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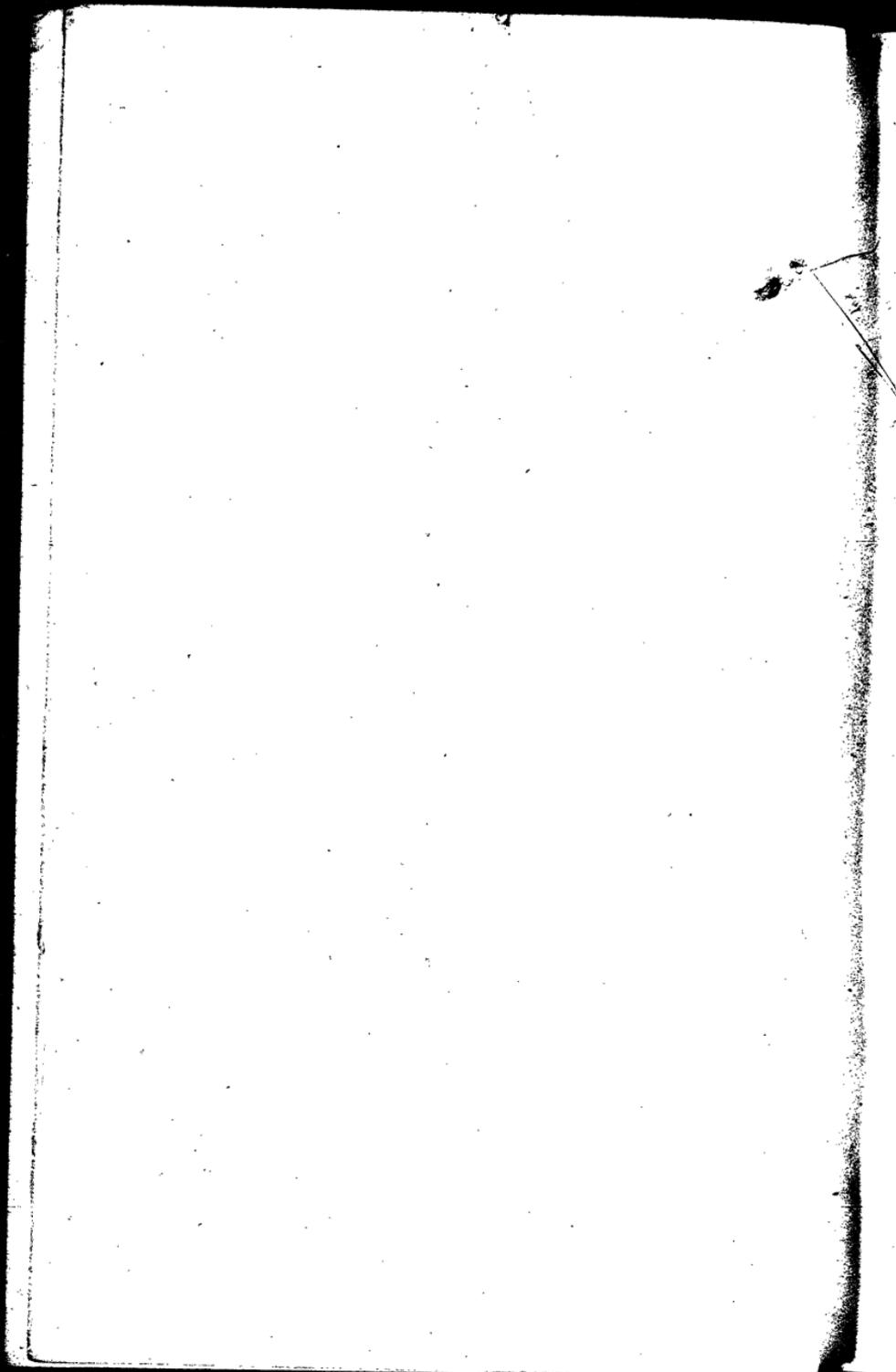
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THE
LOYALISTS:

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

VOL. III.

Strahan and Preston,
Printers-Street, London.

Lady Pennington.

THE
LOYALISTS:

AN
HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY

The Author of "LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN,"
"A TALE OF THE TIMES," &c.

Preserve your Loyalty, maintain your Rights.
Inscription on a Column at Appleby.

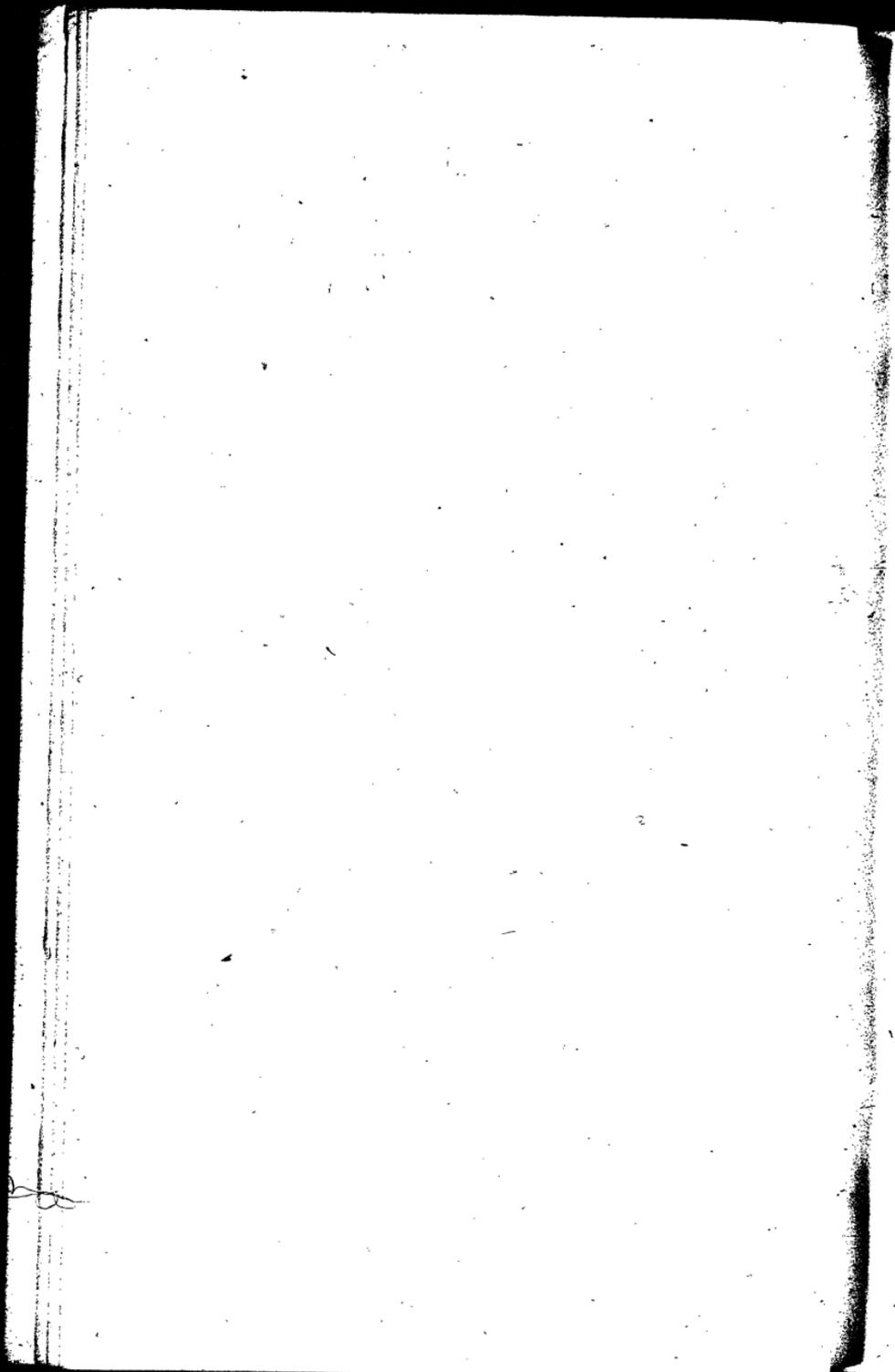
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1812.



THE
LOYALISTS.

CHAP. XIX.

Teach all men how dangerous it is to step aside out of the path of innocence and virtue upon any presumption to get into it again; since such men usually satisfy themselves in doing any thing to mend the present exigent they are in, rather than think of returning to that condition of innocence from whence they departed. CLARENDON.

THE public rebuke of Lord Hopton (in its most opprobrious charge wholly undeserved) and the subsequent interview with his father, produced a marked change in the character of Eustace. He saw that his misfortunes had proceeded from rash impetuosity, extreme confidence in his own talents, and a precipitate estimation of the merit

of those he admitted to his friendship. From that period he became wary and circumspect; a pensive gloom clouded his once fervent animation; he looked and felt like one bound to life by an irresistible spell, for in that light he considered his father's command, to live and redeem his honour.

He was not without hope, that the cordial testimony of Governor Arundel in his favour at Pendennis-Castle might prove the means of restoring him to the presence of his friends; but a report at that time reaching him of the high estimation in which Monthault was held by the Beaumont family, added to an assurance that he was the accepted lover of Constantia, determined him against returning to Oxford, to witness the arts by which that now-detected traitor had confirmed his ruin. He had often heard the love of women was not of that ardent nature, which outlives disgrace and mis-

fortune. Perhaps he secretly commended the noble principles which could prevail on a young woman to reject a dishonoured lover, and deem infamy a sufficient plea to rescind the bond of a plighted attachment. He only lamented, that in this instance Constantia had mistaken the dupe for the villain. Disdaining to dispute the point of character with Monthault, and bent on clearing his fidelity to his King, by some indisputable proofs before he claimed his love, he felt as exiles frequently feel, who, liking nothing but that home from which they are proscribed, suffer chance to decide their course. Jobson had attached himself to his fortunes, he had some relations in Wales, and he spoke much of the loyalty of the mountaineers. — Eustace crossed the British channel and took up his abode in the principality, continuing to distinguish himself as long

as any resistance was made to the parliament.

During the cessation of hostilities, which resembled rather an armed truce than peace, his yearning heart returned to his beloved family, and his dearest Constantia; who, he now learned, had rejected Monthault. But they had left Oxford in the general dispersion of its sages and divines, and he knew not whither they had shaped their course, neither did he yet think he had fulfilled the injunction of redeeming his shames. Continual talk of risings for the King, made him hope he should again have an opportunity of using his sword, and while this suspence lasted, he accepted the hospitality of a worthy surgeon of the name of Lloyd, who resided in the town of Pembroke, and admired the virtues of this brave out-cast, as sincerely as he pitied his misfortunes.

Eustace left the arms of this foster-parent, at the breaking out of the second civil war, which took place during the King's confinement in Carisbroke-Castle. He was one of the first who appeared in arms, and after many bold, but unsuccessful efforts, he and Jobson were among the number who sustained that memorable siege in Pembroke-Castle, where, after holding out to the last extremity, a selected number of the brave defenders were sacrificed to republican revenge*.

I have already stated that the command of the army, destined to subdue the Welsh Loyalists, had been given to Lord Bellingham as a test of his fidelity,

* In the account of what passed at Pembroke-Castle, the author has not adhered to history or chronology ; but the similar barbarity and breach of contract, which took place at Colechester, justifies the narration.

or rather a snare to expedite his ruin, and that his Countess was privy to this design, being actually the person who had informed Cromwell of his secret disaffection. The Usurper had recently suffered a severe disappointment; his favourite General Mytton had thrown up his command in disgust, and refused again to subdue his countrymen, since he perceived his hopes of founding a republic, that was to combine every Utopian idea of purity, had issued in the establishment of military despotism. Cromwell resolved henceforth to employ a more subtle policy, and to place a spy on every one whom he entrusted with an important command, whose interest it should be to watch and report all their actions. He had formed a determination not only to annihilate the ancient nobility, but also to create a new house of peers, consisting of men raised

by what he called personal merit, in reality a selection from his own creatures, which is often the true explanation of the word merit, when used for party-purposes. No expedient could better serve such a purpose, than that of exhibiting birth and rank, self-degraded in the person of one, who he knew would prove himself unworthy of the trust reposed in him.

When a system of *espionage* and secret influence becomes the ruling principle of government, it follows that the governed must counteract its designs by a similar process, and thus *vexatillity* and treachery become legalized by the acknowledged laws of self-defence. Lord Bellingham had his agents in the army, as well as Cromwell, and soon discovered that the sword of Damocles was suspended over his head. Though disaffected to the cause he served, he had not courage to avow his sentiments, or even prudence enough

to throw up the command, and embrace the only chance of safety, by choosing a life of retirement. Wedded to the possessions and rank he had so dearly purchased, and full of ill-founded confidence that he could play as successful a game with a close-penetrating tyrant, as he had done with a generous inexperienced King, he thought an air of inexorable cruelty to the royalists must remove, or at least lull the suspicions of the serpent, who lay wrapped round in observant coil, ready to spring upon him. As to the feelings of those whom he persecuted, for the sake of prolonging his own worthless life and preserving his ill-acquired fortunes, he either entirely forgot that they had any, or considered that self-preservation rendered every expedient lawful.

After enduring a siege equalled in horror only by that of Colchester, Pembroke-Castle surrendered on the same

terms ; namely, that the common soldiers might depart unmolested, and the inhabitants be safe in person and property, while the officers and gentlemen who had borne arms should surrender prisoners at mercy. The generous sentiments of these self-devoted patriots sustained them in the agonizing trial of parting with the bands they had led always to honour, sometimes to victory, by the consideration that, by placing themselves in jeopardy, they had purchased the safety of those whom they could no otherwise protect, and whose services were now useless as the cause was desperate. But far different were the feelings of the soldiers, who were compelled to leave their beloved commanders in this state of peril. The regret of Jobson was peculiarly lively, he wrung the hand of Eustace, implored him to assist him in passing for a subaltern, that he might share his perils, and insisted he was as good a gentleman as

many of Bellingham's officers. Eustace attempted to laugh at his apprehensions, assured him that the rumour of the General's intention to decimate the prisoners was suggested by some malicious person, who sported with the feelings of unfortunate people. "The only difference in our fate," said he to Jobson, "is that you are at large with your unhealed wounds to beg or starve, whichever (being your own master) you shall think most eligible; while I shall be well taken care of as a prisoner, probably sent to London, and perhaps, by some fortunate occurrence, may be indulged with a sight of my honoured father. With what transport shall I throw myself into his arms, crave his blessing, tell him I have redeemed my shames, and proved by my sufferings and my blood that I am no traitor."

Jobson took a lingering leave; the commands of Bellingham were peremp-

tory. Every soldier of the King's found in the castle, the evening after its surrender, was ordered to be thrown over the rock into the sea. Cowardice was his motive for this command. He dreaded the fury of even a disarmed and unofficered army, and he resolved to disperse them, previous to his bringing on the premeditated catastrophe of his bloody tragedy.

On the succeeding morning a ghastly-looking figure, whose face spoke some abhorred errand, ordered the captives to attend the council of officers. Bellingham, surrounded with those, who secretly panted for his destruction, acted as their organ, and assuming the consequence of a general, informed his prisoners*,
“ That after so long and obstinate a defence, till they found it necessary to

* This is copied from what passed at Colchester.

deliver up themselves to mercy, it was necessary that the peace of the kingdom might be no more disturbed in that manner, that some military justice should be executed, and therefore the council had determined that three should be presently shot." The tallies were immediately produced, the victims blindfolded, and Eustace drew one of those marked with the fatal sentence of death. His partners in affliction had nothing remarkable in their appearance to engage peculiar sympathy; but the beautiful countenance of Eustace, faded indeed by severe suffering, yet lighted by the splendor of eyes radiant with intelligence, while all his features spoke sense and feeling, had already drawn the attention of the butchers who sat to see him exposed to the chance of slaughter. With collected intrepidity he stretched his hand, and steadily drew the lot from the fatal urn. When the contents were announced, he

tore the bandage from his eyes, and, rolling them in stern defiance of the rebel group, embraced his fellow-victims. A silent appeal to Heaven succeeded; and then, without one supplicatory address for mercy, in a manly tone, he inquired what time would be allowed them to prepare for death. His manner had so far softened their hearts, that a respite of three hours was granted; and Lord Bellingham offered them the assistance of one of his own chaplains to direct their devotions.

It would have been an inestimable consolation to Eustace had the worthy Barton officiated in that capacity; but he was now among the number of respectable characters who were thrown into prison for presuming to intercede in the King's behalf. The person who attended Eustace was an ignorant desperate fanatic, in reality a spy of Cromwell's, whom the arbitrary will of Lady Bel-

lingham compelled her lord to retain about his person. Such an assistant could afford no comfort to a condemned man ; in reality he only served to disturb the composure which a long series of sorrows and sufferings had enabled Eustace externally to assume — I say externally, for his soul secretly melted at the unusual misfortunes that had clouded his short existence. He recollected at this trying moment the precious delights and glorious visions of his boyhood. His mind dwelt on the delusive opinion of his own powers, which had endangered his high expectations of renown, the fatal intimacy, and the numerous errors that changed glory into disgrace ; and now, when misfortune had taught him wisdom, by the cruel sentence of coward rebels he was doomed, in cold blood, not only to an early, but also to an ignominious grave. He should never more re-join his father ! never behold his plighted Con-

stantia! Death he would welcome almost with transport, could he but hear the former pronounce his forgiveness, or the latter vow that she would cherish his memory. To die unknown, distant from all he loved, be ignorant of their present state, and they of his miserable doom — such a combination of excruciating misfortunes required no common fortitude to support the trial, or to divest a soul (which clung to the future with greater eagerness in proportion to the fallacy of past expectations) of those strong attachments to this life which impeded his journey to another. The glow of heroism which animated his face, and warmed his bosom before the council, was succeeded by the chill of despair. The precious moments of preparation for eternity were consumed in a whirl of distracting thought. He stood caressing a favourite spaniel whom he had preserved alive during the severe privations of the siege, watching

the swift movements of the clock which numbered the remaining pulses of his heart, wondering if it would thus throb at the moment when he plunged into an unknown existence, endeavouring to recollect a recommendatory prayer, but too amazed and petrified by the cruelty of man to meditate on the mercy of God.

Meanwhile, Henley the chaplain, with the stern austerity of unpitying fanaticism, asked Eustace if he was in a state of grace, or had witnessed the experience of a saving call. Receiving no answer to these inquiries, he began the usual routine of vituperative prayer, and affected to supplicate for mercy on what he styled a child of wrath doomed to perdition, and, by his own consent, in the bondage of Satan. Eustace was roused by this mockery from his apparent stupor. "Call you this," said he, "spiritual comfort for the afflicted, or a requiem for a departing soul? I was educated in the principles of

true piety. I know myself to be a frail, responsible being, and that my spirit is composed of those imperishable materials which will enable me to exist in a state of retribution. I trust in the merits of Him who died to save me. I am severed from my dearest connections. My days are terminated in the morning of my life. I am denied the fruition of those glorious hopes which prompted me to distinguish myself by deeds deserving virtuous renown. So wills the Ruler of the universe. Blind and cruel instruments often accomplish the inscrutable designs of Providence; but I have been taught to consider all its purposes as issuing in mercy. I fought for a virtuous King; I die for his exiled son. My name shall live in honour when Bellingham and all the vile associates of Cromwell are consigned to infamy. I am the son of Colonel Evellin, the nephew of Dr. Eusebius Beaumont, both renowned

Loyalists. You, Sir, cannot instruct me ; for the principles I imbibed from them will support me in my last moments.”

The Chaplain listened with surprise to the account which Eustace gave of himself, and thought it expedient to return to his lord before his execution. Bellingham had been much struck with the aspect of the brave youth. The unacknowledged yearnings of nature, excited by his resemblance to his father, made him wish to save his life, while the compunctious visitings of mercy were again repressed by terror for his own. While he thus hesitated, Henley returned, and advised the Earl by no means to preserve such a determined profligate, who had rejected his prayers with disdain, refused to give any account of the state of his soul, persisted in a false exposition of the gospel, and gloried in his relationship to notorious malignants. “ He is the son of that desperado Colonel

Evellin," said Henley—Bellingham trembled as he uttered that name—"and the nephew of Dr. Eusebius Beaumont," continued the Chaplain. The horrors and fears of Bellingham were wrought to a climax by this information. Those apprehensions which the likeness of Eustace to his injured father, and the similitude of their names excited, were now confirmed beyond all doubt, by his claiming kindred with Dr. Beaumont. Allan Neville was therefore still alive, and no other than the famous Colonel Evellin, at whose name he and many other rebels had often turned pale. Bellingham had frequently revolved in his mind the possibility that the brave Loyalist might be his injured brother. He had lost sight of him before the commencement of the civil wars, and hoped he had fallen a victim to insanity in his mountainous retreat. He now knew he was still alive, perhaps preserved to re-

claim his inheritance, at least he was the father of a brave interesting youth whom he had just doomed to slaughter, and dared not pardon. Practised as he was in guilt, his heart revolted at the idea of shedding his blood. Hurried out of his accustomed caution, he faintly acknowledged the prisoner was his nephew; but suddenly re-assuming his wonted duplicity, he desired Henley to hurry back, and inquire if he had any more brothers, observing it was a desperate family, and perhaps sparing the life of one might be the means of getting the rest into the power of Parliament.

Henley had caught the inadvertent acknowledgment of kindred, and was prepared to use it to forward the views of Cromwell. Before he returned to Eustace, he took care to inform the agitators that their General's nephew was one among the captive officers assigned by lot to expiate for the loss of their

comrades who had perished in the siege, and that Bellingham was now devising measures to save his life. An universal clamour was immediately raised; the soldiers assembled on the parade, and called for impartial justice. The agitators proceeded in a body to the General's quarters, demanding that the prisoners should be instantly executed, and, that no subterfuge or exchange might take place, they would themselves examine their features, and ascertain that they were those who drew the lots of death.

Meanwhile Henley was holding forth hopes of mercy to Eustace, and drew from him a description of the state of his family. He also inquired if he had any friends in Pembroke. A prudent recollection of the danger to which he might expose Dr. Lloyd, prevented Eustace from requesting the comfort of his attendance. The conference was interrupted

by the loud clamours of the soldiers. Eustace knew their meaning, endeavoured to compose his thoughts, and submitted to his fate. It was reported that, as he went to execution, he had the melancholy comfort of seeing his friend among those who came to witness his last moments. If so, his perturbed spirit was soothed with the consciousness that there was one who would record his magnanimity, and rescue his cold remains from barbarous indignity or oblivious neglect.

“ I know little more, please Your Reverence,” said Jobson to Dr. Beaumont, “ than that they were all cruelly shot to death. I have heard that poor Fido sat howling on my young master’s corse, and would not let any body touch it till Dr. Lloyd fetched it away to bury it; and that the Doctor keeps the poor dog still, and will never part with it. Ah! the bloody-minded knaves so hated poor Eustace, that they never would have suf-

ferred him to have had Christian burial, had not the officers and soldiers mutinied just at that moment. They said that the General had betrayed them, and that the trouble they had to conquer us was all owing to his favouring his friends in the Castle. There is nothing but lies among the Round-heads; for I'll take my life not a soul of us would have had any thing to do with them, and if starving us to death was a way of shewing us favour, I hope never to meet with such friends any more. So, and please Your Reverence, as soon as poor Mr. Eustace fell, the Devil (whom they talk so much about) got among them, and they began quarrelling and fighting; and a pity it is he did not come a little sooner and carry off that cowardly Lord who let his prisoners be shot in cold blood, because he could not beat them when they had arms in their hands. Had it not been for him, the finest young man Lancashire ever

bred would have been alive and merry with his noble father at this moment. I don't wonder Your Reverence weeps and wrings your hands. I would have died a thousand times to save him ; and if ever I may shew my face in the open day-light again, I'll go to Pembroke and beg Dr. Lloyd to let me take Fido to Mistress Constantia. Poor Fido ! Mr. Eustace hid him all through the siege, or the garrison would have eat him. We gave him a morsel out of our own mess, and that was short commons enough. I fancy I see him walking after Mr. Eustace when he went to be shot, and then sitting on his body. I warrant they found the lock of Mrs. Constantia's hair lying on his heart ; for he looked at it every day, and swore he never would part with it. O ! that I had died instead of him ; there is nobody to grieve for Ralph Jobson !”

Thus imitating the artifice, while unable to catch the spirit of the Grecian

painter, I describe sorrow as personified in a faithful attendant, and leave the reader's imagination to picture the frantic father and the fainting mistress of Eustace — affliction wearing the form of a ministering angel in Isabel, and that of a mourning patriarch in Dr. Beaumont — all tracing the ruin of their dearest hopes to the same iniquitous source; yet all agreeing that it was better to die with virtue than to live with guilt; to be immolated on the shrine of alarmed ambition, rather than to be the bloody hierarch who dragged the sacrifice to the altar.

CHAP. XX.

I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then
(The image of his Maker) hope to win by it ?
Corruption gains not more than honesty.

SHAKSPERE.

AMONG the victims whom the crimes and fears of Lord Bellingham made supremely wretched, we must rank his amiable and repentant son, who, languishing to cleanse his house from the foul stain of usurpation, had long resolved to do justice to his injured uncle, and to relinquish his surreptitious honours to Eustace, anticipating the friendship of that noble youth, and the hand of Isabel as the best rewards he could receive. No bridal transport, no yearnings of grateful friendship, no cordial thrill of conscious integrity now cheered the gloom of his

future prospects. The father had sinned beyond all possibility of the son's atoning for his crimes. Was it possible for Colonel Evellin or Constantia to bear his sight? Could Isabel ever plight her faith to the son of her brother's murderer? These agonizing forebodings were soon confirmed by the receipt of the following letter:—

“ Dear Arthur,

“ It is impossible for me to leave the secret chamber to bid you farewell. I can sometimes tranquillize my father. I trust in heaven his life will be preserved, and his reason restored. I know you are innocent, and I know too that I shall always love you; but my heart forebodes we must meet no more in this world. I do not bid you forget me—No; I will implore your daily prayers, for I have great need of patience and fortitude. Solicit for me earnestly at the

throne of grace, and thus shew your affection to

ISABEL EVELLIN."

" Our sweet Constantia looks like a virgin-martyr, beautiful and resigned. She bids me say she shall always love her kind friend Arthur. Surely you might write to her, and mention what course you mean to pursue."

It would be difficult to say, whether this letter gave De Vallance more pain or pleasure. Hope seldom deserts the lover who knows he is beloved. But why did he feel delight at hearing Isabel acknowledge her heart would ever be devoted to him? Could affection burst the cinctures of the grave, and re-animate the corpse which his father had prematurely sent to that dark mansion? Should he not rather have wished her to determine to tear his image from her heart, and be happy in a second choice? I aim to recommend

practical and praise-worthy self-denial, not that romantic strain of extravagant sentiment which enjoins impossibilities and commends absurdities. Arthur's reflections told him that in treasuring the remembrance of Isabel, even in his heart-of-heart, he invaded no one's right, and broke no divine precept. He measured the feelings of his mistress by his own. "Whatever," said he, "may betide me in life, of good or ill fortune, the idea of this virtuous, this heroical maid, shall restrain the arrogance of prosperity, or prevent my sinking under the weight of calamity. I will bring her to my mind's eye, restraining her tears for her murdered brother; supporting her wretched father, imbecile alike in mind and body; consoling the friend of her youth, widowed in her virgin love; and let me add, following her plighted Arthur with pious prayers and devoted affection. If I have now no motive to action in the

hope of possessing virtue personified in my Isabel, I still have the incentive of proving myself worthy of her constant attachment."

Determined never more to return to his parents, the sight of whom would have been almost as terrible to him as to the unhappy family with whom he had so long sojourned, if the remorseless Countess and usurping Earl had dared to invade the privacy of their sorrows, De Vallance resolved to leave England, and engage in the service of his exiled King. Should prudential motives cause the King to decline making use of his sword, the war which had for twenty years subsisted between France and Spain would furnish him with employment, and he resolved rather to end his days as a mercenary soldier than to remain in England a rebel to his Prince, and the acknowledged heir of usurped greatness.

Avoiding all expostulation, or indeed all chance of further intercourse with his parents, he removed from Ribblesdale with the utmost privacy. Changing his clothes and assuming a disguise which altered his appearance, he shaped his course toward Liverpool, from whence he hoped to procure a passage to France. He had not proceeded far before he overtook Jobson, who, unable to support the sight of Colonel Evellin's distress, had determined to go back to Pembroke, and gain from Dr. Lloyd a more minute account of the death of Eustace. De Vallance agreed to accompany him and take ship at Milford Haven. Jobson was proud of again serving a loyal gentleman, and Arthur was resolved, for his late master's sake, to assist and protect the brave trooper. "I'll do any thing to serve your honour," said Jobson; "but I hope you will not be offended. My tongue is a little unruly, and apt to slip

out now and then. So if, when I don't intend it, I should say harsh things of the cursed rogue who murdered Mr. Eustace, forgetting that he passes for your honour's father, I hope you will not think me less dutifully disposed to you. For Mrs. Isabel long ago told me you was come over to the right side, and would rather fight for a King without a coat to his back, than such upstarts as Old Noll and the Parliament, though all over gold fringe and black velvet. I tell you what, Master Sedley, My Lord Sedley I believe I ought to say"—

" My name is Arthur de Vallance," replied he; " I have no right to any title."

" Bless your honourable nature," said Jobson. " Poor Mr. Eustace, I find, ought to have been My Lord, but as that traitor shot him to get him out of the way, I don't see why you should not be Lord Sedley rather than one of Old Noll's

tinkers should, who are sure to catch up all the good things they can lay hold of."

Arthur smote his breast, and with agony reflected, that however his soul abhorred the foul crime, he must (as his father was created a peer by the late King) reap the advantage of it. The horror of this consideration was alleviated by considering that on the death of Bellingham he should have power to rescue Evellin from the protracted misery of a life of concealment, and Isabel from terror, poverty, and a renunciation of even common comforts. While he was engrossed by meditating plans for their immediate relief, Jobson went on, unobserved, raving against the degradation of serving upstarts, and resolving to stand by true gentlemen while he had a drop of blood in his veins.

The remittances which De Vallance had received from his tenants, enabled him to purchase horses and other ne-

cessaries for himself and Jobson. Assuming the name of Herbert, he gave himself out to be a gentleman travelling with his servant on a tour of pleasure. They reached Pembroke in safety, but the pious intentions of Jobson were frustrated; he could neither pluck a tuft of grass from his master's grave, nor recover Fido to console Constantia. Dr. Lloyd had left the town, and no one knew where the remains of Eustace were deposited. The graves of his fellow-victims were pointed out by the attentive piety of the young maidens, who adorned them with garlands of flowers, which (according to the custom of the country) were renewed every Sabbath. On that day they duly knelt beside the spot, and with awful veneration kept alive their own attachment to the cause for which these officers suffered, by repeating the Lord's prayer.

It was a matter of the deepest concern to Jobson that the grave of Eustace was

not pointed out and adorned with similar honours. He began to conceive an implacable aversion to Dr. Lloyd for not having given him a public interment. "Is it not enough," said he to De Vallance, "to make poor Mr. Eustace walk? One of these gentlemen, to be sure, was a fine corny-faced cavalier, who paid for many a jug of Welsh ale that I drank to His Majesty's health, and the other was a stout desperate lieutenant, that would fight and swear with any body; but not one of them was half so handsome, sweet-speaking, well-born a gentleman as Mr. Eustace."

De Vallance did not apprehend that posthumous honours soothed the separated spirit; and had he not been standing on the awful spot which consummated his father's crimes, he would have smiled at the retention of these old pagan ideas respecting the state of the departed. He

questioned the by-standers whether any thing was known respecting the interment of young Evellin. Some said there was a private funeral huddled up in a strange way; but an old woman whispered that it was suspected the Doctor had made him into a skeleton; and being troubled in conscience afterwards for the wicked act had fled the country. Absurd as this suggestion was, it suited the pre-conceived prejudices of Jobson, and in future afforded De Vallance some relief, by diverting part of his companion's curses to another object than Lord Bellingham; for in Jobson's estimation there was little difference between the General who condemned, and the surgeon who dissected his master. Nor was he satisfied about Fido's safety, when he found Dr. Lloyd had been particularly careful to take the spaniel with him. "Ah, the bloody knave," said he, "I know he will cut

the poor dog up in his experiments, as he calls them, and then sell his skin. That Doctor is a Jew to the back-bone. If I had gone to him with my lame knee, he would have had my leg off directly to put in pickle, and have made me wear a wooden one instead of it. But sweet Isabel fomented it till it was well, and now I can ride on horseback as well as ever. Bless her kind heart! I do hope she and Your Honour will come together at last. Aye, and I know she wishes so too. 'Jobson,' said she, as she bade me farewell, 'if ever you can serve the worthy son of a wicked father, do it for my sake.'"

The reflections of De Vallance on the mysterious circumstances of Eustace's interment took a different train from those of Jobson; but as his thoughts never could pursue any other subject when the magic name of Isabel spell-bound them to the secret chamber,

where filial piety tended its uncomplaining captive, we will follow their course, and return to the Beaumont family.

The pious Isabel with unwearied magnanimity persevered in the duties which her painful situation required. Her nights were uniformly spent in the chamber where her father was concealed, and her days were divided between him and the sad Constantia, who, ever pining for her Eustace, seemed to have no wish but to share his grave. Isabel tried to divert her thoughts to the consoling reflection that his honour was restored, his reputation cleared from the foul charge of treason and the accusations of Mont-hault; his name inscribed on the roll of England's loyal worthies, and the consecrating seal of death fixed on his memory. Dr. Beaumont endeavoured to make her wishes aspire to that happier world where she would rejoin him. He talked of the "order, nature, number,

and obedience of angels * ;” and of her dear Eustace as now joined to their blessed society. He told her, that her lover and herself were still members of the same family, she suffering, he glorified. He pointed out to her those texts of Scripture which imply recognition in Heaven, and in particular mentioned the hope expressed by St. Paul, of presenting his Colossian converts to his Lord, and the Apostles sitting on thrones to judge the tribes of Israel, who therefore must be respectively known as disciples and countrymen. Sometimes he would try to excite emulation, by pointing out the conduct of Isabel, who endured a similar affliction in the destruction of her fondest hopes, but whose spirits were supported by constant bodily exertion, while her mental faculties were no less exercised

* This subject, we are told by Isaac Walton, employed the dying Hooker.

by fresh contrivances, at once to amuse her father, and to add to the security of his retreat. These efforts, he said, gave such an energy to her mind, that she was able to give instead of requiring consolation. Dr. Beaumont attempted to revive his daughter's taste for the beauties of nature; shewed her the rich variety of mountains, dales, woods, lakes, and rivers, which embellished the vicinity of her native village, and especially that most exhilarating of terrestrial objects, the sun rising to enlighten a world which bursts at his approach into splendid beauty.

Constantia listened, reproved her own weakness, and wept. Yet the pious admonitions of her father, and the example of her cousin, assisted by the meliorating influence of time, had a gradual though slow effect, in changing grief into meek resignation. Her lute, long endeared by the remembrance of Eustace;

was now attuned to deplore the death of him who had restored her the treasure. When sorrow can flow in poesy, it becomes more plaintive than agonizing; and possibly the reader will be pleased to see that the long-protracted years of Constantia's anguish were soothed by those alleviations, which, in mercy to man, are permitted imperceptibly to soften the ravages of death.

It is thus that afflicted survivors, in talking and meditating on those who are gone before them to the unseen world, derive an enjoyment from musing on the past, and from anticipating in the future what the present is not able to afford.

CONSTANTIA TO ISABEL.

AND dost thou mourn the sad estate
 Of widow'd love? then silent be;
 And hark! while for my murder'd mate
 I wake the lute's soft melody.

How dear to me the midnight moon,
As through the clouds she sails along,
For then with spirits I commune,
And Eustace listens to my song.

Oh, not to her who wildly mourns
Her noble lover basely slain —
Oh, not to her the morn returns
With pleasure laughing in her train.

So look'd it once, when Eustace sung
Of plighted love's perennial joys,
Now silent is that tuneful tongue,
That graceful form the worm destroys.

In vain the feather'd warblers soar,
Mid floods of many colour'd light ;
I hear them not, but still deplore
The eye of Beauty quench'd in night.

How in the battle flam'd his crest,
Refulgent as the morning star :
But ruthless murder pierc'd that breast,
Which met unhurt the storm of war.

My Love, " how beautiful, how brave ;"
Still, still, her oaths thy Constance keeps ;
The laurel decks the victor's grave,
O'er thine the faithful willow weeps.

The disturbed state of England at this time permitted no long indulgence of domestic sorrow. "Griefs of an hour's age did hiss the speaker," and pity and sympathy often claimed the falling tear, which had been wrung forth by "own distress." Ribblesdale was again disturbed by the march of hostile troops. The young King had yielded to the solicitations of his Scottish subjects, and transported himself to that country. Less scrupulous than his father, he swore to observe the conditions of their covenant; and in return, they promised to give him their crown, and assist him to recover the English diadem. No sooner was the Royal standard displayed on the hills of Caledonia, than the welcome signal revived the hopes and unsheathed the swords of the southern Loyalists. The brave Earl of Derby left his retreat in the isle of Man, to spend the remains of his noble fortune

in his Master's cause ; and, as the event proved, to sacrifice his life. He returned eagerly to Lancashire, and collecting what forces the fallen interests of his family could supply, waited the commands of his Sovereign.

In the mean time the indefatigable Cromwell hastened from Ireland ; and assuming the command which Fairfax had refused to accept, marched the English forces into Scotland, and defeated the covenanters, who, under pretence of restoring the young King, actually held him prisoner, compelling him to act in such subservience to their designs as to sacrifice those, who, without any sinister views, risked their lives in his support. The humiliation of these pretended friends by the victory of Cromwell enabled the King to burst the fetters of Argyle, and throw himself into the arms of the true Loyalists, with whom he concerted measures and recruited his army, while

Cromwell refreshed his fatigued and harassed troops at Edinburgh. Determined to appeal to the loyalty of a nation, now known to be weary of an unsettled government, the King suddenly executed the brave design of passing by Cromwell's army, and marched into England. He was joined in Lancashire by the Earl of Deby: rash counsels were hastily adopted; and, instead of concentrating the force they possessed, and pointing it at one great object, the Earl was required to secure the north-western provinces with a power unequal to the duty; while the King, weakened by his division, marched rapidly towards London, hoping to reach it before he could be overtaken by Cromwell.

The report of an enterprising able young Prince, (for so at this time the second Charles was reputed to be) coming to reclaim by the sword his right to the crown, which had been torn

from the lifeless trunk of his father, on whose grave a hecatomb of regicides was expected to be offered, alarmed all those who had participated in the crimes of treason and murder. The forces of the King were, as usual, exaggerated by report, the hopes of the Loyalist turned possibilities into certainties, a general rising was expected, and it was confidently said had already taken place. Rumours were circulated that in subduing Scotland Cromwell had so weakened himself, that it was impossible for him to pursue the King; and while the less criminal entertained hopes of being able to make terms with their Sovereign, the immediate partizans of the Usurper saw no safety, but in supporting the power of one who they knew must (like themselves) be excepted out of every amnesty.

Among those whom guilt had made desperate, we must include Lord and Lady Bellingham. We have seen that

the former sacrificed his nephew to avoid being accused as a secret favourer of the royal cause, a charge he knew Cromwell had determined to urge against him, as a safe way of removing a staunch republican, who would oppose the ultimate views of his now ripe ambition. Eustace however drew the lot of death to no other purpose than to increase the remorse which occasionally tortured the bosom of Bellingham. A mutiny broke out the moment after the volley was fired, that sent the brave cavaliers to join in the grave the royal martyr whom they had served and deplored; for the rebel General, had awakened too many suspicions, and had too much offended his soldiers by his temporizing conduct, for this sacrifice to expiate his faults. It was remarked, that he never dealt in invective against his opponents, from whence it was inferred, that he wished to treat with them. He neglected the

praying agitators, and therefore they called him Agag, the Amalekite, commanding the host of Israel. He abridged the liberty of the soldiers, and of course straitened the arm of the Lord. He disapproved of plunder and military contribution, consequently endeavoured to make the presbyterians popular at the expence of the godly. At this time these opponents hated each other still more than they did episcopacy; and a presbyterian general, commanding an army who claimed unbounded licence in judgment and conduct, must be condemned for a traitor by that unerring rule, the voice of the majority. Lord Bellingham was therefore arrested by the agitators, and sent prisoner to London at the instant when Eustace fell.

Imprisonment and the scaffold were frequently in those times synonymous. The fallen criminal saw his danger in its full horrors; and, while maintaining an

inordinate attachment to this world, he dreaded the future consequence of his unrepented crimes. He had not numbed the early feelings of religion by the cold torpor of Atheism; nor could he persuade himself to indulge in those reveries of election and impeccability, which had now saturated his Lady's mind. He felt himself to be an accountable being, not a collection of animated atoms associated by chance, which, when the vital spark was extinguished, would crumble into dust without record or responsibility. He knew he was a sinner by choice, who had abused his free-will; not a passive vessel of wrath, predestined to destruction. No inflating ebullition of enthusiasm told him he was become one of those favourites of Heaven who cannot forfeit salvation. He therefore clung to this wretched life, as to the edge of a precipice that beetled over the gulph of perdition. Despair was with

him the substitute of repentance. He looked back on his offences to his King and his friend, convinced that they had exceeded the bounds of mercy. Often did he deplore the utter impossibility of his regaining that state of contented innocence, when he and Allan Neville shared each other's hearts, before the superior qualities and nobler expectations of his friend excited his envy and ambition. He adverted to that time when his love for the beautiful Lady Eleanor was pure and generous, before she had wrought upon him to become the instrument and participator of her criminal ambition and insatiable rapacity. He had not the audacity to think a life stained by perfidy and injustice, made him fitter for the reception of extraordinary grace. The external propriety of his manners, and the patronage he liberally afforded to the divines of the Rump-party, had gained him the reputation of a man of

extraordinary piety ; but the austerities he practised, and the devotions in which he joined, afforded no balsam to his woes. He had been early taught that restitution to the wronged was one of the evidences of real penitence. His title and fortune were the right-hand ; he could not cut off the pride of life to which he was wedded. Had he never known greatness, he would now have been happy as Walter de Vallance, living in a state of respectable competence. He fell into the common fault of incorrigible offenders ; lamenting that he had not subdued the first cravings of desire, and wishing to recall the irremediable past, while to reform the present was too vast a labour.

Sometimes he had persuaded himself, that if he knew Allan Neville were alive, he would purchase peace of conscience by relinquishing his usurped possessions ; but no sooner was he certified of that

fact, and beheld in Eustace the noble heir he had so basely injured, than his base spirit shrank into its narrow cell, and at that moment he would have given worlds to have had the father and son cut off by any hand but his own. Equally affected by the fear of death and of adversity, he yielded Eustace to a fate which some faint remains of humanity made him deplore, while a consciousness that this slaughter tended to confirm his own title, reminded him that, by reaping the advantage of a cruel unjust sentence which he had power to remit, he was virtually his murderer. Such he knew the world would esteem him, if ever the story transpired; and could it be long concealed? His influence with the ruling powers was evidently on the wane; the star, which was now Lord of the ascendant, shed on him a malign influence. Abjured by those whom he had served, hated by the royalists, and

despised by all parties; could a more pitiable object be found, than a timorous, susceptible, falling villain; conscious of guilt, aware of danger, convinced of the necessity of repentance; but too much attached to temporal enjoyments to set about it.

Lord Bellingham's distresses were not alleviated by domestic comfort. I have before observed, that his Lady had embraced the party of Cromwell, and had taken her religious creed from the fanatics, as best calculated to compose her fears, and leave her conduct under the mis-rule of her irregular passions. She had long hated and despised her husband, on whom she threw the whole blame of the crimes she had excited him to commit, at the same time that she took pains to stifle in him all the better feelings of remorse, by telling him that it was his want of faith, which ex-

cluded him from reaping the benefit of the promise, that the saints should inherit the earth. When she spoke of worldly riches, of honour, or of pleasure, she called them, "dust in the balance," carnal delights, and Satan's birdlime, which kept the soul from flying to heaven; yet no miser ever clung to his gold with more tenacity than she to every earthly good, that could in any wise contribute to her own advantage. From a vain dissipated coquette, proud of making conquests, and wedded to a life of frivolity, she was changed to a rapturous enthusiast, certain of divine favour upon grounds equally inconsistent with reason and Scripture. With a still carnalized fancy, she adorned the heaven which she felt sure of eternally inhabiting, with the splendor and luxury she had enjoyed on earth, and thus tricked out a Mahomedan paradise rather

than the pure and spiritual enjoyments of glorified beings. With all the zeal and animosity of a new convert, she tried to make her son and husband adopt these notions ; and failing of success, she thought herself at liberty to renounce them both ; and could she have secured a perpetual residence in this world, or transported her beloved wealth and greatness to the other, the death of Lord Sedley would have given her no more concern than that of the Earl of Bellingham ; but looking upon the former as the medium through which her name must be conveyed to posterity, she felt an interest in his preservation, totally distinct from maternal affection ; and to this his fine qualities served rather as an alloy, than an incentive. A youth weak enough to be really a convert, or sufficiently base to have affected being one to her opinions, a flatterer of her faults, and the tool of her designs, would have

been invested by her erroneous judgment with those high deservings which actually adorned her noble offspring, though she wanted penetration to discern them.

When the agitators arrested Lord Bellingham, he knew that his son had been sent with Cromwell's detachment against the Duke of Hamilton, and that the victorious General returned to London in triumph, while no sure tidings of the illustrious youth's safety cheered the prison-hours of the wretched father. Important events succeeded each other with such rapidity, that there was no time to bring forward the charge against an imprisoned General, whose rank only made him an object of curiosity, while his conduct exposed him to contempt. New modelling the House of Commons; expediting the vote of non-addresses; the trial and execution of the King; the annihilation of the House of Peers; the

sacrifice of many illustrious and noble Loyalists, and the complete establishment of military tyranny under the name of a republic, engaged the attention of Cromwell, till a little time previous to his undertaking the reduction of Ireland to the same yoke that England bore with silent but sullen indignation, when he judged it expedient to endeavour to prevent his enemies from taking advantage of his being at a distance from the chief seat of political intrigue. He knew that Lord Bellingham was intrusted with the secrets of the Commonwealth's-men, and determined to pay him a conciliatory visit in prison. He met the captive Earl with mock humility, and sycophantic friendship; talked largely of his talents and deserts; lamented that he should fall into the displeasure of the nation, and spoke of the lenity he was accused of showing to the Loyalists, as a frailty he

could pity, having himself fallen into a similar temptation, when he was moved in the spirit to spare Charles Stewart, till the Lord, whom he sought in prayer, showed him it was not to be.

A measured smile smoothed the features of the stern conspirator while he spoke, and his eye seemed with meek simplicity to tell all the secrets of his own soul, while in reality it read that of his observer. Lord Bellingham thought this change from hatred to esteem wonderful; yet the love of life made him a ready dupe, and he fell into the snare which he suspected. He could easily justify himself from the charge of secret attachment to royalty, and Cromwell seemed to require no other test to admit him to his confidence. He told the Earl that he would open to him his whole heart; he deplored the licence of evil tongues, and the endea-

vours of the malignants to disunite the godly. His own views, he said, had been grossly misrepresented. It was reported, that he wished to make himself King; but he abhorred the name, as anti-christian, and prayed that whenever the heathenish sound was uttered, a Samuel might arise among the prophets, and call down lightning and rain even in wheat-harvest. The Parliament, whose humble instrument he was, had forced honours upon him, and had commanded him to go to Ireland, and extirpate the bloody Papists, as Joshua had done the idolatrous Canaanites. On his return, he trusted he should lay the sword on the mercy-seat, that is, beside the mace of the Speaker, to whom he would on his knees give up all his employments, and apply himself to the care of his own soul, which was a burthen great enough for any man. And he trusted the Lord would give peace to Israel, and

build up the desolate places of Zion, to which purpose he would put up a prayer, wherein he required Lord Bellingham to join.

After their devotions, Bellingham assured Cromwell that the wishes of his party went but little further than what he proposed to do. Considering the established forms of Geneva and Scotland as the most scriptural, it was their intention to adopt the same discipline in spiritual affairs. As to temporal rule, they thought a body of wise men, elected by a free people, the likeliest way of rendering England respectable among foreign nations, and happy in itself. He quoted the examples of Greece and Rome in ancient times, and of the Italian republic in modern, to illustrate his sentiments. Cromwell listened with apparent conviction, professed that he had not studied these things, being only in himself an ignorant sinful man, though chosen by

Providence to be a mighty instrument to level thrones and pull down the ungodly. He then lamented that so able a counsellor as Bellingham should hang like a bucket upon a peg, instead of being employed to draw water from a cistern; and, promising to endeavour to set him again high among the people, he took his leave. This interview having sufficiently apprized him of the designs of the Rump-party, he resolved to keep Lord Bellingham in safe custody, to remove their adherents from every office of trust, and to prevent all attempts to appeal to the people by calling a free Parliament. And as he intended that his campaign in Ireland should not be protracted by any compunctious visitings of mercy, but that it should more resemble the sweeping hurricane that devastates a province, than the purifying wind that renovates a corrupted atmosphere, he trusted that his habitual celerity, and the vigilance and fidelity of the host of spies he

so liberally paid, would enable him to return to England before any measures could be taken to sap the dominion whose foundations were laid in treachery and treason.

The progress of his bloody standard in Ireland was interrupted by the young King's appearance in Scotland. Cromwell transported himself to that kingdom with incredible dispatch, and assumed the command of that division of the army which had been nominally retained by Fairfax, who, tired of his guilty employment, had, since the murder of the King, been evidently indisposed to the service, and now peremptorily refused to continue to act as general. With these forces Cromwell met the army of Scotch enthusiasts at Dunbar. There was indeed equal fanaticism in both armies; but the difference was, the English were soldiers as well as preachers, and their General used fanaticism as an engine to move

others, not as the rule of his own actions. He wore piety as a mask ; he used it to sharpen his sword, but he never converted it into a pilot. Supreme power was the port at which he aimed, and profound worldly wisdom, and the most acute penetration into the character and designs of others, assisted him to steer his vessel with astonishing security through the rocks and quicksands that opposed his course.

From the retrospective view which the narrative required, I now turn to speak of the alarm caused by the young King's march into England. Though Cromwell was personally in Scotland, he continued to govern in London through his agents, and they urged the approach of the Royalists as a pretence for resorting to severer measures with all who were hostile to their employer. They suggested, that since the King was now openly supported by the Presbyterians, it would be

expedient that party should defray the expences of the war. Lord Bellingham, they said, had long been suspected of loyal propensities; and at this moment the sequestration of his effects might answer a twofold purpose — to confirm the fidelity of the army by discharging their arrears — and to punish the Presbyterians through one of their leaders. Advice, sanctioned by the approbation of the General, took the form of a command. The Parliament readily complied with a suggestion that wore in its aspect the pretence of relieving the well-disposed. The estates were immediately voted to belong to the Commonwealth; the Earl was ordered into closer confinement; and sequestrators were sent down to take possession of Bellingham-Castle.

It was by this event that the feelings of the Countess were roused from the long apathy of self-enjoyment. Forgetting that she had herself furnished Cromwell

with the information which first excited her suspicions against her Lord, she loudly complained that, not content with keeping him in prison on a charge which could not be proved, they were now injuring his innocent family by seizing their inheritance. The sequestrators were not sent to listen to remonstrances, but to act with speed and decision; and Lady Bellingham now found banishment from her home, and confiscation of all her property, were serious evils, though, when inflicted on others, she had always viewed them with great philosophy, considering them either as judgments on the ungodly, or correctives of carnal appetites, to complain of which showed a want of grace.

Her natural inconsiderateness and self-conceit did not permit her to penetrate into the motives; or to discover the character of, Cromwell. He had plied her with the species of flattery most agree-

able to her present turn of thought, pretending to ask her opinion on dark texts, and to be influenced by her judgment of gifted preachers. She never suspected that he had converted her into one of the steps which formed his ascent to greatness ; but, believing him her fast friend, ascribed the order of sequestration to their common enemies. He was still in Scotland ; but she determined to fly to him, state her wrongs, and implore redress. The danger of the journey less alarmed her than the risk of poverty and disgrace in remaining inactive. A rumour of the King's having arrived in London expedited her resolves. Ever impressed with the idea of her own importance, she even fancied that avowing her fidelity to Cromwell at such a period would give her a claim on his gratitude, and thus insure success to her suit.

She had proceeded in her journey as far as Ribblesdale, when her coach was

stopt by an infuriated populace, who, hearing she was a partizan of Cromwell, avowedly, seeking his protection, surrounded her carriage with every mark of derision and insult, and even took off her horses to prevent her proceeding. The cruel depredations which the republicans had committed in their march to Scotland the preceding year, gave a private stimulus to the hatred they felt for the murderer of a King, now justly dear to their recovered reason. Mortified that the dignity of her aspect and the splendour of her suite had not overawed these rustics; alarmed for the safety of her person, and exposed to the certain inconvenience of passing the night, unhoused, in a mountainous country, even if she were permitted to proceed next day, Lady Bellingham sat trembling in her carriage, in which were her waiting-gentlewoman, chaplain, and gentleman-usher, all highly useful to her in their

separate departments and joint occupations of submissive flatterers, but all incompetent to advise what was to be done, and incapable of assisting her in this extremity.

Nothing affecting the welfare or the moral character of Ribblesdale was uninteresting to Dr. Beaumont, who, though restrained from receiving the emoluments, was punctual in fulfilling the duties of his pastoral care. At the first intelligence of a riot in the parish, he hastened to Morgan, and endeavoured to make him sensible that it was his duty to protect a helpless woman. Morgan was extremely doubtful how to act; for, not being endowed with the power of looking into futurity, he knew not which party would finally prevail. The magnified reports which he had heard of the King's successes would have made him turn Loyalist, had he not known that Cromwell, with a victorious army, was hastening from

the North, and that therefore it would be impolitic to offend him. He thought the best way would be not to interfere; and, secretly cursing the lady for exposing him to this dilemma, he observed the mountain-air for once would brace her nerves, and furnish her with an adventure to talk of as long as she lived. Davies was unwilling to open his doors to a stranger till he knew if she would pay for her accommodations. Dr. Beaumont therefore was left to perform the service of knight-errant all alone.

He arrived on the common where the carriage was stopped in the dusk of the evening, just at the time when Lady Bellingham's fears had so far subdued her haughtiness as to change her threats into tears and intreaties. The Doctor's admonitions soon prevailed on the villagers to repent their conduct. They were ready to restore the horses, and refrain from further molestation; but it

was now too dark for her to proceed in safety, and not a creature seemed willing to afford a lodging to one whom they supposed to be no better than a mistress to Old Noll, the good King's murderer.

Dr. Beaumont's finances were now in such a state as compelled him to husband his hospitality. The money which young De Vallance had insisted on advancing to supply his probable necessities, had been appropriated to the actual wants of the King's army, as it marched through Lancashire; yet the good man's native courtesy still inclined him to assist the perplexities of the affluent, while his benevolence prompted him to relieve the distresses of the poor. He accosted Lady Bellingham with an air of dignified modesty. His means, he said, were scanty, and his humble dwelling was now the abode of care and affliction, yet he thought it would afford her comforts superior to passing the night in her car-

riage; and he requested, if she condescended to allow him to be her host, she would overlook the homeliness of her fare in his sincere wish to obviate the inconveniences which the rude treatment of his parishioners had brought upon her.

It was not Lady Bellingham's method to look further than to her own comforts. A man whose air and language bespoke a gentleman, but whose coarse thread-bare garb indicated poverty, could not have gained her attention if he spoke with the tongue of an angel, except so far as he ministered to her accommodation. Turning her eyes to the ruins, which he pointed out as his residence, she uttered an exclamation of contempt and surprise, to convince him that she had been accustomed to such magnificence, that it would be an infinite condescension in one of her refinement to stoop to his society. Meantime her retinue, finding the contents of the travelling chest would furnish a suf-

cient repast, urged her to accept the shelter of a roof however humble; and Lady Bellingham, with a slight inclination of her head, significant of her condescension, ordered the horses to be put to, to draw her to the door. Dr. Beaumont observed that the road would not be practicable for her carriage, on which Her Ladyship required her gentleman-usher to hand her out. "How dreadfully inconvenient," said she, "to walk so far! I wonder, Friend, you did not take care to have a carriage-road." Dr. Beaumont smiled, and replied that public events had pared off all his superfluities; but Lady Bellingham asserted that a drive to your own door was one of the necessaries of life, and her three attendants immediately and unanimously confirmed her opinion.

Mrs. Mellicent had been informed that her brother was bringing a lady of great quality, who was running away from the King to join Oliver Cromwell, to spend

the night under his roof; and though nothing could exceed the superlative contempt she entertained for disloyal nobility, the honour of the Beaumont blood, and respect for her brother, determined her to give his guest the best reception in her power. Her banquets, like Eve's, consisted of little beside fruits and herbs, and the only ornaments she could arrange in the apartments were flowers; but she had preserved the damask table-suit of her own spinning; and the gold brocade gown, received as an heir-loom from her mother, was in high preservation. She thought an exhibition of these would convince the rebel lady, that though the King's friends now wore sad-coloured camlet, they had once been people of consequence. She received Lady Bellingham with one of her stiffest courtesies at the door of their best apartment, and motioned with her hand for her to sit down with an air that spoke conscious

equality, and a determination not to be disconcerted by one who required her hospitality. Constantia stood behind her aunt, pale, dejected, clad in the deepest weeds of woe. Isabel did not appear. Her beloved father had long required her constant attendance. With infinite gratitude to Heaven, she acknowledged its goodness in again restoring to him the use of that reason which enabled him to appreciate her filial excellence. He had so far recovered the use of his limbs as to be able to walk, supported by her arm; and it was her custom, at the first dawn of morning, to lead him from his narrow cell to enjoy the refreshing breeze, and the exhilarating glory of the rising sun, while old Williams climbed the crumbling battlements of Waverly-hall to give notice if any stranger approached.

Mrs. Mellicent's dress and manner, preserving the memorial of the past generation, drew a supercilious smile from

Lady Bellingham, who, in the obscurity and penury to which she perceived a loyal Episcopalian was reduced, plainly discerned a visible judgment. Her satellites easily interpreted her sentiments, and considered the spinster as a fair mark of contempt and ridicule; but as their patroness had not deigned to intimate her opinion of Dr. Beaumont and his daughter, they knew not in what light she would please to have them considered. Her Ladyship threw a cold repulsive glance over Mrs. Mellicent's culinary arrangements, declared, in a tone which belied her expressions, that every thing was very excellent, but that her unfortunate health would not allow her to indulge except in a particular species of food. She then ordered her travelling chest to be opened, and the liqueurs, conserves, and pastry, to be displayed by the side of Mrs. Mellicent's sallads, oat-cake, and metheglin, inviting her, in a

most gracious manner, to partake of the pilgrim's wallet. But Mrs. Mellicent had the same antipathy to court delicacies which Lady Bellingham had to country fare; and, with the independent spirit of a Cincinnatus, gravely preferring "a radish and an egg," continued to eat them leisurely with a satisfaction derived from a consideration that they were not purchased by any sacrifice of integrity. She secretly pondered on the base propensities which the rebel cause engendered, when even a woman of rank, who had known better manners, was so vitiated by the company she had lately kept, as to esteem respectable, uncomplaining poverty a fair object of contempt.

It would have been difficult even for modern volubility to have supplied conversation in a group thus circumstanced; but two hundred years ago long intervals of silence in a country-party were not extraordinary. During these pauses Mrs.

Mellicent's eyes were fixed on a large blue Campanula that she had trimmed to cover the open chimney; and Lady Bellingham, disdaining to admire any thing extrinsic, directed her's to the diamond solitaire suspended on her bosom. She had given strict orders to conceal her name; and if she had ever heard that her injured brother sought shelter in Ribblesdale, and married the sister of a Dr. Beaumont, the events that consoled his afflictions were much too insignificant to be treasured in her memory. The party therefore met as strangers in opposite interests. The hour of retiring was anticipated. Constantia attended Lady Bellingham to the apartment formerly occupied by her worthy son; and after the common inquiries of courtesy withdrew, much to the discomfort of the waiting gentlewoman, on whom the double fatigue of chambermaid and mistress of the robes now devolved. Lady Bellingham being

inclined to silence, the dignified Abigail was restrained from speaking ; and having no invitation to share her Lady's bed, with secret indignation at these strange people, not having the forethought to provide her with another, she was compelled to rest herself in the window-seat, and convert the night into a vigil.

A belief in apparitions was at that time universal, and by no means confined to the humble ranks of life. Imagination could not conceive a more suitable scene for the gambols of supernatural beings than the ruins adjoining the humble tenement which the Beaumonts inhabited. The unfortunate waiting-gentlewoman was kept all night in continual tremor by horrible visions and dreadful sounds : yet to wake her Lady, who went to bed extremely out of humour, was a still more daring exercise of courage than to be a sole witness of the alarming noises produced by the wind rushing through

vaults and crevices, or the fearful reflection of a thistle by moonlight, waving on the top of a crumbling arch. After a night spent in the exercise of such comparative heroism, Mrs. Abigail hailed with pleasure the return of dawn; and as ghosts and goblins always post off to Erebus when Aurora's flag gilds the mountains, imagined she might now go to sleep in safety. But she was soon roused by the sound of voices, and beheld an indisputable apparition. An aged grey-headed man, bent double, clad in a loose gown, and leaning on a staff, crept out of the very pile which she had been so fearfully contemplating all night. He was attended by a female figure, who carefully seated him on a bank opposite her window. The occupation of these spectres was no less extraordinary than the time of their appearance, for they seemed engaged in what, she thought, ghosts always omitted — de-

votion. Yet ghosts they must be, since nothing human could have dared to pass the night in such a scene of desolation. She continued to gaze, in petrified horror, till the female apparition rising from its knees, after adjusting the hair, and wiping the face of its companion, sung the following stanzas, with a voice resembling that of human beings, except that its harmonious notes exceeded in sweetness any thing Mrs. Abigail had ever heard :

OH, sooth me with the words of love,
 Heal me with pity's balsams dear ;
 For I have heard the proud reprove,
 And felt the wrongs of men austere.

I gaz'd on grandeur's gay career,
 Alone distracted and aggriev'd ;
 None stopp'd to wipe my bitter tear,
 My bursting heart unnotic'd heav'd.

The happy hate to see distress,
 It tells a tale they dread to know,
 And guilt, tho' thrond in mightiness,
 In every victim sees a foe.

Where does the pamper'd worldling go?
To those who spread their banners brave —
Lonely and sad, the house of woe
Is like the robber's mountain cave.

On life's sad annals if we dwell,
Do they not speak of trust betray'd;
Of merit rising to excel,
On which the canker envy prey'd;

Of youth by enterprize upstaid,
Till sad experience broke the spell;
And slighted age a ruin laid,
Fit only for the narrow cell?

Yet of the tortures that betide
A feeling heart, the worst are they
Which bid it never more confide
On those who were its earthly stay.

Once guided by religion's ray,
True as the sun they seem'd to move;
Now led by meteor-lights astray,
Estrang'd in honour and in love.

The waiting-gentlewoman's astonishment at this vision soon burst out into an exclamation, which unfortunately broke Lady Bellingham's slumber, and drew

her also to the window. Her lamentations at the misery of having her rest disturbed, were soon interrupted by consternation at the objects she beheld, which were no other than her brother and his daughter enjoying their morning liberation from the dungeon. The rising sun shone on the countenance of the former, and maugre the ravages of time, grief, and distraction, she recognised his features with a degree of agony which only the guilty can feel. The resemblance of Isabel to her father increased those emotions; the words of her song, uttered with distinct emphasis, were in unison with the suggestions of an awakened conscience. Lady Bellingham gave a loud shriek, and fell into the arms of her attendant, according to whose account the two spirits, at the same moment, sunk into the earth enveloped in flames.

The screams of Lady Bellingham, re-echoed by Mrs. Abigail's, presently drew

the Beaumont-ladies into their apartment. They had neglected to apprize Isabel of the arrival of strangers, and were glad to find her morning services to her father had been thus misconstrued. Mrs. Mellicent gravely allowed the possibility of ghosts inhabiting ruins; but observed, that as they had never injured the Waverly family, they had always found them peaceable neighbours; and wondered at the Lady's alarm, since from the little she had said the preceding day, it was plain she considered herself as a favourite of Heaven, and under its especial protection. Mrs. Abigail protested that her Lady was one of the devoutest, sweetest and handsomest creatures in the world; but observed, since she had been obliged to leave Castle-Bellingham, she was grown very nervous. Mrs. Mellicent eagerly inquired if it was Lady Bellingham whom they sheltered; Mrs. Abi-

gail answered in the affirmative, but conjured her not to own that she had made the discovery, or she should be torn in pieces. Mrs. Mellicent indignantly threw down the burnt feathers and sal volatile, which she till then humanely applied, and emphatically observing it was no wonder she feared apparitions, hastened to consult Dr. Beaumont on this emergency.

It was not now a proper time to confront the injured Allan Neville and his unnatural sister; the reported success of the King's enterprise must first be ascertained, and Mrs. Mellicent trusted the time was not far distant when this domestic and public traitress would be made not only to tremble, but to suffer. Recollections of past disappointments made Dr. Beaumont less sanguine, but he agreed, that, confirming Lady Bellingham's alarm, and removing her instantly from their house, was the wisest course;

and as soon as she recovered from her fit, she was herself all impatience to quit a mansion replete with horrors, and destitute of comforts. She coldly thanked Dr. Beaumont, who attended her to her carriage, for attempting to be hospitable, but declared her astonishment that his brain was not turned in such a dwelling ; and he as coldly answered, that a clear conscience reconciled the body to privations, and endued the soul with fortitude. But neither the eloquence of Dr. Beaumont, nor her own anxiety for the Evellins, could induce Mrs. Mellicent to submit to the civility of an adieu. She even shook her fist at the wicked wretch, as she called her, from the window. " Brother," said she, to Dr. Beaumont, who reproved her for the violence of her indignation, " I only wish her to incur the enmity of the Baal she now worships, and to suffer with him as

many years of misery as she has inflicted on the noble veteran whose lonely couch our dear Isabel smooths; and while her youthful beauty withers in a dungeon, pillows a father's destitute head on her uncomplaining bosom."

CHAP. XXI.

Art thou not risen by miracle from death?
Thy shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come
The messenger of grace and goodness to me.

ROWE.

THE welcome which the young King received from his English subjects did not answer the sanguine expectations of his friends. Contrary to the rumours that were industriously circulated, the system of terror which Cromwell had established prevented any regular levies being made for his assistance. The means of the old royalists were exhausted; they had now little but their lives to offer, and the junction of unconnected individuals afforded but a scanty and ineffectual muster. It was soon

found that Cromwell repassed the Gram-pian hills with inconceivable swiftness, and, pouring along with collected forces, dispersed the scattered troops which the King's friends were endeavouring to collect, even before they could be trained to arms. The King's army, fatigued by a long march, destitute of necessaries, but slowly recruiting in numbers, and virtually diminishing in strength, soon found the design of seizing London beyond its ability. "The loyal city of Worcester," as it has the honour of being pre-eminently styled, opened its gates to refresh its Sovereign, and offered itself as a temporary retreat, where he might muster his forces, and re-consider his measures. Here the King was proclaimed, but the events which attended that solemnity augured ill to the actual duration of his reign. The Earl of Derby, accompanied by a few faithful friends, posted

into the town to bring the intelligence of his own defeat, and the consequent relapse of the north-western counties under the yoke of Cromwell. This bad news was rapidly followed by intelligence, that the enemy was in full pursuit. Alarm and suspicion were visible in every countenance; divided opinions distracted the royal councils. Some measures were pursued with rashness; others, more eligible, neglected from timidity. Many were ready to fight and to suffer, but a wise, calm superintendence was wanting to prevent valour and generous loyalty from shedding its precious blood in vain.

The result of the battle of Worcester, the miraculous escape of the King, the death of many faithful adherents, the execution of others, especially of the noble Earl of Derby, in the very centre of his feudal greatness, with every mark of barbarous ignominy, and the reduc-

tion of his heroic Countess and her children to the most extreme state of poverty and distress are well known. Arthur De Vallance was an actor in some of these scenes. His plan of quitting England was renounced, when he knew, that, by remaining, he could be of service to his Prince. He repaired to the young King at Stirling as soon as Cromwell's victory at Dunbar had taken him out of the hands of Argyle; accompanied him in his march to the South, and bravely used his sword in his service at that fatal overthrow, which seemed to exterminate the monarchy of England beyond all hope of revival. It is well known that Cromwell, without giving time to his own army to rest, after their long march from Scotland, pounced upon the King's troops at Worcester during their first consternation; and, leaving a part of his forces to contend with that portion of the King's who fought valiantly, entered

the city along with those flying fugitives whom the terror of his name had dispersed at the first onset, almost at the same instant that the King, disguised as a peasant, rushed out at the opposite gate, dismissed all his friends and attendants, and concealed himself in an adjoining wood. All command having ceased, and no rallying point being established, it became the duty of all to consult their individual safety. Jobson continued inseparably attached to Sedley's service; he again advised a retreat into Wales, and being well acquainted with the country, they had the good fortune to reach the principality before the enemy had secured the passes, though that was one of their first measures, to prevent the retreat of the King into a part of his dominions where he might be most easily concealed, as well from the nature of the

country as from the loyal disposition of the inhabitants.

It was the design of De Vallance to repair to the isle of Man, and offer his services to the Countess of Derby, who, it was reported, was able and determined to retain that insulated spot, and establish it as the asylum of persecuted loyalty. He journeyed through the most unfrequented roads, trusting for his support to the hospitality of a brave, unsophisticated race, who could hardly endure the nominal yoke of regicides, and preserved the sanctuary of their domestic retreats unpolluted by the presence of spies and informers. From these, his occasional hosts, De Vallance learned many woful particulars of the miseries of the prisoners taken at Worcester, " who were driven like cattle to London, many of them suffered to perish for want of food, or from pestilential diseases

arising from crowded prisons, and the survivors sold for slaves to the plantations." Such was the freedom these pseudo-friends of liberty afforded to those who dissented from their opinions; and thus was loyalty (for no other crime was laid to their charge) punished with a severity, which regular governments scruple to use against the most atrocious offenders. Nor should these tyrannous acts be ascribed so much to the rancorous nature of the victors as to the natural tendency of power obtained by illegal violent means. They who rise to greatness by insurrection, find themselves compelled to renounce the principles and violate the promises to which they owed their exaltation. The greatest tyrants have ever been those who experimentally know that rigorous coercion is the only way of restraining popular fury. Fear is the

incentive and justifier of cruelty. Man is rarely disposed gratuitously to torment his fellow-creatures. The world has indeed produced Roman, Mahomedan, and Indian, despots, who seemed to receive pleasure from the sufferings of their victims, abstracted from every other consideration ; but these instances have been too rare to permit us to consider such an infernal propensity as a just characteristic of human nature. Mercy is more grateful to the feelings of even bad men than rigorous punishment ; but as it cannot with safety be exercised in unsettled governments, which must awe the subdued into passive submission, before they can reward the obedient, some of the most powerful dissuatives against exciting popular commotions arise from the despotism in which they are sure to terminate, the malignant passions which they excite, and the horrible atrocities

that often spring from no worse motive than the necessity of securing ill-acquired pre-eminence.

The melancholy state of the kingdom, added to the general anxiety for the King's welfare, of whose escape to France no certain tidings had been received, over-powered the hitherto-heroic patience of De Vallance, and made him on a public, as well as on a private, account, feel weary of a world, which seemed left to the misrule of successful guilt and prosperous hypocrisy. He had now travelled into the county of Flint, from whence he hoped to gain a passage to the isle of Man, when he received intelligence that, during his confinement, the Earl of Derby had signed an order for its surrender, together with all his castles, with which his intrepid Countess immediately complied; vainly hoping a sacrifice of the hereditary possessions of the family might be received as a com-

mutation for her husband's life. Mold and Hope were already garrisoned by the Parliament; and thus after a long and difficult journey, during which he had encountered many hair-breadth 'scapes, De Vallance found himself still surrounded with enemies, destitute not only of shelter, but nearly of resources, and with no other alternative, than to be an indigent fugitive, a prisoner, or to try if, by being a participator in the crimes of his parents, he could, by the influence which either of them possessed with the government, procure a pardon for what he deemed the best action of his life, taking arms for his Sovereign.

It was in a little village near Mold-Castle, that these reflections, combining with the effects of fatigue and hardship, produced an indisposition which confined him to the inn, and compelled him to ruminate deeply on his future prospects. It was now plainly seen that the Euro-

pean courts were more disposed to form alliances with a potent Usurper, than to forward the restoration of an unfortunate Prince, to whose connexions a cold protection and scanty support were reluctantly afforded, and even the ties of blood sacrificed to intimidation or ambition. The situation of English Loyalists abroad was in every respect deplorable. They were studiously slighted by the governments under whose wing they sheltered, and exposed to the insults of the triumphant republicans, who, on the contrary, were courted and flattered.

How greatly soever Cromwell subdued and oppressed England by his domestic management, like all other able tyrants, he made the nation he enslaved great and formidable by his foreign policy, using the energies with which despotism had furnished him, to extend her commerce, and support her naval superiority. — Had no peculiar family-circumstances

compelled De Vallance to renounce his home, doubtless he would have imitated the wise conduct of Agricola, who is justly celebrated "for not being in that class of patriots, who conceive they gain immortal glory, when by rashness they provoke their fate; but showed that, even in the worst of times, and under the most despotic ruler, it is possible for the man of heroic fortitude to be great and good with moderation." But De Vallance felt he could not compound for an estate to which he had no just title, nor reconcile himself to parents, who were stained with every crime. Could he forget the wrongs and woes of Allan Neville; the death of Eustace; the mournful seclusion and daily anguish of Isabel! — Submission to Cromwell must be combined with a sacrifice of every honest principle, every cherished affection of his heart. England therefore afforded no rest to the sole of his foot, and if he

sought the continent, it should be as a military hireling, not as a dependent mendicant; as one who could earn his bread, not as a supplicant, who had no other claim to support than loyalty and indigence.

There were many gentlemen who had emigrated to Virginia, when hostilities terminated in 1646, who were now comfortably established as planters; and he felt he might trust his desire of obtaining a similar situation to his mental resources, and the energy and perseverance of his natural character. The new world was unstained by the contaminating vices of the old. In a society, chiefly composed of Loyalists, he would not be aggrieved by the sight of low-born insolence, trampling on hereditary greatness, nor offended by the perversions of sophists, the cant of hypocrites, and the exaltation of villains. He could there only endure bodily inflictions. What prevented him

from thus exonerating himself from the severest visitations of adversity, and immediately transporting himself across the Atlantic? The consideration of that vast world of waters separating him from Isabel Evellin; for though he might no more hope to bind her to him by the tie of marriage, or even to share her dear society, the bond of love was indissoluble. He could not remove to such a distance from her, as would make it impossible to render her any assistance. He might not be able to defend or console her; but, by remaining in England, he could suffer or die for her sake.

Irresolution increased the depression of De Vallance; his bodily complaints gained ground, and Jobson too, though still an affectionate, was no longer a cheerful, companion. His spirits sunk while he was with the King in Worcester; he predicted the loss of that battle, and the evening before his master acknow-

ledged himself unable to proceed, he gave him to understand that he had seen a warning of his approaching death. Instead of rejoicing over their casual comforts, and anticipating better days as he used to do, he was ever prognosticating evils, and lessening their humble comforts, by prophesying their impending loss. Even the full-frothed can and savoury luncheon lost their usual relish; it was always the last good Welsh-ale, or dried salmon, he should have in this world; and if he repeated his farewell libation, till he grew intoxicated, every draught added to his sadness. Instead of roaring out a joyous song, he fell to crying, and talked of the slaughter incident to storming a city, instead of the brave sallies of a garrison.

De Vallance repeatedly asked the reason of this change, and as the increase of his indisposition confirmed Jobson in

his opinion of the truth of his conclusions, the latter thought (since his master must die soon) he might as well own how he knew that his recovery was impossible. He then reminded him of his predictions, that the King would lose the battle, and confessed he had received a supernatural intimation that England was ruined, and the poor Loyalists quite undone. — “ I would not tell Your Honour,” said he, “ at the time, because I know you don’t credit such things ; but I met Fido in the streets of Worcester the night before it was taken by Old Nell — Mr. Eustace’s own poor Fido, and I then said the King would be beat.”

“ I never knew,” replied De Vallance, “ that the appearance of a dog was oracular.”

“ Well, laugh on,” said Jobson, “ and I wish it may do you good. But I say,

I saw him again, the night before you was taken ill, and I know by that it is all over with you."

The affectionate Jobson burst into tears as he spoke, while De Vallance was extremely struck at the re-appearance of the animal. He reminded Jobson that dogs were often extremely alike, and inquired how he knew that this actually belonged to Eustace.

"How do I know," replied he, "that I am Ralph Jobson? Why it knew me, and seemed to wag its tail; nay, made as though it would lick my hand."

"And did you not permit him?" said De Vallance.

The terrified trooper turned pale, and his teeth chattered with horror. "I did not say that it was Fido's living self," exclaimed he; "and what would have become of me, had I been touched by a ghost? why my arm would have

withered directly. I knew a man in our village that had his nose beat flat to his face, only for peeping into the belfry, while a ghost was dancing among the bell-ropes. — No, to be sure, I flung a stone at it, and it ran away setting up a howl.”

De Vallance now laboured to convince Jobson, that admitting the reality of spectral appearances in the human form, animals were not endowed with a vital principle, capable of existing distinct from their bodies. Jobson was shocked at his master's presumptuous neglect of warnings, and he vehemently urged the impossibility of a living dog being at Worcester in September, and in Wales at Christmas. He stated the privilege of spirits to take any shape; and not nicely attending to the question of identity, shewed from oral testimony, that they sometimes appeared as a glazed pipkin, and sometimes as the skeleton of a horse's

head. The exertion of endeavouring to enlighten wilful absurdity increased the debility of De Vallance. Jobson's forebodings were turned into certainties, and he walked into the church-yard to see in what spot he should bury his master, and hoping to hear the death-watch, as a sign that he should rest beside him.

The landlady at the little inn, where the forlorn Arthur languished, pitying the sufferings of her interesting guest, and the inactive grief of his attendant, requested she might be permitted to send for an excellent gentleman, who was come to live in the neighbourhood, and had done many extraordinary cures. — "You need not," said she, "fear troubling him; he takes no pay but the blessings of those he heals; and he is said to be as useful to a wounded spirit, as he is to a diseased body." De Vallance was weary of life; but the soldier must

not quit his post, till his discharge be duly signed by his Commander; he yielded therefore to the proposal. Jobson had a rooted dislike to all doctors; but reluctance to his master's employing one was changed into consternation, when he saw in the benevolent volunteer-Esculapius, the Doctor Lloyd against whom he had conceived an inveterate antipathy, verily believing him capable of poisoning a patient for the sake of converting him into an anatomy. He rushed into his master's chamber to announce his identity, and when he found the intelligence only increased his eagerness to see him, he resolved however to prevent his taking any of his medicines.

The diseases brought on by fatigue and distress are seldom obstinate, when resisted by youth, a good constitution, a clear conscience, and a calm judgment. Dr. Lloyd dealt in potent cordials. He possessed the essential qualities of a

true friend ; and the behaviour of De Vallance soon induced him to exert his talents in that capacity. He had hardly felt his pulse, before he pronounced that little was necessary besides tranquillity and generous support. Arthur's heart panted with impatience to commence a confidential intimacy ; but he recollected he must inspire confidence, before he could venture to require it. A sick stranger, languishing at a village-inn, was as likely to be the enemy as the friend of a cause it was now dangerous to espouse. Strongly pre-possessed in favour of a man, who courageously ventured among a multitude of hostile and infuriated soldiers, avowed his attachment to the victim they had just slaughtered, and bestowed on his corpse the decent sepulture they meant to deny, De Vallance felt no apprehension at trusting his own life to such tried fidelity. He spoke of

himself as friendless, distressed, and in the utmost need of advice and protection. He declared himself to be a Loyalist, who, having engaged in the King's last attempt, would be excepted from the expected amnesty. By this means he drew Dr. Lloyd into a guarded communication of his former residence at Pembroke, and his acquaintance with Eustace Evellin. De Vallance owned himself to be a friend to that family. He even used the word brother. Dr. Lloyd turned on him a significant glance, when, to justify the claim, De Vallance drew from his bosom the letter of Isabel, and explained the hopes that had been defeated by the death of Eustace. "You will not wonder," added he, "that I have a painful eagerness to know every circumstance of that lamentable event."

Dr. Lloyd regarded his patient with scrutinizing attention. "You know,"

said he, " that the resolute defence of Pembroke-Castle provoked the parliamentary General to adopt measures that were intended to strike terror into the King's party ; and from the particular manner in which you apply to me, you possibly also know that, influenced by compassion, I removed the body of Eustace, and performed those offices which friendship required."

The undefined, unacknowledged hopes which had floated in the mind of Arthur vanished at this reply, and as they disappeared, convinced him, that he had cherished a vain romantic illusion. A long pause ensued ; De Vallance heaved a deep sigh, and asked if the noble youth was resigned to his fate.

" Life was very dear to him," answered Dr. Lloyd, " and no wonder.—Talent, personal beauty, lively and generous feelings, the purest sense of

honour, and the noblest aspirings after fame, were combined in his character. He loved too, and he knew himself beloved. You seem, Sir, about his age; my sensibility has been blunted by time; but I will appeal to your own susceptibility, to conceive the sensations of his impassioned heart, when he found himself suddenly arrested in the bloom of manhood, by a summons to an ignominious death. This, too, at a distance from all his kindred, and after having sustained for many months the most severe warfare, and the cruellest privations. But if you ask me if he discovered any unmanly weakness at this awful moment — I answer none. He looked and moved like a hero going to mount the car of triumph. The lustre of his dauntless eye appalled the musketeers, who were drawn up in the court.” “Take sure aim,” said he;

‘Your commander spares not youth and loyalty; therefore be like him, pitiless.’”

“Detestable act, infernal massacre!” exclaimed De Vallance. — “Retributive Heaven, I own thy justice! That murderous volley, Bellingham, slew thy son!” Dr. Lloyd clasped the clenched hands with which he seemed prepared to beat his own bosom, and requested an explanation.

“Do not, do not,” said the tortured Arthur, “believe me capable of repaying your kind commiseration with ingratitude, if I own myself descended from the most cruel and treacherous of men. The murdered Eustace was rightful heir to the title and fortunes which, as the son of Bellingham, I might claim. Shall I own, though my heart recoils at the confession, that I strongly fear a base private motive urged my father to select this victim, as a sacrifice to what

he called public expedience. — Oh! Dr. Lloyd, had I never been born, had my ambitious parents laid no base projects for my aggrandizement, the noble Eustace had still lived.”

“ My good Sir,” returned the kind physician, “ we must debate this point a little. In the first place, let me assure you the lots were fairly cast. I do not justify, indeed I severely reprobate the cruel policy which required the sacrifice of three victims; but it was resolved on in full council, the blame therefore is divided among all the officers. I also know that Lord Bellingham committed his own safety by endeavouring to preserve the life of Eustace.”

An overwhelming load of infamy seemed, at this assurance, removed from the oppressed De Vallance. “ Speak it again, dear worthy man, again repeat that my father would have saved him. You know he would? You can

swear to the fact? But soft — was not he supreme commander? What, then, prevented him from signing his pardon?"

Dr. Lloyd replied — " The limited power which a general possesses over troops, who, in obeying him, have cancelled the previous obligations of duty and conscience. He who accepts the command of a revolutionary army is ever fearful of being sacrificed by his own soldiers. His office makes him the ostensible champion of liberty; but his army claim a greater licence than consists with the requisite exercise of discipline and authority. His subordinate officers envy his supremacy; for the chain of prescriptive gradation is dissolved by the pretext of preferring merit; and what soldier of fortune is there who does not think himself equal to the highest posts which his machinations and enterprize can procure. We Loyalists (for such, Sir, I now in confidence own myself to

be) have often said that Lord Bellingham was only half wicked. He retained too much of the gentleman to practise extortion, or to connive at the rapacity by which his subalterns tried to make the most of their brief authority. He enforced discipline without condescending to that familiarity and occasional indulgence which make severity palatable. He was an agent of the new system, trying to introduce the manners of the old. He saw his own danger when it was too late. He discovered that he served villains who, despising honest praise, renounced every honourable bond of amity, to whom treachery and cruelty were become habitual; and that he commanded desperadoes, who, setting no value on their own lives, kept him in their power. Such, Sir, was the state of your father's army, and such the secret hostility of those for whom he fought. You may condemn his embarking in their cause,

his timidity, his irresolution, his fluctuating variableness, but not his deliberate cruelty or private malice. After Eustace had drawn the lot of death, the power of the general could not save him from an army lost to every generous feeling, and thirsting for revenge."

To know that his father had rather been guilty of the transgressions of frail man than of the horrible enormities of a demon, was an invaluable consolation to De Vallance. But still Eustace had fallen under the sentence of Bellingham, and himself consequently been banished from Isabel. Dr. Lloyd interrupted his mournful reverie by inquiring what were his future views.

"When you described Eustace going to execution," returned he, "you appealed to the sympathy of a heart eternally separated from the object of a pure, cherished affection. Read that letter. Conceive it written by a woman whose

beauty is her smallest praise, and then advise me how to bestow the unvalued remnant of a life which must be spent in exile from her."

Dr. Lloyd perused Isabel's farewell, and inquired if her brother's death was the only obstacle to their union.

"Yes," replied De Vallance. "I had renounced the principles in which I was educated, abjured the aggrandizement and affluence which my parents' crimes had purchased; I had her promise, sanctioned by her father's full consent, as a reward for services I was so fortunate as to render them. We were to have fled to Holland, rich in the possession of domestic happiness and decent competence, when that fatal intelligence——"

"Come, young gentleman," interrupted Dr. Lloyd, "you meditate too deeply. I see you want society. The hardships you have undergone have over-

whelmed you. I must remove you to my own cottage. I keep a cordial there which I never trust out of my own custody. I see your disease, and know my remedy will complete your cure."

"Sir," returned De Vallance, "we are talking of something infinitely more important than life. I know my disease is at present trifling, the effect of anxiety acting too forcibly on a fatigued body. I could say it consoles me, as a proof that my constitution will not be always invincible to the attacks of these mental agonies; and you answer the communications which your sympathy has extorted from me on the soul-piercing subjects of my honour and my love, by telling me you have a nostrum that will relieve my head-aches, and ease my frame of this debilitating languor."

Dr. Lloyd rose, and examined the apartment to see that there were no witnesses; he then drew his chair close to De Vallance, and gazed on his emotion with the delight

of a healing angel commissioned to alleviate the woes of virtue, and, grasping his hand, told him "he should see Eustace — the living Eustace," continued he. Seeing Arthur look incredulous, "Eustace Evelin is alive, and resides with me. Hush! suppress that burst of ecstasy; all our lives are at stake. Not even honest Jobson must know he lives, lest his intemperate rapture should betray him."

De Vallance was rapt in pious exultation. Exonerated from such a load of paternal guilt, he seemed to pray with more assured confidence of Divine protection. His gratitude to the worthy physician exceeded the powers of language. Enfeebled by indisposition, he sunk upon his bosom, called him a second father, and thanked him for a renewed and valuable existence.

Dr. Lloyd then briefly related the circumstances of Eustace's preservation. Either his magnanimity intimidated the

executioners, or his gallantry and beauty inspired compassion. He refused to have his face covered, saying he feared not to look on death. The power of the human eye, in such circumstances, has been owned to be invincible. The volley was fired with unsteady aim. His fellow-sufferers fell dead. He stood unwounded; but a momentary impulse induced him to drop beside them, and to lie apparently lifeless, bathed in their blood. At the same instant his faithful spaniel rushed forward, licked his extended hand, and, with dreadful howlings, seemed to guard his remains; and the mutiny, excited by the agitators, broke out among the soldiers, who were drawn up to witness the horrid spectacle. While they clamorously accused the General of depriving them of their lawful right, the plunder of the town of Pembroke, and attempting to save the cavaliers, Lloyd heroically and adroitly

took advantage of the tumult; and, though he had no other design than giving his corse decent internment, he had the transport to be instrumental in preserving the life of his friend. He took every wise precaution that his miraculous escape should be a profound secret. Endeared to each other by these extraordinary circumstances, they agreed never to separate; and Dr. Lloyd removed to a spot where he was unknown, supported by the income of a small inheritance, and declining the practice of medicine, except gratuitously among the indigent. Eustace cut off his redundant hair, stained his complexion, and otherwise disguised his appearance; and he passed as the son of a gentleman, who, being afflicted with mental derangement, was obliged to be kept in close retirement. Dr. Lloyd rented a neat secluded cottage; and the friends lived in decent privacy, waiting for happier times.

De Vallance now required an explanation of Fido's being seen at Worcester; and Dr. Lloyd owned that, finding it impossible to restrain the loyal impetuosity of Eustace, he went to that city to learn the situation of the King, since, if there were any hopes of a prosperous issue, he had consented that they should both join the royal standard. The Doctor further added, that he feared their present comforts could not long continue. The surrender of the Earl of Derby's Castles had introduced the rebel troops into the neighbourhood; and he dreaded lest Eustace should be discovered and recognized. They therefore meditated a voyage to Virginia; and the plan was now suspended by the anxiety of Eustace to hear some tidings from his kindred, and to acquaint them with his situation. The impossibility of sending intelligence of such importance by a public conveyance, in times when the letters and actions

of royalists were subjected to the most vigilant scrutiny; and the hazard and difficulty of forwarding it by a private hand had long prevented him from having any correspondence with his family; nor did he know the anguish his supposed murder had cost them. In those times of civil contention the dearest relatives were often long ignorant of each other's fate. So numerous were the instances of cruelty, so multiplied the tales of wo, that they wearied and confused the reciter. Many parents believed their sons safe in a foreign country, who, at last they found, had long since perished in some obscure skirmish, where valour bled unshaded by its deserved laurels. Others, who had lamented the death of their dearest relations, received them back at the King's restoration, as if they had risen from their tombs. The necessity of extreme caution, the frequency of assumed names and personal disguises, and

the insecurity and infrequency of written communications, obliterated the traces of identity. Among the less evils of civil war, dividing the ties and preventing the connecting intercourse of social life must be enumerated; and what opinion must those who rejoice in the conversation of a present friend, or open, with trembling delight, a letter from an absent one, form of a nation convulsed by furious discord, when the privation of these blessings is ranked only among its smaller calamities!

De Vallance had, that evening, the infinite transport of folding Eustace to his heart, in the comfortable asylum where the worthy Doctor Lloyd concealed the hope of an illustrious house, the noble victim of adverse fortune. The generous youths pledged the vows of mutual and perpetual friendship. Conversing with all the confidence of brothers, Arthur acquainted Eustace with the early history of their family, and his own determina-

tion never to reap the fruits of his parents' misdeeds. He told him how Isabel had preserved his life; related the gradual change of his political principles — their mutual attachment — her heroic devotedness to her proscribed father — the meek magnanimity and active piety of Dr. Beaumont — the arrival of Jobson — the agony of Colonel Evellin — and the deep anguish of Constantia; concluding with his own banishment from Ribblesdale, and the apparent extinction of his dearest hopes. To know that his youthful errors were not only pardoned, but that he was so dear and constant an object of regret to those he fondly adored, gave the heart of Eustace those alternations of exquisite delight and painful anxiety which distinguish generous and exalted minds from the cold equanimity of selfish apathy. Misery had often made him wish to be forgotten by all he loved; but no sooner did his misfortunes

wear a less sombre hue, than his expanding heart cherished the hope that others beside himself rejoiced in the suspension of his misfortunes. He could not endure the thought of suffering these beloved objects to languish in despair on his account ; and he determined to trust to his disguise, and immediately pay a visit to Lancashire. But Dr. Lloyd was too chary of the treasure he had so faithfully preserved, to intrust him to his own keeping. De Vallance and Eustace were both obnoxious to the ruling powers by having borne arms for the King ; and he insisted on their continuing concealed in his Welsh cottage, while himself went to consult Dr. Beaumont upon their future measures. Emigration to America was a favourite project with all. It was hoped means might be found to remove Colonel Evellin ; and the lovers allowed their imagination to form a transatlantic paradise, where, with their Constantia and

Isabel, they might enjoy the halcyon blessings of domestic happiness, after having been so cruelly harassed by the storms of war. De Vallance did not now think it impossible to be reconciled to his father, or unlawful to use his mother's interest with Cromwell to procure a pardon for Colonel Evellin, whose incurable infirmities prevented his being an object of terror. Sometimes, with the sanguine confidence of a mind raised from absolute despair, he fancied a family-reconciliation might be effected; but he submitted to the prudence of Dr. Lloyd's advice, that every step must be taken with extreme caution, and dispositions sounded before discoveries should be hazarded.

The affectionate heart of Eustace would not allow that any one should suffer the misery of suspense on his account; and he pleaded so earnestly that Jobson might be allowed to see him, that

Dr. Lloyd yielded, on the condition that the honest trooper should go with him to Lancashire, knowing that his exuberant transport might not be trusted in the neighbourhood where Eustace was concealed. The terror of Jobson at De Vallance's removing to the house of the supposed indefatigable anatomist was hardly relieved by seeing him return, next morning, looking well and happy. But an invitation from the Doctor to visit his cottage and see his curiosities absolutely petrified him; and he vowed he had rather see Old Noll charge at the head of Hazlerig's lobsters than dead men rattling their own bones, or poor innocent children swimming in pickle like witches in a pond. Winking on De Vallance with a look of significance, he said, " You do not know so much of this Doctor as I do; for though the whole country talks of his cures, they own he shuts himself up as if he dealt

with the devil, and walks about with a melancholy gentleman who is haunted with a familiar spirit." Arthur engaged him in conversation till they imperceptibly approached the Doctor's cottage, when he first assured him of the actual existence of Fido, whom he was to be permitted to take to Constantia; and then changed incredulous astonishment to frantic joy, by pointing out the living Eustace advancing to embrace him. Jobson screamed, capered, tossed his cap into the air, clung round his former master's neck, then dropped on his knees, prayed, sobbed, and laughed, almost in the same instant. His gratitude and affection for Dr. Lloyd was somewhat allayed by his envying him the happiness of preserving Eustace, whom, he acknowledged, he loved the best of all his masters, begging De Vallance to pardon him for saying so. Yet his regard for the amiable physician was mingled with some degree of

terror ; and it was not till he was assured that he did not travel with any stuffed monsters, or relics from a gibbet, that he could heartily rejoice at the prospect of telling Mrs. Isabel that her lover and brother were sworn friends, of drying the tears of pretty Mrs. Constance, and of seeing the old Colonel without being hated as the bearer of ill news. But on carefully examining the wallet which Dr. Lloyd prepared for the journey, and ascertaining that, instead of astrological calculations and scalping knives, it contained only comforts and necessaries, Jobson, with renewed courage and joyous expectations, set out to accompany him on a delightful errand to Ribblesdale.

CHAP. XXII.

Those that would serve God sincerely in affluence have infinitely greater advantages and opportunities for it in adverse fortune; therefore let us set vigorously to the task that lies before us, supplying in the abundance of inward beauty what is wanting to the outward lustre of the church; and we shall not fail to find that the grots and caves lie as open to the celestial influences as the fairest and most beautiful temples.

Dr. HENRY HAMMOND's Letters.

A PAINTER, who is solicitous to give just representations of nature, must blend his lights and shades, and contrast vivid colours with sombre hues. The correct imitator of human life must also alternately introduce joys and sorrows. Is it the langour of unwarrantable depression, the indulged caprice of fastidious sensibility, or a more intimate acquaintance with the dark colourings of disappointment than with the sunshine

of prosperity, which induces the conclusion, that the likeness to reality will be more faithfully preserved if a sombre tinge predominates in the fictitious narrative that paints the trials of highly honourable and susceptible minds? The refinement which inspires liberal desires and generous motives exposes its possessor to a more lively feeling of the injuries inflicted by envy, selfishness, and duplicity. The golden dreams of ingenuous candour and conscious ability are rarely realized, and acute perception and high-minded integrity, though most propitious to the growth of every virtue, seem to be the choice fruits of heaven which, in the austere climate of this lower world, require shelter and protection.

It is not murmuring against the wisdom or justice of Providence to admit, that in a probationary state the most perfect characters are they who have been purified by " much tribulation, and

through faith and patience inherit the promises." The instrument used in this ordeal is generally our brother-man. Yet, while with hope and confidence, we look forward to a glorious issue of temporal affliction in eternal glory, let us beware of unfitting ourselves for the future recompence by extreme resentment against those who are the agents that Almighty Wisdom uses to improve us. Let us not attribute to malice and cruelty what may be referred to less criminal motives. Do we not often afflict others undesignedly, and, from mere carelessness, neglect to relieve distress? Our own concerns, interests, and wishes engross our thoughts. Nothing is so important to us as forwarding our own aims; and our fellow-creatures are too often but inconvenient lumber if they stand in our way, or merely useful implements if they forward our designs. It is from a want of attention to the feelings of others, from a neglect of the

golden rule of putting ourselves in their place, and not from innate malice or a diabolical delight in giving pain, that the sorrows caused by domestic tyrants and puny oppressors chiefly proceed. Were self-love reduced within proper bounds, earth would resemble heaven. Let those, then, who deeply feel those "wrongs which patient merit of the unworthy takes," temper their aspirations after a state where universal good-will is the source and cement of bliss, by cultivating that excellent preparative for its fruition, a spirit of active, enlarged, and considerate benevolence.

These reflections will not unaptly precede the return of Lady Bellingham from her northern expedition. It never was the practice of Cromwell to render any one disrespect while his services could be useful, or till he was prepared to prevent the effects of his enmity. While the success of the King remained doubtful, he wished

not to make himself any more enemies ; and at the same time that he restrained and mulcted the Presbyterians, he endeavoured to persuade them to make common cause with the fanatics. He received Lady Bellingham (who was the avowed patroness of the latter) with much apparent respect, and at the same time he wrote kindly to her Lord, promising that his party should be admitted to a share in the government as soon as he could let the dove out of the ark to fetch the olive branch, which could not be the case as long as the floods of ungodliness covered the earth. He styled himself the servant of the Commonwealth, and the assured friend of Lord Bellingham ; but nothing was further from Cromwell's heart than an intention of realizing these promises. His only aim was to pacify and amuse his opponents till he gained leisure to play his own game. He loaded Lady Bellingham with flattering expres-

sions, selected her to stand by his side, when, as he called it, he rose in the congregation of the saints to give the word of exhortation, and appealed to her as the judge and expounder of his spiritual gifts. These, he observed, were all the refreshing attentions which the necessity of pursuing the host of Sisera allowed him to pay to the Deborah of the English Israel, except permitting her to reside in Bellingham-Castle, and to plead his friendship and protection.

The victory at Worcester was of that decided nature, which enabled Cromwell to throw off the mask, to dissolve that pantomime of a Parliament in whose name he had hitherto governed, and to assume the title of "Protector of the liberties of England." He now exercised a more despotic tyranny than this nation suffered either from her Danish or Norman conquerors. He confined the elective franchise to himself, creating what

he called Parliaments for the sole purpose of making them ridiculous, and then turning out his mock-legislators with contempt. He alternately punished and provoked every party; even his own agents and creatures could not escape his apprehensive suspicions, which, by indulgence, engendered an insatiable thirst of blood. Yet, combining great qualities with the meanest vices — the policy of an Augustus and the enterprize of a Trajan with the dissimulation of Tiberius and the cruelty of Domitian, he at once awed and dazzled surrounding nations, and while he subjugated, exalted his own. Never was England more respected than when unlimited power, undaunted courage, and persevering activity placed all her resources in the hands of a man who, scarcely ranked by birth in the patrician order, could make every European sovereign tremble on his throne. Yet still, like the mystical sun in the Apocalypse, torment-

ing others while he was himself tormented, the era of his assuming power was the consummation of his extreme misery. He waded through seas of blood ; he broke every divine and human obligation ; he made the name of liberty a terror, and that of religion contemptible, to become himself a more pitiable object than the veriest wretches whom he inhumed in his prisons. They had some who sympathized in their sufferings, some who wished them God speed ; but though the civilized world trembled at the name of Cromwell, he knew he had spies, creatures, and parasites, but not one friend.

Yet amidst this secret wretchedness and universal odium, the distant reflex of his name and authority was respected by all. Lady Bellingham found her reception very different, as the Protector's friend, in her return through England, than when she fled to Scotland an alarmed

fugitive. Conscious of former remissness, Morgan met her at Lancaster, and earnestly entreated she would repose some days at Saint's-Rest after the fatigue of her journey. The alarm and mortification she had endured in that neighbourhood made her recollect the village with disgust; but there were some mysteries which she wished him to explain. Nursery tales affirm, that Puss, when converted into a fine lady, retained her old propensity of catching mice; and though Lady Bellingham was transformed from a fine lady into a devotee, the renovating spirit of true religion had not altered her temper or inclinations; there was the same waywardness in the former, the same cold selfishness in the latter. While she raved at formal and legal Christians, she was herself the true formalist, presuming on superior merit from the length of her devotional exercises, her rigid austerities, and the sums she expended in

spreading her peculiar notions. But she came out of her closet to make her inmates and dependants wretched; her fasting-days were unsanctified through moroseness, and beside that, her gifts were too much confined to party-purposes to be entitled to the praise of charity; ostentation blew the trumpet before her alms, and she had the reward she sought, in the praise of men.

To return from the description to the illustration of this not uncommon character. It happened one evening, as the Countess was anticipating the joys of Heaven, by an analogy drawn from the delights which Bellingham-Castle afforded, and which she supposed would there be increased in an infinite ratio, that her humble companion ventured to recal her imagination to this world, by producing what she thought a very pretty poem on the subject of love, which she found in their chamber at the miserable old delin-

quent's at Ribblesdale. Lady Bellingham shook her head at the name of love, commanded Mrs. Abigail to avoid the sinful subject, and to expiate the offence by reading fifty pages of "a popular fanatical treatise."

As the waiting-gentlewoman retired to perform the penance, Lady Bellingham commanded her to leave the paper that she might destroy it. But though the word Love was dangerous to a tyro in Antinomianism, the situation of the initiated is very different; to the former all things are sinful, but the latter being free from the law, and above ordinances, have a large licence. Valuing herself now only on her spiritual graces, Lady Bellingham opened the profane legend, which, she expected, described personal attractions; and to her astonishment recognized the writing of her son, of whom she had heard no certain tidings since the battle of Preston, but who was supposed,

both by Cromwell and herself, to be in the north of Ireland, where an officer of the same name had gained celebrity. The date proved that he had been a resident in Dr. Beaumont's family; no name was prefixed, but the lines breathed a permanent attachment, to which, after some resistance, he had entirely surrendered his heart.

O place thy breast against a turbid stream,
Beat with strong arm the flood, and tread the wave,
Or toil incessant 'neath the burning beam,
When, like a giant woke from wassail-dream,
Sol rushes furious from the lion's cave :

Then mayst thou know how hard to stem the tide
Of chaste desire, and love's o'erwhelming storm,
When by entranc'd affection first descry'd,
Beauty and truth, such as in Heaven reside,
Appear on earth in woman's lovely form.

Is there a charm in wisdom ? Is there power
In blushing modesty's retiring air ?
Looks patience lovely in affliction's hour ?
Is not humility a priceless flower ?
And filial piety divinely fair ?

And bloom such graces in this narrow dell,
Bosom'd in hills, from civil discord far ;
Then, courts and camps, glory and wealth farewell !
All-powerful love hath broke ambition's spell,
And freed a captive from his iron car.

Ruminating on these lines, and recollecting the mild dutiful behaviour of Constantia, she could not help supposing that melancholy beauty to be the object of her son's attachment. She had sufficiently interested her to inquire the reason of her mournful appearance, and learned that she had lost her lover in the civil wars. Could that lover have been her son? Could the figures she had seen sitting among the ruins, and which she was persuaded were not human, be sent as supernatural omens to indicate Sedley's death. It was happy for her unsettling reason, that at the moment when this terrific thought shot across her brain, she recollected, whatever her early misdemeanors might have been, she was now

in a safe state, and had wiped off all offences to her brother, even supposing any had been committed. Yet she grew uneasy to hear of her son, and wished she had been more particular in her inquiries as to the certainty of his being in Ireland. I have already stated that maternal affection had no part in her character. The manner in which she treated Arthur prevented frequent intercourse. Hearing that a Colonel Sedley was distinguished by his cruelty to the Catholics at the taking of Fredagh and Drogheda, she had trusted that it was her son now become warm in the good cause to which she had devoted him. The date of this poem shewed that he was in Lancashire, indulging very different sentiments at the time of those bloody victories, and it was her perplexity on this point which made her give Morgan an affable reception.

She soon discovered, that though he had lately forbore persecuting the Beaumonts, he retained the most inveterate enmity to the whole family. She drew from him all the information it was in his power to give respecting her son's residence at Ribblesdale; the assistance he received from the Beaumonts when at the point of death, and his sudden disappearance. Morgan was unacquainted with his change of sentiments and attachment to Isabel, who, having been long secreted with her father, was believed to be dead, and had been too insignificant and humble to draw the attention of so important a personage as Morgan. His communications confirmed Lady Bellingham in the belief that she had seen an apparition of her brother, indicative of her son's death, and that Constantia, who mourned a widowed love, had been the object of his ill-placed affections.

Full of apprehension, destitute alike of delicacy, gratitude, and candour, and disposed, from her political feelings, to ascribe every bad passion and action to the royalists, a thought struck her that poverty might have tempted the old delinquent to murder her son ; and the suspicion grew to certainty, when the most minute inquiries could give no information of him subsequent to his receiving a large remittance from his tenants the week before he was last seen at Ribblesdale. Her humble attendants, on hearing her opinion, protested that nothing was ever more probable. The chaplain expatiated on the vices of the episcopal clergy, and cited the words of that-then-popular writer, Martin Mar-prelate, to prove them guilty of the greatest offences, not excepting even theft and murder. The gentleman-usher found damning proofs of extreme poverty in all the arrangements of the Beaumonts, and the waiting-gen-

tle-woman could no otherwise account for the deep melancholy of Constantia, than by supposing her lover had been murdered by her father, whose pale care-worn features bore, in her opinion, the character of an assassin.

Having wrought her mind to this conclusion, Lady Bellingham sent again for her confidant Morgan, who, beside his aversion to one whom he had long felt to be a troublesome neighbour, had now particular reasons for appearing zealously inclined to serve the Protector and his friends. He advised Lady Bellingham to state the loss of her son to His Highness, and procure his order for the Doctor's arrest, adding, that even if innocent of this accusation, the imprisonment of one, who as an irreclaimable royalist, deserved punishment, was no breach of justice. He assured Her Ladyship, that her son's long residence in a disaffected family, had not occasioned the smallest change in his

opinions, but that he showed his zeal for the good old cause, by informing him of all the proceedings and councils of the delinquents that came to his knowledge ; and he feared, as he was missing a little time before Charles Stewart's attempt on Scotland, his having penetrated into that design precipitated their bloody purposes. His communications shaped the fluctuating purposes of Lady Bellingham into a most determinate and diabolical resolve, and she returned to London with the heart of an " Até hot from hell," and the aspect of a Niobe.

She now presented herself before the Protector and his council, as a distracted mother, ignorant of the fate of her only son, and praying for a minute investigation of the mysterious business. A request from the patroness of the fanatics imperatively demanded attention. Several of their leaders were her devoted friends, and the fine qualities of young Sedley had

really attracted Cromwell's notice, who, though he was incapable of loving virtue and honour, ever wished to engage them in his service. It is but justice to the Usurper's administration to say, that, except when his government or personal security were concerned, he was an impartial and vigorous administrator of the criminal laws, never sparing rank, or shielding greatness. But though justice thus beamed on those who had not made themselves conspicuous by their principles, a known royalist could not expect her smiles, a warrant was therefore dispatched to apprehend Dr. Beaumont, and Morgan was charged with its execution.

About this time that unhappy family were reduced to the last stage of pecuniary distress. Their good friend Barton was still in confinement, persecuted with the most inveterate hatred by Lady Bellingham's party, and as his revenue was

sequestered, no remittances could come from that quarter. At the death of Farmer Humphreys, the church-land he had occupied was taken from his widow, who was now fallen into decay, and unable to assist the necessitous pastor she so truly revered. The provision which the revolutionary government pretended to make to the ejected ministers, was at best irregularly supplied, and often totally withheld. The infirmities of Colonel Evellin engrossing the whole time of Isabel, no fund could be raised from her industry, and with prompt though perhaps imprudent loyalty Dr. Beaumont had sent the sum left by De Vallance to the King's assistance when he made the last unsuccessful effort to obtain his crown. Want, therefore, appeared before their eyes in all its horrors; the produce of their cow and their garden, added to the kind attentions of the villagers, were their sole support.

It was impossible to conceal their difficulties from Evellin, who now earnestly prayed that death would relieve his generous friend from the burden of his support. The firm and patient Isabel could no longer divert him from these sad exclamations. She could not modulate her voice to a song, nor attempt to engage his attention by reciting a tale of other times. She threw her eyes upon the ground in silence, as if wishing to measure out his grave, and one where she might sleep in peace beside him.

They were roused from the passive depression of poverty by the awakening call of imminent danger to the person of him who, in all their former trials, had acted as their guardian angel to avert or mitigate calamity. Morgan delivered, without any ceremony, to Dr. Beaumont an order to attend the council of state in London, as a prisoner. The Doctor declared himself ready to pay a quick obe-

dience to the existing government in all lawful cases, but stated his extreme penury and the utter destitution of his family. The rigid frugality of their habits was known; and Morgan, now assuming an inquisitorial air, demanded what became of the moiety of the fifth allowed to the expelled ministers, which he had last received. Dr. Beaumont was taken by surprize, and before he could parry the impertinence of the question, was charged by Morgan with sending pecuniary aid to Charles Stewart. This was now a crime against the state, for which many suffered. Dr. Beaumont asked if this was the business on which he was summoned to London, and Morgan, knowing that it was determined to take him by surprize respecting the charge of assassinating De Vallance, answered sternly, that for this and various other misdemeanors he must be examined before the council.

No heart that had not been steeled by malevolence against all the better feelings of humanity, could have resisted the cries and supplications of Constantia, intreating that she might accompany her father ; but Morgan, recollecting that she in the pride of beauty had disdainfully rejected his offer of marriage, took a savage pleasure in witnessing her affliction. To see the sorrows of his darling child excite derision instead of pity and respect, consummated Dr. Beaumont's anguish. Taking Constantia aside, he gave her his parting blessing, with a fervour that recalled his own firmness, and imparted consolation to her. He reminded her how much her aunt, Evellin, and Isabel, must now depend upon her exertions. He doubted not but commiseration for his misfortunes would increase the benevolence of the villagers, and he intreated her to recollect, that as her lamentations were unavailing, fortitude and patient

endurance were the only means to subdue the malice of their enemies. He recurred to his favourite argument, that an oppressor is merely an instrument of chastisement in the hand of Almighty goodness, whose ultimate purposes are all mercy and wisdom. A tyrant's wrath cannot pass its prescribed bounds; no earthly power can take us out of the omnipotent hands of our Creator; nor will He ever fail those who firmly trust in His care, and sincerely obey His precepts. "Courage, my child," said he, as he kissed her pale cold cheek, "I have committed no crimes either against the state or any individual: I shall soon be allowed to return. This affliction is the trial of your faith, not the punishment of my guilt."

Dr. Beaumont did not venture to visit his concealed friend, but the lamentations of the villagers, who surrounded their

departing pastor with tears and blessings, added to the distress of Isabel, soon informed Colonel Evellin that his revered protector was seized by the strong gripe of power. He insisted on accompanying him to London as a fellow-prisoner, protesting he was ready to defy Cromwell, accuse Bellingham, and die. Isabel had sufficient strength to prevent the immediate execution of this rash purpose. "O think," said she, "that by so doing, you will not only sacrifice yourself, but also my uncle. The very act of having concealed you is punishable with death. For the sake of our best and kindest friend, a little longer exercise that fortitude and patience which have been my support through years of apprehension and calamity. Let not my long services within this narrow recess lose at last the desired reward of saving a parent, more dear and precious from his undeserved calamities."

“ Shall I perish for want, immured in this gloomy tenement ? ” said Evellin, wildly. “ When my friend is gone, who will provide a covering for this wretched body, or food to sustain it ? — Have I not told thee, girl, that De Vallance basks in luxurious state at Bellingham-Castle ; and I would sooner perish in a lazaret-house than beg my bread of him ? Dost thou not know his blood-hounds yet surround these ruins, and that it is Beaumont only who has kept them from my war-worn trunk. ”

“ Dearest father, ” resumed Isabel, “ I can keep off the blood-hounds, and will daily lead you forth to enjoy the warm sun-beams. Fear not ; but trust in that Providence who feeds the young ravens. How wonderful was its preservation of our King when hunted from forest to forest by his merciless foes ! The wants of nature are few and small. See how your despair makes me weep. Oh,

for the sake of my mother's memory, dry the tears of your orphan girl."

In this manner did Isabel try to console the man of many sorrows, but he had taken his resolution, and even when most composed, would not be diverted from his purpose of following Dr. Beaumont to London, that he might be ready to confront his enemies, or to share his fate. Mrs. Mellicent was consulted on the subject, and she thought this determination should not be opposed. It had been already agreed upon, that Constantia should follow her father, and attend him in confinement; and it was now settled, that Isabel and Evellin should privately accompany her. Disguised as beggars, they were removed out of the village, and being joined by Williams and Constantia, proceeded towards London as fast as their destitute condition admitted.

They had left Waverly-Hall some weeks, when Dr. Lloyd and Jobson ar-

rived to communicate tidings which they thought would change the house of mourning to the abode of happiness. But no sound or sight indicated that these lonely ruins now afforded shelter to man. No trace of inhabitants was visible. — No monarch of the feathered brood was heard aloud to crow; no smoke rising from the chimney announced the preparation of the homely, but social meal. Jobson entered at the unresisting door; the furniture, like the family, had disappeared. He ventured into the secret chamber, that too was vacant; nothing remained but the couch on which the noble veteran had stretched his palsied frame, and, magnanimously enduring his own anguish, descanted on the arduous duties of a soldier.

“ Ah, worthy Doctor,” said the dismayed Jobson, “ those confounded Round-heads have caught him at last. Here are some of the tatters of his poor old roque-

laure, and the woollen cap Mrs. Isabel used to draw over his head so carefully. Here she used to kneel by his side, say her prayers, and sometimes sing in such a sweet low voice; and then the Colonel would kiss her, and tell her she would kill herself with watching him. But when she crept through that little arch to go away, he would look at her as if his soul was parting from his body. And then she would come back again, and say she had not shaken hands with the honest trooper, (meaning me,) and would whisper me, to keep up his spirits; and so they would trifle away half the night." — 'Serjeant,' the Colonel used to say to me, bless his good heart! though I never was more than a corporal, 'that girl has the courage of a lion.' 'Aye, and as cunning as a fox too,' I used to answer. 'She is beautiful as an angel,' he went on; 'Did you ever see such eyes?' — 'Never but my first sweetheart's, Sally

Malkins,' said I. But then he turned gruff, and would say, 'Pshaw!' for he never could be pleased with any body praising Mrs. Isabel, but himself and that make-believe good young Lord with a wicked father."

While Dr. Lloyd deliberated how to proceed, an aged woman appeared in sight, with a basket on her arm, seemingly employed in gathering herbs. "St. George be my speed!" exclaimed Jobson; "Can that be Madam Mellicent? Ah, sure enough it is her sharp wrinkled face: I never thought she would bend her stiff joints, or walk in the dirt without her riding-hood." Dr. Lloyd offered to go and accost her. "Not for your life," replied Jobson; "she never would forgive me for letting you catch her thus out of sorts. Stop behind that buttress, and I'll go and tell her there is some company coming, and when she

has put on her pinnors and facings, she will be very glad to see you."

Mrs. Mellicent's appearance was too indicative of profound dejection for Dr. Lloyd to believe she would require any introductory ceremonies. He ventured to salute her with an abrupt assurance, that he was a warm friend of her family, intrusted with a welcome and important communication. Mrs. Mellicent fixed her eyes upon him with that look of inquisitorial diffidence which those who have long been familiarized with distress and injustice, bestow on the dawn of better days. "I can hardly suspect," said she, "that you are one of those who find amusement in sporting with the feelings of the unhappy. You see in me the forlorn relic of a respectable family, now supported by those who were fed at its gates in the days of my prosperity. Yet as far as I can, I try to be independent ;

and my knowledge in medicine allows me to alleviate the pains of those who shelter my grey hairs. — My brother, his daughter, and the sole surviving child of a beloved sister, now in Heaven, are at this moment exposed to the dreadful trial of Republican persecution. Poverty chains me to this spot, where I drew my first breath, and where, if those I love are sacrificed, I hope soon to close my eyes on sorrow.” “ You have,” said Dr. Lloyd, “ omitted to name another strong tie which should bind you to life. You have a brave and gallant nephew, who loves and honours the maternal aunt, who checked his extravagancies and fostered his virtues.”

“ Eustace Evellin !” returned the good Lady, while her eyes filled with tears, “ Did you know him, Sir ? — The murderous insurgents cut him off at Pembroke in cold blood. That is their usual method ; they only spare useless logs like

myself — a withered blasted tree, stripped of all its branches, fit only to sustain the trophies of their accursed triumph. How long, Lord, how long!” continued she, wringing her hands and looking up to Heaven.

Dr. Lloyd now cautiously informed her of the almost miraculous escape of Eustace, and the lively interest he took in his preservation. He added an account of the dangers of De Vallance, and assured her, that he had left them both in his cottage, as safe and happy as English Loyalists could be, while their country groaned under the yoke of Cromwell. The fortitude, nay even the corporeal strength of Mrs. Mellicent, revived at the recital; her own necessities were forgotten, and she scarcely lamented that she had not now a house to welcome, or even the widow's barley-cake to bestow on, the kind protector of the generous youths whom she so fondly

loved. Every regret was lost in the prospect of better times, in the future happiness of Constantia and Isabel, in the restoration of the Neville line, and the adoption of the amiable De Vallance into its unpolluted branch. Only one life appeared to stand in the way of their felicity:— Remove the stern Usurper, a penitent nation, weary of oppression, would joyfully welcome back its exiled Sovereign. What might not the Beaumonts and the Nevilles hope from the justice of a Prince for whom they had bled and suffered! Such agreeable reveries as these supported Mrs. Mellicent's spirits during that long period of suspense, in which (for fiction must not anticipate the slow progress of history) she expected their realization. And if hope invested the enlivening phantom of royal gratitude in too gorgeous colours, may we not bless, rather than censure, the

fortunate delusion? We are to consider, that the venerable spinster having passed her days in privacy, was ignorant of the chicanery of courts, and disposed to believe, that honour, gratitude, and sincerity, are the inseparable concomitants of illustrious birth. She herself never forgot either her benefactors or her enemies; and she knew not how early Princes are taught to consider the sacrifice of life and fortune as positive debts due to them from their subjects. She was not aware how often expediency compels them to smile on a potent enemy, and to overlook an inefficient friend; how necessary it is for them to employ, as instruments, the able and enterprising, rather than the amiable; and in fine, how much more apt the great are to shower their favours on those whom they oblige by unexpected munificence, than to discharge the claims of justice;

to seek praise for liberality, instead of being contented with the merit resulting from a mere performance of duty.

To return; the account which Mrs. Mellicent gave of the persecution raised by the Oliverian government, determined Dr. Lloyd to prevent either of his young friends from becoming its victim. They both recollected the anxiety of the late King to remove his heir beyond the power of his rebel subjects, as soon as he found it was impossible for himself to escape; and that he even considered the preservation of the Prince as a security for his own life. The event refuted that conclusion; but it was owing to this forecast that the prayers and hopes of Englishmen could still follow the princely fugitive. Whether he was shrouded in the oak at Boscobel-wood, or coldly frowned on by the courts of France and Spain, England saw, in the lineal heir of her monarchy, a pledge of the future restoration of her

civil and ecclesiastical constitution, and a guarantee to individuals against sequestrators and informers. The same judicious measures which had preserved the Royal sapling when the parent-tree was felled, should be resorted to for the safety of an illustrious private family ; and Dr. Lloyd agreed to hurry back to North Wales, and remove his precious charge to some more auspicious clime, before they heard of the imprisonment of Dr. Beaumont. Virginia was objected to on account of its distance from the scene of action. The power of Cromwell, so resistless in the centre of his government, was somewhat relaxed in its more remote dependencies ; and the island of Jersey was pointed out as a spot where Eustace and De Vallance ran less hazard of being recognized by Cromwell's officers.

Loyalty was at this time a bond of endearment which united apparent strangers ; Mrs. Mellicent had an intimacy,

in her early days, with a lady who was now wife to one of the most respectable merchants at St. Helier. He was one who, though faithful to the King, had preserved such an ostensible moderation in his conduct as to avoid offending his enemies; consequently, he had it in his power to assist those braver spirits that had withstood the storm, and now required shelter. A friendly intimation of remembrance, and an offer of aid had been transmitted by this Lady to Mrs. Mellisent, and she advised Dr. Lloyd to fix his abode in that island, under the character of a medical gentleman, travelling with two pupils, who were to study physic at Leyden, but were required, by their infirm constitutions, to establish their health in a salubrious climate, before they encountered the morasses and fogs of Holland.

Dr. Lloyd was not a friend by halves; he was willing to devote the remainder

of his life and fortune to the service of these interesting and deserving young men. He wrote a brief account of the preservation of Eustace and the safety of De Vallance, and Jobson was sent with the welcome communication to London, to lighten the woes of their affectionate and unhappy friends. Dr. Lloyd returned to Wales with the utmost celerity. He avoided explaining the distressed state of the family, contenting himself with assuring Eustace and De Vallance that Colonel Evellin was alive, and that Isabel and Constance were faithful to their vows. The plan of emigration to America must, he said, be abandoned, as it was impossible for the family to remove; but as the preservation of their lives, in some degree depended on the concealment of Eustace, it became necessary they should avoid the rigid scrutiny which Cromwell was now making after obnoxious Loyalists, by removing to a re-

Atreat where, though the royal banner was not permitted to fly, the inhabitants were allowed to remain in a sort of peaceable neutrality.

CHAP. XXIII.

When the sword is drawn, and the power of the strongest is to decide, you talk in vain of equity and moderation; those virtues always belong to the conquerors. Thus it has happened to the Cheruskans: they were formerly called just and upright; at present they are called fools and knaves. Victory has transferred every virtue to their masters; and oppression takes the name of wisdom. Murphy's TACITUS.

IT was not the practice of Cromwell to bring to a speedy trial those state-prisoners against whom he could produce no positive proof of the offence with which they were charged. Though the palaces of the degraded bishops and exiled nobility were, during this reign of terror in England, converted into places of confinement, the prisons continued crowded with victims. Judges and juries were too slow and uncertain in their proceedings to be permitted to decide on the fate of those whom the Protector of the liberties of

England had pre-ordained to death or captivity. High courts of justice were occasionally erected, and summary modes of trial resorted to, which the ancient laws of the realm reprobated or disavowed. By these the Tyrant freed himself from those more obnoxious enemies who had taken arms against his authority; but the objects of his suspicious fear, whose enmity he knew, and whose ability he dreaded, still remained in close confinement. The crime of some was having concealed Loyalists; many were shut up for sending remittances to the King abroad, or for having shown him some mark of respect and allegiance while he was in England. The presbyterians suffered for lamenting the fall of the Long-parliament, and inveighing against the present tyranny; the Fifth-Monarchy-men, for expecting the reign of King Jesus; the Levellers, for requiring Agrarian laws and the equalization of

property. The conduct of Cromwell had disgusted the whole body of sectaries as well as the stanch Republicans. "Anabaptists, Independents, and Quakers conceived an implacable hatred against him; and, whilst they contrived how to raise a power to contend with him, they likewise entered into plots for his assassination." These plots, and the libellous writings by which they excited insurrection, continually agitated the mind of Cromwell; for as his new enemies were not restrained by those principles which prevented most of his old ones from resorting to indirect modes of warfare, cutting off one daring villain added nothing to his security, but rather stimulated that faction to vengeance. He had now humbled and disappointed all parties, and could no longer play one against another. No one was attached to him; even those who had gone equal lengths in guilt only clung to him as a pledge

for their own security. Mercy and lenity had no effect on those with whom he now contended. Lilburn, who may be considered as an epitome of the fanatical opponents of Cromwell, "had wrought himself to a marvellous inclination and appetite to suffer in the defence, or for the vindication of any oppressed truth." To men who courted persecution, who gloried in personal suffering, and to whom, connecting their cause with that of the Almighty, all measures seemed allowable which their humours suggested — the axe and the gallows displayed no terrors; and it was as impossible to oblige as it was to intimidate them. They despised temporal possessions, and braced their iron-nerves with misapplications of the texts and examples of Scripture, believing that, in performing the actions of banditti, they were proving themselves to be chosen captains of the host of the Lord.

As the labours of the itinerant preachers already described had converted thousands of the lower orders into ignorant and desperate, and, it might be added, insane, enthusiasts, a mind less indefatigable than Cromwell's would have been wholly engrossed in securing his person and government from their violence and hostile machinations; but his fear of his new enemies did not make him forget his hatred of his old ones. The fanatical conspirators and insurgents being more inimical to the general good sense of the nation, he often submitted them to the ordinary courts of justice, contenting himself (as in the case of Lilburn) with making acquittal issue in more rigorous imprisonment, when a jury had the presumption to decide in favour of a prisoner whom the Protector had resolved to punish. Desirous of conciliating the good opinion of well-informed people, he pre-

served the fountain of justice uncontaminated. The judges who presided in the several courts were in general an honour to their country; and many of them (especially the immortal Hale) accepted the office, in order to be better able to restrain oppression, "knowing that in every form of government justice must be administered between man and man, and offenders against the universal laws of society punished." By such judges, a Gerrard, a Hewet, a Hyde, and other illustrious Loyalists, would not have been condemned. Against such persons, therefore, Cromwell was compelled to rearrange his pantomimic High Court of Justice, that contemptible but bloody engine, by which he had destroyed the King and the nobles, and to whose authority, as anomalous to the constitution, his victims generally refused to submit, and were thus condemned without any public discussion.

Had Cromwell determined to try Dr. Beaumont for sending pecuniary assistance to the King (an offence which he had the means of proving), he would have immediately collected his creatures and erected one of these executive courts; but if the suspicion of assassinating an officer, who bore a parliamentary commission, could be supported by stronger proofs than the accusation of Lady Belingham, and the probabilities suggested by Morgan, he need not fear permitting justice to mount her regular seat, and hold her balance in the public eye. No charge of cruelty or persecution could then be brought against him; and the public odium would be transferred to the episcopalians and Loyalists. He attended the first examination of the Doctor before the Council of State, on the ostensible accusation of assisting the King, and saw, in his behaviour, an enlightened opposer of tyranny, and a conscientious

adherent to the old government. Such a man, he resolved, should either be cut off, or prevented from doing him any injury. The best policy, therefore, was to defer his trial, and to send down some active emissaries to Ribblesdale to examine minutely into his past conversation, and discover whether any ground of accusation existed against him. At least to ascertain that Sedley had really been cut off, and that Dr. Beaumont had no evidence to disprove his being concerned in the transaction.

Dr. Beaumont was therefore remanded into close confinement. His family had gathered round him, and were supported by the generous contributions of those Loyalists who had hitherto escaped persecution, but made a common cause with their suffering brethren, and liberally ministered to their distresses. Colonel Evellin was concealed in an obscure lodging near the Marshalsea, where Dr.

Beaumont was imprisoned. Constantia and Isabel, with patient fortitude, ministered to their respective fathers, while Williams carried on a confidential intercourse with the noble and worthy friends by whom they were supported. Some of these were in the confidence of Lord Falconberg, the accepted lover of one of Cromwell's daughters, and who was thought by many to have sought that alliance with the view of mediating for the persecuted victims to a cause which himself and his family had ever decidedly espoused.

Affairs were in this situation when Jobson arrived in London, and produced Dr. Lloyd's letter, which, confirmed by his own testimony, fully verified the existence of Eustace, the safety of De Valance, and their welfare and comparative happiness. What a weight of anguish was removed from these amiable victims of tyranny by the intelligence! Im-

prisonment, poverty, dependence, personal infirmity, were all supportable evils. But for a complete exemplification of the extreme limit of human misery, we must look to the oppressor, not to the oppressed; to Cromwell, galled by the armour worn under his robes of state to defend his person from the expected dagger of a murderer, and not to Dr. Beaumont, languishing for want of the common blessings which freedom bestows, or to Evellin, an aged cripple in the lonely confined chamber of poverty. Cromwell had no daughter who revered his virtues, and cheered his pensive contemplations with the assurance that the righteous sufferer was under the peculiar protection of Heaven. Most of *his* daughters were strongly attached to the royal cause. The wife of Fleetwood (his eldest) was a furious Republican; Desborough, his brother-in-law, was a Leveller; and his eldest son was

incompetent to receive that weight of usurped greatness which he wished to bequeath him. Such was the domestic situation of the man at whose frown Europe trembled. Ever in dread of assassins and conspirators, vexed by family-broils, his nearest connexions hostile to his views, without solace from public care, or sympathy in private distress.

The preservation of his son seemed to bestow on Colonel Evellin a new existence. He was never weary of listening to the particulars of his escape. Again and again he required Jobson to repeat the assurance, that he had actually held in his arms the living Eustace; the determined martyr to loyalty and truth; the brave, conspicuous, honourable soldier; his own dear son, not a traitor to his King or his love, but all that he could wish a true Neville to be, except in his misfortunes. It seemed a double resurrection to life, and to unclouded fame.

And was it possible he might again see him at his feet craving his blessing? Should his hand rest upon his head, while, with a prophetic ardour, he predicted a race of worthies that should spring from him — future heroes, patriots, and faithful subjects, alike tenacious of their Sovereign's rights and of the claims of their countrymen. What were privations, infirmities, and restraints to a mind animated with these glorious hopes? He limped on his staff round his narrow room, lest his limbs should grow too contracted to visit every apartment in Bellingham-Castle. He partook of his frugal meal, and talked of the joyous regales he would provide for his tenantry. He was no longer the existing root of a tree that had been hewn down; one fatal shot had not smitten his Eustace, and doomed his Isabel to remain a vestal mourner over her brother's grave. De Vallance and Eustace were now cement-

ing that bond of virtuous friendship which would distinguish them in happier times ; and those times would soon return. The generous feelings of English nobles would not long endure the national degradation. They had taught the Norman Conqueror to venerate their ancient rights. They had resisted every attempt of the princely house of Plantagenet to sink subjects into vassals. The First Edward, great in council and in arms, found his people alike invincible in the field, whether they followed his banner under an Asian or a Northern sky, or opposed his violation of their chartered rights ! Could a nation, which would only pay a constitutional obedience to a Beauclerk or a Cœur de Lion, which served, not submitted to, the heroes of Cressy and of Agincourt, long writhe under the scorpion-lash of despotism wielded by a low Usurper, whose manners and sentiments were inimical to the general tone of the English character

—a man pre-eminent in fraud and hypocrisy, and ignorant of the lively yearnings of humanity.

“ My girl,” Evellin would often say to Isabel, “ the King must be re-instated on his throne, or England will fall from her rank among the nations. The standard of public morals must be reduced, the mode of thinking be changed, the very aspect of Englishmen undergo a revolution before the race of this upstart Despot can take root in this island. We have been accustomed to look up to our governors as great and good ; at least they were surrounded by a blaze of ancestry and dignity of manners congenial to our feelings of the prescriptive claims of hereditary rights. We must be all mercenary soldiers, wild fanatics, pensioned informers, or feudal serfs toiling for daily bread, ere we can patiently endure this revolting system of jealousy and suspicion — this cold, selfish scheme of trick

and expedient. Astonishment and terror may awhile paralyze the national spirit; the remembered miseries of civil war may render the phantom of peace so alluring as to induce many to call a deleterious intoxication felicity. But unless Cromwell can obliterate every record of what Englishmen were in past ages — unless he can make us forget the education, opinions, and hopes of our youth — the labours, sorrows, and wrongs of our riper years — his meanness and his crimes; — never — never can the British lion crouch at an Usurper's form, or the red-cross banner wave graceful over a traitor's head."

Colonel Evellin was roused from these agreeable reveries by a painful communication from Williams. The means of access which the royalists now had to Cromwell's councils enabled them to discover that the vigilance of Morgan had brought together so many charges against

Dr. Beaumont, that there seeming no chance of his escaping condemnation, it was resolved to bring him to trial. Williams could not distinctly make out the crimes with which he was charged, except that he assisted the late and present King with money; that he used the Liturgy and Church ceremonies with such slight alterations as did not prevent their continuing to be that "form of words" and "will-worship" which were forbidden to saints; added to this, he prayed for Charles Stewart; and further, there were secret counsels and mysterious contrivances in the family. A private chamber had also been found, which, it was evident, had been used for the purpose of concealing malignants. The safety of the state required that these practices should be searched into, and that Dr. Beaumont should be tried for contumacy to the government.

This was all Williams could discover ; but beside this open attack, there was a mine ready to be sprung for the Doctor's destruction. Lord Bellingham had now lain several years in confinement. His party was believed to be subdued, and his own reputation was so tarnished that he was become quite innoxious. Overtures were now made to him, that he should be restored to liberty, and to a part of his possessions ; but it was hinted at the same time that it would show his acquiescence with the existing government if he would take an active part against an atrocious royalist. The sudden and mysterious disappearance of his son (of whom he had heard no tidings since the battle of Preston) was mentioned ; and it was soon understood that it was expected he should bring the charge of assassination against Dr. Beaumont, and thus remove all odium from Cromwell. Solitude and confinement had wrought

no salutary change on this wretched man's disposition. His prison-hours were occupied by regrets for the past, distaste at the present, and fears for the future. His affections clung fondly to the wealth and title he had lost ; nor could his guilty soul disrobe itself " of those lendings " which vitiated its spiritual essence. If he were again placed in Bellingham-Castle he would repent. He would then devote a large proportion of his dearly-purchased estate to charitable purposes ; he would seek for Allan Neville and his daughter ; were they alive, he would make them happy, or at least place them in affluence ; he would erect a monument to the gallant Eustace ; he would employ his future life in pious duties ; in fine, if restored to the enjoyment of the unrighteous Mammon, he would use it in securing an everlasting inheritance. No angel whispered, " Begin the mighty labour now ; " no renovating change took place in his de-

sires. The hour of contrition and repentance was deferred with procrastinating insincerity.' Can we then wonder that the man who, in his youth, sacrificed honour and friendship to purchase worldly grandeur, should, in his age, again impawn his conscience for liberty and ease? or that, though he had indeed often deplored the supposed necessity of murdering Eustace Evellin, he should basely yield to become a Tyrant's instrument to cut off that Eustace's uncle on a charge, which, from what he knew of the Doctor's conduct, bore improbability and ingratitude in its aspect. Let those who condemn Lord Bellingham beware how they yield to the first temptations of guilt. The emulation of an aspiring mind, unchecked by principle, degenerated into envy, hatred, malice, injustice, falsehood, and cruelty. Love for a beautiful woman was polluted by an insatiable craving to rise to the same sphere of life in which

she moved ; and as it was her exterior loveliness, not her inward graces, that inflamed his desires, he scrupled not to become the instrument of her bad passion ; that “ love might revel on the couch of state,” he performed actions which stamped ignominy on his name, and destroyed his peace for ever ; and now, in the decline of life, though satiety had taught him the little value of all temporal enjoyments, his imagination clung to the dispersing shadows which even experience would not convince him were only phantoms of happiness. Even while he wept the offences he had committed, he yielded to the first temptation to repeat his crimes.

On the morning fixed for his trial, Dr. Beaumont exhibited an illustration of the scriptural precept, by combining the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove. Serene, mild, thoughtful, acute, and penetrating, he was capable of

using every fair occasion to elude his enemies, and was able also to submit to the will of Heaven, provided their malice should be permitted to triumph. He prepared Constantia for the worst, by assuring her that so many had unjustly suffered in these perturbed times that condemnation was no longer considered as an evidence of guilt. All the disgrace of a public death was removed by the justice of the cause to which he was ready to fall a martyr ; and the mere circumstance of his dying as a malefactor ought not to distress her, since, in the article of pain, he should endure much less ; and the awakening trial of imprisonment had afforded him leisure to re-consider his ways, and make his peace with God. This singular blessing had supplied the best uses of sickness, without its frequent attendant, bodily incapacity. He reminded her of his declining years. " My enemies," said he, " can only rob me of

the dregs of life. Death hath sent many of his forerunners by the hand of time to inform me that my days are drawing to a close. It was my wish to be useful as long as I lived. The new government have done me the honour to think me dangerous. When they immured me in a prison, I considered the loss of liberty as a quietus from my heavenly King, dismissing me from active employments ; and I have since endeavoured to improve myself in the practice of those passive virtues which are never enough prized by the world, and which are often painful rather than pleasant. I have endeavoured after the perfection of patience, humility, and submission ; but, my Constantia, I have only endeavoured, and have discovered so many unsubdued weaknesses, such a lingering fondness for what I must renounce, that I fear nothing but the cold chill of death will benumb those ardent affections which

have often led me to lament (but, I trust, not to repine) that I was born in these unhappy times. To the last I must bemoan the degradation and crimes of my country, that beloved England, whom, in the humble sphere of a village-rector, I laboured to serve, by making all whom my counsels and example could influence, faithful servants of their God and their King. I feel too the destitution of my family (here he faltered and turned aside his face) — principally thee, poor mourner, tenderly fostered in thine infancy, and, since then, the child of sorrow. Encourage me by thy firmness, now I am on the eve of the most awful occurrence of my life. Imitate the cheerful magnanimity of Isabel. Let me not shudder at the thought of leaving thee a weak, heart-broken burden on those who can only pity thy distress; but let me have the comfort of hoping that thou wilt behave like a resigned Christian, who,

art not so-depressed by a a sense of thy own grief, as to be incapable of ministering to the woes of others. Allow me to think of thee as one whose views are not bounded by the grave, and then I shall have no overwhelming terrors to distract my attention, or unfit me for improving every fair opportunity for my deliverance. But, should the worst happen, remember, *Constantia*, I shall continue to exist. Putting on the garment of immortality does not destroy identity. We shall still continue members of that large family of whom God is the head, the angels being his more exalted servants, and the infernal spirits potent rebels, who in vain labour to defeat his purposes. No event can remove us from the superintendance of Providence; no distance of time or country, no difference of station or fortune, can hinder the glorified spirits of the faithful from meeting in the same paradise, and hearing the same joyful sentence of eternal beatitude.

Whether the disembodied souls left their bodies in the north or in the south, they will all rejoice in the society of each other. The spirits of the patriarchs of old, as well as of those who die to-day in the Lord, will meet in one large community. Console thyself, therefore, with the thought of a future, joyful, and eternal re-union; and let that consolation be also an active precept, teaching thee so to order thy daily conversation as to complete thy fitness for that re-union."

He then entreated her to remember the inestimable consolation she possessed, in knowing that Eustace lived and was worthy of her affections, faithful to his vows, to his King, and his God. He advised her, if possible, to remove with her aunt, Isabel, and Colonel Evellin, and to place themselves under his protection. If his situation permitted, he advised her to marry him as the best way of being safe and respectable, to

endeavour to procure an honest livelihood by following some humble occupation, and to forget the station to which their birth entitled them to aspire. He was almost hopeless of a speedy change of times. He feared the spirit of the nation was so broken that it would submit to the establishment of the usurping family. Policy would teach Cromwell to soften the terrors of his administration as soon as he could found his government on the safer principles of expedience and prescription. He had already adopted many popular measures ; and, in making the power of England formidable abroad, he had gratified the public-feeling. Though the persecution of individuals, and actions of glaring oppression and injustice, soon excited discord in peaceable times, and under the government of a legitimate King, they were so congenial to the nature of tyranny, that people were more apt to rejoice in their own escape than

to animadvert on the sufferings of their neighbours. Nor would an accumulation of such deeds rouse to arms a nation, that had recently bled so copiously from the multiplied wounds of civil war. Dreadful calamities had stupified the finer feelings, while self-interest and a mean anxiety for personal safety absorbed their sensibility for the distressed. Above all, he regretted to say that an unfavourable impression of the young monarch's personal qualities had gone abroad; and though the disadvantageous reports might be aggravated by ill-will, it would be inferred that the person on whom they fastened was by no means blameless. For all these reasons, Dr. Beaumont feared that the present ostensible form of a republican government would imperceptibly slide into the restoration of what the laws, institutions, habits, and character of England required, a limited monarchy in the person of one of Cromwell's family, should

such a one arise, who, without being stained by the atrocious guilt of his progenitor, should display qualities that would eclipse the legitimate prince. Much, he said, depended on the personal character of a King of England, who was not, like an Eastern sovereign, shown from a distant eminence to be worshipped with prostrations, or, like a Grand Monarque, to be flattered and implicitly obeyed. He ruled over a nation of freemen; he lived in the observation of his subjects, not as a despot coercing slaves and parasites, but as the administrator of public justice, and the conservator of the national rights. He could not put up a more salutary prayer for his country, than that each future Prince (especially in times of great political turbulence) would remember that he is set like a city upon a hill, and that his whole conduct is canvassed by a free, inquisitive, and, generally speaking, an intelligent and high-minded nation, at-

tached to hereditary rule, but indignant at the contamination of the blood-royal. It was impossible for persons eminent for birth to sin in secret; and one bad action of theirs, divulged to the public, did more injury than the machinations of the most subtle traitor. Woe would it be to England, if her liberties were thus made to depend on the mercy and prudence of those who grasped her sceptre in despite of law, while its rightful owner discovered such base propensities as made it safer even in an Usurper's hands than in his, who less prized the inheritance of three kingdoms than the praise of debauchees and the indulgence of depraved appetites.

Thus fortifying his daughter's mind with the best principles, and then gradually withdrawing it from the agonizing present to circumstances connected with her future fortunes, Dr. Beaumont consoled and instructed Constantia. "I am

firm and patient, my dearest father," said she. "Your voice, like that of the angel to Hagar, has pointed out springs of comfort in a frightful desert. One request I must make. Let me stand by your side at your trial. Perhaps my appearance may influence your judges. Men who seem to have renounced every feeling of humanity have been induced to pity orphan wretchedness. Some circumstances may escape your observation that my quick-sighted fears will seize on; at least I may serve as your notary. These times of woe have often witnessed female heroism claiming its affinity to the proscribed victims of injustice, and glorying in partaking their dangers. Thus let me triumph, and, to the last, exult in having such a father." Dr. Beaumont gazed on her with affection, and acceded to her desires. Like his royal Master, he had at first resolved to object to the legality of these high courts

of justice ; but further consideration made him doubt if the plea was admissible by a Christian, who was required to submit to the powers that are ; and its inexpediency was apparent, by the immediate condemnation of all who urged it, since, whatever degree of proof their offences admitted, they were infallibly condemned for contumacy. Being asked, therefore, if he acknowledged the authority of the court, he lifted up the cap which covered his thin silvered locks, and declared that he submitted to be tried by the laws of God and his country, though, as he had not been furnished with a copy of the charges brought against him, he came with no other means of defence than a general consciousness of inoffensive behaviour.

As Dr. Beaumont spoke he withdrew his arm from the feeble support of his trembling daughter. A sun-beam fell upon his pale countenance, and irradiated

its expression of piety and resignation, while his clasped hands, and eyes elevated to heaven, bespoke him engrossed by the fervour of mental devotion. Constantia, silent, trembling, and almost fearing to breathe, contrasted, by her apprehensiveness, beauty, and elegance, the awful solemnity of her father's aspect. He was invested with the insignia of his academical honours, and attired in his sacerdotal habit, which, in its decay, seemed emblematical of the ruined Church for whom he was a confessor. Meek but dignified, patient but courageous, he looked like one of the pillars of episcopacy, who, though the beauty of holiness was defaced, and the visible cherubim removed from the sanctuary, continued to support the tottering edifice, deeming the ruins of Zion a better station than the gorgeous temple of Baal. Nor did the celebrated classical example of Antigone more forcibly illustrate the

persevering fortitude of passive heroism and enduring love in woman's gentle bosom, than did the interesting, lovely Constantia. Like the renowned daughter of Sir Thomas More, " she seemed to have forgotten herself, being ravished with the entire love of her dear father," and fearful of danger only as it pointed at him. She turned her eyes upon the court with a boldness unusual to their general expression, to see if in any of their faces she could trace the lineaments of justice or compassion ; but they were soon arrested by recognising, in the president, the well-remembered face of Major Mont-hault. The brims of his hat were of more than ordinary dimensions ; his hair was notched into the exact shape prescribed by the highest standard of puritanical orthodoxy ; his band was crimped, and his robes folded with prim decorum ; while his hands demurely rested on the cushion before him, holding a small edi-

tion of the sacred volume, on which he seemed to be meditating in the intervals between the exercise of his professional duties. But neither the starched sobriety of his aspect, nor his newly assumed name of Mephibosheth could obliterate her recollection of the daring libertine who had seduced her Eustace, and attempted her honour. She pointed him out to her father, inquiring if he might not be challenged as a personal enemy ; but Dr. Beaumont wisely thought it more prudent to avoid a recognition, which would only confirm his enmity by exposing his former conduct ; and, reminding Constantia that as no exceptions of theirs would be attended to, they must know Monthault only in his present character, he entreated, as her alarm was so visible, that she would retire, and leave him to the care of Williams.

Dissembling his knowledge of the prisoner, the President showed, by his ad-

dress to the Court, that he had adopted the language as well as the habit of a fanatic. He observed that the malignants could hardly be bound by any specific terms, being full of evasions and subtleties of expression, by which they ensnared the simplicity of the faithful. He then called on Eusebius Beaumont to say, unequivocally, whether he did so truly and *bona fide* submit to the authority of this Court, as to acknowledge it was legally assembled by the supreme power in the Commonwealth, namely, His Highness Oliver Cromwell, Protector of the liberties, and General of the armies of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Dr. Beaumont answered, that he did acknowledge the supreme power was now lodged in the Protector; and that, according to the ordinances made by him, the present High Court of Justice possessed a right to try him. He was then asked if he meant to deny his sending

assistance to Charles Stewart, and praying for a restoration of the ancient system ; to which he answered, he admitted the truth of these accusations ; and being in his heart convinced that the former government of church and state was not only most consonant to the constitution, but also to the prosperity of the kingdom, he must ever wish and pray that it might be restored. But yet, abhorring all conspiracies and plots, the only acts of contumacy of which he had been guilty to the existing powers, were the supplications he offered at the Throne of Grace, and the scanty contributions, which the purse of penury could ill spare, given to the necessities of those who espoused the same cause, and whose wants exceeded his own.

The indictment was then read, in which the charges already noticed were dressed out in vituperative language ; but the crimes principally insisted on were, that

he had secreted several desperate and proscribed delinquents in a ruinous mansion which he inhabited for the purpose ; and that by their assistance he had clandestinely conveyed away, destroyed, and murdered, divers good and faithful citizens. Among these was a godly officer of the commonwealth, Arthur De Vallance, commonly called Lord Sedley, son and heir to the Earl of Bellingham, whom he was known to have kept in custody, and who had never been heard of since. To give a tragical effect to this accusation, the Earl and his Countess, attired in deep mourning, presented themselves in a conspicuous gallery, and, as if overpowered by the sudden emotions of parental anguish, wrung their hands and with loud lamentations besought the court to grant them justice.

Dr. Beaumont's astonishment for some moments precluded the possibility of reply,

but as his native integrity never deserted him, he soon recovered sufficient presence of mind to determine rather to fall a victim to the malice of his foes, than to make any discovery which should endanger the life of Arthur De Vallance, who having borne arms against Cromwell was become amenable to the penal ordinances, and would be marked by the Usurper's personal hatred as a confidential friend changed into a renegado. He soon answered in a firm tone, that, being unable to divine that such a charge could be brought against him, he must crave a few days grace to form his reply, and produce evidence which should disprove it. He would, however, observe, that at the time of the supposed murder, and his concealment of desperadoes, he was a suspected persecuted man in distressed circumstances, and all his actions were watched with insidious vigilance. To impute to him a power of restraining

a man of Lord Sedley's rank was a futile charge, disproved by its impossibility. There was a person in court (looking at Morgan) who knew the hospitality and kindness he had shown to that nobleman; but he was certain the being did not exist, who could fasten on him the slightest suspicion of his having subsequently practised against his life.

The counsel for the prosecution answered, that his long confinement had given him sufficient opportunity of recollecting his misdeeds, and therefore no accusation could take him by surprise. There could be no occasion to adjourn the court, or longer suspend justice, which thirsted to seize the sanguinary old hypocrite. The feelings of the bereaved parent should be regarded (here a loud sobbing was heard from Lady Bellingham), and as the culprit had declared that there was a person in court who could prove his innocence, they

would yield him the advantage of inverting the general order of the trial, and permit him to call and examine his evidence, before they discovered the dark machination, by which an illustrious pair lost the son of their hopes, the only heir to their magnificent fortune.

Dr. Beaumont's strong confidence in his own innocence prevented him from discovering that the proposal was a snare, intended to give indubitable authority to the evidence of Morgan, who now pressed forward, stretched out his hand with an air of friendship to the prisoner, and seemed to rejoice in the opportunity of befriending him. He took the oath, and answered the questions put to him, by giving a minute and (as far as his coarse mind would permit) a pathetic description of the care and attention which the Beaumont-family showed to the young nobleman, and of his voluntary conti-

nuance with them after his wounds were healed.

When Morgan's examination was over, the counsel for the prosecution addressed the court. " My Lord President Mont-hault, and you other My Lords Judges of this honourable tribunal; we all know that the butcher fatteneth the lamb before he leadeth it to the slaughter-house, and therefore the care and hospitality pretended to have been shown to the noble person, whose loss we deplore, establishes nothing positively in the prisoner's favour. I shall prove to you, that Lord Sedley liberally rewarded him for his entertainment, and that notwithstanding all the peaceable professions he has this day made, he took great pains to change that Lord's principles, to make him false to the Commonwealth, and also to engage him in an alliance with his family; failing of which, and also sus-

pecting that he gave information to His Highness of the plots then carrying on for restoring tyranny and superstition; he the prisoner was consenting unto, if not aiding and abetting, the murdering and secreting the aforesaid godly Lord. The time chosen for this business was immediately after his receiving a large remittance. To these facts, together with that of the prisoner's concealing a band of desperate malignants, armed with instruments of destruction, I shall, with leave of the court, proceed to call my evidence."

The payment of several sums of money to Lord Sedley, during his residence at Ribblesdale, and the cessation of all demand for remittances from the period of his quitting it, were proved by his tenants; one of whom particularly specified his having sent him a very considerable sum, raised by mortgage of his principal farm, a few days previous to

that fixed on for his disappearance. Morgan was now re-examined, who acted the part of a reluctant witness, with too marked partiality for Dr. Beaumont to deceive any who had not been accustomed to the grossest deceptions of fulsome hypocrisy. Much as he said of his hopes that his good old friend and neighbour would meet with favour, he took care to confirm every circumstance to his prejudice. He dwelt on the steadiness of Lord Sedley's principles; the regular communication he had with him, respecting the views of the royalists; the beauty and allurements of Constantia Beaumont, and the evident consternation of the family, together with her extreme grief at the time of Sedley's disappearing. He now hesitated and begged he might be dismissed; but a few threats of imprisonment restored his volubility, and he anticipated the questions of the counsel by stating, that at the command of

His Highness he had minutely searched the late residence of the Beaumonts, and at length found a sliding pannel concealing an arched passage, through an extraordinarily thick wall, which, being excavated in one part, formed a small secret chamber or closet, concealed among the buttresses, so as not to be visible on the out-side, and lighted by a small window in the roof; he found, he said, certain proof of its having been recently inhabited, and on removing the floor he discovered, with several arms and implements, the dress of a parliamentary officer; the same which he had seen Lord Sedley wear. Nor was this the only corroborative proof of his having been assassinated in that dark recess, for, on digging lower, they found several bones, which he feared were part of the remains of that unfortunate gentleman.

The incongruity of finding the dress sufficiently perfect to discover its identity,

while the body of Sedley was so dismembered by time, that only a few disjointed bones could be discovered, might have convinced the court, that they could not, without incurring great odium, find Dr. Beaumont guilty of murder. But, indeed, they had not time to reflect on the inadmissibility of such vague circumstances in a criminal charge. Lady Bellingham renewed her screams, to give effect, it was presumed, to the workings of compassion for a fond mother, wounded to agony by such a horrid narration. But her screams continued too long, and were too piercing, to proceed from feigned distress, and the intermingled cries of "He is coming again! Save me!" directed the eyes of all to a figure, who was now perceived slowly making his way through the crowd below the bar. It was the aged Evellin advancing with feeble steps; his majestic form clad in a loose, black, serge gown, and his iron-grey hair and

beard waving neglected over his breast and shoulders; his arched brows were still more elevated by disdain, while, glancing his eyes from his screaming sister and her trembling husband, he fixed their unextinguished lustre on the President. "I am an evidence for Eusebius Beaumont," said he; "tender me the oath. My name is Allan Neville, and I require to be confronted with Walter De Vallance, calling himself Earl of Bellingham. Let him not escape," continued he, lifting his staff as it were an ensign of authority. "I accuse him of perfidy, calumny, fraud, usurpation, and murder."

Bellingham had more self-command than his guilty consort. His long acquaintance with the terrors of guilt made him ever on his guard. He knew of the preservation of Allan Neville during the civil wars, but he hoped the death of

his son might have terminated his days, or irrecoverably clouded his reason; yet he was ever in apprehension of having his title to greatness disproved by a living claimant, though he knew all written documents to confirm his treachery had been destroyed. He had resolved, if ever this man of many woes should burst upon him, to abide by the criminal's last resource, denial of his identity, and solemn protestations of his own innocence: and though the abode of Neville had been so carefully concealed, that no trace of his residence in London had been discovered, even by the vigilance of Oliverian spies, the terrors to which the wretched Bellingham was a constant prey gave him a degree of adroitness in a moment of surprise. Though a coward, when only in the presence of God and his own conscience, the adhesive habits of a practised courtier,

gave him effrontery and address when endeavouring to propitiate mankind in his favour.

“ My Lord President,” said he, “ I must request that this unhappy maniac may be taken into custody. The sight is too dreadful to the weakened spirits of Lady Bellingham. Being a distant kinsman, we long supported him by our bounty ; but his disordered imagination has persuaded him that he is the brother of my countess — that unfortunate and guilty man has been long since numbered with the dead.”

Neville answered with stern composure. “ Stand forth, David Williams ; identify thy true Lord, the son of thy old master, to whom thou hast adhered in all his calamities.” Williams instantly complied with the requisition, and Neville, then turning his indignant eyes on the horror-struct Bellingham, exclaimed — “ I trusted thee with my life, my fortune, and my

honour — I supplicated thy aid — I depended on thy integrity, on our alliance in blood, on a friendship formed in our boy-hood, on a thousand instances of kindness which I have shown thee. — Thou stolest from me a pearl, rich as an empire, threwest at me the worthless shell, and then badest thy plundered brother be grateful for thy mercy. Mine, Walter, is not the voice of a raving mendicant, it sounds not in thine ears as the ingratitude of an eleemosynary pensioner, but as the groan of a perturbed spirit, risen from the grave to demand vengeance.”

“ Hear me,” continued he, as Bellingham hid his face with his cloak. “ Am not I the friend of thy youth, the brother of thy wife, the owner of thy lands, castles, of all that thou hast, except that wretched body. — Where is my son? My Eustace; condemned by thee in cold blood at Pembroke, for being

faithful to the King who ennobled thee, and was then betrayed by thy treasons! Mark, traitor; at the time that thou unpitied sawest the heir of the greatness thou hast long usurped walk to execution, this innocent man, whom thou art now persecuting, preserved the life of thy only child. And dost thou reproach me with the calamities thou hast brought upon me? Remember what I was, before thy avarice and ambition cancelled the ties of blood and gratitude, crushed me to the earth, and plumed thy borrowed pomp with the wings of my lineal greatness. I am now a lame, old, destitute Loyalist; yet, for ten thousand worlds, I would not cease to be the thing I am, if the alternative must be to become what thou art; a meteor, born in the concussion of the elements; a timorous slave of power, scared into the commission of any action which may prolong a life, miserable in its continuance, tremendous in its close."

He now turned to the judges, who were gazing on him in silent consternation. "Are you," said he, "administrators of the new code of criminal justice, or sworn extirpators of inconvenient rectitude. You see in me the bloody malignant, whom Beaumont cherished for years in the secret chamber. Have I physical strength to assassinate a vigorous youth? This arm was rendered useless at the battle of Marston-Moor; these knees were enfeebled by infirmity, resulting from the hardships I endured at the siege of Pontefract-Castle. Thus maimed and disabled, I was removed from a cave where I was hid by my kind comrades on a wain, concealed under rubbish and fed by my daughter, and by that firm friend, first in a sepulchre, and then among the ruins that sheltered his oppressed family. To justify his innocence, I commit my long painfully-preserved life to your clemency.

Condemn me for what I have done for the King, to whom my heart is still faithful ; bow my hoary locks to the scaffold ; cut off the useless trunk which now only serves to bear the unblemished insignia of the true Earls of Bellingham. I suffer worse than death by looking on the traitor you cherish in your bosom. But before you condemn me, mark my words — Young De Vallance lives—he is beyond your power ; he is a firm royalist, and ready, like myself, to die for his King. Hear me yet again. If you determine to bring on your cause the odium of deeming an aged cripple dangerous, let my execution be private ; for no pomp of death can quail my courage. On the scaffold I shall proclaim my attachment to the Sovereign, who bestowed my birth-right on that viper—the betrayer of us both. But spare Eusebius Beaumont, the minister of good to friend and foe. Keep

him alive to be your beadsman, till you cease to provoke heaven by injustice and rebellion."

The cry of "Let us seek the Lord," was immediately vociferated by the members of the mock tribunal. The President ordered Neville to be taken into custody. "There needs no rush of marshals-men," said he, "to effect your purpose; a child may guard me to my dungeon, and a twine confine me in it. But since I have proved the innocence of Beaumont, give him the liberty I willingly resign."

In these times of pretended freedom, a court of justice assembled to try state-criminals was nothing better than a clumsy engine of destruction, moved at the pleasure of the Protector. Condemnation and acquittal depended not on the facts which were disclosed at the trial, but on the pre-disposition of Cromwell, to whom (as was the usual interpretation

of the phrase of seeking the Lord) the President immediately reported the appearance of Neville, his singular accusation of Lord Bellingham, his assertion of the existence of young De Vallance, and also of his change of principles. He suggested the impossibility of convicting Dr. Beaumont of murder ; and though his concealing a royalist was now proved, the age, debility, and affinity of Neville, would make a strict execution of the penal ordinances, cruelty instead of justice ; and throw an odium on His Highness's administration. Dr. Beaumont appeared to be an inoffensive, quiet character ; as to Neville, though a furious, desperate delinquent, his infirmities made him insignificant, and death would probably soon relieve the state from his machinations.

At this time Cromwell courted popularity ; he wished to engage honourable and eminent persons to support his go-

vernment, and he thought an indisputable reputation for liberality and impartiality would expedite his ultimate projects. He had engaged some respectable characters in his service; and the description his emissaries gave him of Neville and Beaumont, showed him the impolicy of publicly sacrificing such victims for state-offences. He affected to think it was possible he might attach them to his interests, and declared he never could fear a disabled soldier and sequestered parson, but that he was even ready to vindicate the rights of a Loyalist, who had been injured by the partiality of the late tyrant, and thus prove his own impartial justice, while he transferred deserved odium on the memory of him who was called the Royal martyr. Monthault pleaded warmly for the Beaumonts, but not with disinterested earnestness. The appearance of Constantia in court revived the recollection of his former

designs on her person, and as the acknowledged death of Eustace had removed what he supposed the chief barrier to his wishes, he deemed his suit might not be unsuccessfully urged, especially if he assumed the character of a mediator between her father and the government. He willingly obeyed Cromwell's order to adjourn the court to an indefinite time, till it could be ascertained if the prisoners would purchase prosperity by a change of principle, and he resolved to employ the interim in prosecuting his own designs.

CHAP. XXIV.

None but the guilty are long and completely miserable.

GOLDSMITH.

THE convulsions which seized Lady Bellingham, at again beholding what she still supposed was the apparition of her brother, had a speedy and fatal termination. The apparent reconciliation between herself and her lord had been effected for the purpose of revenge. Their enmity was the interminable feud of co-partners in iniquity, the hatred which ever exists between the contriver and the executor of horrible enormities. Their mutual recriminations and accusations were suspended; their aversion was made to look like grief, and they walked together into the court, as affectionate

parents to prosecute the supposed murderer of their only child. But the sympathy which softens affliction, and even soothes despair, was here unknown. Lady Bellingham's false views of religion had, indeed, so far skinned over the wounds of her ulcerated conscience, as to produce a stupefaction, which might last as long as health and prosperity continued. But when, what she conceived to be a supernatural visitation, had terrified her into a dangerous indisposition; the anchor of absolute election trembled in her grasp, and her bodily weakness was rapidly increased by the wild agonies a soul roused to a sense of its danger, when the bridegroom called and the lamp of faith, unsupplied with good works, was extinguished. Her troubled spirit saw nothing but darkness in its future prospects, while, with a dying voice, she continued imploring her physicians to save

her life, and wondering why this judgment was fallen upon her.

The most illiterate and presumptuous of the fanatical preachers crowded round her bed, and by the canting verbiage of delusion strove to revive the raptures of enthusiasm. Not one had the honesty to tell her that the figure which so appalled her, was her living brother. They feared the assurance of his existence acting upon her present terrors might induce her to do an act of justice, and to make an effectual effort to restore him to his ancient rights. They were equally silent as to the safety of her son, and careful to keep her husband out of her apartment. It was their aim to prevail upon her to bequeath her large possessions to promote the interests of their party. With the spirit of the false prophets of old, they sounded in her ears, "The temple of the Lord."

They reminded her of her prayers, alms, mortifications, and zeal for the good cause. They required her to recollect the time and circumstances of her conversion; the pangs she then suffered; her subsequent experiences and convictions of having received saving grace. They proceeded, as they termed it, to buffet Satan with prayers, while with impassioned hymns they endeavoured to awaken in the trembling sinner, the raptures of divine love. All sense of contrition for past offences, all disposition to be reconciled to her lord was prevented by their assurances of her safety, and their prayers for his conversion, which ran in the style of craving that he might no longer halt between two opinions, but renouncing the fears of the carnal man be perfected in faith and love. Every Scripture narrative, which, by falsifying some circumstances, could be made to answer their purpose, was presented to her

remembrance. The murder, adultery, and acceptance of David; the liberality of Solomon to the church; the preservation of Rahab the harlot from the general massacre of her people, on account of her saving faith; the supposed profligacy of Magdalen's early life, atoned for by her sitting passive at the feet of her Lord. — All these instances were produced to prove the false and scandalous tenet, that a course of sin was a better preparative to conversion than a life of comparative innocence. Arguments were bandied from tongue to tongue; each one cavilled at the assertions of the other, yet all united in the purpose of pacifying an alarmed conscience, and changing despair into ill-founded confidence. The groans of Lady Bellingham, the consternation of her attendants, the fierce disputes of her ghostly assistants, occasionally suspended by ejaculations and hymns, exhibited a

scene of distracting confusion, in which it would have been impossible for the firmest mind to have preserved its recollection. Lady Bellingham was soon induced to say that she knew she had once been in a state of grace, and this acknowledgement was welcomed as her pass-port to heaven*. She was informed that her salvation was unalienable; that grace could neither be resisted nor forfeited, and that though the saints might appear to sin, yet their offences were not imputable to them.

This pious conflict (for in an age when fanaticism and hypocrisy were misnamed religion, these solemn mockeries passed for charitable assistance to the dying,) was interrupted by the presence of Mont-hault, now become the favourite and confidant of a chief leader of the fanatical

* Many of these circumstances are copied from the death of Cromwell.

party. This renegade-Loyalist had served Cromwell with conspicuous bravery in the Irish wars, and once, when a division of the army was thrown into great danger, by the retreat of the forlorn hope, before it had accomplished its purpose, he rushed forward, killed the commanding officer with his own hand, and seizing the colours, led them back, undismayed, by a grove of pikes and a shower of missile weapons. With desperate but successful valour he carried the redoubt and escaped with life. All this passed under the immediate observation of Cromwell, whose retentive memory never forgot any signal action, and whose discriminating policy generally placed the man who performed it in a situation suited to his character. He soon found Monthault to be as perfidious and unprincipled as he was daring and ready to undertake any office which would gratify his passions, which (being now past the heyday of youth) were di-

verted from licentious indulgence by the more substantial enjoyments of avarice and ambition.

At this time Cromwell was secretly panting to add the name and paraphernalia of a King to the authority which he actually exercised. The fanatics, whom he had so long courted, were the most active opponents of this project. The other sectaries had been long convinced, by experience, that their views of republican felicity and perfection were illusory. The respectable dissenters always professed themselves friends of a limited monarchy ; many staunch royalists thought the renewal of kingly power would gradually turn the public eye on their exiled Prince ; and some selfish ones would have been content with such an approach to the old order of things as would give them back their sequestered estates. Some parties would be brought over by seeming to fall in with their views, others cajoled by

bribing their leaders, but the levellers and fanatics were invincible. They had been Cromwell's agents in subduing his enemies, and a consciousness of their power made them unmanageable; they were determined on owning no King but Jesus, and on thinking the regal title, when assumed by man, the mark of the beast and the seal of reprobation to its supporters. "The Protector's son-in-law, Fleetwood, kneeled and prayed publicly, that the Lord might spit in his face if the unrighteous mammon tempted him into this sin; and his brother Desborough anathematized him, and vowed to devote his own sword to Charles Stewart sooner than to him, if he persevered in longing for the forbidden spoil." Lambert, who was in the entire confidence of these two, had seduced the affections of the army; Cromwell, therefore, had a difficult game to play. His passionate desire of royalty combated those

secret fears that arose from a mysterious warning which he received when he first meditated on the designs afterwards realized by his lucky and unprincipled ambition. A vision, or day-dream, impressed his enthusiastic imagination, detailing the steps by which he was to rise, and assuring him, " that he should be the greatest man in England, and near being King." Yet, though this seemed to warn him of an impassable bound to his greatness, the pageant of royalty which he had so often vilified and derided, on a close view appeared so irresistible, that he became enchanted with its fascinations, till, in aiming at the decorations of power, he nearly sacrificed the substance.

At this juncture the daring character and versatility of Monthault marked him out to the Protector as a proper instrument to negotiate with Lambert, whose talents were far more dangerous than the

fanaticism of Fleetwood or Desborough's virulence. It was plain that though Monthault wore the enlarged phylacteries and sanctified demeanour of the sect he had lately adopted, he was more a hypocrite than an enthusiast. It is well known, that Cromwell found means to discover every private incident in the lives of his agents, and thus penetrated into all their views. While pleading for the imprisoned Beaumonts, the Protector read the soul of the former lover of Constantia, now known to be nearly allied to the true stock of the house of Bellingham. Cromwell therefore took occasion to commend the filial piety and courage which he heard that this young lady had exemplified; and declared himself resolved, not only to show Dr. Beaumont favour, but also to consider the case of Neville; intimating, that he looked on an hereditary and uncontaminated nobility as the strongest link between the people and the govern-

ment ; and from this acknowledgment he took occasion to glance at the benefit of a partial restoration of old usages, as most likely to unite all parties, and heal the wounds of the three kingdoms. The stress laid on the last word, (the use of which had been for some time interdicted,) shewed Monthault what was expected from him, and he left the presence, persuaded that if he would assist to gird the austere brows of the Usurper with the kingly diadem, the hand of his mistress, and a large portion of the Bellingham property, if not its reversionary honours, would be his reward.

It was with a further view of securing this prize that Monthault visited the dying Lady Bellingham, to whom their party-connexions gave him free access. Pretending he had received a special revelation, which he must impart to her alone, he dismissed the ministers, and assured her of the actual existence of her bro-

ther, whose pardon her again-alarmed conscience seemed most anxious to secure, even at the price of relinquishing to him those possessions which her increasing weakness told her she could not long retain. Monthault assured her it would be greatly for the benefit of her soul, if she would sign a deed bequeathing to Allan Neville the inheritance of their ancestors ; and produced a prepared instrument, which Lady Bellingham was not in a state to read, or indeed to listen to its recital. Relying on the veracity of one whom she considered as a saint upon earth, and catching eagerly at every thing which would allay those inward terrors that had been rather benumbed than pacified, Lady Bellingham was induced to consent, and the ministers were re-introduced to certify her being in a sound mind and to witness the execution of a deed, which they trusted was to promote the good cause, but which in reality be-

queathed the Bellingham estate, after the demise of Allan Neville, to Constantia Beaumont, provided she consented to marry Monthault. Thus cheated and bewildered in her last moments by those whom she believed to be endowed with super-human perfections, this wretched woman terminated her miserable and guilty life.

Monthault's next care was, to discover if his apparent reformation of manners could so far impose on the simplicity and candour of the Beaumonts as to make them strain the principle of Christian forgiveness, and receive him as a friend. They were still in prison, but the Protector had given orders, that they should be provided with handsome apartments, and every comfort compatible with confinement at the public expence. But though Monthault took on himself the merit of this lenient treatment, the prejudices of the whole family against him

formed an insuperable bar to his designs. His change of conduct was too pointedly obtrusive; his piety and penance too ostentatious to pass on a man who was thoroughly conversant with the marks of genuine repentance. Dr. Beaumont did not approve of an elaborate and unnecessary disclosure of the secret enormities of his early life, which seemed to him more like the wantonness of a depraved imagination wallowing in its former abominations, than penitence shrinking, with horror, from its recollected transgressions. But when Monthault proceeded to talk of his present sinless rectitude, certainty of acceptance, rapturous exercises, and experiences of future beatification, (the common cant of those times,) the sound divine saw the once audacious sinner covering his adhesive wickedness with the Pharisee's cloak, exchanging libertinism for spiritual pride, and the excesses of debauchery for ambition and malevolence.

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Though no one was more adverse than Dr. Beaumont from colouring gross sins with the name of amiable frailties, he thought Monthault more horrible with his Scripture-appellative and precise habits, than when as a drunken cavalier he toasted the King and the Church, while he disgraced the one by his rapine, and the other by his profaneness.

Monthault was equally unsuccessful with Constantia. In vain did he assure her that the awakening change in his soul had been expedited by his yearnings after her. She coldly told him, she hoped for his sake the reformation was real. He assured her he had disposed the Protector to befriend her relations. She thanked the Protector's justice, and relapsed into silence. He spoke of the identity of her uncle as being indisputable, and that he was likely soon to be removed from a prison to an earldom. She answered, that would be miraculous, but

no irradiation of her countenance implied her belief that such an event was probable. He inquired if her cousin Isabel was still devoted to Sedley. Constantia could here speak with energy, and replied, "She is." Monthault reminded her, that whatever became of his father, he was necessarily proscribed; having violated the bond of private friendship, as well as of public trust, with the Protector. Constantia answered, that Isabel saw nothing infamous in banishment or poverty, but much in breaking her early vows to a man whose misfortunes were his praise. "But," replied Monthault, "your early vows have been dissolved by death; and celibacy is one of the popish snares of Satan. Marriage was divinely appointed, and it is sinful to neglect the godly ordinance." "To marry with an unconsenting heart is more so," replied Constantia; "I was betrothed to Eustace Evellin, and living

or dead, to him will I ever be faithful. His genuine integrity, his frank affectionate disposition won all my heart; and since I have lost him, I live only to the claims of filial duty and sisterly affection. I have been long familiarized with fear and sorrow, but hope and joy can only visit me in his form."

Monthault told her, that this persevering regret was a mark of her being in an unsanctified rebellious state. He quoted many texts to prove that the saints would eventually inherit the earth; declaring that the wonderful success which attended Cromwell, first pointed him out as an instrument of Providence, designed for an especial purpose. Constantia expressed her belief that he was; but silenced Monthault's intended allusions to a millennial state of felicity under his government, by declaring her conviction that he was the sword of vengeance, rather than the renovating sun of mercy.

Monthault withdrew sullen and offended, planning schemes of vengeance, all pointed at Arthur de Vallance, whose retreat he determined to discover. He questioned the keeper of the prison, who had access to the Beaumonts, and was by him directed to Jobson. His talkative simplicity, and the danger that would result from his being sifted by Cromwell's spies, had obliged them to dispense with the services of the faithful trooper, who now earned his bread by manual labour, and only came occasionally to inquire after their health. Though care was taken to represent him as a porter occasionally employed, the jailor suspected he had been an old servant. Monthault immediately recollected him as attached to Eustace a little before their separation at Dartmoor, and recommended himself to the affectionate creature, by recognising him as one who leaped with him into the moat, and climbed the wall at his side,

when Prince Rupert stormed Bristol. Taking him apart, he avowed himself to be a staunch royalist, watching every opportunity to serve a cause he still wore at his heart. He declared that he accepted the office of a judge at Dr. Beaumont's trial, with a resolution of saving him; he praised his firm demeanour, the beauty of Constantia, the goodness of Isabel, and the noble self-devotedness of Neville; assuring Jobson, that he was most sedulous in employing the interest he possessed with the Protector to the advantage of this family. But he lamented that there existed one obstacle to Neville's becoming Earl of Bellingham: the Protector's betrayed confidence required a victim, and Arthur de Vallance must be given up to his vengeance.

The honest countenance of Jobson fell at this information. "Ah, worthy sir," said he, "there is no washing the black-moor white; Old Noll will continue

Old Noll, dress him up how you will. There's no putting a King's heart into a scoundrel's body; and a tailor never yet made more than the clothes of a gentleman. I say, the man that can't forgive a brave young gentleman, never ought to wear the crown of England. You had half persuaded me to forget the true King beyond sea, and to think, as this ruler would do justice, we might go on as we are, but when you talk about harping on old grievances, and taking vengeance for private fallings-out, I say, though Old Noll may do for a Lord-Protector, Kings must never have any enemies but the enemies of their country."

Monthault, seeming to enter into his feelings, uttered many encomiums on young De Vallance, whom he said he really thought one of the finest gentlemen in England. "Aye, in England *now*, I grant you," returned Jobson; "but there is another before him, Mr. Eustace

Evellin; we used to call him the true Lord Sedley, for the other is but a make-believe. Very good-humoured and generous, and fair-spoken I allow; but the right lord, O! he has an eye like a hawk, and so open and daring, and spirited — I wish, noble Sir, you had seen him.”

Monthault affected to brush a tear from his eye, lamenting that an interview was now impossible. Jobson had an inveterate antipathy to giving any one pain, except in the field of battle. He caught Monthault by his cloak, pressed him to be secret, and whispered he might have that pleasure before he died. “Mum,” said he, “for your life; Mr. Eustace is alive and merry, and only waits for the King’s coming over to be among us.”

Monthault vowed secrecy, and readily drew from Jobson all he knew respecting the preservation and subsequent history of the heir of Neville. Fortunately, he had never been intrusted with the place

of their retreat, and could only say, that he and De Vallance were somewhere very safe, and ready to drub Old Noll into better manners than authorizing the shooting of men in cold blood.

Monthault then informed Jobson, that he possessed a large fortune, and secretly devoted ample remittances to the service of the King, and the most eminent Loyalists. As the state now liberally supported the prisoners, the exiles had the first claim on his purse. Unintentionally he feared, he had been of great disservice to Eustace, and therefore justice, as well as humanity and admiration, pointed him out as the first person whom he ought to assist. He would most willingly send Jobson with a sum of money to these illustrious friends, and he entreated him to discover where they had taken shelter, and say he was commissioned to supply their wants. But as he was ever attentive to the rule of doing

good in secret, his own name was, on no account, to be divulged, nor would he press Jobson to inform him where the fugitives resided. The language of loyalty, unostentatious generosity, and warm attachment to Eustace, was, to Jobson, a sure pledge of the honour and sincerity of Monthault. He readily promised to get the whole secret out of Mrs. Isabel, and discover none of his intentions. "I see, noble sir," continued he, "you are a true gentleman, and know, that a gentleman like yourself hates to be thought poor, and had rather starve than have money given him; whereas we poor men never care how much we get from our betters. But trust me for managing the business cleverly."

Happily for the exiles, Jobson was equally deficient in finesse and secrecy. The first question he put to Isabel respecting the place of their retreat, discovered that he had a mysterious reason

for wishing to be informed, and she soon drew from him that the benevolent unknown was a tall, solemn gentleman, who turned up the whites of his eyes, and was dressed like a round-head, though a stanch Loyalist in his heart. This description, so applicable to Monthault, excited her liveliest terrors. It was impossible to convince Jobson, that a man who talked so kindly could have any insidious design; and thinking it best not to combat this delusion, she thought it expedient to misdirect the wily traitor, and observed, that the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of Cumberland, where she and her father had so long lived, were well affected to the King, and disposed to shelter and protect her brother. From the manner in which Jobson communicated this intelligence, Monthault was convinced that Isabel had penetrated into his designs; and he resolved to suspend his machinations till he could extort, by

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terror, what intrigue had failed to procure:

When Isabel communicated this intelligence to her friends, their apprehensions of some fatal snare which might blast all their hopes, determined them to send the faithful and discreet Williams to the exiles, advising them of Cromwell's designs to get them into his power, and entreating them immediately to quit their present abode. But whither to point for a safe retreat was the difficulty, since at that time this extraordinary man seemed to extend the scorpion fangs of his tyranny over the continent, as well as the British dominions. He had, at every court, not only an accredited minister, but a subordinate host of spies liberally paid, who gave him an account of every stranger of distinction that sought a refuge from his cruelty, and contrived also, by false accusations or threats to the affrighted sovereigns, to have the victims

he had marked for destruction delivered into his power. Cromwell had formerly made a close league with the Queen of Sweden, between whose successor and his neighbour the King of Denmark, a furious contest had commenced. As all hope of serving his native Prince was for the present suspended, Neville advised his son to draw his sword for the royal Dane, and Williams was charged with many affectionate remembrances. "Tell my son," said he, "never to disgrace the name, to which, at hazard of my life, I have proved his title." Constance whispered a tender assurance that the tidings of his preservation had reconciled her to life. "Yet tell my Eustace," said she, "that though time and sorrow have so changed the face he used to admire, that he would now hardly know his Constance, they have improved the heart, which neither calumny, nor suspence, nor despair, could alienate from its only

love. Isabel, too, had a brief encouraging remembrance for her lover: "Tell my De Vallance," said she, "I live for him and for happier times. Bid him remember me in the hour of peril and the moment of temptation; assure him I count the years of our separation, and endure my present sorrows in the confidence that they will serve for sweet discourses in the time to come." The message of Dr. Beaumont was pious and prudential. — He rejoiced that an opportunity was afforded them of serving a Protestant King, and he advised them, if their successful services allowed them an honourable establishment in Denmark, to withdraw their views, though not their love or their prayers, from England.

Charged with these endearing recollections Williams departed, but on his arrival at Jersey found the fugitives had long left the island. Their protectress was dead, and her husband had removed

to the South of France. Dr. Lloyd was well remembered for his medical skill, and his pupils for their correct manners and exemplary friendship. A lady, daughter of one of the first people in St. Helier, had formed a strong attachment to one of the gentlemen, and as she left the island about the time they did, it was supposed a marriage had been solemnized. Williams durst not be very minute in his inquiries; he gathered however that the place of their retreat could not be discovered, though the friends of the lady had taken every measure to regain her.

This intelligence greatly increased the dejection of Constantia, and almost clouded the sanguine mind of Isabel. "Has mutability," she would often say, "entirely usurped the earth? No. Inanimate nature is not changed; the sun-beams steal through these grated windows at the same hour this year as they did last. Summer and winter, day and night, re-

turn at stated periods; the animal organs present the same objects, and excite the usual sensations; nor are my moral feelings altered; truth and honour continue to delight me; vice and falsehood are as odious to my soul as if good men still triumphed, and guilt held its alliance with infamy. Yet are not subjects transformed into traitors and rebels; lovers forsworn; do not Christians renounce their baptism and abjure their faith; and is not friendship become a cloak to conceal the informer and assassin? Whom shall we acquit of inconstancy, if either Eustace or De Vallance are false? How shall we depict fidelity and honour if they dwell not in the open front of heroic candour, or the mild suavity of undeviating rectitude? Away!—the report of Williams is a gossip's tale, forged to explain a mystery of their own forming. Constance, I shall live to arrange your jewels and fold your robe, when you walk at

the coronation as Countess of Bellingham, and you shall be sponsor to my little Arthur. At least I will cherish these day-dreams, till I know Cromwell has done a disinterested generous action; I will then resign you to Monthault, and employ myself in clear-starching and crimping bands for the conventicle."

Thus rallying her own spirits, and endeavouring to animate the hopes of others, Isabel contrived to lighten the burden of voluntary captivity, as she had used to alleviate the hardships of poverty. Her mind, equally firm and innocent, feared nothing but the reproaches of her conscience and the despair of her father. Happy in the resources of an active disposition, she soon convinced Constantia that even confinement does not proscribe utility. While Dr. Beaumont administered to the spiritual wants of his fellow-prisoners, Isabel contrived to promote their comforts, often with the labours of

her hand, always by the un-failing cordial of her hilarity, and sometimes with her slender purse, cheerfully abridging her own wants to supply the need of others. Nor was she wholly disinterested in this conduct; she found it the best method of diverting anxiety and suppressing doubt; of resisting that misanthropy which a long continuance of adversity is apt to engender in the tenderest hearts; and of preserving those social feelings of general good-will, which, to austere dispositions, render even prosperity distasteful.

CHAP. XXV.

“ See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame.”

POPE.

IT was at this period that Cromwell underwent that memorable struggle between his ambition and his fears, which ultimately preserved the monarchy of England in the line of legitimate descent. He tampered with all parties, and found none hearty in his cause: the best-disposed to his interests were only passive; but his enemies were implacable. The popularity of a pamphlet recommending his assassination upon principle, and declaring that the perpetrator of the deed would deserve the favour of God and man, destroyed every vestige of his comfort. “ He read it, and was never seen

to smile more." With late repentance for his vanity, which prompted him to excite such furious opposition, he pushed from him the crown he had courted, when offered by his creatures; but he did it with an affectation of disdain and self-command, that ill accorded with his former intrigues to obtain it. All his anxiety was now directed to the preservation of his joyless life. He had long worn light armour under his clothes, and carried pistols in his pockets. He seldom lay twice in the same chamber, or informed any one which apartment he meant to select. He travelled with extreme rapidity, attended by numerous guards, and never returned by the way he went. Yet no sooner was one conspiracy detected, than another was formed; the fanatics were irreconcilable, and the most worthy and eminent among the dissenters determined on his overthrow. His old military comrades, Fairfax and Waller, were bent to destroy

him. His treasury was drained by the rapacity of his numerous spies ; and as fines and exactions had been strained to the utmost, he had no means of replenishing it but by a recourse to measures similar to those which had overthrown the monarchy ; for his fanatical puppet-shows had brought the name of Parliament into contempt, and he durst not appeal to the free voice of the nation. I have already mentioned the disunion of his family, and the desertion of his kindred and near alliances. Such were the accumulated miseries, such the soul-harrowing and unremitting sufferings, of this man, whom Europe considered as the favourite of fortune, and whose extraordinary success has been urged as a plea against the divine government, and a proof that the kingdoms of this world are left to the disposal of Satan. Penetrate the recesses of the tyrant's palace, and it will be seen that enormous offences, after they have outstripped the

power of human punishment, visit, on the oppressor, their own atrocity, and revenge the wrongs of a bleeding world by torments, more insupportable than any which cruelty can inflict on others.

Distrusting even his most faithful informers, and jealous of his own creatures, Cromwell always endeavoured to see every thing with his own eyes. A little before his unlamented death, two strangers visited the prison where Neville and Dr. Beaumont were confined. One of them avowed himself to be the Lord Whitlock, the other passed as his secretary. They were both masked, and wore long cloaks to conceal their persons. The secretary was furnished with writing materials ; he placed himself at a table, and affected only to take minutes of the conversation.

Whitlock began with upbraiding the national ingratitude, and acknowledging its general indisposition to the Protector's

vigorous and successful administration. He insisted that His Highness wished to conciliate all parties by a mild and impartial government, though the ample means with which he was furnished, the tried fidelity of the army, and the respect he was held in by foreign Potentates, prevented him from needing the friendship of any. But being now past the meridian of life, he was desirous of leaving the nation whom he had rendered great and prosperous, in the possession of internal tranquillity. Though irreconcilable from principle, he regarded the royalists as the most respectable of his opponents, and " he had ever resisted the advice of the fanatics, to cut them off by a general massacre." Whitlock then expressed his hope, that the prisoners condemned the newly-broached opinion that assassination was allowable, and were disposed to be quiet, if not contented, under the present government, which

would reward such submission by relaxing the penal statutes now in force against them. Dr. Beaumont spoke first, and declared that assassination was forbidden by the general tenor of Scripture. The particular instances now so much dwelt on, of Jael's killing Sisera, or Judith's Holofernes, could not be urged in vindication of similar attempts. Both acts were committed previous to the Christián dispensation, which prescribes submissive patience under injuries, and overcoming evil with good. Those deeds were performed under a Divine impetus, and though, by their performance, the will of God was fulfilled, it is not clear that the perpetrators were justified in His sight, any more than was Hazael, when (as had been divinely predicted) he acted as the chastiser of offending Israel.

Neville then took up the argument. He retorted on Whitlock the expressions used by St. John to procure the condemnation of Lord Strafford, and asked how they had the effrontery to object to that rule when employed against themselves. "You have cut off our nobles, our prelates, and our King," said he, "by that formal and public assassination, an illegal trial; but we alike abjure your principles and practice. If I hunt a usurper and tyrant to death, it shall be by honourable means. If his character deserves no respect, I know what is due to my own. I hold no tenets in common with regicides. Man cannot commit a crime that can so far deface the image of his Maker impressed upon him as to reduce him to the level of a beast of prey. Would that this unnerved arm had strength, and that this sinking frame were again erect with youthful vigour, then, if

the awakened feelings of the nation allowed me opportunity to meet, in the field of battle, the brave, great, wicked man you serve, I would single him out from every opponent; but were he unarmed, and in my power, I would give him a sword before I assailed him."

Whitlock walked to the table; but it was evident that he received, rather than gave, directions. The soul-searching eye of Cromwell peered through his visor, and turned alternately on Neville and Beaumont. Though a stranger to the feelings of magnanimity, he honoured its expressions. He walked towards the captives, removed the shade from his sickly, care-worn features, and asked how he could make them his friends.

Neville shrunk aghast, petrified at the aspect of his Sovereign's murderer. The feelings of a father repressed his maledictions, while he gazed on him with stern silence as he would on a portentous me-

teor. Dr. Beaumont sooner recollected himself. Bowing to Cromwell as to one of those powers that are ordained by God, he answered that forgiveness and obedience were duties ; but that the feelings of friendship were a voluntary engagement, and arose from very different motives.

“ Your frankness,” replied Cromwell, proves that you well understand my plain nature and abhorrence of flattery, and my condescension in visiting you shows I take you to be open, fair enemies, not likely to engage in conspiracies, or desirous of renewing the times of confusion. But I would ask, What hope have you left, or what portion, even in its best days, did your thriftless loyalty acquire you? Eusebius Beaumont it found an obscure rector, and so it left you ; for you could only boast simplicity of life and doctrine ; but court-chaplains, drivellers in learning, and lewd knaves in manners, were re-

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warded with stalls and mitres. You, Allan Neville, were stripped of your patrimony, and slandered in your reputation, by the injustice of the King for whom you bled."

Neville started from his indignant reverie. "Were you," said he, "invested with tenfold terrors, I would not hear this aspersion cast upon my Sovereign's memory. Injustice consists in knowing what is wrong, and persisting in doing it. My King was misled, deceived, like myself, by the viper we both cherished; even by one of those recreants to whom you owe your exaltation. With double perfidy, you overthrew the King by attributing to him the crimes of his favourites, and then converted them into state-engines, first to elevate you to greatness, and afterwards to convey away the offscourings of the dignity you had soiled. My King was open to conviction. He

knew the fidelity of his soldier, and purposed to make him ample reparation."

"I have the power," returned Cromwell, "to accomplish those purposes."

"Impossible!" was Neville's reply; "my lands were alienated by a King of England, and by his lawful successor only can they be restored."

"Are you," returned the Usurper, aware "that you are the only man in Europe who dares question my power. I visited you with friendly dispositions, and you receive me with insults."

"When, veiling your dignity with disguises," answered Neville; "you borrow the occupation of your myrmidons, and steal on the privacies of those you oppress, can you wonder to hear their imprecations sound in unison with the clanking of their fetters?"

"I have a will," replied Cromwell, "as stubborn as yours. We will try

for the mastery. What hinders me from laying that head of yours on the block?"

“ — The insufferable goadings of your afflicted conscience, perpetually whispering that you have shed too much blood already. — Every wrinkle which care has imprinted on your brow, every tremulous infirmity which constant watchfulness has introduced into your frame, acting as mementos that the day of account cannot be far distant. — The iron you wear on your bosom, that by its stern pressure tells you what you deserve. — The public clamour, which will not now permit you to immolate the confined victims whom your own lips have pronounced innocent of recent provocations, and against whom you dare not revive the charge of acknowledged resistance, which, by long impunity, you seem to have pardoned. All these reasons are pledges for our safety. You cannot further tempt the sufferance of Englishmen. Your de-

clining health makes you fear to add to the long indictment which your crimes have prepared against you.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
All heads must come to the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."*

As Neville uttered this bold appeal to the feelings of an alarmed and conscious villain, a cold shivering ran through the Protector's frame, and his eye expressed a vain supplication, that it were possible to exchange his garlands and his glories

* The Usurper's terrors at hearing this fine song of Shirley's is an historical fact. Some of the speeches attributed to him in this interview, he really used to persons he had confined, and wished to win over. In the close of his life he grew timid ; and, conscious of being hated, bore insults calmly. Bishop Wren rejected his offered favours in as strong language as that attributed to Neville.

for those ever-fragrant actions which blossom on the grave of the just. He strove to rally his air of moody dignity, to recover the austere deliberate tone of his expressions ; but his manner was embarrassed, and his voice inarticulate. A groan, such as only tortured guilt can utter, partially relieved his swollen bosom. "Neville," said he, "I will not expect you to be my friend ; but will you cease to be my enemy?"

"Miserable victim of ambition," said Neville to himself ; "how much happier is my lot than thine!" Cromwell persisted in asking if there was any favour he would receive at his hand. Neville paused, and answered, "Yes ; liberty."

"And what pledge," said Cromwell, "can you give me that you will not use freedom to my prejudice?"

"My own honour," returned Neville, "which will never allow me to use the

instrument you put in my hand to destroy you."

"No equivocation!" said Whitlock; "in receiving freedom from His Highness you acknowledge his authority."

"No," returned Neville, "I simply own he has a power to confine me. The question of right is undetermined. If a Usurper restores me to the free use of light and air, I need not examine his title before I resume the enjoyment of those common blessings."

Cromwell addressed Dr. Beaumont: "You belong to a church whose doctrine is passive obedience. You are not bewildered by this madman's chimeras, but can prudently estimate the value of our free grace and promised favour."

"My religion," replied the Doctor, "teaches me to submit to the dispensations of Providence; but it will not allow me to divide the spoil with those

who have grown mighty on the ruins of my friends."

"Are there no points," again inquired Cromwell, "in which we may agree to join our common wishes? What if I beseech the Lord to give you the spirit of wisdom?"

"May he afford you that of consolation," was the emphatical wish of Dr. Beaumont. Neville waved his hand in silence. "Oh! my friend," said he, as soon as the Protector and Whitlock had retired, "I have suffered more than the rack. I have seen the fiend-like face which looked, without compunction, on the sufferings of the Royal Martyr, and I felt too weak to revenge his wrongs. Have I not gone too far in saying I would accept of freedom from his hands?"

"Vengeance for such a crime," replied Dr. Beaumont, "is too vast and comprehensive to be entrusted to mortal agency. Let us leave it to Him who

claims it as his own prerogative. Murder, perfidy, and treason, will be remembered when the avenging angel shall visit the sins of man."

Cromwell returned from his insidious visit, disappointed and dejected. He had failed of the end which he proposed to himself by his condescension. A reconciliation with two such distinguished Loyalists, founded on the mutual benefits of submission and restitution, would have strengthened his government; but he found abstinence from treacherous hostility was all that his blandishments could obtain, and this he would owe rather to their own principles of honour and religion than to his threats or his promises. Though stung to the heart by the bold taunts of Neville, he could not punish him. The very aspect and figure of the two venerable sufferers were so fitted to excite sympathy and indignation, that he durst not expose them on a scaffold, nor could he privately cut

them off. The fate of Syndercome, a daring Anabaptist, who had several times attempted his life, and, on his trial, persevered in expressing his determination, if possible, to kill him, alike deterred Cromwell from bringing his private enemies to the bar of a court of justice, or resorting to private measures of revenge. He had with difficulty procured this man's condemnation; but the night previous to his intended execution he escaped, by suicide, the Protector's power; and so prejudiced were the populace against their Ruler, that they accused him of having poisoned the victim he feared to bring to a public death. If the prosecution of a notorious and avowed ruffian brought him into this dilemma, what odium would the death of two respectable and aged Loyalists excite, especially as their story was become public, and the wrongs of Neville, and the generous friendship of Beaumont, had awakened a powerful

sympathy. Yet his narrow soul could not accede to the generous alternative of giving them freedom. Pretending that the state had a claim to the Bellingham-property, he prevented Monthault from taking any measures to establish the will of the guilty Countess, and contented himself with keeping the lawful claimant in prison, hoping that confinement would accelerate the decays of nature, and thus give a safe quietus to his own fears.

But ere that event happened the Usurper was called to the dreadful tribunal for which few among the descendants of Adam were apparently less prepared. His restless, intriguing ambition ; the dissimulation and hypocrisy by which he rose to supreme power ; the ability with which he wielded it ; his splendid wretchedness ; the terror he excited and felt ; his cruelty and fanaticism, his determined spirit, and occasionally timid vacillation,

read a most impressive lesson to aspiring minds infatuated by success, and regardless of moral or religious restraints. O that, in this age of insubordination, selfishness, and enterprise, a poet would arise, animated with Shakespeare's "Muse of fire," embody the events of those seventeen years of wo, and invest the detestable Regicide with the same terrible immortality which marks the murderous Thane in his progress from obedience and honour to supreme power and consummate misery!

Nor does the death-bed of Cromwell afford a less useful warning to the pen of instruction, when she aims at distinguishing true piety from hypocrisy or fanaticism. It is still doubtful under which of those counterfeits of religion we must rank this great but wicked man. Yet, whether he deceived his own soul, or attempted to deceive others; whether he really believed himself an elected instru-

ment of Providence; or, having long worn devotion as the mask of ambition, retained it to the last, — his almost unexampled crimes (so plainly forbidden by that scripture he had ever on his lips), and the security and confidence of his last moments, furnish stronger arguments than a thousand volumes of controversy, to prove the fallacy and danger of those speculative notions which he patronized, propagated, and exemplified.

CHAP. XXVI.

A good man should not be very willing, when his Lord comes, to be found beating his fellow-servants ; and all controversy, as it is usually managed, is little better. A good man would be loth to be taken out of the world reeking hot from a sharp contention with a perverse adversary ; and not a little out of countenance to find himself, in this temper, translated into the calm and peaceable regions of the blessed, where nothing but perfect charity and good-will reign for ever. TILLOTSON.

DURING the turbulent era that immediately followed the death of Cromwell, obscurity was the only asylum for integrity and innocence. The respective demagogues contended for mastery ; and the nation gazed on their contests as on so many prize-fighters, whose uninteresting warfare regarded only themselves. Weary of confusion and discord ; aware that faction had broken every promise and frustrated every hope ; that the

visions of freedom had been the harbingers of despotism ; and that pretensions to moderation, disinterestedness, and purity, were but the disguise of rapacity, pride, and selfishness, the nation longed for the restoration of a lineal Sovereign, a regular government, and determinate laws. Even those who first signalized themselves by opposition to the late King, acknowledged that his government was preferable to the oligarchy and military tyranny that followed ; and the Presbyterians felt their horror of Episcopacy abate while contrasting the temperance of established supremacy with the violence of the numerous sects who strove for superiority as soon as the hierarchy was overthrown. The easy good humour and affable manners of the exiled King were enlarged upon, and perhaps honoured with too much celebrity. Offenders in general anticipated forgiveness ; and those who were adroit and dexterous antici-

pated rewards. To assist in restoring the regal power was deemed not merely a rasure of past crimes, but a qualification for trust and employment; and those who now sought the shelter of royalty as a protection from their late co-partners in rebellion, seemed, by the high value which they put on their present services, to overlook, with equal contempt and injustice, the claims and the wrongs of the Loyalists, who having never changed their principles, had much to be repaid, and nothing to be forgiven.

In the struggles which immediately preceded the Restoration, while Monk's designs were wrapped in mystery, the cruelty of the regicides increased with their ambition, and the jails were successively crowded with every party, as the unsettled government alternately vibrated from the rump to the fanatical faction. Within the walls of the same prison, suffering the same restraint, and,

like himself, the victim of a conscience which would not temporize, Dr. Beaumont met his worthy friend Barton. They congratulated each other on having thus far weathered the political tempest without deserting their principles, or impugning their honour. The Doctor learned from Barton the particulars of Lady Bellingham's death, and the claims of Monthault on her fortune, which, by the turbulence of the times, were still kept in abeyance. Lord Bellingham was yet alive, poor and wretched, courting every faction, trusted by none, and so universally despised as to endure the odium of more crimes than he had even dared to commit. He was allowed a small stipend out of his vast possessions, the income of the remainder being still paid into the public treasury ; while Morgan, now become a man of consequence, and a commissioner for compounding forfeited property, was enabled amply to glut his rapacity, and resided at Bellingham-Castle

in a style of the grossest sensual indulgence. Monthault had joined the army of Lambert, against whom General Monk was now marching from Scotland; and as the King had given reiterated commands to all his friends to remain passive, and wait the event, it seemed as if he had some private intelligence with Monk's party, to whom, therefore, each honest Englishman wished success.

Barton believed this effervescence would terminate in a happy calm—a mild but energetic government; and he looked forward to prosperous times, when the remembrance of past misfortunes should correct national manners, and produce a general improvement in the minds and feelings of men. Neville was always sanguine; and Dr. Beaumont confessed that all things seemed to tend to the restoration of monarchy; yet, with the prescience of a man long accustomed to calamity, he doubted whether even

that desired event would speedily repair the deep wound which England had sustained.

“ We shall,” said he, “ receive with our Prince the inestimable blessings of our old laws and form of government ; but as our troubles have served rather to show us the necessity, than to prevent the abuse, of the prerogative, its limits continue undefined, and we shall still too much depend on the personal character of the King. It were well if the situation in which we now stand would allow us to propose such conditions as would make the duties of King and subject plain and easy, before we invite our Prince to resume the sceptre of his ancestors, as it would prevent the mistakes into which his father fell, from a misconception of the bounds of sovereign power, derived from the arbitrary precedent set by the House of Tudor. But our divisions prevent us from claiming those advantages which

would result from wisdom, moderation, and unanimity. We fly to the King as to a healer of our dissensions. A keen feeling of our sorrows and offences has raised the sensibility of the nation to such a pitch, that it will sooner make concessions than propose restraints, and rather throw its liberties before the throne than suggest an abridgement of its splendour. We shall therefore depend, I fear, upon his mercy for the existence of the sacred inheritance whose very shadow was so pertinaciously defended from the approaches of his father. I trust his personal virtues are what his friends report. He has been educated in adversity, a good school; but are not his advisers men who have endured too much to be dispassionate and liberal? They have suffered in a good cause: if, when restored to power, they abstain from indulging any vindictive propensity, they will be saints as well as confessors; but, con-

sidering their long and grievous provocations, is not this requiring too much of human frailty ?

“ Consider too, my dear friends, (and let the reflection allay your sanguine expectations of another golden age,) that the King to whom we look forward has been bred a foreigner. From his own country he has hitherto met with nothing but severe injuries. The impression he has received of the character of his future subjects is repulsive and disgusting ; and the heart of a King of England, as well as his manners, should be completely English. He will return loaded with debts of gratitude, which he never can discharge, to those who supported his father, as well as those who restore him ; to the surviving friends of all that have bled in unsuccessful conflicts, and to those who will ride by his side in triumph ; to those who spent their fortunes in his quarrel, and to those who

hope to gain or preserve fortunes by voting for his return. What course are men apt to pursue when they find themselves in a state of inextricable insolvency? Do they not endeavour to forget their creditors in general, and think only of taking care of themselves and their personal friends. Royalty does not extinguish human feelings. Let us consider its difficulties, and palliate while we anticipate its errors.

“ Are these all the remaining evils which the crimes of the last twenty years have entailed upon us and our posterity? Call me not a prophet of evil if I foresee general laxity of principle arising out of these sad vicissitudes and deplorable contests. You, my good Barton, will not deny, that the extravagance, absurdity, and hypocrisy of many low fanatics, who sheltered themselves under that unbounded liberty of conscience which you Dissenters (I think unwisely, as well, as

erroneously) claim, have made every extraordinary pretension to piety suspicious. The nation has been whirled in the vortex of enthusiasm, perplexed with the discordant pretensions and controversial clamour of various sects, till it has begun to consider indifference to religion as a philosophical repose; and its contempt for hypocrites is increased till it has generated a toleration, if not a partiality of licentiousness and immorality. Infidelity (a sin unknown to our forefathers) has lately appeared among us, not like a solitary, restless sceptic, affecting a wish for conviction, nor in the bashful form of an untried novelty, cautiously stealing upon public favour — but under the licence long allowed to opinions however blasphemous or immoral, a party has arisen, calling themselves free-thinkers, who not only deride every ecclesiastical institution, and publicly insult religion in its ministers, but even

make the word of God an object of profane travesty and licentious allusion. This never could have happened, the manly feeling and good sense of Englishmen would never have permitted such audacity, had not trifling, malicious, ignorant, and ridiculous misapplications of the sacred writings, sunk, in too many minds, the veneration in which they were formerly held; and thus benumbed what ought to have been the natural sentiments of indignation at the blasphemies of deism.

“ We must admit that the return of the King is likely to introduce an influx of foreign manners, and that the long-suspended festivities of a court will foster an exultation bordering on extravagance. How will those who seek advancement, approach a Prince who has been long groaning under the injustice of mean and cruel hypocrites? Is it not likely that ridicule will aim at the gross, distorted

features of preaching mechanics, and praying cut-throats, till the ministers, who are consecrated to serve at the altar, will find some of the missile shafts fall on their vestments? The perversions of Scripture I have just mentioned will be so scrupulously avoided, that an apposite and pious quotation will be termed puritanical; and we shall seldom hear the sacred volume referred to but to point a jest. Elegant literature, the fine arts, and dramatic amusements, have been long reprobated as Pagan devices. But so natural is our desire for innocent enjoyments, that, remove the interdict, and the public inclination will rush to these delights with the avidity resulting from constrained abstinence, which will give to pleasure an undue preponderance: Wit has been too much discountenanced. I simply argue on the tendency of the human mind to extremes, when I suspect that it will be indulged till it degenerates

into indecorous levity. May the evils I foresee exist only in my fears; but if they are realized, much of the guilt, much of the blame must be laid on those who deluged us with spiritual pride, cant, austerity, and oppression; who bent the necks of Englishmen to the yoke of slavery, did their utmost to exterminate the Christian sentiments of moderation and charity, wrought the nation into a ferment, and then expected good to result from the chaos of virulent passions."

Mr. Barton admitted all the evils which had resulted from overstrained rigidity, but expressed the hopes his party entertained that Episcopacy would not be considered as a necessary adjunct to monarchy; or, in case of its revival, that it might be re-instated in its primitive form, and that the objectionable parts of the Liturgy, the articles, and the canons, might be so modified as to satisfy all parties. He spoke of the obligations which the King

would owe to the Dissenters; who he trusted would be rewarded by being placed on an equality with the Church.

Dr. Beaumont argued, that if these late services cancelled their former transgressions, the Dissenters would have no just cause of complaint at being replaced in the situation which they held previously to the rebellion. He much feared that the vindictive feelings of those who had been despoiled, ridiculed, plundered, imprisoned, and deprived of every earthly blessing, would produce some measures, which, though they might be supported by the pretence of preventing further mischief, he should lament and blame, but never justify. As to jointly establishing Episcopacy and Presbytery, or simply tolerating both, he could never consent to either plan politically, because he conceived one established religion was necessary to preserve national piety; and the Church had too many claims on the King's gratitude, and was too

intimately connected with the laws and manners of the people to be laid aside, or reduced to the level of her opponents; and, considered as a point of conscience, he was so firmly convinced of her conformity, in doctrine and discipline, to apostolical institutions, ancient customs, and, above all, to Scripture, that, though he would be the last man in the kingdom to consent to persecute those who, through conscience, refused to conform, he would be the first to defend her pre-eminence. As to giving the Church a more primitive dress, by which he supposed was meant, depriving her of her endowments, it must be remembered, that when the ministers of the Gospel lost miraculous gifts, they became dependant on temporal support. Though the apostles appeared as mendicants, yet while they could heal diseases with a touch, they inspired reverence. But in the present times men showed more observance to those who could bestow alms than to those who re-

quired support. It should likewise be remembered that an injunction was given to the bishops of the first century "to use hospitality," a proof that the primitive church was not in all respects clad in sackcloth.

Dr. Beaumont farther declared his doubts of the good effects of a conference between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian clergy. He was willing to sacrifice non-essentials to peace; but personal disputations were more apt to confirm than to remove prejudices: One party would be too querulous, the other too tenacious. Personal considerations would mix in the dispute; difficulties would be started; objections raised, when none, in fact, existed; and, in the heat of debate, real improvements would be rejected, which, in the calm seclusion of the closet, would be allowed to be important. Declaimers, conscious of their own powers, would seek distinction rather by acuteness and fastidious-

ness than by candour and placability. The enemies of the Church would argue rather with a view to her destruction than to her purification; and, on the other hand, her friends would gloss over her imperfections through fear that her opponents had some latent hostility, which the least concession on their part would bring to maturity.

He reminded Barton that as a body the Dissenters could not complain at their being expelled from the situations in which they were placed by an unlawful and usurped authority. He trusted that wise and moderate men would, by conformity, avoid this evil, and prefer the true praise of sacrificing their scruples at the shrine of peace and unity, to the false glory of courting reputation, by first exciting and then enduring persecution. He spoke of schism as an evil the most afflictive; the most opposite to the spirit

of the Gospel, and to the commands of its Divine Founder, and as the greatest impediment to its universal promulgation. He exhorted Barton to use his influence with his friends, persuading them to acquire the only triumph over the church in their power, by renouncing their own prejudices, when they could not make their opponents subdue theirs, and thus prove themselves to be the truest disciples of the Prince of Peace. " Let the contest," said he, " be only which shall serve our common master best, by leading a life of unpretending holiness. Schism does infinitely more harm by the enmity it engenders, than it does good by the zeal it kindles. Controversial ardour is rather the death than the life of piety."

Mr. Barton replied, that he was become much more sensible of the evils attendant on a separating humour, on the gather-

ing of parties and forming sects from the church ; their effects had proved them to be mischiefs. He confessed that until he had imbibed prejudices against the Liturgy, he had joined in it with as hearty fervency, as he afterwards did in other prayers, and felt, from its imperfections, no hinderance in his devotions. He said, that he had lost his relish for controversy, and now took most delight in what was fundamental, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, furnishing him with matter for meditation equally acceptable and abundant. That he less admired gifts of utterance, and bare professions of religion, than he once did, and no longer thought that all those who could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, were of course saints. That he was convinced most controversies had more need of right stating than of debating, and that many contenders actually differed

less than they supposed *. But still if the conditions of conformity should require him to acknowledge the invalidity of his present ordination, he could not consent to admit that he had hitherto been an Uzzah, touching the ark with unhallowed hands. In that case he would submit to the rod of chastisement, instead of receiving the staff of pastoral cure, and if he were forbidden to instruct others, he would discipline himself. For the sake of peace he would attend the services of the church, in which, though he saw much that might be improved, he discerned nothing absolutely sinful. To preserve a Christian spirit in himself and others, he would avoid dwelling on the restraints he suffered; but instead of repining, be thankful for

* See Baxter's reflections on his early religious opinions.

the liberty he enjoyed. And he thought such behaviour would be the best way of enlarging that liberty, or, if that could not be done, of healing, in the next generation, those breaches which furious animosity had made in the present*.

He concluded by saying, that whoever had seen the ill-will engendered by controversy, and the miseries incident to civil war, must think peace cheaply purchased by any sacrifice short of conscience; and that, for his own part, no private injuries, disappointments, or harsh treatment, should make him obtrude his wrongs upon the public, so as to excite clamour against the government. He had seen how soon clamour brings on insurrection, and how partial commotion leads to

* The behaviour of Barton is copied from the conduct of Philip Henry, a non-conformist divine.

universal confusion. During such scenes, inconsiderate, daring, and worthless men, acquire an ascendancy, and bring, by their extravagance, disgrace upon their party. Yet, proudly ascribing their influence to a superiority of desert, they reject the counsels of prudence, while their inordinate passions lead them to subdue the restraints of conscience. To preserve the nation from such misrule, he protested that he ardently wished to see the reins of government again in the hands of prescriptive authority.

CHAP. XXVII.

Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE the levellers and republicans alternately gained the ascendancy, and Monk, either from irresolution or profound policy, appeared to favour every party but that which he eventually espoused, long suspense quenched the hopes of the Loyalists, and their prospect of golden days seemed enveloped by the gloom of despair, when all at once the General rapidly measured back his steps. That mighty Parliament which, as different parties prevailed in it, countenanced the most rigorous co-

ercion or permitted the wildest anarchy ; which opposed, menaced, conquered, deceived, and murdered the King by whom it was summoned ; which feebly attempted to resist the power of its own creature, Cromwell ; and, after passively dispersing at his frown, re-assembled to insult his memory, threaten the fanatics, and denounce monarchy ; that strange combination of talent and extravagance, of praying demagogues and aspiring religionists ; deemed by Europe the soul of English rebellion, and the voice of the nation by whom it was at once feared, hated, and ridiculed ; that representative body which voted its own perpetuity, and overthrew the constitution it was called to maintain — died at last by its own vote, amid universal execrations, and joyous anticipations of better times. A Parliament was called, which, being really chosen by the nation, hastened to give utterance to the national feeling.

The prison-doors were thrown open to the Loyalists, their persecutors fled dismayed. Many who had sinned less deeply, hurried to the King with supererogatory offers of service. The ambitious and the vain busied themselves in devices to give splendor to the restoration which, from the awful circumstance of a penitent people welcoming back their exiled Monarch, could borrow no lustre from ostentatious pageants. Love, confidence, liberty, and security, seemed to revive; malice, suspicion, and guile, vanished with the dark tyranny they had so long supported. The aspect, manners, and dress of Englishmen resumed their former appearance. The lengthened visage; the rayless, yet penetrating eye; the measured smile, which expressed neither affection nor candour, disappeared. The countenance was again permitted to be an index to the soul, and the tongue uttered the undisguised

feelings of artless sincerity ; joy, magnified to ecstasy ; freedom bursting the trammels of oppression ; sorrow changed to festivity ; want expatiating on the near prospect of affluence ; justice restored to the full exercise of her balance and sword ; religion separated from fanaticism, and reinstated in decent splendor ; a hereditary King, a regular government, ancient institutions, definite laws, certain privileges, personal safety, and the restitution of property—such were the glorious themes which employed the thoughts of the contemplative, elevated the devotion of the pious, and made the unreflecting multitude frantic with wild delight. No period of English history records so great a change. The spring of 1660 was devoted to universal jubilee ; with the vulgar it was disaffection to be sober, and among the higher classes gravity was treason.

Though the prisons were thrown open, the Beaumont family still lingered near the abode wherein they had been so long inhumed. A free communication was renewed with foreign countries; private intercourse was safe; exiles were every hour returning; but they heard nothing of their beloved fugitives. Dr. Beaumont waited with the patience of a man, who had endured years of sorrow. The debilitated Neville feared his last sands would run out before he could embrace his son. Isabel and Constantia had fears which they durst not disclose, even to each other. Were both their lovers enamoured of the merchant's daughter, or had some continental Circe also spread her fascinations, and made the recreants forget their fathers and their country, as well as their mistresses? Surely, in that case Dr. Lloyd would have sent some qualified account of their temptation and fall. Had they all perished in some tre-

mendous undertaking; had a pestilence swept them away; had they fallen into the hands of banditti, or perished silently, ensnared by the still more merciless machinations of regicide-informers? There was no form in which danger and death could appear, that did not present itself to the alarmed mind of these long-suffering maidens, during the few weeks that intervened between the time that a Loyalist could appear in England without imminent hazard, and their receiving the intelligence which dispelled every doubt. A day seemed an age to exhausted patience, and the transports of others added to their sadness.

Isabel was at length informed, that a stranger inquired for her. Her bosom throbbed violently — “Is he young or old?” was all she could utter. “Middle aged,” was the reply. “Alas!” said she, “I forget how rapidly time has stolen on since I parted with De Vallance. I have

not looked at my face for years; 'tis changed, I am sure; I have lost every attraction, but my heart is still the same." — "Ever the same good heart!" repeated Eustace, as he rushed in, and caught her in his affectionate arms. "O! tell me, Isabel, where is my Constantia?" "Speak low," said Isabel, attempting to smother a hysterical laugh. "Dear Eustace, how you are altered! Do not enter that room, the shock will be too great!"

The terrors of Eustace prompted a thousand inquiries. — "Was Constantia well? Was she faithful?" "Yes, yes!" replied Isabel, struggling in vain for composure; "but ——" a thousand fears lurked in that word, and Eustace gazed in mute horror, while Isabel recovered self-command enough to say, "We are very much altered." Eustace shed tears of joy. — "Virtue and fidelity are always young and lovely," said he. — "You

should not have taken me by surprise," resumed the much-agitated Isabel; "let me recollect myself a moment, and then you shall see our long-suffering father, and your ever-beloved Constance."

Her eyes were turned to the door at which Eustace entered, with an unacknowledged expectation of another visitant, and she stood incapable of the promised introduction. But the well-remembered, long-desired voice of Eustace had penetrated the inner-chamber, and Constantia, pale and silent, advanced to meet her betrothed love; held out her hand with timid joy, and sunk speechless into his arms. "My boy! my boy! let me fold thee to my heart, and expire in thy embraces!" exclaimed the agonized Neville, as with ineffectual efforts he strove to rise from the couch of infirmity. Eustace cast himself at his feet. "Your blessing," said he, "on one who is no

disgrace to your blood. Dearest father, your commands have been obeyed; I have redeemed my honour, and my life is preserved to this hour of transport."

"The choicest blessings of all-gracious Providence rest on thy head, and on that of thy faithful partner;" said Neville, for Constance had involuntarily knelt by the side of her lover; "and may your future days be crowned with prosperity and peace! True heir of the Neville virtues, and now of their honours!" He closed his eyes, and continued to press his hands on their heads with a patriarch's fervour — then, as if recalling his thoughts to this lower world, inquired of Eustace if he had seen the King.

"I have seen and served him," answered Eustace. "He is well, amiable, royally-disposed, and, at this moment, embarking on board his own fleet

to receive the crown of his ancestors; determined to forget his enemies, and reward his friends."

"Thou wilt kill me with joy," said the transported veteran; "but I am now content to die. Eustace, thou shalt never leave me more; I can never be satiated with hearing the sound of thy voice, or gazing on thee thus rising from disgrace and death. Come, tell me all thou hast endured since we parted." Eustace seated himself beside him on the couch, one arm clasped his Constantia, the other reclined on his father's knees. Neville rested his arms and head on his crutch, devouring with his eyes his son's features, and jealous of the glances he frequently cast on his beloved. Dr. Beaumont stood at a little distance, gazing on the affectionate group with calm delight, and frequently diverting his thoughts in pious thankfulness to that gracious Providence, who thus richly

repaid their sorrows. Isabel threw herself at the feet of Eustace, half angry that she could engage no more of his attention, and listening to the narrative of his adventures with emotions which it is impossible to define.

Eustace was brief in his story, reserving the minutiae for a calmer moment. The increased vigilance of the republican government soon made Jersey an unsafe residence. They removed to the continent; travelled through France, Italy, and the Low-Countries, without finding any eligible place wherein to fix. At length their funds failing, they agreed to prefer an humble employment to yet more-degrading dependence. Dr. Lloyd served as assistant surgeon in the Dutch military hospital; and Eustace entered as a volunteer in the body-guard of the young Prince of Orange, consoled by the idea of devoting his life to the grandson of his murdered sovereign. Here he

frequently saw and conversed with the present King, whose affable and attractive manners he warmly praised. " He recognised me," said he, " as the son of one to whom he owed indelible obligations, and his condescension commanded my confidence. He knows, dearest father, your early wrongs; and so sure as the crown of England is placed on his head, he will restore to you your titles and estates free from every base condition, and subject to no tribute, but what every English peer owes to a gracious and generous Monarch."

" There," thought Isabel, " my predictions are true — Constance will wear her ermined robes of state — but where is the cheerful residence of elegant sufficiency, in which I was to sing to my De Vallance? Eustace only speaks of his own adventures. Oh, this merchant's daughter of St. Helier; I wish she had

been locked up in a nunnery. Doubtless, she is young and beautiful; but prosperity is a becoming ornament. I will take courage, and ask if they are very happy."

Isabel, after hemming several times, attempted to speak, and at last was able to say, "My dear brother!" Eustace turned his eyes upon her. His excessive transports had sufficiently subsided to allow him to enter into her feelings, and he affectionately answered, "What would my dear sister?"

"You had another companion," said she, "besides Dr. Lloyd."

"I will punish this prudery," thought Eustace. "True, my love; poor Fido. — It is kind in you to remember that faithful animal. He died on his travels, and I assure you I dropped a tear on his grave."

"Pshaw," cried Isabel, turning away her head.

“ He lies in a celebrated spot,” continued Eustace, “ close to the walls of the convent of St. Bernard on the Alps; and thereby hangs a dreadful tale.”

“ We will listen to no dreadful tales now,” said Constance, who felt by sympathy the untold sentiments of Isabel. “ Tell us what is become of De Vallance, provoking Eustace; I see by your smile all is well. Will nothing cure you of your love of teasing us?”

“ When ladies forget the names of their lovers,” replied Eustace, “ delicacy forbids us to interpret their inquiries. De Vallance is well; he came with me to England; but, Isabel, you must yield him to stronger claims.”

“ I guessed so,” answered she; “ and will resign him with fortitude; nay, with indifference.” Tears, it is presumed, are a sign of these sensations, for her’s flowed rapidly as she spoke. “ Consider, my beloved sister,” returned Eustace;

“ the glorious event which reinstates you in the rank and fortune of an Earl’s daughter renders De Vallance the son of a disgraced usurper, despoiled of his ill-acquired splendor, and heir to nothing save the infamy of his parents.”

“ I had prepared my mind,” said Isabel, “ for every thing, but his being faithless to his vows. Had he been constant, I would have shared his lot however humble, and told the world his superior virtues cancelled the treasons and the treachery of his parents. But if beauty and affluence have proved irresistible, let me remember that my fortunes seemed desperate, allow the force of the temptation, and forgive him.”

“ There spoke my own magnanimous sister,” exclaimed Eustace, folding her to his heart. “ Thou worthy choice of my best and dearest friend! a wretched

father is the stronger claim which detains him from thee. He is gone to carry comfort to the most pitiable object in the world, an alarmed, deserted sinner."

"I never will forgive you, Eustace, for thus torturing me," said Isabel, and while she spoke, encircled his neck with her arms. "Was there no truth in the tale of an enamoured lady of St. Helier?" Eustace blushed, called it a gossip's story, and threw his eyes on Constance, dearer and more attractive in her faded loveliness, than when in the happy prime of youthful beauty she first enslaved his affectionate heart."

Neville sat thoughtful and silent, gazing on his children with the painful exhaustion of overstrained sensibility. Isabel and Eustace seemed emulous to out-talk each other. Constantia looked unutterable content. Dr. Beaumont was

mild, devout, admonitory; more inclined to bless the sure mercies of Providence, than to condemn the perverse conduct of man. He now recollected the anxieties of his good sister Mellicent, and proposed that Williams should be dispatched with the joyful tidings. "She must be told," said Eustace, "that the air-built castles she was so skilful in erecting have now a firm foundation. 'Tis time she should exercise her abilities in making bride-cake and comfits; two happy pairs will soon claim her services." "Nay," said Isabel, "as you are in a marrying humour, there shall be three, for who but she can reward good Dr. Lloyd, without whose vigilance and generosity we should all have been the most pitiable of mourners, wretched at the time of universal joy?"

Eustace answered that the worthy Esculapius was returning in the King's

suite, being appointed one of his physicians, and he hinted the probability of his aunt's medical pre-eminence destroying the effect of her personal attractions. "At least," said he, "the Doctor has never intimated a wish for the alliance, though he speaks with admiration of her fortitude and maternal affection for us children of her love and care. And severely as you accuse me for want of gallantry to your sex, I will not even allow a spinster of seventy to volunteer her hand, when the honour is not passionately desired."

Dr. Beaumont now inquired what dreadful tale was connected with the convent of St. Bernard, and he soon found his own predictions were realized respecting the fate of those who seek security by the paths of crooked policy and selfish cunning. Those dreary walls inclosed the wretched heir of the Waverly family.

Overwhelmed with horror at having deprived his father of life, the unhappy man abjured a country whose civil wars had given birth to such tremendous crimes. Long the victim of despair, he at last sought a quietus to his ever-gnawing remorse, by flying to the bosom of that church which barter salvation for pecuniary mulcts, and represents penance and subserviency to its schemes of worldly aggrandisement to be the wings which will waft the soul over the gulph of purgatory, and securely lodge it in Abraham's bosom. Not content with becoming a convert to the Romish church, the young Baronet determined upon expiating his unintentional parricide, by taking the cowl, and entering into its strictest order of monachism. Eustace and his friends, when they travelled over the Alps, were lodged one night at this convent, and in the midnight service De Vallance recognized the

well-remembered tones of his powerful voice. They afterwards saw him in the garden labouring at his future grave, according to the prescribed rules of his order. His hood was fallen off, and gave to view his face, in which the deepest lines of sorrow were combined with the gloom of sullen superstition. All intercourse was forbidden by that law which chained his tongue to eternal silence, except when employed as the organ of devotion. Eustace wept with true commiseration ; the unhappy monk threw on him a look, which showed he too well remembered England, drew his cowl over his face, and with a groan of the deepest melancholy solemnly returned to his cell.

Dr. Beaumont's remarks on this narrative were pious and affecting ; but there was a heavy gloom in the eye of Neville, which indicated a mind too much ab-

sorbed by its own feelings to enjoy the badinage of happy lovers, or to listen to the suggestions of wisdom and devotion. "Is our dear father ill?" was the alarmed inquiry of Isabel. "Has the surprise of my return overpowered him?" said Eustace. "Will not affliction allow her victim a few years respite, before the effects of her early visitations conduct him to the grave?"

It was the privilege of that true minister of Heaven who tranquillized his youthful impatience, to penetrate into the secret feelings of the man of sorrows. Inattentive to every other subject, Dr. Beaumont perceived that he was roused by the name of Walter De Vallance, and therefore led Eustace to describe his present situation. The tortures of a guilty conscience, added to his constitutional timidity, had totally extinguished those faint beams of hope and ambition which led him, in every previous change of affairs, to project his

own security or advancement. To usurpers and mal-contents of every description he thought he might either be useful or formidable; but from the returning King, welcomed with rapture by a repentant nation, a versatile traitor, who had betrayed the counsels of the royal martyr, could not expect even mercy. Too well known both for his rank and his provocations, to hope to shelter in obscurity, he had no resource but to fly to some distant land; and he proposed retreating to those colonies in America which were peopled under the influence of republican principles. But he had not proceeded many stages from London before he fell sick. His perturbed mind so far betrayed him to his host as to show he was one of those whom the happy change in public affairs compelled to fly from England; and he was immediately suspected to be one of the late King's judges, who, having imbrued their

hands in royal blood, were, by the consent of all parties, reserved as an atonement to public justice. He was therefore seized, hurried back to London, and thrown into close confinement. His son and Eustace learned these particulars by stopping at the inn which had been the scene of his arrest ; and the former, from some circumstances discovering the prisoner to be his father, deputed Eustace to plead his unchanged love and ardent hopes to his dearest Isabel, while he himself hastened to protect and solace his wretched parent with a hope, that by interposing his own unquestioned loyalty as a surety, he might preserve his life, if not obtain his liberty.

Not all the courtly blandishments of gallantry, nor even the heart-breathed vows of true love could have been half so acceptable to Isabel as this sacrifice of self-indulgence to filial duty. Even Neville could not refrain from commending

his nephew's conduct, while brushing a tear from his eye he attempted to revive the expiring flame of vindictive indignation. "The villain, then," said he, "knows now what it is to want the service of a worthy child. Tell me, Eustace, does he suffer deeply? Is his soul ground down with compunction by recollecting the inhumed Neville, doomed by him and his rebel partizans to shelter with the dead. Shut for years from the light of the sun, excluded from human converse, and daily fed by that dear girl with the bread of affliction, though born to stand before Kings, and sit as judge among Princes! Walter De Vallance now suffers what I never endured. The gnawing worm of remorse must inflict on him the agonies of despair, but conscious innocence illumined my dungeon with hope. Yes, the spirits of my ancestors, offended at the foul pollution of their pure ermine, point at my son as the restorer of their

tarnished honours, and bid me exult in the agonies which await the death-bed of a villain !”

A look of grave rebuke from Dr. Beaumont recalled the much-agitated Neville from this delirium of indulged malevolence. “ My brother and my friend,” he exclaimed ; “ supporter of my frail existence, and guide of my soul ! I have sinned, pray for me.” “ May Almighty mercy,” replied the pious minister of Heaven, “ grant you that peace which only those can feel who are in charity with all mankind ! — If years of affliction have not so taught you the comparative worthlessness of temporal possessions as to prevent your making them a pretext for eternal enmity ; if calamity has steeled your heart to pity instead of melting it to contrition, I must bid you fear, lest some more terrible trials should visit you, or what is worse, lest the sinner who will not pardon an offending brother, should

be suddenly called to account for his own unrepented transgressions against the God, not then of infinite compassion, but of most righteous vengeance."

Neville trembled violently. His affectionate children intreated Dr. Beaumont to spare his infirmities, but he answered, that regard for the mortal body must not, in this instance, make him overlook the more important concerns of the never-dying soul, endangered by his thus cherishing implacable resentment. The termination of the struggle proved Neville a true hero. He not only confessed but abjured his errors. "I have," said he, "brooded too deeply over my injuries, and thus have added to my plagues by inflicting on myself more torments than even my enemies designed I should feel. Born with too exquisite sensibility of ill-treatment, proceeding possibly from inordinate self-esteem, disposed to ardent

attachment and unbounded confidence, I measured the hearts of others by my own, and supposed that they equally revered the claims of generosity and friendship; for never did I expect a service, which in a change of situations, I would not have rendered unasked; never have I condemned a fault but those so abhorrent to my nature that, I would have died rather than have committed them. Condemned by the triumphant treachery of a man, in all things my inferior, to indigence and obscurity; all the liberal feelings I so dearly cherished palsied by my inability to expand the social charities beyond the narrow limits of my own family, I ruminated on the glorious indulgences resulting from the possession of that power and affluence I was born to inherit. But, instead of enjoying the means of patronising merit, raising the oppressed, or succouring calamity, I beheld myself doomed to the

anxious routine of a life consumed in the care of procuring a sufficiency for its own support, pondering how the claims of a creditor could be discharged, and the disgrace of injustice averted by the sacrifice of every generous gratification — I passed my days in a silent sacrifice of my wishes and comforts, in concealing my own wants, and steeling my heart to those of others, and it was during this mental torture of restrained liberality that I nourished in my soul a deadly thirst for revenge, an extreme desire of seeing the arm that smote me to the earth withered and powerless as my own. Oh, my children! there is guilt and danger in an excessive indulgence of even the most laudable feelings, and my crime brought on its punishment. — The loss of reason; the death of your adored mother, deserving infinitely more than the highest earthly honours, and therefore early translated

to an angelical throne; these were my chastisements. In respect to what I have since suffered for my King, the testimonies of a good conscience were my support and my reward. And may the favours of a grateful monarch enable my Eustace to enjoy those noblest privileges of greatness for which I pined with ineffectual desire! I am now old and helpless, tottering on the brink of eternity, a blank as far as respects this world. May I then divest my soul of those passions which will unfit it for the abodes of peace! The injuries of Walter De Vallance are not irremediable. Still do I clasp my son to my heart. Affliction has tried the virtues of my children, and brought me to a sense of my own errors. Let not short-sighted man, who cannot see the remote consequences of events, cherish revenge. Let not dust and ashes value its imperfect shows of goodness. Our greatest

conquest is a victory over ourselves. Our noblest title is to be called obedient servants of the Most High.”

Dr. Beaumont wept with pious delight, while Neville, leaning on his children in a posture of penitent adoration, besought Heaven to pardon his own sins, and the sins of his brother De Vallanee. So entire was his abstraction, that he was not interrupted by the entrance of Barton, whose countenance expressed a degree of depression ill suited to the joyous character of the times. Dr. Beaumont accosted him by the title of his worthy friend, and the associate of his future fortunes. He introduced him to Eustace, of whose preservation from the massacre at Pembroke he was till then ignorant. Barton blessed the protecting hand of Providence, and explained his apparent dejection, by stating that he had just witnessed a most awful and impressive scene — a grievous sinner

wounded alike in body and in soul, with no hope of escaping punishment either in this world or in that which is to come. He soon discovered that he meant the miserable De Vallance, whom, as he had served in prosperity, he would not desert in his utmost need, though he alike detested his private and despised his public character. He described him as alone, penniless, comfortless, without resources in himself, or help from others. His worthy son had not yet discovered the place of his confinement; he knew not what was become of his son, and among all the crimes which tortured his conscience, the supposed death of Eustace was most insupportable. Hopeless of pity, yet desperate from remorse, he had commissioned Barton to intreat the greatly-injured Neville to forgive him. Christian principles had already obtained a victory over the agonizing resentments of wounded honour,

and the eloquence of Barton only served to hasten its effect. Neville was calmly resolved, not moved by pathetic description, to act as he ought. "Go, my child," said he to Eustace, "bear my forgiveness to our unhappy kinsman, and by convincing him of your own existence, foil the tempter's efforts to overwhelm him with despair. I would see him, but we are both, weak in body, and frail in purpose. An interview might revive violent animosities. Envy and resentment are irritable passions; 'tis best we meet no more till our mortal failings are deposited in our graves. Then may our purified spirits enter upon a state where avarice and ambition cannot tempt, nor impatience and anger dispose us to offend! There may we meet as pardoned sinners, alike rejoicing in redemption!—Mine shall not be a mere verbal reconciliation. My King can refuse nothing to Allan

Neville, the faithful Loyalist. Title and fortune will be restored to me as my right; but the only reward I will ask for my services shall be the pardon of my enemies. The punishment of a state-criminal must not disgrace my Isabel's nuptials. She has been to me the angel of consolation, and she shall carry forgiveness and honour as a dower to her husband. And now, Beaumont, while the relentings of my soul can refuse nothing to thy admonitions, tell me, is there aught more that I ought to perform?"

From one of less acute sensibility, Dr. Beaumont would possibly have required that he should have been the interpreter of his own purposes to De Vallance, but he rightly considered, that very susceptible and ardent characters, after they have forgiven, find it impossible to forget. When such persons are brought to that proper state of mind,

to return good for evil, without either boasting of their lenity, or enumerating their wrongs, the best way of inducing an oblivion of the past, is to avoid such intercourse as may revive painful retrospection. It is impossible for those who have minds capable of appreciating the delicacies of friendship, to re-unite the bonds of esteem and confidence, when they have been violently rent asunder by cunning or treachery. Beside, Barton admitted that he saw in the behaviour of De Vallance more of the apprehensions of timorous guilt than the renovated spirit of self-abased contrition.

Eustace inherited the deep sensibilities of his father, but a train of happy years rose in perspective before him. Unbroken health, unclouded fame, successful love, wealth, and greatness— at the hour of his restoration to all these blessings, he must have been a

monster who could have withheld cordial forgiveness from a humiliated miserable enemy. Eustace visited the man who had doomed him to a premature grave, with a sincere desire to prolong his life, and restore his peace. To the relief afforded by a conviction that the guilt of his nephew's murder did not lie upon his soul, De Vallance received the additional consolation of knowing that his own son was alive, and acknowledged by Eustace as a most beloved friend and future brother. The forgiveness of Neville, and the assurance of his powerful intercession with the King in his favour, changed the horrors of the wretched man into transports of joy. Lost to all nobler feelings, and penitent only from terror, apprehensions of the future had increased the sickness which fatigue and anxiety had occasioned, and his recovery was expedited by the confidence

he now felt, that he should be permitted to spend the remnant of his days in security, protected by the virtues of the son whom he had neglected, and the clemency of the victims he had wronged.

CHAP. XXVIII.

All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtues, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE restoration of the King was speedily followed by the re-instatement of Neville in his family-honours, and the marriage of his son and daughter. Mrs. Mellicent had the unspeakable satisfaction of arranging the ceremony, selecting the dress of the brides, and ordering the nuptial banquet. History does not warrant me in adding, that she afterwards consummated the happiness of Dr. Lloyd, by completing the liberal tokens of regard which his grateful friends showered upon him. But whether this was owing to her own obduracy, or to

somewhat of that enmity which often subsists between professors of the same liberal art, I have no means of discovering. It is certain that they continued to be sincere friends, which possibly might not have been the case if Mrs. Mellicent's confidence in the superiority of her own cordials and ointments to the recipes prescribed by the regularly educated practitioner, had not induced her to pass on, "in maiden meditation fancy free," preferring the privileges of "blessed singleness" to the mortification of subscribing to the efficacy of those medical nostrums which were not found in the British herbal.

Morgan fled from Bellingham-Castle with the precipitation of an owl at the sun-rising. When the aged Earl proceeded to take possession, he strained his dim eyes to point out to his son the seat of his ancestors from the most distant eminence which afforded a glimpse of the

stately turrets. He fancied he should never be weary in showing Eustace the particular places which were signalized by conspicuous actions; the hall where Walter the Inflexible sat in judgment; the tower from whence Rodolph the Bold overlooked the tournament; the postern where Allan the Magnificent welcomed his princely guests with the courtly subservience of an humble host; or the chamber in which Orlando the Good paid the debt of nature, while the monks told their beads in the anti-room, and the inner court of the castle was crowded by the pensioners whom he supported, and the way-faring pilgrims he relieved. But Neville soon discovered that prosperity has its disappointments as well as adversity its comforts. The woods which Earl Henry planted were cut down, the shield and trophies which Sir Edmund won at Agincourt were defaced, the family heir-looms were carried away, the precious

manuscripts burnt, the state-furniture sold. Bellingham-Castle was merely the despoiled shell of greatness, requiring, for its re-edifying, that energy and anxiety which a worn-out invalid could not exercise. The duties of an exalted station overwhelmed him ; its business distracted, its state fatigued him. He soon felt convinced, that to those who have long languished in the gloom of sorrow, the brilliant glare of greatness is insupportable. To them ease is happiness, and tranquillity delight.

Determined to spend the residue of his days with his daughter, the Earl resigned Castle-Bellingham to Eustace and Constantia. Happiness and benevolence diffused over the face of the latter charms superior to any it had boasted even in the prime of youthful beauty. This excellent pair continued to deserve each other's affection, being an ornament to their high station, a blessing and an example

to their neighbours, faithful to their King, true to their country, and grateful to their God.

Not content with barely doing justice to those who had deserved and suffered so much, the King granted to Lady Isabel Neville the manor of Waverly, which had escheated to the crown by the extinction of that ill-fated family. The title of Lord Sedley had now devolved on Eustace. It was agreed to disuse the dishonoured name of De Vallance, and adopt the endeared appellative of Evellin, to which was annexed the title of Baronet. Waverly-Park was now changed into Evellin-hall. An elegant mansion was erected on the scite of the ruins, exhibiting as marked a contrast in the cheerful munificence of its aspect, as the firm integrity, unostentatious goodness, and amiable manners of Sir Arthur and his Lady did to the contemptible character of its late inhabitants.

Large church-emoluments were offered to Dr. Beaumont ; but he, with a lowliness and moderation corresponding to his other great qualities, declined accepting any. He said he had endured too much to become a prominent actor in public affairs at a time which required the most dispassionate prudence to heal discord, and the firmest wisdom to repair breaches. He suspected his understanding was clouded, and his temper soured, by the heavy pressure of affliction. He knew that his health was broken, and his long seclusion from the world had unfitted him for undertaking its direction. It was his prayer to devote the remnant of his days to peace and privacy. He returned to Ribblesdale (now endeared to him by the attachments of its inhabitants, and the change which his truly pastoral labours had produced,) in the same state of respectable mediocrity, with regard to worldly wealth, as he enjoyed before the commence-

ment of the troubles ; his worthy heart glowing with the honest pride, that though he had shared in the sorrows, he had not partaken of the spoils, of his country. His return was welcomed with rapture. He found no pseudo-shepherd to dispute his right of reclaiming the church he had wedded with primitive simplicity of affection. Davies had died of an apoplexy ; and Priggins, after giving indubitable proofs that conversion was in him merely the turned coat of knavery, while, to weak understandings and bad hearts, he made religion itself contemptible by dressing it in the cap and bells of folly, had gradually lost all his auditors. The return of the King made his spiritual wares wholly unsaleable. He studied the humour of the times ; and, conforming to what would gain him a maintenance, he turned his pulpit into a stage-itinerant, and commenced Jack Priggins, a redoubtable Merry Andrew.

Though the royalists, while in expectation of the restoration, had promised to abstain from all suits of law on account of the injustice they had suffered, the extortions of Morgan had so much out-heroded Herod, that justice claimed a right of stripping the daw who had long stalked in stolen trappings. Reduced, by repeated fines for misdemeanors, to his primitive meanness, the little man lost all the self-importance which had been the appendage of his greatness; and, from being a happy, joyous person, who thought the world a very good world, and all things going on as well as could be wished, he became a discontented reviler, complaining that industry was unrewarded, and talents left to perish on a dunghill. He gained a scanty support by practising the basest chicanery of his profession; and, after being stripped of the affluence he had extorted from the rich, he contrived to pick up the means of a bare existence, by inflaming

the animosities, and adding to the necessities of penury. Whether his death was hastened by a want of the luxuries which indulgence had made indispensable, or by a more summary process, is uncertain.

The prejudices which Barton had imbibed against the Liturgy and discipline of the Church seemed to increase from a conscientious apprehension that worldly motives might influence him to conformity. In vain did Dr. Beaumont advise him to follow the example of the apostolical Bernard Gilpin, who, "though he doubted as to some of the articles to which he was required to subscribe, considered that, without subscription, he could not serve in a Church which was likely to give great glory to God, and that what he disliked was of smaller consequence." His extraordinary integrity prevented his compliance; and he told Dr. Beaumont that, finding himself incapable of refuting the

learning and weight of his arguments, he suspected that a secret desire of worldly advancement had blunted his faculties; but of this he was certain, that since he had refused assisting the Church, considered as a civil institution, in the night of her calamity, he had no right to bask in her sunshine. After this declaration, Dr. Beaumont's respect for the rights of conscience made him for ever renounce the character of a disputant; but during all the hardships to which Non-conformists were exposed he steadily supported that of a friend. Barton found, in the parsonage at Ribblesdale, a safe, honourable, and happy asylum from the tempest which fell upon his party. His peaceable and friendly disposition restrained him from every mark of enmity to the Church from which he dissented; nor did he ever confound the mistakes of her governors, or the faults of her officials, with the essentials of her institu-

tion. Dr. Beaumont avoided every topic that might give him pain, with a delicacy which proved that the gratitude of an obliged pensioner mingled with the feelings of a generous host. Even Mrs. Mellicent never abused Round-heads in his presence; and, as to fanatics, Barton thought them as disgraceful to his sect as they were dangerous to the hierarchy. He had the singular honour of escorting the venerable spinster, in her purple camlet riding-hood, whenever she visited her niece Lady Eyellin, at the Hall, or her nephew Lord Sedley, at Bellingham-Castle; and the cordial welcome he ever received from both families, proved their just sensibility of his former kindness.

The wretched Walter De Vallance, when released from prison, went into voluntary exile, supported by a pension from the Earl, who imposed that duty on himself as a memento of his own

errors. His sole care was to prolong his contemptible life ; but his solicitude was unavailing. He lived to hear that his son had renounced his name, and that an heir was born to the House of Neville. As contrition had no share in his previous humiliation, envy at the flourishing state of his rival's family hastened his death.

This history, however, has still to record a true penitent. Nothing could exceed the indignation of Jobson at finding himself deceived by Monthault. He was one of the first to ask forgiveness of the right Earl of Bellingham, and of His Reverence the Doctor, who, he was sure, deserved to be made a Lord also. " I don't come to your honours," said he, " because you are become great men, or to ask you to speak to the King about me ; for I know I have no right now to be a Beef-eater, or any thing else ; but I must just tell you how it was. Sure

as you are alive I thought all the while I was fighting for His Majesty ; for those generals, as they called themselves, turned, and twirled, and swore backwards and forwards till nobody knew what side they were of. And that smooth-faced knave, Monthault (as pretty Mrs. Isabel said he was), told me all was going on as it should be ; and that Lambert would bring the King back presently. So I fought furiously, thinking I was on the right side, till that deceiver had his deserts from the honest general who did fetch the King home. Bless his sweet face ! though I don't deserve to look at it again."

Neville admitted that the perplexing changes which had lately happened might confuse a clearer head than Jobson's, and promised to retain him in the family, offering him the choice of being his personal attendant, or porter at Castle-Bellingham. Jobson's joy and gratitude were

unbounded. He preferred the former office. "Because," said he, "such a blundering fellow as I, who cannot tell rebels from honest men, may let pick-pockets and gamblers into a true Lord's house, if they happen to have smooth tongues, and shut plain honesty out of it, which I hope will never be the case in Old England. But if I live always under Your Honour's eye, you will keep me from doing wrong; and a simple man, like me, is always best off when directed by those who know better than himself."

Lord Bellingham is reported to have commended this opinion so warmly as to say, he hoped the race of the Jobsons would never be extinct among the British peasantry. But as this wish implies his persuasion, that principle rather than information is the great desideratum in the lower classes, I dare not affirm that my hero was so very illiberal, though, as a

Loyalist and a Churchman, I admit that he must have been adverse to the generalizing philanthropy of that admired sentiment, "Education untainted by the bigotry of proselytism," which, if it be any thing more than a brilliant scintillation of wit, intended, by its happy antithesis, to revive the dying embers of festive hilarity, must mean that the ends of education are destroyed if they produce any effect; or, in other words, that though the lower classes are to be taught every thing, great care should be taken that they do not improve by any thing they learn — a discovery equally profound with that of Dogberry, who thought "writing and reading came by nature, but that to be well-favoured was the gift of fortune."

I have only to add, that Lady Isabel Evellin long continued "to rock the cradle of reposing age;" and, to the last hour of her life, enjoyed the serene sa-

tisfaction which is the portion of those who, with true and disinterested magnanimity, devote their abilities to the calls of duty instead of wasting their lives in self-indulgence.

THE END.

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