

CHAPTER II

WHEN Alderman Sherwyn and his counsellor left me, I stood in the street, an idle spectator, until I heard the dull grumble of the drums. I made my way into the Strand, and found that thoroughfare full of soldiers on foot, crying for a free Parliament and money. They were in good plight, stout officers and hardy men, and the people gave them drink.

Then came the noise of trumpets, and the ground was shaken with the trampling of horses. My lord Monck rode at the head, and the soldiers of the Commonwealth were at last concentrating upon London, that their leaders might take thought for the direction of public affairs. All was a labyrinth: foot-soldiers beating back the horse, no order of lines nor sense in the sounds of command; and again, men laying down their muskets and their pikes. Suddenly the strife ceased, and all parties seemed to be of the same mind. The officers drank a health to the king in the open, and cried, "God save His Majesty."

Over against the crowd was a house of entertainment, the *Swan with Two Necks*, and out of it emerged a good confluence of gentlemen. They solicited the officers with kind words, and invited all to enter freely, and take food. With the smell of horses, and the tumult of men, I felt myself an officer again, and made bold to enter. Besides, I was hunger-bitten, and I had