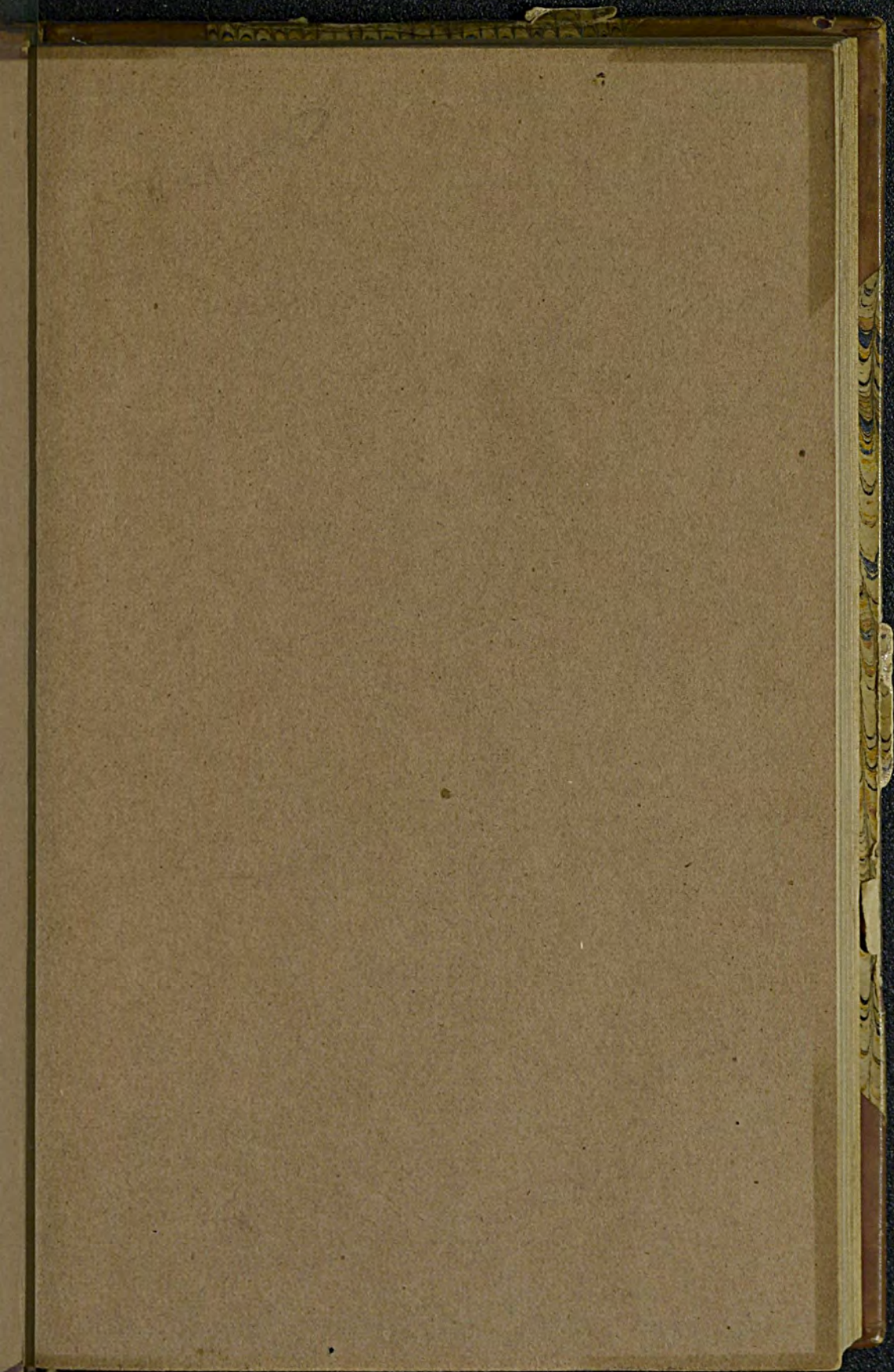
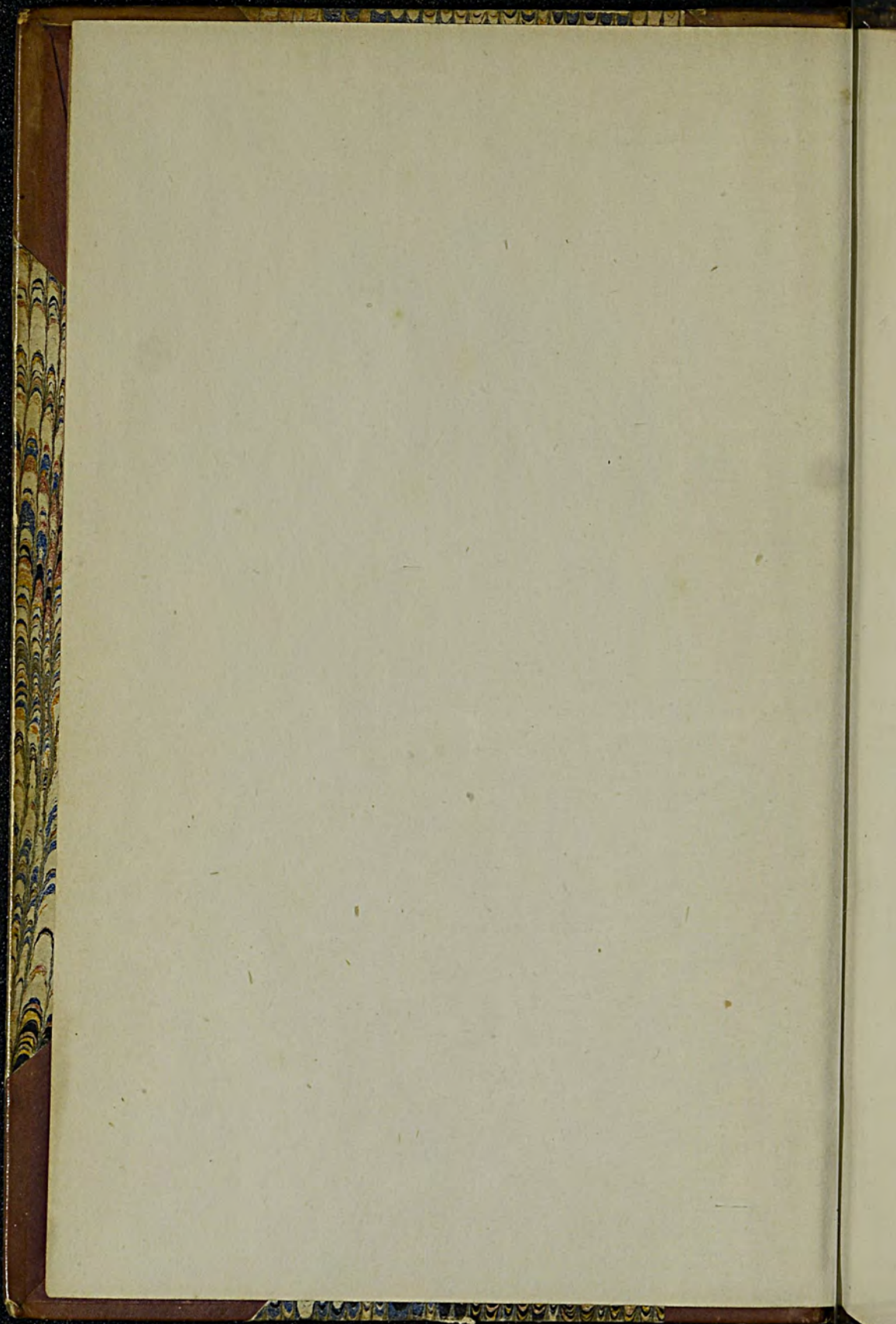
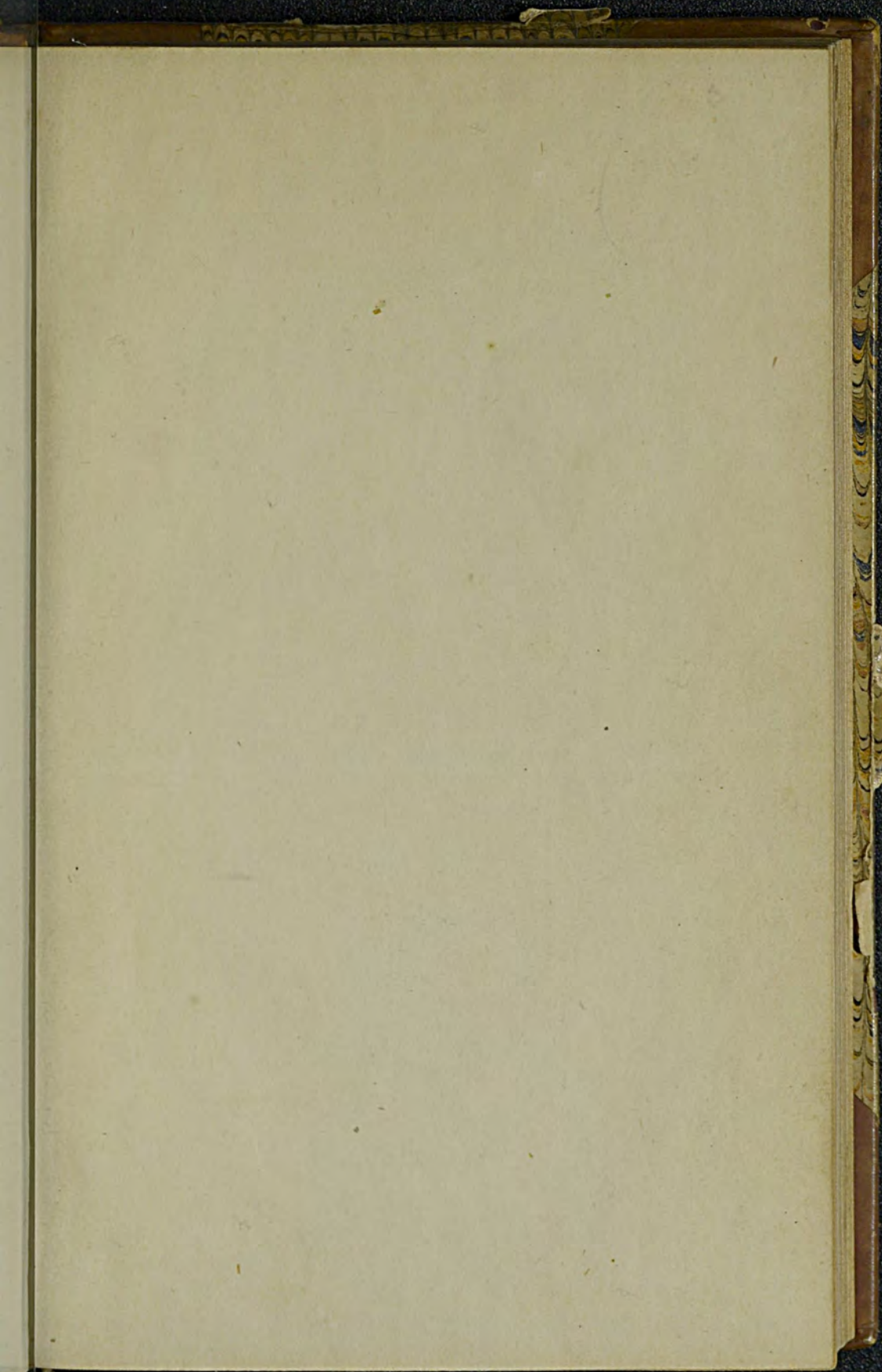
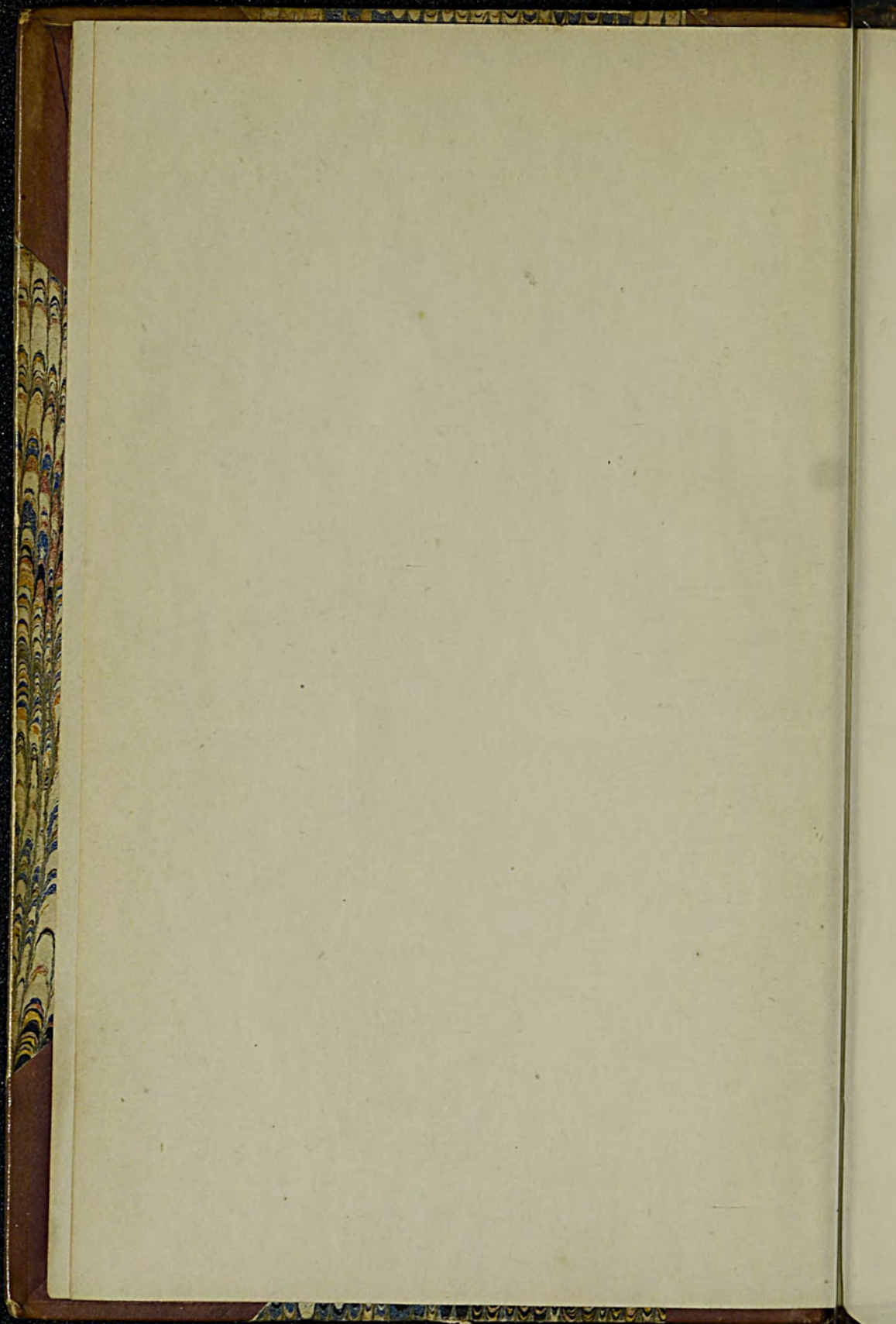


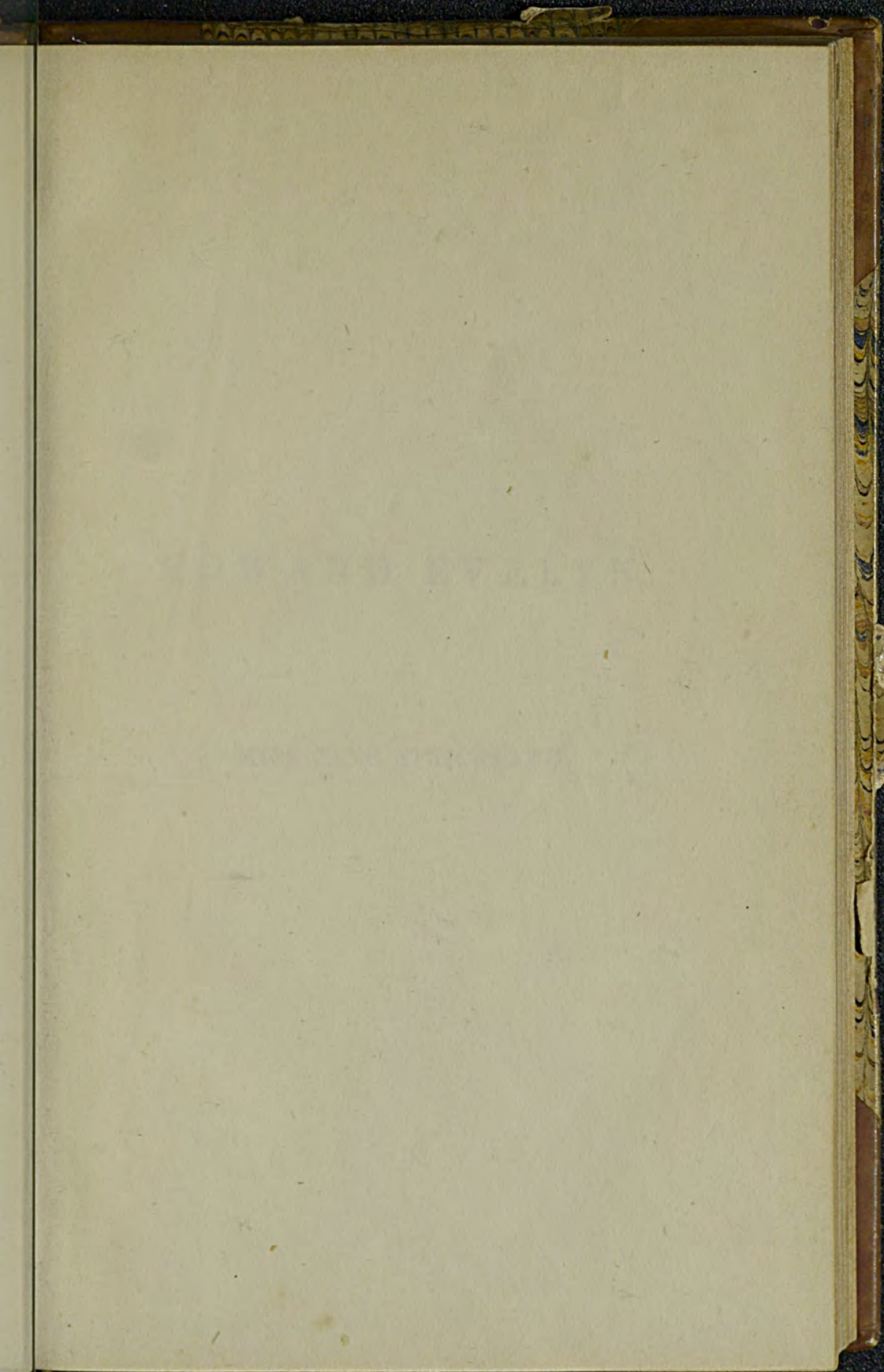
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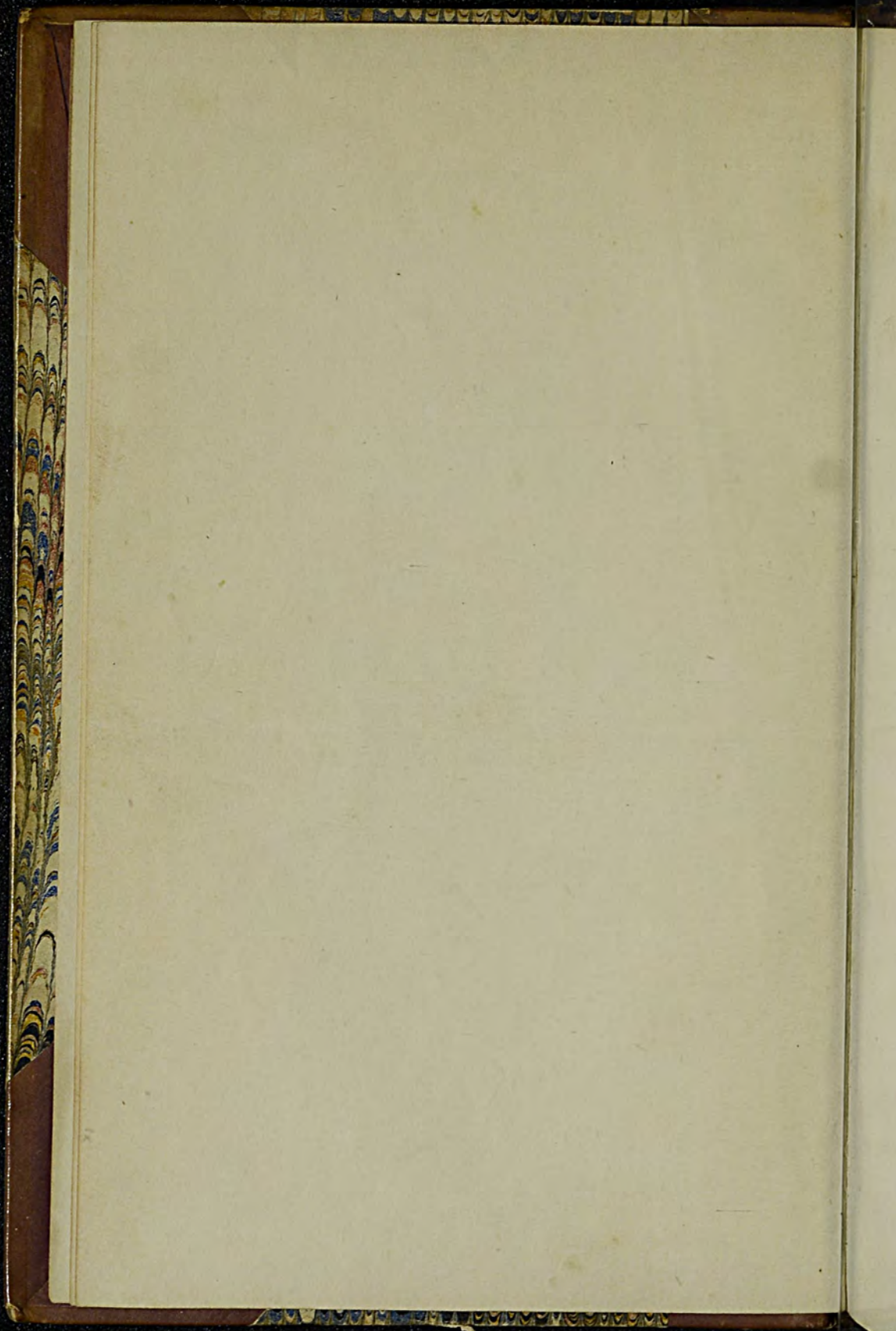










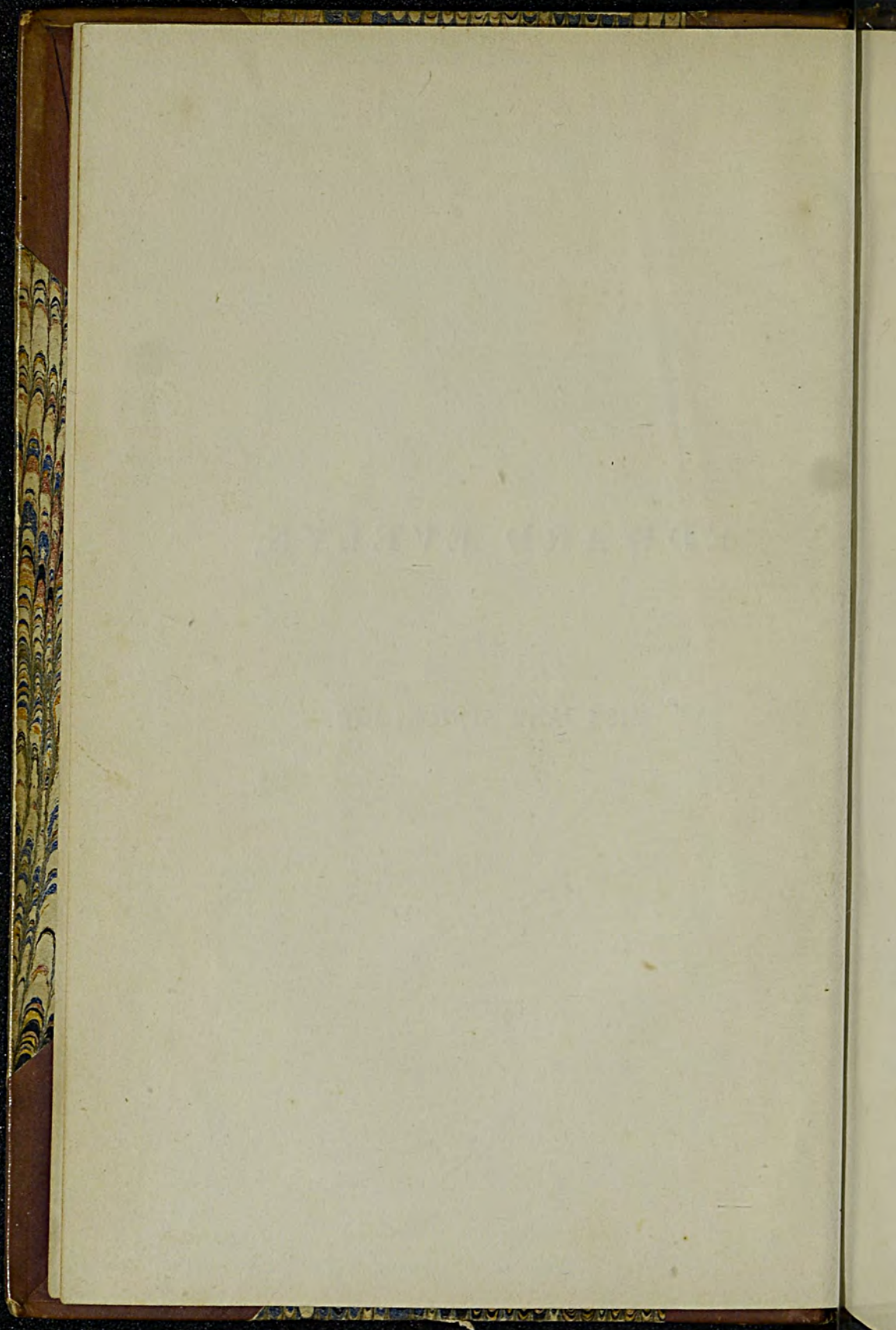


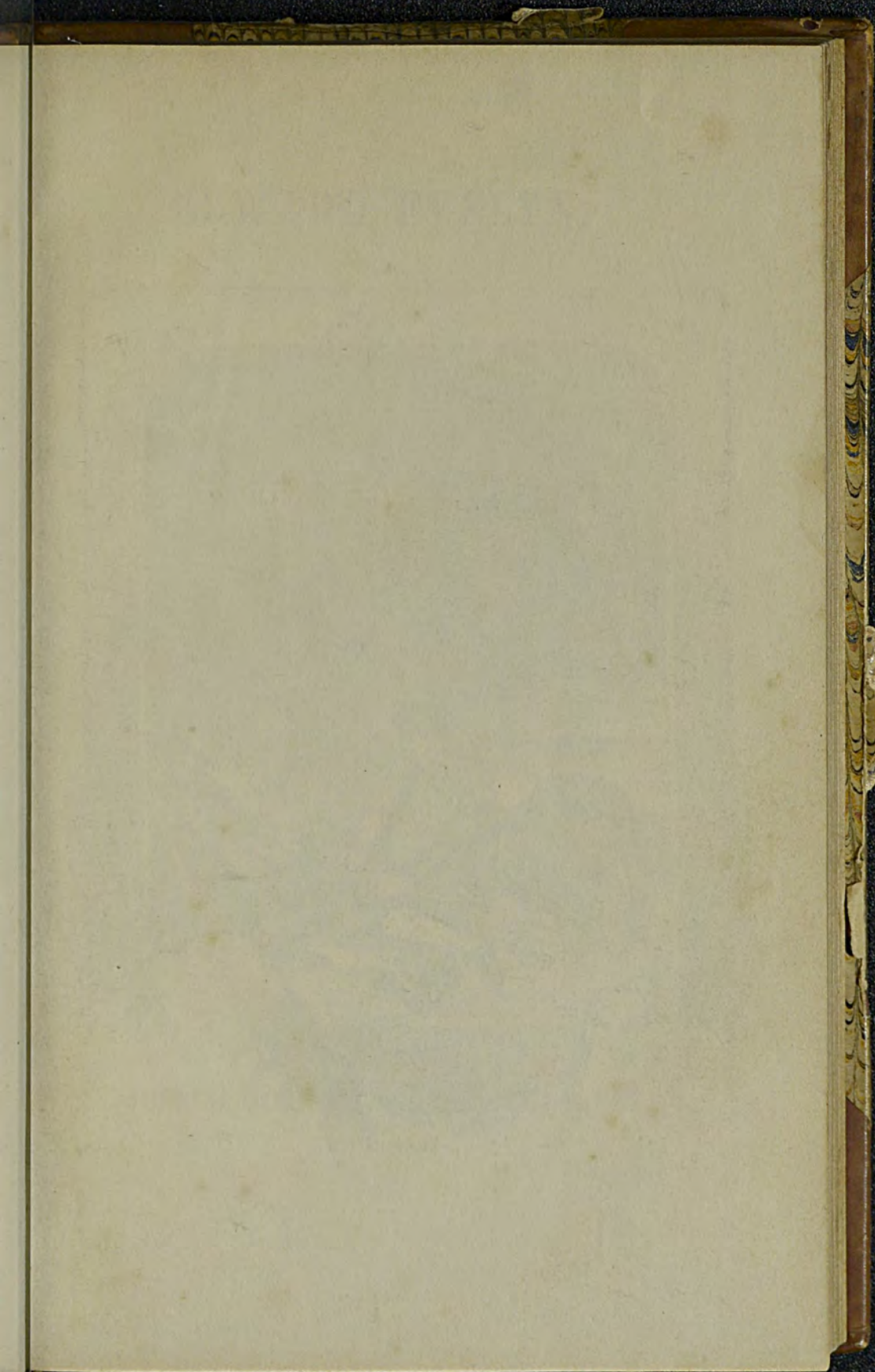


EDWARD EVELYN,

BY

MISS JANE STRICKLAND.







*Hopton*

EDWARD EVELYN,

A TALE.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

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THE PEASANT'S TALE,

BY JEFFERYS TAYLOR,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG ISLANDERS," &c.

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LONDON:  
JOSEPH CUNDALL, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXLIII.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND

OF

THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

OF GREAT BRITAIN

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## P R E F A C E.

IN writings for the amusement of the young, great care should be taken in the choice of the matter submitted to their inspection. First impressions are the easiest made ; but they last the longest, and, therefore, a strenuous endeavour should be exerted to render them good. Examples of virtue, when combined with an interesting tale, fix themselves upon the mind of the reader, and form a standard of merit by which he insensibly regulates his conduct. This species of moral and religious instruction is becoming more popular, because its good effects are daily more seen and appreciated. In the little work now offered to the public, I have endeavoured to pourtray filial piety based upon firm religious principles, and unshaken through every trial, because built upon the solid foundation of faith. As it is not the lot of every young person to possess excellent parents, I have represented Edward Evelyn as possessing that advantage in

part, deriving from a good mother, sound piety, and a strict observation of the fifth commandment. I have endeavoured to implant this positive duty throughout this little history, and in making it the road to future preferment, I think I have not overstepped the true meaning of that promise made to the obedient followers of the commandment. The anecdote which gave rise to the tale is founded on fact. The son of an officer engaged in the rebellion of 1745, having actually pretended dumbness and imbecility to supply his father with food, and to mislead the soldiers who were in search of him.

*Dec. 1842.*



## EDWARD EVELYN.

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THE battle of Culloden decided the fortunes of the House of Stuart, and set the last seal to that heritage of sorrow, which had descended with the regal diadem to every prince of that unhappy line. The crown, indeed, had passed away, but this unalienable possession still remained the heirloom of the family. The situation of the Royal Wanderer, terrible as it was, did not surpass in horror, that of many of his faithful adherents; although the sympathy of mankind naturally regarded the sufferings of the Prince with more compassion.

Among the fugitives from Culloden, who were seeking an asylum among the wild solitudes of the southern district of Inverness-shire, two individuals were seen, towards the evening of an

April day, slowly ascending one of the steep crags that overhung a glen, from whose green bosom peeped forth a few straggling huts, whose rude construction, denoted the poverty and simplicity of the race they sheltered.

“Father,” cried the younger fugitive, in a tone of ecstasy, “the sea, the sea!”

The lively accent in which young Edward uttered these brief words, roused Colonel Evelyn from the lethargy of despair into which he had gradually sunk, and raising his head, he followed the direction of his son's eyes with an eagerness of hope, that presented a strange contrast to his late depression; but his experienced eye, discerned a fatal bar between the free blue waves and liberty: for the white tents of the enemy rose fair and glistening in the distance. The feverish excitement of the moment yielded to despair; a mist came over his eyes, the burning pulsation of his wound ceased to throb, and he sank upon the rocky ground in a swoon. How tenderly, how carefully did young Edward support the inanimate form of his father upon his knees, while he bathed his face and hands with the clear water that burst from the living rock

just below their feet ; silently raising his eyes to heaven, and imploring the assistance of Him he had early learned to fear and love. The prayer was heard, Colonel Evelyn looked once more upon his son, and feebly murmured a blessing on his head. He received from his duteous hand the last piece of bread, drank eagerly a draught of water, and resting his feverish temples on his child's bosom, slept.

Throughout that night, the stripling kept his holy vigils, nor once suffered his weary eyes to close. The stillness of that wild solitude, the very dangers that environed him, and his sleeping parent, were calculated to awaken those deep feelings of devotion a pious and sorrow-stricken mother had early impressed upon the ductile mind of her child. The spot on which he was seated, was favourable to contemplation ; the valley with its verdant undulations, waving boughs newly invested with their vernal livery of green, and thousand streams lay beneath his feet. Around him were barren rocks, from whose inaccessible heights, wild cataracts rushed thundering down, whose "everlasting voice" mingled with the scream of the eagle, and the

far-off sweetness of the mavis. This union of sweet and terrible sounds, in the ears of the young enthusiast, swelled into one harmonious concert of praise. Toil, want, danger, disappeared from his mind, while he held high communion with his God. He was no longer a proscribed fugitive, no longer a bruised and broken reed, no longer an exile from his mother's bosom, no longer a famished wayworn sojourner among the hills. — A sweet seriousness sat on his features, a heavenly serenity stole o'er his spirit, as in the lonely rapture of that hour, he softly repeated the words of the prophet, "though the vine forget to blossom, and the fig-tree to yield her fruit, yet will I not forget to praise Thee, Lord God of Hosts." Spring, lovely spring, had flung her flowery mantle over the earth—the turf was starred with primroses—the blackthorn was white with blossoms—and the "larch had hung all her tassels forth:" for an early April had thrown her garlands on every bush and spray, and made this wilderness "to blossom as the rose." The last tears of weeping day, glittered in the rays of the setting sun, whose departing beams had left along the horizon, that lovely, rosy hue, which gives

the beholder the promise of a glorious morrow. Soft and placid, as the blue sky she floated in, rose the moon, gilding rock and stream with a flood of radiance. Oh well in after years was this night remembered, by that stripling—Yes, often, when the cares of this world pressed heavily upon his breast, the warrior was cheered and supported by the sacred recollections of this night.

At length, the sun climbed the far-distant hills, and the birds awoke to hail his rising with their sweetest song. Edward then gently kissed the fevered brow of the sleeper, and quietly withdrawing his plaid from his shoulders, formed with its folds a rude pillow, and cautiously placed it under his father's head, without breaking his lethargic slumbers: he then departed in quest of some place of concealment, where they might remain, till the military search for the fugitives from Culloden should be ended.

He descended the mountain, and venturing into the valley, was half inclined to throw himself upon the compassion of the inhabitants of the glen, and claim their protection; but then, the risk—the price set upon the head, even of

the Prince—the probability of some base heart lurking in these shielings, whom fear, or the promise of reward might tempt to betray them—the nearness of the enemy's encampment too—No, he was resolved not to trust them with a secret so momentous; but he would present himself before them, and counterfeiting dumbness and imbecility, obtain a present supply for their wants. His stratagem succeeded beyond his hopes. To the compassionate, misery needs no words to tell a tale of woe. The dim eye, the wasted form, the lines of care, so seldom seen on the clear brow of youth, pleaded for Edward Evelyn as pathetically as his sweet voice could have done. The hospitable Highlanders, not only fed the famishing youth, but filled the wallet he held to them with such coarse provisions as their means afforded, and from time to time addressed some kind words, whose unknown Gaelic might have sounded harshly in his southern ears, if they had not been modulated by pity. Many questions they asked, pointing significantly to the faded, blood-stained uniform he still wore. Edward felt the necessity of continuing the deception he had adopted, and by many signs,

at length, succeeded in making them comprehend that he was deaf and dumb; and, when they wished him to give some indications from whence he had wandered, he flung his arms about in a strange fashion, and uttered cries, so piercing, that his compassionate benefactors considered him a poor, mad creature, who had wandered out of his way, to these wild regions.

Refreshed and inspirited by his success, he retraced the mountain path, and felt surprised at finding his father still asleep. The possibility of discovering some place of concealment among these rocks, before he awoke, easily suggested itself to a youth born and bred in Yorkshire, and accustomed to explore those curious caverns, with which the limestone rocks in that county are perforated.

The nature of the face of the country, made such a supposition by no means improbable. Edward diligently pursued his search, and, at length, found a wide reft in the rock, from which a glittering cascade burst forth, half veiled by a tangled screen of briars. On pushing these aside,

a curious cave appeared, which, probably, in some seasons, was full of water, but at this time was dry, excepting the channel of the little stream that flowed through it. With practised boldness the adventurer followed the rivulet which issued from another cavity, wide and spacious, which was lighted though imperfectly, from a curious perforation in the top of the rock. This natural chamber was terminated by a deep pool of water clear and tasteless, from which the cascade derived its source, and pursued its subterranean way, gingling and murmuring till it reached air and sunlight. How many home recollections did this spot awaken in the exile's breast, that breast whose earliest, tenderest feelings, clung to the place where he first drew breath, hallowed by the holy remembrances of a mother's love. Her last words to him, in the mournful hour of parting, recurring to his mind, roused him from his melancholy abstraction: "Edward, be all to your erring father, that you have been to me." He wiped away his tears, breathed a prayer for her, and returned into open day. He then hastily collected a quantity of moss and lichens to form



a bed, and, before the sun had gained his meridian height, he had prepared the chamber for his father's reception.

The consciousness of duty, well and promptly performed, restored Edward Evelyn's spirits to something like their usual tenor, as with an elastic step, he commenced his return to the spot where he had left his father. Long before he reached it, he heard his own name uttered in accents of despair, coupled with words that led him to believe that his parent thought himself abandoned, to perish by his son among these inhospitable wilds. Could he then doubt his fidelity?—the indignant blood mounted to his very brow—he ran, he almost flew to his father, and throwing himself upon his neck, cried out, “I am here, my dear father, I am here.”

“You have been absent a long while, Edward,” coldly replied the querulous parent, in a tone more resembling the reproof of a commanding officer, than the remonstrance of a parent—“The sentinel that deserts his post, justly incurs punishment.”

Edward suppressed the rebellious feelings that were rising to his lips, pressed his hand against

his mother's picture, which he wore round his neck, and said, "My dear Sir, I have only abandoned my post to perform a necessary duty.—In fact, I have been foraging, and here is the fruit of my labours." He then opened his wallet, and displayed his stores.

A deep blush overspread the haggard features of Colonel Evelyn, he tried to smother his remorse under an air of military austerity; but the feelings of the father, got the better of pride; it was in vain that he tried to retain the starting tear, and yielding at once to nature, he folded his son in his arms.

"Edward, my own boy," he cried, "I have not deserved a son like you."

When Colonel Evelyn first awoke, he was very far from suspecting his faithful young guardian. He expected to see him return every instant, and feeling himself not at all refreshed by his long sleep, which partook rather of the nature of stupor than healthy repose, he felt unable to go in search of him, and awaited his coming, at first with hope, then with extreme anxiety, and at last with indignation, grief, and despair. Had he fallen from some crag—was he engulfed

in some of the rapid streams that burst from the mountain side—or, had he indeed, in his turn, abandoned the parent who had deserted his mother, and left her weeping over his helpless infancy, to struggle with a hard and cruel world. These conflicting passions had reached their climax, and broke forth at the sight of his son, in the manner narrated.

While making their humble repast, Edward related the occurrences of the morning, and told his father that his dwelling was prepared, and that though it possessed few conveniences, it could boast of a higher claim to admiration than the proudest architect could give, as it was the work of Omnipotence, who had carved it out of the living rock.

“Let us hasten thither, my son, to take possession of this house ‘not made with hands,’ for I feel myself getting weaker and weaker, and if we delay our journey, I may never reach the place in safety.”

Edward gave his father his arm, and was shocked and surprised at the great alteration a few hours had made in his strength and appearance. Scarcely, with his assistance, could he

gain the cavern, and when he entered its gloomy porch, he felt him tremble, and heard him mutter to himself, "This is, indeed, a living tomb." From the ante-chamber, or first entrance, Edward conducted him into the inner recess, which, though feebly lighted, was adorned with some beautiful stalactites and crystals. A fine specimen of native marble, which bore some resemblance to an altar, rose at one end. These natural beauties, though perfectly discernible by the light from the top, were lost upon Colonel Evelyn, who did not feel at all at ease, till he stretched his aching limbs upon the bed of moss, where he sunk again into a sort of slumber, that rather resembled death than sleep.

The mental conflict that this unhappy man had sustained for some days past, when united to the pain of an unhealed wound, and the terrors of an awakened conscience, produced the usual effects of an overwrought mind on an enfeebled body. He gradually sunk into a kind of lethargic melancholy, from which all Edward's tender assiduities failed to rouse him. Sometimes indeed, he had intervals of mental energy; but these precious moments were clouded by the

bitter retrospect of a sinful life. He was bowed to the lowest state of humiliation, by the reflection that he owed his life and preservation to the child whom he had cruelly torn from his mother, to plunge into danger and rebellion. Nor was the prospect of the future at all calculated to allay his present uneasiness. During his flight, the dreadful massacre of Culloden had reached his ears; and the appalling thought that every officer, who had deserted from the royal standard, had been shot as soon as taken, thrilled him with horror. Poor Edward, still under sixteen, wore the fatal uniform, and worse than that, had lately borne his Majesty's Commission as an officer in the — regiment. If death appeared so terrible to his mind, who had faced it a thousand times, what must it do to a stripling, and such a death, too, as England then bestowed upon the untitled traitor. He hoped his son was in happy ignorance of the consequences of that act into which he had been led by his own father. This load of anxiety soon reduced the repentant rebel to a state of stupefaction, from which he only recovered to a renewal of his remorse and despair.

Colonel Evelyn had married clandestinely, the only child and heiress of Reginald Beverly, a whig, and staunch adherent to the reigning family, and a rigid Calvinist. It had been his intention to unite his daughter to the next male heir of his line; but Isabella, though extremely averse to Major Beverly, whose person, temper, and manners, were very unlikely to gain the affections of a beautiful young lady of eighteen, had not sufficient mental courage to oppose the projected union, but suffered the preparations for her marriage to be made, as if her grim cousin had really been the object of her choice. The night preceding the day appointed for her nuptials, she eloped with Lieutenant Evelyn, a soldier, and a Roman Catholic.

The want of fortune, the clandestine union, even the dissimulation his daughter had used to effect it, might have been forgiven by Sir Reginald, but, to espouse a member of an erroneous Church, was an unpardonable offence in his eyes. He refused to see his once loved Isabella, and openly avowed his intention of making Major Beverly his heir.

Marriages unsanctified by the consent of those

who by nature are most deeply interested in the well-being of their children, seldom prove happy ones. Sir Reginald, though of austere manners, had too much love for his daughter, as well as too much religion, to force her into a union with a man she detested, although that union was the fondest wish of his heart. Still, he would never have consented to give her to a young man of Evelyn's nominal religion, and unsettled principles.

Isabella found that her husband assimilated no better with her in disposition than in creed. Though a mere formalist, he was a bigoted one, and considered those vital tenets which she held so dear and sacred, heretical and puritanical. The want of rectitude she had shown towards her cousin, though instigated by himself, deprived her of his confidence; and though proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and loving her too, there was a selfishness in his very love. Poverty did not sweeten the discord of this ill-assorted pair. In a moment of great irritation, Evelyn left his wife weeping over the cradle of her infant son, to run a course of reckless dissipation in

France, insensible alike to the duties of a husband or a father.

Mrs. Evelyn wrote a heart-broken appeal to her parent in favour of her child, acknowledging her fault, and lamenting its bitter consequences. Sir Reginald consented to receive her, and promised to look upon little Edward as his heir.

Here, in the exercises of devotion, Isabella found balm for her wounded spirit; her contrition was deep and unfeigned, she devoted herself to the education of her son, the care of her aged father, and the practice of unbounded charity, in which pious offices, she at length found peace.

Edward repaid with interest her maternal solicitude, and his early acquaintance with her sorrows made him thoughtful beyond his years, and companionable, when scarcely out of infancy. While, through Sir Reginald's judicious choice of a tutor, he possessed the advantages of a solid education, all the lighter graces, and softer feelings were imparted to him, by his lovely and unfortunate mother, whose greatest earthly comfort he became. Sir Reginald, who sometimes feared that the sensibility of the boy would spoil



the man, was sufficiently a Yorkshire Squire of that era, to retain, even in old age, a passion for the chase, in which he chose his grandson to accompany him, to counteract (as he expressed it) the coddling of his Mamma, whose gentle dealing with him, would totally unfit him for the rough scenes of the world.

From his tutor, a man of science as well as a scholar and divine, Edward imbibed a love for the study of nature, in all the wild and wonderful forms she assumed in the caverns and mountains of his native county. Together they explored all the subterraneous horrors of those perforations of Ingleborough, known by the familiar names of Hell-pot, Hurtle-pot, Allum-pot, Gingling-pot, &c. in search of those geological specimens, in which the caves of Yorkshire abound. Early habits inured this child of wealth to every exertion, and rendered him superior to every danger. Accustomed from infancy, to climb the hills, no mountaineer excelled him in agility, or in the knowledge of the different strata of which the rocks were composed. Edward had nearly attained the age of fifteen, when he had the misfortune to lose his grandfather. By his will, Sir

Reginald constituted his grandson his sole heir, on condition of his assuming the name and arms of Beverly on his attaining his majority, recommending his daughter to his care, but entirely passing her over in her son's favour. To this will, Mrs. Evelyn and Major Beverly were appointed joint executors. Sir Reginald bequeathed to the latter a handsome legacy, as some compensation for his troublesome office.

In thus leaving the mother dependent upon the child, the testator wished to prevent the possibility of a re-union taking place between Mrs. Evelyn and her husband; for of Edward's dutiful affection for his mother, he was too well assured to entertain any doubt of her future comfort; but he certainly did not foresee the fatal consequences that ensued from this step. For Mr. Evelyn, who intended to return to his wife on the event of Sir Reginald's death, was so much irritated by the disposition of the Beverly property, that he claimed his parental rights over his son, and instantly effected a separation between him and his mother. This was a stunning and overwhelming blow to Mrs. Evelyn for some agonizing days; but then,

collecting all her christian fortitude, she was enabled to resign herself to this unexpected calamity. Major Beverly urged her to appeal to the laws of her country against Mr. Evelyn's claim ; assuring her that his immorality, Roman Catholic faith, and suspected jacobite principles, would turn the scale in her favour ; but Mrs. Evelyn could not, would not tear asunder the bonds that united the names of parent and child. She still loved the husband of her youth, still cherished a hope that the link between them, in the person of their son, might one day draw their hearts together in the golden chains of a more perfect union than they had formerly experienced. "There is joy in heaven, my Edward," she said, "in the return of a repentant sinner, and you may be destined to be the instrument of your father's conversion. Be as dutiful to him as to me ; never suffer a rebellious thought to rise against him unchecked, and when you feel any indignation towards him, look on the portrait of your mother, and think she implores your forbearance. If this expedient fail, pray earnestly for assistance, both for your father and yourself." She then hung a beautiful miniature

picture of herself round his neck, and bowing her head upon his bosom, bedewed it with her tears. "Another gift I have, more precious," she continued, putting into his hands her own clasped pocket-Bible. "This book, in which I learned to know myself and love my Saviour; this book, which has wiped away my tears, and pointed out the cure for every grief. Study it daily, and regulate your conduct by the precepts of the Gospel; for you may be assured of this,—A holy life ensures a happy death."

They parted, hope beaming through the mother's falling tears, as with a faithful determination to obey her precepts, young Evelyn set forth.

Perhaps it would be impossible to paint the feelings with which the father and son met. Some shame, which was quickly changed to an expression of parental pride, appeared in Colonel Evelyn's eye, as he stepped forward to welcome his long forsaken offspring, evidently astonished at the fine symmetry of his form and features, and the ingenuous and intellectual expression of his countenance. A tear fell on his cheek, as he warmly embraced him; but evidently ashamed

of what he considered a weakness unworthy of a soldier, he began to speak of Edward's future prospects, and informed him that he had obtained an ensigncy for him in his own regiment destined for Scotland, to the command of which he had been recently appointed; he then patted the noble wolf-dog, his son's faithful attendant, and turned the conversation to matters of less importance, with a grace peculiar to himself. To a handsome martial figure, Colonel Evelyn united the most charming manners, whose winning frankness, in spite of some personal prejudices, completely fascinated his son.

Two days after this first interview, Edward joined his regiment, and received from his accomplished father his first instructions in military tactics. In the acquirement of his new duties, and in a daily correspondence with his dear mother, the young ensign passed his time by no means unpleasingly. Indeed, no one ever commenced a military life under more favourable auspices. His birth, great fortune, and relationship to the Colonel, rendered his situation extremely agreeable. His sweet disposition, and manly behaviour too, made him a

general favourite with officers and men. The new ensign and Wolf, (as his four-footed friend was called) were exceedingly caressed and petted; and if the former had not possessed the rare, but truly beautiful grace of humility, he must have been ruined by the commendations liberally bestowed on all sides, "Wolf seemed wonderfully sensible for a beast," as Serjeant Griffin used to say, "for the creature really begged for notice, and was as fond of praise as a Christian, for he held his head a sort higher than any dog he had ever seen in his life; but as for Master Edward, he was as bold as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb, and would make as fine an officer as any in the service." Enjoying the rare privilege of being universally respected as well as beloved, Edward would have been too happy, but for the misunderstanding still subsisting between his parents. He could plainly see that the manner in which Sir Reginald had left his property, was still deeply resented by his father. A thousand times he longed to say "What is mine, dear father, is as much your own as if it had been bequeathed to you, and my dear mother's feel-

ings on this point are the same ;” but it was a delicate subject, and as Edward possessed a nice sense of what was due to his mother, he thought she ought not to make the first concessions, particularly as Colonel Evelyn had not yet mentioned her name to her son. At this time, Edward had never seen in any point but this, and his outward profession of the Protestant Faith, and secret adherence to the Roman Catholic ritual, any thing in his father’s character to justify the colours in which Major Beverly had painted him. That gentleman was indeed so incensed at Mrs. Evelyn’s allowing the paternal claim, that he expressed his opinion with great rudeness, and avowed his intentions of opposing her in all matters in which his co-operation was required. To Edward himself, the Major bore no good will, he could not forget that his birth had deprived him of the fine estates and princely fortune of his uncle. He remembered too, that he was the offspring of the man he hated, of the woman who had slighted him. Nor could the fine qualities of the boy, nor the nearness of the relationship between them, soften the inveteracy of his prejudices. Toward Colonel Evelyn, his

feelings were those of the most unbounded hatred. Even in childhood, a cruel rivalry had existed between them. They had been school-fellows, struggling for pre-eminence through every class, and the contest begun in infancy, was continued in after life. At College—in the field—in the ball-room—the fatal rivalry continued between them; and still in everything but fortune, Evelyn maintained his superiority. Perhaps the sinful indulgence of that passion, too dangerously stimulated in youth, under the name of laudable emulation, first sowed the bitter seeds of hatred between two individuals, whose nearly equal talents should have rendered them more kindly disposed towards each other, and made their intercourse gradually ripen into one of those fast friendships that commencing early in life, remain undiminished at its close. A determined opposition to Major Beverly, rather than devoted love, induced Colonel Evelyn to win the affections of his enemy's affianced bride; and if the beauty and amiability of Mrs. Evelyn failed to gain his love, his indifference might be traced to her having borne the name of the man he detested. Many years



had elapsed since the day in which he had triumphed over his mortified rival ; and engaged in a secret correspondence with the exiled family at the court of St. Germain, he had not only forgotten his old animosity, but almost its cause ; and, but for the Major's being appointed guardian to his only son, he had even ceased to remember that he still existed. Time had not however, softened the bitterness of hatred on the part of the man he had injured. The seeds had fallen in a vindictive mind, and taking root, increased with increasing years. The disloyalty of Colonel Evelyn, soon accomplished his ruin, and placed Major Beverly in a situation to gratify his long hoarded revenge.

The chivalrous and unfortunate grandson of James the Second, landed at Lochaber in Scotland, at the end of July, 1745, with a few faithful friends, and erecting his standard, called upon the adherents of the House of Stuart to rally round the banner of their lawful prince.

Unfortunately for the interests of the young heir of Beverly, the regiment commanded by Colonel Evelyn, was ordered into Scotland, against the very prince with whose father he

was secretly corresponding. Colonel Evelyn easily induced that part of his battalion to declare for the white rose, who were Catholics from Lancashire and Westmoreland; but the greater number stood firm to the Protestant succession, and quitting him, instantly joined Sir John Cope, in time to bear a part in the fatal defeat of Preston Pans. The situation of Edward Beverly, was one of the most extreme difficulty; involved in rebellion by his father and commanding officer, he found himself enlisted in a cause he had been taught to consider criminal, without possessing the power of free will. He thought of his mother, and with reflection beyond his years, considered the probable consequences of the guilty step his father had taken. A nice sense of honour, made him feel that his parent had broken his sworn allegiance to the House of Hanover, and betrayed the command with which he had been entrusted.

These feelings were the result of principle, of deep-rooted, religious veneration for the truth, which the person he was bound to honour had violated. The character of George II, possessed

no one feature that even his panegyrists could render interesting; and if his rival had been a Protestant, the House of Stuart must at this juncture have been restored. But the cause of the Hanoverian Sovereign, was blended with that of the Established Church, and consequently, was upheld by all those to whom that Church was dear.

The talents, the chivalric valour, and personal graces of the heir of the House of Stuart, soon gained the affections of the warm-hearted Edward, who, surrounded by persons professing the deepest attachment to the Prince, full of hope, and then flushed with success, soon forgot (at least while in their presence) his late forebodings. Yielding to the buoyant feelings of youth, he, too, began to wish the cause triumphant in which he was engaged. His first letters to his mother, in which he gave her the account of the change in his father's political conduct, expressed the true feelings of his heart at that time; the latter ones addressed to her, gradually bespoke a warm and lively interest in the fortunes of the Prince he served; and in the last, he mentioned Charles Edward with vehement affection, and

his cause with military rapture. Some sparks of ambition appeared to have sprung up in his heart. He told her that the Prince had promised to revive the baronetcy of the ancient family of Beverly, in his person. These epistles never reached their destination, they all fell into the hands of Major Beverly, who determined to claim the revival of the title, and the sequestration of his young cousin's estate in his own favour, in case the reigning family maintained its power. He despatched the last letters of his ward to the Secretary of State, retaining the earlier part of the correspondence, which would have proved in a satisfactory manner, to the most prejudiced jury, that the free will of the young heir of Beverly, had nothing to do with his bearing a commission in Prince Charles Edward's army.

The progress of the Prince, the brilliant success that crowned his arms, his entrance into England, the disunion among his Highland troops, and his retreat back into Scotland, are too well known to the readers of every age, to be recorded here. The battle of Culloden followed, and the last seal of misfortune was set

to the destinies of the House of Stuart. Charles Edward and his followers became proscribed fugitives in the land of their forefathers.

At first, Colonel Evelyn had determined to die sword in hand, he looked upon his son, and resolved to live; for he felt he had ruined his child's fortunes for ever, and to leave him to struggle with the storms of a cruel world, branded with the name of a rebel, would be barbarous. Another determination, the offspring of despair, suggested itself to his mind; they might die together, and thus escape the traitor's trial, the traitor's dreadful doom. He paused, the remembrance of Edward's mother, and her grief, rose vividly before him, and then thoughts that years of guilty forgetfulness had banished, came thronging in, speaking of a dread futurity—a day of judgment—an eternal state of punishment. He had never reflected upon his criminal courses before, had never dreaded or thought upon death, otherwise, than as a last sleep announced to the victorious leader by the triumphant shouts of victory. In a moment the delusion of military glory faded away for ever from his breast. He felt the first sharp pangs

of conscience, and that the life he was so lately upon the point of throwing away in despair, was but a brief step upon the threshold of eternity. Never, indeed, had it seemed so dear before—he had ventured it in many fields—risked it with as much recklessness as if it had not been of any value. Yet, now he clung to it with fearful tenacity, and calling upon his son to follow him, dashed his spurs into his horse's sides, and fled, he knew not whither, receiving in his flight a musket ball in his side, but escaping with life from that field of carnage. Both the fugitives were well mounted, and throughout that night and the following day, pursued their flight towards the sea coast till their horses were spent, and they were obliged to abandon them and proceed on foot. Ignorance of the country and of the language, for the inhabitants of that part of Inverness-shire spoke Gaelic, and fear of being betrayed, occasioned them to wander about the hills for some days in great distress, till they reached the summit of that rock, in whose hollows they found a temporary refuge.

The imperious calls of hunger, urged the young ensign to endeavour to provide for his

father's necessities and his own; and taking advantage of the latter having sunk into sleep, he quitted the cave and presented himself before the shielings of the shepherds, where he had already experienced such kind hospitality. Before he did so, he had the prudence to tear the gold lacing from his uniform, and to throw aside the plumed hat, which denoted too plainly the English officer. His pistols were the only arms he retained, and these he concealed in his bosom. During his flight from Culloden, he had found a plaid, fortunately for him, of the pattern of one of the clans engaged on the royal side. He enveloped his person in this Highland garb, and assuming the appearance of a crazed wanderer, he again made his mute appeals to the compassionate gude-wives of the little hamlet. The same kindly feelings he had lately experienced, were again excited in his favour. He received a homely, but plentiful meal, and his wallet was refilled. But one incident occurred, which greatly alarmed him. Under the roof in which the most liberal hospitality was extended towards him, he found a young Highland drover, who accosted him in English, and

demanded "If he were not one of the fugitives from the red field?" as he emphatically named the battle of Culloden.

Edward felt the colour rise to his embrowned cheek, although he affected not to hear the question. He tossed his arms above his head, and assumed the appearance of insanity so naturally, that the mother of the young Highlander crossed herself, and turned upon him a look of deep compassion, speaking to her son at the same time in Gaelic, as if to explain to him the disordered state of her guest's intellects.

Donald was too shrewd to be so deceived, he smiled incredulously, and pointing to Edward's knapsack, asked him "How long that stock of provisions would last him and his companions?"

Edward felt so indignant at this home question, that he could scarcely keep silence—scarcely refrain from resenting his tormentor's impertinence. Fearing to betray himself, he abruptly rose and rushed from the cottage, followed, however, by the indefatigable Donald.

Edward tried to shake off the company of this unwelcome intruder, but in vain. At length he threw himself upon the ground, and assuming



an air of dogged stupidity, resolved to remain where he was, till the man should go about his business, but the Highlander, who had lately disposed of all his beasts in merry England, had no business to go about. Greatly to Edward's astonishment and indignation, this new acquaintance flung himself upon the grass directly opposite to him, mimicing, as he did so, his attitude and expression.

At any other time, Edward must have laughed at this ludicrous behaviour, indeed, the comic humour that lurked in the drover's eye, in spite of the embarrassing situation in which he was placed, almost overcame his gravity. He persevered, however, in his assumed character, in spite of a variety of teasing questions addressed to him by the young man, whose curiosity almost banished his prudence, as well as his patience, but after enduring this trial for two hours, the Highlander departed, greatly to the relief of the persecuted fugitive. He found his father awake, and evidently more composed, for he took his hand, and pressing it tenderly between his own, said, "Edward, I have not deserved a son like you: Can you forgive the mad ambition that has ruined you?"

“My dear father,” replied the dutiful child, “I care for little but your ill-state of health, and the anxiety I fear my poor mother now suffers.” He alluded to this beloved parent in a timid tone, and with tears in his eyes.

“Your mother, Edward—Yes, I have torn you from her arms, and destroyed her peace for ever. Selfish, unnatural wretch that I was; unworthy of her love, of anything but her aversion. If you survive me, Edward, tell her, that her cruel husband abhors himself as much as he admires and venerates her. Beseech her not to hate my memory.”

“She loves you still, dear father, she laments the unnatural separation; her last words were to that effect,” replied Edward, with impassioned eloquence. “She taught me to be dutiful to you before I ever saw your face. She is so good, so kind, she can hate nobody, and where she once loves, she loves always.” Strong emotion shook his young bosom, and leaning his head upon his hands he wept.

Colonel Evelyn’s countenance betokened deep sympathy in his son’s grief, and filial affection, and there was some expression of remorse, but

his burning eyes were tearless. He put his hand to his wounded side, and groaned heavily. The action might have referred either to mental or bodily pain. His son thought it indicative of both, for banishing his own distress, he resumed his composure, kissed the hand tenderly he held, and began to make preparation for dressing the wound, by tearing some of the linen from his own person. In doing this, his mother's portrait became visible. The Colonel eagerly seized the ribbon, by which it was suspended round his neck, and gazed long and earnestly upon it. The current of affection so long frozen, during years of estrangement and absence, flowed again as the remembrance of the beautiful and lively girl he had clandestinely wedded, rose in the place of the still beautiful but melancholy features before him. Tears long restrained, now overflowed his eyes, as he again rivetted them upon the picture, and then turning them on his son, sobbed out, "And does my poor Bella, does your dear mother really look as sad and thoughtful as this?"

"She did," replied Edward, "when I left her, but I fear she does not look so placid, so serene now, as I think this does."

“Reproach me not, Edward,” cried his father, impetuously, “leave me here to die. Go, hasten to this beloved mother; I have not deserved the sacrifice you daily make me, for you cannot love me, and she is breaking her heart for you.”

“Dear Sir, I entreat you to be calm, I meant no reproach; I love you, I will devote my life to you. Both parents have an equal claim to my duty and affection. My mother is suffering as much for her husband, as for her son. She will not break her heart for us, for she will pray, and I feel assured that God will hear her prayers. She taught me to love and pray for you, and told me, that the truest manner in which I could shew my affection for her was, by being a dutiful son to you.”

“Did my forsaken wife say so? May God bless you both, ye are too good for me. Edward, did you try not to hate me?”

“I tried not to love you so very much,” replied the youth, with an ingenuous blush, and some little hesitation in his tone, “but I was obliged to love you in spite of myself, and then I remembered my dear mother’s injunction, and loved you more and more every day, and now I

feel I could shed all my blood, drop by drop, to save you a moment's uneasiness."

The Colonel's wan features were lighted up by a faint smile, as he marked the animation of his son. "Edward, you have had a pious education, an advantage I never enjoyed, and though I have been taught to consider your faith erroneous, I am not, I cannot be so bigoted, as to believe that to be bad, which has brought forth such good fruits. Pray for me, my good, my dutiful child; for, alas, I have seldom prayed for myself, yet, surely all prayers for me are vain; I have sinned too deeply to obtain pardon—no priest of my own persuasion is at hand to give me absolution, and administer the last offices of the Church—I am hastening to that grave, where there is no repentance, and with me no hope."

"Father, the great, the true High Priest is omnipresent," cried Edward, "ready to pardon and accept you, on your sincere repentance. Hear what His holy word says." He took from his pocket the clasped Bible, the parting gift of his mother, and opening it, read in a tone of deep pathos, the parable of the prodigal son.

He felt the sacredness of the office he had undertaken, and his own unfitness for its performance, for though talented and enlightened beyond his years, he was but a youth; yet he seemed destined to bring an erring father to the knowledge of a Saviour. In a voice broken, indeed, by emotion, he poured forth a prayer for his parent's restoration to health, and participation of Gospel privileges. His auditor, moved to the soul, hung on his words, as if his mortal and spiritual life depended on each sound he uttered. As soon as Edward had concluded his pious offices, he was again folded to the heart of the fond parent, and then overwrought by the excitement of their feelings, they lay down together on their mossy couch, and slept till the following morning.

How long their still unbroken slumbers might have continued, was not left for nature to determine; approaching footsteps rang on the stone floor of the cavern, and Edward, starting from his father's arms, beheld the young Highlander leaning over him.

The instinctive feeling of self-preservation, inherent in the bosom of every human being,

made the youth spring on his feet, in a moment, the next he drew forth a pistol, resolved to defend himself, and what was dearer than himself, his father's life and liberty, to the last drop of his blood.

“Put down your fire-arms, young hot-headed Southron,” cried the unwelcome intruder, “I am no sic a friend to King Geordie, to betray you to those who are seeking your life.”

“If I thought you would do so,” interrupted the high spirited boy, “I would shoot you as you stand.”

“You have a better security than your threat, in the honour of a Highlandman,” retorted his new acquaintance: “No, no, young gentleman, you must look southward for men capable of acting so basely. The Prince himself has been hidden among us, and there is gold enough set on his head to sell it, but it is as safe as if it wore the crown of Britain.”

“Is he here?” demanded Edward, forgetting all present danger in a generous concern for his late master's safety.

“No, he has departed from such a dangerous neighbourhood. Look here, and judge of the

peril he has escaped, and you continue in." He put a paper into Edward's hand, in which the Prince's person, and some of his followers were minutely described, among which his father's name and his own appeared. At this moment, while his cheek was pale with apprehension, Colonel Evelyn awoke. In a few words, Edward explained to his father the nature of their situation, which seemed, indeed, most perilous and alarming.

"Edward, it is in vain to offer any resistance, we must trust this stranger. If fidelity could be purchased, we have gold enough to induce him to keep our secret," remarked the Colonel in a low voice to his son.

Edward offered his purse to the Highlander, who put it back with an air of displeasure, saying, "No, gentlemen, keep the gold; I have not intruded upon you, either to betray or rob you. I will endeavour to assist you by every means in my power, and perhaps, as my business often leads me into the northern counties of England, I may be able to give your friends some knowledge of your present situation."

The fugitives warmly thanked their new friend,



who promised to pay them a daily visit till the time appointed for his taking a fresh drove of beasts into England. Donald Roy then departed, after again solemnly protesting his fidelity.

Colonel Evelyn was quite satisfied, respecting the young Highlander's sincerity, indeed, there was something so manly, open, and good-natured in his aspect, that no unprejudiced person could suspect him of treachery. His visits to the cave, gave a pleasing variety to the sameness of the life the fugitives were leading. He undertook the office of their purveyor, and exchanged some of their till then useless gold for linen, and other necessaries, and sometimes procured an English newspaper, the sight of which was by no means calculated to inspire the inhabitants of the cave with hope.

In vain, Edward endeavoured to persuade Donald that the knowledge of the hard measure dealt on the "unhappy gentlemen, who had been out," (the term of which their Highland friend made use when speaking of the adherents of the House of Stuart,) could only add to their unhappiness. Donald, though a kind-hearted fellow, had not that nice feeling that warns even

sympathy not to cross the bounds of delicacy. The Colonel's curiosity was insatiable and desperate, and these terrible details took such a deep hold upon his imagination, that his health, which at one time seemed re-establishing, sunk rapidly under it, and again Edward began to fear for the life of his father.

The knowledge that the country was full of royalist soldiers, to some of whom his person was probably known, obliged Edward Evelyn to keep himself secluded during the day, although provided with a dress more suitable to his circumstances than the military garb he had previously worn. This disguise, which he owed to the considerate kindness of Donald, could not extinguish the gentility of his air, or deprive his figure of the military carriage it had acquired. He was unconscious that these advantages still clave to him; yet, for his father's sake, he only stirred out of the cavern for a few minutes at a time, and that only in the night.

There was but one thing respecting his beloved parent, whose sufferings daily increased, that gave him comfort, and that was the reflection that he was now a repentant and converted sinner. Turning from vain ceremonies and

repetitions, he now sought for consolation from the pure fountain of truth as represented in the Scriptures.

Sometimes in the damp evenings, Edward kindled a fire, and by the fitful light would read the words of life to his suffering parent, and surely, if mortal eyes could have pierced the depths of the cavern, that sight must have appeared deeply interesting. The red glow gleaming alternately upon the pallid face of the invalid, and disclosing the beautiful countenance of the pious son. The living rock their altar, its vaulted dome their temple. The light now reflected back in a thousand colours from the glittering spars with which the natural grotto was incrustated, now dancing in the rivulet that crossed the cavern, or sleeping on the surface of the dark unfathomed pool below. Yes, the grace and mercy of God, had converted this den in the wilderness into a holy place.

“If my dear mother could see us,” thought Edward, “Oh, how would she rejoice! Good has sprung out of evil, light from darkness. Perhaps, the day is not far distant, when the proclamation of a general pardon will restore us

to her arms, the happier, the wiser, the better for having been separated for a season." Thus reasoned the sanguine buoyant spirit of youth, although the severe measures he knew had been adopted by the government, afforded no foundation for such a hope.

Colonel Evelyn constantly expressed the deepest contrition for his offences, especially of those against his wife. Of her he now spoke continually, beseeching Edward to tell her (after he should be no more) of his late but deep repentance. The chances against their ever meeting again, as already stated, did not strike the son, and, perhaps, he infused something of his own sunny spirit into the sad bosom of his sire.

One day, the faithful Donald announced to the inhabitants of the cave, that he was about to take a drove of cattle into Yorkshire, and proposed laying them in a store of dried meat, meal, and other provisions before his departure. The name of his native county awoke in Edward's breast all the tender recollections of earlier, happier hours. He, with his father's approbation, determined to write to his mother an

account of their present circumstances, and to entrust his letter to their faithful friend Donald, who promised, not only to deliver it, but to consider some plan for effecting their escape, as soon as the troops (a company of which occupied the hamlet) should depart. He then put the York Gazette into Colonel Evelyn's hand, which unfortunately contained the melancholy account of the execution of some privates in his own regiment, whom he had seduced from their allegiance. Nor was this all, for, as if to fill still higher the cup, then overflowing with bitterness, he read this paragraph: "We understand, that Colonel Sir John Beverly, a distinguished officer, now in pursuit of the rebels supposed to be lurking in Invernessshire, is to succeed to the estates of the late Sir Reginald Beverly. This large property was lately seized by government, the heir having imprudently engaged in the rebellion. This unfortunate young gentleman, is said to have perished in the battle of Culloden. It is rumoured, that Sir John Beverly will shortly be raised to the peerage, by the style and title of Lord Beverly of Beverly."

The paper fell from Colonel Evelyn's hand,

and a groan burst from his lips, whose dismal sound was prolonged by the numerous echoes of the cave. "I have ruined thee, my dear, my noble boy, impoverished thy mother, and murdered those unhappy fellows, on whom the barbarous laws have taken vengeance. The laws, do I say—no, no, it is I who have murdered,"—but he could not conclude the sentence, but fell forward in a fit, from which he was with difficulty recovered, if a state of complete mental aberration and bodily debility could be called recovery.

Although the natural impetuosity of Edward Evelyn's disposition had been corrected and softened by a religious education, it was not entirely subdued. He turned to the Highlander and upbraided him with cruelty, in furnishing his father with papers that would convey information of the fate of his unhappy companions in arms.

Donald Roy was hurt and offended by these remarks. He said, he had walked all the way to Inverness for this very paper, which a friend from York had lent him. That he did not think the gentleman would have taken it so deeply to

heart, and concluded by reminding Edward of his services for which he never had received, and never would receive any reward.

Edward was sorry that his filial feelings had betrayed him into such warmth, he acknowledged his fault with the noble candour, which formed so striking a feature in his character. Donald received his apology with a sort of awkward shyness, very unlike his usual manner. He promised to come up for Edward's letter, and volunteered to provide them with necessaries before his final departure, for which purpose he received some gold from the youth, and departed, without however relaxing from the unwonted sullenness of his demeanour.

A nameless presentiment of evil pressed upon Edward's heart, when the Highlander's footsteps died away. He had been rash, even unkind, to this faithful person, whose services had been so useful, and so disinterested. "If he should abandon us at this juncture, or worse, if he should betray us to the enemy," was a reflexion that more than once occurred to his mind. Of the last suspicion he was ashamed, but when some gloomy days slowly dragged on, and Do-

nald came not, a feeling of loneliness and despair stole over his soul, which was further increased by the prospect of famine, and he concluded that the Highlander had, indeed, left them to their fate. Notwithstanding his fears, he tore a blank leaf from his Bible, and with a pencil, executed his purpose of writing to his mother. He was too guarded to disclose the secret of their present hiding-place, he merely assured her, that they were in safety, that his father was very ill, but was an altered man, sincerely penitent for the sins of his former life, and anxiously desirous of her forgiveness. This was the substance of the epistle. For all other particulars he referred her to Donald, of whose re-appearance he still cherished a feeble hope. This hope at length expired. Nothing remained to console him, but a firm unshaken trust in that God who never had abandoned him. His father's days were now apparently numbered, he was alternately the victim of mental delusion, raving in the wildest delirium, or sunk into a state of apathy and utter forgetfulness. Twice Edward had with difficulty brought him back from the open front of day, and then while the



sun shone brightly around him, he looked ghastly as an inmate of the grave. The voice of his son still controlled his most violent paroxysms, but a naturally fine constitution yielded at length to the force of disease; he became quiescent although he no longer knew his son, from whose hand he received the last morsel of bread, unconscious that his dutiful boy had not tasted food for the last twenty-four hours. Thus pressed by hunger, Edward Evelyn at length resolved to seek for provisions in the hamlet, though aware that it was still occupied by the soldiers; as he occasionally heard martial music from his caverned home.

As he approached the door of Donald's hut, a wild and mournful wail issued from it, whose long cry was echoed back from the surrounding hills; it was the coronach, or death-dirge, that thrilled upon the experienced ear of Edward, who had heard it after every battle during his late unfortunate campaign. With a beating heart he availed himself of the custom of the country, which courts rather than forbids the entrance of strangers, on such melancholy occasions. The first glance he took of the features

of the dead, harrowed his very soul. Donald lay upon the bier in the ghastly repose of death, and his mother and kindred were lamenting over him. The deep wound on the forehead, evidently from a broad sword cut, and the sullen air of defiance some of the male relatives assumed towards some English soldiers, whom curiosity had attracted to this house of mourning, seemed to prove to the fugitive that his unfortunate friend had fallen in some fray with his countrymen.

Overcome with the remembrance of the fidelity and kindness of the deceased, and conscience-stricken by the recollection of his ungracious reproaches, Edward Evelyn burst into a flood of tears, and so violent was his audible grief, that it attracted the attention of the aged mother of the deceased, who motioned to the youth to sit down to the board, which, according to the custom of such sad occasions, groaned under an unwonted profusion; Edward was too sick at heart to comply with her invitation, but mindful of his father's necessities he held his wallet, regarding her at the same time with an air of mingled entreaty, for the relief of his own

necessities, and commiseration for her sorrows. His tearful eyes told his gratitude more eloquently than words could have done. He pressed her withered hands in his, kissed the cold cheek of the deceased, and was quitting the hut when his passage was obstructed by the entrance of an officer, followed by a serjeant, two privates and Wolf, that four-footed friend of whom some mention has already been made. The persons of the party were only too familiar to him. He felt that the haughty unfeeling eye of Colonel Sir John Beverly was glaring upon him, although he had hastily shrouded his own features in his plaid.

This action instantly excited the suspicious temper of Sir John, who supposing the disguised Ensign had some reason for concealment, rudely drew the chequered screen aside, and stared into his face with a scrutinizing and inquisitorial expression that seemed to freeze his blood into ice.

Still the change of habit, the pale emaciated features and wasted form of Edward Evelyn, prevented recognition, but yet inspired the Colonel with the idea that he had seen such

before. "Who are you?" he bluntly demanded, in a tone of rude enquiry, that sent the retreating blood that had curdled to the heart of the youth, back in indignant blushes over his countenance. "What, silent still, you young rebel, I will soon find a means to make you answer me:"—and he shook his victim rudely by the reluctant arm he held.

"Please your honour," said Serjeant Griffin, who had picked up a little Gaelic in the course of the campaign, "the woman here, says that the lad is a poor demented creature, who has been wandering about these hills for the last two months. An errant Tom o'Bedlam, please your honour."

"All stuff, you fool, he hears every thing as well as I do. I will engage to make him speak. Here, take him out, and see that he is tied up, and given a dozen lashes. If he call out for mercy, release him. It will work a miracle, and teach the young rogue better manners: I am certain I have seen him before."

During this dialogue, Wolf had edged his way among the crowd, till he found himself close to his beloved master's side. The senses

of haughty men may fail, but when did the unerring instinct of the brute ever mislead him. The faithful animal whined, evidently courting Edward's notice, and was disappointed because no caressing hand answered his appeals; then, with a sudden burst of affection that broke all bounds, he leapt upon Edward, and licking his face and hands, uttered a loud joyful bark.

"That troublesome beast seems to know the young impostor, however," remarked the commanding officer; "Griffin take him out, and see my orders attended to."

Griffin hastened to obey the first part of the command, namely the removal of the prisoner from the spot; the second he appeared in no hurry to perform. There was indeed a cloud upon the serjeant's brow that betrayed something more than reluctance.

"You rascal, do you dare to disobey me!" thundered out the officer.

"Sure your Honour does not mean to flog young Ensign Evelyn, your Honour's own kinsman," returned the serjeant, in a tone of mingled indignation and expostulation.

"Young Evelyn!—impossible, I must have known him, Griffin."

“The dog did, an please you, Sir John, if your Honour did not; for Wolf has more sense than most humans. Those dumb things look closer to the man, than to the coat he wears. This cratur Wolf never persecutes those he has once seemed fond of.”

An impatient oath, here interrupted the worthy serjeant in the middle of his oration, in which Sir John consigned him and Wolf to the lowest place his displeasure could suggest to his lips.

The discovery, occasioned by Wolf's affectionate sagacity, bowed the wasted frame of young Evelyn to the earth, like a sapling oak beneath the rage of the tempest. Yet he had not quite lost consciousness, for he suffered himself to be raised from the ground, and mechanically obeyed the impulse of the powerful arm that impelled him forward, retaining still in his hand the wallet containing the stock of provisions so dangerously obtained. Every faculty seemed paralyzed, his motions resembled those of a sleep-walker, and the peremptory question, respecting his father, now put to him by Sir John Beverly, thrilled upon his ear without conveying any visible impression to his mind.

The serjeant felt his prisoner's strength gradually decline, and with some care he laid him upon the grass, regarding the young sad face, he rested upon his knee, with an expression of great compassion.

“ I believe, your Honour, the young gentleman is gone,” at length he stammered out, “ gone to a better world. At the general court-martial, where he will be tried, he will be acquitted, poor fellow, I am sure.”

“ Nonsense, he is not dead—he must not die—for we must hear first where his father is hidden: you old fool, why do you stand blubbering there, instead of throwing some water in his face, and some brandy down his throat. Here, I will open his dress, while you do as I bid you.”

The serjeant flew to execute the command, while Sir John approached his fainting ward, with the intention of restoring his impeded circulation. Wolf, who never had shewn any good will to Sir John, seemed regularly bent upon opposing these good intentions, he growled, displayed his teeth, and shewed a disposition to spring at his adversary's throat, who drew his

sword to defend himself against this four-footed antagonist, hailing his men, who were at a little distance, to hasten to his assistance. At this moment Edward Evelyn recovered his senses, and suddenly availing himself of this unexpected diversion in his favour, sprang upon his feet, and fled towards the hills as if his despair had given him wings. Wolf instantly quitted the Colonel, whom he had hitherto kept at bay, to follow the fortunes of his master. In a furious passion, Sir John drew out a pistol from his belt, with the intention of firing upon young Evelyn, when Serjeant Griffin touched his arm, crying, "Oh, pray remember, your Honour, that he is your own flesh and blood." The ball swerved from its mark by this bold interposition, reserving the fugitive for longer life and more cruel trials.

Sir John instantly ordered the serjeant to be put under arrest, and returned to his quarters in a moody humour, resolved to achieve the death of his former enemy. His utter ruin did not satisfy revenge which would stop short of nothing less than the tremendous doom which awaited the convicted traitor.

Upon the defection of Colonel Evelyn, Sir



John had been appointed to the command of the regiment, of which only two companies had followed their erring commander.

This promotion afforded him the prospect of accomplishing his long vowed vengeance, and though his orders regarded the capture of the royal and unfortunate wanderer, his search had rather a less important object to government, though his self-interest was more deeply involved in its success. Throughout the campaign against the rebels, he saw but one enemy—that enemy had survived the battle he knew, from undoubted authority, though he had hitherto eluded his vigilance. Some curiosity, or perhaps accident, brought him to the hut, during the time of Donald's coronach, who had been mortally wounded in a fray a few days before. Unexpectedly he there discovered the son of his enemy, but it was only to be robbed prematurely of the fruits of his revenge, by the escape of the young officer. The certainty that his foe was hidden in the neighbourhood, being all he had gained by the capture of his ward. He resolved to post piquets of soldiers among the hills, to prevent the possibility of a second disappointment.

The calls of hunger, he conjectured, must again draw the youth to the hamlet, since the method he now adopted, must cut off all chance of supply from any other quarter.

Upon young Evelyn's wants and his inability to satisfy them, the commander had calculated too truly; the scant supply he had obtained, though doled out with niggard carefulness, was soon exhausted, for Wolf required a share, and as long as the portion remained that he had allotted to his own use, he divided it with the faithful animal. He gave the last piece of bread to his father, who still showed no sign of returning reason; kissed and embraced him repeatedly, knelt down and prayed, then arose to bring him more food or perish.

Wolf, who had never known hunger before, testified his intention of accompanying his master, by sundry short barks and bounds, but this Edward prevented. "Down Wolf, down, poor fellow, and keep guard here." The creature whined, turned an imploring eye as if to move his purpose, but yielded his inclinations to those long habits which the exercise of command on the one side, and submission on the other,

had formed into a chain of obedience stronger than nature itself.

Edward cautiously descended the mountain in an opposite direction. It was a dark rainy night, but deemed more favourable for his purpose by the adventurer, who hoped to find some hut where gold might procure him a fresh supply of food, and secure the secrecy of the purveyors. Unfortunately, he wandered about without obtaining his object, and finally fell into the hands of two sentinels who were keeping guard at a little distance from the hamlet. These men were deaf alike to the prayers, tears, or bribes of their prisoner, whom they conveyed to the head-quarters of the Colonel without further delay.

“Whom have we here?” demanded the Colonel. “Oh the runaway of last week. Do you know, young man, that I can order out a file and shoot you without the formality of a trial. Your rebellion has made you amenable to martial law, in the exercise of which the commission I hold from His Majesty will fully bear me out. However, in consideration of your youth, I will not exert my authority, provided you will discover

your father's hiding place. Nay, more, I will procure your pardon from the King."

A momentary flush crimsoned the wan cheek of the captive—a faint sparkle lighted up his sunken eye, that betrayed unutterable indignation at the base proposal, but when Sir John mentioned pardon, he shook his head incredulously, and smiled, as if he at once scorned the boon and doubted his power to procure it.

As if resolved to crush the young proud spirit, he could neither deceive, nor intimidate into an act of such baseness as the betrayal of a parent, Sir John levelled a pistol at his head, and again demanded "where his father was concealed."

Edward Evelyn never altered his position, but raising his eyes to his guardian's face, said calmly, "You have taken possession of my inheritance. You can take my life also, but you shall never deprive me of my honour."

Sir John started, coloured, and then, with features convulsed with rage, exclaimed, "Boy, do you threaten, do you brave me,"—and again raised the deadly weapon.

"Surely, Sir John, you exceed your commission," cried Lieutenant Campbell, a high-spirited

young officer, who had remained hitherto a silent but not uninterested spectator of this extraordinary scene.

“Sir, do you presume to interfere with the performance of my duty. I tell you, that I have a right to shoot this young rebel on the spot, if I choose.”

“You may hold His Majesty’s commission to kill, but surely not to torture an unfortunate young gentleman, whose only crime appears to be filial love, and who is your near relative as well as your ward.”

“Sir, you are disrespectful. I can bring you to a court-martial for this language,” retorted the Colonel.

“When my commanding officer forgets his own self-respect, he may easily pardon want of respect in me,” rejoined Campbell.

Either Sir John Beverly was ashamed of the intemperate anger he had shown towards the prisoner, or he remembered that the speaker was a near relation of the Duke of Argyle, to whom he was under some obligations; for he made no answer to his last remark, but softening his tone of voice from its usual harshness, he

merely said, "Lieutenant Campbell, you seem interested in this unfortunate young man, take him to your own quarters, and pay proper attention to his comforts; his necessities appear to be great, and order a guard to be placed over him. Remember, you are answerable for his security."

Lieutenant Campbell bowed in reply to his commander, and offering his arm to Edward with an air of the most deferential respect, conducted him to his own quarters.

Every attention that courteous politeness or tender humanity could suggest, was lavished by the excellent young officer upon his prisoner. In vain did he invite his famishing guest to partake the plentiful cheer his hospitable board afforded. Edward only answered his entreaties, by shedding a flood of tears.

Campbell wiped the infectious drops from his eyes that sympathy had gathered there. "Mr. Evelyn," said he, "you are faint and exhausted with hunger. Remember, we have no right to throw away our lives before the appointed time. If you thus obstinately refuse sustenance, you will be guilty of suicide."

"He—he is starving among the hills," gasped

out the unfortunate youth, "and who will feed him. Urge me no longer, for I prefer death to life."

"Have you no mother, my young friend," rejoined the officer, attentively regarding him.

"A mother, yes, I had—but perhaps not now."

"Does she love you?—she does, for she lives, and no mother survives her affections—will you destroy her, Evelyn, by your rashness?"

"Do you know her, Sir?" asked Edward, with sudden animation.

"Not personally, but I have heard her spoken of as the best of women. She was living and in good health when I left York lately; though I am told in great affliction, for her son and husband, and will you add to her grief, Evelyn, by yielding to despair, which is as unmanly as it is unchristian?"

"No, no, I will resign myself to the will of God—she taught me to do so, and I was wrong to forget her lessons. Forgive me, Sir, if I have been ungracious, but ungrateful for your goodness I never can be."

He then received the hospitalities his new

friend offered him, but evidently he thought of his father, for he literally mingled his bread with weeping. Then, wearied with long watching, incessant weeping, and the severe trial he had lately undergone, he sank upon the heather couch prepared by his friend's orders, and slept so soundly, that Lieutenant Campbell sometimes doubted whether he really breathed.

As with cautious kindness the warm-hearted officer stood by Edward's side, shading the lamp with his hand, lest its light should fall abruptly upon the closed lids of the sleeper, his fine blooming complexion, bright curling hair, and smiling face, formed a strong contrast to the figure he was contemplating. Upon Edward Evelyn's brow, indeed, the shadow of death seemed to rest. The dark ringlets a mother's hand had twined so often, hung in dishevelled masses round his wan wasted features, whose marked expression now bore the impress of intense misery, even in the early season of youth.

"Poor boy, sleep has not quite banished sorrow, for tears still steal from under his long black eye-lashes. What, alas! may not the morrow have in store for him," softly uttered



the compassionate soldier, as he threw himself upon his couch to seek that repose his unhappy guest had obtained, even under such disastrous circumstances.

As soon as the morning dawned Edward Evelyn awoke; his companion was already stirring, and now hastened to pay him the compliments of the day. Won by his humane attention the prisoner confided to him the secret of his father's hiding place, and the gallant young officer promised to convey him some assistance, as soon as circumstances would permit.—“But would it not be better, Evelyn, to avow the situation of your father, since there appears no chance of his ultimate recovery?”

“You are not aware of the hatred Sir John Beverly bears to him,” replied Edward; “he would shoot him directly he got him into his hands.”

Campbell remembered the scene of the preceding night, and urged the plan no longer.

The new friends had just taken an early breakfast, and were engaged in conversation, when they received orders from the Colonel to accompany him to the mountains. This measure

troubled them extremely, as it disconcerted a scheme they had just devised in favour of Colonel Evelyn and his faithful guardian Wolf. They hastened to the head-quarters with anxious countenances and beating hearts. The Colonel coldly saluted them, and the party, consisting of himself, Lieutenant Campbell, Edward Evelyn, Serjeant Griffin, (lately released from imprisonment) and five privates, commenced their march in good order. All but the prisoner, who was under the immediate charge of Griffin, were well armed, in case any resistance should be offered on the part of the person they were seeking, or other rebels who might be in his company.

From time to time Sir John Beverly sternly interrogated his prisoner respecting his father's hiding place, but still received no other answer than this,—“You have it in your power to shoot me, or to order out a file to execute your butchery; but you cannot make me betray a trust so sacred.”

Foiled in his endeavour to wring the secret from his ward's breast, he now adopted another course, and addressing his prisoner in more temperate language, he reminded him “that he was the victim of a mistaken point of honour,

that he owed no duty to the man who had injured his mother and deserted his infancy, who had only resumed the parental character to inflict a deeper wound upon his innocent wife, by robbing her of her son." He concluded by affirming that this guilty being had filled up the measure of his iniquity, by seducing the men under his command from their allegiance to their Sovereign, and forcing his only son into rebellion, and that Edward could owe no duty to such an unnatural parent. He advised him to make his peace with his offended King, by giving up the rebel who had outraged every tie of husband, father, soldier, and subject, and humbly submit himself to the mercy of the Crown.

Every word pierced young Evelyn to the heart, for he could not defend his beloved parent from any of these charges. It was unspeakably bitter to hear him thus spoken of before a number of individuals, some too of low birth; burning tears filled his eyes, tears of shame and mortification. Truth forbade him to justify Colonel Evelyn's conduct, though filial piety urged him to do so. After a moment's pause he replied, "Sir John Beverly, if my father has been in

error, it does not become a son to admit it. My duty to him remains uncanceled, for the commandment to 'honour our parents' is given without any reference to their conduct. My mother impressed this truth upon my mind in infancy, and I have never swerved from it in riper years. My father is a sincere penitent, but if he were not, I should violate all laws human and divine in betraying him to you. Sir, I would not betray a stranger to preserve my life, judge then whether I can give up the author of my being." Edward was quite exhausted by his own agitated feelings, and now leaned heavily on Serjeant Griffin's arm; the ascent was steep and the manly form of the sympathizing soldier supported or rather half-carried his feebler companion. Whether the Colonel was displeased at the assistance afforded to one who had just completely silenced him, or that he judged he could discover the place of his enemy's concealment by ascertaining what effect approaching it might have on his prisoner's sensitive frame is difficult to determine; suddenly coming up to the youth he seized him rudely by the arm, and led or rather dragged him forward till they reached the

actual spot. There he became sensible that the acceleration of his victim's pulse arose from consciousness of his father's vicinity. He fixed a penetrating glance upon Edward's face, but the youth rallying his spirits returned the look with one of the most unqualified contempt. They were now standing opposite the cave through which the imprisoned waters issued forth, uttering a joyous voice as they burst into sunshine and liberty. For a moment, Sir John contemplated the cascade with feelings of admiration and pleasure, unconnected with his late suspicions, for so artfully had Edward replaced the tangled screen of briars, so dextrously had he effaced the impression of his footsteps on leaving the cavern the night before, that he would have remained in ignorance of its very existence, if a sound had not attracted his ears after he had actually passed the spot. He turned round,—the wrist he grasped became cold and pulseless. Again, as from the bowels of the earth, he caught it. He could not be mistaken, it was the angry bark of Wolf. Without waiting for his party he followed the sound, pushed aside the briars, still dragging the prisoner with him, who

essayed to speak—endeavoured to detain him, yet lost all power to do either. Shouting to his party to follow, the Colonel entered the outer cavern. The entrance of the inner recess was defended by the infuriated animal, who, with blazing eyes and expanded jaws, appeared in the archway. Still retaining the paralyzed youth in one hand, he drew a loaded pistol from his belt and fired at the animal, who uttered a loud cry and retreated to the back of the cave. Colonel Beverly, as he took its fellow into his hand—found his attempt to fire resisted. He shook off the feeble clasp that impeded his purpose—the faint voice, whose trembling accents implored him to desist—was lost in the gush of the fountain, and the growl of Wolf. He fired—a deep groan announced that his aim was true. A wild cry burst from the lips of Edward Evelyn, a cry of horror, mingling its shriller echoes with the long reverberated thunder of the fire-arms. His form fell a dead weight upon the arm of Sir John Beverly, who suffered him to slide upon the stone threshold, while he drew his sword and looked into the secrets of the cavern. The sight that met his eyes, melted even his flinty

heart. Stretched upon a heap of moss and dry leaves, he beheld the object of his implacable hatred wasted by famine and disease, covered with blood,—his only guardian, the faithful animal, who, placing himself over his insensible form and faintly growling, seemed determined to defend his remains, though in the agonies of death.

As Sir John entered, the dying beast raised his shaggy head from the breast he guarded, and essayed to spring upon the intruder—but no—poor Wolf's work was done, and his last breath was yielded up in that effort of duty.

The military party found their Colonel contemplating his work, with horror painted on every feature. The father bathed in blood before him; the son motionless at his feet. His revenge was indeed accomplished, but at no less a price than his everlasting peace. If the gift of all his fortune could have recalled the fatal shot, he would cheerfully have made the sacrifice.

Lieutenant Campbell lifted up Edward Evelyn, and laid him near his father, believing both were numbered with the dead. In performing this office he stumbled over Colonel Evelyn's

body, a feeble moan told him that he still breathed. With the assistance of Griffin, he raised him from under the corpse of Wolf, and found him unwounded and unhurt—it was Wolf's blood that covered him—it was Wolf's faithful bosom that had received the whole deadly charge. An audible thanksgiving burst from the lips of the gallant young soldier, and Sir John Beverly felt as if a mountain had been heaved from off his breast.

“The father is miraculously preserved,” said Lieutenant Campbell, “his swoon is the effect of long exhaustion and terror, and he may yet recover, but the son is, I fear, gone for ever.”

A murmur of regret burst from every manly bosom, and even Colonel Sir John Beverly concealed his face with his hands and wept. “Can nothing be done for him?” at length he groaned out again, looking at the fragile crushed blossom at his feet, with the feelings of a self-condemned murderer. The Lieutenant shook his head, but proceeded to use the most approved methods to restore animation to the frame it seemed to have abandoned for ever.

Serjeant Griffin, who was weeping like a



child, now looked up, and touching his hat respectfully, said, "Gentlemen, in my humble opinion, this here dismal subterraneous cavern is no place for any person to recover his senses in, and if we carry his Honour Colonel Evelyn, and dear Master Edward, into the blessed air and sunshine, perhaps they may come to again."

The honest fellow's advice was instantly followed, but before Lieutenant Campbell assisted to convey Colonel Evelyn from the spot, he caused the ensanguined stains to be effaced from his person and garments, with considerate humanity that looked to the consequences such appearances might have on his mind, if he recovered from his present condition.

His recovery was not long dubious; he opened his languid eyes, and feebly uttered the name of his son, raised his head from the arms that supported it, and recognized not his noble boy, but his mortal enemy. He looked at Colonel Beverly with that sort of helpless piteous expression, peculiar to those persons whose minds have been overthrown by disease, or grief; something between childishness and intelligence, that was infinitely touching. It was

some minutes before he appeared to comprehend the awful situation in which he stood; from time to time he stared round him, as if in search of some beloved object; but whether the brilliant light of day overpowered the visual organs, of late accustomed to a dim twilight, or that his ideas were too unconnected to admit the full evidence of the senses, he did not immediately perceive that what he sought was near him. This suspense was painful to all but the two persons most intimately concerned in it; namely, Edward Evelyn and himself, the first gave no sign of life, the other, tottering between reason and imbecility, was still unconscious of the extent of his misfortunes. The faces that surrounded him were familiar ones, but as yet their voices had not broken the silence of the scene, the eternal gurgling of the stream was the only sound heard around. Each individual feared to break that stillness, lest he should awaken Colonel Evelyn's mind to the comprehension of the truth.

Serjeant Griffin was a rough soldier, but a kind-hearted man, and he could not see his old commander, without feeling all his former affec-

tion revive. He stood regarding him for some minutes, till, forgetting the habitual respect due to birth, military rank, or even to present circumstances, he suddenly sprang forward, and seizing the attenuated hand of the prisoner in his immense one, he shook it with the force of a Hercules, and blubbered out, "Sure your Honour has not forgotten poor Tom Griffin, who never contradicted your Honour in his life, but when he chose to stick by King George."

The sound of Griffin's voice broke the spell, its familiar tones recalled the events of the last few months, and their consequences, to Colonel Evelyn's mind. He returned the friendly pressure, collected himself, and comprehending at once the awfulness of his situation, said, "Gentlemen, I perceive I am your prisoner, ready to receive your volley, or to take my trial, as the pleasure of Sir John Beverly may determine; my memory fails me so much, that I cannot even recollect how I fell into your hands, but that is of no moment now—I do not care what becomes of myself, but I have a son—the most dutiful—the most affectionate, that ever a father was blessed with; I made him a rebel and de-

serter, against his own inclinations; indeed I left him no choice. Some one will, I hope, be generous enough to state this to His Majesty, that my poor boy may not share the doom of his parent; Colonel Beverly, I have injured you very deeply, but I am a dead man by the law, do not visit my sins upon my gallant boy."—He paused, and after a moment's silence, put his hands to his aching head, as if wishing to remember something he had forgotten; and then continued, "I think I heard the sound of fire-arms—Gentlemen, you will forgive the uneasiness of a parent, anxious for the welfare of his son—I hope no mischance has befallen him—Where is he?—Colonel Beverly, be merciful, and tell me the worst."

Sir John groaned, and covered his face.

The sick man started to his feet, stared round him, caught sight of Edward's fainting figure, till then partially concealed from his view, rushed forward, and flinging himself beside him, cried out in the words of the patriarch, "My son! my son! would to God I had died for thee, my son! my son!"

The wild wailing cry that burst from the lips

of the miserable parent, thrilled to every heart, even to that whose vital current seemed for ever frozen—it pierced the dull ear of Edward Evelyn, recalling him to motion, to memory, to life. It was sad, but beautiful, to watch the workings of nature and affection, in that unhappy pair; first weeping upon each other's neck in joy no words could speak, then yielding to the gloomy impression of sorrow, yet both feelings so mixed together that it was joy in grief, and grief in joy.—Every eye grew sympathetic, every manly bosom shared alike their sorrow and their gladness.

“Thank God they live, and their blood is not upon my head,” was the heartfelt ejaculation of Sir John Beverly; but this reflection soon yielded to the recollection that they were both amenable to the arm of the law, to a law that had shewn no mercy to any person engaged in the late rebellion.—After a few moments' consideration, he approached the prisoners, and addressed them as follows: “Gentlemen, my duty to His Majesty obliges me to put you under arrest. A few hours ago, under the dominion of a base passion, I should have rejoiced at the circum-

stance, which now places me in the most painful situation I ever experienced in my life ; since I must either crush the better feelings of my heart, or disobey the commands of my Sovereign."

"You must do your duty," replied the elder prisoner.

"That painful duty will be much softened by your extending that forgiveness I do not deserve but beseech,"—continued the Commander, much embarrassed, yet determined to convince the father and son how much he repented of his conduct towards them.

"Ours have been mutual faults," said the elder Evelyn, extending his hand ; "Edward has something to complain of, in the transfer of his fortune to you, I believe."

"I wish that were all—for that can be remedied," replied Sir John, a burning blush overspreading his features, "I have cruelly and wantonly tormented him, but as that test only made his filial love shine brighter, I trust he will forgive me."

Edward put his hand into that his guardian offered, but the allusion to his late trial was too much for him.—He dared not trust his voice.

Sir John comprehended the reason of his silence, and saying, "You may depend upon my paying you every attention, consistent with my duty,"—left them.

He then ordered a litter to be formed of some boughs, on which the prisoners (who were too exhausted to walk) were conveyed to his quarters.

While Lieutenant Campbell was employed in the christian office of consoling and soothing the captives, offering those delicate attentions to them, which their invalid state required, Colonel Beverly commenced the equally considerate, yet more painful task of writing to the woman he had once passionately loved—to the wife of Colonel Evelyn, and the mother of Edward, an account of their capture—of his own revengeful conduct, and deep repentance, entreating her to come to them without delay.

In a few days after the receipt of the letter Mrs. Evelyn arrived, and was folded alternately to the bosoms of her husband and her child. The joy, the deep heartfelt joy of that blissful meeting, was chastened by the sorrowful remembrance, that the lives of both these beloved

objects were forfeited, that perhaps they were only restored to be torn from her by the cruel sentence of the law.

Fear lest his son should be involved in his doom, was the bitter alloy in Colonel Evelyn's cup of happiness. The dread of death had fled from the captive's soul—he was in charity with all men.

On Edward's buoyant mind no shadow rested, the present was all sunshine, the future radiant with hope. He sat between his beloved parents, holding a hand of each, forming a living link between them, which no earthly power, no domestic jar could disunite again.

Sir John Beverly was ill at ease, his hatred was gone, but the consequences still remained, and to destroy his work of malice, revenge, and guile was no longer in his own power. He possessed his Sovereign's confidence, his Sovereign's favour, this, however, only made his task appear more difficult, for he knew that the bosom of royalty was a stranger to clemency. Queen Caroline had long been the tenant of the grave, and though the Princess Amelia inherited the influence of her royal mother, she



wanted that mother's benevolent disposition. Of all his illustrious house, the Prince of Wales was the only person likely to interest himself in the fate of the rebel and his son. The heir apparent was too amiable, too sincere, for the atmosphere of the court. Disliked by his father, and neglected alike by the courtiers and ministry, he found at Kew in the bosom of his family, that happiness which princes rarely taste. From the kind feelings of Frederic, Prince of Wales, Sir John Beverly could hope much, but then his influence with his father was small indeed.

To throw himself at the feet of the King, to breathe into the ears of royalty suspicions of his own integrity, and to unveil the fact that he had obtained the inheritance of young Evelyn, by misrepresenting his character, and garbling his correspondence, appeared equally hazardous and useless at the present crisis. Yet this mortifying avowal must be made, or the law be left to take its course on the innocent son, as well as the guilty father.

The execution of Colonel Evelyn would, he felt, make him odious to his unfortunate family. He wished ardently to save him, and resolved to

exert all the energy of his nature to preserve him ; and at length overcoming every feeling of self-interest, he sat down to write a memorial in favour of the Evelyns to his sovereign. In this statement, he was generous to his rival, and unsparing to himself. Every line betrayed the intensity of his remorse ; and could it have been read with any portion of the sensibility with which it was indited, the pardon of the Evelyns would have been immediately transmitted, as the reward of Sir John Beverly's truth, as well as his services to the House of Brunswick.

His task accomplished, Sir John's bosom was greatly lightened of its painful load ; and putting it into the hand of Mrs. Evelyn, he asked her, "If anything could be added to his representation to His Majesty?"

Her eyes filled with grateful tears as she perused the paper. With a sweet smile she thanked her cousin, assuring him that he had left nothing unsaid that could be urged in favour of those for whom he pleaded.

A few days of suspense succeeded the transmission of this important document ; but hope prevailed, till the arrival of a king's messenger,

with an order for the trial of the two Evelyns ; which was to take place in London, as soon as the prisoners could be carried thither.

The fate of the Evelyns seemed sealed ; this official notice being the only intimation the sovereign chose to take of his favourite's memorial having been received. The prisoners' journey to London was a sad one enough, yet they were resigned to the will of heaven. Mrs. Evelyn armed herself with christian firmness to meet the coming event ; and resolving to use every effort to save her husband and her child, rested on the promises of God for support and comfort.

Folding these dear ones alternately to her bosom, the wife and mother parted from them without a tear. Nor even when the gates of the prison divided them from her, did her fortitude forsake her. She suffered Sir John Beverly to conduct her to the lodgings prepared for her ; addressed some kind and soothing words to the self-condemned officer ; then gently motioning him to leave her alone, composed her spirits by laying all her grief before her Heavenly Father in fervent prayer. Rising from her knees, she sat down, and in a letter to the Princess of Wales, made known the touching history of her son's

filial love and present peril, as well as her husband's danger and repentance.

Lieutenant Campbell, whose sister was in the household of the Princess, pledged himself to deliver this important document into her Royal Highness's own hand.

The Princess of Wales, herself a wife and mother, compassionated Mrs. Evelyn's misfortunes, and promised to interest her illustrious consort in her behalf. Prince Frederic, kind and humane as he was, could not help expressing some just indignation at the conduct of the guilty father, who had forced so noble a child into rebellion; yet, for the sake of Mrs. Evelyn and her son, graciously consented to plead the cause of the rebel whose principles he condemned.

The Prince was faithful to his word; he solicited the royal clemency in favour of the prisoners, and after many refusals, at length obtained a full pardon for Edward Evelyn, which included the restoration of his grandfather's estate (to which all claim was resigned by Sir John Beverly), on condition that he should serve his Majesty in the war in Flanders.

The sentence of death against Colonel Evelyn was changed into perpetual banishment; and this

instance of the royal clemency he was desired to consider as owing to the services and loyalty of Sir John Beverly, as well as to the virtues of his wife and son.

Colonel Evelyn received with unfeigned gratitude, the pardon his offences had not merited. "The heavy sentence never to return," was lightened by the determination of that wife, "whose price was beyond rubies," to accompany him into exile.

Like our first parents "the world was all before them where to choose their place of rest;" but Rotterdam obtained their preference, on account of its contiguity to the eastern coasts of England, as their beloved son might be able to visit them occasionally, whenever his military duties permitted him so to do.

"Some natural tears they dropped" as they parted from this affectionate, this best of sons, but the rainbow of hope gleamed in the distant horizon, promising yet many blissful meetings.

From the hand of the Prince of Wales himself, Edward Evelyn received a pair of colours, in Colonel Wolfe's regiment; and his Royal Highness was pleased to charge him to be as loyal to King George as he had been dutiful to

his father, and then he never should regret having exerted himself to save him from the consequences of that father's imprudence.

Under the banners of the valiant Wolfe, Edward Evelyn effaced the stain of rebellion and added military glory to the virtue of filial piety; and when peace was restored to Europe he sheathed his sword for a season, to gladden the foreign home of his parents, and to embrace with fraternal fondness, the lovely little sister whose birth had consoled them for his prolonged absence.

In after years, on the plains of Quebec, he signalized himself by his valour and enterprising spirit, and upon the fall of his heroic Commander returned to England with the despatches, in which his name was honourably mentioned. In consideration of his services, he was created a baronet, and granted permission to assume the name and arms of his maternal grandfather. Thus did Edward Evelyn become the second founder of the ancient line of Beverly, and never had it boasted a worthier descendant. In the school of adversity he had learned much, nor did a long life of after prosperity efface the memorial of the trials of his youth.

SOME PARTICULARS  
OF  
THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

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CULLODEN, a place in Scotland within two miles of Inverness, is chiefly remarkable for a complete victory gained over the rebels on the 16th April, 1746.

That day the royal army, commanded by the late Duke of Cumberland, began their march from Nairn, formed into five lines of three battalions each, headed by Major-General Huske on the left, Lord Semphill on the right, and Brigadier Mordaunt in the centre, flanked by the horse under the generals Hawley and Bland, who at the same time covered the cannon on the right and left. In this order they marched about eight miles, when a detachment of Kingston's horse and of the Highlanders, having advanced before the rest of the army, discovered the van of the rebels, commanded by the young Pretender. Both armies immediately formed in order of battle.

About two in the afternoon the rebels began to cannonade the king's army, but their artillery being ill served did little execution, while the fire from their enemies was severely felt, and occasioned great disorder. The rebels then made a push at the right of the royal army in order to draw the troops forward, but finding themselves disappointed, they turned their whole force on the left, falling chiefly on Burrell's and Monro's regiments, where they attempted to flank the king's front line; but this design also was defeated by the advancing of Wolfe's regiment, while in the mean time the cannon kept playing upon them with cartridge shot. General Hawley with some Highlanders had opened a passage through some stone walls to the right, for the horse, which advanced on that side, while the horse on the King's right wheeled off upon their left, dispersed their body of reserve, and met in the centre of their front line in their rear, when being repulsed in the front, and great numbers of them cut off, the rebels fell into very great confusion. A dreadful carnage was made by the cavalry on their backs, however some part of the foot still pre-

served their order, but Kingston's horse from the reserve galloped up briskly, and falling upon the fugitives did terrible execution. A total defeat instantly took place, with the loss of 2,500 killed, wounded, and prisoners on the part of the rebels, while the royalists lost not above 200. The young Pretender had his horse shot under him during the engagement, and immediately after the defeat took place fled away with a captain of Fitzjames's cavalry, and when their horses were fatigued they both alighted and separately sought for safety.

The Prince then retired to the house of a factor of Lord Lovat, about ten miles from Inverness, where he stayed that night. Next day he set out for Fort Augustus, from whence he pursued his way with extreme difficulty, wandering about a wild and desert country. Sometimes he found refuge in caves and cottages without any attendants, at other times he lay in forests or among heather with one or two companions of his distress, continually pursued by the troops of the conqueror, there being a reward of £30,000. offered for taking him either dead or alive. In the course of his adventures he had occasion to trust his life to the fidelity of above 50 individuals, not one of whom could be prevailed upon by so great a reward offered to betray him, whom they looked upon as their king's son.

For six months the unfortunate Charles Edward continued to wander in the wilds of Glengary, often hemmed round by his pursuers, but still rescued by some providential incident from the impending danger. At length a privateer of St. Maloes, hired by his adherents, arrived in Lochranach, in which he embarked for France in the most wretched attire.

He was clad in a short coat of black frieze threadbare, over which was a common Highland plaid girt round him by a belt, from which hung a pistol and a dagger. He had not been shifted for many weeks; his eyes were hollow, his visage wan, and his constitution greatly impaired by famine and fatigue. He was accompanied by Sullivan and Sheridan, two Irish adherents who had shared all his calamities, together with Cameron of Lochiel, and his brother, and some other exiles. They set sail for France, and after having been chased by two Englishmen-of-war, arrived in safety at a place called Roseau, near Morlaix in Bretagne.—(See the articles, Culloden and Great Britain, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*).

Nothing could be more merciless than the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland after gaining the battle of Culloden—con-



duct that gained him the surname of "Billy the Butcher" in England, an opprobrious appellation that he never lost through life. A personal anecdote respecting this sanguinary Prince more than justifies the feeling of horror felt by the humane, even though of his own party, respecting his character. Soon after the flight of the insurgents at Culloden, he was riding over the field, accompanied by Colonel Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec, when he observed a wounded Highlander raise himself on his elbow and look at them, with what appeared a smile of defiance. "Wolfe," cried his Royal Highness, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who dares to look at us with that insolent stare." The excellent and gallant Wolfe, disgusted at a request so repugnant to the feelings of humanity, and the practice of civilized warfare, replied in a tone of marked reproof, "May it please your Royal Highness, I came to fight, not to butcher!" It is said, that the Duke never forgave Wolfe this spirited reply. He ordered no quarter to be given to the rebels, and enforced in person his commands; never indeed were orders more rigorously obeyed. Hundreds of the insurgents were massacred in cold blood. The country was laid waste on every side, and so alert were the Duke's ministers of vengeance in the execution of their office, that there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast to be seen in the compass of fifty miles, all was ruin and desolation, silence, solitude, and death.

Nor was George II. more compassionate in England, than his son in Scotland. Never had so much noble blood been shed on a scaffold since the Great Rebellion. The Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat were beheaded, seventeen officers were hung, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common; several hundred officers were arraigned of high treason, and upwards of eighty put to death. These executions rendered the Royal Family very unpopular. The British nation remembered that their rulers were not of English birth, and though the Prince of Wales was esteemed a kind-hearted gentleman, he too was a foreigner. George the Third was the first Prince of the line of Brunswick who could boast of British birth and breeding, and so much did this circumstance endear him to the nation over which, at the early age of twenty, he was called to rule, that placards were exhibited in every street and joyfully read aloud by the common people, "Our young King is born and bred a Briton." The conduct of the youthful Sovereign was conciliatory to the Jacobites, towards whom he manifested no other feelings than pity and forbearance. On being told that a certain Jacobite nobleman in the North could not conscientiously take

the oath of allegiance to him as King of Great Britain, he magnanimously replied, "Go, tell him to be as faithful to the Elector of Hanover, as he has been to his old master, and I shall be satisfied,"—a sentiment that did him great honour. He afterwards allowed a pension to the exiled Princes of the unfortunate House of Stuart, which was continued by his successor till the demise of Cardinal York. Like this good and religious Prince, our young Queen Victoria boasts the privilege of being a born Briton. May she realize the fondest wishes of those millions, over whom in early youth she is called to reign!

It is much to the honour of Frederic Prince of Wales, that small as his influence was, he exerted that little in the cause of mercy, and in the case, at least, of Miss Flora Macdonald, appears to have been successful. This celebrated lady was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist, and, therefore, a gentleman by birth. At the time she became an auxiliary in aiding Prince Charles Edward's escape, she was in the prime of life, possessed of an attractive person, and endowed with the invaluable accomplishments of good sense, sprightliness, and humanity. Her father having died during her infancy, her mother was married again to Macdonald of Armadale in the Isle of Skye, who was at the head of one of the corps of militia, then patrolling South Uist. She was generally an inmate in the house of her brother, the proprietor of Milton, but at the time when she engaged in the arduous service of assisting the Prince's escape, she was on a visit at Ormailade, the house of Clanronald, (to whose family she was nearly related). At the very moment when he was so closely pursued by his enemies, that escape seemed almost impossible, she was applied to accidentally by his only remaining attendant O'Neil, to assist them in their emergency. Innumerable difficulties stood in the way of her interference at first, but female contrivance is seldom at a loss, and Miss Flora Macdonald, with the assistance of Lady Clanronald, overcame them all. The Prince, equipped in women's clothes, accompanied Miss Flora from Uist, nor did he quit the feminine habit till he reached Port Rei. The hairbreadth escapes which the Prince made were equally romantic and ludicrous, and notwithstanding the real danger that surrounded all parties, these mishaps were frequently the subject of jest to themselves. In wading the rivulets he took more care of his petticoats than was at all consistent with feminine delicacy. Neil on such occasions would beg him to be more womanly in his behaviour, and "to keep town te petticoats, or tay would all pe ruined." The Prince would laugh, and then

lower them quite into the water, not being able, it should seem, to arrive at the exact medium of feminine delicacy and cleanliness. He took longer steps than agreed with his assumed habit, and though eminently graceful in his own dress, appears to have done no credit to Miss Flora's. At the house of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who, being let into the secret, hospitably entertained and materially aided him in his escape, his awkwardness attracted the attention of that gentleman's little daughter. Mrs. Macdonald's maid was also quite alarmed at the huge strides of the "muckle woman," as she called the Prince. Still, notwithstanding the gaucheries of the wearer, this unsuitable dress proved his safe-guard during the time he used it. The Prince never for a moment seemed to forget when alone with his preserver, the respect due to her sex and breeding. At Mr. Macdonald's at Kingsburgh he uniformly rose up whenever she entered the room, placed her at his right hand at table, and by the most delicate attentions displayed, not only the gratitude he felt for her exertions, but the deep sense he entertained of the respect due to her worth, her modesty and her station in society. It is honourable testimony to the character of Flora Macdonald, to say that no spot clave to her fair fame that could sully its purity.

After her return to her mother's in Armadale, this amiable and heroic lady was apprehended and sent to London. During her voyage she was treated with the greatest kindness by the officers on board, and everywhere the tide of popular feeling seems to have flowed in her favour. Even after she was in the hands of the King's Messengers in London, she could complain reasonably of nothing but her detention. To the surprise of every body this lady was never brought to trial, and, perhaps, the ministry of the day, having outraged public feeling so far already, by the cruel execution of so many male prisoners, were afraid to provoke it still further by the execution of a young, beautiful, compassionate, and heroic female.

A tradition, carefully preserved in the Macdonald family, ascribes the liberation of this glory of their line, to the interference of Frederic Prince of Wales, father of his late Majesty, George III. His Royal Highness having heard so much of "the Pretender's deliverer," as she was called, had the curiosity to visit her while in custody. At this interview, among other questions, he asked her "How she came to do a thing considered so inimical to the interests of her sovereign and country." To which she firmly, but modestly replied, "That she conceived herself to have only obeyed the dictates of hu-

manity, in doing what she had done, and that if ever it were his Royal Highness's fate, or that of any of his family, to apply to her under circumstances equally distressing with those of the Chevalier, she would, with God's blessing, act again precisely in the same manner." The Prince was so much pleased with this reply, that he exerted himself to get her liberated without delay.

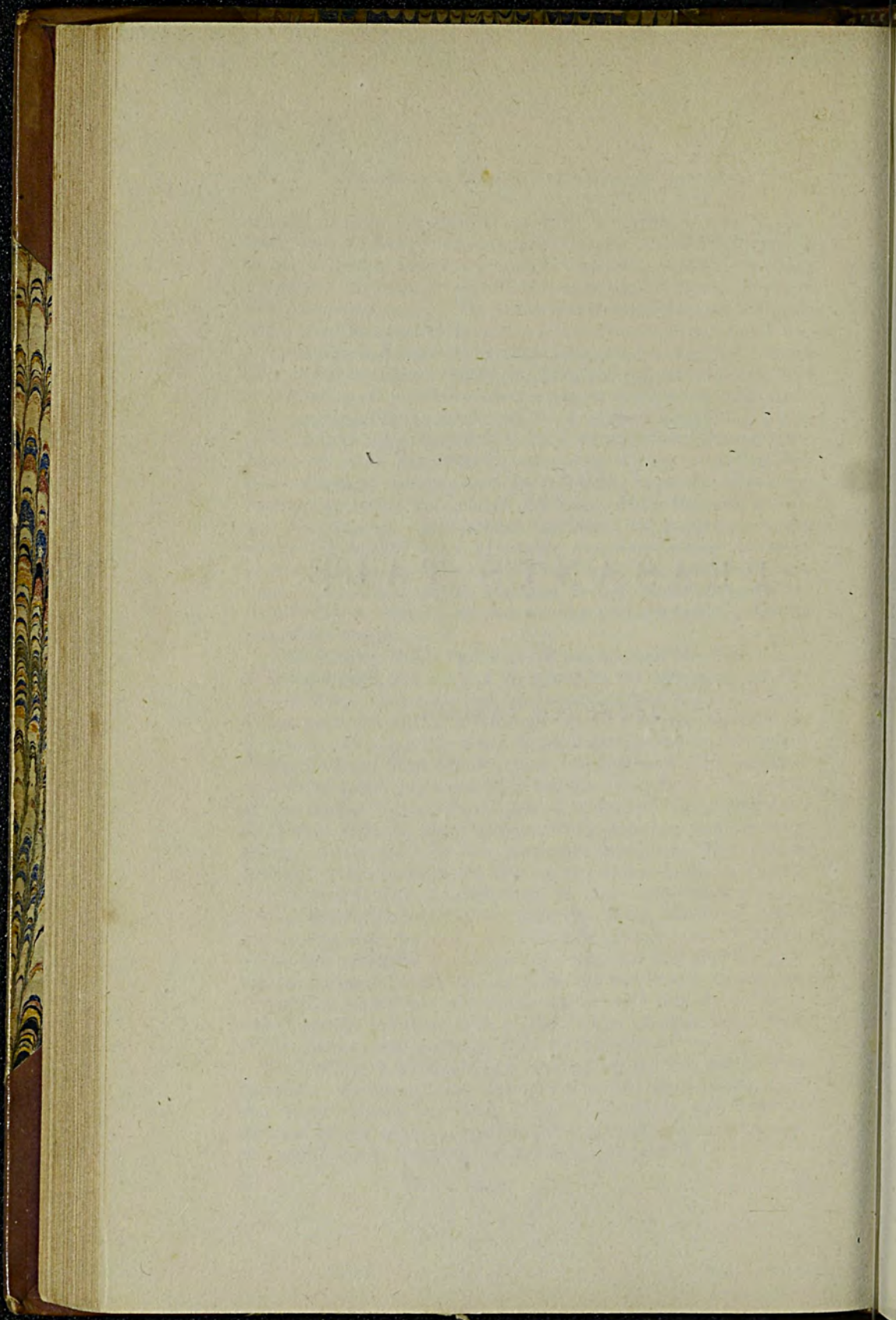
After she had been set at large, she was taken into the house of that distinguished female Jacobite, Lady Primrose, and there exhibited to all who loved that cause, or could gain admission. The presents she received, and the flattering attention she was paid, might have turned the head of any other young lady. Instances have been known, according to the report of her descendants, of eighteen carriages belonging to persons of quality, ranking up before the door of the house where she was spending the evening. Throughout the whole of these scenes she conducted herself with admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity that had been excited by her conduct—conduct, which she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world.

After retiring to her native island she married Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the son and successor of the venerable gentleman to whose house she had conducted Prince Charles Edward. When past the middle of life she went with her husband to America, and met with many strange mischances in the course of the Colonial War. Before the conclusion of that unfortunate contest, she returned with her family to Skye. It would appear that at this advanced period of her life she retained all the heroic courage, which so remarkably distinguished her early years. It is told by her venerable daughter, Mrs. Major Macleod, who accompanied her on the occasion, that a French ship of war having attacked them in their homeward voyage, and all the ladies being immured in the cabin, she alone could not be repressed, but came upon deck, and endeavoured by her voice and example to animate the men for the action. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle and broke her arm, which caused her afterwards to observe "that she had now risked her life in behalf both of the House of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains."

She lived to a good old age, continuing to the last a firm Jacobite. So strong was this spirit in her composition, that she never suffered any man in her presence to call Charles Edward by his common epithet of the Young Pretender unimproved.—(See Notes to "Jacobite Minstrelsy.")

THE  
PEASANT'S TALE,

BY  
JEFFERYS TAYLOR.



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## P R E F A C E.

THE subject of village ancestry, though so elegantly touched, and, as it were, suggested to the pen by Gray, has been little noticed by writers since his time. "The rude forefathers of the hamlet" have slept beneath the sod, and the memory of them seems to have perished by consent, no one caring to lift the veil that shrouds a poor man's pedigree.

Perhaps the professed artificers of fiction have not cast an eye in this direction, supposing that the incidents of toil, the calamities of the masses of mankind, would not supply enough of movement and surprise for their specific purpose. And yet penury, as well as wealth, is often a transient accident of life: for as the vast machine of society revolves, it is unceasingly bringing about the extreme changes of

condition in thousands of families—not only plunging some from the apparent summit of all desire to the rayless abyss of indigence, but fetching up others from its depths to the sunny regions of success and honour: and with regard to our national affairs it would be difficult to point out many events of moment in which the peasant and his peers have not acted and suffered, although unknown to fame.

It will be seen at a glance that the prescribed limits of the narrative could admit of nothing more than a rapid sketch—the exhibition of a few points indicating the history of an ancient cottage family—only such, in fact, as a careful traditional memory might supply.

*South Weald,  
October 10th, 1842.*



# COTTAGE TRADITIONS.

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## CHAPTER I.

At the distance of about fifty miles from London there is a certain high road, which passes on the northern side of a lone heath, whose bleak and barren aspect would scarcely tempt the way-faring man to deviate thereon ten steps from the broad path before him.

And yet there was a traveller who, on one occasion we wot of, dismounted from his nag at a small inn near the entrance of this heath, where he put it up, and, though the day was rather blustering, he took one of the sheep walks across the waste, and pushed on at a brisk pace amongst the brakes and brambles.

Had he any object beyond the indulgence of a wayward fancy in this ramble? Even a very good eye could discern little on the skirts of this wilderness, or on the level horizon itself, more than a twirling windmill in one direction, and something that looked like a house and a tree in another. Perhaps it was the mere whim of an unoccupied hour that directed him in nearly a straight course towards that solitary dwelling, or it might be that he had laid a sort of steeple-chase wager with himself to accomplish the said task in a certain time over every obstacle—having nothing better to do;—or, lastly, he might have been taken with a sudden curiosity to know who lived at a house that he had never seen or heard of before, as one may fix one's eye on some particular chimney top, or open window, mid the thousands of a city, just in sight, and entertain a meditative desire to be informed who it is that sits around that hearth, or inhales the morning breeze from that open sash.

The traveller got a fall or two, through the briars, and into the nettled clay pits that lay in ambush for his feet. Probably he had been

used to worse toil and disasters than that, in foreign parts, for he did but brush his knees when he emerged, and he kept on his way nothing daunted. Was he then in haste, and on some special business to that now more conspicuous house? One would suppose not, for as soon as he had cleared the rough ground and the thickets of furze, and entered on the level green sward leading directly thither, he slackened his pace, adopted a lounging indifferent air, and even seemed as if he intended to pass the building.

He however took the advantage of one more tuft or thicket of bushes, and sat himself down nearly behind them at a short distance from the house, which now he could very well survey from his cover, though, as he thought, his own figure was concealed.

We have heard a good deal of old castles, old mansions, and old houses of various styles and degrees, and they have been talked and sung about, and penned and pencilled, over and over again; but I don't call to mind any particular notice of *the ancient cottage*—the humble dwelling reared only for lowly occupants, but which,

by reason of the heavy masses of timber used in its construction, or from some other rare and favouring circumstances, has withstood the storms of some two or three hundred years. I have in my time seen a few very interesting specimens of the kind, where tillers of the ground have from age to age circled round a hearth bestrode by the same venerable chimney tower, and sheltered under the immense blackened beams, beneath which the peasants of a Tudor's reign bowed their athletic forms. Difficult it may now be to find a dwelling answering this description—much more so, to point out any that have, in fact, been occupied by *the same race and name*, during the time that has been mentioned:—yet such do exist, and such was indeed the case with the very curious dwelling our traveller had approached.

The chimney—an enormously bulky one in proportion to its height, was, as usual, the main stay and prop of the whole edifice, against which the high and deep sloping roof was, as it were, piled up, like a mere heap of mossy tiles, and from this bank of vegetation, an attic window, itself tufted abundantly with moss and

house-leek, peered out with its narrow casement, as though jealous of observation, and as if formed rather to exclude than admit light and air. Beneath the eaves, which were so low as to make all men of average stature, stoop in passing under, there was one large window formed with stone mullions, and arched between with hewn blocks, in the gothic manner, which evidently proved them to have been originally made for a more important and far more ancient building; and here the ivy crept up, and nodded over, as if glad to find and possess its picturesque support. There was a small timber porch before the low-browed entrance, and this was very much reduced in apparent height and width by the same clustering plant, which also mantled the entire gable or chimney side of the house, and embraced the flue to the very top.

But that which gave dignity and interest to the scene, and which in fact formed the picture, was the towering form of an immense and most majestic elm, which reared its crest far above, and seemed to stand like some appointed giant, protecting to the last, the humble dwelling,

whose roof its lower branches overshadowed. But the storm sparing, the cottage and its inhabitants, had rent from the tree more than a hundred years before some of its chief branches ; and this event was one of the traditions of the house.

The traveller having got the whole picture *by heart*, from his hiding-place, now rose and sauntered towards the spot, but still with a good deal of indecision real or feigned in his manner of walking. Perhaps he was somewhat struck by the timeworn and unique appearance of the place, and desired to see the interior of the building, but hesitated to intrude. If so, he was more to be praised than many who visit the poor, and who strangely consider that their *rank* (?) entitles them to violate that capital and most characteristic statute of our unwritten law, that *an Englishman's house is his castle*. I have heard the poor bitterly complain of the want of thought and courtesy shewn towards them by "their betters," in lifting the latch without leave or announcement, and thus by throwing the abashed family into confusion

at their meals, turning the vaunted visit into "*a visitation*," and one that has left resentment behind. The true politeness in these cases is exhibited by the rustic who forbears to obey the natural impulse of turning the vulgar-minded offenders out of doors.

It seemed, however, that the stranger's footsteps, careful as they were, had reached the ears of the watchful guardian of the spot—a tremendous dog of the ancient bull breed, whose hollow and ominous growl was only at distant intervals, sentenced out, by a baying the grandest in tone and depth that he had ever heard. And yet was this monster silenced in a moment by a most clear and gentle female voice, issuing from that high-peaked attic window. "It is civil of the people," thought the traveller, "not to let that lion fly at me—three stout men would not be a match for him."

A tall brawny man had now placed himself at the porch from within, and he gazed with a half vacant, or half moody stare at the stranger, until the latter opened the interview by the most convenient business in such cases—inquiries as to the name of the spot, and its distance from

places adjacent. The man was all civility at once. "You'll be a tired before you get to the nighest on 'em," said he; "you'd better come in and rest ye. You've come wonderful out o' your way."

The traveller, though but little fatigued by his short journey over the heath, instantly bowed his head beneath the dangling ivy—crossed the high threshold, and stepped at once into the room, as he was bidden; some curious thoughts crossed his mind as he did so.

The apartment was spacious—indeed nearly as large as the house itself; but the huge chimney, with its vast black cavern, forming the fire-place, occupied a great part of it. The ceiling was low, where there was one; but it only extended over half the room, the rest of which was open upwards to the roof. The stone mullioned window, with its gothic sculpture, and a similar one, but smaller, by the chimney side, seemed out of place in that lowly dwelling, and yet they imparted to it an air of dignity and interest.

But the eye could not long be content to wander over walls and windows—when a group



of beings, so singularly picturesque and curious, was before it. On the further side of the hearth sat a perfectly blind and white-eyed woman, whose features were marked indeed by extreme age; but the expression of her countenance indicated anything but the loss of her mental faculties. She held up her pallid face, as the stranger entered, and ordered a seat for his accommodation. She then resumed her knitting, which she plied with astonishing rapidity, whilst the flexible material of her face seemed working with some inner emotion, at the same time that her lips appeared to be imitating the complications of the worsted at her fingers' ends.

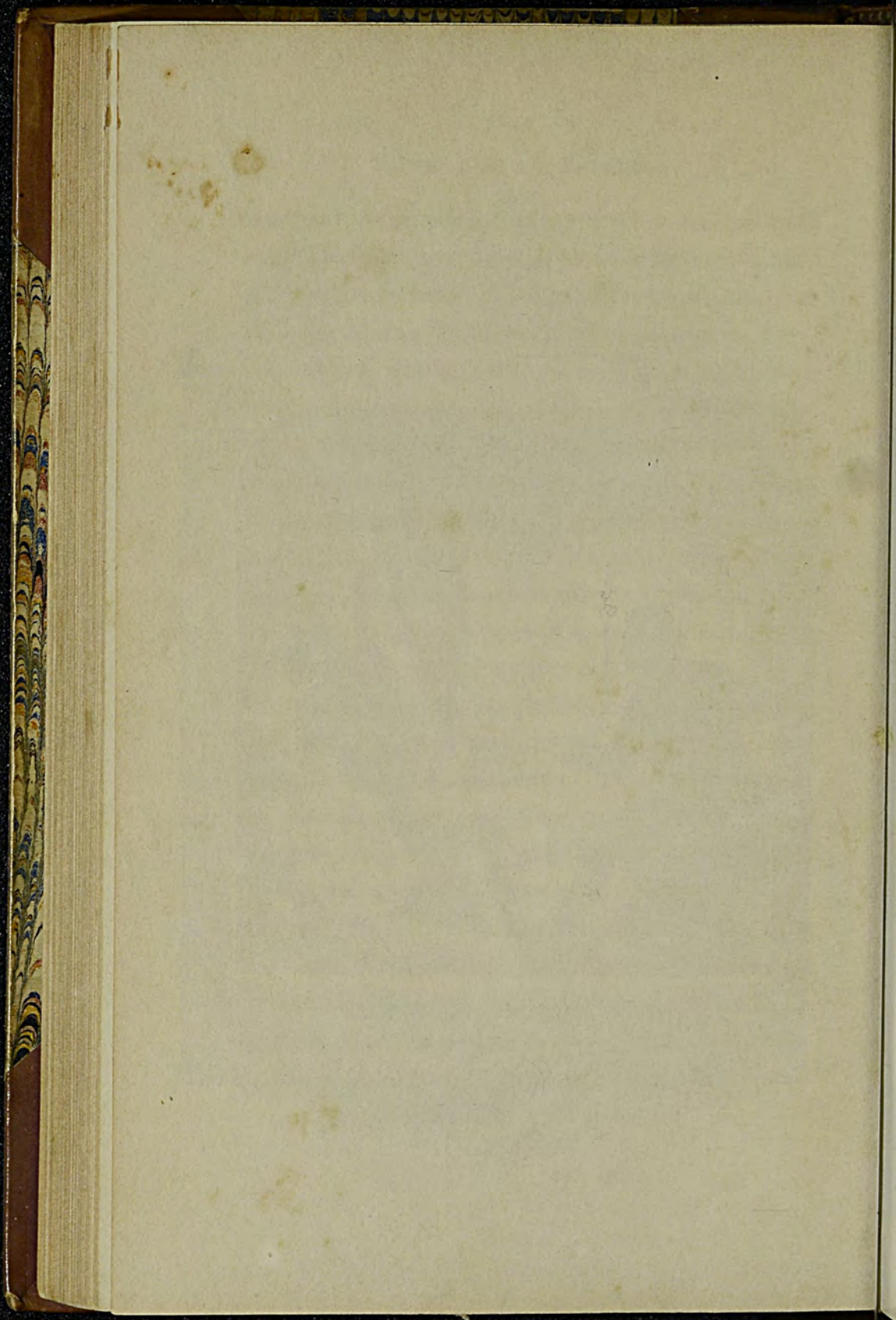
Her very image, in characteristic expression, sat opposite to her, stitching away at needlework.—There was only the difference which some sixty years of time had made, and the total loss of sight before referred to. She was a very tidy and intelligent looking girl, of about nineteen, and her voice it was that had silenced that of the tremendous dog now stretched at his full length before the fire. His shaggy coat formed both

rug and footstool for the girl, who thus seemed to enforce her authority, and to keep him quiet, although his red eye turned constantly on the stranger at every movement that he made.

And the good man of the house was there who had asked the stranger in.—He sat on a low stool, which was almost a solid block of wood; his body bent towards the embers, to receive the warmth of which, he periodically expanded his broad and brown hands, which anon rested on his knees. He turned his eyes frequently to the window, as impatient of a storm of wind and rain that now rattled against the casement. He had been digging up potatoes in the garden, and, perhaps, was anxious to resume the employment; and it might be, that he was looking for the rain to be gone, that the stranger might be gone also.

But the visitor had space to look about him, and he endeavoured at the same time to make himself agreeable by chatting in an amusing way. He was a man of some information—had seen a good deal of the world, and had been abroad—and he contrasted the comfort and re-





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spectability of the present dwelling—its inmates and furniture, as compared with what he had seen in foreign parts. He discoursed on the manners and customs of savage nations—matters familiar enough to all my readers, but which were so new and amazing to these simple cottagers, that the females declared that 'twas impossible to think of work, and they had enough to do in wiping their eyes from tears, or holding their sides with laughing, as the case might be. The old man was not so exclamatory, but a grunt and a shake of the head, or a broad silent grin carried off the smaller excitement of his more phlegmatic nature.

The stranger was gratified by the interest his narrative occasioned, and as the still rising storm shook the windows and the roof of the ancient dwelling, and roared in the branches of the tree above it, he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and declared that he would not have been any where else just then for all the world. As for the girl, she wished it might rain pitch-forks if the gentleman did not mind; and the grandam said, she “thought she had heard enough in her younger time,

but this about *the selvedges* beat all, and for ever."

"Well," said the old man, rather muttering than uttering his meditations over his knees—"There must be *them*, to be some of all sorts,—and people were no better here according to all account in the old Roman time ;—but to think o' them actions !—and the gentleman han't been romancing, I'm bound for't—ye an't a-dry sure!" added he, suddenly, raising himself as he spoke—"a mug may-be of our country cider?"

"The very thing itself," said the stranger—"it is nineteen times better than the rain that would run down my face if I was out of doors," and the girl vanished like a shadow, and very presently returned with the hissing draught, which she delivered to the hand of the guest in a wooden bicker, curiously sculptured, and most exquisitely clean.

The traveller perused the figured sides of this with much attention. It was made of the true *bird's-eye maple*, so much used for the better sort of domestic implements in former times, and the designs were evidently those of a

monkish artist in a comic vein. No sooner had he set the bicker down, and declined another pint, than it was rinsed out, dried, and diligently rubbed bright again, that it might resume its station with its shining compeers on the mantel beam ; amongst which were articles which would have been foremost in the windows of a modern curiosity-shop. There were implements of a massive and antique form, which, though made neither of silver nor gold, had the value of family plate to their possessors, and some of them perhaps would almost have realised their weight in the precious metals with intelligent, zealous, and wealthy virtuosi. The chief of these was a clock, apparently one of the very earliest manufacture, and which, if it had ever ruled the day, had ceased to do so for a hundred years at least. It had a face of brass, well becoming its apparent effrontery, in telling the truth but once in the day, and falsehoods at every other time : the inner works were of rough iron, and it had a spider-legged bell at the top. That clock, with its maker's name, *Daniel Gerbel of Cologne*, would have fetched

ten guineas at the least. Then there were sconces, cups, and images, particularly some bronze figures of the Apostles, and also a crucifix which plainly told of some other proprietorship in a bye-gone age.

But the oddest thing of all, was a daub of a picture, purporting to be a representation of the old cottage itself, taken by some village genius some seventy years before. The traveller's attention was particularly called to this performance, and his opinion on its merits solicited; and he thereupon found himself in the unpleasant predicament of one, who is looked to for critical commendation on a matter which yet is so utterly incomprehensible as to defy either praise or blame. It bore so faint a resemblance to the house in question, or to any other edifice likely to have been dreamed of, that the very excusable mistake had been made of framing and hanging it up in a horizontal, instead of an upright position. And considering the convertible nature of the representations of earth and sky, grass and clouds, it would have been pardonable if it had been placed bottom up-



wards. As it was, the smoke seemed to roll along the ground, and who does not know that it will beat down in damp weather. The stranger took the liberty of rectifying the affair, and then, for the first time, the cottagers perceived, with much merriment, that the supposed lumps of clouds that had so long hung over the house betokening rain, were now, a sow and pigs grazing at the side! As for the girl, Amy Cotterel, her natural sense of the comicality of a blunder that had lasted so very long, caused her to burst out laughing again and again; at last, however, she succeeded in repressing her mirth—she puckered up her little mouth, and resumed her work.

“Ah!” said the old blind woman, to whom the matter had been explained—“what a fine thing is a little *larnin*. How soon it sets all to rights. When my eyes was good, I never could see whether the *picture* was right or wrong, but for my part, I don’t see how such a thing as a house is to be took down, and drawed on a bit of paper. I think, as people said years and years ago, it might be made a book on sooner!”

“Nonce! Nonce,” said the old man, “what

do we know about books, and who do you think would care to be told about all the Cotterels that have ever lived here?"

"That should I, for one," said the traveller, whose countenance shewed a sudden animation, as if something very much to his purpose or his fancy had been hit on; "but if you know no more of your parentage than I do of mine, it would make but a very small book indeed."

"There's *enough* on't, any how," said Master Cotterel, with a sort of a shrug and a sigh, which might have had reference either to the quantity or the quality of the history in question—"the gentleman would not have patience to sit and hear half what Dinah Cotterel could tell him."

"Just try me now," said the stranger, adjusting himself anew in his very substantial and capacious chair—"This seat seems made on purpose to sit and hear the history of the world in."

"Well now for one thing, talk of that," said the Dame, and turning her sightless visage towards the visitor—"Pray, Sir, wasn't there once a king of England called All-of-a-crumble, or some such name?"

“There, grandmother,” said Amy, “you have made the gentleman laugh the first word you spoke!”

The traveller puckered up *his* lips this time, and replied with tolerable gravity—“Oliver Cromwell, I dare say you mean—he was not king, but he was very near it.”

“Aye, you’re right, I’m bound for’t,” said Dinah; “well, in that Allover-ramble’s days there was a king that sat in that same chair, as true as you be in it now—and one *Charles King*, wasn’t he his councillor?”

“I never heard of it,” was the reply, “but perhaps you mean King Charles.”

“O grandmother,” said Amy, “you don’t get on well at all!”

——“No larnin—no scholar—that’s all about it,” said the old man, “she’s right enough about people, only she forgets their names. But if once she begins about the Cotterels, she’ll be off like a nag running down hill, and will never stop hardly to breathe, much more to blunder.”

“Well, let us have about the Cotterels then,” said the traveller.

“That you shall,” said the ready historian,

who made the unusual stipulation with the instructed party, that "if she was wrong, he was to set her right!"

I shall now, for convenience sake, drop some of the cottage style of grammar and pronunciation, but retain at the same time as much as possible of Dinah Cotterel's racy, yet simple phraseology, whilst I give her curious history of  
THE COTTERELS OF LEXDEN HEATH.

## CHAPTER II.

“ WELL, you see, Sir,” said the ancient dame, hitching her chair nearer to that of her auditor, and, after the manner of blind persons, holding her face in a looking direction towards the person she addressed—“in the old Roman time there were great churches built on purpose for people to live in all their lives, and to say their prayers in at midnight, or at noon-day—it was all one—by the light of a candle, and the first Cotterel that ever was, so far as we know, was one Simon Cotterel, who was sexton at one of those great churches, prayeries (pories) I think they called ’em. Now wasn’t there a king called Big Harry that knocked his wives heads off, and married new ones every day for a year?”

The traveller set her right, and named Henry VIII.

“ Well, this *Henry Gates*, then, or whatever

his name was,—I reckon he didn't like these monkeys, or monkrels, that lived lazy, and had their heads shaved, and wore women's clothes—How long ago was that king's time, sir?"

"About three hundred years."

The aged but accurate historian now counted her fingers' ends, several times backwards and forwards; and as she did so, she muttered periods and events, and persons' names—at length she gave a nod of assent with a—"that's about it—that's about it"—and continued, with just this passing remark on the state of manners she had referred to—"'*diculous* wasn't it?—wholly *a-diculous!*—so this Big Harry said, he thought these monkrels were at no good, eating and drinking, and doing nothing, and worse than that, and he'd see about it. Now it was this same Simon Cotterel that saw it all with his own eyes, and did what he did, that told Mark Cotterel, that told Joan, that told Michael, that told Humphrey, that told the others, and they told Peter Cotterel, that now is, and me at last, over and over again.

"Simon said, these monkrels had had their suppers one night—'twas at Candlemas, and

according to all accounts, they'd got jolly once, and sung themselves to sleep, but they must needs get up and be jolly again, and they were roaring out some songs and music, more than they'd got in their reading-books, and this Simon, poor creature, he had done all for the best, and had made all fast, and only stood dinging the keys against the wall for want of a fiddle, when there was a rout and a row, and a hallooing outside, as if all the world was come for them.

“The monkrels could'nt be right in their minds, for they hallooted too, and thought 'twas only their own noise over again that they heard, and they bellowed and laughed, and the whole place rung with their clatter, till at last there came a driving bang of some great bit of timber at the great gates, fit to rive 'em down. Oh, sir, Simon Cotterel, that told Mark, that told all on us—he says, that in no time, in one minute and less, there wasn't a monk to be seen by the best of eyes, they'd all scringed away, every one to his cellar, for they'd all one a piece, and there wasn't an inch of one of them left to tell poor Simon what to do!”

“And what *did* he do?”

“ Do indeed ! you may well ask that, Sir, poor old critter, he was nothing but an ignorant man—why he peeped through a chink of a window no bigger than your hand, and saw soldiers, and swords, and timber-driving by the moonshine, all the men halloeing to him atween whiles, like roaring lions, to open the gates—but poor ignorant creature, what could he do all alone, minding so many ; so he let ’em bang away, simple Simon did, and he crept up the belfry stairs to the top of the tower, and held by the great stone cross that shuddered in the wind, and he looked all the way down upon ’em, and saw about two hundred making ready to break in the doors—Ahem ! my old throat is getting rough a-ready.—Amy, girl, bring me my sage tea—bah ! its monstrous bitter !

“ Well, Sir, you see Simon says to himself—‘ I can do no less than do something for ’em.’—So he set his shoulder to the cross, that was bigger than four horses could draw in a waggon. It always used to wobble when the bells were ringing—so he soon made it go see-saw—and yet he said ’twas the wind that done it. However, after a bit, sheer over it went, whizzing in



the air, cracking and dashing, and it knocked two pinnacles more off, and they all came down together.—Oh! it makes my crazy old head dizzy to think on't, that could hardly bear to see our old cat jump out o' the garret window! Well, Sir, Simon always said, that when that stone went down, it seemed as if the whole church jumped up! 'Twas a thunder clap for all the world over, and the old steeple seemed to give itself a hitch, like a man that has thrown a weight off his shoulders, and the bells were set a bit swinging, and gave one toll!

“ Simon never waited to hear any more, and never asked them below, how they liked what he sent 'em; but he *scrummaged* along the roof o' the church like a rat, keys and all, and then he slid and rolled, and jumped, and held by his hands, and jumped again a time or two, and got to the ground at last middling safe, with only a bit of the water-spout in his hand, that he had held fast by;—he had schemed the like before, and so had the monkrels for the matter o' that—but that says nothing. So he got clear off, as I said before, keys and all.—Amy, child, get 'em, you know where they are!”

“O grandmother,” said the girl, rising to obey, “the gentleman will never believe it.”

“And why not, I wonder,” returned the dame; “there’s many a worse thing been believed. If they are not the very keys of Buttle’s \* Priory that was,” continued she, holding her hands instinctively for the jingling clavicles,—“then they are brand new fire-irons, that’s all.—D’ye see ’em, Sir?”

The traveller took now in hand the lankey, yet ponderous and uncouth implements in question; they spoke for themselves.

“D’ye mind, Sir?” said old Cotterel, pointing to the part in the key which is now always formed into a ring: but was then a large and thick plate of iron, with a hole in the middle—“they used one key to turn another by its nose?”—The keys were each more than half a yard long.

“You see, Sir,” continued the dame, “poor Simon was a simple ignorant man, but he just guessed the minds of the people pelting at the gates. They thought no less than the church was tumbling about their ears by what they were doing themselves, and they crope (crept) away

\* St. Botolph’s.

silent, like caught thieves, and never come nigh any more—at least not that party—nor more did Simon, for a one while, for he was afraid to own to what he had done, for fear he was in the wrong, and so he left the monks to find their way out, or settle with their customers as they could. He little thought, when he locked the doors upon them that night, it was for good and all!

“ Well, but what did simple Simon do with himself?”

“ Do!—aye—ye’re right again,” said the ready Dinah; “he ran all that night, he said, miles and miles away, without once stopping nor looking back, and kept clear of every body, afraid to beg, borrow or steal a bit of bread from a soul; at last he heard that the oysters (cloisters) were all broke open, the monkrels turned out, and the place made a parish church on—but the silver and gold, big Harry would not suffer them to make a hand o’ that, but he said he’d take care on’t, and he had as much as ever they liked to bring him.”

“ Which was not quite all, perhaps,” said the traveller.

“ You’ll be before-hand with me yet, if I

don't take care," said the old woman—then lowering her voice to a whisper, whilst the old man potted at the fire-place—" 'tis so long ago, we can't come to any hurt about it now sure—but Simon Cotterel knew the old church better than they did, so he went underground to the dead men's pews; some of the coffins were all to pieces, and some were hard and fast, and one had a lid that opened and shut, and had something better than bones in !"

" I understand you," said the traveller.

" Well, Sir, you see, it had fretted him, poor fellow, that he'd nothing much to remember the abbey by, though he'd been there so many years; but he was a poor ignorant man, and groping in the dark, he took what came to hand in the mouldy locker, but left the best behind him, so he said. What he got, he never told, according to all account, but I'll tell ye where he hid it up for years and years."

" I suppose he buried it."

" Not he, indeed—sexton as he was, but he lit on the old tree there, that was mountains high then, and stowed it all, as he said, in the biggest box that ever held a quoin !"

“The best nest of eggs that ever was laid in the tree, I should think,” said old Cotterel.

“Who hatched them for him?” demanded the traveller.

“Who, but himself,” said Dinah; “but it came to no more than this—He got the bit of ground that was on the king’s waste, and set to, to make a nest of his own.”

“And so he built this very house?”

“Yes—a bit a time—a bit a time,” said Dinah.—“Well, he lived here many years, and laboured with the pick and shovel, and he said that was ten times better than digging people into the ground, let alone digging ’em up again. So he had a wife and family here, but of them we never heard much, only of Mark Cotterel, his oldest son. But when Simon came to die he was not easy in his mind, and he called his son to his bedside, and he said, ‘Mark Cotterel, hear what I’ve got to say’—so then he told him all that he’d ever said and done pretty well, and he said, ‘I’ve saved enough by my labour to pay back all that I ever took away, so if ye can ever find the right owners of that church money, let them

have it; but mind they tell ye what meat was in the pot, before they say 'tis their kettle:' and then he turned himself and groaned, and called his son again—'Mark, is that you?—Oh!' he said, 'I wish—I wish—I wish I hadn't shoved that stone cross down upon the people—it must have killed *a mort* of them; but I reckon it saved them killing the monkrels and me beside.—Ah, well, every thing is for the best. Mark, Mark, if ye can spare a trifle, have me prayed for—have me prayed for.—I should like to tell you all,—Mark, put your ear close.'

"But this poor old Simon Cotterel only gave a gape, and he was gone!"

Dinah now stopped a bit, and seemed lost in thought, as if her own breath were oppressed, she put her hand upon her side—at length she went on again—

"Poor Simon, Sir, couldn't find breath to say all; but as it was, he had said more than enough; for before he called 'Mark, is that you?' the foolish young man had slipped out to see about the pot of money, and somebody else had crept up to him unbeknown, and who it was nobody ever could tell; but an old woman

that was making up the hearth, said it was like a man in woman's clothes, with a bald head, that came in, and heard some o' the worst of old Simon's tricks."

"It was one o' them that had taught him them, I'm bound for't," said Peter Cotterel, "and he might have known better than to have taken any notice."

"Well, we know no more, or very little more o' the Cotterels for years to come, not till there was some Queen started up that all the Cotterels always have called *Poll Fagot*, and I'll tell you why, Sir."

But here poor old Dinah's feelings were quite overcome, and she hid her whole face in her apron—"I'd have been thankful to have been blind in those days," she said, "and not to have seen sun nor moon that shone upon such doings. But as I was saying, poor old Simon little thought what he was saying, nor whom he was telling, when he went on so to that stranger, who thought, I suppose, that there was money on his tongue, and that he was going to hear where he'd hid it, when the old man could say no more."

“ Well, Sir, this same bald man came a few nights after with another or two, but in workingmen’s clothes, and they rambled-sacked the whole place, and turned the house out of window, and tore up the ground to find this money, but Mark had been too nimble for him. He’d scrambled up the old tree, where his father had been before him, and there he was, money and all—what little there was; there could not be much, and there he kept all that night and the next day, till he thought he’d *done* them, and so he had for that matter, and they didn’t forget it.

“ ’Twas when Poll Fagot was queen, that this same bald man came again with some constables, only he’d got his monk’s dress on now, and he pulled out a paper, and asked for Mark Cotterel, but he was out in the fields, and there was nobody at home but a poor frightened thing of a girl, like what sits there.”

Poor Amy dropped her work, and shuddered as her grandmother pointed towards her.

“ There was nobody at home, Sir, but this poor Jenny Cotterel, that would have been frightened if only a dead man had wagged his fingers at her—and when these people came up



to her—whether they talked fair or foul—whether they stormed or wheedled about the money, it was all one—she could do nothing but scream, and when they were tired of that, they took her away and ——. Oh, Sir, do ye know what a heretic is?”

The traveller paused, but could find no answer to this most difficult question.

The old woman rocked in her chair, and again covered her face.—“ My poor old eyes,” she said—“ there’s only one thing they’re good for now—they’ll do to cry by.—But what’s the use,” said she, as with sudden energy she rose from her seat, and whilst the red glow of fury mantled her cheeks and tinged her very eye-balls, she flung up her clenched fist, and with a vehemence that made the cottage ring, and that rose above the storm, she gave the short remaining history of Jenny Cotterel—

“ They had her up to London, Sir, and there they screwed her thumbs off, to make her tell ’em what she never knew ; and when she dropped on her knees, and prayed God forgive her, and every body else, they bid her pray with *their* prayers, and called her *a heretic*, and then

they put a hundred questions to her; and because there were things that she couldn't have said if she would, and wouldn't if she could—they burnt her to a cinder, Sir, or else I don't know fire from water !”

The powers of this very aged woman could only sustain her excitement until the last sentence was uttered. She then tottered back in her chair, quite exhausted, and was for some time silent. The hollow wind was now heard bellowing over the chimney top, and moaning through the casement of the lonesome dwelling.

### CHAPTER III.

It was some time before another word was spoken. The face of the girl Amy had become pale, and her eye rolled wildly; at last she clasped her hands, and burst into tears, "Grandmother," said she, sobbing, "is always afraid that I should forget her long story about us all; but, oh, how *can* I forget it; as sure as ever any thing ails me, I dream about Jenny Cotterel. I know I've seen her hundreds of times in my sleep, beckoning to me up in heaven!"

"They should have burnt me first, I think," said the old man, now relieving his almost suspended respiration, by drawing a deep, groaning breath—"come, mother, we're past the worst, I hope. But, perhaps, the gentleman don't like it."

The traveller was indeed discomposed, especially as the girl eyed him with an expression

almost of suspicion or alarm, as if *he* might be some *monkrel* in disguise; and the stranger was just about to give vent to some great secret regarding himself, but old Dinah recommenced her narrative, and he determined, if possible, to keep it to the last.

“ Mark Cotterel, with his wife Joan, and their three little children, wandered up and down the country after this, for two or three years, afraid to come home; two of the children died off one hard winter under a hedge, and if ye ask me how the others lived, I can't tell. At last it came to their ears that one *Betsy Tooder* was Queen, and that Poll Fagot was dead and gone; that all the monkrels were done for, all over the world, and that people were only to say their prayers on a Sunday, and that in plain English; and so Mark and his wife and little boy Michael, crept home again from out of the foreign shires, and came up to the old place one dark night, and couldn't get nigh the door for rubbish, and when the blessed morning came, they found that the roof had come off in the wind some time or another, and grass was growing on the hearth!

“ Sir, they set up a howl in their misery, till pretty well noon, and then they didn’t know whether to go or stop, but at last Joan said, she would go inside, and she stepped up over the heap, and then down into the house, and the first thing she saw was a hood and mantle of poor Jenny’s, hanging by the chimney side, and all mouldy and rotten in the wind and wet. It wouldn’t bear handling any more than last year’s leaves, and then she set up a cry again, and would have left the place for ever; but Mark called to mind the money, when the tree whispered to him in the wind, and he got up and what little he’d left there—it could be but a little — was all safe and sound.

“ So they got help and put the old house together again, and after a bit they had the old hearth to sit by, and Mark was a quiet man, and took to his labour, and had two or three sheep, and a horse and cart, and besides that he took to yelming (thatching), and was sent for to London, and thatched several houses there.”

“ Why, what time are you speaking of?” demanded the visitor.

“ *You* must tell me how long it is ago,” said

Dinah, "but 'twas in Queen Betsey's time, and when the great talk was about the *Spaniels' Armada*."

"O, the Spanish Armada—were there thatched houses in London at that time?"

"Yes, as true as this house was thatched then, or had a roof on at all," said the historian. "Well, Mark Cotterel was a striving man, and laid by a trifle of money to the little he had before, and he called his boy Michael to him, and he said, Mike, you must work hard, and you must take care o' this, and then he showed him the bag o' quoins, and he showed the child too where he hid it, but not giving it a thought, he never told his poor old wife Joan!"

"Now, we are coming to it," said old Peter Cotterel, grinning, "that was pretty well the first thing Dinah talked about when we married fifty year ago, and I reckon it will be the last."

"Well, Peter, now," said the old wife, laying her hand kindly on his arm, "you know he couldn't have done a worse thing, as it turned out, and so the gentleman will say. Why, Sir, when Mark's time was come, he rolled off a house top, and he fell on his head, and never

spoke for three days, though he tried to, with all his might, and then he died; and d'ye think, Sir, the widow Joan could ever find a dump o' the money—and d'ye think she tried much when the boy, child-like, let it out that he had called other boys to see it.

“ Well, Sir, poor Joan struggled on, and we know nothing at all about her, only at last she took to doctoring and curing people with herbs and charms, and such like, and where's the harm? Wasn't that better than the doctors now-a-days, that neither charm nor cure, nor any thing else? But, Sir, they got it about that she was a witch, and worth a world o' money, and again the old place was hauled over, but not a dust o' the dry mint could they see or find, but they told her that if ever she was caught out, making cures again, she'd be burnt for a witch whether or no!

“ They said no more, Sir, and they had no occasion. To mention fire was enough for her—she fell raving mad, talking of poor Jenny, and she ran out o' the house with a whooping howl one dark night, and never was heard of more!

“ So then, Sir, you see the old house was left

with not a mortal soul in it, but this poor forlorn boy, that was no more than fourteen years old at the outside. Not a creature came near him, for every body was afraid of the old woman that was gone for ever, and thought that she'd come flaring in some midnight, and set them all on fire!

“ And now, Sir, don't ye think our cottage yarn is spun pretty fine, that it's come to one single life—a poor forlorn boy, and nobody to cook his supper, much more to earn it for him! Well, this Mike Cotterel said over and over again, that he thinks he did run quite wild, and was as good as out of his mind at first and for some time. He said, he used to wander up and down the country miles and miles away from home, and for weeks and weeks together—but he used to find his way back again, tumbling heels over head before people for a bit of victuals, and begging for it, if nothing else would do; and he said, he always found the old house just as he left it—the door on the latch, and the wind howling through and through, that was all!

“ But as he grew up, his senses began to come to him, and he thought 'twas something to have



a house over his head for nothing, which was more than every body had got—and all he wanted besides was victuals and drink at times; that's how it is, Sir, with us poor people. Well, I've said a good deal about the monkrels that's very indifferent; but they were not all bad alike; and 'twas a hard thing to turn them all neck and heels out o' doors, and take away their money that belonged to them better than it did to any body else, according to all account; and there was one that they called Father Amos at Buttles Prayery, (St. Botolph's Priory) that was there in old Simon Cotterel's time, and now was a very old man indeed; and I fancy he had rambled about with no place to put his head in, only at chance times, ever since the great turning out—but he never said so, for he never made any complaints. But one winter morning early when the snow was coming down a-pace, Mike, who meant to start off again, weather or no weather, had pulled his door to, and had just turned the corner, when he thought he saw something under the great tree, that was either sitting there, or put there by somebody. It was pretty well drizzled with snow, and Mike

had a hundred thoughts when he stepped up to it and found 'twas a human creature, with the head hanging down, and only just breathing; he had as many minds to run away as he had to stop, and so there he stood gaping, and half on the go, when the poor creature rolled down on his side, and then went his two hands together, and he muttered out a word or two of the old Roman prayers.

“Now, Sir,” continued the Dame, “I will say it, that shouldn't say it, though we're no better than we should be, there was always that in the Cotterels that if they were ever so poor themselves, they would help a neighbour in need, even if they couldn't do him any good; and many's the night's lodging that has been had under this old roof, by poor distressed creatures, that couldn't get it any where else; and we were never the worse for it, no, never missed the bit o' bread or bacon that went with them.

“Why, Sir, this poor boy Mike, that just before didn't know a bit what to do for himself, thought he could do a hundred things in a minute to help that forlorn old man, that seemed as if he had hardly the breath left in

his body. So he made no more ado, but took him under both the arms behind, and drew him in-doors sitting or sliding, for he hadn't strength to lift him upright; but the curious old creature kept saying, 'God forgive you! God forgive you!' and then made a prayer in the foreign tongue. You see, Sir, his poor head was running on about how he had been served forty years before!

"Mike thought he had got neither food nor firing when he went out all alone that morning, but now that he went in again with company to breakfast, and drawing the snow in after him, he must needs think again, and whether he set upon the house or the tree first, for wood to burn, I can't tell, but a fire there soon was, and he put the old man right before it, and stood by him to see him thaw.

"Well, Sir, at last the lad called to mind that there was some stuff in a bottle that his poor old mother Joan once gave to somebody in a fit, and it had brought them to, and he groped here behind, 'twixt the chimney and the wall, and found it, twisted up firmly with string and leather for safety, and he tasted it first himself, and

thought he was all the better for it, and then he hoisted up the old gentleman's head, and poured some into his mouth, and then he got away as fast as he could for fear he had done wrong.

“But the old gentleman opened first one eye and then another, and came to himself all right, but slowly, and as soon as ever he was sensible, he sat up, and there went his thin hands together again praying, and when he saw poor Mike hiding in a corner, and found 'twas all his doing, he lifted up his eyes, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he called Mike to him, and put his hand on the top of his wild young head, and he said, ‘God bless you, my son; you have done a good work to the meanest of His servants, and he *will* bless you for it.’

“O Sir, will you believe it, this Michael Cotterel, that was almost a man now, had scarcely heard of the God that made him, till then, and I am afraid that before that good man came over this threshold, none of the Cotterels, only poor dear little Jenny, had any religion, no more than a hundred other things, they could not call their own. 'Tis a wonder that God Almighty gave daily victuals and drink to a set

of people that never asked him, nor once thanked him for it. The old gentleman's religion might be bad, but it was ten thousand times better than none at all, and what we ought now more than anything else to bless God for, is, that that ancient Christian man was spared the breath for saying the precious words he said to poor Mike all those long, long years ago !”

“Depend upon't,” said Peter Cotterel, “it's ruination to a family, some time or another, to be heathens.”

“Sir,” continued Dinah, “young Michael felt as if some inner good was done him, and he was ready to do anything for the stranger, though he thought he was a monkrel—monk don't you say it is?—and he started off over the heath in the snow, looking there for victuals of all places in the world—but there he *did* find young birds froze to death in the bleak wind, and he got them home and made them hot somehow or another, and the old man praised him for it, and told him always to beg his victuals of God himself, and he would never starve, but when Mike offered the stranger some, he shook his head, but smiled, and said 'twas not his eating

hours; but he accepted one of the birds for another day, and hobbled into the snow, and told Mike to look for him again at such a time, and if he didn't see him, to take a piece of writing he gave him to a certain great house he told him of.

“ Well, Mike cried when the old man left him, and he watched him till he could only just see the top of his poor head as he crawled along the snow. He was going to Candlebury, he said, or some such place, and when the time came round, that he'd talked of to see him again, the lonesome lad watched, and looked, and paced about the place every where, but never found him, and seemed as if he had lost father and mother, and all over again, and here he sat, sobbing like a child. But, at last, he took the roll of paper that opened as long as his arm, and set off as the old gentleman had told him, and by one direction and another from house to house, he got victuals on his journey, and at last found himself up in London.

“ Well, there he was only like a calf at a fair, and would have been soon lost and done for, but somebody was with him all the while that said

he'd go to the world's end and back again every day of his life if that clergyman monk would send him. So they made young Mike right and tidy, and went with him to some great lord's house, and there he delivered the roll. It was wrote in *latterin*, or some such speech, and told all about St. Buttles, and the Cotterels, and about poor Jenny and Joan, and then about the old monk himself, and how that he had never had the money that had been allowanced him, and never would have, and begging one lord—*Barley*, I think his name was—to show it all to the Queen, and to beg her to do what she pleased with the money for Michael Cotterel's sake.

“ Sir, this great lord (Burleigh) read the roll through, and said if there had been a few more such monks, no harm would have been done them, and then he asked poor Mike a hundred questions about us all—that *had* been, and then were—and what brothers and sisters he had, and how they lived and died; and when he talked about Jenny, that lord looked as if he'd see into his very soul, and so I think he did, for he said—  
‘ Thou art Jenny's brother I find—that's enough.  
Now be a man, and I will do what I can for you,

but you must not speak till you are spoken to, and then the less the better.'

"Oh, Sir, this poor rude wild fellow that had been, and was, was taken through sights of rooms bigger than half the churches, and at last they came to a high archified place, and then to a door-way that flow'd with pictured cloth down to the ground, and word was brought for them to go in, and the curtains were parted by two little boys, and in went this poor ignorant, wild, young man, staring like a calf again, and with his mouth as wide open as a dry leather wallet's, and there sat—who should it be but the great Queen 'liza—her head blazing with jewels, and dished up in ruffles big enough to have hid her in, out of sight.

"Sir, she never stirred nor moved, only she rolled her eyes about, and then she laid them full on Mike, and they glared like two hot coals, and he begun to be afraid—but the lord soon made it all right, and read the paper, and then she too began at him, quite fierce at first, asking him who he thought he was, and how he came there, and what his sister's name was, and what she died of. He could hardly get a word out, but



she praised him the more for what he did say, and wished other people had got so quiet a throat, and told him 'twas enough, and he was to go home and mind his farm !”

“ Farm, hey ! Mrs. Cotterel ?”

“ Yes, Sir—I could almost fancy I see you smile at that—but if you was to go up the ladder stairs yonder, and look out at the little back window, you would see two fields, one with a row of elm trees at the side, and the other with a barn on it, that was the land that Queen 'lizabeth gave Mike Cotterel out of the good old monk's money, that should have been paid him, and that he prayed her to give to the Cotterels to make amends for how the evil monkrel had served poor Jenny. D'ye understand me, Sir ?” \*

“ Yes, I see what you mean.”

“ Well it was very good of the poor old man,

\* At the time of the dissolution of the monastic system, a sort of compensation was promised in the shape of a stipend to the ejected monks, from those who had seized their lands ; but this was very ill-paid, at the best, and was obstinately refused by some of the despoiled orders, by whom it was wholly surrendered to charitable purposes—themselves leading a life of voluntary poverty, and subsisting as wayfaring men on the casual alms of the country people.

and very good, too, of the Queen, but it would not fetch poor Jenny back, nor poor Joan, and the rest of them. Father Amos was found dead in the snow, as I dare say he thought it likely, and he was buried at St. Botolph's, in a grave he had made there years before. He used to say, that was all the favour he would ever take at their hands, who turned him out—to come back again, and lay his bones at rest, once for all.”

Old Dinah's voice now flagged a little, and she applied to her mug of tea a time or two, after which she resumed her knitting, but it was evident her mind was working with some careful thoughts, and to those she at length requested her daughter's ear. If the stranger had been at all inclined to go, now would have been his time, for the storm had blown over, and Peter Cotterel, opening the door, looked up and round about at the sky, and then sallied forth awhile to his garden occupations.

The traveller stood at the window a minute, taking care *not* to hear, if he could avoid it, the subject of the whisperings—but as soon as they were over, he delivered his own speech thus:—

“ Well now, Dame Cotterel, I have heard so

much of your story, that I shall never sleep to-night if I don't hear the end of it—besides, to tell you the truth, I've got something to say myself when you have done, that I think will not make either of you stop your ears."

"Then you won't tell us it now, Sir?"

"— Can't - can't—must hear your's first," said the traveller, buttoning his coat, "I will only be off to my inn for an hour or two, and there will be time, perhaps, to say all in the evening."

But this proposition of leaving, quite disconcerted some plans that had just been laid, and perhaps also, the idea that the traveller might not return, disappointed some vague fancies that with or without her own will, had flitted across old Dinah's brain.

"And when you get there," said Dinah, "and find yourself comfortable by their parlour fire, with your dinner and wine and that, you'll perhaps look up at the window, and see some spots of rain upon it, and think, 'I shan't turn out again to-night, what are all the Cotterels to me,'—and then we may dream our lives out, before we know so much as your honour's name!"

“You are entitled to better behaviour than that from me—will you be ready again at four o'clock?”

“There! grandmother,” said Amy, “the gentleman only thinks he shall be in the way of our dinner.”

“And why not stop and have some here?—There! as true as ever a cork burst from a bottle, it's out at last!”

The result was, that a brace of pullets, whose superior condition entitled them to the distinction, were caught up by the dexterous hand of Amy, and thus, with the barley scattered before them, they were made to experience the uncertainty of all sublunary affairs. And the blackened chine now left its long, but not its last home, in the chimney nook, to undergo the change needful to fit it for its honourable destiny—the garden yielded up its stores, the household was all animation, and there was not a Cotterel but what was as pleased thus to give a dinner, as ever a hungry man was to eat it—such was the generous blood, that as of old warmed the veins of the cottage family.

And now, do some of my readers feel disposed

to sneer at this curious traveller for accepting the rough civility of the cottagers, and partaking with them at their homely board? I will offer a word or two for your consideration in that case.

In the first place, then, for aught that has been said, this wayfaring visitor might have reasons of his own of a peculiar kind, for taking a dinner whenever it was offered; but if such was not the case, and I do not think it was, he might be so in lack of an incident in his travels as to be glad of this, as a sort of chance adventure that might lead to something truly romantic before the day was out. As to the provision and accommodation likely to be afforded, he could judge sufficiently of that from what he had seen, and as he had been abroad, he had probably witnessed and endured a far worse state of things many a time:—if he had only breakfasted with an Esquimaux, or supped with an Hottentot, or gone without both on a desert island, or had a Crusoe peep at a cannibal repast in the southern hemisphere, he must have been cured of indulging squeamishness of stomach under any roof in England.

But I will suppose that he had never been thus schooled into contentment with the supplies of a cottage table. He might even have had a dainty appetite, and entertained a hundred fancies against as many sorts of food,—well, in that case, the Cotterels were the very cooks for him. Here were no over-driven maundering slaves of others' palates sweltering before the reeking furnace of a sultry kitchen, irritated by their loathsome toil; taking petty vengeance by many an unsavoury trick, and studied neglect of care, and boasting of what they would make the up-stairs party eat and drink. On the contrary, here were wholesome viands, simply, carefully, and therefore deliciously drest, and if the unexceptionable hands of Amy Cotterel were brought in contact with the materials of the meal, it secured to all who partook, an inestimable comfort in such matters—the certainty that nothing but what was honestly good, should pass their lips. The humble party *knew*, what no guests at a royal banquet ever can tell their neighbours, *what they had for dinner*.

So then, as to cooking, it comes to this: if a

plain-living man is at the starving point, and could eat a frog, give him a dish of French soup, or of English putrid game, and he, I dare say, will swallow them also without scruple: but if his appetite be weak, and hunger is to be stimulated, or coaxed, then give him a slice of the savoury chine, with a pullet's wing from the trencher of the cleanly rustic board, prepared, I say, and served by the neat hands of an Amy Cotterel.

A tall corner cupboard surrendered its long hoarded treasures on this occasion, and a large pewter dish, two or three real china plates, several spirally veined glasses, and the wooden bickers before mentioned, graced the board, which was covered with a coarse, but sweetly lavender'd Suffolk dowlass cloth. The traveller took care to be out of the way whilst these matters were being adjusted, and he was resting on the gate, and taking another view of the dwelling, in which he was more than ever interested, when Amy tripped out, the great dog gambolling after her, and when she had hemm'd a little, and patted the dog a time or two first, she overcame her timidity, and ventured

to say "there was a bit of something ready if the gentleman would step in."

Blind Dinah was not disturbed: the corner of the table had a plate for her which was near enough the accustomed seat—the visitor was placed by her side: Amy was opposite him, and the venerable and picturesque old man stood at the further end, and expanding his immense hands, he muttered no whispers in his plate, but lifted up his voice, and gave the thanks aloud which a poor man knows best how to offer, and which the God of the poor most surely regards and accepts.

There was no further ceremony, neither any apparent need of it. Amy was obliged to be up and down a good deal, but her chief duty was waiting on her aged relative, whose plate she supplied, and whose fork she guided from time to time. The dog was not thought fitting company; his young mistress had reasoned him out of doors, and now all he could do was to raise himself on his hind legs at the window, and apply his nose to a defective pane, whence the rich and unwonted fumes of the repast issued,



and taught him what good things there were in the world which he could never hope to call his own. As for the cottage cat, she had absconded from the first entrance of the stranger, to the upper regions; she had retired with meditative acquiescence; but now the rising odours had caused strange thoughts of the lower world to disturb her peace, and she stood just one step down on the ladder stair, her green-gooseberry eyes glowing like lighted matches at the scene.

Amy Cotterel would have made as good a contrast as any painter could have desired, to the time-stricken figures of the ancient couple, and to the rude and rough character of the place. As a pet lamb, she had been fostered by the old people, and though brought up to the habits of diligent occupation, no oppressive toil had been put upon her. Naturally delicate in person, as yet the family roof had sheltered her from every storm, and she was so still—it was no degradation to sit at table with her.

The visitor looked up at the broad brown beams, and said, “How many a substantial meal must have been spread beneath them,”—but

Peter Cotterel soon rectified the mistake, into which the festivities of the hour had betrayed his guest.

— “Many a *meal* indeed, blessed be God for that,” said the old man, “many a *meal* there has been, but not many a *feast* for labouring hands. Bread and onions, barley bread, potatoes without salt, and sometimes bare bread with nothing at all, has been our lot, and was so mostly in *our* young time. Forty years ago that hard winter, the snow was up to the eaves, and we had neither food nor fire, but, blessed be God again, I say, if he closed his hand awhile for our sins, he was sure to open it again to our cries: that girl knows nothing of it in comparison, but even now ’tis with hard labour and care we spread our table any how, every day of our lives. I know my lot now pretty well, and it is, never to be trusted with much, and never to be forsaken. I’m a wood-cutter, Sir, ’tis the hardest labour going, and the most dangerous; I have fallen from trees, and had trees fall on me, scores and scores of times, and I have been brought home with broken bones over and over again. People don’t know, Sir,—God forbid they should,—what the life of the real

labourer is. All the toil, all the risks of life and limb are his—he goes to the woods, or he travels with horses, he works in a mill, or he fights in the wars—'tis *his* poor flesh and blood that is in the first brush and brunt of everything, and yet he sleeps and eats and sings, whilst perhaps the rich man does neither the one nor the other.”

The beverage that went round, according to the custom there and then, on occasions when anything but water supplied a draught, was cider, as before mentioned—the produce of a very small orchard of stunted trees. After dinner, the jug remained on the table, and Amy disappeared a small space, who, when she re-entered, was the bearer on one of the best china dishes of some half dozen very respectable bunches of grapes, that had ripened, and been suffered to linger on the now almost leafless vine. But where had Amy learned to dress them out with the beautiful remains of their own foliage, and to put a pair of bright scissors by their side, and to place a small plate again, and fresh glasses, though of diverse forms and sizes, before the party? O she paid a visit to her betters sometimes, and saw how things were

done, and one peep was quite enough for her. The traveller now pulled a leathern case from his pocket, containing two most outlandish looking blue glass bottles, which he said had been with him almost all over the world, and he filled each small glass with most extraordinary strong waters. They called forth every word indicating surprise and admiration which the short and simple vocabulary of the cottagers could supply, and thus passed off the temperate and genial hour of their repast.

There are in the Scriptures, and even in the New Testament,—which should be the law book of Christians,—a good many plain hints, and direct precepts too, which have very much dropped out of notice, under the ready excuse of their being intended for a people and a period totally different from our own. It is well, however, when persons accustom themselves to review these matters carefully for themselves, as those that must give an account of all that they have done or left undone, and it is well, too, when persons, always using their common sense, of course, come as near to the letter of the commandment in their conduct as they can,

leaving others to use their own discretion also. Now with regard to the injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," the poor can, and do yield obedience herein, whilst scarcely any of their betters would have the resolution to comply—they who have no scruples as to rank are not likely to be made a prey of by itinerant swindlers, and they can pretty clearly tell the difference between a common vagrant, and a casual stranger of another sort, who, however, would assuredly gain admittance or a meal under no roof but theirs.

The Cotterels, as I have said, were from age to age of a hospitable blood, and it was a matter of course with them to shelter the traveller in the storm. It certainly was not so, to do all that they had done on this occasion, but they felt disposed—they could not, they dared not say why—to entertain this visitor as long as he could stop; and he, on the other hand, was loth to leave till the tale was told out, which interested him probably much more than it does the reader.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“WELL, then,” said the guest, leading the conversation gently back to the family subject, “you don’t think so bad of those monks altogether as some do?”

“I suppose there was good and bad together, as there is now,” said Peter, “and there has been but an indifferent lot of us Cotterels at times. That Michael that got the land out yonder was one of the very best of us, according to all account. He used to walk five miles, it’s not a step less, to prayers, and hear Bible read at the old priory, that was made a parish church of. He said he never would forsake the walls so long as there was a roof over head.—He little thought what was to be when he was dead and gone.”

“Well, now, tell us about it, Mrs. Cotterel, will you be so good?”

“ I’ll try and make a finish,” said the old dame, “ but Peter has got a better hold than I of what’s now to come.”

“ I don’t know that,” said Peter, “ I feel so very ignorant about things, though I know what our people have always stuck to. Well, now, there is one thing I dare say the gentleman can satisfy me in—wasn’t it in that Queen ’lizabeth’s time that the world was first made a globe?”

“ O, grandfather,” said Amy, “ how often you’ve made people laugh about that!”

“ Well, they never told me any better,” said the old man, “ ’twould have taken as little time to have instructed my ignorance, as to laugh at it as they did.”

“ Why, you know, Peter,” said Dinah, “ the clergyman explained it all smooth to you once, but you have forgotten all about it.”

“ Why, what brought it up was this,” said Peter, “ this Mike Cotterel married, and had a terrible large family, there was a dozen of them at least, some say twenty, and you may be sure this little place was not big enough for them, nor

was England either ; where they all went to, and how they lived, we can't tell, save and excepting two, I mean Humphry Cotterel that lived here after Mike, and Andrew, who went aboard a ship up at London with one Francis, or one Drake, and they went out to sea and were gone three years, and he always said, that he never stirred from his mother's apron-string, if they didn't go out one way and come home another, and sailed over or under, or roundabout, just as a fly might crawl round an apple ; now what I say is, I suppose it never used to be so before—people I reckon used to go *over* the land, or *over* the sea, and came back like a duck on a pond, or on a pasture, but they never *used* to go *below*—never went *under*—so I thought the world, as I say, must in these men's times have been *made a globe of*."

"You really think then," said the guest, "that the world was rolled up fresh at this time, and made from a pancake into a dumpling?"

"Why, it must have been altered at some time or another," said Cotterel ; "you don't mean to say it's a globe now !"



The traveller, who although not a man of very good education, was yet fully up to this matter, and had a clear common way of understanding and explaining things, succeeded at length in convincing the aged learner, that if the idea of the earth's being a globe was wonderful, the notion of its being a plain was absurd; and it was instructive to see the effort made by the right-minded peasant to receive with humble acquiescence as a matter of testimony a truth which he could neither contradict nor comprehend.

“Well,” said he, at length, “it must be so, if it can't be any how else,—besides who am I to gainsay it? I'm but an old man in strength, and a child in knowledge, and I can't battle it out about these things, and don't desire it. You say they do the same thing now as this Andrew talked about, and yet we always called him Fibbing Granny for his tales.”

“And what will you call me?” said the traveller, with forced gravity of visage.

“I tell you,” said Peter, “I'm ready to believe any thing a good man tells me.”

“ I cannot say quite as much as that,” said the guest.

“ And pray, Sir,” said Amy, slightly colouring at her own boldness, “ what do you call us for telling you this long Cotterel story ?”

“ I’ll tell you when you’ve done,” said he ; “ we will call one another by our right names then !”

The superior discernment of the females was in instant exercise at this speech, Amy looked at her grandmother, who would have looked at Amy if she could. Peter took no notice. At length he took his pipe, and offered his guest another, which was accepted, and as the spiral fumes curled up the chimney, the old man proceeded thus :—

“ That Andrew Cotterel, as far as we know, went to sea again, we never heard any more of him ; but his oldest brother, Humphry,—he was my grandfather’s grandfather,—lived here where he was born seventy years or more ; first in that Queen Betsey’s time, and then when kings and queens were all done away with by that—what do ye call him ?—you say he was not a king himself.”

“ Oliver Cromwell—no, he was never called king; he had all but just the name, and desired that much, but could not manage the matter.”

“ Well, it was this Oliver then, that *beseached* the old town yonder with gun-balls for the three months together, and Humphry Cotterel that lived here then like the rest of us, was a poor ignorant man, and used to go to and fro with his market cart to trade there in what little he had to sell. He heard talk in the markets a great deal of what confusion there was going to be—but never gave it a thought that he should have any thing to do with it, till one Saturday. He went in at the Head gate as usual, but had not been there half an hour before there was a cry made, that the enemy was almost down upon them with ten thousand men! The market people and he, scrambled their things together, and were making off as they thought, when they found the gates shut, and not so much as half an ear was turned to all their crying to get out, so there they stood, helter-skelter, wondering what they should do with themselves and their goods; but O, there was plenty of people came up prancing out of the castle to take

their things out of their carts, and drive their thoughts out of their heads; and in no time, as you may say, all the market stuff was up in the castle-bailey, and these poor people were turned to swelter at the walls: heaving great old rusty guns a-top of them—and there was poor Humphry Cotterel forced to the same work—fit to burst with agony at the thought of his wife and family at home, not knowing whether he was dead or alive. But oh! I wish—I wish—I wish,” said old Cotterel, hiding his face in the hand he leaned on—“I wish that never one of us had left his wife and family for a worse reason than that.”

Poor Dinah’s apron went to her face again, and there was a short silence, but Peter recovered himself; and with a long drawn “ah!” and a sigh and a shake of the head he proceeded:—

“Poor Humphry Cotterel, when he drove his horse into the town that morning, little thought he should help to eat him, before he went back—and think himself lucky too. Sir, this Humphry used to say, that he knew the taste of every kind of thing that walked or talked, crept or crawled in the place, and he began to

see that there was neither law nor lawyers to keep hungry people from having a snap at him some day or another."

"I think that must be a little beyond the mark," said the traveller, "for I never yet read that men ate one another any where in Britain at any time; but it is true enough that in several sieges of Cromwell's wars, the poor towns-people were glad to get a pull at a dead cat or dog, sometimes."

"And pray, Sir, now," said Dinah, in a most rationative tone of inquiry, "what was it all about—what did this—bless me this—Mr. Oliver want?"

The traveller smiled, whilst he shook his head, and said, it was too long a story to go into, and people were not agreed about it yet, and so on.

"Well, Sir, Humphry always said to the last, that he never knew the rights nor the wrongs of the matter, nor whether the men in the town, or they that came against it were fighting most for the king; for there was one of the officers outside that sent in an order to open the gates *direct*, whether or no, and that in the King's

name, I think 'twas one *Fair-facts* that sent the order."

"Fairfax, I dare say—I believe it was in the King's name that they cut off the King's head—but, as I said, we can't go into that matter."

"So, Sir, this Fairfax, or Crumble's man, for I suppose it was all one—raised banks round the place, and put their guns on them and hammered away at the town, and knocked the biggest part of it down; and if you notice the steeples now, they are half of them bricked up at the top, and some of them were clean done for, and have been let alone to this day, but of all the churches that fared the worst, St. Botolph's was the one—it was made a smoking heap of—the monk's cellarage, and parish church and all."

"I wonder what religion it was made them knock the churches down?" said Dinah.

"But the worst of all was to come," said Peter, "when the dogs and cats were finished, flesh and blood could do no more, so the town gave in with what they call, I think, a '*capitaloration*,' or some such thing, which was, an agreement to pay money and spare all lives. But that went for nothing—the enemy was in a rage to have been kept at

that job so long, and they had out, Sir George Lucas and Lisle, and a lot more, and shot them in the Castle-bailey, and Humphry Cotterel, poor fellow, was one that helped carry them hot and bleeding from the ground; but when he had done that he had no more strength left, and he crept away by the walls, a wild distracted man almost, and there he sat among the dead not able to get home, and not thinking of any home he'd got.

“ And 'twas a piteous sight, (though he had not sense enough left to mind them)—to see the country-people coming in, clambering over heaps of broken walls, and smoking timbers and rubbish, and dead bodies,—howling and hunting about to find some of their own flesh and blood amongst them. And they teased poor Humphry to know a hundred things he couldn't tell them, so he wriggled himself away from them at last, and lay down on his face as if he was dead too. Sir, I think he would never have waked any more, if one had not pulled him over just to see—yes—just to see his face !

“ Sir, it was a poor woman, and she took him for a dead man at first, that's one thing, and she

did not know her own husband, that's another—for when he glared at her with his hollow face and eyes, she screamed, and *his* senses were the first that came. I suppose he was as frightful as death itself, with want and suffering, but he was only like hundreds more, and some that had never known want till then in all their lives.

“And d'ye think there had been no suffering at home all those dreadful months?—there had been fire and fighting in all the villages, and the want of everything; and whilst parties of soldiers lodged here, Humphry's wife and children were out on the waste, crying for hunger and misery day and night. Not that they were driven out, and the soldiers made a sort of payment for what they had; but what was the use?—people couldn't eat the copper money, and victuals there was next to none in the country-side for miles and miles about; and what they did, or how they lived at all, I don't know, but three or four of them were carried off in the winter, and it was not till corn came to the old town by water, that bread was to be had for gold.

“Well, Sir, the rubbish of the houses and churches was carted out of the town for weeks



and weeks, and it was laid in a heap where the Drury mill stands now, and loads of it were moved away again by anybody that liked to go for it—and so that's the history and mystery of those stone windows, and a good many other things that would not else have been in a poor man's house. Not but what Humphry said he thought he had paid pretty dear for them in what he lost in the wars.

“And now,” continued Peter, “there's a curious story that has all along gone with our people, about what happened here in this very house, in that same Humphry's time. It was always a poor lonesome place, and at that time there was a thick wood behind it that made it more a wilderness than it is now. Well, as I said, this Humphry was a simple man like all the Cotterels, and hardly knew for which party they had been fighting in the town, nor whether King or Parliament got the day when they took it: I reckon people understood it better, when they cut the King's head off, and hunted his son up and down to serve him the same.

“Well, as this Humphry said, 'twas late at night, and dark, and his wife and all were gone

to bed, when he thought he heard a sound of footsteps outside, and presently there was a tap at the door as with finger knuckles, but as gentle as love itself. But they were queer times, Sir, and Humphry was not so sure of his customers, but he thought good to ask ‘Who’s there?’

“‘The best of company,’ was the answer.

“‘Then they are come to the worst of lodging,’ says Humphry, and with that he opened the door, and there was a man on horseback, held on by two others, so it seemed by the little light there was, and he thought he saw four or five more standing behind. Humphry was very near shutting the door again in their faces, for he did not know of any good that he and they could do one another; but at last one called him by his name, and said, ‘Humphry Cotterel, you must let us in to-night, and we’ll be gone by morning,’ and before he could say yea or nay, they had the gentleman off his horse, and all came in, to the number of six or eight men—some had got fine clothes on, but sadly soiled, and others had bright iron caps, and waistcoats of the same—two of them were wounded, and at the back of all, stood a tall, dark-looking man,

with a woodman's dress on, and a bill chopper in his hand.

“ They gave Humphry his orders, and bade him get up a fire, and if he'd got anything for their suppers, so much the better for him. So he could do no less than go up stairs to tell his wife there was more soldier's work below, and to get up quite civil, and not be at all frightened, but be as pleased as if they were all fathers and brothers—she knew that was the best way Sir, so she only moaned a bit to herself, and got her face to rights, and came grinning down, as if she'd found more than she ever lost—Humphry, he had slipped out for a fagot.

“ Well, Sir, when she came down, they had got that man that had the bill in his hand, and that seemed like nobody—they had him in that very chair you are sitting in, and his countryman's frock was off, and there was a curious dress, all to rags in places, but it had been very fine, and it looked as if it had been worn in all weathers, day and night. They all squared about, away from the hearth when they saw the woman, and bade her mind her own business and be quick; but she could not help

looking to see them cutting this man's long curling hair off, and rubbing his long white hands with clay and water, yes, and his face too, and they made Humphry stand when he came in, and they had a look at *his* cropped grizzled head, then they asked him in the chair, if he'd like it in that fashion, and he told them he would like better to change head and all; and he said, 'his was not loose yet, but he thought it likely it soon would be,' and then the others frowned, and put their fingers to their nose, meaning silence; but the person in the chair asked them if they meant to clap their barber's shears to the nose on his face, for he said it was long enough for a sword case, and so he kept joking and running on, they taking no notice, but only scuffling about to get done in time.

"All this while, Sir, there sat a strange knowing looking man down in a corner somewhere, who was the man that had been on horseback and seemed so bad, but I reckon there was very little the matter with *him*. Well, they made this man wear the tattered fine clothes of him that sat in the chair, who then put on the countryman's dress again; so now, said he, I think

I shall do. Well, by this time, the old woman, who knew nothing, and didn't want to know, *who was who*—had done groping on the hearth after her eggs and bacon, and put all on the table as well as she could, and went up a-loft again, but Humphry looked on, and he soon found that all the meal was pretty well for one—and that was he that had been cropped—the others could but look on too, though it seemed as if they would willingly have lent a hand, but the new-made clown said he shouldn't act his part well if he didn't eat like one, and the others said, they thought he was getting on a-pace in his learning.

“ And they even took the trouble to string the long curls together they had taken off this person, and tie them round the head of the other; and now, he says, I think *I* shall do:—the words were hardly safe out of his mouth, when more noise was heard from outside;—up went the latch, and in stalked a fresh party—some great captain or another, with a score of men at his heels; but the sham clown had time enough to get behind the chair of the sham Majesty, like his waiting man, and he looked as innocent as anything, and

the plan took to a nicety. The officer kneeled down on one knee, and showed his orders to take the man with the mock hair, dead or alive, but that acting was soon over—they had him out, and set him on a horse between them, and galloped off with this sham Majesty one way, while the real one, with his friends, slipped out at the back door into the woods, and Humphry stood gaping, without a thought coming in his stupid head, as to who it could be, till his wife told him they had given the King his supper !”

“La ! Sir, now,” said Dinah, anticipating incredulity—“do you think we are telling you a story ?”

“No more than I can readily believe,” said the traveller ; “for I have read the same kind of thing over and over again in an old book I had out at sea with me, called Baker’s Chronicle. King Charles II. after he had lost a great battle, was at hide and seek in woods and wildernesses, and was glad enough to get a meal where he could from cottages, disguised as a common labourer. But what became of the man that was bold enough to sham his Majesty ?”

“He never came back to tell us,” said Peter.

“And now, Mr. — Sir,” continued the old man, clearing his throat, “I’ve told you all that’s high and mighty in the Cotterel’s family talk. I dare say there’s many a poor man living that would have had as good a tale to tell if his fathers before him had kept it all in mind—and we have not got much more chalked up that you will care to hear.”

“But, don’t you know,” said the visitor, “that I have engaged to hear the whole—why the last you told me of happened more than 150 years ago!”

“A hundred and fifty!” said Dinah, in great surprise, and counting her fingers again—“Why, Peter, your grandfather said he could recollect Humphry Cotterel.”

“And so he might,” said Peter, “I’m in my seventy-five, and can recollect my grandfather, and that’s much about the same thing. Now, Dinah, if ye have a mind to satisfy the gentleman about the rest of us, do—’tis your turn, but cut it short.”

Dinah resumed the thread of the narrative at her husband’s bidding.

“’Tis almost all trouble, Sir,” said she; “though it may be a hundred and fifty years—it

has been labour and strife, and ruin to us, over and over again. We are here now to be sure where our fathers were before us (for I was a Cotterel—a distant relation before I had Peter)—but when I think of the things that have been done and suffered under this roof, I don't know but what they are better off that never owned one, and that eat and sleep by the way-side, like the gypsies. Why, Sir, there was that very Humphry Cotterel; he lost the land yonder at law, and then was not satisfied, but met his enemy somewhere, and must needs think to fight it out over again with fisty-cuffs, and he gave that man an unlucky blow, and was sent to the plantations, and was never heard of any more on this side the water. Well, there was his wife Margery left with nine children; but her family was soon taken off her hands, all but two, with the plague; and to keep them, she had to go out to daily labour, as women used to do at that time, and there came a great famine, and she would have been glad of the husks the swine did eat, as the Scripture says, but even chopped straw was not to be had for money.

“ Sir, she could not eat the bare walls, so she



locked up her door one day, as others had done before her in their despair, and she set off across the heath with her two children, one at each hand, and when she got to the high road, she set herself down by the way side, ready to take any chance that might come for life or death. She sat there till the evening began to draw in, and then the sky turned of a bright red colour again as far as the eye could see. It had done so two nights before, but Margery did not know the reason. At times, it would close over as dark as midnight—then again the fearful red glow, but the poor woman was too much taken up with her own sorrows, and the moaning of her babes, to think of anything else, till there came down the wind a cry and a wail of distress greater than her own, and after that appeared a dust and confusion; a mob of people, and carts, and waggons, and shouting of men to the horses, and then the wild noise of a thousand tongues. Margery thought of nothing but wars and soldiers, and the taking the old town again, till the people came nearly up, and then she found these were Londoners, burnt out of house and home by the great fire, that lasted a week,

and they were going they did not know where, nor cared, but to find shelter in the towns as they went along !

“ Sir, they say that man’s extremity is God’s opportunity—Margery little thought of relief, little thought there was anything *she* could give to other people in the extreme of misery, and that would bring her deliverance at the same time. She made way for the people to pass, and she almost forgot her own sufferings whilst she heard and saw so much of those thousands of houseless people goading the poor beasts along, and some of them praying for death. At length, there was a waggon, heavily loaded with household goods, and with the owners, that dropped behind the rest. The horses could go no further, and they drew up on the green side, close by where Margery stood. Their hope and purpose of reaching the next town, and getting a lodging there, was all at an end, and there was fresh wailing about spending the night out of doors. Poor Margery was so wild and distracted, that she heard them several times ask her if she knew any place where they could put their heads in, offering her money at the same time, before she thought of her own cottage,

that she had taken leave of with the thought of never returning to it alive.

“‘ Oh!’ said she, ‘if an empty house and bare walls will serve ye, come along back with me, but if ’tis victuals ye want, ye must go further, for none of us have tasted any for two full days.’

“‘ Then, thank God, we can help one another,’ said the gentleman; ‘ here is food that we are too weary to eat—help yourself, my good woman, and we will take your word for it that you will quickly show us where we may rest awhile, and think what is to become of us after that.’ O, Sir, they showed the woman a great basket full of beautiful victuals, but all jammed to pieces amongst the goods, and there she and her young ones picked and pulled away at meats they had never tasted the like of before. The gentleman told his wife and daughters, who were almost too weak to answer him, that there was a poor woman who talked of a house hard by, to lodge them, but he kept looking round about in a melancholy way, and seemed to think he had been deceived.

“ Well, to make short of it, Sir, she got them

up here—the family, and goods, and all—and here they stopped a month. They were some very rich Londoners, we never heard their name, but they paid like Kings and Queens for their house room, and for every thing they had, and this Margery got things comfortable about her again, and brought up her two boys middling well, but yet to live by their labour like their fathers before them.

“William, the oldest of these lads, stuck by the old place, but Ned, his brother, went away into the shires somewhere, and became a farmer’s man, after that he married one of the daughters, and at last took all for his own—so, for a wonder, a Cotterel came to be a rich man; but money never would run long in our blood. This Edward died wealthy; but he left a large family, and I believe every one of them came to want, and worse than want, and some of them, O dear, Sir! —”

The old lady took time again to shed a few tears.

“It’s no good going on,” said she, drying her eyes, “and ’tis no use to stop; but the truth is, these children of Edward, and the children of

William, and they that came after them, never could come to an agreement for fifty years together—they were always like French and English, and if it was about this poor bit of a place, they had better all have gone under a hedge to live, than have fought at all to get it. Poor John Cotterel, that was Peter's grandfather, said he'd give it all up to them and welcome if they'd only find a room he might hide his head in, and die in peace—but no, they would not be satisfied with anything else than turning him on to the heath one winter's night, and there he did die in peace to be sure without a soul to close his eyes.

“Sir, the Cotterel that served him so—but some people say he was none of the blood by good rights at all——. Well, this man did not long enjoy his robbery—he was found dead in his bed one day black in the face, and struck by lightning, it is supposed, for the two windows were burnt clean out above stairs. So then John's son, 'Thomas, that was a man grown then, came in again, nobody to hinder him, and his old enemy went out on four men's shoulders to be buried.

“This Thomas, Peter's own father, was doing

middling well, for Peter was all the family he had, when he was kicked by the squire's colt, that he was trying to break in for him, and his leg was obliged to be taken off, and there he was a cripple for life—but he had something better than a crutch to lean upon. If ever there was a son that deserved his father's blessing, my Peter was that one. For thirty years after he and I married, the old man lived with us, making a few baskets to amuse himself, or to sell for any trifle, but whether or no, old Thomas Cotterel never wanted his meals victuals, though we did, many a time unbeknown to him. The old man died here, Sir, at seventy-four years of age, and we buried him more like a tradesman than a poor man, as he was."

Dinah's distress of mind now returned, and she made a long pause, during which Amy was sent out of the room on some little errand, which she knew was devised to cause her absence, and great as was her curiosity, and her natural desire to be present at the close of the narrative, she obeyed with alacrity, nor did she place herself at all within hearing of the conversation.

"I have not done yet, Sir," said Dinah, "in

a lower tone of voice, "though the story has come down to our own time. 'Tis hard to speak against a child, but we had a lad, the only one of seven children that did not die of some misfortune or another, and he, that should have been the stay and staff of our old age—that we would have given our flesh and blood for—that only son, Sir, we never can bear to name him, and we have not named him at all for years!"

Poor old Cotterel now hid his face in his hands as he laid them on the table, and the hoarse sobs burst from him till they shook his aged frame. The traveller was glad not to be observed, he was agitated a good deal himself.

— "We made too much of him, Sir, he was all in all to us, and God wouldn't have it so any longer, and," said Dinah, her voice rising through her grief, "I have learned to say, 'Thy will be done,' better than I could when I was young, and cried for nothing.

"So, Sir, this boy of ours lived here, and he did just as he liked, we never crossed him; we never tasked him; we reckoned it the only pleasure we had, or wished for, to toil for him, and anything more than that, we would have done

or tried to do—but it was of no use, he was not satisfied—abroad he would go, though he didn't even know where 'abroad' was. So then we cast in our minds if the thing must be so, how we could get him off comfortably aboard a ship.

“But our time was too slow for him. He slipped into the woods one night, and for fourteen long years we had no tidings of him. How should we, you know, Sir—we in this lonesome unheard-of cottage, and he in the wide world by himself? But one day, when we came home from market, who should we find sitting basking here before the fire, but a great dark-whiskered sea-faring man, and he was neither more nor less than—O dear! 'twill be out at last—our own lad, Jonas Cotterel!

“Our old affection returned in full force, and we almost smothered him with kindness. We tried again to make him a home to stay by, and we hoped we might have better luck now in pleasing him. But no—he must to the water side again, where he said he could get his own living, and there he had a boat, and did live for years—somewhere by Wapping, and there he got married, but it was only now and then by chance



that we could hear anything of him, till at last, news came to the door by a wooden-legged sailor man, that he had been in some mischief, and that he was gone and left his wife and family.

“Cotterel set off walking to London, and got there in two days, but it was a week before he could find the place; and there he saw the poor wife within an hour of death—a baby at her side. She knew Peter Cotterel, and tried to say a something, but her breath was too far gone: she could only sign for him to take the child, and when he had satisfied her about that, she closed her eyes for ever on this poor miserable world.

“What it was our son had done, Sir, and where he had gone to, and whether he had taken his own boy with him, who was about ten years old, we never could hear; but cunning people grinned and said, ‘O, he had only taken care the young one should not tell what he had seen the father do!’ So, Sir, Peter got home at last with the child and things at his back. I asked him no questions; but he told me to believe the worst,

and I should be right enough. My poor eyes—I lost my sight soon after that, Sir, and this has been the way with them since.”

Convulsive sobs now finished the narrative of poor Dinah, and she gave full scope to her grief for some time. But suddenly she stopped, as with a thought that had instantly crossed her mind, and she could now hear that the visitor himself was disturbed by some emotion.

“If it is too much for *a stranger* to hear,” said Dinah, collecting her breath again—“what must it be for a mother to feel?”

The visitor, who had stood at the window, now turned towards the aged narrator, and said, in a very tremulous voice—“Tell me one thing more, what was that boy’s name that disappeared with his father?”

“Arthur Cotterel—Arthur Cotterel,” replied Dinah, with breathless impatience.

“May Amy come in now?” added he.

Old Cotterel’s stick touched the beam above, and the girl glided down like a ghost.

—“And this is the lass you brought home as an infant, Mr. Cotterel?”

“Aye, ’tis no other,” said the old man.

“Then she is my sister,” said the guest, “my name is Arthur Cotterel!”

Dinah rose up, turned her blind face from one to another, and then stretched out her arms instinctively towards the speaker—she fell upon him, and it was long before she could utter a word. There was such an embrace of the newly discovered relations, as the sudden burst of feeling now required.

“Did not my heart tell me so a hundred times,” said Dinah, “and didn’t I chide myself as often, for dreaming such a thing!”

“I was sure we should hear something better than a dream,” said Amy, “but for me to have a brother!—Oh!” said she, clasping her hands, and sinking to her chair, “I cannot half understand it yet.”

“Let us thank God for this,” said Peter Cotterel, “and let us now ask for strength to hear what we have got to hear,”—and the old man sank down in his seat, his face again deeply shadowed by anxiety, and his chest heaving as with the near approach of some dreaded doom.

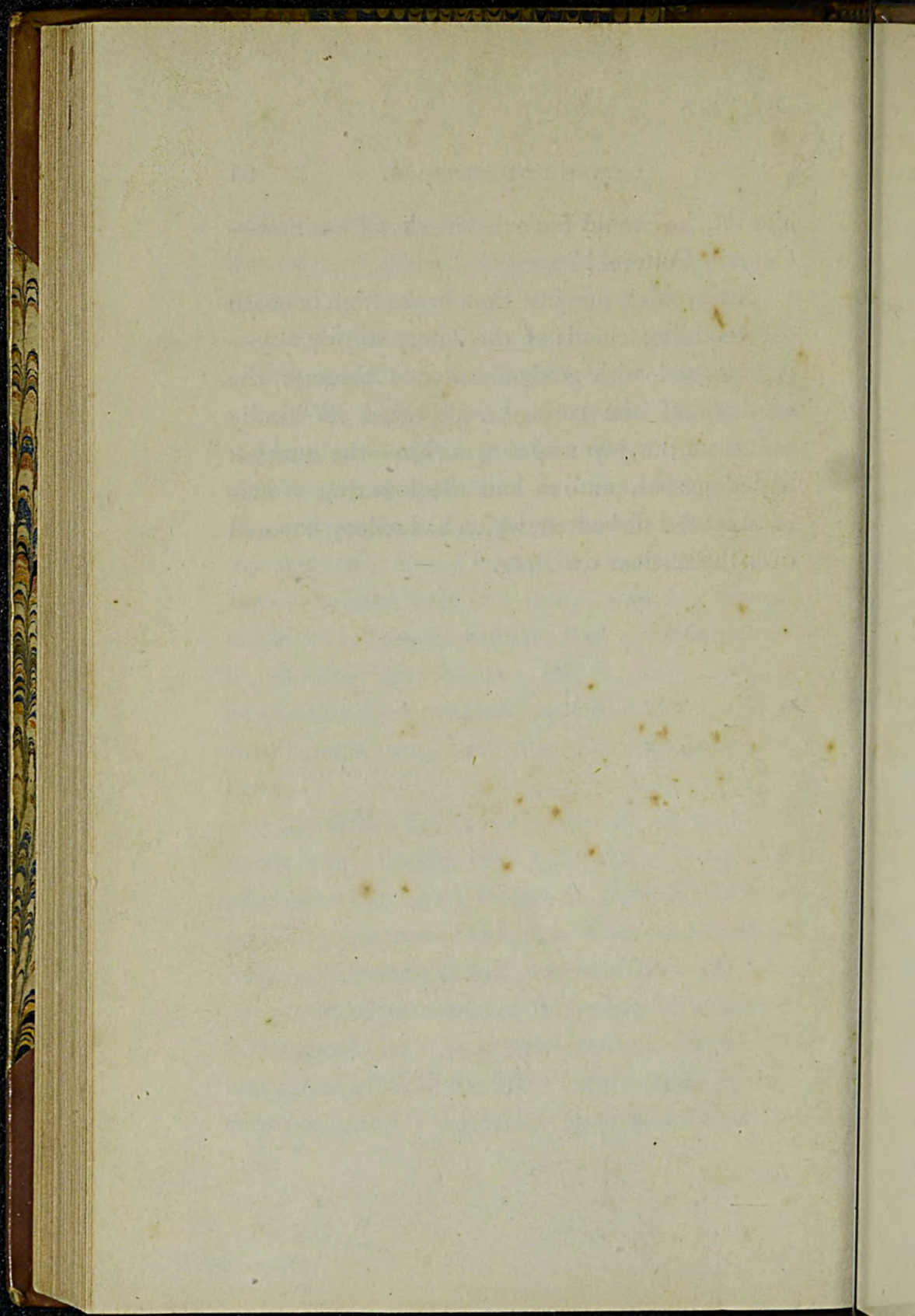
It was a moment before Arthur called to mind

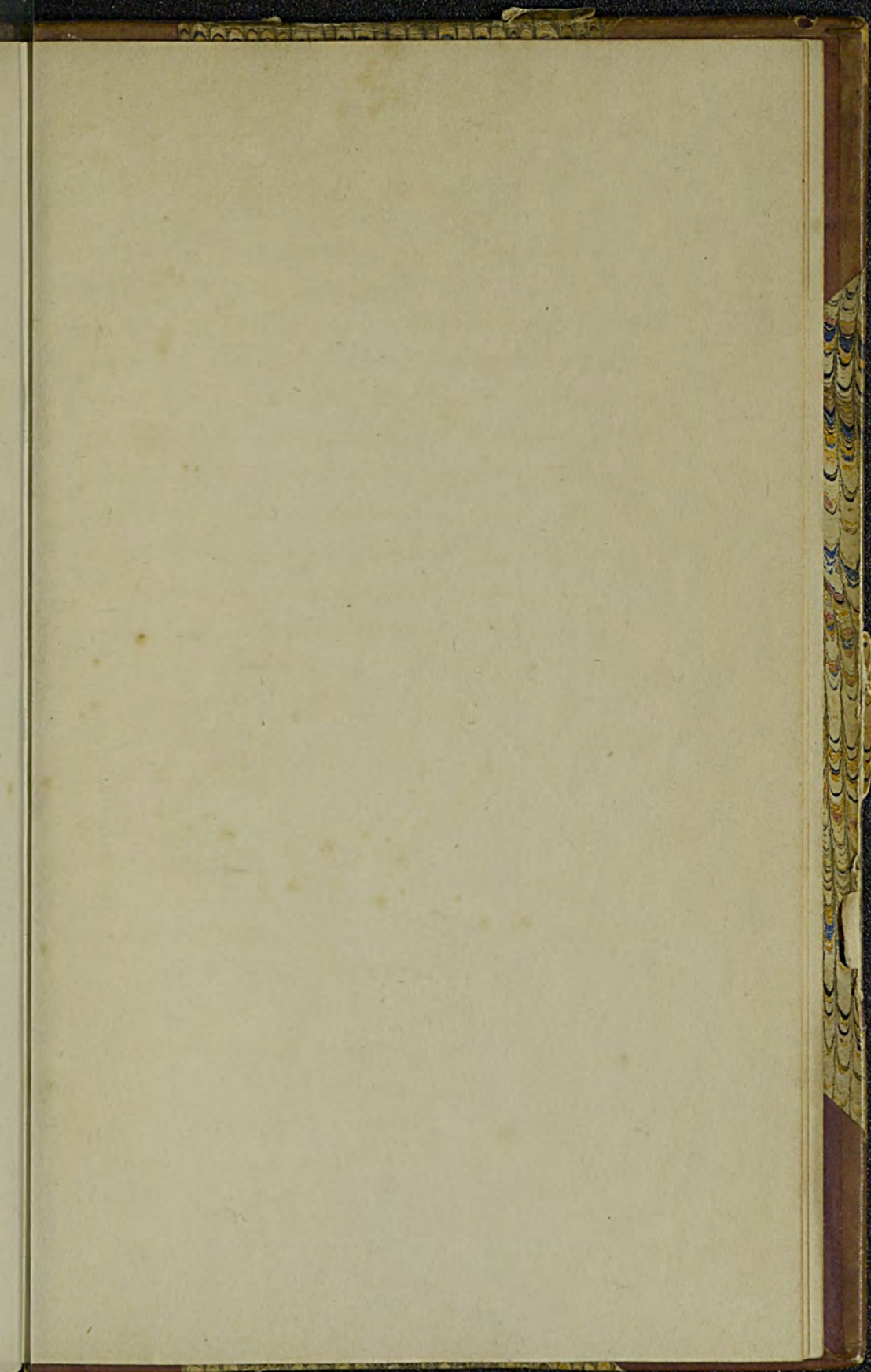
the imputation that rested on his father's memory. "Have I forgotten then to tell you," added he, "that Jonas Cotterel lived and died an honoured man! He left his family, indeed, and in agony at the thought; but it was no disgrace. We were rowing up the river from Rotherhithe, where we had just landed, a fare, when a press-gang overtook us in the dusk of the evening, and we were put on board a ship of war that was just ready to sail for the Mediterranean. My father begged only one thing, that his friends might be let know, and this they proposed to do by sending me ashore; but I clung to him, and letters were written instead, which perhaps never were sent, as they did not come to hand.

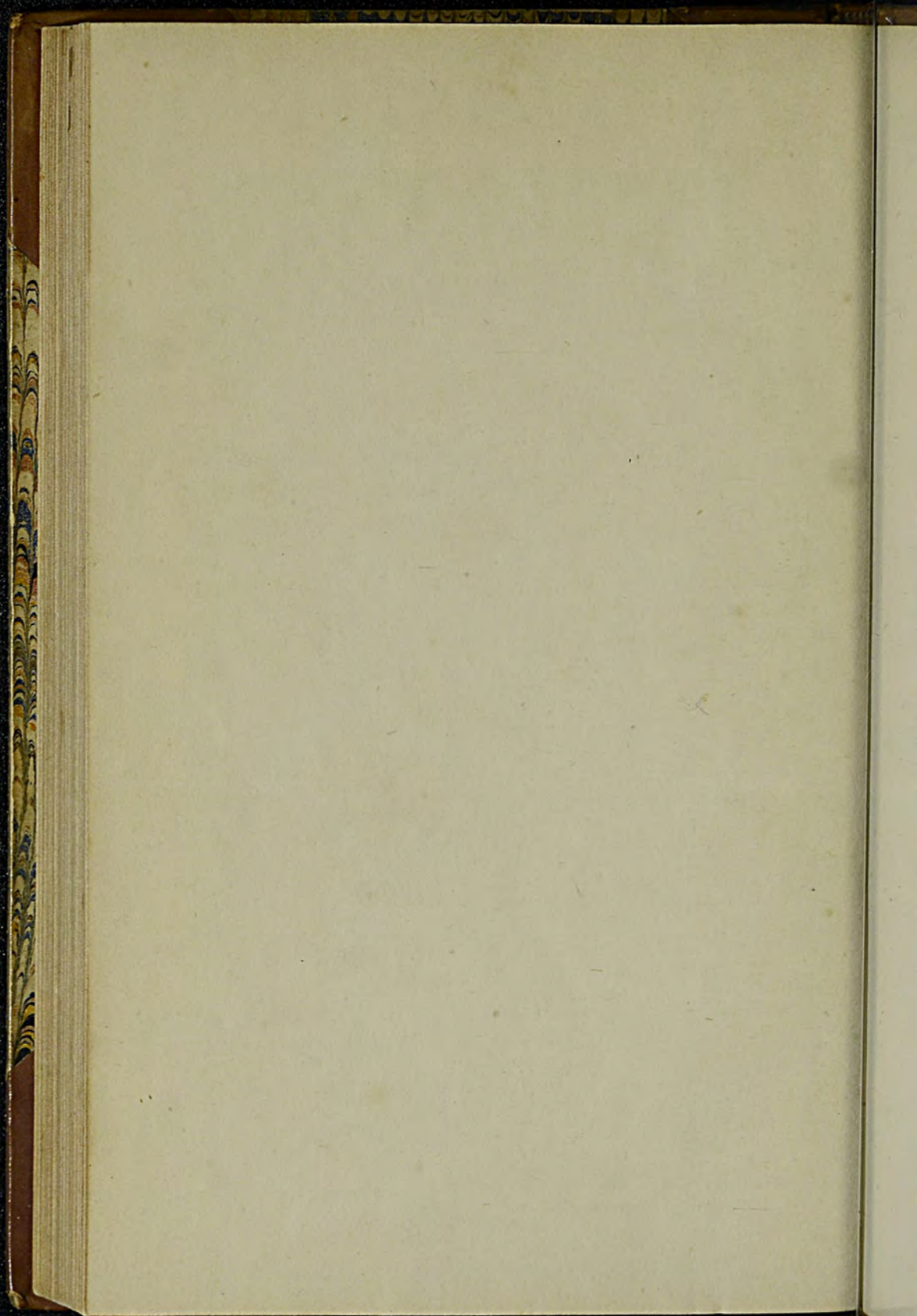
"My father lay in his hammock, and moaned about you all—but the tight duty of the ship soon gave him other things to think of, and he said we must make the best of what could not be helped—we came in action several times, and he got plenty of prize-money, but when he returned to England, he was pressed again. He was in one grand affair in the West Indies, where he got promoted, and if the yellow fever had not taken

him off, he would have been what I am now—  
Captain Cotterel!”

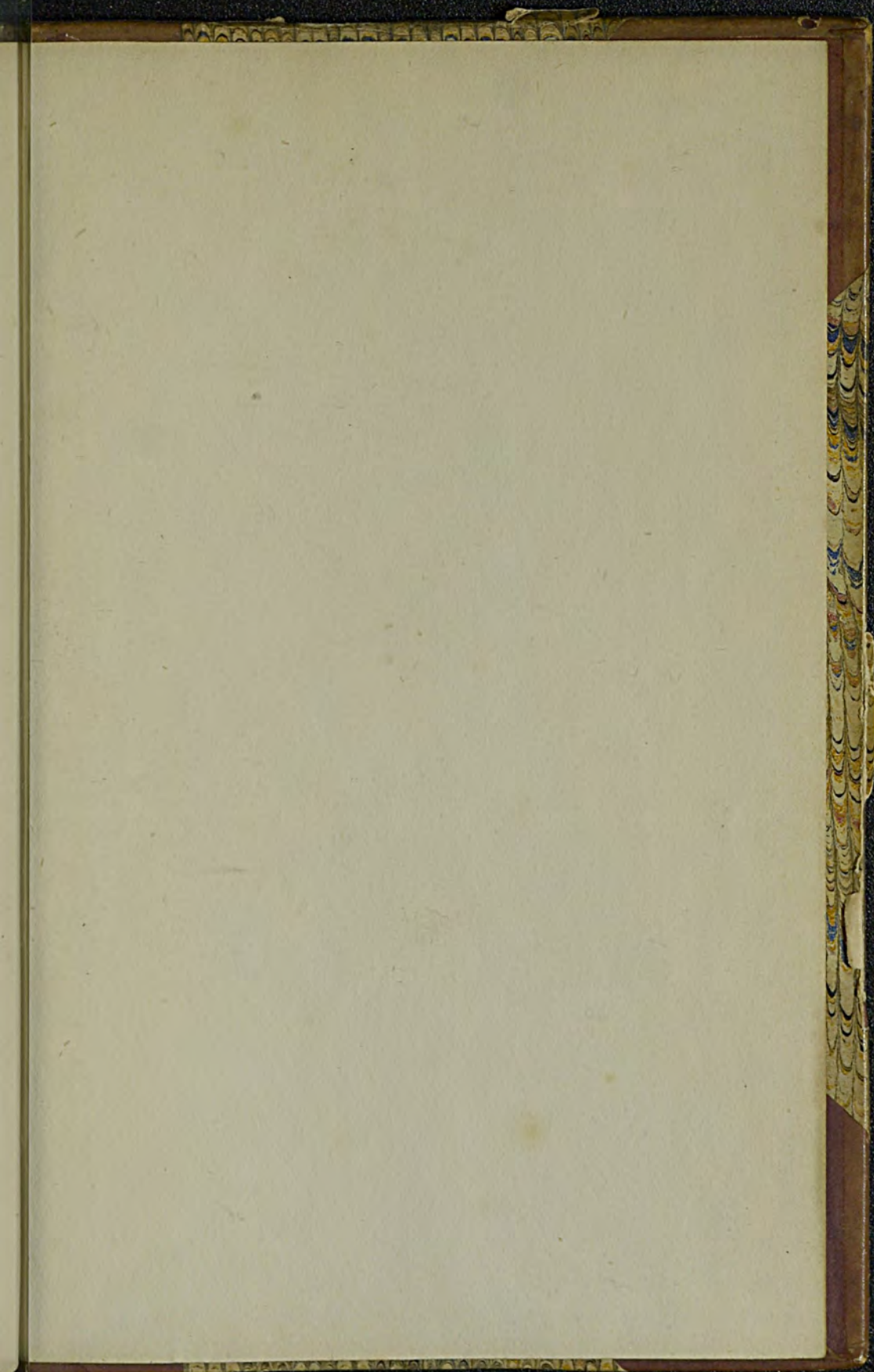
The evening sun just then broke from beneath the scudding clouds of the lately stormy sky—it streamed with golden radiance through the windows of the cottage, and shed its kindly beams on the joyous group within—the tempest had departed, and so had the lowering clouds of supposed dishonour, which had so long hovered over the ancient dwelling.

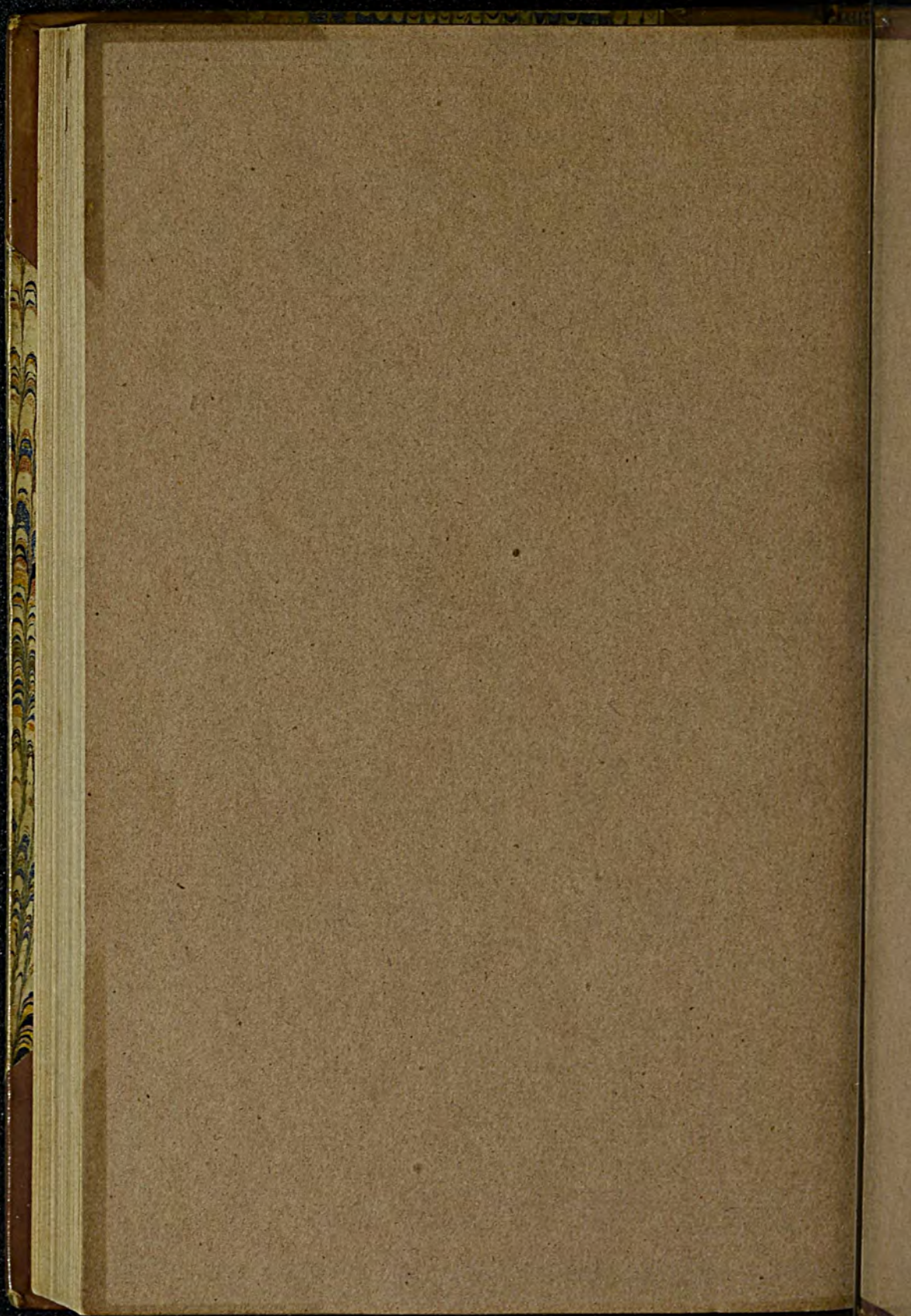












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