

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVI.—NO. 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 10, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

GIVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SHOCINSKY.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."
Give prayers; the evening hath begun;
Be earlier than the rising sun;
Remember those who feel the rod;
Remember those who know not God.
His hand can boundless blessings give;
Breathe prayers, through them the soul shall live.
Give alms; the needy sink with pain;
The orphan mourn, the crushed complain.
Give freely; hoarded gold is dust,
A prey to robbers and to rust.
Christ, through his poor, a claim doth make;
Give gladly, for thy Savior's sake.
Give books; they live when you are dead;
Light on the darkened mind they shed;
Good seed they sow, from age to age,
Through all this mortal pilgrimage.
They nurse the germs of holy trust;
They wake untired when you are dust.
Give smiles, to cheer the little child,
A stranger on this thorny wild;
It bringeth love, its guard to be—
It, helpless, asketh love from thee.
Howe'er by fortune's gifts unblest,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless breast.
Give words, kind words, to those who err;
Remorse doth need a comforter.
Though in temptation's wiles they fall,
Complain not—we are sinners all.
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal, and words that teach.
Give thought, give energy to them;
That perch on life's folly's dream.
Hark! from the islands of the sea,
The missionary cries to thee;
To aid him on a heathen soil,
Give thought, give energy, give toil.

Selected Tale.

Earl Warwick's Seal Ring.

BY MISS LAWRENCE.

"If there be one that can foretell
The first decree of fate, he, too, should know
What is within the everlasting book
Of destiny decreed cannot be hid
Or man's invention be dissolved or shunned."
LUDOVIC BARRY.

The period distinguished by the wars of the Roses, although characterized perhaps beyond any other by the unprincipled strife of ambitious nobles, and by those restless and capricious changes of popular feeling which always indicate a transition state of society, although exhibiting few instances of pure and lofty patriotism, or generous self-devotion, is yet intensely interesting, from the solemn moral lesson which each page presents. From the murder of the Duke of Gloucester to the death of Richard at Bosworth, all along the track of those disastrous forty years, vengeance, slow but merrily, is seen, like the fabled Nemesis, following, with stealthy footstep, each short-lived claimant of power, and meting out his just doom. Each and all are involved in the web of inextricable fate; the deceiver is deceived, the betrayer is betrayed, the murderer falls beneath the axe or dagger while omen, prophecy, dream, prognostic, each mysterious shadowing forth of the unknown future, sheds a poetical character over each scene. And, arising partly from the unsettled, though advancing state of knowledge, but more from the changeful aspect of public affairs, scarcely can any period be found in our history, when an insight into futurity was more earnestly desired, or when those delusive fancies which gave not only to the star, but to the plant, the gem, and the flower, the faculty of revealing it, were more eagerly believed and pursued.—Startled and amazed at the unlooked-for events which each day brought to pass around them, men turned from a changeful world to question the steadfast stars, and, anxious, restless, and distrustful of their fellow-men, they sought by charm and spell to wrest from the lofty intelligences of the spheres that unerring knowledge, that potent aid, which from the inhabitants of the earth they might ask in vain. And thus the knowledge that taught the attainment of an insight into futurity was the knowledge sought for beyond all other; and thus was it that, at a period when "old things were passing away," and men stood, though they knew it not, upon the brink of a new ocean that was soon to swallow up the institutions, religions, and political, of Medieval Europe, each wild dream, and each lofty theory, which sought to link the fleeting destinies of man with an unseen world, was eagerly cherished by the ardent student; and astrology took up her unreluctant abode in college halls, and in convent cells, and many an ecclesiastic, too willingly forgetful that all searches into the future is sin, laid aside the ponderous tomes of Peter Lombard and St. Thomas Aquinas to gaze on the bright face of heaven, and exchanged for the astrolabe and horoscope his accustomed crucifix and breviary.

And a frequent theme of boastful gratulation among the canons of the richly endowed priory of St. Martin le Grand was that, that one of the most learned of astrologers dwelt among them; and often, while the humble citizen, half ashamed, half afraid, knocked at the iron-barred door of the sanctuary of St. Martin, to seek, silver grain in hand, a revelation of the future from some "figure-caster" or diviner, whom fear of the gallows-tree had sent thither for refuge; even the first nobles of the land, leaving their richly-trapped palfrays before the great gate, proceeded, not to the church to ask counsel of Heaven, but to the study of Dr. Reynold Bouchier, prepared to "raise up strife and debates," or to sit quietly at home—to maintain the cause of the White Rose, or to fling out the banner of the Red—even as the stars, through the obscure and often unintelligible reply of their hierophant, should determine.

A right learned man, truly, was Dr. Reynold Bouchier, although neither youth nor even middle age had been passed in the cloister. The younger branch of the ancient family of the Bouchiers, Lords Berners, the father of a promising family, and engaged in courts and camps, little did he once think that a cloister would be his retreat in age, and the book of the stars his solace; better for him had it not been. But in the earlier contests of the Roses he had suffered loss; in one of those wide-spreading epidemics which were always termed the plague, all his family, save one, had been cut off, and Reynold Bouchier quitted England, to forget, in other lands, his sorrows and his losses. At length, after many years' absence, he returned, and through the favor of that noble, who even then, swayed the destinies of the house of York—Warwick—a portion of his lands, Lancastrian though he still avowed himself, was restored to him, and he took up his abode, and eventually the habit, by persuasion of his distant relative, Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the priory of St. Martin le Grand. And there, engaged in the delusive study of astrology, and sincerely believing its truth, the learned canon of St. Martin's passed his days, devoting all his energies to the search into futurity, and to wild and vain conjectures what might be the lot of that young boy—his only grand-son—who, the son of an attainted Lancastrian, and born amid poverty and ruin, had yet been pointed out by a right learned astrologer as he in whose hands "the fate of England's crown should lie."

It was in the evening of the 14th of April, 1464, that Dr. Reynold Bouchier was seated at his desk in his study, while, occupying the high-backed oak arm-chair, with eyes intently and inquiringly fixed on him, sat a middle-aged, dark-haired, stern-featured man, whose loose cloak almost concealed from view the gold-brodered vest, surcoat, in that age of sumptuary laws, that the wearer bore the rank of an Earl. But no ordinary nobleman was he who sat watching earnestly, as the scholar the lips of his teacher, the solemn brow of the astrologer, but Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, Lord High Chamberlain of England, Lieutenant of Ireland, and Captain of Calais, that most fortunate of nobles, that most indomitable of warriors, that first of Edward's subjects—if subject he might be called. At length Dr. Bouchier spoke. "There is jeopardy, and much that time alone may discover; still the stars point out a yet loftier destiny, and seem to say "all things are possible to Warwick."

"But this secret mission to bring home a bride for Edward? Said ye not that he would wed at home? and said ye not daughter Anne should be queen?"

"So saith her horoscope; but there are other kings besides Edward," replied the astrologer.

Warwick looked angrily at the speaker.—"What! is the Red Rose to lift her head again?"

"What will be, will be," was the solemn reply; "for the present, the star of York is in the ascendant."

"And shall he, while Warwick hath voice to command, or hand to fight; no, the swan may take wing, and the antelope flee, but the white bear will ever be steadfast to the white falcon of York."

"Be calm, Lord Warwick," said Dr. Bouchier.

"Ye are a Lancastrian," returned Warwick impetuously, "and therefore ye see omens of ill to York."

"I see none to York, but soothly I see what I would not in this mission; when set you out?"

"As speedily as a fortunate day may be found."

"That will be long."

"Perchance, after all, my mission may not succeed, for it is no wish of Edward's, and I may see my first wish fulfilled, my grand-children heirs to the crown of Plantagenet."

The astrologer drew a huge book to him, and slowly turned over the leaves; he paused, as though engaged in anxious thought, and at length said, "Lord Warwick, wouldst thou learn thy future destiny, watch when the Couplin bell strikes, and thou shalt know."

"Whatever be that destiny, I shall ever adhere to York," said Warwick, sternly.

"Say no more," said Warwick—watch and see."

"St. George! thou bitter Lancastrian, shall I who have sworn eternal hate to Margaret—I, who with my own hands led King Henry to the Tower—I, who swore through life and death never to desert the cause of York, when when we exchanged our rings before the high altar at Canterbury—I, who placed with my own hands the crown on young Edward's head!—may, said ye not yourselves that our destinies are linked together for weal and for woe?"

"For weal or for woe, Lord Warwick—and destinies may be linked in hate as in love."

"They are linked in love, old man," cried Warwick fiercely. "Seek not to cozen me with lying prophecies; let the Red Rose, an she dare, lift her head again; still shall she find me ready to throw down the gage, and bid my deadliest enemy take it up; and, almost unconsciously, he started up, drew off his brodered glove, and flung it on the ground.

"Touch it not, Lord Warwick," said the astrologer, solemnly; "the hour is come, and the man, for your deadliest enemy is at hand."

The deep-toned bell of St. Martin's tolled loud and clear, and Warwick, awe-struck, stood gazing at the closed door.

"Away, Lord Warwick! there are footsteps on the stairs; hide behind the traverse," said the astrologer, as with an interest that was even painful, he watched the opening door and him who now entered, and entered laughingly.

He was of tall and singularly graceful figure; of his features, which were shrouded, and evidently intentionally, in the large mantle, but little could be seen, save a bright, merry, blue eye; but that eye was sufficient to reveal to Warwick that no deadly enemy, no fierce Lau-

castrin, stood before him, but he to whom just before had pledged his faith, he, on whose head he had placed the crown—Edward, the King!

"Ha! what omen is this?" cried he, bounding recklessly forward, and snatching up the glove; "would it had been a fair lady's!"

A second person, shorter, and equally shrouded from view, who had followed him in, drew him aside and whispered earnestly to him. He drew back, and the other came forward. "We are sons of a country knight, said he: "my brother is about to marry one of two fair damsels, but the one is English, the other French; now which shall he take?" and he laid a small piece of parchment, which contained a horoscope, before the astrologer, who, casting an earnest glance toward the disguised monarch, unfolded it. Long and anxiously did he pore over it, regardless of the impatience manifested by his visitors. "He will take the English woman," said he, at length.

Edward laughed loudly. "Many thanks, Sir Astrologer, for your pleasant prediction," said he, carelessly tossing a purse of rose-nobles on the desk. "Aye, Richard, your falcon is mine, fairly won by St. Mary." His companion earnestly pressed his arm, and spoke some words in too low a tone to be heard, and they hastily quitted the room.

"And this is my deadliest enemy!" cried Warwick, rushing from behind the traverse, almost ere the door had closed. "Old man, what mean you?" and the quivering lip and the deadly paleness of his brow told how struck he had been with the omen.

"He is," said Dr. Bouchier, solemnly; "know ye him?"

"Know him? Holy saints! who knows not Edward?"

"The horoscope I well knew to be his, and I earnestly endeavored to see who had brought it; but surely never would the king himself be the bearer. St. Mary! Edward of York in my cell."

"He was, and his brother Richard. Ye know him not as I do; what is there foolish or reckless as Edward of York would not go after most willingly? Ye see the match with the lady Bona lieth not him, and, half in sport, half in earnest, he hath wagered with his brother to come hither and ask your counsel."

"The holy saints have you ever in their steadfast keeping, Lord Warwick!" said Dr. Bouchier, earnestly gazing upon the awe-stricken countenance of that bold warrior, who, on the battle-field, had never known fear. "Little as yourself could I ever believe that King Edward would seek my counsel. But it hath been so; he hath taken up your gage, and you must abide his challenge."

Warwick sat long in moody silence; he well knew that in this case there could have been no collusion, and he shuddered at the awful omen; still he could not bring his mind to believe that Edward, who, wayward and reckless as he was, had ever regarded him as a father, should turn against him, nor that he, the prop and the stay of the house of York, should lift his hand against that edifice which he, beyond every other, had labored to uphold, and in whose stability, he, too, beyond all others, was so deeply interested. At length he spoke. "Give me counsel, good Dr. Bouchier; for myself I know not what to do."

"Right willingly would I, Lord Warwick; but here is a cloud which I cannot penetrate, and future events alone can throw light upon the omen of this evening. Do this—set out on your mission as speedily as you can, for the results of that will show what your after-course must be." The astrologer paused, for again footsteps were heard on the stair; the door opened, and a beautiful boy, about sixteen years of age, bounded in. "My young Amias, wherefore art thou here?" said he, gazing at him with much fondness.

"The boy laughed. "Master Philip Malpas sent me hither," said he; "good grandfather, are ye not glad to see me?" He paused and drew back, for he perceived that he was in the presence of a stranger, whose eyes were incidentally fixed upon him.

"Come hither, young boy," said Warwick; "what hold you in your hand?"

"The boy advanced timidly. "A fair, brodered glove, which a young man flung towards me, just as I entered the great gate," said he, holding it out to Warwick, who eagerly snatched it.

"St. Mary! my own glove!" said he.

The astrologer looked at the Earl, and then at his grandson, with a troubled countenance, while Warwick rose to depart. "Methinks this omen after all is not so gloomy," said he; "my gage hath been returned, not exchanged, and by a fair young messenger, and he stroked the fair boy on the head. "Farewell, Dr. Bouchier," continued he, "I will set out to-morrow, and the holy saints clear up this strange mystery."

"Heaven grant it, Lord Warwick!" exclaimed the astrologer, earnestly, as he departed. "St. Mary is my witness, how little I ever dreamt such an omen would come to pass."

"Is that Lord Warwick, the King-maker?" said the boy, turning to his grandfather, "methought I saw him last night."

"Where?"

"Oh, only that I dreamt of him, and methought I had his white bear and ragged staff worked on my breast. I little thought I should see him to-day."

"And wherefore was it that ye came hither?"

"Old master Philip Malpas, the goldsmith, bade me come, for he said he sought an hour's talk with you, and would pray you send word when he should come."

"It is well," said the astrologer; "I should like an hour's converse with him, for he is a learned man"—and again he turned to his desk and pored over his great book, as though unconscious that the only tie which bound him to the world, his young grandson stood before him.

Long after the curfew bell had rung out, and the convent had retired to rest, was the lamp still burning in Dr. Bouchier's study, while, employed in meditating on the unlooked-

for events of the evening, and comparing the horoscopes of the three who had taken part in them, was earnestly attempting to wrest from their mysterious symbols that knowledge which Heaven has forbidden so man. "It must be so," said he, as he closed his huge book, and looked out from the open casement at the clear stars that sparkled above him, while the distant notes of the organ, and choral chant, told that his brethren, aroused from their first sleep, were joining in the midnight "Lauds"—"yes, it must be," said he; "the fates of Edward, Warwick, and my young grandson, are linked in strange conjunction together. Surely it was no vain prophecy that Baptista Santa Croce pronounced, when he said, "The fate of England's crown shall be in that child's hands."

Time swiftly passed, and Warwick returned from his mission, and, in state inferior to royalty alone, proceeded in his barge to Westminster. But here was no sovereign anxiously awaiting his arrival, and he was told that Edward had set out that very morning hunting, and had left a careless message that he had gone toward St. Albans.

"And to St. Albans will I go," said Warwick, sternly, turning to his retainers. "Saddle me my iron-grey steed, and meet me at the Aldersgate."

One short hour saw him on his road, and onward he and his company journeyed in moody silence, until they reached the neighborhood of Barnet, when they were roused by the merry notes of a bugle, and at the same moment a gallantly-armed hunter, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, and followed by six horsemen, passed toward a narrow lane a short distance before them.

"Saints," cried Warwick, turning to his nearest attendant, "yonder's Lady Blanche—and by my halidome, King Edward!"

The attendant looked earnestly. "It is the King's grace, methinks," said he.

"It is, assuredly," cried Warwick, spurring onward, and soon he approached near enough to recognize in the tightly-fitted vest of green sate, the jewelled collar, the brodered scarf, and the flat crimson cap, whose rich heron plume contrasted so well with the profusion of rich golden hair, the vain and graceful Edward Plantagenet, who stopped, turned gaily round, and his bright laughing eyes met the stern glance of Warwick.

The color mounted to his brow, as he drew back, endeavoring to conceal his vexation.—"My lord of Warwick rides fast this morning," said he.

"The messenger needs, when he for whom the message is intended doth so," was the reply. "Methought we should have met in London."

"We awaited your coming until yesternight, and then we set forth to disport ourselves this sweet spring-time weather," said Edward, carelessly; "but how have ye sped?"

"Well, my liege—should ye choose to marry the Lady Bona, all is ready."

"And what if I should not?"

"Wherefore thought ye not of this before?"

"Soothly I did—but the council would give their judgment that Edward should wed none but a damsel of royal birth. St. Mary! they will be mistaken."

Warwick looked earnestly at the speaker. "What mean you, King Edward? Wherefore, then, was I sent on this embassy?"

"Nay, question me not, good Warwick, for I have far to ride ere evening, and my lady-love awaiteth my coming."

The bride-ring dropped from Warwick's hand, and he fixed his keen eye on the King. "Your lady-love!"

"Ay, my lady-love, whom I am about to see," said Edward impatiently.

"King Edward, what mean you?"

"That I shall follow my own pastime, and act as best pleaseth me," replied Edward, petulantly; and, turning Lady Blanche toward the narrow lane, he galloped swiftly away.

One moment Warwick sat motionless, and who can tell the bitterness of the thoughts that crowded in that one short moment on his mind! "I will learn all, said he. "Oh, surely that omen spake truly." He set spurs to his iron-grey steed, and soon passing the astonished attendants, came up with the monarch, whose light-hearted laugh echoed long. "King Edward," said he, "one word, and one only—do you wed the Lady Bona?"

Edward turned angrily round. "We are too old to be questioned," said he, "and methinks Lord Warwick shows scant courtesy in thus following us when we wish to ride on our own."

"I have little wish to follow," said Warwick, bitterly; "but I demand an answer to my question—do you wed the Lady Bona?"

"Demand an answer!" Soothly, Lord Warwick, is Lady Courtesy's adopted son, to speak thus to his liege lord!"

"Who made thee so, proud and scornful monarch? Who lifted thy banner from the dust, when thy father's head blackened above York Gate? Who raised up the White Rose, and trampled down the Red?"

"Mine own good sword, and mine own good cause."

"Thine own good sword—what were it to Warwick's? and thine own good cause—St. Mary! it had fared ill, but for the swords of my followers."

"My Lord of Warwick and Salisbury bears himself right proudly this morning," said Edward, and a smile, almost of scorn, curled his beautiful lip. "Perchance he may think to transfer his aid to the weaker cause; and soothly pious Henry needeth fierce speakers and fierce fighters, seeing he can do nought of himself far more than he who hath seized his crown and can defend it."

"Edward! do you trifle with mine allegiance?" cried Warwick, sternly. "Take heed—the bear may be baited until he turn and rend his foe-man."

"The bear will always be foremost," said Edward, bitterly; and therefore, what wonder if he should, after all, side with the timid antelope of Lancaster, when the white falcon of York breaks the creance by which he hath too long been held. Well, be it so," continued he,

his reckless impetuosity of temper surmounting every better feeling; "Edward can crush the Red Rose, should it lift its head again, as easily as scatter these flowers with his riding wand."

He struck, as he spoke, a beautiful bough of opening wild roses, which hung half way across the narrow road; but not one leaf fell, and they bounded up again, and waved their blushing blossoms in defiance. Warwick fixed his eyes eagerly, as Edward again angrily struck at the bough—again it bent, again not a leaf fell, but in the rebound it struck the white palfrey on the face, who reared and plunged violently.

"What say ye to the Red Rose, now?" cried Warwick. "Oh! there is truth in omens of ill!" and his thoughts turned to that evening when Edward had so unconsciously taken up the glove.

Edward turned coolly round, and marked with anger the blank and horror-struck looks of his attendants. "It is your presence, my lord, that brings evil omens," said he, "and therefore your question I will answer because it will relieve us from your unwished-for company. Marry the lady Bona, I will not; and ask ye the reason, I am wed."

"To whom? Edward of York—wed I to whom?"

"It is truly fitting that the King of England should reply to all that Lord Warwick asks," said Edward, keeping down his anger to add bitterness to his sarcasm, "and truly fitting, too, that Lord Warwick should know my lady-love's name, that, as Lord High Chamberlain at her coronation, he may be ready to do her his accustomed suit and service. The Lady Elizabeth Wyville is my bride, who, albeit the widow of one who was only a Lancastrian knight, is yet daughter to an earl, though he beareth not the quarterings of the Beauchamps and the Nevilles." Edward lifted his cap, with a mock expression of humility, and bowed with a smile of scorn. "And now, hath my Lord of Warwick any more to ask?"

Warwick turned a gloomy look on him, and with violent effort replied, "Thou hast baited the bear—ware his vengeance."

Edward again bowed with a mock humility, and setting spurs to Lady Blanche, swiftly rode on. The trample of the horses aroused Warwick from his bitter dream. "Edward," cried he, "stay! wherefore should I keep my father's ring, when the son thus scorns my friendship? Take it, and my defiance!" He snatched a ring from his forefinger, and flung it far on the road; then setting spurs to his iron-grey, he swiftly rejoined his wandering company.

Meanwhile Edward rode on in angry silence. He felt that he was already about to reap the fruit of his ill-advised marriage, in the hostility, perhaps the defection, of the most powerful and most attached of all his nobles, and it was with no lover-like haste that he pursued his journey, until the towers of Grafton rose before him. There, even when the politic Duchess Jaqueline came forward with flask of wine and spice-ladle, and the fair Elizabeth herself bounded lightly to meet him, a cloud of unspread wine; he gazed coldly on the delicate features of his three weeks' bride, and too well did her subtle mother perceive, though as yet she knew not the cause, that no chain, however fine, could long bind captive the white falcon of York.

"Our Lady said ye, Lord Warwick," cried Dr. Bouchier, as pale and agitated, he entered the study; "what hath come to pass? I sent a message to Warwick House, praying ye not to see the King to-day, but 't was said ye had not returned."

"And wherefore not?"

"Because there is jeopardy—danger of loss of favor, danger even to your house."

"Danger of loss of favor have I already incurred yes, Edward and I have met, and parted foremen."

"St. Mary!"

"Aye, and he is wed, to the upstart River's daughter; and he taunted me with my noble ancestry, with the bearings of the Beauchamps and the Nevilles—the bear hath been shrewdly baited, but the time will come—will it not?—when he shall be evenged."

The astrologer gazed on Warwick in silence, struck with astonishment at the accurate fulfillment of his own predictions; at length he found words. "And what said ye to him?"

"Defied him, and flung back the ring that his father exchanged with me."

"The saints forefend! and yet surely that very ring is on your finger."

Warwick looked hurriedly on the ring which remained on his right hand. "It is," said he.

"St. George and St. Michael! 't is mine own seal ring that I have cast away."

"Heed it not, Lord Warwick; Philip Malpas will soon make ye a better."

"He will not, he cannot; ye worth the day! I would it had been this ring!"

"Say not so; on that ring depends much, that time alone will show."

"But on the other depends more; it was made by a learned man who will never make another, finished at a fortunate point of time, endowed with great and wondrous virtues. St. Mary! five hundred marks would I willingly give to him who could restore it."

"Perchance it may be found."

"No, no, my evil destiny prevails; but truly whoever brought me that ring might gain even whatever he asked for."

Both sat in silence—Warwick absorbed in unavailing grief for the loss of his so highly prized seal ring, and Dr. Bouchier in anxious conjectures as to what the peculiar virtues of that cherished ring could be, for Warwick had never before even spoke of it. At length Warwick rose. "Dr. Bouchier, I thank you for your skill," said he; "ye have foretold most truly things which I little deemed would come to pass—show me how I may avert their evil consequences. Be a friend to me, as I have ever shown myself to you, and ask what gurdonye please."

"For myself I have nought to ask; but, Lord Warwick, my young grandson would I commend to your care," said the well-pleased astrologer.

"I will take charge of him—bid him be with me to-morrow, for I shall set forth for Middleham Castle; farewell."

"The blessed saints be praised!" ejaculated the canon of St. Martin's, as the proud Earl of Warwick departed: "the first for my young Amias is gained—once under the protection of the white bear, little need I fear for him, and who may tell what his after-course may be! O, sweet St. Mary, grant him but to uplift the Red Rose banner, and my last wish will be fulfilled!"

Warwick departed to Middleham Castle; but, ere long, message after message was sent by the now repentant Edward, suing for reconciliation, which offers of manors and wardships, and of dignities to be bestowed upon his relatives (for on Warwick scarcely could another high office be heaped), until, at length, urged by his brothers and softened by so many concessions, he acceded to the hollow peace.—Lands and honors were lavished on his brother, Lord Montague; the mitre of York itself was placed on the youthful brow of his youngest brother, George Neville, the chancellor—and, in bitter payment for all this, at the feast of Michaelmas, at the abbey of Reading, Warwick himself led in the luckless Elizabeth Wyville, to receive the homage of the nobles. "Wait, and be wary, Warwick," said the canon of St. Martin's; "the time will come at length, but till then must the bear be chained."

Six anxious, feverish, unsettled years passed away, and often was the hollow peace between Edward and Warwick broken, and as often most unexpectedly made up. Hopes of the re-blossoming of the Red Rose had almost fled from the minds of even the warmest Lancastrians, while the Yorkist, irritated at the profligacy and tyranny of their once popular monarch began to murmur bitterly, if not loudly, and to accuse that reckless system of favoritism which had raised even the most distant relatives of Elizabeth to an equality with the ancient nobility of the land. Still little would the spectator, as he gazed at the merry faces of the holiday-clad citizens who crowded the then wide churchyard of St. Paul's and Ludgate, believe that aught of discontent could find place among them; but the day was bright and summer-like, and a splendid procession, bound to their own cathedral, and to do honor to their own tutelary saint, was about to pass by, for it was the feast of St. Edward the Confessor; and King Edward and his attendant nobles were to offer a new cloth of gold pall at the shrine of the canonized Erkenwald.

"Stand up here, good Margery," said an old woman to her companion, who, equally old, and leaning on a cross-handled stick, made her way with difficulty through the crowd—"stand up just here; good Master Malpas is not a churl, to drive away an old woman from his door; and here we can see all down Ludgate, and right to the great door of St. Paul's."

"Ay, so we can," replied the other, "but, yet, methinks, we have seen better sights years ago; in my eye, not in fifty-eight, when good King Henry, and York, and all the lords, went to make up their peace?"

"Right well, but saints, here are so many quarrels and reconcilments, one can scanty remember them all."

"And there will be more, with our rightful king kept in prison, and his son flying none knoweth where."

"Peace, good Margery, such things may not be said; only yesternight Ralph Aston, for telling some of his neighbors that things would never go well till my Lord Warwick was foremost, was sent for by the aldermen."

"And there, methinks, we may all say so," said a bold looking man, who stood beside, in a leather doublet and flat worsted cap, the common dress of the artisans. "Who keepeth better house than Lord Warwick? six fat oxen cooked every morning for breakfast. I promise ye I had oftentimes last winter lacked a breakfast, but for the buttery-hatch at Warwick House."

"And so had I," interposed another, whose thread-bare jerkin, stained with rust, and hose half murray and half blue, the lively colors of York, showed him to be a disbanded man-at-arms. "Ay, I was sent home from Calais half dead last year, and might have died for all the lord of Calais would care, but, thanks to the sanctuary of St. Martin, where I found a home, (though 't was among beggarly company,) and my noble Lord Warwick's beef and mutton, I am e'en ready to fight again, though it needs not to say for whom."

A significant glance was exchanged between the four, and Margery in a lower tone said, "And what did they say at Calais about that noble earl and the French king?"

"Say, good wife? that my Lord Warwick might even have his will of him. Now that king is old, and wise, and learned in the stars, right different 'I'll warrant ye to him yonder, and he hath a grizzled beard, and wearth a doublet not worth a groat, but, he's very wise, and, 't is thought by many that, as he readeth the stars, he can see somewhat that we cannot, but, that will be."

"Saints grant it! Ay, methought I would come out once again," said Margery. "To see my Lord Warwick, and perchance I might see my own dear foster-child, too."

"I doubt an ye will see Lord Warwick to-day," said the man-at-arms, "for he was not at Warwick House this morning."

"St. Mary! is there a new quarrel?" ejaculated the three.

"Have ye not heard," said a man who had just come up, "that the king hath had news that my lord of Warwick and his son-in-law Clarence have been leaving men in their own name in Lincolnshire, instead of fighting the rebels?"

"Rebels! marry, so say all you great ones when poor souls half starving take the law into their own hands, cried the man in the leather doublet.

"Ye say true, good master," replied the man-at-arms, "what was Robin of Reddale's rising, and this of the Lincolnshire men, but because they lacked bread?—here's nought of White Rose or Red in this matter."

"But, there may be somewhat of the white