the Yeomen of the Tower were up in arms, and the Earl of Shrewsbury had come with a troop of horse. They had met the rioters, and had driven them in herds like sheep to the different prisons, after which Earl Shrewsbury had come to report to the Cardinal that all was quiet, and the jester, having gathered as much intelligence as he could, had contrived to slip into the garments that concealed his motley, and to reach home. He gave ready consent to Perronel's going to the aid of the sufferers in Warwick Inner Yard, especially at the summons of the Dean of St. Paul's, and even to her bringing home the little wench. Indeed he would escort her thither himself, for he was very anxious about Stephen, and Ambrose was so dismayed by the account he gave as to reproach himself extremely for having parted company with his brother, and never having so much as thought of him as in peril, while absorbed in care for Abenali. So the three set out together when no doubt the sober, solid appearance which Randall's double suit of apparel and black gown gave him, together with his wife's matronly and respectable look, were no small protection to Ambrose, for men-at-arms were prowling about the streets, looking to pick up straggling victims, and one actually stopped Randall to interrogate him as to who the youth was and what was his errand.

Before St. Paul's they parted, the husband and wife going towards Warwick Inner Yard, whither Ambrose, fleeter of foot, would follow, so soon as he had ascertained at the Dragon court whether Stephen was at home.

Alas! at the gate he was hailed with the inquiry whether he had seen his brother or Giles. The whole yard was disorganized, no work going on. The lads had not been seen all night, and the master himself had in the midst of his displeasure and anxiety been summoned to the Guildhall. The last that was known was Giles' rescue, and the assault on Alderman Mundy. Smallbones and Steelman had both gone in different directions to search for the two apprentices, and Dennet, who had flown down unheeded and unchecked at the first hope of news, pulled Ambrose by the sleeve, and exclaimed: 'Oh, Ambrose, Ambrose! they can never hurt them! They can never do any harm to comrades, can they?'

Ambrose hoped for the same security, but in his dismay could only hurry after his uncle and aunt.

He found the former at the door of the old stable—whence issued wild screams and cries. Several priests and attendants were there now, and the kind dean, with Lucas, was trying to induce Aldonza to relax the grasp with which she embraced the body, whence a few moments before the brave and constant spirit had departed. Her black hair hanging over like a veil, she held the inanimate head to her bosom, sobbing and shrieking with the violence of her Eastern nature. Perronel knelt down by her, persevered when the poor girl stretched out her hand to test her off, crying: 'Off! go! leave me my father! O father, father, joy of my life! my one only hope and stay, leave me not! Wake, wake, speak to thy child, my father!'

Though the child had never seen or heard of Eastern wailing over the dead yet hereditary nature prompted her to lamentations that scandalized Lucas, who broke in with: 'Fie, maid, that mournest as one who hath no hope.' But Dr. Colet still signed to them to have patience, and Perronel somehow contrived to draw the girl's head on her breast and give her a motherly kiss, such as the poor child had never felt since she, when almost a babe had been lifted from her dying mother's side in the dark, stifling hold of the vessel in the Bay of Biscay. And in sheer surprise and sense of being soothed she ceased her cries, listened to the tender whispers and persuasions about holy men who would care for her father, and his wishes that she should be a good maid—till at last she yielded, let her hands be loosed, allowed Perronel to lift the venerable head from her knee and close the eyes—then to gather her in her arms and lead her to the door, taking her, under Ambrose's guidance, into Lucas' abode, which was as utterly and mournfully dismantled as their own, but where Perronel, accustomed in her wandering days to all sorts of contrivances, managed to bind up the streaming hair, and, by the help of her own cloak, to bring the poor girl into a state in which she could be led through the streets.

The dean, meantime had bidden Lucas to take shelter at his own house, and the old Dutchman had given a sort of doubtful acceptance.

Ambrose, meanwhile, half distracted about his brother, craved counsel of the jester where to seek him.

CHAPTER XVII.

ILL MAY DAY.

And where was Stephen? Crouching, wretched with hunger, cold, weariness, blows, and what was far worse, sense of humiliation and disgrace, and terror for the future, in a corner of the yard of Newgate, whither the whole set of lads, surprised in Warwick Inner Court by the law students of the Inns of Court, had been driven like so many cattle, at the sword's point, with no attention or perception that he and Giles had been struggling *against* the spoilers.

Yet this fact made them all the more forlorn. The others, some forty in number, their companions in misfortune, included most of the Barbican 'prentices, who were of the Eagle faction, special enemies alike to Abenali and to the Dragon, and these held aloof from Headley and Birkenholt, nay, reviled them for the attack which they declared had caused the general capture.

The two lads of the Dragon had, in no measured terms, denounced the cruelty to the poor, old, inoffensive man, and were denounced in their turn as friends of the sorcerer. But all were too much exhausted by the night's work to have spirit for more than a snarling encounter of words, and the only effect was that Giles and Stephen were left isolated in their misery outside the shelter of the handsome arched gateway under which the others congregated.

Newgate had been rebuilt by Whittington out of pity to poor prisoners and captives. It must have been unspeakably dreadful before, for the foulness of the narrow paved court, shut in by strong walls, was something terrible. Tired, spent, and aching all over, and with boyish callousness to dirt, still Giles and Stephen hesitated to sit down, and when at last they could stand no longer, they rested, leaning against one another. Stephen tried to keep up hope by declaring that his master would soon get them released, and Giles alternated between despair and declarations that he would have justice on those who so treated his father's son. They dropped asleep—first one and then the other—from sheer exhaustion, waking from time to time to realize that it was no dream, and to feel all the colder and more cramped.

By and by there were voices at the gate. Friends were there asking after their own Will, or John, or Thomas, as the case might be. The jailer opened a little wicket-window in the heavy door, and, no doubt for a consideration, passed in food to certain lads whom he called out, but it did not always reach its destination. It was often torn away as by hungry wolves. For though the felons had been let out when the doors were opened, the new prisoners were not by any means all apprentices. There were watermen, husbandmen, beggars, thieves among them, attracted by the scent of plunder; and even some of the elder lads had no scruple in snatching the morsel from the younger ones.

Poor little Jasper Hope, a mischievous, little, curly-headed, idle fellow, only thirteen, just apprenticed to his brother the draper, and rushing about with the other youths in the pride of his flat cap, was one of the sufferers. A servant had been at the door, promising that his brother would speedily have him released, and handing in bread and meat, of which he was instantly robbed by George Bates and three or four more big fellows, and sent away reeling and sobbing under a heavy blow, with all the mischief and play knocked out of him. Stephen and Giles called 'Shame!' but were unheeded, and they could only draw the little fellow up to them, and assure him that his brother would soon come for him.

The next call at the gate was Headley and Birkenholt—'Master Headley's 'prentices—be they here?'

And at their answer, not only the window, but the door in the gate was opened, and stooping low to enter, Kit Smallbones came in, and not empty-handed.

'Aye, aye, youngsters,' said he, 'I knew how it would be, by what I saw elsewhere, so I came with a fee to open locks. How came ye to get into such a plight as this? And poor little Hope, too. A fine pass when they put babes in jail.'

'I'm 'prenticed,' said Jasper, though in a very weak little voice.

'Have you had bit or sup?' asked Kit.

And on their reply, telling how those who had had supplies from home had been treated, Smallbones observed: 'Let them try it,' and stood, at all his breadth, guarding the two youths and little Jasper as they ate, Stephen at first with difficulty. In the faintness and foulness of the place, but then ravenously. Smallbones lectured them on their folly all the time, and made them give an account of the night. He said their master was at the Guildhall taking counsel with the Lord Mayor, and there were reports that it would go hard with the rioters, for murder and plunder had been done in many places, and he especially looked at Giles with pity, and asked how he came to embroil himself with Master Mundy. Still his good-natured face cheered them, and he promised further supplies. He also relieved Stephen's mind about his brother, telling of his enquiry at the Dragon court in the morning.

All that day the condition of such of the prisoners as had well to do friends was improving. Fathers, brothers, masters and servants came in quest of them, bringing food and bedding, and by exhorbitant fees to the jailers obtained for them shelter in the gloomy cells. Mothers could not come, for a proclamation had gone out that none were to babble, and men were to keep their wives at home. And though there were more material comforts, prospects were very gloomy. Ambrose came when Kit Smallbones returned with what Mrs. Headley had sent to the captives. He looked sad and dazed, and clung to his brother, but said very little, except that they ought to be locked up together, and he really would have been left in Newgate if Kit had not laid a great hand on his shoulder and almost forced him away.

Master Headley himself arrived with Master Hope in the afternoon. Jasper sprung to his brother, crying: 'Simon! Simon! you are come to take me out of this dismal, evil place?' But Master Hope—a tall, handsome, grave young man, who had often been much disturbed by his little brother's pranks—could only shake his head with tears in his eyes, and, sitting down on the roll of bedding, take him on his knee and try to console him with the hope of liberty in a few days.

He had tried to obtain the boy's release on the plea of his extreme youth, but the authorities were hotly exasperated, and would hear of no mercy. The whole of the rioters were to be tried three days hence, and there was no doubt that some would be made an example of, the only question was, how many?

Master Headley closely interrogated his own two lads, and was evidently sorely anxious about his namesake, who, he feared, might be recognized by Alderman Mundy and brought forward as a ringleader of the disturbance; nor did he feel at all secure that the plea that he had no enmity to the foreigners, but had actually tried to defend Lucas and Abenali, would be attended to for a moment, though Lucas Hansen had promised to bear witness of it. Giles looked perfectly stunned at the time, unable to take in the idea, but at night Stephen was wakened on the pallet that they shared with little Jasper, by hearing him weeping and sobbing for his mother at Salisbury.

Time lagged on till the 4th of May. Some of the poor boys whiled away their time with dreary games in the yard, sometimes wrestling, but more often gambling with the dice that one or two happened to possess, for the dinners that were provided for the wealthier, sometimes even betting on what the sentences would be, and who would be hanged, or who escape.

Poor lads, they did not, for the most part, realize their real danger, but Stephen was more and more beset with home sick longing for the glades and thickets of his native forest, and would keep little Jasper and even Giles for an hour together telling of the woodland adventures of those happy times, shutting his eyes to the grim stone walls, and trying to think himself among the beeches, hollies, cherries and hawthorns, shining in the May sun! Giles and he were close friends now, and with little Jasper, said their *Paters* and *Aves* together, that they might be delivered from their trouble. At last, on the 4th, the whole of the prisoners were summoned roughly into the court, where harsh looking men-at-arms proceeded to bind them together in pairs to be marched through the streets to the Guildhall. Giles and Stephen would naturally have been put together, but poor little Jasper cried out so lamentably when he was about to be bound to a stranger, that Stephen stepped forward in his stead, begging that the boy might go with Giles. The soldier made a contemptuous sound, consented, and Stephen found that his companion in misfortune, whose left elbow was tied to his right, was George Bates.

The two lads looked at each other in a strange, rueful manner, and Stepen said: 'Shake hands, comrade. If we are to die, let us bear no ill will.'

George gave a cold, limp, trembling hand. He looked wretched, subdued, tearful, and nearly starved, for he had no kinsfolk at hand, and his master was too angry with him, and too much afraid of compromising himself, to have sent him any supplies. Stephen tried to unbutton his own pouch, but not succeeding with his left hand, bade George try with his right. 'There's a cake of bread there,' he said. 'Eat that, and thou'lt be better able to stand up like a man, come what will.'

George devoured it eagerly. 'Ah!' he said, in a stronger voice, 'thou art an honest fellow, Stephen Birkenholt. I did the wrong. If ever we get out of this plight—'

Here they were ordered to march, and in a long and doleful procession they set forth. The streets were lined with men-at-arms, for all the affections and sympathies of the people were with the unfortunate boys, and a rescue was apprehended.

In point of fact, the Lord Mayor and aldermen were afraid of the King's supposing them to have organized the assault on their rivals, and each was therefore desirous to show severity to anyone's apprentices save his own; while the nobility were afraid of contumacy on the part of the citizens, and were resolved to crush down every rioter before them, so that they had filled the city with their armed retainers. Fathers and mothers, masters and dames, sisters and fellow-'prentices, found their doors closely guarded, and could only look with tearful, anxious eyes at the processions of poor youths, many of them mere children, who were driven from each of the jails to the Guildhall.

It did not look well for them that the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, were joined in the commission with the Lord Mayor. The upper end of the great hall was filled with aldermen in their robes and chains, with the sheriffs of London and the whole imposing array, and the Lord Mayor with the Duke sat enthroned above them in truly awful dignity. The Duke was a hard and pitiless man. The Earl of Surrey was not of much more merciful mood, while their men-at-arms spoke savagely of hanging, slaughtering, or setting the city on fire.

The arraignment was very long, as there were so large a number of names to read, and, to the horror of all it was not for a mere riot, but for high treason. The King, it was declared, being in amity with all Christian princes, it was declared high treason to break the truce and league by attacking their subjects resident in England. The terrible punishment of the traitor would thus be the doom of all concerned, and in the temper of the Howards and their retainers there was little hope of mercy, nor, in times like those, was there even much prospect that out of such large numbers some might escape.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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