

law. Near a hundred and twenty lords, three-fourths of the Upper House walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and the sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

"The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes, and in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man; a person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but serene—such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

"But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as his accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. . . . The box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were

Fox and Sheridan; . . . there was Burke; . . . there, with eyes reverently fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of his age. . . . the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. . . .

"On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech. . . . The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and for a moment seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling-bottles were handed round, hysterical cries and sobs were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, 'Therefore,' said he, 'hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honours he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.'

"The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries