

Uxbridge

111.
Chapter VII.¹⁶

William Jackson parted from his friend, more determined than ever to make some effort to clear the city of the desperate band that withheld possession of it. The scene he had just witnessed had convinced him that the lives and properties of the his fellow citizens were entirely at the mercy of a desperate band of horde of lawless men who were only waiting for a signal from their leader to commence a general pillage of all who had anything to lose. With these reflections, & emboldened he repaired to several of his friends and having obtained their promises of assistance, he proceeded to arrange his plans for resisting the rebels at all hazards. He had the satisfaction of finding that the violent conduct of Cade had already caused many of his friends to suspect his ultimate intentions. "By honest and they by common sense," says the Chronicle "cast in their minds by sequel of this matter, and fery late they shall be delt with in byte manner". The young goldsmith shews he was not without suppressed animosity against Cade and his followers by many forebodings as to their further proceedings; and having obtained an interview with the Lord Mayor, he was rejoiced to find that official as well as the Sheriff had resolved to oppose the entrance of the rebel host on the morrow. The citizens, horrified at the brutal murder of Lord Bay, and disgusted with the exhibition of the head of the unfortunate nobleman placed on a pike & paraded through their principal thoroughfares, were at length roused to a sense of their danger. The rashly flight of the weak minded King, & the suspicion entertained by many of the designs of the Duke of York, while they anticipated a civil war, had led the Londoners to believe that the partisans of either would respect their property, but in Cade they saw only a needy, lawless, and sanguinary rebel, whose sole motives of action, like those which influence all demagogues, were a low love of fame and a hatred of all that is orderly & respectable. The hours of Cade's rule in the city of London were accordingly numbered.

Master J. Goldt entered his house with direful misgivings of some impending danger. There are times when a kind of instinct gives to man a warning of coming danger, & bids him prepare to meet or avert it. The old goldsmith knew that he was reported one of the richest of his calling
between

between the old Change and the Poultry; that the Sanctuary folk in the an-
 hallowed precincts of Saint Martin's owed him no good will for his occasional
 visits in that quarter, & that many of the desperate men, considering law was at
 an end in the city, were ~~not~~ following in the rebel train & urging them to plunder
 havoc & plunder. Cole, after the murder of Lord Say at the standard in the Chepe,
 now marched with his host to White Hall where he was met by the ~~own~~ ~~rebels~~
 Every rebel who hearing of the success of their brethren in the opposite side of the
 Chepe, had taken up arms & marched towards London. Master Dylloft saw that
 the storm was gathering, and anticipating that on the return of the rebels with a
 reinforcement there would be a repetition of the scenes of the preceding days, he
 predicted to stretch his most valuable efforts, confiding in the honesty of his tried servants,
 of all the Goldsmiths in the chepe he had certainly the most to stand, for his nephews &
 would be soon-in-law were bound with the leader of the rebellion, and the former was
 constantly in attendance upon him. With these dismal forebodings the Goldsmith locked
 himself with his daughter to the upper rooms of the house having caused the outer gate to be
 closed & carefully bolted & barred. There was a death like silence in the streets interrupted
 only by the cawing of the rooks in the elms near the Cathedral of Saint Paul & the
 shrill cries of the Jack daws in the steeples & towards tower of ~~St~~ Bow Church.
 Now ~~then~~ and then a citizen would pass hastily along the Chepe & as he met a friend
 or neighbour would shake his head significantly & shuffle on his way: there was
 something portentous in this unworldly calm in the very heart of the city. It
 took some good to the Rebel army. While the Goldsmith sat brooding in solitude on
 the probable finale of the rebellious day, a distant noise disturbed his reverie. He walked
 to the casement which projected several feet over the foot way and afforded him
 a good view of the Chepe from one end to the other; but scarcely a sound was to be
 seen abroad, and nearly every shop and stall was closed. Opening a window, he listened
 for a moment & plainly heard the sound of the rebel drums. A better view escaped
 the eye of the old citizen as the sound reached his ears, and he paced up and down
 the room imploring the saints to hurl destruction upon the disturbers of the peace
 of the city. The noise each moment came nearer and nearer & at length was mingled
 with wild shouts & tumultuous outbursts of exhortation. The goldsmith looked a-
 gain from the window & then saw that the Poultry was ~~filled~~ filled by a column of
 men ten or twelve abreast, preceded by their leader and his ~~brother~~ brother on horseback,
 In front of the column, elevated on long staves, were two spears which ~~conspicuously~~
 the citizens from the windows were regarding with horror and consternation. They were
 the heads of the Lord Say & his son-in-law, Sir James Comers, whom the Rebels had
 slain & beheaded on the way to White Hall. As the rebel army advanced up the Chepe the
 men who bore these ghastly relics held them together for a moment - and caused
 as the Chanceler Fabian hath it by the deed mouth to expose other diverse and many
 types "You save us!" ejaculated the Goldsmith, as he beheld this dismal
 sight