

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER XLIX.

The mob had been divided from its first assemblage into four divisions: the London, the Westminster, the Southward and the Scotch...

The word of command being given, each of these great bodies took the road assigned to it, and departed on its way, in perfect order and profound silence...

At the head of this party, in the place where Hugh, in the madness of his humor, had stationed him, and walking towards that dangerous companion...

"What do you think of this?" asked Hugh, as they passed through the crowded streets, and looked up at the windows which were thronged with spectators...

"But nothing to what will come, bless you!" retorted Hugh, with a wink at Dennis, who regarded his new companion in arms with great astonishment...

"Is that all?" cried Barnaby with glowering eyes, as he clutched his pole the tighter...

Mr. Dennis received these explanatory remarks with many nods and winks, and softened his behavior towards Barnaby from that moment...

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when the three great parties met in Westminster...

Through this vast throng, sprinkled doubtless here and there with honest zealous, but composed for the most part of the very scum and refuse of London...

"You may tell these people, if you please, my lord, that I am General Conway of whom they have heard, and that I oppose this petition, and all their proceedings, and yours...

Without the delay of an instant, he threw himself headlong over the banisters into the lobby below...

ened by those within for his admission, gave them a momentary glimpse of the interior...

The strange gallery, which was immediately above the door of the House, had been ordered to be closed on the first rumor of disturbance...

Upon one of these little staircases, not at the head of which Lord George appeared from time to time...

The noise continued, notwithstanding his appearance, until Gashford looked round. There was silence immediately—even among the people...

"We must be firm. They talk of delays, but we must have no delays. They talk of bringing your petition in to consideration next Tuesday...

"This speech being a little more temperate than the last, was not so favorably received. When the noise and exasperation were at their height...

Within doors, matters were even yet more threatening. Lord George—pre-empted by a man who carried the immense petition on a porter's knot through the lobby to the door of the House of Commons...

"What now?" Hugh roared aloud, turning towards them. "Why go back? Where can you do better than here, boys?"

Without the delay of an instant, he threw himself headlong over the banisters into the lobby below. He had...

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anybody touched the ground when Barnaby was at his side. The chaplain's assistant, and some members who were supporting the people to retire...

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The word of command to halt being given, the soldiers formed across the street, the rioters, breathless and exasperated...

In the first rank of the insurgents, Barnaby and Hugh stood side by side. Somebody had thrust into Barnaby's hands when he came out into the street...

After an ineffectual attempt to make himself heard, the magistrate gave the word and the Horse Guards came riding in among the crowd...

them, Barnaby turned pale and sick. But he stood his ground, and grasping his pole more firmly yet, kept his eye fixed upon the nearest soldier...

The soldier came spurting on, making his horse rear as the people pressed about him, cutting at the hands of those who would have grasped his rein...

As they glided down the river, they plainly heard the people cheering, and although they might have forced the soldiers to retreat, lay upon their oars for a few minutes...

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