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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTIINI

—

DERWENTWATER

A TALE OF 1715.

—”Tolluntur in altum

Ut lapsu graviore ruant.”— *Claudian*.

———”Unscutcheoned all;

Unplumed, unhelmed, unpedigreed,

Unlaced, uncoroneted, unbestarred.”—*Pollok*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

WILLIAM KID, 6, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

[NP]

Charles Whittingham, Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane.

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DERWENTWATER.

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DERWENTWATER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores.” *Virgil Ec.*

“Mark those who dote on arbitrary power,
And you shall find ‘em either hot-brained youth,
Or needy bankrupts, servile in their greatness,
And slaves to some, to lord it o’er the rest.” *Dryden.*

The orb of day (it is impossible to find any thing new in this way, so we don’t make the attempt) had scarcely, by its influence, dispelled the dense vapours which hung upon the amphitheatre of hills encircling Rothbury, when Frederick was roused from his slumbers by a voice at his bedside. Quitting his recumbency, and looking round for the speaker, to his transient embarrassment, he discovered him in the Earl of Derwentwater. This embarrassment arose partly from the abruptness

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of the *reveil*, and partly, inasmuch as he knew not precisely in what light to look upon his lordship. He felt considerable gratitude towards him for certain instances of his good inclining; yet he, at the same time, could not forget that he (the earl) was the representative of a body of men whose temper towards him was the reverse of friendly.

His noble *reveilleur*, after having in a kind and earnest manner inquired the state of his wound, threw himself upon a chair, and proceeded thus: "Injustice to my friends, in relief, both to your feelings and my own, I have sought you, Mr. Lilburne, in order to explain the grounds upon which we have dealt with you so harshly."

"Most anxiously do I attend, my lord," was the answer.

"To begin with the first blush of the matter; your visit to my poor place of Dilstone, under certain peculiarities, excited remarks, for which, I trust, you will not consider its master accountable. This circumstance, glanced at only as initiatory to what follows, would have passed over without further notice, even by the most jaundiced minds, had it not been shortly backed by another."

"Another! say you, my lord? So far I have latterly been prepared for the effects of party

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jealousy and hasty misconstruction; but now, I must confess, I am at a loss."

"You shall not be so longer," repeated his lordship, quietly resuming his exposition. "At a meeting, which took place the day before yesterday, a fortuitously obtained letter was produced, addressed by Sir John Lilburne to yourself, containing matter that rendered it almost impossible to doubt that you had been stationed in your late neighbourhood for purposes I will not characterize."

"Most unfortunate", was Frederick's mental ejaculation, on hearing the above; for conscious of the violence of his father's prejudices, and of his unscrupulous devotion to the powers that then were, he conceived with exaggeration the probable contents of the epistle in question.

"The information contained in that document,' continued the earl, "confirming previous fears, was one means of expediting our proceedings; but

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that is by the by. Judge, however, whether it was likely to allay our preconceived suspicions against you, when on the morning of our first taking the field, we find you loitering unaccountably upon our route, and close upon the appointed place of rendezvous”

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“Shaftoe, or the other, could have explained that”

“Not, I apprehend, why you were in the neighbourhood the night before;” was the answer. “No, Mr. Lilburne, you must at any rate admit that we have not acted wantonly in our dealings with you.”

“Perhaps not, my lord, perhaps not;” said Frederick, in desponding perplexity. “Oh, that Mr. Errington were but amongst you,” he added, “he could vouch for my honour, and him you would believe.”

“Is it possible *you* can speak of an appeal to that gentleman?” asked the earl quickly, and apparently staggered in some inward conclusion.

“Certainly I can, wherefore the contrary?”

“Your fair seeming puzzles me,” returned the other; “but, painful as I feel the task, I must answer plainly; for you lead me to the heaviest charge yet laid upon your shoulders.”

“Gracious powers! what does this mean? more charges! for mercy’s sake, my lord, tell me the worst at once.”

“Be calm—I will. Know then, that a rumour has this morning obtained credence, that Errington has been seized at Bywell, and conveyed a

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prisoner to Newcastle. It is further said that the instructions for his arrest were sent from Cramlingdon.”

“Just heaven! can it be true? and if so, why are all those hateful evidences thus fallaciously accumulated?” groaned our hero; now writhing in real anguish of mind, for

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his honorable and untainted soul felt equally oppressed and startled under such novel entanglement.

Lord Derwentwater regarded him with a compassionate look, and softened his speech into still kindlier accents.

“There is,” said he, “an indescribable something about your bearing in this matter, that confirms the opinion I have from the first entertained; which is, that though your connexion with our enemies may have produced mischief, personally you were void of any unhandsome intention. I shall be glad to hope that a few days will bring others to the same conclusion.”

“Oh, my lord!” exclaimed Frederick, the consciousness of all the other’s benign attentions now rushing upon him, “your goodness overpowers me; I cannot be sufficiently grateful for a declaration which restores me to myself.”

He grasped the earl’s hand, as it lay upon the

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counterpane, the warmhearted young nobleman meeting the overture with an assuring return.

“I pledge myself,” he resumed, “not to be found unworthy of your lordship’s good opinion; and will now endeavor, as far as words may contribute, to assert it.”

He then related, succinctly, the incidents attendant upon his sojourn at Bywell; his ship acquaintance with Errington, and design of renewing it at Dilstone; concluding with the ride to Whalton, and subsequent loss of way in returning. It may be imagined, however, that he did not put forward the influence Errington’s fair daughter might have claimed over the origin of affairs, neither did he, from motives of delicacy towards that lady, allude to the fairy stone adventure.

“It now occurs to me,” he afterwards went on, “that if Sir John Lilburne really did obtain any information of a certain nature, upon which he has afterwards acted, it must have been through the medium of the servant who accompanied me. The intercepted letter you spoke of might spring out of that information; but whether or not, I am aware that his exceeding zeal would prompt him to suggest to me a line of conduct, which to your friends would seem ungracious, and prove unpalatable.

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Let me, therefore, request to be tried only by my own acts, and not by the unrealized behests of another. I would fain hope, from other than selfish motives, that the tale of Errington's arrest is a fabrication."

"And I also," replied his lordship. "If which be the case, I will soon procure your liberation. But you hint, Mr. Lilburne, your non-participation in the Brunswick mania of your father. Perhaps your enmity to our cause is not irremovable. You shake your head. Can you conceive no pleasure in restoring an ill used sovereign to the throne of his fathers? No patriotism in rescuing your country from the rule of a foreigner."

"I can appreciate, my lord," said Frederick, with an indulgent but dissenting smile, "fully appreciate the generous spirit which animates your heart in this quarrel; but I have been taught to regard the subject in a more sober and practical point of view. The well government of the country, not the name of the governor, is the object for which I would contend."

"Well, but, my dear Sir, supposing the chances in that respect equal, surely you would incline to the rule of your ancient and native monarch."

"Assuredly I would; but unhappily they are

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not equal. I conscientiously opine, that the recal of the Stuarts would endanger present order, and retard future improvement amongst the people of these realms."

"Indeed!" ejaculated his auditor—"How so?"

"You will think me uncourteous, if I proceed to show."

"Not at all. Speak freely, I pray you."

"I consider then, my lord, that the party which clamors for the right—the divine and indefeasible right of the old dynasty, as having no interest, no feeling in common with the body of the nation. All their cares are centred in the aggrandizement, more or less remote, of themselves and connexions. Under a restoration these men will rule; and the consequence be, that the energies of the country will become paralyzed by a

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sway, having for its incessant object the repression of liberal opinions, and the support of grievous immunities.”

“Your whiggish prejudices lead you too far, Mr. Lilburne.”

“No, my lord, you wrong me. I am no party man. For the whigs, as men, I care but little, though I certainly prefer them to the tories, and for this reason. They, at least *profess* a regard for popular interests, a profession to which decency

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will always compel them to pay some regard in action; but the others professing only attachment to the crown, which, practically, means nothing,— nothing can be expected from them. I believe the leading men of both factions to be equally selfish; but in the tones the disposition is so unqualified and direct as to command no indulgence.”

“I see you are prepared at all points,” answered his lordship. “I am glad, however, to find that the dread of being burnt and devoured by us poor catholics is not one of your objections. Yet hold! perhaps I anticipate, and you *do* fear the domination of bulls and the faggots of Smithfield.”

“No, my lord; I leave such fears to old unmarried ladies. Excesses have been committed in other times, which cannot now be palliated; but these arose, as much from the rude and unlettered state of their day, as from other causes. A recurrence, in the present state of society, is preposterous to suppose.”

“Certainly it is. It were insulting human nature to surmise that any part of the subjects of a refined and enlightened nation like ours could have the will, should they have the power, to revive such scenes. Then we are taunted with being subservient to an Italian hierarchy: that, in a bad sense,

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I deny. Think you, Sir, that because I am a catholic, I can even forget that I am a man and a Briton?”

“No, I am sure your lordship never will,” was the sincere reply. At this stage of the conversation the confused hum of voices in the street greatly increased. Stentorian

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lungs began to be exercised in bawling to each other; and the clatter of iron-bound hoofs upon the rugged pavement gave note of general stirrage. On hearing this the earl rose and prepared to depart.

“I am sorry,” he said, “I may not prolong this discussion, though I can have no hope of subverting the opinions of a reasoner like Mr. Lilburne. The truth is, you are too prescient and reflective for me. On my own part I am content with this: I see my native king exiled, our ancient institutions impaired, the most venerated names in our nobility thrown aside and neglected, and lastly, as a religionist, I groan under an invidious and oppressive law. To oppose all this, my friends have called on me to join them.—I have obeyed the call.” This was spoken with unusual energy, and with it an expression of generous purpose sat upon the comely and engaging features of the speaker. Resuming presently his wonted easy and good humored

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deportment, he exclaimed: “But time flies, and so must I. Beforehand let me apprise you of your immediate prospects. The rumor respecting Errington has so whetted the ill humor of our party, that it is determined to keep you here, under *surveillance*, until something certain be heard of him. What may follow I cannot pronounce. Mr. Forster, who holds the chief authority amongst us, is no friend to any of your family, which makes the issue of the business difficult to conjecture. However, rely on all my counteracting influence. It may afford some consolation to you under this restraint, that the state of your last night’s hurts will render it merely nominal. By the time you have recovered sufficiently to crave a freer range, I hope there will no longer be occasion to deny it.”

Frederick, after making grateful acknowledgment, exchanged with his kind consoler a friendly adieu.

For some time the noise and bustle in the village continued to increase, until it suddenly sunk into an entire silence, which, after continuing a few moments, was followed by loud cheering. After this the tumult gradually lessened, as if its creators were leaving the place, the wonted quietude of which was soon completely restored.

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The entrance of Dame Moffat, to administer to his humble necessities, gave him an opportunity of inquiring the state of things without.

“What was the meaning of the huzzas I heard awhile ago?” he asked»

“Wei, they’ve been proclaimen, as they ca’t, King Jimmie, doon at the markit cross,” was her reply; to which she added, with a pertinent shrug, “Troth! aw think they sud hev had him amang ‘em first; for what’ll be the use on’t if he’s drooned comin’ ower sea?”

Frederick could not deny a smile to the good woman’s sagacious conceit; at the same time pursuing his inquiries.

“Have the reb—, the assembled gentlemen all left the town?”

“Ay, the meeast o’ them bi’ this time.”

“Whither have they gone?”

“Doon the Coquet, to Warkwo’t h.”

“Will they not return?”

“Lord kens, it’s thow’t se.”

“In the mean time then, I fancy, this place will be quite free from them? there are none left behind?” This Frederick put with interest of an obvious kind.

“Not just exactly; there’s some o’ the Rothbury

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lads ha’ tean up wi’ them, an’ they’re left behint for want o’ beasts. They’ll hae nobody for awhile without a naig.”

“And do you know whether these men have any charge over me?” propounded Lilburne, relapsing from his premature hope. “I suppose you are no stranger to the nature of my situation.”

“Ay, that they hev: an’ what’s like to be a sair plague to me, aw’m to hev Davie Hockel, as lowse a hallion as ever broke bread, hingin’ about ma quiet hoose to watch ye, frae morn till neet.”

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“Then, no doubt, you would be well pleased to be clear of myself and keeper at the same time?”

“Aw’s warn’t wad aw,” was the unmincing answer.

“You may be soon, if you will convey a letter for me as I shall direct.”

“A letter! bliss ye! what could a lone woman like me de wi’ sicna thing?”

“Have you no acquaintance to whom you could give it? ‘tis but to carry half a score of miles.”

“Warse and warse! ‘twad be ill to get that deun at ony time, but just enoo it’s not to be thow’t on. Besides, them that brought ye here are good frien’s o’ mine; so, any how, aw’ll not put ma ladle in to spill their keel.”

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Finding hereon that nothing was to be expected from the inert selfishness of Dame Moffat, he ceased to speak; applying himself to his own thoughts, and the homely breakfast with which he had been furnished.

Confined, without society, within the narrow limits of his chamber, he had ample opportunity to indulge those reflections which, at all times, readily present themselves. We mean such as magnify the already insupportable accumulation of our miseries.

Estranged as he considered Dulcis must ever be from himself, he yet suffered a humiliating fear that she might be brought to entertain the slanders heaped upon his name. That she would—could credit the accusation of his being her father’s betrayer, supposing that person really to have been taken, he would fain not believe: but then women were not addicted to cool reflection, and, in such cases, mostly followed the suggestion of the minute; and though, in her case, the impression might not outlast that time, still to be, for point’s space only, an object of abhorrence to so innocent a mind gave him a bitter pang.

There is a well known perversity in the human disposition, from which it arises that the more

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inaccessible any object becomes to us, the more do we exaggerate its desirable features. So it was with Frederick; for now that all hope of gaining a place in the heart of the beautiful Dulcis seemed at an end, the enthralling reminiscence of her charms became the more powerful and absorbing. In vain he changed his position, or paced the room with troubled step, the same train of overcharged conceits obstinately fastened on his imagination, and drove away composure.

The day wore monotonously through without producing any thing either to improve his prospects, or alter the portentous aspect of the times.

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CHAPTER XIX.

“The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths:

Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,
And he who lies most loud is most believed.”—*Dryden*.

“Keumure’s up and awa, Willie.”—*Ballad*.

Several days of the same sombre and monotonous character as the preceding passed over, without producing any change in the situation of our hero, except in so far as they were marked by a gradual return to convalescence. His sole resource, during this irksome interim, was to sit at his window and gaze upon the frowning summits of the Simon-side hills, which rose in dreary magnitude on the opposite side of the rapid Coquet. Books, invaluable companions at such a time, he had none; for we may not give that name to the melancholy legend of Bewick and Graeme, and some other like tales,

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which Dame Moffat had succeeded in borrowing for his amusement. This being in the form of a ballad, had he been one of those indefatigable wights who always con such

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things by heart, might have served his turn for some time; but, as it was, he soon ran it through, and became again compelled to seek 'sermons in the stones' without.

Meanwhile, various and incredible rumours of the stirring doings, that took place elsewhere, reached the remote region to which he was confined. One story said that the French had landed, another the pope; but, in either case, with a large army, and determined to place the Pretender on the throne. A third stated that personage to be already at the head of a considerable power in Scotland; and a fourth seemed to clinch the matter, by affirming that King George had absolutely abandoned his new found crown, and embarked for Hanover. From such a mass of absurdity Frederick could extract only one sober conclusion, which was that, as all the accounts implied success to the designs of the Jacobites, some serious danger to the dominant rule was really to be apprehended. With regard to the proceedings in their own immediate neighborhood, the current edition ran, that the malcontent horse had advanced to Newcastle;

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and, according to some, that town had already opened to them its gates.

It may readily be supposed that he, who was an unwilling sojourner within the circle of the above marvels, did not rest easy under the posture of events they naturally indicated. Several times he endeavored to get a message dispatched to apprise his friends at Cramlington of his condition, but always without success. On the one hand he was too closely watched; on the other, had he been less so, it was almost impossible to find an eligible messenger.

His wounded arm was now nearly well, but he still wore it in a sling; and, as he found that his therefrom-supposed incapacity to escape caused him to be allowed a certain freedom, he was in no haste to anticipate stricter confinement, by appearing entirely restored. Acting upon an impression of this kind, perhaps it was that those who exercised the detaining power over him ultimately permitted his taking occasional airings under the control and observation of Hockel.

On the last afternoon that he availed himself of this privilege, he directed his saunter along the open haughs of the river above the village. The fineness of the day, and the unusually complaisant

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temper of his constant guardian just named, had induced him to prolong his walk beyond its ordinary limits. At length, quitting the level linn, he ascended one of the bordering hillocks, and threw himself in momentary repose upon its grassy surface. Here he indulged freely the excursions of his fancy, whilst Hockel, at a wary distance, enjoyed a gossiping colloquy with a passing crony.

Thus reclining—not exactly *sub tegmine fagi*—and the while, speculating on the alarm and consternation which his unaccountable absence must have created at home, his eye was struck by an object that challenged a different exercise of his propensity. Looking along the narrow undulating by-road, that led amongst the gorse-clad hills and deserted wastes which border the county towards Cumberland and the Scottish frontier, he perceived, at its extremity, an appearance exciting curiosity, rather from being inexplicable than marvellous. A dark column palpably unfolded itself upon the line of the mountain track in question; a considerable portion of which it gradually covered. The head of this body, rapidly rolling forward, was soon distinguishable as the van of a numerous train of horsemen—numerous, because its termination still remained lost in the obscurity of distance. Of what

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character was this cavalcade? Had it been a century earlier, experience would have suggested a band of moss troopers: but that supposition was now forbidden. It could not be the insurgent party returning to Rothbury; the direction from which they came made that next to impossible. They were not regular troops, as was obvious, from their dingy and unmilitary appearance. Possibly they might be a troop of volunteers, armed on behalf of the existing government, and consequently friends. The latter was the most pleasing hypothesis, and therefore the one which he would fain have entertained. Turning to Hockel, with the view of obtaining what information he might be possessed of, he found that worthy already at his elbow, and, like himself, engaged in reconnoitring the approaching power.

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“Well, my friend,” said he, “what think you of this sight?”

“Aw think it’s a blithe yen,” was the answer.

“Indeed! then I suppose you know something of these horsemen, and are informed as to their intentions.”

“Ou! aye! aw can give a fell guess.”*

“Whence come they, and what know you of them?”

*A near guess

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“Fra the Scotch west country. They’ll be the friens o’ th’ aud cause, come to link on wi’ wor awn quality; they’ve been leeuked for this while past.”

“And where are your own quality, as you call them?”

“Aboot Hexham hand, aw fancy; but we’ll hear mair or the neet falls. Come, Meeaster Lilburne (changing, for the first time, the direction of his solitary orb from the strangers to our hero), ye man tramp back to deeam Moffat’s, afore the heeal toon’s iv a rumpus, an’ that’ll be geyan seun.”

Frederick did not neglect the behest of the butcher, but forthwith accompanied him in a retrograde movement; conscious that no benefit could arise from exposing himself to the remarks of a body of men, likely to be equally hostile with the others.

“I should think, friend,” said he to his guardian, as they trudged towards the village, “that *you* can have little interest in taking the side, and playing the part you now play.”

“An’ whatfore *me* not, as weel as anuther?” retorted Hockel, rudely.

“Why, simply, because you can expect nothing from King James, which you are not quite as likely to obtain from King George, and moreover, without fighting for it.”

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“Mebbies seea; but if the first yen gets his awn, he’s tied to reward them that help’d him, an seea aw may be bettered; if not, wei! aw can still carry a gully an steel at my apron string. See ye owght i’ that, Meeaster?”

“Nothing strange I must confess; though it appears to me that you overlook the chance of a broken crown, or a swing from the gallows’ beam, in the mean time.”

“Catch me gaun ower far i’ the way of owther, how-ver, onyhow, it’ll be a plishure to see the doon- come o’ mony that ha’ cocked their nebs seea hie. Whilkiver way the luck gans, there’s them ill hae to hoof the causey that they’ve offen coached.”

“Then I find your heart is not engaged on either side?”

To this the man at first returned no answer; but on it being again repeated, he replied dryly, “Aw ken whilkside my breed’s buttered on, isn’t that enough?”

Enough Frederick thought he had experienced of his conversation, and therefore ceased this, his first and last brief attempt to draw him out in that way.

Having reached the widow’s, he stationed himself at the window to watch the entry of this new

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batch of rebellion. Nor was he required to wait long for that occurrence. Soon a continuous and imposing train began to pour, in slow progression, into the astounded village. If he had before seen any reason to doubt the accuracy of Hockel’s information, he would now have owned its incompetency: the bony frames, light sandy hair, high cheeks, and strong accent of the strangers, sufficiently confirming that person’s statement, as to their being denizens of the sister country. These were, indeed, the confederated jacobites of the Scottish border; who had advanced thus far beyond the confines of their own country, to co-operate with their fellows in Northumberland. The array was led by the respectable Lord Kenmure, with whom were associated the Earls of Nithsdale, Wintoun, and Carnwath. Anon the single street of the little town was filled with Tiviot and Nithsdale lairds, and the homely, but nervous language of Caledonia resounded from group to group within its scanty confines.

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Crowded as the gray roofs of hill-encircled Rothbury now became, they were destined, ere the close of day, to cover a still more numerous band of war-breathing strangers. Scarcely had the jaded and blown horses of the first mentioned

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been stabled in the sheds and outhouses that the place afforded, when the southern approach, which inclined down the green slopes of Whitton, appeared clad with a similar train. This band proved to be the Northumbrian rebels, now swelled to double their former strength. They were still headed by Derwentwater and Forster, to whom had been since added Lord Widdrington. A second time, from the same quarter, they crossed the Coquet, and re-entered Rothbury; but on this occasion, amidst the cheering shouts and boisterous welcomes of their Scottish allies.

As we have, for a period, lost sight of the last arrived party, it will here be expedient to take a retrospective glance at their proceedings.

After leaving Lilburne under ward, in the manner before related, they had followed the course of the river Coquet to Warkworth. There they obtained an accession of force, and proclaimed the Chevalier, king, with all due formality. Whilst here too, their hopes were flattered in the capture of Bambrough Castle, by an adventurous co-partisan. The possession of this place might have served, as indeed it was designed, to cover the landing of supplies from abroad; but, being neglected, it was speedily retaken by the king's troops.

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Leaving Warkworth, they were joined at Felton by about seventy Scotch gentlemen, from what were once the Eastern Marches; with whom they marched to Morpeth; and, thus reinforced, determined to continue their advance to Newcastle. This disposition was, however, damped, by hearing that the people of that town had closed their gates, and were making vigorous preparations for resistance. So far disappointed, they altered their plans; turned aside, and, marching towards Hexham, cantoned themselves in its neighbourhood, at Dilstone and other places. Cherishing the idea of yet being able to

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gain Newcastle, they lingered some days in this vicinity; after which they again took to saddle, and bent their way northward, intending to unite with those whom they knew to be in arms, from the western shires of Scotland. The speedy accomplishment of this object has already been shown.

At this juncture, the whole of the rebel force in this quarter consisted of cavalry; for, though they might have commanded a considerable front of foot, they declined accepting such service until their plans were more matured, and proper arms should be obtainable.

The Northumbrian gentlemen had, it will be

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recollected, chosen Thomas Forster as leader; notwithstanding that the Earl of Derwentwater was avowedly the most influential and important person amongst them. The motive of this was prudential. It had been judged politic to prefer a protestant to the chief command, in order thereby to quiet the apprehensions of the timid or wavering of that persuasion: many of whom were well inclined to the Chevalier, but dreaded the encroachments of popery. Forster was subsequently confirmed in his authority by a warrant from Earl Mar, the Chevalier's lieutenant, nominating him general for King James in England. A similar power being conferred upon the unfortunate Lord Kenmure, in the event of circumstances conducting them to the Scottish side of the border.

In virtue of this arrangement, Forster was now to be considered chief of the united force; which comprised a body of about six hundred well mounted cavaliers. That general, for so in courtesy he has been called, having little acquaintance with military tactics, was governed entirely by the advice of one Colonel Oxburgh, an Irish catholic; a man of whom it was said, that he would have better handled a breviary than a sword. To this circumstance one might probably trace the mismanaged conduct and disastrous issue of the enterprise.

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Such was the little army of adventurers now assembled in these retired regions, and contemplating the overthrow of a powerful government. They did not, however, stand alone Simultaneous movements were making in the heart of Scotland, which more seriously threatened the newly established dynasty of Brunswick. These, however, not being connected with our story, we leave to be sought for in the history of the period.

Frederick Lilburne, to whom we now return, kept his station at the little window of his room, watching the bustle out of doors, until the increasing gloom drove him away. Then seating himself at his solitary hearth, he proceeded to cogitate on the scene he had just witnessed. The vivid impression it made upon him gave to the aspect of affairs a darker color, and, for the first time, led him seriously to weigh the chances of the Stuart claim obtaining. Thus it is in every day of life,—the most elaborate description—the most strongly attested evidence—the most unceasing repetition fails to produce a tithe of that effect on the mind which results from the actual witnessing of one

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isolated, and, possibly, immaterial fact. There is a tangibility about the latter, which gives, as it were, a practical fillip to the sense, exciting

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immediate action, and securing long remembrance. We see, in such instances, the immense superiority example holds over precept; and personal experience over volumes of theory. Whilst thus excited, and musing on the possible injury that a change in the state of things might inflict on his own immediate connections, a noise at the door announced a visitor. The next moment it opened, and Lord Derwentwater, booted and travel-stained, entered the room. The greeting between the young men was one of unaffected pleasure on both sides.

“I am delighted, Lilburne,” exclaimed his lordship, “to see you so far convalescent. You can use your arm again, I find, by the vigor of your gripe: but don’t waste all your nerve upon me: here comes an old friend who well deserves a share, for he has taken a long ride on your account.”

These words directed the other’s attention to a ponderous foot which labored upon the creaking stairs and before he could frame the inquiry they suggested, the bulky figure of Mr. Haggerstone became visible at the summit. With a warm gush of feeling Frederick recognised his relative, and flew to receive him.

“My dear uncle!”— “Freddy, my bairn!” were their several exclamations, as they tightly rung

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each other’s hands, in token of mutual regard and satisfaction.

“My dear Sir,” said Frederick, after the first emotions had subsided, “how can I sufficiently express my gratitude for the kindness which has prompted you to come thus far to comfort your poor nephew?”

“Tut, tut, lad! I heard ye were in trouble, and I knew ye had no one to look after ye, so I thought it best to come an’ do’t myself:—but oh! man, it’s been an awful ride.”

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Here Stephen waddled to a chair, and sunk down into it with all the mingled enjoyment and *caution* of a man sore fatigued, and grievously saddle-sick.

To speak sooth, Lilburne *was* not a little indebted to his uncle for the exertion he had this day made in his behalf; an exertion the young man appreciated the more, from knowing so well the shock it must have given to the other's long indulged habits of quiet.

It presently transpired that, pending the temporary sojourn of the rebels near Dilstone, Lord Derwentwater had visited Bywell; and whilst he acquainted its owner with the uncomfortable predicament in which his nephew was placed, he also obtained a confirmation of his own opinions concerning him.

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The squire, in the heat of his concern for Frederick, hearing that his insurgent friends intended to march a second time to Rothbury, took the bold resolution of accompanying them. It has been insinuated that other motives had a trifling share in bringing Stephen into this frame of mind. But however that may be, certain it is that he had the firmness to carry his determination into effect. "I had hoped," said the earl to Frederick, after the above matters had been duly touched upon, "by the aid of your worthy uncle's remonstrances, to have placed you at liberty, but I am denied that pleasure. You must make up your mind, my dear Sir, to a still more inconvenience; for I apprehend that, now you are restored to health, you will be required to accompany us in our next march."

"Ay, Freddy," interjoined Mr. Haggerstone, before his nephew could reply, "it's a vexatious trial; but there's no help for't, they say. I cannot but think, though, that they needn't ha' mistrusted a kinsman o' the Haggerstones in such a way."

"Nay, my dear squire," rejoined the earl, "you must not take the thing in that light. You know we all entertain the highest respect for your name, and regard for yourself. I am bound to say, that there were reasons for this step, which, though worthless with me, were strong enough to others."

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“Reasons!” cried Stephen, in a pet, “I believe the chief one has been, and *is* still, to gall and pinch my brother-in-law, Lilburne. Now, I say, my lord, that is no sufficient reason to set against your word and my prayer.”

“Well, my old friend, I freely admit, that after the representations we have each made, and the now avowed nature of our designs, there is no longer any apology for detaining Mr. Lilburne.” Then changing his manner, he exclaimed: “Oh, squire, would that we had only sufficient influence to induce him voluntarily to remain with us! You, I am sure, would rejoice to see him following the hereditary bias of your house.”

“Oh! doubtless I would,” answered Stephen, in rather a questionable tone. “Though, Lord knows! it’s a fearsome game we’ve begun. I wish it well ended; for another day or two like this’ll be the death o’ me. What wi’ up hill and down dale I’m aching in every bone.” So saying, honest Stephen threw himself back in his chair, with a groan expressive of blended pain and relief. Frederick, who had been impatiently waiting an opening, now found his time.

“Pray, my lord,” demanded he, “what account

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have you of Mr. Errington? that is the subject on which I now feel the greatest anxiety.”

“I am sorry my answer must increase it then,” said his lordship. “Errington, as we are but too certainly informed, is now a close prisoner in Newcastle jail, if he be not ere this despatched to London.”

“Distressing! I dread to think what may be his fate.”

“So do we all; he is a general favorite. To this circumstance, for I will not conceal from you that suspicion is still kept up by your enemies, it is owing that your enfranchisement has been refused to my entreaties.”

“I should willingly compound for a little personal privation,” returned Frederick, “if I thought it would mitigate the dangers of his situation; but that satisfaction is denied me. Miss Errington, my lord, how does she bear this attack of evil?” This question escaped him on the spur of the moment; otherwise the diffidence of a lover might have caused a little more hesitation.

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“As a daughter, undoubtedly,” was the answer; “but she is with Lady Derwentwater, whose partiality, I am sure, will spare no effort to sooth her griefs.”

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“I would fain know from your lordship,” said Frederick, with an elaborate attempt at a single-minded manner, “whether that young lady has learned to eschew the rife slanders which have been breathed against myself?”

“That she has, indeed,” replied the other. “I can assure you, Mr. Lilburne, you have an eloquent friend in the blooming Dulcis. In spite of every unhappy coincidence, I found her refusing to credit the tale of your dishonor.”

Every pulse in the sensitive system of Frederick was set a throbbing, by this piece of intelligence. For a moment he was lost in an ecstatic sort of delirium. Bright visions began to flit across his fancy; but anon came the memory of the nocturnal assignation, and, like the charmed handkerchief of the Moor, stifled all other suggestions. Nay, more, with that disposition to subtilise on the emanations of the human breast, which somewhat abounded in him, he discovered the evidence of utter indifference to himself, springing out of the young lady’s free support. Afterwards he became so absent, that it was fortunate Lord Derwentwater took a speedy leave; for if it had been otherwise, either suspicions must have been engendered in the mind of that nobleman, or the other’s character for politeness

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have suffered dilapidation. When Mr. Haggerstone had recovered a little from his travelling exertions, he beset his nephew with a great many trifling and finical inquiries concerning his health, treatment, and the accommodations of the house they met in. Upon the latter he entered with the more feeling, in that it had been settled he should pass the night within its walls. His anxieties on this care quieted, the old gentleman’s thoughts fell into a fresh channel.

“How came ye, Freddy lad,” said he, “to fall by the ears wi’ such a frampold devil as that Featherstone? By all tales he’s not a man to cry a quarrel wi’.”

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“I would not willingly quarrel with any man,” returned Frederick; “but this Featherstone has been the originator of all the mischief which has lately befallen me. I strove to chastise him to his deserts, and, in good time, will repeat the attempt.”

Here it may be as well to say, that Frederick had learned from the earl, that Featherstone was positively the person who had first raised imaginings injurious to him; and that he it was who produced and exhibited the unlucky letter which had so far confirmed them.

“Hoot, toot! ye silly bairn,” exclaimed Mr.

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Haggerstone, when the young man had finished speaking the above. “Ha’ ye not got stings enough, but ye must be again putting ye’r finger in the bee’s byke? No, no, lad! there’s no call for’t—your character ‘ill stand of itself, without any such unchristian upholding. It’s not for the like o’ you, the prop and hope of an old family, to peril yourself again a run-the-county scamp, like this bully captain: he comes of an ill breed, and, some say, hasn’t belied his kin.”

“I know nothing of those things, Sir—nor do I seek to know them: but allowing him to be all you say, it still does not deprive his actions of their venom, nor compensate me for the injury which, save for the help of Heaven and the generosity of a comparative stranger, he would have done me.”

“But, hold ye, Freddy! This man, I take it, was no worse than his neighbors. Why foster a feud upon him more than another? It’s only a headstrong fool that’ll fight before he’s called on, reason or none.”

“True, my dear Sir, you say well: nor am I such a Harry Hotspur as you would suppose. This man, I must acquaint you, insulted me to my face, in a manner I could not overlook; and was, besides, foremost in promulgating that which he of all others had the best reason for disbelieving.”

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In this Frederick alluded to the knowledge his maligner had of his previous friendship with Errington; nay, more, to the shrewd comprehension that individual had shown of his private feelings towards Dulcis; either of which convictions were enough to stultify the idea of *his* playing the part charged upon him.

“Well, well!” said the squire in rejoinder, “he may be hasn’t behaved fairly; but what then? Oh, bairn! it’s better to thole an ill word that time ‘ill drive out o’ mind than to get a body maim ye’ll never cast.”

Frederick, yielding to his worthy uncle’s peaceful notions, gave up the point, and moved to change the subject.

“I regret,” said he, “that the pleasure I now feel in seeing my dear uncle should be damped by the thought, that, but for my sake, he might still have been uncommitted in this dangerous business.”

“Eh! committed, Freddy!” echoed the squire, his constitutional timidity taking fright, “what mean ye, bairn? I hope nothing o’ the kind.”

“What I mean, Sir, is your having taken the field with the enemies of the ruling government”

“Bless us and keep us!” exclaimed Mr. Haggerstone, in undisguised alarm.

“Can an honest man not ride across the county to see after a sick

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friend, but he’s to dread a jobation for’t? Oh, dear me! these are awful times.”

“Then, perhaps, Sir, you are not pledged to follow the fortunes of your friends?” demanded Frederick, pleased to find there was a chance of withdrawing his uncle from the jaws of overt treason.

“Pledged to follow!” iterated that gentleman, much worried: “I declare you put me all in a whither; I scarce can tell which end o’ me’s uppermost. At home I was threatened and bully-ragged, by coarse mannered catchpoles, because I made my own use o’ my own roof; and now, that I take it into my head to go abroad, I find myself i’ the risk o’ losing it off my shoulders: but, truly, it’s little matter, for I’m like to be harrassed to death long enough before it can come in that or any other way.”

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“It does not appear to me, Sir, that you need encounter such evils, unless you personally will it.”

“Did ye not say I was committed, Freddy?”

“Speaking loosely, I did so, Sir,” returned the interrogated, pitying the simple squire’s perplexity, and anxious, if possible, to extricate him from future and graver difficulties, “but, on reconsideration,

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I do not think any harm has been done yet; or, at least, none that Sir John Lilburne’s influence will not be sufficient to cover.”

“D’ye think so, hinney,”* queried Mr. Haggerstone, in a tremor of doubts and fears, unwilling to lose sight of the opportunity of drawing back, and yet impelled to persevere, partly by a sense of shame, and partly by a smouldering spark of the party feelings he had been so long accustomed to indulge.

“I do, Sir,” answered Frederick; and divining the current of the other’s thoughts, added, “should you incline to return to Bywell, which I strongly advise, your years, and physical unfitness for violent exertion will furnish an ample apology to your *friends*; and as for the authorities, they need never know that you have stirred from thence at all.”

Mr. Haggerstone rocked himself in his chair, in great tribulation; and seemed to ponder deeply on the words of his nephew.

*The terms “hinney” and “bairn,” so frequently put into the mouth of Mr. Haggerstone, may strike southern readers as somewhat incompatible with that gentleman’s station in society; but we can assure them, that such words of endearment are, in the north, frequently used by kindly old people of good condition, and whose general turn of expression is unexceptionable enough.

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At length he observed, with a despairing groan, "But then, Freddy, at any rate they'll take thou along wi' them, and how can I leave *thee*, bairn, in such a strait. No, no, I'm fairly in for't now, and must just make up my mind to go on; though, God knows, this work 'ill soon make an end o' your poor uncle."

"I hope not, my dear Sir," said Frederick soothingly; "indeed I can assure you that the thought of your comfort being sacrificed, much less your safety endangered, on my account, will only increase my distress. I pray you, Sir, think better of it."

The squire shook his head,—“No help for't, hinney, no help for't;” he murmured, with a suppressed groan; then folding his hands, and assuming an air of constrained resignation, he lapsed into an uneasy taciturnity.

The remainder of the evening passed over heavily; and Mr. Haggerstone's fatigues induced him early to purpose its curtailment, by seeking the favor of Morpheus.

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CHAPTER XX.

“These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaimed at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents.”

Henry IV.

“Macintosh was a soldier brave,
And of his friends he took his leave;
Towards Northumberland he drew,
Marching along with a jovial crew.” —*Old Ballad.*

The return of day once more saw the precincts of Rothbury crowded with armed cavaliers. The increasing noise soon roused Frederick from his repose, and warned him

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of the necessity of preparing for the journey he was threatened with. Whilst engaged in this task, a tap at the door announced the presence of Quartermaster Stokoe, who, then entering with a military salute, informed him that he had once again been appointed his custodier.

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“With all my heart, Mr. Stokoe,” was his reply to the formal notification: “If I *am* to be detained in this sort of durance, you will be as agreeable a keeper as another. Pray, Sir, what may be your immediate duty?”

“To see that you accompany the army, under due guard;” returned the quartermaster, with true military promptness.

“Whither to proceed, may I ask?”

“Wheresoever the General shall direct”

“But, doubtless, you already know whither that will be?”

“I do;” said the veteran, with laconic importance.

“Then tell it me at once;” pursued our anxious questant

“It is no part of my duty to answer every prying demand,” retorted the other, drawing himself up with an assumption of pompous reserve. “I am only required to acquaint you, that your horse, and Mr. Haggerstone’s, will be at the door in half an hour: therefore, please to be in readiness.

Frederick, signifying his acquiescent intentions, the quartermaster stalked slowly and gravely out of the room.

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The former now awoke his slumbering uncle, who had, on this night, partaken of his pallet, and apprized him of the existing state of affairs. That individual, much flurried, essayed to rise; but found himself so severely shaken and disordered, by the last day’s efforts, that he sunk down again on the pillow, loudly bewailing his unhappy predicament.

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Lilburne seized this occasion to reiterate all his former, and use many additional arguments, against Mr. Haggerstone's proceeding any further with his insurgent friends. As a *dernier resort* he put the suggestion into a shape which he rightly judged would make it more palatable.

"If, as you have declared, my dear uncle,' said he, "a wish to serve me be your chief incentive to persevere in this perilous course, you must yield the point: for I will show you, that you can serve me more by remaining behind."

"How, Freddy,—how, lad?" broke in the squire, obviously snatching at the bait held out.

"Why thus, Sir. The distance from hence to Cramlington is not great; by repairing thither you will be able to relieve my family from painful conjectures; and further, through Sir John's means, may communicate with Errington, and procure, at

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his hands, such advices to Forster, as will induce him to direct my release. Besides, at Cramlington you will be safe from any of those annoyances, which you seem to fear at Bywell. What say you, Sir, will not this be your wisest, and best, step out of difficulty?"

Men ever require some plausible apology—some assignable motive, to reconcile themselves to an equivocal action, or to divert its impression upon others. This want felt our honest friend Stephen, when Frederick so dexterously threw in his way the desired material, by putting the subject in the light in question.

"I dare say you are right, bairn,"—said that individual, in the manner of one who unwillingly yields to reason. "Yes. I'll follow your advice— you shall soon be out of bonds, if old Stephen Haggerstone can do aught. God willing, all may yet go right, and the good king get his own as well."

It was then arranged, that Frederick should acquaint Lord Derwentwater that Mr. Haggerstone was incapable, from indisposition, of proceeding in the expedition; whilst that gentleman on his part, after duly recruiting his strength, should take horse, and proceeding to Cramlington, act as had been laid down.

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Accordingly, for the time required action to follow swift on the heels of determination, Lilburne, having made all needful preparation, took an affectionate leave of his kindly relative, who exhibited all the weakness of a schoolboy, left by his parents for the first time, amongst strangers; and repaired under the guidance, or rather guardship, of Stokoe, to the presence of the earl.

They were required to force their way through a street, choked up with men and horses, to the front of the little inn which had formed the headquarters of the rebel commanders. There they descried the nobleman they sought, standing in the open air, in converse with two superior looking men of his own class.

These were the Lords Kenmure and Widdrington.

The former, a grave full aged gentleman, plain in dress and address, with mien and manner denoting extraordinary mildness and good temper. The latter, a Northumbrian magnate, of tall, handsome person, and having much the exterior of a French marquis of the old *regime*. At the moment we speak of, he was haranguing his two compeers with much grace and volubility.

Several other gentlemen were grouped around, all, apparently, only waiting the word to take to

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horse. Of those, the English were distinguished from the Scots by a red and white badge, which they wore in their hats in the form of a St George's cross; the latter having similar badges, but made of blue and white ribbons. A forced and unnatural kind of hilarity pervaded the deportment of the chief part; the which accorded but ill, either with the perilous character of their enterprise, or the flushed and wandering looks of the individual exhibitors.

When Frederick and his conductor arrived within a few paces of the spot where Lord Derwentwater stood, engaged as above, the former of the two held back until the other should succeed in calling his lordship's attention. For this, however, he had not long to wait

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No sooner did the urbane nobleman chance to cast his eyes in the proper direction, than, perceiving, he immediately advanced towards him. His naturally handsome and placid features now wore an expression sombre and care-worn; of which qualities his manner of salutation also partook.

Before hearing out the brief details of Mr. Haggerstone's condition, he good naturedly cut short the matter.

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"Tis perhaps as well;" he said, "the worthy old gentleman could not have been of much use to us. He will be better under the hands of Mrs. Barbara at Bywell; whither I wish, with all my heart, that he was once more safely deposited. I will put the best colour on his defalcation to Forster and the rest."

"Your Lordship is unfailingly good;" returned Frederick, bowing his thanks; but, as he finished speaking, unwittingly casting a glance of commiserating scrutiny on the other's countenance, which appeared to be caught and understood by him.

"You see, Mr. Lilburne," said he, shaking off the semblance of gloom, and assuming an air of elasticity and confidence, "that your good uncle and myself are, at least, not singular in our inclining. You perceive around, a notable congress of worth and rank, which, I think, you will admit, speaks pretty decidedly for the spirit of the lands from which it is drawn."

"I do so readily, my lord, and I will further acknowledge to you, that admiring, as I do, the generous and gallant *animus* which has brought it together in the face of such imminent hazard, I almost regret that my internal convictions forbid me to wish you success."

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"Ah! Lilburne, you ought to have been one of us.. You have a soul capable of sustaining the most honorable impressions, but education in a cold and speculative school has clogged and diverted its aspirations; they've made the heart unduly subservient to the head."

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“Not unduly, my Lord, I hope” said Frederick, in a tone of subdued warmth. “Show me a question, as between friend and friend, and if you find my decisions so influenced, then accuse me. But that which concerns the welfare and safety of millions must only, and at all times, be approached through the medium of grave and impartial consideration. Such I have bestowed upon the present state of my country; and if the unstrained for result is unfavorable to the cause you love, you cannot—will not—therefore draw an inference so little flattering as that you have hinted at.”

“Pardon me, if I expressed myself a little too strongly. Assuredly I can have no right to infer such a thing. But here comes our General, and with a face of business.” At this moment, Forster, the personage so entitled, was seen issuing from the inn, and approaching their ground. He halted for an instant to interchange a few words with Lord Kenmure, during which Frederick had a better

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opportunity than hitherto of noticing his physiognomy. This was by no means prepossessing; for upon a set of features, not naturally very pleasing, sat incessantly an habitual sneer, that gave them a character indescribably disagreeable. Not, however, to raise a prejudice against the man, beyond the existence of foundation, it must be observed that this expression was as much the result of an unhappy freak of dame Nature in framing his original mould, as of other less creditable causes. His personal equipment and bustling manner suggested the idea of a lawyer prepared to lead the *posse comitatus*, in the capacity of under-sheriff, rather than a military chief. He wore in his hat the general badge of his party; and at a buttonhole hung a medallion, bearing the head of the Chevalier St. George as King of England. Quitting the Scotch noble, he advanced up to Lord Derwentwater.

“Come, my lord!” said he, as soon as he was sufficiently near, “we must up and ride; for if we remain much longer in sight of the black shoulders of Limanside, we’ll have Carpenter amongst us, and that won’t do; at least until we’ve joined the Brigadier. Ha! who have we here,—young Lilburne, if I recollect rightly?”

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“Yes, Mr. Forster, you do see young Lilburne,” answered that party, looking the inquirer proudly in the face. “And he may be permitted to say, that it is little with his own accordance that you *do* see him at this time.”

“Humph!” interjected the other, with an exaggerated exhibition of his ordinary sneer; “that I can easily believe: for it would be rare indeed to find one of your name banded with the genuinely loyal.”

“I don’t understand your distinctions,” replied Frederick; “but this I aver, that in a firm attachment to social order, and a zealous regard for those upon whom it justly depends, the Lilburnes yield to none. They- have purchased, Sir, a title to the trust and good opinion of their country, which places them above the vituperation of Mr. Forster.”

“Have they so? and pray how was it effected? Through your puritanical grandad’s monopoly of the sequestrated estates of better men, or by his son’s wondrous exertions in the law-despising Convention.”

“It boots not to answer, Sir. Let it suffice, that their descendant will not break from the well maintained consistency of his house, by following your banner.”

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“Follow it, yon shall, however, my young Trojan; and that willee nillee.”

Then turning to Stokoe, who had been all the while waiting at a little distance, he cried, “You, quartermaster, recollect your previous orders with regard to this young man. Take him now to his post in the column of march; and remember that you are responsible for his safe keeping.”

In spite of a deprecatory look from the earl, Frederick was about to reply somewhat sharply to this arbitrary developement of intention, when Forster anticipated him, by walking abruptly away, calling, as he passed along, to those within hearing, to get to horse without further delay. The colloquy just recorded had been carried through so promptly on both sides, that Lord Derwentwater, though obviously willing to have interposed in conciliatory strains, found no opportunity. Now that Forster was gone, he

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addressed a few appeasing observations to him he domineered over; after which they separated, each to mount and seek their respective stations in the collecting array.

Now though, at this time, Frederick Lilburne was but ill acquainted with the point and object of the day's intended movement, there is no

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reason why the reader should remain equally uninformed.

News having reached the rebels that General Carpenter, with several regiments of dragoons, was hastening to assail them, they had deemed it prudent to retire into Scotland, and there, uniting with a certain promised body of the clans under Brigadier Macintosh, make a more eligible stand. With this purpose in view, we now find General Forster directing his march upon Kelso, a sweet little town on the Scottish side of Tweed; at which place, he had reason to expect they would be joined by the Highland foot above alluded to.

To detail all the features of this march would be to pall the reader by the repetition of matter very similar to much that has preceded. To deal briefly, therefore, they arrived at Wooler before the close of the same day, and there proclaimed King James according to their usual wont. The next morning they resumed their progress northwards, and, crossing the Tweed at Coldstream, entered Kelso without any opposition, although attempts had been made to organize one.

Scarce had they fairly arrived within the precincts of that place, until it was announced that Macintosh's people were already only a mile or

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two distant in the opposite direction. On hearing this, the Scottish portion of the rebel cavalry, notwithstanding that a drizzling rain was falling, rode out to meet and conduct them honorably into town. That compliment they paid as one justly due to the hardihood and spirit with which these Celtic warriors had pushed their descent so far south.

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Originally forming a part of the Earl of Mar's army, it was conceived desirable that they should be dispatched across the Frith of Forth to strengthen the Stuart cause upon the border. A design they of themselves carried into effect in a manner equally audacious and successful. Embarking on the coast of Fife in small open boats, they crossed the Frith at its widest part; and, in spite of the exertions of numerous cruisers, the bulk of the force landed safely in the Lothians. With their exploits there, and up to the time present, it is no part of our object to deal; it being sufficient for us that they were now on the point of making the desired junction with the border malcontents.

From the window of an old house in the marketplace, whither he had been conducted and lodged by his watchful guardian, Stokoe, Lilburne beheld the entry of this detachment of the Gael;—a

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spectacle which he viewed with increased interest, from its being one entirely novel to him. Nor did the anxious town's-people seem to look on with less curiosity than fear; for, at this period, the appearance of a band of armed Highlanders was a circumstance unremembered in these regions; and it is but truth to say, that the equipment and bearing of those now at hand were well calculated to justify the dread and dislike which nursery tales had raised against them.

At the head of the formidable train of rude combatants, strode, on foot, their commander, Macintosh, Laird of Borlam; an old campaigner, who had seen much service. In this act he was imitated by the other leaders (amongst whom were Lords Nairn and Charles Murray), probably from a conviction that it was necessary so to conciliate their unruly followers. These latter, wildly attired, and bespattered with the favors of a miry road, looked for all the world like Lapland wizards. Constellations, in mud, shone on their targets; and their dingy plaids bore an embroidery of correspondent spells and charms. They all carried that fearfully destructive weapon, the long Lochabar axe; and at their sides swung heavy claymores, having basket- ted hilts of a capacity sufficient for a hen to hatch

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in. Dirks, side pistols, powder horns, and pendant snuff mulls constituted also prominent features in their accoutrement.

When the whole had passed under the eye of our attentive observant, he computed their number to extend to about fourteen hundred men; which, added to the force of cavaliers, made a total of two thousand armed insurgents.

The usual proclamation of the expatriated prince was made at the cross; and furthermore, a manifesto, issued by Earl Mar, was read; setting forth the right of *James the Third* to the crown, both by the laws of God and ancient institutions; the nation's dependency on foreign councils, the prescription of patriots, the disparagement of the native army, with divers other alleged grievances. Nor was it therein forgotten, artfully to urge the evils of the Scottish union, nor to complain of the parliamentary reward offered for "the murder of the king." Also, as a bait to the scrupulous in religion, a hint was thrown out, that, in the event of the Chevalier being called to the throne, he might be brought to change his faith.

The reading of this address was attended by tumultuous shouting; and, at its conclusion, loud cries of "No union"— "No salt tax," testified to the sentiments of the common people.

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This over, the chimneys of Kelso were seen to send forth such volumes of smoke as had never before issued from them; and at every board therein sat a circle of those guests who are proverbially said to be 'more free than welcome.' That night, the little town was indeed a stirring and a care-struck place; filled as it was to excess, with a horde of demi-savage strangers, whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* had been confused in the mist of their native mountains.

The next day, which happened to be Sunday, found Frederick the unwilling tenant of an upper room in the old dwelling to which he had been conducted the preceding afternoon. Amidst the uproar of such scenes as those we have been describing, it might have been expected that opportunities of escape would not be wanting; but, in point of fact, the vigilance of the quartermaster, and a colleague, reduced them to such only, as

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from the prolonged weakness of his arm, he was not in a condition to experiment. Therefore it was that he still saw himself under the irksome state of restraint that had already endured beyond all reasonable limit. No news of any kind calculated to alter the color of his prospects, had been communicated to him since leaving Rothbury; nor

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had he, since that time, gained more than a passing interchange of civility from his noble friend; so that at this moment he was more than ever disposed to curse the untoward turn events had taken with him.

This day being observed as one of reverence and repose, divine worship was appointed to be performed in the church, or kirk, by clergymen attached to the jacobite interest. Whilst sitting moodily listening to the monotonous bell which announced the approaching commencement of the service, Frederick was attended by Stokoe with a message from Lord Derwentwater.

“His lordship,” began that worthy, who was carefully renovated in his exterior, “sends you his compliments, and has commissioned me to attend you to church, in case you should be inclined to go, and wont be ashamed of the company of an old soldier. He said, that it might relieve your loneliness, if it did you no more good.”

So thought Frederick himself; and, therefore, immediately signified his disposition to avail himself of the offered indulgence.

“You will please to make haste then, Sir,” returned the veteran, “for there ‘ll be a full congregation. Many a tongue ‘ill cry amen to-day, that has been little used to the word.”

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To the seat of holiness they accordingly repaired; the erect old trooper stalking along by the side of his charge, in a manner which showed that even, on such an occasion, he did not forget his ungracious province.

Although the place was excessively crowded, they succeeded in procuring seats in an upper gallery, from which a tolerable view of the interior of the sacred edifice

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could be obtained. The space below was filled chiefly by the protestant high church gentry then in arms, and a priest of that establishment officiated. How this latter fact occurred, in what would probably be a presbyterian kirk, we have not materials for fully explaining; but from such as we have, it would appear to have been the result of a compromise between parties; for it is recorded that, in the afternoon of the same day, a minister of the Scottish kirk performed worship, in the same place, to those of his persuasion. This deference was, doubtless, paid to both those divisions of the reformed church, with a view of showing that the objects of the insurrection did not include Roman Catholic supremacy. Indeed the Earl of Wintoun, the Lords Nairn and Kenmure, the latter of whom had been the soul of the Dumfriesshire malcontents, were protestants, and highly unlikely to have countenanced such a project.

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On this marked occasion, due honor was paid to the personage, around whose standard they had rallied. His name, under the style and title of King James the Eighth (Scotland), being emphatically introduced in the usual portions of the liturgy.

The prayers ended, the officiating priest mounted the pulpit, and amidst a suppressed buzz of approval, announced as his text—"The right of the first born is *His*" On the gist of these words, he descanted in eloquent terms, giving them an application equally palpable and pleasing to his auditory, who looked supremely edified therewith. In that edification Lilburne was prevented from partaking, by another reason than mere non-accordance in principle. Of the cause thus superfluous, we hasten to speak.

Looking over the ruddy countenances and large forms of the English squires and Scottish lairds, who filled the benches below, his eye naturally rested longest on the pew which contained the leading factionaries. In doing so, his regards fell upon an individual seated near General Forster, whose appearance caused him to doubt the accuracy of his optics. An eager scrutiny, however, confirmed his first impression, which was, that the

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supposed captive, the man whose fate in some degree involved his own, sat before him, enclosed within the walls of the same building. In short, that he saw a palpable impersonation of Richard Errington. After this discovery, the place went round; priest, sermon, and congregation were all forgotten in the crowd of immediate speculations it induced. Had he escaped from prison? or, had he never been there? Would not his own release follow as a matter of course? If the father was thus near, where might not the daughter be? were the questions with which he mentally taxed his understanding. Then came a hesitating doubt as to the co-identity of the persons, to solve which he thought of applying to the quartermaster, but found him so rigidly “ eyes front”-ing the preacher, that there was no possibility of withdrawing his attention.

The conclusion of the service at length released him from the torments of sitting still under such racking anxiety. No sooner were they out of the building, than he stated the circumstance to Stokoe, and requested his opinion thereon.

“I don’t know, Mr. Liburne,” answered the trooper; “it might be Master Errington, or it might not; all I can say is, that I never saw him,

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nor heard that he was amongst us,—so much the worse for him, and them that got him kept away.”

“Well, but, my good friend, could you not go and seek out the truth of the matter?”

“And what then?”

“Why, if it be really he, acquaint him with my situation, and ardent wish to see him.”

“Tell me first, Sir, if I leave you to shift for yourself in the meantime, what account shall I give my commanders to justify the neglect?”

“None will be required;—I pledge myself to repair to my quarters and await your return; and I am sure Lord Derwentwater will hold you excused for such a relaxation of ward.”

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“Perhaps *he* would; but you must know, Sir, that though Lord Dern’water is my honored patron, he is not my commander; as a soldier, I am accountable to Lord Kenmure, or General Forster. No, I will see you safe housed, and when I have procured a relief, then I will do your bidding; but not till then.”

From this determination, the pertinacious and formal old martialist was not to be moved, and Frederick had the vexation to be compelled to accompany him back to their lodgings, and there wait until the attendance of a subordinate

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enabled his cautious custodier to depart on the desired inquiry.

His patience was, however, doomed to experience a still more severe trial, for an apparently interminable interval of suspense followed. During this, the idea that Errington might, himself, have imbibed the general prejudice against him; and that, therefore, it might be, that he came not in answer to his request, took possession of his mind. Had all been right, he argued with himself, long ere this the dictates of private feeling, coupled with the promptings of the earl, must have brought the other to his presence.

As time elapsed, and the vivid impression made in the kirk became weakened, he began to question the correctness of his observation. It could not have been Errington he had seen, some accidental resemblance had deceived him. Yes, the conceit was a delusion—too surely so—and that unfortunate gentleman still remained incarcerated, under all the terrors of treasonable arraignment.

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CHAPTER XXI.

“I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.”

“Your imprisonment shall not be long,

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I will deliver you,

Meantime have patience.”—*Richard III.*

It was not until the afternoon was pretty well spent, that Frederick was relieved from the state of anxiety in which we left him.

Then, indeed, it was terminated to his entire satisfaction, by the reappearance of Stokoe; who, with a great display of ceremony, ushered into the apartment two most wished for visitants. One being the actual object of his late search, the other the earl, his noble patron. By Errington he was greeted with an undiminished flow of his constitutional joyousness; by the earl, with an air of serious thought; but by both with unfeigned cordiality and pleasure. As the adventures of the

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former gentleman, since the last meeting of the parties, became naturally the first jet of their discourse, we will pass that part of it over”; giving, in lieu thereof, a brief sketch in the third person.

Towards the evening of the day before that on which the Northumbrian gentry actually flew to arms, officers, furnished with due authority, appeared at Bywell, and there arrested Mr. Errington. They seized him in the very act of making arrangements for taking the field with his friends upon the morrow. Great was the confusion and dismay of that individual under so unexpected a calamity, but it lessened into indifference, when compared with the alarm and consternation of his inexperienced host. Tremblingly did honest Stephen witness the proceedings of these staff-empowered myrmidons; and deeply did his spirit quail under the fear of being himself subjected to similar treatment. Not, however, to dwell upon these transactions, Errington was forthwith conveyed, a close prisoner, to Newcastle, and committed to the common gaol of that town.

Whilst there he underwent several examinations before the local magistrates, who would willingly have sifted from him the plans of the now declared insurrection. To induce him to this, offers of

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reward and indemnity were not spared ; but they all failed of effect. Though a man reckless in trifles, in affairs which involved his honor, or good faith, he was firm and uncompromising.

After continuing under confinement for some days, the feverish state into which the town was thrown, by the anticipated visitation of the rebels, placed in his way facilities for escaping. Availing himself of assistance from the numerous Jacobites, with whom the place abounded, he at length succeeded in achieving that difficulty. Once more free, he found himself compelled to take a circuitous route to join the confederates, General Carpenter being now betwixt him and them; nor was it without some trouble that he ultimately effected the desired junction at Kelso, during the night past.

It may serve to explain the delay which took place, in bringing Frederick to the knowledge of these things, to observe, that it was late, on the present morning, ere Errington's fatigues would allow him to quit his couch; and that since, as the depository of much valuable information, his time had been in continual demand by the heads of the confederacy.

“By Jove, Lilburne!” exclaimed the said gentleman, after apologizing for not seeking him

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sooner, “I am concerned to think you should have suffered so much abuse at our hands; but, as it cannot be recalled, it had best be forgotten. Let us think how we may bring all round. One mode there is, which I cannot refrain from urging, though, I fear, in vain. Say, Lilburne!—you have a mind that must respond to the call of honor and pure loyalty—will you add another name to the brilliant list of noble Britons, who would rescue their country from foreign control, and restore our revered monarchy, in all its pristine splendor? Say, my young friend, has your heart not a latent pulsation that beats in unison with a cause so interesting?”

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Lord Derwentwater kept silence; but, during the harangue, bent an entreating look upon Frederick, and seemed (though only half in gladness), to cling to the hope that the young man might yet yield.

“My lord,—Mr. Errington,” he replied, summoning up all his decision of character, “it pains me to differ, in any way, with men like yourselves, much less to be opposed to them in a point so vitally important but you already know how ill my political convictions accord with your designs. Pardon me if, owing to that incompatibility, I

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decline a participation. Besides, gentlemen, you forget that, if I was even disposed to accede to your wishes, as a man of spirit, I cannot now do it with a good grace; it would be said that my coalition was the offspring of coercion.”

“Well!” said Errington, after a pause of disappointed consideration; “if it may not be, it may not; and there’s an end: at any rate, you shall not continue in this state of durance any longer. It is incumbent on me to effect your freedom, and I *will* do so.”

“You speak decisively enough, Errington,” interposed the earl, “and, heaven knows, I hope advisedly; but do you recollect that Forster is pointedly inimical to Mr. Lilburne, and will still, it is to be feared, persist in his detention.”

“Possibly he would,” returned the other, “but I have thought how the matter may be taken out of his hands.”

“Indeed! How may that be?”

“Why, thus—Lord Kenmure, you know, by the nature of Mar’s warrant, commands in Scotland, where we now are. He is unprejudiced, and will not refuse our joint request; therefore, from him an order for Lilburne’s liberation may be procured, and acted upon, without even the cognizance of Forster.”

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“Excellent, Errington!” cried the earl; “the plan must succeed. I can depend upon Kenmure’s goodness of disposition.”

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“‘Tis an act of common justice,” broke in Frederick, with some soreness,” one which he can have no apology for refusing.”

“Ah! my dear boy,” said Errington, with a smile, “in times like these, power does not wait upon apology. With men in our situation justice is too heavy footed to keep pace with expediency. But *revenons à nos moutons*; I will forthwith have your affair put in such train, that you may get out of this place to-morrow morning—the earlier the better.”

“Believe me, Sir,” said Frederick, “I feel your promptitude in this matter most sensibly:—second only to the benevolently gratuitous attentions I have, during the whole course of my detainer, received from your noble friend.”

Lord Derwentwater answered this acknowledgment only by a gracious inclination. Errington treated it more cavalierly.

“Pugh!” he interjected, “I could not do less for a young fellow I like; and the nephew of a kind old friend whom I have put to trouble, to boot. By the by, I hear the worthy soul actually

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got as far as Rothbury with you, Derwentwater— was it so?”

“It was. Anxiety on Mr. Lilburne’s account, and a vague kind of dread that the constables who took you from his house would return thither for *him*, put my old friend well nigh beside himself.”

“Poor squire! Now I recollect, one of the surly rascals did hold out some unmeaning threats, which, it seems, Stephen had been weak enough to take to heart:—but how fared it with him eventually?”

“We left him comfortably, lodged; with a determination to return as soon as might be, to his own peaceful domicile; in which, I am pleased now to believe that he is enjoying the prospect of undisturbed repose.”

“Perhaps,” continued his lordship, turning aside to conceal an exhibition of foreboding emotion, “many of us may have cause to regret not having followed his example.”

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“Tut! tut! my lord,” said Errington, cheeringly; “have more respect for the claims of our exiled master, more confidence in the manhood of our countrymen. Think you the noble example set by you, and such as you, will not be followed?”

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surely it will: it *must*, or there are many dissembling cowards in the land, which I am unwilling to believe can be the case, amongst story-famed, oaken hearted Englishmen.”

“At any rate,” returned the earl, rousing up, “we have done *our* duty; we have not blanched at the name of action when the hour was come. Whatever may be the result, the reward of that consciousness will attend us.”

“Truly, under favor, I expect a reward more substantial,” said Errington. “Hungry honor may be a guerdon for rich noblemen; but, as times go, it would afford but cold comfort to poor impoverished devils like myself. To us it will neither be a maintenance after success, nor a practical consolation under defeat.”

“Ah, Dick!” responded his lordship, “you take great pains to persuade your friends that you are a marvellous calculating fellow, whilst every act of your life loudly proclaims the contrary.”

“Nay,” replied the other, “a man must be a fool who is anxious to fix mercenary motives on himself; and, therefore, as I have no wish to mount a coxcomb, I disclaim the idea. All I meant to convey is, that I cannot—will not, contemplate ought but success; and certainly do not

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expect to find ours a barren achievement.” Here Errington changed the topic, by addressing Frederick on his personal adventures.

“And so,” said he, in the course of other observations “you have been at sword’s point with Featherstone; you would find him a sturdy wight to take the morning air with.”

“Not so much so as to prevent my wishing a future opportunity to meet him.”

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“Hey-day! why, I had no idea you were such a perfect Bayard,” exclaimed the other.

“Yes,” joined in the earl, catching up the idea, “you may so name him, for he has shown himself ‘*sans peur*’ and you have proved him ‘*sans reproche*’ ”

“Does your lordship allude—?”

“To the injustice done you at Hareslaw,” interrupted Errington, staying the question. “The solitary *reproche* glanced at is silenced for ever.”

“The thought absolutely revivifies me,” said Frederick. “But, gentlemen, pardon me if, on this point, I am anxious to fastidiousness, I would, wish to have, palpable to a detracting world, that acquittal which, as it is, perhaps I owe to your private good opinion only.”

“I respect your feeling, and can satisfy it.

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Facts will compel the most invidious to do you right.”

“Granted,—but if those facts are wanting?”

“Patience! they are not wanting,” resumed Errington. “Attend!—During one of my examinations at Newcastle, I heard it audibly regretted by one of the assembled justices, amongst whom sat your father himself, that the son of so staunch a friend to King George should have lived in the very focus of treason, as he called it, without taking any means of counteraction. Nay, it was universally believed that you were then enrolled as a volunteer in this very army. That belief I snatched at, Mr. Lilburne, because I delighted to suppose I had at length found a fellow partizan in a man whom I so much esteemed and admired: how much do I now regret to find it premature.”

“Well, thank heaven!” exclaimed our hero, when the other had concluded, “here is a tangible, a positive refutation of the calumny which has borne me down.”

As he uttered these words with some fervor, Lord Derwentwater bent on him an earnest and deliberative look. “Strange,” said he, “you should be so anxious to obtain an answerable proof that

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you have not been our enemy, yet so pertinaciously refuse us the hand of union.”

The probable reply was anticipated by Errington’s drawing out his watch, and announcing the time.

“Come, my lord,” he added, “we must be stirring, we are expected elsewhere.” (Then, turning to Lilburne, he proceeded), “my dear lad, we must now leave you. I can almost promise that your liberty will be restored you on our application, so that you will do well to prepare to quit this to-morrow. Give me your hand. It is doubtful whether, or at least when, we may meet again, therefore take from me, now, a sincere farewell, and may the God above bless you.”

The earl then, in turn, took his hand.

Speaking in a low, but impressive tone of voice, he said, “Our acquaintance has been short, and commenced in troubled times; let us trust it may be renewed and confirmed under happier auspices.”

“It is a hope I will ever fondly cherish, my lord;” interjoined Frederick, with real emotion.

“In that hope then, we will console ourselves: farewell!”

“Farewell!” iterated the young man, following his departing friends to the door; “may the God

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of heaven prosper you; would I could say in *all* your intents.”

There is something connected with the act of parting from another for an indefinite space, even though that other be but a slight acquaintance, which seldom fails to give a lugubrious dash to the spirits. If the party be an object of attachment, then the disposition is the stronger and more intelligible, requiring no amplification at our hands. If that tie be wanting, it will not, however, deaden our sensations. Still a mournful chord is struck within our bosoms, and will continue for some time to thrill with painful effect. Can we not dwell on the extent of actual loss sustained? we find an ample source of gloom in calling into mental review the many unhappy chances which may occur before

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the next meeting; or, in the reflection that the implacable Fates may have forbidden that such should ever have recurrence.

To the feelings common to all men under such circumstances, Frederick added others, which deepened their character, and prolonged their impression. He was sensible that the gentlemen who had left him—left him under a sky so pregnant with stormy indications—had deserved greatly at his hands. Without claim on their friendship,

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without title to their consideration, both had been extended towards him, at a time the most trying; and he was now about to owe to them a glad release. In his relations with Lord Derwentwater particularly, there was that attraction which captures the heart of man sooner, or, at least, more effectually than any other:—we mean the consciousness of being an object of unprompted personal liking. To love those that love us is, or, ought to be, an inherent propensity amongst mankind; and he was not formed of such worthless clay as to be insusceptible of so creditable an impression. The earl had borne himself amicably at a time when it was almost impolitic to do it; he had taken his honor upon trust, when every body else doubted it; and all this, either from an admirable goodness of heart, or from a more flattering prepossession in his favor as an individual. Thence became engendered in him a sense of gratitude, deepening into sincere regard; and thence his lordship's departure, upon this occasion, left behind no inconsiderable share of depression.

In time, this sombre cast of thought yielded to the cheering prospect of recovered freedom, and unblemished reputation. Delightedly would he then have recalled that tale of Dulcis' confidence

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in his principles, which the unconscious earl had, on a former occasion, poured into his greedy ear; and which had been to him as a bright sunbeam, struggling through clouds of uncertainty and discomfort ; but, unfortunately, that oasis in the desert of his hopes was blasted by a fell simoon of counteracting recollections.

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CHAPTER XXII.

“We charge you to
To go with us unto the officers.”

Shakespeare.

Slowly and tediously crept on the evening, after the departure of his friendly abettors, left Frederick to the *enjoyment* of his own thoughts; a *pleasure* in which he was alone disturbed by the prolonged uproar arising from the crowded streets below. There the untutored sons of the mountain roamed in groups, idling away time, which doubtless hung heavy on their hands; and confabulating in such sort, that it might have been said of them, in the words of their great modern laureate,

“Loud were their clamoring tongues, as when
The clanging sea fowl leave the fen;”

and, if not,

“— with their cries discordant mixed.

Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt:”

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that relaxation of the din was only to be attributed to the respect due to the Sabbath.

At a late hour, a formal tap at the door (in lieu of trumpet flourish) preceded the entry of quartermaster Stokoe into our hero's apartment. A certain fulness about the eyes, and an oscillating motion of the body,—obvious in spite of a laborious attempt to preserve perpendicularity, showed, that notwithstanding the holiness of the day and the delectation of the morning service, the veteran was now somewhat in his cups.

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“I have brought, Sir,” said he, stalking towards his charge, and presenting betwixt his finger and thumb a folded paper, “this note from my Lord Kenmure; and I’m moreover to acquaint you that I’ve received orders for your enlargement, upon a condition therein mentioned. An’ it please ye— read, Sir.”

Though the voice of the speaker might be a little thick, or so, it is but fair to remark, that, in substance, his speech was clear and methodical Frederick took the offered note, and, on opening it, was soothed and gratified to find that it contained a very handsome apology from the said nobleman, as general of King James’s forces, for his past detention; concluding with the announcement,

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that he might consider himself at liberty as soon as he had signed a written promise not to make use of any knowledge he had obtained by being amongst the confederates, for the space of one week.

“You see, Sir, what is expected,” said Stokoe, on perceiving he had finished the perusal.

“I do, and am willing to comply with the stipulation,” was the answer. “Have you writing materials?”

“I have, Sir,” returned the other, steadying himself upon his legs, and drawing from his breast—with the air of a man who is proud to show how fully he understands, and is prepared in his duty—a leathern case, containing pens and ink.

“You are a man of forecast, Mr. Quartermaster,” said Frederick, receiving from him these necessaries. “We still need paper by the way.”

“Under favor—I believe not. I’ve got here a blank of what you’re to sign; that’ll both save time and bar mistakes.” Here he handed to Frederick a draught of the pledge required from him, which the latter finding to be fairly worded, sat down to sign.

Stokoe meanwhile proceeded: “As to the forecast your honor speaks of, a mustermaster can

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boast o' but little in being ready for daily roll-call, whether it be in field or garrison, horseback or afoot. He doesn't serve his clerkship at a breast-high desk, or pass his men hitched up on a long legged office-stool, I can tell ye."

Ere this speech was finished, Lilburne had affixed his signature to the document. A ceremony he performed with indifference, considering that there was not even a temptation to a breach of the silence required. Handing the scroll to the quartermaster, he could not but remark, that it was received by him with a degree of deference not hitherto exhibited. After depositing the same, with much precision, in his poitrine repository, the veteran seemed, by the working of his countenance, to labor, under some embarrassing impulse, which at length found its way in words.

"I hope, Master Lilburne," said he, fumbling about the buckle of his enormous buff belt, "that you'll not think the worse of Michael Stokoe for the part he's had to play in this game of hold-him-fast. You're a gentleman that understands the way of things. You know that an old soldier, like myself, only thinks of orders: he has no business to square the outs and jouts of them."

"Perhaps not, my friend," returned Frederick,

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with an assuring smile; "be satisfied that I acquit *you* of any blame in the past transaction."

"To be sure," resumed Stokoe, in the same strain; "had I known before, that you were a scandalized gentleman, I might have made some difference: as it is, your honor mustn't bear me ill will for looking a thought sharp after you."

"I have already said I will not, and to prove it, I request your acceptance of this Jacobus—you can drink my health, I hope, though I be a friend of King George."

"That I can, Sir, and will too, with a good heart," answered the quartermaster, pocketing the donation. "You're a generous young squire, and one that bears no malice; isn't that enough to credit the bowl that's drunk to your health? Ay, surely! For my part, had I owed any thing to the German, as perhaps you may, I'd have seen reason in standing out for him."

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“But, friend Stokoe, I owe nothing to King George, save the consideration, that with him lie the better prospects of my country: not that I am, therefore, less zealously disposed to serve his lawful cause.”

“Well! if your honor’s mind takes that way,” said Stokoe, inclining to depart, “I’m sure ‘twill

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be from an honest bias. I wish you a good night, Sir.”

“Stay—it has not yet been settled how I am to get away from this place.”

“I beg your honor’s pardon,” cried the other, halting and facing round. “I should not have forgot that. Your horse will be brought here at first peep o’ day, and you’re recommended to be out of town before any one’s astir.”

“That I will gladly undertake, if you fail not to furnish me with the means.”

“Depend upon me, Sir; I will be at your elbow ere you doff your nightcap, and all shall be ready immediately to take the road.”

“Good! I thank you. By the by, Stokoe, you appear to be a man of parts: did you enter the army as a common soldier?”

“No, Sir;” answered the other, with a pompous and half offended look.

“You held a commission?”

“I did not, Sir.”

“Then pray how did you enter?”

“As a private trooper in the Black Horse;” replied Stokoe, laying a significant emphasis on the words private trooper, obviously with intent to correct Frederick’s less qualified mode of expression.

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After this, recovering his good humor, and warming with his recollections, he broke forth.

“Ah! that *was* a regiment! When I joined it, a finer body of slashers never buckled buff-belt than filled our ranks. Zounds! what a front we made! Let but a battalion of

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Dons, or of Mounseers, fix eye on us, and away they went, flying to rear as though the devil kicked ‘em: as to showing a face, they durst as soon be damned.”

“You were fortunate in serving with so gallant and celebrated a corps;” said Frederick, indulging the old trooper’s humor.

“Ay! indeed I was,” rejoined he: “many a sharp day’s work have I done amongst them, for which I’ve nothing now left me to look at, but this bit of old iron “ (here he held up the heavy battered weapon he constantly wore). “Could the blade but speak,” he continued, “it would tell something of every great fight since the landing o’ Torbay. Oh! Mr. Lilburne! had I but known how it really was with you, I could have wiled away many a long hour with stirring tales. Now I must to the general with your answer: never neglect duty.” So saying, with a becoming flourish of the hand, our hero of the Black Horse made his congé.

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The dawn of the following day found the little town of Kelso enveloped in haze. A slight drizzling rain was also falling, when Frederick looked from his window in anxious observance of appearances without. Expectation was, however, soon relieved by the punctual attendance of his quondam guardian, presently followed by that of Lord Derwentwater’s groom, leading his horse. Unburthened with equipage, a few minutes sufficed to see him mounted and *en chemin*.

The quartermaster volunteered his guidance through the town, a service which the fog, in other respects a convenient cloak, rendered necessary. This he did not perform without many bitter denunciations of “the damned Scotch mist, as they called it, that made it too thick to see a yard beyond his nose, and wet him to the skin into the bargain.”

Following the lead of the trooper, Frederick soon reached the extremity of the habitations; when, after taking proper directions, and charging that worthy with his parting regards to the Earl and Errington, he proceeded on his way alone.

The chill and unpleasant state of the morning was not favorable to halcyon visions, could he even have found materials for such; but tended

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chiefly to promote anxieties of a selfish and immediate cast. A wet skin, and the prospect of a long ride, being equally then as now, inimical to elevated sentiment. Leaving the smiling valley of Tweed, the ordinary beauties of which were now obscured by a veil of vaporous moisture, he pressed on into the bosom of “merry” England. Impatient to reach home, he continued his course with unrelaxing steadiness in that direction, until high noon found him still urging forward a somewhat less active steed. At this time the wind had got a little up, and the rain continuing to fall, came with an unpleasant drift in the face of our traveller. To avoid the blinding effects of which frontal baptism, he was compelled to lean forward upon his horse’s neck, and trust to the animal’s sagacity for keeping the proper road.

In such way he progressed, until his too confiding career was abruptly and rudely checked, at a slight turn of the road, by a deep stentorian voice, exclaiming, “Hallo! where the are you riding to? Pull up—damn your eyes. Pull up!—Let’s see what you’r made of.”

Mechanically Frederick obeyed the uncivil call; and raising at the same time, his erst-averted visuals, perceived the highway directly in his front

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to be occupied by a number of full appointed horsemen. A moment’s review informed him that he had plumped into the teeth of a picquet of regular dragoons. The enormous cocked hats—ample skirted coats—broad leathern girdles—high jackboots, and massive accoutrements of these men, coupled with the heavy, long-tailed, large-boned horses they rode, presented a whole, at once grotesque and formidable. Grotesque, because of the quaint clumsiness and bad taste of their equipment; formidable, because of the semblance of fierce ponderosity they bore about them.

Before he could recover from the startling effects of the rencounter, the serjeant of the party, a frosty-visaged, goggle-eyed fellow, with a superabundant expansion of shoulder, but whose legs stuck rather loosely in their capacious sheathes, again accosted him.

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“What blinking buzzard is it we’ve got here,” he cried; “that can’t spare an eye to look where he rides to? What business are you upon, master?”

“None that it can concern you to know, friend.” answered Frederick, repressing his disgust at the man’s coarseness.

“I’m not sure o’ that,” was the retort. “Let’s hear something more o’ the matter, will ye?”

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“I again tell you that my affairs are not such as you need stumble over,” said Lilburne, calmly; “and, further, I am not aware that it is a part of a soldier’s duty to molest his master’s liege subjects in their honest pursuits.”

“Ho! are you there” returned the serjeant, with a decisive laugh; “I’ll soon settle your wits on that point. D’ye know what we are, and what’s behind us!”

“Perhaps not exactly. I shall be glad to learn.”

“Hearken then. We’re part of the advanced guard of General Carpenter’s army, and he himself is not more than a mile to the rear. So now quick, and give us some account o’ yourself.”

“There is no need for all this roughness, Mr. Serjeant,” rejoined the other, now beginning to foresee the possible turn of the adventure with some disquietude. “I am a peaceful subject, and known friend of King George; therefore expect protection, not incivility or abuse.”

“Easy said—easy said. We must have more than a bare word for that, though, master,” joined in a corporal of the party.

“Then, if I must be examined,” said our hero, “conduct me to your officer. I suppose there will be one at hand.”

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At this demand, the doughty triple-striped warrior, to whom it was addressed, gave his eyes an additional goggle, and screwed up a large mouth into an expression of ineffable contempt.

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“Humph!” he cried, “I like that. What, I’m not good enough to serve your turn, I s’pose. D’ye hear, Wat (addressing the corporal), this bloody papish-looking son of a —asks for our officer, as if Bill Bridoon did not know his duty as well as ever a one that wears a gold loop to his hat. By — (turning to Frederick), you shall go before old Carpenter himself, since nothing less ‘ill suit your high stomach. I warrant he’ll not part with ye in a hurry! Three rear files to the right about! Corporal, you take this suspicious chap to the general. Remaining files—forward!”

Under these prompt orders, the main body of the guard resumed its advance, leaving Frederick behind in the custody of an escort, which proceeded with him immediately towards the rear. But, before we unfold how he fared under this unlooked-for interruption, it will be necessary to premise a brief passage.

When the news of the insurrection reached the authorities, General Carpenter, a veteran officer of note, received orders to collect three regiments

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the movements of the rebels. Arriving at Newcastle, he restored order and confidence amongst those whose duty it was to defend that important town. And, after remaining there barely long enough to recruit and restore the powers of his men, he pushed further northward, determined, if not to attack, at least to get into the immediate neighbourhood of the insurgents. To this rapidity of approach, it was owing that our hero came so unexpectedly into collision with the royal army.

The influence of Sol had prevailed so far over that of Pluvius, that the rain was abated, and the sky, if not clear, presented a much less sullen aspect, when, after passing through a long train of advancing soldiers, Frederick was conducted into the presence of Carpenter.

At the period in question, that general was in gaddle, and moving forward in the midst of his force; the which stretched in an unbroken column for a considerable distance along the narrow byroad they occupied. Their number was in reality not great, but consisting wholly in cavalry, it was unduly magnified (as usually happens with that description of force), by the extent of ground

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they covered. The commander himself was a sunburnt soldier-like personage, the strongly defined lines of whose countenance bore with them a promise of great energy and decision. Whilst serving in the late Spanish war, a musket-ball had inflicted a disfiguring wound upon the lower part of his face; having struck the jaw, and knocked out several teeth. From this it was, that looks, not naturally unpleasing, now bore that character which the vulgar denominate—grew. His personal equipment exhibited a sort of compromise between the mailed panoply of a former age, and the unheroic costume that afterwards prevailed. For, though he wore the ample cocked hat, and capacious full bottomed coat of his day, yet the latter, hanging quite open in front, displayed beneath the burnished cuirass of older times. A spreading horse- cloak, which he had worn as a protection from the past shower, now fell back from his shoulders in disuse. Altogether his appearance was such as, in this era, announced the veteran martialist of rank.

As soon as the case of Lilburne had been communicated to him, he ordered the young man to be brought forward for his own examination. Turning his horse's head, he took a position a little off the highway, so that his stoppage might

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not impede the general march of the troops ; and there, attended by two or three officers, awaited the other's presentation.

This took place in less time than we have taken to describe the preliminaries; and Frederick then found himself exposed to the searching scrutiny of an eye which appeared to scan throughout the seeming of both man and beast.

“If, Sir,” said the general, at length breaking silence, “you are a faithful subject of King George, as I am willing to suppose, you will pardon an interruption necessary for his service; if not, then there is no apology required.”

“As I am unequivocally the former,” reported Frederick, deferentially; “I cheerfully submit myself to his representative, in the person of General Carpenter.”

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“I shall be glad to find it so,” said the general, nodding in token of approval. “Be so good then, Sir, as to answer fully to the few questions I shall feel it my duty to put to you.”

“Certainly, as far as I can, and may;” was the reply.

“No need of that reservation, I should expect. Whence came you this morning?—for I see you have been no short time upon the road.”

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“From Kelso.”

“From Kelso! Why, we hear the rebels are there.”

“Yes;—they were there this morning.”

“And you amongst them! How was that?”

Frederick now run over the leading circumstances of his late adventure; in listening to which, the brow of Carpenter began to lour.

“It occurs to me, friend,” said he, dryly, when the other had finished, “that you must be both a very shallow, and a very impudent sort of person.”

“How, general?”

“Why, the first, because you have told me a story that supplies more against yourself than I had any previous authority to suppose; the second, in thinking me fool enough to receive it after your fashion.”

“I have told you the truth, Sir; and, though by an evasion, I might have saved trouble, I saw no occasion to practise it. It chances, however, that I bear with me a document, which will prove my verity.”

In this, Frederick alluded to Lord Kenmure’s apologetic letter, for which he immediately made search; but, to his great vexation, discovered he

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had left behind. Under this mischance, it is not surprising that he showed a degree of flurry which might be construed in an unfavorable way.

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“I am afraid, young man,” observed the general, with a severe look, “that I must not let this trumped up story pass. I think I can see how it is with you. There are many half bred fellows who dash into desperate schemes one day, and the next would fain sneak out of the turmoil they have helped to raise—many who would willingly share in the sack of the town, but shrink from scaling the rampart. *You* are such a one.”

“Indeed, general! you wrong me grievously,” cried Frederick, much hurt

“Then you deny having been amongst the rebels voluntarily?”

“I do.”

“Well! I’ll try you further—What is their number?”

“I really cannot tell.”

“They’ve joined with Mackintosh—have they not?”

“General, you must excuse my answering questions of that kind. When I was liberated, I gave a pledge that, for a limited period, I would not make answer to such.”

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“Ha!” cried Carpenter, swelling with ire, and casting an intelligent look round to his officers. Here’s a pretty fellow! hasn’t the heart to stay and fight with his friends, but will still try to serve them by a shuffle.”

“You presume too far on our relative situations, Sir,” retorted Frederick, his indignation taking vent.

“Presume! did you say, sirrah?” exclaimed the irascible commander, his face flushing, and eyes starting with passion. “O’ my conscience! but you use your tongue boldly. Tis a pity you did not remain where you might have handled a sharper weapon. Harkee, master! I shall *presume* a little further, and order you under arrest as a suspected traitor.”

This abrupt declaration completely overset Frederick’s composure. After having endured obloquy and restraint, as being too friendly to the established government, to be abused and put under durance by its agents, seemed really too bad. He was in the predicament of a cricket ball, which is driven by the bat alike from either wicket. Boiling

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with a strong sense of the hardship of his case, and goaded by the insulting sneers which the rough soldier had thrown out, as to his supposed

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character and conduct; he was about to address to him a spirited remonstrance, when he was cut short in that quarter by an imperative wave of the hand, accompanied by a sharp wheel of the horse.

“Let a corporal’s guard of Cobham’s,” said the general, addressing one of his staff, “take charge of this long winded papist until further orders.”

After issuing which peremptory mandate, he rode off and resumed his former place in the line of march, leaving the subordinate to superintend its execution.

Stunned as he was by finding himself placed in so novel and vexatious a situation, a word had caught Frederick’s ear which went well nigh to restore his confidence.

“Pray, Sir,” said he, accosting the officer who remained near him, “do Cobham’s dragoons form a part of your force?”

The answer was in the affirmative.

“Do you happen to be acquainted with any officers of that regiment?”

“With all,” returned the other. “I myself belong to it.”

“That is fortunate. Then you can tell me if Captain Compton be now amongst you?”

“He is. Are you known to him?”

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“Most intimately. He can establish my loyalty beyond question, I earnestly beg you will send to apprise him, that his friend, Frederick Lilburne, is here, and wishes to see him.”

With this request the other readily complied, and in a few minutes Frederick was joyously hailed by the esteemed friend of his boyhood.

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“My dear Fred,” exclaimed the latter, on their meeting, “this is a pleasing surprise. Old Carpenter has hurried us on so quickly, that I have not had time for even a snatch peep at Cramlingdon. How goes all there? My little Althy—is she as well as I can wish?”

“Dear Compton, those questions must, for this time, go unanswered,” returned Lilburne, pressing the friendly hand he held, “just at present you must listen to other matters.”

He then proceeded to put his anxious auditor in possession of his plaint, which that party no sooner understood, than he immediately declared his ability to rectify. Riding after the general, he proceeded immediately to essay the proof of this declaration. In strong terms he represented to him the truth of the circumstances, and obtained an order to bring his friend once more forward”

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When Frederick appeared before Carpenter upon this second occasion, he was received by him with a smoothened brow, and a formal touch of the hat.

“I have to apologize, Mr. Lilburne,” said he, “for the obstruction you have sustained, as well as for a few rough words used under a false impression. A loyal gentleman, such as I now find you to be, will consider the heat of zeal for a gracious master’s service as a sufficient excuse.”

Frederick bowed a silent acceptance of the offered salvo.

The general went on:— “Captain Compton has pledged himself for the verity of your story, and his word would suffice to guarantee a more important matter. You are at liberty to depart, Sir. I wish you a good journey.”

Thus terminated an affair, which at one time threatened considerable inconvenience.

After receiving from Compton an almost endless accumulation of *souvenirs* to his Alathea, he exchanged adieus with the young officer, and once more resumed his solitary ride. The early evening, usually attendant upon a dull day, soon, however, overtook him; and this, added to the tired state of his animal, compelled him to halt for the

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night at a village provokingly near to Cramlingdon.

The following morning he again resumed motion; and, long before the sun had gained his utmost height, found himself enclosed within the paternal walls of the family mansion. Therein his return diffused a universal satisfaction. Alatheia felt and uttered those warm demonstrations that flow from an attached and unsophisticated heart. Mrs. Fenwick showed her joy in an overflow of good humor, and an increase of bustle; and if Sir John refrained from any outward indications of pleasure, we must attribute it rather to his immovably saturnine temperament, than suppose that he could fail to rejoice in seeing his only son, the heir of his house, released from a sort of bondage to a (by him) peculiarly detested faction.

The baronet had been made aware of his son's late situation, and was, therefore, prepared for the recital of the details. His informant was an old acquaintance, Mr. Haggerstone, who had fulfilled his promise of visiting Cramlingdon for the purpose. With his sojourn at that place, the latter had, it appeared, been so well pleased, that it was only the day before our hero's arrival he had departed for Bywell. Whether this reluctance to

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return home arose from a morbid reminiscence of the annoyance he had there experienced; or, whether the house of his relative contained any positive attraction, is a question which the reader may be better able to solve hereafter.

Having restored Frederick Lilburne to the peaceful enjoyment of ranging the green lawns of his birthplace, we hasten to employ our pen on a more stirring section of this story.

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“The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms.”—*Dryden*.

“Stand we in good array, for they no doubt
Will issue out again, and give us battle:
If not, the city begin but of small defence,
We’ll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.”

Hen. VI. Part 3rd.

A due regard to the character of our tale now requires us to trace, in a cursory way at least, the progress of the northern insurrection, until “proud” Preston became, at once, the theatre of its drama, and the speedy grave of

“_____crushed rebellion.”

From Kelso, where we last left them, the united strength of the rebels successively marched to Jedburgh, Howick, and Langholm; and otherwise peregrinated the Scottish border, without

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accomplishing any beneficial object. During this time they were closely followed, and occasionally even threatened, by Carpenter and his cavalry. Upon the latter circumstance, we are induced to pause in consideration, whether some want of spirit was not shown by the jacobite gentry herein engaged, in allowing themselves to be thus dogged by an inferior force of newly raised soldiers and worn out horses. Perhaps it was, that being, with the exception of Macintosh’s clansmen, a mere concourse of untrained horsemen, they might naturally look upon a body of heavy armed dragoons with apprehension:—or perhaps, not having at this period any definite purpose to serve by engaging them, they prudently avoided the necessity.

After spending several days in this manner, a resolution was at length taken to re-enter England, and march towards Lancashire; then notorious for being filled with favourers of their cause. This scheme displeased a good many of the Scottish gentlemen, who would have preferred operating in conjunction with Mar, in their own country; and

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created open resistance amongst the Highland infantry, who possessed still stronger prejudices. So much were the latter excited against the proceeding, that at Langholm, when the army actually

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In the progress through Cumberland, their arms were graced with a triumph, which, though cheaply obtained, struck no small terror into the minds of their enemies.

The sheriff of that county, backed by Lord Lonsdale, and other people of influence, had determined to signalize his zeal for the house of Brunswick, by opposing the further advance of its foes in open field. Collecting, with this aim, an extraordinary assemblage of country people, to the number, it is said, of twelve thousand men, these doughty personages took post upon a moor near Penrith, over which it was known the rebels would pass.

From such a formidable embattlement much was expected, and with some show of reason. Destiny had, however, decreed the exhibition only of a reversed Thermopylae.

No sooner did the men of Cumberland behold, on the distant verge of the common, intelligent symptoms of hostile proximity, than an uneasy discomposure began to manifest itself amongst their serried body. And when at length the undismayed approach of the confederates brought rapier and

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pistol bolster, bare leg and claymore distinctly palpable to view, every atom of pugnacity evaporated, and *sauve qui peut* became, if not the cry, certainly the feeling, of all. In vain did Lord Lonsdale, with truly Spartan devotion, throw himself before his followers, and endeavour to lead a charge of pitchforks against the enemy; the inglorious boors, dead to honor, refused to obey, and flying tumultuously from the ground, dispersed in all directions.

After this advantage, Forster, who now held the command, pushed on through Westmoreland, into Lancashire, every way proclaiming King James, and confiscating the public monies for his use.

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In this last province, according to expectation, they received a considerable increase to their numbers, and, in Lancaster castle, absolutely succeeded in getting possession of several pieces of cannon.

At length they reached a place which, far contrary to their aspirations, proved the *Ultima Thule* of their progress: in plain, the town of Preston. Therein they entered with more “pomp and circumstance” than they had elsewhere been in a condition to use; and reposed undisturbed for a full day and night.

That time, such was the want of conduct and foresight amongst the leaders, they suffered to

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elapse before learning that General Willis; with a body of the king’s troops, was in their immediate neighborhood:—nay, it then only transpired that he was absolutely advancing upon them from Wigan, a town only one stage distant. Nor did their mismanagement end here, for even after they- had been apprized of his approach, they overlooked an excellent opportunity of checking it, by occupying the celebrated Wigan-lane, and so dealing upon him a second enaction of that remarkable fight. As it was, they barricaded the several entrances to the town of Preston itself, and made preparations there to offer a stout resistance.

It was early in the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th day of November, that General Willis came before the town, and reconnoitred the defences of its occupants. The result was the prompt commencement of two separate attacks upon it from opposite quarters. After a pretty sharp conflict, these so far succeeded, that a lodgement was effected in some large houses, from which the king’s troops were enabled, in a great measure, to command the barricades of the rebel defenders. This position they maintained during the following night, and an irregular, but vexatious, pattering of musketry was kept up throughout its duration.

In the course of these proceedings, amidst the

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incapacity, and even cowardice, displayed by some of his compeers, the Earl of Derwentwater stood conspicuous for a gallant bearing. Armed with sword and pistol, and lightened of the (then cumbersome) upper garment, he took post amongst his friends at one of the most exposed stations. In every outward demonstration he showed himself both fully alive to the desperate crisis at hand, and prepared to meet it manfully. This display of courage and intrepidity on his lordship's part was the more genuine in its nature, the more notable in its occurrence, from his being a man of but slender frame, and invariably gentle character.

Affairs continued in the state we have described until late on the Sunday morning, when the arrival of Carpenter, who had been all this time in constant activity, put a finishing stroke to the hopes of the beleaguered Jacobites. The town was then completely invested, and new dispositions made for forcing its defences.

The rebel leaders seeing this, and seized with a premature despair, entertained thoughts of surrender; acting upon which impulse, they sent out a demand for terms. Any such were, however, refused by the king's generals, who returned for answer only a choice betwixt unconditional

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submission and the chance of immediate military extermination. A few hours was, indeed, allowed for deliberation, but this respite was clogged with a condition to the effect, that hostages should be immediately delivered as a pledge that, in the mean time, no new entrenchments should be created, nor any attempts made at escape.

It has since been a subject of marvel, that a body of desperate men, who had, in the first instance, possessed nerve enough to enter upon such a daring enterprise, should have suffered themselves to be thus cooped up, and not make even an effort to cut their way to safety; so, nevertheless, it happened. Some have attributed the weakness to the councils of treachery, and there were parties, who were more than pointed at, as liable to the charge. This stigma, ill sustained, and, perhaps, ill founded, was never brought home to any one; and posterity is left to find an explanation in the want of energy and firmness visible in those who headed the insurrection.

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On the development of these events the streets of Preston presented a scene of distraction and tumult of the wildest kind. Gentlemen and servants, indifferently mingled, were to be seen running too and fro, some inquiring, others denouncing

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the determinations of their chiefs. Bands of the savage hillsmen ran along the pavement brandishing their naked broad swords, shrieking in Gaelic that they were betrayed, and calling for vengeance on their betrayers. Though it was now night, this spectacle of "confusion worse confounded" was rendered imposingly palpable by the glare of burning houses. For, in the course of the previous struggle, that calamity had befallen several.

At this paralyzing juncture, Richard Errington, disgusted with the soulless turn which the councils of his friends were about to take, quitted the place of their assembly, and rushed into the crowded thoroughfare below. Here he paced along under the peripatetic impulse which often attends despair or perplexity. Heedless of his progress, he strode abstractedly through the groups of complaining partizans that every way obstructed his course, until at length, violently jostling against two men, advancing hastily in an opposite direction, he looked up and recognised Captains Featherstone and Shaftoe. All paused and looked gloomily at each other.

"Whither so fast, gentlemen?" asked Errington, in a bitter tone; "there's nothing, I know of, left

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to bustle about; we may all, it seems, wait patiently until it please Willis or Carpenter to cut our throats, according to military rule."

"I'm damned if I wait for any such ceremony," retorted Shaftoe: "Thank ye; my service to it."

"Well said, bully Shaftoe," rejoined the first, with a shrug. "How, pray, will you save yourself from the fate of your fellows?"

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“How! why—” here he suddenly checked himself, and, seeking the eye of his brother captain, seemed to inquire, by the glance, whether or not he should proceed; then, as if taking suddenly his own resolution, he resumed; “You’re an honest and a hearty fellow, Errington, and curse me if you shan’t have a chance for it as well as ourselves—will you try a brush with us?”

“Explain! explain!” was Errington’s anxious reply.

“Well then, hear! my friend Stoney has spied out a gap in the enemy’s leaguer; we intend to take to our horses immediately, and, under cover of this dusky sky, to make through it. Now! will ye ride with us?”

“I will—but softly—when I left the Mitre there was talk of hostages to be sent on this very head. The Elector’s officers made a point of it, and Lord

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Derwentwater himself offered to be one. He, of all other men, I would not compromise.”

“Pshaw!” muttered Featherstone, who had hitherto stood coldly aloof, then speaking aloud, observed, “If Mr. Errington is averse to the attempt he is not urged to join in it. I, for one, shall not remain to grace a halter upon any such consideration. Come, Shaftoe, time presses.”

To account for the shyness here exhibited by Featherstone towards a man whom the reader has seen in intimate relation with him, it will be sufficient to say, that his resentment had been roused against the latter for having discouraged his bold suit to Dulcis. This feeling he had hitherto subdued; but, now that the common cause was ruined, and each individual concerned must seek his own safety as he best could, he put no further restraint on the impulses of a heart naturally inclined to rancour.

Shaftoe, who, though a blusterer, was at bottom not an ill disposed fellow, and had, moreover, some regard for Errington, disregarded his associate’s hint, and still continued to press upon his old acquaintance the wisdom of accompanying them.

“As to putting Dern’water in peril,” said he, “I should be as sorry to do that as another; but,

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“Ay!” broke in Featherstone, sourly, “that is, if we *do* make off, and waste no more time babbling on it.”

“Well, gentlemen!” exclaimed Errington, moved by Shaftoe’s last argument, and moreover entertaining a further conceit which he confined within his own breast, “let me know a rendezvous,—give me there ten minutes law,—and I am with you.”

This was accordingly done, and the parties separated, Errington to proceed with breathless speed to the Mitre, in the stables of which inn, fortunately for a part of his design, his horse was stalled. Thither he soon arrived, and lost not an instant in feeing an hostler to get ready, and lead out two strong nags he pointed out to him. Then, entering the house, set about the remaining, and most essential object of his supplementary project.

Now this same Mitre, which we here have occasion to visit, was what would, in modern military parlance, have been called the headquarters of the insurgent army. Here were, at this moment, assembled most of its leaders; and here also were in waiting two field officers, sent under truce by

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the attacking generals, to bring out the required hostages.

Errington pushed his way through the crowd of servants and loiterers who hung around the doors, and encumbered the passages of the interior, and hurried up to a chamber in the second story, wherein he knew his compeers held their council. It was at that moment occupied by a spiritless, yet uneasy conclave. On the dejected countenances of its members, the sickly light of a few half-burnt tallow candles cast an unseemly tinge, that ill relieved the pallid livery of alarm and watching. The uncared-for attire, and disordered perriwigs of the most, showed that little attention had that day been paid by them to what is usually denominated the toilette. Chairs stood scrambled about; such as were not otherwise in use, supporting the hats, rapiers, and pistols of those around. A disputative knot of persons, amongst whom the scarlet uniforms of two were ominously conspicuous, encircled a table at one extremity of the apartment; whilst, here and there, others sat alone by the walls, in sullen cogitation.

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Little difficulty had Errington in distinguishing the light and graceful form of him he sought; but, some in obtaining his attention, without

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seeming anxiously to demand it. Chance, however, favored his wishes, and he succeeded in drawing him, unostentatiously, aside. Then briefly to unfold the purpose with which he was animated, and warmly to urge the other's participation, was the work of an instant. The earl—it is unnecessary to predicate, formally, who was his auditor—listened with pensive attention to the detail; an uncoinciding shake of the head being harbinger to his reply.

“Surely, my lord!” exclaimed Errington, observing it, “you will not—cannot hesitate how to act!”

“I must,” was the answer. “I have allowed myself to be named as a hostage to Willis, that things shall remain as they are, until the final determination is come to. How can I recede?”

“By removing yourself wholly from the spot. This is no time to stand upon punctilios.”

“Good faith, Errington, does not—nor ought not, to depend upon seasons.”

“Granted, my lord,” returned the other, much excited; “but, in this case, no one will suffer injury; all that follows is to name another hostage.”

“May be so. Nevertheless, were I even to yield ye up this point, there are others which would

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similarly influence me. Speed you then, my dear friend, and make the surest use of the chance thrown in your way.”

“Oh, my lord! why is this?” cried Errington, greatly distressed; “what can induce you to remain here to meet an almost certain fate?”

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“Richard,” said the earl, governing his own feelings, “your alarm for considerations of the hour, blinds you to such as are of a more lasting nature. What would the flight you counsel do for *me*?”

“It will save your life; or, at any rate, preserve to you that which gives value to it—your liberty. Need I—can I say more?”

“You *will* need. For, say I secure those, do I not by the means abandon home, friends, and country—all dear to me? Do I not thereby relinquish a fortune, which habit has made but too necessary? and must I not then sink an empty title which I can no longer support? Yes, this must follow, if I take your plan. By mine, the results will, I trust, be different. In yielding ourselves to the clemency of the present ruler, when we can no more serve him we love, there is no stigma: and thence we acquire a claim to pardon, which cannot be overlooked. Princes, too, are

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seldom generous by halves; therefore, we may hope that, if left with life, we will be spared our share of its goods.”

“Your lordship’s decision grieves me to the heart,” rejoined Errington; “the more so, that while I stay to combat it, the moments for action are elapsing.”

“True, Errington ; true, my friend,” interrupted the earl; “and, therefore, now waste no more of them ; as, I assure you, it *is* a waste. By the by, you have alluded to this outbreak as a thing of certain success:—I can only say, that I heartily wish it may prove so;—but I still detain you, and I am sure your impatient coadjutors will not wait. Heaven send your hopes be not too sanguine.”

Again Errington would have remonstrated; but the earl, after wringing his hand warmly, terminated the affair by bursting from him and mingling with others.

Thus disappointed in his well-meant purpose, that gentleman quitted the spot with a sigh of boding regret. Conscious that what his lordship had loosely said of his fellow-adventurers possessed every possible foundation, he hurried to the stable-yard with precipitate speed. The ostler proved

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faithful to his trust, and a convenient back gate gave an unnoticed egress.

Proceeding at a rapid pace to the quarter of the town from which they intended to issue, he arrived at the appointed place of meeting just as the patience of Featherstone and his companion was about to give way. Indeed, had it not so fallen out, that they themselves experienced some previous delay, it is not probable it would have lasted them so long. Once assembled they pushed on to the very verge of the suburb, and thence *reconnoitred* the prospect before them. This we will endeavor to sketch:—

On that side of the town where they then stood, spread a tract of sedgy marsh, continuing down to the edge of the adjacent Ribble. This river was, at that part, fordable in an ebb-tide; and, on being passed, the road to Liverpool was easily attainable. With these circumstances, Featherstone, who knew the neighborhood, was well acquainted; and furthermore, it had not escaped his prying eye that, in this particular point, the king's officers had failed to post a sufficient guard. If, therefore, the marsh could be crossed without detection, there was every chance of their gaining the open country, on the other side of the Ribble, and afterwards

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of turning their steps wherever prudence might dictate.

Upon making this essay we find our three unlucky Jacobites now determined. Unpropitious to their success was the red light which the burning houses, once before alluded to, threw upon their course, but not, in their opinion, fatal. They argued that, as there did not appear to be any picket of the enemy immediately at hand, there were fair hopes that, even if chased, they might, by good riding, place the river betwixt them and capture.

Rendered desperate by the portentous state of things behind them, for, be it recollected, that both Errington and his two associates, being marked men, had no hope of experiencing that clemency anticipated by many, they merely paused to take a rapid glance at the ground they had to pass, and then dashed, at full speed, into the marshy plain.

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Unfortunately, as it happened, several other individuals had, a while previous, escaped by this pass, some of whom had been observed by the beleaguering troops, and in consequence, a patrol of dragoons ordered to the spot. Nothing could be more inopportune, for, at the very moment when our trio were committed in full career, this patrol

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appeared to take its allotted ground. We need scarcely add, that the fugitives were perceived, and an instant pursuit commenced.

A desperate burst, as a foxhunter would call it, now took place. The spur was vigorously applied by both parties, and tightly indeed were strung the hopes and fears of the fliers. The vantage they had haply gained might have been successfully kept, had not the broken and swampy ground retarded their progress; an effect, in which the others might be supposed to share. But chance, favoring numbers, allowed three or four of the latter to clear the bad ground, and consequently to draw upon the confederates. Errington, being a light rider and well mounted, took the lead of his companions; and but for his having occasionally to call back to Featherstone, to confirm him in the proper direction to proceed, of which he was ignorant, might have outstripped the danger. As it was, this circumstance, apparently a hindrance, turned out an advantage; —but of that anon.

Several pistol shots were now fired, apparently without effect; and the foremost troopers, still favored by a perverse fortune, were presently in a condition to more than threaten the rear of our adventurers. The most advanced, a cavalier who

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somewhat differed from the rest, at length flanked, —and then swept past Featherstone and Shaftoe, leaving those who accompanied to assail them, whilst he himself chased the fleeter fugitive.

Now, indeed, did our friend Errington find himself sore bested. With sensations of the most unenviable description, he became conscious of the rapid approximation of

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his pursuer. The waters of the Ribble, reflecting the lurid light from the town, lay full before him, giving a tantalizing promise of that safety, which he now began to despair reaching. Like the wary Spaniard, he was compelled to ride with “beard on shoulder;” but he did not therefore repress the velocity of his course. Still he spurred on, hoping that the flagging energies of his animal would sustain him to the river’s brink, until he became painfully convinced that the hope was vain. Resolute not to yield whilst a single throw upon the dice of fortune remained untried, he was on the point of attempting, by a pistol shot, to arrest the career of his threatener, when his intention was thus agreeably diverted.

“Ride—ride for your life,” cried that dreaded party, in a voice sufficiently familiar to be recognised. “I’m a friend. I know you, and would save you.”

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Without answer, for the approach of others forbade ceremony, Errington obeyed; and the stranger, restraining the speed of his own horse, so managed, as not to lessen further the distance between them.

On reaching the edge of the ford, a momentary stoppage occurred. “Heaven reward you, Lilburne,” then exclaimed Errington, breathlessly, “this is truly a piece of good service.”

“In, In,—waste no words,”—was the brief retort; followed immediately, as if on recollection, by the hurried demand, “Is the earl with you?”

“He is not.”

“Enough!—Now dash in—that’s well—God speed you.”

With the words, Errington took the water and urged his way, successfully, towards the opposite bank.

Lilburne, for such the friendly party proves to be, glowing with satisfaction at the escape he felt overjoyed to have aided, drew up, without entering the river. Ere he could recover self-command, a second adventurer thundered past, and plunged into its liquid bosom. This was Featherstone; and him Frederick had, in passing, recognised. Instinctively, he drew a pistol from his holster, and

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levelled it at the well-remembered ruffian. A steady hand and an accurate aim were both his; but before he could pull the fatal trigger, “consideration, like an angel, came,” and caused him to withhold his purpose.

“No,” thought he, depressing his weapon, “a poor wretch, flying for his life, is beneath a brave man’s resentment. It shall not be said, that Frederick Lilburne took his revenge at such a time; the man’s own bad heart and broken fortunes be his punishment.”

Thus spared, the individual in question gained dry ground, on the other side, in safety; and, continuing his flight, soon disappeared.

Not so fortunate was poor Shaftoe; he fell a victim to his own ill fate, and the selfish policy of the man he called his friend. In few words, it was thus.—When Featherstone perceived that an assault from the closing troopers was inevitable, by a dextrous management of rein, he contrived to interpose the other betwixt himself and fight. Then, making speed, he got off in the way we have just seen; whilst that unlucky gentleman was cut from his horse with mortal injury.

As a soldier, Shaftoe must be supposed to have looked on such a fate without fear; and whether or

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no, could his shade have lingered on the earth, and have witnessed that which befell most of his compeers, he would have been well reconciled to it.

Having followed this adventure to its conclusion, it behoves us to elucidate the part which our hero was brought so unexpectedly to act; which will be best done in another chapter.

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————— “What avails from iron chains

Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast?” —*Davies.*

“*Melum.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happier we had other names.”

King John.

“Farewell to pleasant Dilstone Hall,

My father’s ancient seat;

A stranger now must call you his,

Which gars my heart to greet.”

Derwentwater’s Lament, a Ballad.

The first few days which followed the return of Frederick Lilburne to his home at Cramlington, were attended by all the listlessness of body and anarchy of mind which a succession of exciting events, such as those he had lately been engaged in, usually leaves behind. Moreover, his passion for Dulcis Errington, no longer tempered by immediate cares, racked his heart and preyed upon

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his spirits. Prudence counselled him to veil her image from his fancy, but in vain. It was his greatest luxury to recall the memory of her varied endowments: nay! of her most trivial peculiarities. Pride jogged him on the elbow, and suggested the unseemliness of loving where he was not loved; but he only became the more sensible how surely it is “the hardest science to forget.”

Nor was there long wanting, with him, the usual external indication of the distracting conflicts that existed within. He lost the hilarious smile that once characterised him, and his healthful cheek became blanched almost to wanness.

The gentle Alatheia was the first to detect her brother’s disorder, and to divine its cause. With all the tender sweetness of her nature she invited his confidence. Almost identifying herself with him, she was to Frederick as another self; and he, yielding to

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the impulse which prompts us all to seek for another's sympathy, threw open his soul to her. Not, we believe, in one express disclosure, but by those progressive ebullitions of the heart which, more by what they imply than declare, ultimately convey one's inner mind to a kindred breast. To his often repeated regrets, the sweet girl listened with a participating sigh, and administered such consolation as presented itself.

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"I am sure, my dear Frederick," said she, as he one day poured out his griefs at her embroidery frame, that with your person and advantages, half the girls in the county are at your option. Why then not shake off a thralldrom at once painful and bootless? Why rest your happiness upon one whom accident has caused to fix hers elsewhere?"

"Ah, Althy! that is the thought which tortures me," he responded. "The idea of separation alone I could entertain with patience; but that of her becoming the hourly companion, the absolute property of another, is truly intolerable."

"And yet, my dear brother," she rejoined, "you *must* entertain it; for were the lady free as air, or, more than that, did she meet your love with reciprocated warmth, a barrier remains which cannot be overleapt."

"You allude to my father."

"I do; Sir John would certainly never consent to such an alliance. It is opposed both to his prejudices, and to his every day notions of what is desirable for his son. This, I freely confess, weighs more with me than the engaged affections of Miss Errington, which, after all, you do but take upon presumption."

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"Not so with me, Alatheia," returned Frederick, feeling as lovers always do. "Would that Sir John's opposition were the only obstacle. You question the reality of my most painful surmise. Was not the appointment on the moor too intelligent a proof?"

"If an appointment there *was*, certainly; but, oh, brother! that is not all it would seem to prove."

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“Not all! what may remain?” inquired he hastily, moved by the seriousness of her manner.

“Pardon a sister’s candor,” she reparted, “if I say then, that in the affair you speak of, there was evidence, if not of what you have divined, too surely of a masculine indecorum of action, which I should deplore in your wife.”

“Alathea, you know not the angelic creature herself, or you could never couple her name with such ideas. I could not be mistaken in my estimation of her purity; her radiant countenance is the unerring mirror to the emanations of a soul spotless as your own. True, she is frank, perhaps unguarded on many points; but then the disposition takes any shape rather than that of unfeminine forwardness. It is, in fact, only the exuberance of those very qualities which do, and ought to constitute her brightest charm.”

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“I am afraid, brother,” said Alathea, smiling at his warmth, “that the beauty of this fair lady, coupled with a certain novel freshness and unreserve, has dazzled your imagination, to the oblivion of more solid requisites. Come, confess, is it not so?”

“No, indeed! my sweet sister,” returned he, with smiling energy, “you wrong both your brother’s judgment and the lady’s mind.—Mind did I say?—the word is apropos—she is all mind. It is the predominance of it that speaks in every action, and gives to her lovely features their loveliest fascination.”

“Nay, prithee hold!” interrupted Alathea. “If you get into rhapsodies like this, I must cry misericordia.”

“Well, then,” he resumed, “I will speak soberly. I will say that, with a lively comprehension, she is open and unsophisticated; not only superior to, but absolutely ignorant of, any kind of affectation.”

“Truly! those are qualities most grateful to contemplate,” observed the sister; “and to find them united to so much beauty as you describe will be most refreshing from its singularity.”

“It is—Oh! if your sex, generally, Althy, could but be made sensible how easily every cast of affectation, whether it be superiority of station, or

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of talent; of fashion, or philosophy; of freedom, or fastidiousness, is seen through by men of sense, and its worse than failure of effect, they would save themselves much misspent study and trouble. Of the ordinary airs of rank and beauty I speak not, their folly lays on the surface.”

“Upon my word, Frederick!” exclaimed Alatheia, after listening to the above, with archly elevated eyebrows, “this swan of yours must either be of a veritably sable species; or, I must pronounce you not quite so far gone as I had previously supposed. No man irrecoverably in love can have eyes to take such un gallant observation, unless it be forced upon him by the strength of contrast. Well! I am willing to concede to this incomparable young lady all the rare qualities with which your partiality can invest her; yet still, as a sister, I must persuade you to forget her.”

“Indeed, my dear girl!” returned Frederick, despondingly, “I feel not less convinced than yourself of its necessity; but your own well placed affections will teach you how difficult is the task.”

Alatheia blushed, and looked as if she felt truly the insufficiency of reason to rule the ungovernable impulses of the heart.

A further pursuit of the subject was, at this

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stage, prevented, by a message from Sir John, requesting his son’s attendance in the study. The young man of course obeyed the summons.

On repairing to that apartment, which constituted the baronet’s *officium*, or place of business, he found him seated at his private bench of justice; from which he had been previously dispensing that much demanded, but ill accorded benefaction, to some of the surrounding peasantry. He was now alone, but so recent had been his employment in this way, that at the time Frederick entered, he had not entirely dismissed his magisterial frown. That party, perceiving him to be temporarily engaged, seated himself on an opposite chair, and silently awaited his commands.

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After some little time these were forthcoming; for Sir John, taking off his spectacles and thrusting away a pile of papers which he had been examining, thus unlocked his mind.

“I have remarked, Frederick,” he began, “with dissatisfaction, that since your late return home, you have supinely indulged a disposition to mopish seclusion, unusual at your age, and obviously detrimental to your health.”

On hearing this exordium, our hero experienced an unexpected attack of embarrassment, for he

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dreaded the probing examination, which, to his conscious spirit, it seemed to portend.

“This sluggishness,” continued the other, “must be thrown off, before it produce worse consequences; and I have thought of a way in which it may be done with a compound advantage. The times call for exertion, and my son must not be found backward.”

“Believe me, Sir!” exclaimed Frederick, relieved to find the turn the subject was about to take; “I am willing, even anxious to anticipate your wishes, if personal employment be their object.”

“I am glad to hear it, for that way they do tend. You are not ignorant, Frederick, that however clear the nature and origin of your late sojourn with those malignant traitors, now in arms, may have been made to those who know you and myself, it nevertheless bears an air of ambiguity, which the invidious may turn to your disparagement.”

“Nay, Sir! but—”

“Peace! attend to me. At once to silence such doubts, and to act in a manner becoming your name and connections, I purpose, that you should forthwith join the king’s troops as a volunteer, to

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assist in putting down this pestilent and wicked rebellion.” More Sir John said, but we will not follow him throughout.

Little consideration was required to induce the consent which Frederick immediately gave to this proposal. Independent of some little inclination to join the scene of action, it occurred to him, as probable, that by being there, he might possibly have it in his power to solace and serve those jacobite friends, who had been so gratuitously kind to him. This notion pressed upon him with the more force, in that his prescient sagacity had enabled him already to anticipate, with tolerable precision, the disasters which eventually befell them.

“Willingly,” said he, in answer to his father’s speech, “do I comply with your desires; and, if it meet your approval, would select to join General Carpenter, as, by that means, I would have the example and society of my friend Compton.

“Certainly; a prudential thought,” replied the baronet. “For my part,” he added, “so that your name stands conspicuous amid the list of King George’s friends, I consider it immaterial under what command you serve.”

“Does it not strike you, Sir,” queried Frederick, “that I should stir immediately. Thanks to Heaven

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and the good sense of the country! the struggle is likely to be soon over.

“You are right, boy,” was the rejoinder. “Hasten, therefore, and make such arrangements as may be needful.”

Not uselessly to occupy the reader, those arrangements were made, and the next day’s dawn saw Frederick depart on the projected expedition.

On joining the army of Carpenter, now retracing its way southward, he attached himself to Cob- ham’s dragoons, enrolling his name as an honorary member of Captain Compton’s troop. With them, on the very next day, he found himself taking part in the investment of Preston.

At the fall of evening, on this day, he accompanied Compton on duty with a picquet, of which that officer had command. Patrolling with a detachment of this body, the Fates conducted him to the quarter where the three confederates were straining to

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avoid being engulfed in the ruin of their cause. Accident, and the speed of his horse, rather than any disposition of his own, caused him to stand foremost in the chase that followed. Happening, however, to overhear and recognise the voice of Errington, as he called to his companions in flight, a different impulse

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possessed his motions. Seeing that there was every probability, that three other troopers, besides himself, would overtake the fliers, he designedly rode past Featherstone and Shaftoe; rightly conceiving that the other three would get engaged with them, and leave the pursuit of Errington to him. The consequences were such as, have been already related.

When relief from the duty he had imposed upon himself allowed a return to the general quarters, which was not until towards morning on the following day, he learnt a circumstance which interested whilst it grieved him. He was apprized that the amiable nobleman, for whom he felt so sincere an interest, was then in, what we may call, the royal camp. He, and the chief of the clan Macintosh, were, it appeared, there held as security for the unqualified surrender of their fellows on the return of the sun.

No indulgence, no terms, were granted to these unhappy insurgents. All they could obtain from the stern soldiers who commanded for the King was a simple promise, that, in the event of their submitting peacefully, they should be reserved for his Majesty's mature discretion, instead of being immediately put to the sword.

A few hours more, and the last scene of this wild

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attempt, in favor of legitimacy, was acted. With the earliest light, the town was entered by the military, and the whole of the Jacobites found therein disarmed and secured. Those that could not be disposed of on the spot were dispatched, under escort, to the castles of Chester and Lancaster. The lords and leading men being reserved apart for conduct to London, there to await the judgment of the higher tribunals.

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As soon as occasion served, Frederick indulged the benevolent suggestions of his heart, and sought the place wherein Lord Derwentwater, and the rest of his ill starred compeers were, for the present, confined. With some difficulty he procured access to the former. He found him pacing the narrow confines of a bare ill contrived room, in which the absence of fire caused the cold of the season to be unpleasantly felt. His looks bore token of a deeply settled grief, which his youthful, but stronger minded brother was endeavoring to alleviate. On beholding the latter thus involved in the general ruin, a selfish speculation essayed a momentary entrance into his breast, but was instantly dismissed as unmanly in itself, and very unworthy of him.

Approaching his lordship, he uncovered

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and saluted him with the most profound respect, extending the same courtesy, though less emphatically, to Ratcliffe. The first recognised him immediately, and held out his hand with prompt amenity.

“Ah! Mr. Lilburne!” he exclaimed with a melancholy attempt at a smile, “have you then been amongst our captors? Well! you are not a whit the less welcome. Pray you be seated”

“I come here, my lord,” said Frederick, still standing, “on no visit of undesired and unmeaning condolence. I come simply to say that if there be ought wherein another can be useful to you— any little commission which the confusion and exigence of the time may suggest, you have before you one who will esteem the charge an honor, and its execution a pleasure.”

“I thank you, Lilburne—thank you sincerely: but pray use less ceremony; dismiss, if you please, this undue show of form. And yet perhaps,” he added, “I ought not to be in a hurry to dispense with that courtesy which is likely soon to be altogether withheld.”

There was a mixture of bitter anticipation and gentle resignation, attending these words of his lordship, that Frederick, *not* ‘unused to melting mood,’ was considerably affected.

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Charles Ratcliffe forestalled him in response.

“I hope, my lord,” said the youth, speaking with much stateliness, “that you will never, assentingly, forego, in any point, what is due to your rank and house.”

“Charles, you talk like a proud and petulant boy,” returned the earl. “Adversity you have to learn is no respecter of persons. A sounding title, or an ancient name, is of little avail when deprived of the power which usually lurks behind, and gives to it its real importance. A prudent man never exacts that which he cannot enforce.

“Brother!” exclaimed the younger, impatiently; “your easy temper will, I fear, lead you to carry yourself too tamely in the face of insult. For my part, I will never hold down my head, but rather set it higher than before; and let me see who dares curl his sneering lip at a Ratcliffe.”

“I admire your spirit, Charles,” said his lordship, with a gentle smile; “but I pity your inexperience, in thinking to restrain the rude and powerful, with big looks. Nevertheless” (here he assumed an air of collected dignity) “if we have thrown a bold cast for a beloved object, and failed, we will not therefore droop our crests. No! they may take our lives, and rob us of fortune; but

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it will remain with ourselves to make a voluntary surrender of our spirit.”

Mr. Ratcliffe listened to this burst of latent energy, with undisguised satisfaction. Of a sanguine temperament, and in the full flow of manly enjoyment, he looked upon this reverse only as the disappointment of one day, which the success of another would presently obliterate.

“Ah!” he cried, “those are sentiments worthy to succeed the noble impulses that prompted us, at first, to commit ourselves in this rightful cause. How I glory, and yet how I grieve, to think, that amongst all the olden gentry of England, those of heathery Northumbria alone stood forth, in a body, for the acknowledged right. I am proud of my native region. I am proud of the enterprise it has given birth: and I still hope, that the period is not far off when my sluggish countrymen, at large, will acknowledge their duty, and honor those who would have taught them by example.”

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“Well! my dear brother, you certainly speak like a true Ratcliffe; but I would remind you that we impose upon this gentleman (Charles walked to the window). Mr. Lilburne, your pardon, I hope we have not wearied you?”

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“No, my lord,” was the answer. “I have not listened without pain, but it was not the pain of weariness.”

“You disapprove of our views, I know; and your motives I reverence, though I cannot appreciate. Believe me, to see you, at this moment, gives me real pleasure: it convinces me that I was not mistaken in my first estimation of your character.”

“The only answer I can make your lordship, is to say, that I am now anxious for a substantial claim upon your good opinion; as yet, I have none.”

“It is not needed. Tell me, Mr. Lilburne, before I turn to selfish interests, have you seen Errington? Some say he has escaped; others, that he was taken in the attempt.”

Frederick gave a brief sketch of the facts.

“Heartily rejoiced am I, at his good fortune;” exclaimed the earl, on hearing the detail. “Dick was a man whom the Duke of Brunswick’s government look on with a most jaundiced eye. Death and capture would with him have certainly been synonymous. For the sake of the sweet girl, his daughter, he deserved being spared.”

On the first broach of this topic, Frederick had

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instinctively turned a covert regard upon Charles Ratcliffe, to watch its effect upon him. None was however visible, that gentleman continuing to look steadfastly at some proceedings in the adjoining street.

“Is the young lady you allude to still under the protection of your amiable countess?” asked our hero diffidently; urged thereto as well by the uncontrollable interest he felt in her fortunes, as by an acknowledged desire to elicit something from his supposed rival. That party, however, remained apparently unmoved. The answer of the

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Earl was an affirmative, and was followed by a fervent aspiration that such protection should long be all sufficient.

“The sky lours upon me, Mr. Lilburne,” he pursued; “and God alone knows whether I may be long left in possession of a roof to shelter those that are dearest to my heart.”

“I trust, my lord, you may;” rejoined Frederick, his own mind notwithstanding misgiving him. “The king is past the age of hot blood, and you have a host of friends: the cloud may blow over.”

“I thought so too, a while ago; but since an interview with Willis and Carpenter, saddening doubts have crept into my mind. My dear friend

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for so I think I may safely call you, your visit at this moment is not merely grateful to me, but happens to be opportune; for I know I may firmly rely on those kindly proffers you have sought me to make. The advantage I shall take of them may be some tax upon your time and comfort; perhaps too”

“Name no contingencies, I beg, my lord,” interrupted Frederick, with earnestness; “my time, and every exertion of mind or frame, are at your entire command.” His lordship took his hand and wrung it in eloquent silence.

“Lady Derwentwater,” he began, then paused a moment to overcome his emotion, “is quite unprepared for the shock that awaits her. Ardently attached to the cause, her loyalty and her affections will be equally outraged; and should the tongue of common rumour be her first informant, delicately situated as she now is, I tremble at the consequences. I could have dispatched some hireling with a letter, perhaps; but that would not only have been abrupt, but, as I shall soon show you, dangerous, and inadequate to all that is required. Besides, the affair calls for a man of honor, and of feeling, and such a one Providence has sent me in you.”

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“Why, my lord”, again interposed Frederick, “should you have thought this apologetic prelude necessary. I assure you I feel it as a distrust of my alacrity»”

“Pardon me, I meant it not so,” returned the Earl. “I will suppose then that you conceive my wishes, and will undertake the journey?”

“Unhesitatingly; I am ready to proceed on the instant;” was the confirmatory answer.

The perilously involved nobleman then proceeded to expound, that in addition to those motives which the reader is already able to appreciate, there existed others of an equally pressing nature. Amongst his immediate connexions around Langley and Dilstone, there was afloat a correspondence, which, if unseasonably discovered, might implicate many peaceful men who otherwise would escape suspicion. To arrest this, and to provide for the due disposition of some family affairs, it was expedient that a confidential person should bear thither, on the spur, a few salutary cautions. These his lordship entrusted to Frederick, with instructions to convey the purport to his domestic chaplain, who would himself attend to their practical enforcement.

After winding up the above details, in which

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Mr. Ratcliffe took some part, the earl’s anxieties returned into their original and softer channel.

“I need not,” said he to Frederick, with an unsteady voice, “I cannot suggest to your refined conceptions the mode in which to break this calamitous event to my dearest love. Miss Errington will in that point be your invaluable ally.”

Dulcis an ally! How did the heart of the hearer bound under the ideas comprehended in those words.

Lord Derwentwater proceeded; “say to my life, that I am well; and—Sancta Maria avert the penalties of falsehood—say that I am cheerful, and have good hopes. Tell her that my soul accompanies you to her side.” Many more were the tender effusions which marked the sweetness and conjugal devotion of the earl’s character; but those we leave to the imagination of the affectionate.”

“Your connection with the ruling party, Mr. Lilburne,” he afterwards pursued, “renders your services at this moment more available than could be those of our more

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immediate, or, rather I should say, older friends. If I might add at all to the burthen I have already laid upon your shoulders, it would be to request, that you will extend to Lady Derwentwater, such counsel and support, as you are so qualified to give.”

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The reply of Frederick, it would be superfluous to recite; it was in perfect unison with the whole tenor of his previous demonstrations.

Some further conversation was sustained, until it became full time for the parties to separate. A serious and impressive valediction then took place betwixt his lordship and Lilburne; the which produced a palpable effect on the spirits of both.

Bowing formally, but respectfully, to the younger Ratcliffe, Frederick was about to retire, when that gentleman advanced, and presented his hand, with an unwonted cordiality of manner. “You are going to Dilstone, Mr. Lilburne,” he said: “commend me warmly to my sister, the countess, and her lovely companion. Tell them that you left Charles Ratcliffe unchanged in his dispositions; grieved, indeed, at the failure of a generous enterprise, but careless as to his own share in it. Tell my Northumbrian friends at large that I will never cramp or compromise the spirit I imbibed amongst them. Say, that if I am allowed to breathe English air, it shall ever be drawn within sight-range of Dipton pike. And, ere you go, Sir, accept my earnest thanks for the friendly concern you have shown in all that regards my noble brother. I wish you a good journey.”

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On quitting the presence of these unfortunate gentlemen, his first concern was to seek the proper military authority, and go through the form of asking permission to quit the army. This party he found issuing orders in a church, which had been converted into a receptacle for prisoners; and which was now filled with a mixture of English yeomen, small Scotch lairds, and plaided Celts; in whose lugubrious visages might be read a comprehensive tale of ruin.

His wish communicated, the leave required was given, as a matter of course, and he was making his way from the place, when he stumbled upon a figure not unknown to

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him—it was that of quartermaster Stokoe. The martial perpendicularity of the man was still preserved, and the eternal buff belt still begirt his middle; but, alas! the boasted companion of his wars no longer hung appended thereto. A recognition took place.

“Ah! Mr. Lilburne!” exclaimed the veteran, his features kindling from their iron repose, “have you been snuffing the smoke o’ this little scrimmage? d—d mismanaged business, Sir. Forster a general! he’s brought our hogs to a fine market. You witnessed our offstrike, Mr. Lilburne; can you tell what’s like to be the-ending o’ the bout?”

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“In what way do you mean, my friend?”

“I mean, your honor, what’s likely to become o’ myself and all those poor fellows?”

Frederick answered as his judgment dictated, accompanying his information with the gift of a little money to relieve the pains of imprisonment.

“And your honor thinks we’ll be let off by and by,” rejoined Stokoe, after returning due thanks: “Well! while there’s life there’s hope, that’s a comfort. After all, you may mark, Sir, we’ve not been so completely disappointed; we took up arms for old Mam Church, and (glancing with a shrug at the sacred walls that enclosed them) here they’ve given us our fill of her. But I see you’re in a hurry, so I won’t stop you: good day, Sir.”

Thus, getting clear of the unlucky trooper, he hastened to equip himself for the road. Then, after making a plausible excuse to Compton, turned his face to the north, and progressed, with the utmost speed, in execution of the delicate trust assigned him.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Cath. What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.

Like the lily,

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That once was mistress of the field and flourished,

I'll hang my head and perish.

Henry VIII.

After our hero had fairly left behind the arena of those latter events, and when time had enabled him to reduce the chaos of his thoughts into some kind of order, he might have found in them ample materials for profitable cogitation. He might have steeled himself against the slippery tricks of fortune, by comparing the past and present prospects of many of the Preston captives; he might have estimated the strength gained by civil liberty, through the check just given to arbitrary doctrines; have deplored the connection of good men with evil measures; and speculated on the nature of that impulse which, under the name of loyalty,

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led men to hazard, not merely their worldly interests, but life itself in the cause of an individual. All these, and other, probably sounder, considerations might have been 'cudgelled' in his brain to positive fructification, but for one comprehensive reason. Let the reader recollect that the poor youth loved—loved to excess; and looked, ere another sunset, to be in the presence of his fair enslaver, and he will at once admit its sufficiency. So cherished had been her image, so barbed, so burning the shaft which her lustrous orbs had sent into his bosom, that the name of *Dulcis* alone, pronounced within his hearing, tingled in his ears, and swelled his throbbing pulses into fever. Could he then be expected to ratiocinate upon dry topics, when he was about to see, to address, to come in close, personal, confidential contact and communication with this idol of his fancy—obviously not. He pondered with an unsatisfactory kind of complacency on the unmoved deportment of Mr. Ratcliffe at the mention of his mistress; on the indifference with which he had seen a rival expedited to her vicinity under peculiarly favorable auspices; but the niggard pleasure to be thence derived was of too negative a description to afford genuine gratification.

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We will not follow the course of an uninteresting day's travel; neither will we linger over the details of a nominal night spent at a country inn; but content ourselves with bringing him at once to the termination of his journey. He arrived at Dilstone early in the afternoon of the day succeeding his interview with the earl. It was one in the middle of November, and its aspect furnished all those chilling concomitants which are said to give that month such a suicidal character. It was a fit day to usher in such news as this of which he was the bearer.

So hardly had he urged the hackney with which he had, mid way, relieved his own horse, that the tired animal was barely able to bear him through the park to the entrance gates, where he was compelled to dismount. In doing this he was sensibly struck by the sombre stillness that prevailed around, so contrasted with the stir and bustle which abounded on a former occasion. This, however, he reflected, was a natural consequence of the absence of so great a part of the household in the field with their lord.

On entering the court-yard, no one was at first visible, and he felt almost at a loss how to dispose of his drooping animal, until relieved by the appearance

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of the selfsame Tristy, or Tristram Hepple, whom he had formerly encountered in a similar way. This man offered his services; but, at the same time, eyed our wayworn traveller askance, with a look which seemed to imply, at once, his knowledge of certain previous adventures, and his wonder that the chief actor therein should appear as a visitor at Dilstone. Nor did the jaded hack, now committed to his charge, escape the scrutiny of a curiosity kept under with evident difficulty. Waiting only to make one or two necessary inquiries, our hero left at the portal the officious musician, from whose crest-fallen deportment he surmised the possibility of having been anticipated in his unthankful ambassage. On entering the spacious marble hall, which he found silent and deserted, the idea gained strength. He knew that the speed with which he had travelled must infallibly have made him the bearer of the latest and only definite intelligence; but he readily conceived that reports of the impending disaster might have been heard. There is something so irksome and onerous in being the first communicator of evil,

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that he almost felt pleased at the thought of having his unenviable task so lightened: this, however, presently yielded to a pang of concern for the possible ill consequences of such forestallation.

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Haying at length succeeded in summoning a domestic, one whose age and respectable exterior denoted rank in the household, he desired to be conducted to the presence of Mr. Buxton, the reverend gentleman to whom he had been referred by his lordship.

“You wish to speak with Father Miles?” said this person.

“With Mr. Buxton, or Father Miles, if you will. Is he in the house? my business is pressing.”

“Indeed! I am sorry then to say you must bear with some delay, for he is absent, at present, on religious duties, and may not be at home, until nightfall.”

This information very much increased Frederick’s embarrassment, as there appeared no alternative but to enter on the most delicate part of his mission, deprived of the countenance and support he had calculated upon. A support not a little needed by a young man, charged with an owl’s commission to two high bred females, the one, not only invested in the repelling forms of elevated station, but, also, comparatively unknown to him; the other, a bright vision he could scarcely think, much less expect to look on with composure. The minutes, however, being precious, he collected his

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firmness, and demanded to see the latter, conscious that she was now the medium through which alone he could proceed.

“Tell Miss Errington,” said he, and his voice wavered as he pronounced the name, “that a gentleman requests an interview with her on —” an affair of importance he was about to say, but, thinking that term injudicious, substituted the simple word “business.”

The old servitor replied only by a look of much earnestness; then ushering him into an apartment, withdrew; presently returning to say, that the young lady would honor him.

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To describe the emotions of our hero, during the interim that followed, is a task to which our feeble pen is inadequate; we leave them to be conceived by the inheritors of an imagination sufficiently fervid. At length the sound of a light step in the adjoining corridor wrought his excitement to its climax.

In another instant the door opened, and Dulcis entered.

Attired in a becoming undress, her charms gained in interest what they lost in brilliancy; and, if her bright cheek shone paler beneath its canopy of sable tresses, there was thence inspired a sympathy the more dangerous.

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Rising from his seat he concealed the intensity of his feelings under a low bow; which she, on the instant, sweetly acknowledged; her first free glance of inquiring curiosity afterwards yielding to a deep blush of confused surprise. Perceiving that, from some cause,—he imputed it to an unwelcome reminiscence of their last *rencontre*,—she was even more embarrassed than himself, he rallied his spirits, and, attending her to a settle, proceeded to introduce his tidings.

“Miss Errington, I perceive,”— he began, “awaits, with natural wonder, some explanation of my seeming presumption, in soliciting this interview. I hasten, by affording it, to disabuse myself of any such imputation.”

Here Dulcis, gently raising her eyes for a moment, interrupted his continuance.

“Mr. Lilburne,” she faltered, “misunderstands a silence, which arises only from the—the surprise of so unexpectedly encountering a—an estranged friend: for in that character I hope I may be allowed to class him.”

“There is none of which I could be more proud,” was the emphatic answer; the incoherency of the speech being lost on her auditor, though it may not be overlooked by the critical reader.

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“Pray, Sir,” she observed, after acknowledging his courtesy with a slight bend, “resume the explanation you had commenced, I feel some anxiety as to its purpose.”

“With as little premise as possible I obey. Circumstances, not worth detail, have lately thrown me into communication with the noble owner of these domains: but yesterday I left his presence.”

“And that of my father?” broke in Dulcis, her quick fancy taking alarm, “they were together ; Oh! Mr. Lilburne, it is of *him* you would speak.”

“Partially I would; but, believe me, not in sorrow. Compose yourself. Mr. Errington is safe, and comparatively fortunate.”

“Comparatively fortunate,” reiterated the forecasting young lady, her hands clasped and bosom heaving in fearful suspense. “What is it you mean? I see too plainly the dreaded day has come. For mercy’s sake speak out!”

“First calm your feelings, dearest lady, and then I will unfold all.”

“Well! I will—I do,” was her answer; then, leaning forward in breathless trepidation, she prepared to devour his words; the diffidence which had at first been exhibited now entirely disappearing.

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“I have to tell you then, lady,” proceeded Frederick, “that the rebels—”

“My father does not hold himself a rebel, Sir,” observed Dulcis, rousing into a happy show of natural dignity.

The young man felt his error.

“Pardon me,” said he, “‘twas an inadvertence I submissively recall. The adherents of the house of Stuart, closely environed by the king’s troops, have sustained a total overthrow. Cooped up within a town in Lancashire, the whole body of these unlucky gentlemen were yesterday taken, and now remain under military imprisonment.”

“Alas! alas! then we are indeed unhappy in our fate,” was the faint exclamation of his gentle auditor, completely stunned with the magnitude of the mischief. “Amidst the general capture,” he resumed, “it gives me exceeding pleasure to announce that Mr. Errington is a favored exception.”

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“What! has he then escaped, and is he now in safety?” was the joyous demand of the affectionate daughter. The answer was prompt: “That he has escaped I know; that he is safe I firmly trust.”

“Great God, I thank thee,” she fervently aspirated, whilst her convulsively clasped hands and

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upstrained eyes attested the devout sincerity of the effusion.

After allowing the agitated girl an opportunity to recover composure, Frederick went on to detail the more immediate causes of his appearance at Dilstone. She, on her part, listening in silent and absorbing interest until he ceased to speak; then, and not till then, giving vent to the emotions he excited: “Generous, amiable Derwentwater!” she apostrophized, “art thou really fast in bonds? Has thy pure souled loyalty led only to this reward? Does thy inestimable life—thy princely fortunes—now lay at the disposal of an interested and irritated enemy? Oh, heavens! the consequences are frightful to think upon!”

Whilst the warm hearted Dulcis thus indulged her ardent sentiments, the enamoured Frederick pursued the workings of her radiant countenance, and in vain struggled against an increased glow of passion. Forgetting the inaptitude of the moment, he might have been hurried into some indiscreet demonstration, had the fever of his fancy not presently sustained a refrigerant.

“Both props of a noble house at once in danger,” cried the lady, pursuing the same train of thought, “is too much, it is intolerable.” Then

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addressing Frederick, she queried, “the high spirited, the youthful Charles, said you not that he too was a captive?”

“I said, and truly, madam,” was his dry rejoinder.

He read in the allusion an import of embittering tendency, which had, however, the effect of dismissing heroics, and recalling him to the business of the hour. This

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they immediately entered into; Dulcis, with intuitive tact, comprehending, and, with admirable fortitude, undertaking the part which it behoved her to play. The strength of character thus developed was neither unnoticed nor unappreciated by her unacknowledged admirer, who compared it advantageously with the exquisite expressions of feeling which adorned and almost concealed it.

Again he was left in sole possession of the apartment, Miss Errington retiring to prepare the un- happy countess for the indispensable interview. During the space which followed her withdrawal, he endeavored, by the exercise of the practical part of the peripatetic philosophy, to stifle those emotions that crowded upon him in spite of other serious matter.

After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour,

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Lady Derwentwater, followed by Dulcis, entered the room. Advancing towards Frederick, she received his obeisance with a gesture in which the anxiety of the wife struggled with the cherished dignity of high condition. Throwing herself into a chair, with her arm extended upon a polished antique table, her pale and marble features moulded into an expression of intense interest, she did not await his speech.

“I have already learnt, Sir,” she premised, “that you bring us ill news, I am prepared for it. But first answer me, if you please, in a word, is my lord in health?”

“He is, my lady.”

Now, then, proceed. I know that success does not always attend the brave and generous; neither does the right infallibly make its way. Oh! if it were otherwise, with what opposite sensations should I prepare to listen to your communication: but pardon me, Sir, I delay it.”

Frederick then commenced, gently and progressively, to detail the course of the late events. The countess, who had gained a general, though limited knowledge of their nature, hearkened with an air of forced composure, until it became necessary to mention the earl’s captivity. This blow, including

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in its comprehension so many appalling images, when once fully understood, proved too much for her firmness, considerable though it was. She did not wail aloud, as many women would have done, but an ashy paleness overspread her face— her lips became compressed—her eyelids quivered —and she ultimately sunk, swooning, with her head upon the adjoining table.

With anxious tenderness Dulcis flew to the assistance of her friend, and, being promptly aided by Frederick, soon succeeded in restoring (equivocal service) the afflicted lady to an active sense of her situation.

“Oh Dulcis!” she then exclaimed, in a faint voice, resting her ivory forehead on the shoulder of that sympathizing girl as she stooped over her, “ if ought worse should follow, how can I ever forgive myself the part I have acted? Ought worse did I say? what a horrible idea! Most wives dissuade their partners from rash acts, but I—infatuated—therein forgot *my* duty.”

“Hold! hold! my dearest friend,” urged Dulcis, “to entertain such a notion is uselessly to increase your own distress, and to disparage the loyal devotion of your noble husband. His lordship did but follow the dictates of his own heart, and the example of other honorable men in taking arms.”

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“True, true,” rejoined Lady Derwentwater, with impatient grief, “but had I opposed, or even discouraged the enterprise, I am sure he would never have joined in it. Holy Mother, intercede for me; if I was wrong, my motives were of the purest.”

“They were,” rejoined our heroine, soothingly, “undoubted they were; therefore grieve not for what is past. We can but do our best according to a weak and shortsighted judgment; the future will not be controlled and cannot be foreseen.”

“Say, Mr. Lilburne,” said the countess, turning to Frederick under the springing impulse of conjugal solicitude, “how left you my Derwentwater? Was he cheerful?—Was he—Did he speak to you of Dilstone? tell me his words—his own words.”

Had our hero been dull as the Lethean weed he must at once have caught the object of this craving anxietude, without needing the intelligent glance of Dulcis to

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awaken his conceptions. As it was, he forthwith entered on the delicate and desired topic. He expressed in ample terms the tender regards with which he had been charged; repeated the affectionate phrases in which they had been conveyed, and finally, mustered up and threw in, every ray of comfort that a threatening reality would permit.

Whilst thus amiably employed, had he perceived

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the approving looks of the younger lady; and, still more, could he have surmised the sentiment that lurked behind them, we fear he would scarcely have been able to acquit himself so well.

Her ladyship, having had those natural yearnings thus fully satisfied, suffered under the reaction of her apprehensions: she evidently restrained her feelings with difficulty, and only sought to be alone, to give her

“Tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.”

“Mr. Lilburne,” said she, addressing Frederick in a manner unwontedly conciliatory, “you will excuse me if, at present, I terminate this interview; I am positively unequal to the effort it imposes. Honor this unlucky mansion with your presence till to-morrow, and I will be happy again to converse with you. In the meantime, Mr. Buxton will doubtless be here, and will relieve you from the remaining commissions with which you have so kindly burthened yourself.”

Thus speaking, Lady Derwentwater rose, and, taking the arm of Dulcis prepared to quit the room. Before doing so, she added, “I regret that I cannot leave any one with you to do justice to the hospitality of Dilstone. I must beg, therefore,

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that though alone, you will not allow it to forfeit its character in your instance.” Then, curtsying with marked suavety, both ladies left the room.

In a few minutes afterwards the venerable domestic before noticed, who was, in fact, the family butler, made his appearance; and, accosting our hero with an air of

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high respect, informed him that he had received his lady's orders to inquire in what way he could contribute to his pleasure.

Frederick communicated to him his limited wishes, to which he promised immediate attention, but still lingered, with lugubrious aspect, to gratify a blameless curiosity.

"I am inclined to believe, Sir," he at length began, "that you bring us news from Lancashire."

"Why should you think so, my friend?"

"Oh! from a thousand things, Sir. We've heard that our gentlemen were in straits there, and know that something must ha' turned up. You'll excuse the forwardness of an old servant, that's anxious to hear from the best o' masters."

"Certainly; I respect the motive."

"Then do tell me, Sir, what are your news."

Frederick complied, not now conceiving any reason for reserve, and in the sincere and

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unrestrained lament of his honest auditor read a superfluous tribute to the virtues of his absent host.

"Surely, surely, Sir," he cried in a transport of grief, "there can, at any rate, be no fear for my sweet young master's life? They'll not dare put so hardly on an estated man o' his degree?"

"God alone knows what may be done," returned Frederick, himself deeply concerned. "I should hope that your noble master's youth and disinterestedness will plead loudly for him."

"Christ send it may be so!" said the attached functionary, the big tears rolling down his cheek, as, with a slow step, he moved dejectedly away, leaving the other to the indulgence of his own teeming reflections

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CHAPTER XXVI.

“Ay, there’s the tie that binds you,
You long to call him father.”

Cato. — A tragedy.

Day waned away without the appearance of Mr. Buxton, and left Frederick the prospect of a prolonged and monotonous evening. Weary and listless, after having partaken of the profuse repast placed before him, he stretched himself, to invite repose, in a capacious high-backed chair that commodiously offered itself. Here he had not rested long, when a grating of the lock drew his attention to the door, which partially opened and disclosed the voluminous face of the household piper fraught with an inquisitive stare. Before, however, he could demand the cause of this impertinence, the head was withdrawn, but the door, with seeming carelessness, left unclosed. Rising under some little irritation, with intent to reprimand the intruder,

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he was restrained by seeing it thrown fully back, and a figure, very unlike the pury one of the stickling harmonist, standing in the portal. It was that of a tall and gentlemanly looking person, drooping with fatigue, and much travel- stained. A second look informed him that he saw the fugitive Errington. Their greeting was not less genuinely cordial than it was overtly warm; for commerce, under heart-stirring circumstances, had ripened an ordinary acquaintance into strong regard.

“Hepple informed me you were here,” said Errington, reposing his wearied frame on a chair; “for I was compelled—confound the need! to steal in privately, and have not yet seen any one else. More reasons than one made me glad to seek you instantly. The other night’s work by the Ribble side must not be forgotten: but for you I would inevitably have shared in the worst evils of yon black hour.”

“Tut, my dear Sir, you know it was no merit of mine.” Accident brought me to the spot; and being there, how could I act otherwise?”

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“Yes, Lilburne,” returned Errington, impressively, “you might; and have found apology too. I am not a stranger to the fair grudge you bear

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Featherstone; he was in your way, and yet you gave up the opportunity of retribution to save, a man who had little or no claim on your friendship.”

“Say not that,” rejoined his auditor. “If you will make it a merit, that I acted like a creature of human kind and not like a Libyan savage, I must retort, that your exertions at Kelso, to which I owed not merely my liberty, but the clearing of my honor, a thing even dearer to me, demand a return of tenfold that extent.”

“Oh! the hospitality of Bywell before balanced that account,” observed Errington, coolly. “But enough of this contention. Tell me, Lilburne, my daughter—the countess, how have they borne the tale which, I guess, you had to tell them?”

Frederick relieved his anxieties on this point; and, in turn, interrogated him as to the detail of his late adventures.

It may be comprised in a few words. After his timely escape from the beleaguers of Preston, a very considerable circuit was to be taken before he could shape his course northward without risk. This made, he proceeded, without impediment, towards his native county, to which he was attracted by many motives. Dilstone was naturally his first resort; his arrival at that place having been thus

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long delayed by the circuitous route above alluded to.

“Do you not consider it dangerous, revisiting ground so exposed to suspicion?” asked Frederick. “These halls in particular have no safety for you.”

“I know it; but a desire to see my child, whilst it was in my power, prevailed with me. God knows, my friend! but I think this severe back- cast of fortune has sobered my mind and made me a better man. I have been hitherto too much attached to present enjoyment, too forgetful of the claims of nature and propriety. These things must be amended.”

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Whilst Errington was making this avowal, the other did indeed remark the absence of much of that swaggering levity which erst characterised him.

And thus it often happens, a severe reverse of fortune creates a reaction in the mind, that strips former follies of the tinsel and bright coloring under which we had before seen them; and our hearts, softened by the sense of affliction, become open to worthier sensations. Not, be it remarked, that we think a schooling in adversity produces in itself the good which has been attributed

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to it; on the contrary, too great a familiarity with rude knocks gives a hardness to the character, and produces, in most men, a disposition to repeat on others the bitters of their own experience. This truth we see exemplified in the proverbial arrogance of those who, after a career of coarse and uncultured indigence, are in later life raised to an over plenitude of power. Such people appear to gain from a subjection to the “whips and scorns o’ the time” only a greater ability to aggravate their tortures« Still adversity has its uses; and when a mind, previously cultivated and reflective, suffers the infliction, its lessons prove indeed

“As a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

But, giving up this digression and returning to our story, we find Errington proceeding to unfold his future prospects.

“In taking refuge hereabout,” he said, “I place myself amongst a body of friends who will strain their utmost to assist me:—friends whom I would, at any rate, fain meet again ere a perverse fate condemn me to perpetual exile. Besides, I am well on my way to join Mar in Scotland, there to see the game played out before I fly for it altogether.”

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“If you have the smallest regard for prudence, my dear Errington,” remonstrated Frederick, “dismiss the last intention. Believe me the hopes of the Stuarts are ruined past repair. The good sense of the country is against convulsions which have no

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relation to its substantial interests. Furthermore, my friend, your sagacity must make you well aware that the dominant power will have derived triple strength from the late unsuccessful explosion.”

“You speak with judgment and with forecast,” returned the other; “but my—prejudices, you will call them, are not those of an hour. Man and boy I have loved our expatriated sovereign. In later days, Lilburne, I have known him personally, have proved his noble qualities, and would serve him in his need. From this motive, likewise, would I act. I have assisted to kindle the fire that now blazes, and am willing to continue by it whilst a single brand remains ignited.”

“I can understand your feelings, but allow me to ask, does this devotion to an isolated interest destroy your convictions of what is due to the country at large?”

“Does it nullify your implied acknowledgment of inutility?”

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“Why, observe me, I am too old in the world to believe that a restoration of ancient rights will prove a panacea for all evils; but I do think that the prospect of foreign wars and increased taxation is entailed upon us by the existing order of things. That is an argument of your kind; I will now give you one of my own. I hate the cold blooded whiggish faction that now fills the seats of power; collectively and individually I hate them; and I view with indignation a wide circle of friends, a long list of estimable men, disparaged and depressed through their influence. The inutility of further exertion I do not so readily admit as you assume. The king himself—*my* king! is expected in Scotland. His presence may do much; it may rouse the sluggish strength of our party, irresistible if once developed; and may save my late unlucky colleagues from a fate I shudder to picture.”

“But consider, Sir, a seaport is at hand; you have, or shall have, the means of transporting yourself safely out of the kingdom; at another time those facilities may be wanting. Allow me to remind you of the offer I had once before occasion to make, accept it now.”

“Thank you, my dear boy, thank you. Has not fortune already done her worst upon me?”

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After having lent my shoulder a little longer to my friends, and seen them fail; I then remain, but what I am now—a broken man.”

“Pardon my plainness, things may get worse “Think of your unhappy confederates in Preston, and seize the opportunity of avoiding the fate which threatens them. The stoutest seaman, when he has witnessed the destruction of his own vessel, makes for the land; he rushes not to participate in the catastrophe of a foundering consort. Think, Sir, on a tender consideration; your child requires protection and support.”

“That is true, indeed,” exclaimed Errington, rising. “And you, at the same time, awaken the yearnings of my heart, which an anxiety to hear the latest ill has caused me to withstand too long. We will talk over this subject to-morrow.—I know your counsel to be sincere, and my fears suggest its prudence.”

Immediately after Mr. Errington took his leave and retired; the whole period of his stay being shorter than the time occupied in the detail.

His absence was speedily succeeded by the advent of the reverend father, so long expected, concerning whom it is only necessary here to say that Frederick transferred to him the confidence of

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the earl; and, his fatigues furnishing ample apology, hastened to his chamber.

We will not pursue the young man to his couch for the purpose of inquiring into the feverish dreams and wild vagaries of fancy which that night beset his pillow. That would only be to transcribe verbiage with which the reader has already been sufficiently dosed. Not, be it at the same time understood, that we in any way compromise the valuable prescription, in virtue of which poets and novelists are allowed, the statutes of common sense and human patience notwithstanding, to fill a given number of their pages with certain imaginative

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ravings, whether under the semblance of *love-dream*, or equally somnolent *waking reverie*,”

The following day proved to be one of those which moody November permits to intrude an ‘angel visit’ upon the thick atmosphere of his influence. It was a day on which departed summer and approaching winter seemed labouring to establish their respective claims to man’s regard; the first contributing a sunny laughing sky, the last a clear elastic air and bracing temperature.

Not meeting any one in the public apartments, Frederick felt inclined at once to enjoy the salubrity of the morning, and to while away the vacant time by strolling into the grounds.

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The path he took led amongst the shelving declivities overhanging the Devil Water. That romantic dell was certainly, at this time, bereft of the luxuriant verdure and shady beauty of an earlier season, but it still possessed abundant attraction. The brook itself, swollen with previous rains, rushed foaming over its rocky bed, heightening, in its course, the characteristic features of the spot, which the brightness of the skies was well suited to bring out.

As he pursued, at random, a winding footway that descended into the depths of the glen, he accidentally stepped upon a loose stone, which yielding to his tread, he lost footing, and falling forward, rolled down into a deep hollow, amongst a mass of brushwood. Fortunately he was no further hurt by the accident than in receiving a few scratches, and in being slightly stunned from the sudden concussion. This adventure, it must be confessed, was not much more picturesque in its passing reality than it is now unromantic in conception; nevertheless, it opened to results which made it afterwards a favorite reminiscence. Wherefore remains to be shown.

Along the margin of the brook, and some feet below the broken ground amidst which Frederick

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lay, encompassed and concealed by shrubs, ran a level walk, whereon two persons were, at this moment, slowly promenading. They were engaged in close converse, and advanced, unconscious of neighborhood, towards the vicinage of our *enfant jetté*. The noisy dashing of the contiguous stream had caused them to raise their voices above the ordinary pitch, insomuch that his favoring situation, on a higher level, enabled him, without effort, to hear their discourse. This, under ordinary circumstances, would have gone unregarded by him; but now the sound of a sweet silver-toned voice, the accents of which were positively electrical, saluted his excited ear and awakened active interest. The colloquialists were Dulcis and Mr. Errington; and if the bare echo of their conference thus aroused his attention, the subject matter was of a nature to fix it exclusively. Amongst the first few words that became intelligible was one resembling his own name; and the gradual approximation of the parties superseded the necessity for speculation, by making the conversation distinctly audible.

“Consider, my dearest father!” observed the softer voice,—we say voice, because the speakers were as much concealed from Frederick as he was from them;— “to be encountered upon a lone moor,

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like that of Hareslaw, unaccompanied and at an unseemly hour, might suggest notions at variance with what the world esteems due to propriety. I would willingly, therefore, that any misapprehension should be rectified—any misconception guarded against, that—that—”

“That I would explain the affair to a certain handsome young gentleman—that I should show him that you are not such a naughty, wild, night- scampering romp, as he may imagine; but a good, quiet, demure young Miss. Is not that what my little girl means?”

“Something like it, my dear father, I confess; only you overstrain the matter. I have done nought which under similar circumstances I would hesitate to repeat; but then, I own, I could wish that my motives were known.”

“Well, my girl, your wishes shall be attended to. There is now, God knows! little need left for caution—with Lilburne none. I will unfold your little mystery when

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occasion serves; and I shall do it with the more pleasure that the exploit redounds so much to the credit of my spirited Dulcis. Yes, yes, all your friends ought and shall know of it.”

“Ah! my father!” exclaimed the young lady, “your partiality makes you extravagant.”

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“How is it, Dulcis,” inquired the father, “that you, who were wont to underrate the world’s opinion, should dread it so much in this affair? Is it that you have discovered in young Lilburne a censor so severe?”

The reply to this was too low, and apparently embarrassed, to be heard by Frederick, and the increase of distance, as the parties walked on, made what followed inaudible. Enough had, however, reached Frederick to create in his brain a whirl of delicious conceits. Vague and indeterminate as what he had just heard was, it still contained sufficient to shake to its base the fabric, of arbitrary deductions he had raised. It was evident that from whatever cause the nocturnal exposure had sprung it was not from an unworthy one. That conviction gave him a negative satisfaction; but there he could not and did not stop. The parent’s approval, the lady’s wish for explanation, could not, he argued, both attend upon a transaction even fairly colored after his past fashion; for, though the former might approve what he knew to be founded in honor, the delicacy of the lady would scarcely court the eye of indifferent scrutiny. “No,” he mentally exclaimed, “she could not have intended to meet Ratcliffe, that idea is unsusceptible

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of application to this test, and the conviction is worth millions to me.” The great key stone in the black vault of his suspicions once dislodged, many discrepancies discovered themselves in its circle, and the whole superstructure speedily fell to the ground. The wide basis of probability, in regard to the abstract rivalry, still, perhaps, remained, but this Frederick disregarded. A ray of ecstatic hope had shot into his mind.— Dulcis thought of him—valued his good opinion —what else?—that remained to be elicited.

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From this moment he determined that it should. Too long had he suffered his heart to be burned up, and energies paralysed by a state of self-imposed endurance. The moment was at hand when he ought either to confirm hope, or at once abandon it for ever.

In the blest Araby of thought to which the last half hour had given rise, he returned to the house, and seeking the apartment appropriated to his use, found Mr. Buxton seated in waiting for him. They breakfasted together, and a conversation grew between them which tended much to enlighten our hero on topics connected with late events. Nor did the latter omit, furtively, to elicit a meed of information, encouraging to his secret

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aspirations. From it he became assured, that whatever boyish admiration young Ratcliffe might feel for the lovely Dulcis, there was no acknowledged *affaire du coeur* betwixt them. Indeed it transpired, that the unreserved and amicable understanding that had at first excited, and not unreasonably, the jealous fears of the other arose, naturally enough, out of the familiar intercourse which had so long subsisted betwixt the families.

During this interview, the spiritual director of the mansion showed himself, like its owners, to be zealously attached to the losing party, and deeply chagrined at the deplorable issue of their late appeal to arms. He was, as the reader knows, a Catholic (the term is an absurd one. but as in the absence of any legitimate claimant, it is but fair to leave it with those who first adopted, and perhaps were, once, entitled to it, we will here make use of it). He was, moreover, as we have said, a priest; and like most of his order in England, considered the recall of the Stuarts as synonymous with the triumph of his creed. Nor is the existence of such a sentiment, or even the strenuous advocacy of it, to be viewed as a proof of ambitious grasping qualities inherent in, and confined to, his

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particular church. To suppose it so would, we are aware, be in accordance with the twaddle of what, thank heaven! may now be called a past day; but the evidence will

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weigh little with thinking men. Such will know, that it is natural, nay, reasonable, for the members of any sect or sept, religious or otherwise, to be bound together in party attachment, and conjointly to labor for the spread and honor of their name. Why, therefore, they will say, stigmatize as a vice in the Romish clergy a disposition universal amongst mankind?

In the course of the morning, Frederick and his grave companion were joined by Errington, and invited by him to meet Lady Derwentwater in the saloon, for purpose of serious consultation. Thither they accordingly adjourned, and found that lady seated alone. The eyes of one amongst them seemed to seek another object, and not finding it, fell in disappointment; but that one might have congratulated himself thereon, by recollecting, that had his first desire been gratified, his good figure in the sober council he was called to would have been sacrificed.

To enter on all that passed on this important occasion would be tedious; it will be enough to state the results. The countess, accompanied by

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Dulcis, “was to set out next day for London; the former being impatient to behold her lord, and also anxious to lose no time in stirring up her powerful connexions in his favor. Every furtherance in his power was eagerly volunteered by our hero, and taken to account by the distressed consort of the earl. With regard to Errington, affairs had taken a more decisive turn. News had that morning reached Dilstone, of the defeat of Earl Mar, at Dumblain, and the consequent depression of the jacobite cause in Scotland. An event, that, by a singular coincidence, fell out on the« selfsame day that witnessed the catastrophe of Preston. The scheme of flying into the sister country being thus damped, nothing remained for the fugitive gentleman, but to quit the realm until better times should warrant a return. It was planned, that by the aid and countenance of Frederick, known and respected as a Lilburne, he should repair immediately and privily to Newcastle, or Shields, and thence take shipping for Holland.

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In the midst of the hurry and preparation which followed these arrangements, the last named individual saw, with vexation, that no opportunity would be allowed him to press the matter nearest

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his heart. The necessity of accompanying his endangered friend would incontinently remove from the proper scene, for a time; and, though he might find an apology for returning, it could only be to witness the hasty departure of her he wished to see. It therefore became imperative upon him to leave, for the present, his ardent purposes in unsatisfied abeyance.

Little more than an hour elapsed from the breaking up of the above conference, until Frederick and Errington were, together, on their road to the coast. The parting between the father and his child, made under the expectation of meeting in a few months under another clime, was meltingly affectionate. The adieus of the young people were, of course, more strained, though gratitude on the one part, and passion on the other, gave them more than common energy.

We will not pursue our two friends through the details of negotiation upon the wharfs of Newcastle; but at once predicate, that Mr. Errington was enabled to embark without obstruction, and, favored by wind and tide, passed the bar at Tynemouth before noon on the following day. Then, and not till then, he was quitted by his attentive abettor

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During the close propinquity of this brief period, it is not to be supposed that the younger of the parties would omit to invite from the other, certain elucidations easy to be surmised, the which we will now give to the reader, in company with some other retrospective details.

Richard Errington was a Tynedale gentleman of exceeding good family and tolerable estate; the latter somewhat impoverished. Possessed of no mean talents, he engrossed considerable influence amongst his neighbors, and was highly esteemed by the most distinguished of his party. To the former he was the more especially endeared by

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his frank, generous disposition, and the excess to which he carried the virtues of hospitality. These, indeed, it must be confessed, he stretched to the verge of profusion and improvidence. During the lifetime of his lady, an accomplished and high minded woman, he lived the ordinary career of a squire of the period, much courted for a cheerful temper and convivial qualities. Since he had been left a widower, a state which he had now endured some years, his habits underwent a change. His only daughter, too young to have any influence over his naturally restless propensities, was left nominally under the care of a respectable matron

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at Hareslaw, but virtually, under the eye and protection of the Dowager Lady Derwentwater, the present earl being then unmarried; whilst he himself wandered abroad. Descended from a family of cavaliers, he inherited all their ultra loyal sentiments; and thought with them, that the legitimate application of the same lay in the service of the house of Stuart. So constituted, and so prejudiced, it is not to be wondered at, that in the course of desultory travel, he became a party to the political machinations with which the latter years of Queen Anne abounded. Singled out for superior intelligence, he soon became an active and useful agent in the plots then on foot, for the restoration of the exiled dynasty.

At the time when he first appears upon the array of these pages, he had recently returned from a mission to the French court. His daughter, whom he had lately made the companion of his journeys, was, it will be remembered, then with him. After a short residence in London, he was expedited by the leading factionaries there into the north, with a charge to assist in organizing the share which his own province was to take in the projected insurrection. In this business he was associated with others, and in particular with John Featherstone,

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a man who was known only as having risen, through dint of perseverance and much hard service, from a low grade in the army to the rank of captain. Peace had lately thrown him

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out of employ; and that, added to some other causes of disgust, had induced him to unite himself with the discontented faction, expecting, no doubt, in the turmoil of a civil war, to improve his private fortunes. The secret negotiations, in which each were alike engaged, drew Errington and this adventurer much together, during the few weeks that preceded their joint embarkation in the William and Mary. By this means it fell out, that he saw and became enamoured of Dulcis Errington; and being a person of audacious spirit and strong passions, did not scruple to assume the character of a suitor. Scarcely, however, had his career commenced, than it received an effectual check, which he attributed to the *mal à propos* conjunction of Frederick Lilburne in the voyage which then followed. Once satisfied that his chance was desperate, his was not a heart to feel refined or prolonged regrets; an implacable dislike to the party whom he supposed to have triumphed over him, being the sole remains.

After the landing at Shields, the two emissaries

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repaired into the western regions of Northumberland, and became actively engaged in the duties of their dangerous function; From that time nothing occurred worthy to be here related, until the great dinner day at Dilstone, the incidents attending which have already been united to the train of our story.

In a day or two after that ostensibly social assemblage, intelligence was received, which filled with confusion the councils of those who had composed it. This came in the shape of a hint, that it was proposed by government to arrest some of the most distinguished amongst them, on a charge of treason; and, in consequence, several went into temporary hiding. Amongst the latter was Mr. Errington, who took refuge in the domicile of his old acquaintance, Haggerstone. Out of the perplexities which this threatened seizure produced sprung an incident that has been made rather prominent.

It happened, at this instant, there were temporarily deposited in Errington's house at Hareslaw, several documents, not only of serious import, but likewise of immediate demand and utility. Those were so bestowed as to be only accessible to that person himself, or some one equally acquainted. Now the danger of stirring abroad, and in particular

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of visiting a place so exposed to *surveillance*, determined him, that at the same time that he took concealment at Bywell, his daughter should proceed to Hareslaw, and after securing these papers, despatch them by a safe hand to the proper quarter. His orders to this effect were fulfilled, but under difficulties not calculated upon.

Dulcis, attended by her father's faithful man, Siddall, rode over to Hareslaw as had been sketched out, and dismounted there in the very nick of time; for in a few minutes after her arrival, the house was entered by a posse of tipstaves. These proceeded immediately to a search, principally with the view of discovering the owner, though not without an eye to what they might consider treasonable writings.

The search gave our heroine little concern, as she knew it would be unavailing; but a precautionary measure which followed turned out fraught with inconvenience.

The officers, disappointed in their main object, still clung to the hope of effecting something. Thence on leaving the premises, they stationed behind two of their number, with instructions to remain for a couple of days therein, partly to save the chance of Errington, or any of his associates,

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casually coming thither, and partly for other purposes not clearly developed. This obstruction, though disagreeable enough, might possibly have been evaded, and the packet smuggled off, had it not happened that Siddall, upon whose dexterity Dulcis depended for the performance, proved unable to rise from his bed on the succeeding morning, in consequence of an attack of acute rheumatism. No other person in the limited household was available; and the whole of the day wore away without any chance occurring of transmitting the papers whither she knew they would now be urgently called for. It may be asked—why did she not herself, in broad noon, take leave of Hareslaw, and bring away upon her own person the cause of perplexity? The answer is easy. Not only was the ride to be taken a long and dangerous one, but she had sufficient reason to know that such departure, at present, would not be permitted.

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Fearing the obstacles now existing might continue for an indefinite time, and well apprized of the great momentary value of that fugacious essence, she bethought her of a singular, but not unusual, mode of transmission.

On a wild moor, at some distance, stood an obelisk, or pillar of stone, thought to be the

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remains of a Roman altar. In the body of this stone, ingeniously (for art had been employed) concealed from view, was a small cavity, which had long been used for purposes little suspected by those who casually passed near. It had, in Sooth, served, not only in these troublesome days, but in others of earlier date, as a sort of treasonable post office, by means of which the nonjuring gentry of the neighborhood kept up a private correspondence.* The manner of the thing was thus: those in the secret, at stated periods, sent their missives to be deposited in this recess, knowing that the parties for whom they were designed would, according to a previous concert, take due steps for obtaining them. And, in order that the necessary visits to the spot might not awaken the curiosity of the surrounding peasantry, they were usually performed, either in the gray of the morning, or dusk of evening, by well instructed little boys. These urchins, generally clothed by their employers in green, accompanied the performance of their functions with many arch gambols and antic tricks, to the influence of which it was probably

* A traditionary fact. The details following form also a part of the legend.

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owing, that the place of display obtained the denomination of the "Fairy Stone."

With the use made of this depository Dulcis was perfectly acquainted, as well as with the common regulations by which the intercommunication was conducted. Pursuant to these, she recollected that this very evening was one of deposit for certain persons, through whom the papers in danger would infallibly reach the proper quarter, and, under that conviction, determined herself to place them in the lonely receptacle.

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Scarcely was this proceeding fully matured in her mind, than she perceived that the time for execution was at hand. The reduced establishment at this time afforded neither advice nor assistance eligible to be entrusted in such an affair, she was therefore compelled to be her own practician. Assuming a few peculiarities of dress, which gave a nondescript appearance to her figure, she secured the papers and awaited a befitting opportunity to make the sally. This in good time occurred. Throwing round her a conveniently large cloak, she stole cautiously to the stables, and there, by the assistance of a brawny dairy woman, managed to saddle her pony, and get off unperceived by the watchers.

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Communicating with the offices at the back of the building was an unexposed by-road, along which the spirited young lady urged her obedient palfrey.

A solitary amble in the “darkness visible” of a rapidly decreasing twilight must be allowed not to possess any charms, and, coupled with the anomalous character of the place to which she tended, would have filled many of her sex with tremor and apprehension. Dulcis, however, surpassed most girls in the requisites for such an adventure; for, being accustomed to frequent journeys, she had become inured to privation and obstruction, in the thousand shapes, made disagreeably familiar to travellers. A course of instruction excellently well adapted to exercise the virtues of patience and perseverance.

In giving to our fair heroine attributes of a vigorous and active character, we would guard against having it inferred that she was one of those forward masculine hoydens, sometimes so obtrusive in the drawing-room circle. Neither was she one of those pretty lisping nonentities, partially denominated “children of nature.” Contrary to both, though she was all woman, delicate, gentle, and confiding, she was not the less frank, ardent, and unfettered by conventional rules of conduct.

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It is needless pursuing this exploit any further. How it terminated is already known. One thing more may indeed be said, which is, that Dulcis had deposited her charge before the interruption, and that, in consequence, it reached its legitimate destination. She herself, freed from hindrance in the course of a day or two, returned to her second home at Dilstone.

Meanwhile of this, a meeting of the jacobite gentry took place, at which it was resolved to rush into extremities, longer suspense having become utterly intolerable. A letter was produced upon this occasion, which had a considerable share in hastening their determinations. This was the identical one lost by Spour at Whalton; and from its contents were chiefly created those illiberal suspicions which proved so inconvenient to Frederick Lilburne. To account for the appearance of this epistle, it is only necessary to say, that it had been purloined from the bearer by the notorious Heddon, who was a sort of disreputable retainer to the faction. He, overhearing the conversation carried on betwixt the loquacious Spour and his host, became able to give a loose guess at the purport of the missive; and partly in order to obtain possession of it, and partly to indulge his

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own vindictive humor, he fastened a quarrel on the unsuspecting butler. The result was, that the latter, after having been beaten to insensibility, was deprived of his charge, which was shortly afterwards transferred to the hands of Captain Featherstone, and by him communicated, with an invidious commentary, to all.

In return, a resolution was entered on in this conclave, to anticipate arrest, and cooperate with their Scottish friends, already beginning to bestir themselves. A place of rendezvous was fixed on, and the very next day appointed for openly unfolding the standard of revolt. We need not say that the precipitate and unhappy decision was too punctually acted upon.

Our friend Errington, who was in the interim incognito at Bywell, had been promptly apprized, and prepared, like the rest, to take the field. It is already known how that design was at first balked.

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Having now supplied the few missed links in the chain of our narration, we will, in a new chapter, resume the duty of dragging it forward.

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CHAPTER XXVII

“I have this day received a traitor’s judgment,
And by that name must die.”

Henry VIII.

The ill fated nobles, whom we left close prisoners in Preston, were not allowed to remain there longer than was unavoidable. They, together with such associates of inferior rank as had taken a leading part in this misdirected attempt, were put under conduct for the metropolis, to give the heads of the state a tangible evidence of their triumph, and to be subjected to the highest constitutional ordeal. In applying the term misdirected to the abortive schemes of this party, we disclaim entirely the palm of that species of after wisdom, sometimes time-serving, and sometimes unmeaning, by dint of which, misfortune is too often colored into the hue of delinquency. We use it sincerely in relation to these irrational notions of the social compact,

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the which could allow them to go so far in the pursuit of a fancied allegiance.

The arrival of the *cortège* of captives within a short stage of London was the signal for the commencement of a pageant, not very creditable to those who designed it; but, perhaps, only in accordance with the most common passions of humanity. Each of the prisoners was mounted on a sorry nag, with hands ignominiously tied behind back: and, at Highgate Hill, where the cavalcade was met by a detachment of horse grenadiers and foot guards, a procession was formed, in which every prisoner had a guardsman stationed to lead his horse by the bridle. All that being done, not as matter of precaution, but in order to increase the effect of the show; and thereby strike a salutary terror into the minds

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of all obstinate Jacobites and hidden contrivers. In such studiously degrading fashion were these unsuccessful adventurers conducted through the crowded streets of the capital: the lords being taken to the Tower, the commoners to Newgate and the Fleet prisons.

The undesirable precedence of the melancholy column was assigned to the titled captives. The serene and gentle Derwentwater paired with the sedate respectable Kenmure, were in the van.

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The inane Wintoun, the manly Carnwath, the courtly Widdrington, the stout Nithisdale, and the unthinking sailor, Nairn, followed in sad succession. After the outwardly dishonored patricians, came General Forster and his bead-telling Adjutant Oxburgh; the rough old brigadier and his nephew, the chief of the clan Macintosh. Others, of less name, then lengthened out the parade of discomfited rebellion.

As they passed along, in purposely slow progression, the saffron-skinned, unshaven rabble of the city opened on them their leathern lungs. Taught to view the unfortunates as a band of sanguinary papists, who had been happily anticipated in a design for burning them all in Smithfield, it may be supposed that the greetings offered were of no friendly character. The intermixture of soldiers in the train forbade the use of missiles, but the language of vituperation was poured forth abundantly. Loud cries of "Down with the bloody papists!" "Hang them first and try them after!" "No pretenders!" "No warming pans!" rung above the rest, and became marked by repetition.

The latter cry bore allusion to a scandal then industriously, kept up, implying the supposititious birth of the Pretender; and, by way of further

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derision, one of those brazen purveyors of caloric was carried by a tatterdemalion in front of the procession.

The mob has been denominated a many-headed monster; but, whatever may be the number of its heads, we deny it the possession of more than one eye and one ear. Unnumbered hands and mouths, however, belong to it; and though it can only

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entertain a single impression at one time, it can commit a thousand lasting acts in consequence. A transitory glance fills its saucer orb, a word informs its credulous ear; from conclusions it rushes to deeds, and direful has often been the issue.

The broad credences and angry clamor of the London populace denounced and followed the bound insurgents, upon views distorted out of rationality ; yet let us not be supposed to more than commiserate with the latter. They were guiltless, indeed, of the raw head and bloody bones' disposition ignorantly imputed to them, but they were still subject to blame. They had convulsed the land with internal dissension;

“————— a viperous worm

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth ;”

they had unloosed the horrors of civil warfare,

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for the purpose of redressing any public wrong, not with intent to enforce any national benefit, but solely in order to restore an obsolete and inconvenient state of things, which the good sense of society, after gigantic struggles, had succeeded in eschewing.

We pass over the time which intervened until the opening of the next parliamentary session, which took place in the beginning of the following January. The speeches in both houses breathed the most devoted attachment to the House of Brunswick, and the commons signalized their abhorrence of the late insurrection, by voting the immediate impeachment of the seven noblemen in the tower. Articles were prepared, and exhibited at the bar of the upper house, to which the lords, prisoners, were brought, and there required to answer. This they all, with the exception of Lord Wintoun, did, by admitting their participation in the late affair, but alleging circumstances in extenuation. Could those have been attended to, they might well have found indulgence in an assembly comprising so many secret friends of the cause to which they had fallen victims. It was not to be. Selfish fears kept silent those who sympathized, and the lust of court favor urged the declamation

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of their contemners. Trial being rendered unnecessary by the nature of the pleas put in, a day was appointed upon which the final judgment should be delivered, and the titled culprits reconducted to their ominous prison.

A very short time previous to that allotted for this imposing ceremony, Frederick Lilburne arrived in London. Details concerning him must, for the present, be made subservient to the more serious matter now in hand.

Deep, indeed, was the interest he took in the topic which he found employing all tongues. In the coffee-houses, which we need not premise, at this era formed the rendezvous for genteel idlers, he heard discussed, and rediscussed, the prospects of the, legally declared, traitors. And genuine was the sorrow he experienced, to find how universal the conviction entertained of their impending fate. The amiable nobleman, who, in particular, excited his personal regards, he heard denoted as, of all the others, most likely to suffer the last extremity. His great deserts and amiable qualities weighed nothing with authorities sternly resolved to hold up a terrible example to a disturbed nation. Beyond the obvious motives which might be made the apology for a severe decree, there were others

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glanced at, but too likely to influence it in the direction of Lord Derwentwater. His youth, power, and promise threatening future danger to the ruling family; and his large possessions offering so tempting an increase to the revenues of the crown, were incidents that would, it was privily thought, close the door of mercy against him, in whatever degree it might be opened on his fellows.

At length the hour arrived upon which the highest court of judicature this country acknowledges, and the world parallels, assembled in Westminster Hall, to pass the anticipated sentence. Frederick, not without difficulty, procured admission within its precincts.

In a convenient, but retired situation, he was enabled to command the solemn proceedings about to be commenced. The array of enrobed peers, seated in long rows on

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either side of the hall, the hall itself, so majestically grand, the grave occasion, the pervading silence,—and few things are more impressive than the stillness of a hushed multitude—would have disciplined into awe a mind less predisposed than his of whom we write.

The ceremony of investing the lord high steward, who, it will be recollected, presides on such great occasions, with his white rod of office, formed

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a prelude which stretched still harder the already tightened chain of roused expectancy. This was then promised relaxation.

A crier, with loud voice, commanded the lieutenant of the Tower of London, in the name of that august court, to produce therein the prisoners committed to his charge.

The mandate was obeyed. In another instant the objects of judicial vengeance and eager curiosity appeared at the bar. Thither every eye was directed; and might recognise the persons of six individuals, being all the nobles taken at Preston, save Wintoun, reserved for separate trial. It was with the stealthy glance of one ashamed to be detected thus gazing on the spectacle of their distress, that Frederick took earnest note of the seeming of the prisoners. Their pale, care-worn visages, the depressed and stooping postures they now assumed, formed a strong contrast to the swaggering hilarious port which marked the same men, a few weeks ago, at Rothbury and Kelso.

At one side of the melancholy group stood an officer, called the gentleman gaoler of the Tower. According to usage, he bore in his hand the fearful instrument of vindictive justice, the edge of which was, at this moment, turned, in courtesy, *from* them. Each, as he took his respective station at

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the bar, kneeled; then, rising, bowed to the lord high steward and other peers, the salute being formally returned by all.

The Northumbrian earl was the first called on, he immediately standing forward with an air equally removed from haughty defiance and abject conciliation. His person

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had sustained some alteration from the shock given to his mind. The rounded cheek had lost its convexity, the fair complexion its freshness, and the whole figure, always slight, seemed now fragile. The written answer, before noticed, as having been made by his lordship, in common with the rest, was then read and recorded. It admitted his having been a sharer in the late rebellion, but urged, in excuse, the unreflecting manner in which he had been hurried into it, by the example of neighbors, and by the apprehension of personal arrest: his having no direct malice towards the reigning monarch: his having been guilty of no harsh or unjustifiable act whilst in arms: and his having been one of the first to advise submission to the king's mercy.

The reading finished, his lordship was asked by the presiding peer if he had ought to add to what they had just heard? the answer was an affirmatory inclination of the head. The earl then addressed the court, in a short but impressive

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speech; dwelling therein upon the leading points of the just recorded document He concluded by feelingly imploring the clemency of his judges.

The same process was gone through with the remaining prisoners, the results being precisely similar as to outline, and nearly so as to coloring. In point of fact, these pleadings, so to speak, had little interest; the whole of them, not excepting that of Lord Derwentwater, being uncalculated to afford any moral inference. They were, doubtless, the productions of professional counsel; and the contrition for past error, which they purported to convey, may safely be considered as apocryphal. Some may think that the supplicatory and self-arraigning tone therein assumed was unworthy of the holders; but, in truth, they may not be held rigidly accountable for it. Few men wish to invite martyrdom; and the notoriety of their treason would have made a positive defence impolitic and (as it proved with Wintoun) unavailing.

All the rebel lords having persisted in their first pleas of guilty, and not advancing any thing in arrest of judgment, the lord high steward proceeded to discharge the last part of his painful duty. He premised it by dwelling eloquently on the dreadful responsibility incurred by those who

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should disturb a peaceful country with internal convulsions, and indignantly denouncing the prisoners, as men who stood declared in that predicament. He eulogized the character of that sovereign whom the wisdom of parliament had called to reign over them; and deplored the distraction which the schemes of traitors had introduced into the first year of his reign. Then, sinking his voice into solemnly low accents, such as the profound silence which then swayed the stupendous hall could alone have permitted distinctly to have been heard, he delivered the appalling sentence. It came, attended by all those hideous concomitants peculiar to the law of treason.

Whilst the frightful formula was being repeated, a cold shudder ran through the frame of Frederick, and was evidently partaken in by most present. Turning his eyes, almost in spite of himself, in the direction of the devoted noblemen, they met an object cruelly expressive. It was the greedy axe, now turned, with its edge towards the culprits, as if boldly demanding those victims it had at first modestly declined. This practical formality, a relic of ruder times, had in it something which brought so tangibly to mind the awful reality of the scene, and its ultimate catastrophe,

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that he recoiled from the sight in horror and disgust. The unhappy men themselves, considering that a life of honor and affluence, like theirs, ill disposes humanity to contemplate, its own extinction, bore the trying ordeal with tolerable composure; a speedy removal relieving them from a continuance of vulgar observation. The functions of the court being thus ended, the king's representative intimated the cessation of his powers, by breaking his white rod; and, taking post amongst his brother peers, that stately body adjourned, in grave procession, to its own proper house.

The condemned lords were afterwards placed in hackney coaches, and reconveyed to the Tower, there to await the despaired of mercy of the crown. In passing through Palace Yard Frederick had the additional pain of seeing the melancholy cortege move off, in slow funeral order, the soul sickening weapon, so shortly to be used,

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projecting but too conspicuously from the window of the coach immediately following the chief parties.

From details so serious and so dignified we now revert to others, more personally allied to him the reader has been made so specially to accompany, promising, in due time, to pursue the former train.

After having seen Mr. Errington fairly wafted

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into the bosom of the German ocean, he had returned abstractedly to Cramlingdon. Here he remained for a few days, vainly endeavoring to school himself into patience, and quietly to wait the issues of time; but no,—the fever of his spirit was not to be so cooled. He, at length, gave up the attempt; and a plausible pretext suggesting itself, obtained Sir John's permission to visit London. Thither, if he did not 'fly on the wings of love,' it was because the gods, wishing, no doubt, to check the aspirations of a too presumptuous mortal, condemned him to the tedious course of vulgar travel.

Once in the same city, he lost no time in hastening to the quarter irradiated by the presence of his mistress. He found her still consoling the afflicted Lady Derwentwater, with whom she was domiciliated in the mansion of the Duchess of ——, sister to the beforenamed lady. On paying his respects, he was received by the countess with condescending courtesy, by Dulcis with a subdued demonstration of pleasure, in which the customary frankness of her nature might have been discerned struggling with a delicious consciousness, that Frederick would have given worlds to have construed unequivocally in his favor. During the

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visit he repeated his proffers of service to the distressed consort of the earl, and had them gladly accepted. Of himself he could, it is true, do nothing; but, as an active and intelligent inter- cursor, he could be very useful. That, in soliciting such employ, it occurred to him as a means of being occasionally near the young lady, it would be

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senseless to deny. It is, however, but doing justice to his heart to add, that though such a view might stimulate, it did not induce the action.

It would be to little purpose to dwell on the indefatigable industry with which he sought for, and discharged every office of friendship that the terrible emergency suggested or required. Still less profitable would it be to enumerate all the interruptions and impediments that for some time kept him from the attainment of his darling object — an understanding with Dulcis. That rare creature, arbitrarily separated from her only parent, clung to the protection of Lady Derwentwater, and amply repaid the debt of its extension, by the tenderest and most unremitting services. Since the period when she first became known in these pages, she had resided almost entirely with the other. And, if a partial difference of temper, and a separate faith, prevented a complete coincidence

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of feeling, there still remained a sincere regard for her person, a profound respect for her motives, and a genuine sympathy in the afflicting source of her griefs.

On an anxious day, that upon which the ladies of the doomed noblemen made a joint appeal in their behalf at the foot-stool of royalty, Dulcis sojourned alone in —— house. Etiquette had suggested the impropriety of her, the daughter of a contumacious enemy to the reigning prince, presenting herself at his court.

It is a privilege allowed to the fairer portion of humanity, that its beauteous members, when in a state of single blessedness, must never be supposed to think on the opposite sex, except with the coolest indifference; and, to suspect them of loving, before circumstances have duly authorized them, would be considered the height of impertinence. We therefore will not venture to speculate on all the emotions that stirred the mind of even our heroine, as she wiled away the long forenoon of this day in the deserted drawingroom. Certain, however, it is, that she had that morning received a letter from Mr. Errington, in which was an ambiguous passage, that caused a fluttering of the heart quite unaccountable. What might be its nature must

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be left a mystery; but let the reader recollect the communings that took place between Frederick Lilburne and that gentleman, and bear in mind that the latter was a man of shrewd discernment, and he may form a guess or two towards the color of the same.

Whilst conning over, not for the *second* time, the said passage, and comparing it with her reminiscences of a certain incoherent effusion, uttered on the night of the *réunion* at Dilstone (remembered, heretofore, only as a piece of wine-bora gallantry), a domestic threw open the door, and the individual before her fancy, himself, entered.

To say that Dulcis felt confused under the circumstance would seem to convey little intelligence; the prospect of a *tête à tête* with a handsome young gentleman, generally producing such effect on girls of seventeen. In her, however, this exhibition may warrant being connected with a more special import. Education, operating on a naturally strong mind, made her superior, we had almost said insensible, to the every day weakness glanced at. But no, insensible she could not be, at least in any sense implying frigidity; to imagine that, would be to mistake a character full of voluptuous warmth. The impression to be conveyed is

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that the young lady, being inaccessible to artificial prudery, might, not unjustly, be suspected of sounder motive for embarrassment. Embarrassed at that moment she certainly did feel, and even *looked* flurried, perhaps the more so, that such sensations were new to her. Hastily folding up her father's letter, she arose, and murmuring out a few words of salutation to the casual intruder, sunk again into her chair.

That intruder, so to call him, we need not now name; and probably would better consult the tastes of many, in not following through the commencing interview;—

“Mais que ne peut ce grand Dieu des amours?

Il est bavard, et ma plume inégale

Va griffonnant de son bec affilé

Ce qu'il inspire à mon cerveau brûlé.”

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Fortunately for Dulcis, the flush of delight, the effervescence of passion, experienced by Frederick, on beholding her thus alone, for the first time since the removal of discouraging doubts had opened his senses to hope, prevented him from detecting her want of self-possession. Placing a chair opposite, he apologized for the present disturbance of her privacy.

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“It is true,” said he, “I was told in the hall of the absence of Lady Derwentwater and her lady hostess, but I could not, therefore, deprive myself of the gratification I now enjoy in seeing Miss Errington.”

“Sir, you honor me,” was her unwontedly ceremonious reply.

“Amidst a press of evil, I thought to bring the countess a gleam of partial pleasure, in which, I dare say, Miss Errington will partake.”

“Indeed! Pray give it a form.”

“Charles Ratcliffe has escaped from durance; and, it is supposed, will gain the continent, in spite of any pursuit.”

A shade of disappointed hope dashed the expression of joy with which Dulcis received this announcement; probably it was, that she had expected something bearing more on the dearer prospects of the earl himself. Frederick marked it, and therein had his late assurance made “doubly sure.”

“There is in your news,” she returned, “much to be thankful for, much to dilute the bitters of the hour: but, oh! Mr. Lilburne, they are still intolerable. Tell me, what do people say on the more urgent terror?”

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“I would willingly spare you speculations that can give only the dismal chance of a possibility for comfort.”

“Yes, yes, let me have them.”

“It is thought, then, that all will not suffer; some may be spared.”

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“And Derwentwater will be one; *his* life cannot be refused to an imploring wife and host of friends.”

Frederick’s tongue moved not, but his eloquent features were not equally inactive; they betrayed his dissent.

“I see you have no hope,” said she, now losing every slight remains of her original *distrain* feeling, in the intensity of her harrowing fancies. “Good God! can it be possible, that in this polite city, the broad light of day will be permitted to witness the annihilation of a being like Derwentwater! Will we really be required to sit silent in our chambers, and foreknow the very minute when the dreadful deed is doing? Oh! horrible trial!”

“Do not, I beseech you, dearest Miss Errington,” said Frederick, his looks displaying the fondness he durst not yet avouch in words, “suffer your mind to draw such images. Regard the evil more as one that must be met”—

“*Must be met!*” interrupted Dulcis, laying a

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stress on the imperative word, “I will not think it; this day’s strong appeal may do much.”

“Pardon my almost savage doubts:—recollect the recent reception of Lady Nithisdale.”

“Dismaying, indeed! Ah, Sir! there you give your party a fillip. Was not the treatment of that lady worthy of an Attila or a Genseric? surely it was. And yet this is he whom you have gone abroad to seek, and set in the place of your natural monarch.”

An indulgent half smile was the only return the young man made to this objuration: he did not see the necessity of defending his politics from a lady’s animadversions. To avoid it he brought the conversation into another strain.

“The still unquiet state of Scotland,” he observed, “would now render an amnesty premature, but, sooner or later, it must be granted, and Mr. Errington thereby be restored to his country. Let that conviction serve as a balm to the wounds of present commiseration.”

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“The hope gladdens my heart; but I fear its fulfilment will be only a barren satisfaction.”

“I trust not; for my own part, I am sure that my native country will lose half its charms to me, if it be not enriched by the presence of those whose society I have learnt so much to prize.”

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“I never felt so happy,” breathed Dulcis, with a sigh of retrospection, “as when my father’s stirring projects allowed us to remain at home in the north. I fear we shall no more enjoy that happiness. Fortune may indeed be so far kind as to permit us to revisit those scenes of early joy; but alas! how changed is likely to be their aspect.”

“Are there not other circumstances under which Miss Errington might revisit Northumberland— auspices that would put a new color on old objects, and discover hitherto untasted springs of happiness?”

The query was a leading one, and put with all the soft insinuation proper to introduce a “tender tale:” for it requires small sagacity to see that, “to this complexion” the discourse, on our hero’s part, was ready to verge. Dulcis received it in the letter alone.

“What circumstances,” she exclaimed, “can compensate for the ruin and desolation of those open halls—those hospitable centring points, round which were strewed all the real delights of the country. To see the same hills, and trees, and streams, when they have lost their identity with our pleasures—our hopes—and our affections, would tend only to create painful recollections of the past, without contributing to improve the present.

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The mere field of action, divested of its animating associations, may be compared to a brilliant landscape, veiled in the uniform grey of an engraved print.”

“You speak, dearest Miss Errington,” said Frederick, becoming momentarily less equivocal both in look and action, “too much under the influence of sombre impressions.

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Trust me, time will as infallibly diminish your regrets, as it will assuredly create new interests; the which, awakening afresh all the glowing energies of the spirit, will restore your native region to its wonted charms.” Then, after a brief, but agitated pause, he exclaimed, fervently, “How immensely blessed would be the man whose privileged love—whose licensed tenderness—could dissipate these gloomy anticipations, and fling fresh flowers on your future path!”

The passionate earnestness of his manner, and the look of concentrated fondness which followed the speech, left the startled and blushing auditress unable to summon a reply. With a palpitating heart and an averted eye she remained silent, whilst he continued in a more direct, and not less fervid strain.

“Longer to stifle my aspirations, to disguise my

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sentiments, I feel to be impossible, I believe to be useless. Dulcis, I love you. How passionately—how ardently have I loved you, ever since your virtues first broke upon my path, words are inadequate to convey. Could you comprehend the scorched—dried up state of my heart, dead to all hopes—all interests—all pleasures, which do not include your image; then you might conceive the extent of my sincerity.”

Here we make a halt, though our hero did not. What he went on to say was eloquent and appropriate enough; but, expressed in these sheets, would be something like a rhapsody; we therefore withhold it. Under the influence of the same prudential humor, we also incline to deal soberly with the remainder of the interview.

The emotions that shook the delicate frame of Dulcis, during the whole of a prolonged pleading, might be guessed at from her heaving bosom, her downcast eye, and the deep carnation hue that blazed in every visible portion of her incomparable complexion. The Inauspicious season—the distresses of her friends, afforded not a shelter for prudery, that being foreign to her character, but a ground for serious and sustained interruption. She did not ultimately frown on the suppliant, it

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is true, nevertheless, she pertinaciously refused that positive “yea,” which lovers ever thirst after. This was not done in the way of coquetry; neither, we may hint, was it from special aversion, but from a native sense of what was due to the occasion. That it was perfectly intelligible, in this view, to Frederick, the party most interested, may, at least, direct the conclusions of indifference.

Satisfied, from many little feminine indications, which his senses, now sharpened to the delicious task, had enabled him freely to discern, that his person was not disagreeable to Dulcis, other obstacles, and there was a striking one, seemed as gossamer to the self-gratulating aspirant. He left house in ecstasies; believing that the high road to bliss lay before him, and that lazy time would, sooner or later, infallibly open the turnpike.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

“Lo! now my glory smeared in dust and blood;
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body’s length.” —*Shakespeare*.

From the moment when the fatal judgment was pronounced, that limited—alas, how niggardly!— the days of delinquent nobility, up to the arrival of the dark hour which extinguished hope in hideous certainty, the most unceasing efforts- were made to induce the royal clemency. Those in power were importuned to the last degree by the friends of the parties; a numerous and respectable phalanx. The agonized consorts of the condemned, attended by a brilliant train of ladies, including many of the highest rank, repaired to the palace, threw themselves at his Majesty’s feet, and supplicated his mercy. Unsuccessful, they adjourned in a body to the House of Lords; and there, taking

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post in the lobby, beset its distinguished members as they passed, to procure their collective intercession. No present notice was taken of these appeals; but they did not appear void of effect. Ultimately, an address to the king was, in that assembly, moved and carried, by which his majesty was solicited to pardon such of the offending lords as he might think worthy. It does not appear that the indulgent disposition hereby avouched, gave pleasure in the highest quarters. Nevertheless, in consequence, the vengeance of the law was suspended with regard to Carnwath, Widdrington, and Nairn. The others, Derwentwater, Nithisdale, and Kenmure, were inexorably ordered to the block. Through the tact and intrepidity of a devoted wife, Nithisdale was rescued from the headsman's power, in a manner too well known to require more than mention. The remaining two, less fortunate, expiated their hasty indiscretion in a bloody doom.

It was on a stern and biting morning, towards the end of February, that a sable erection, of ominous form and character, saluting the newly awoken eye of day, informed the inhabitants of Tower Hill, that another catastrophe was about to be added to the long list of those their vicinage

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had witnessed in time past. When the sun had gained the utmost height the sullen season would allow, the area of that gentle elevation began to give still more active signs of the approaching tragedy. Large parties of guards, both horse and foot, then encircled the sickening structure just mentioned, which the prescient reader need not be told was the scaffold; and a dense, serried crowd, filling up the vacant space around, appeared to await what was to come in silent and serious intimidation.

A covered passage communicated between the stage of immolation and a large building, known as the Transport Office, within which was an apartment invested in funereal black, and appropriated to the last preparations of the sad sufferers. Here they received the blessings and adieus of their tearful friends; and here Frederick Lilburne took his earthly farewell of the Lord of Dilstone.

Thence this nobleman was the first conducted forth, selected to enjoy an unenviable priority of fate. His bearing at the trying moment, when, quitting the shielded

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gallery, he stepped upon the elevated platform, and stood exposed to the eager gaze of the undulating multitude, was manly and

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composed to a degree scarcely expected in one so young. It was the more noted as exhibited by a character not hitherto supposed to be strong. The quiet collectedness with which he examined the block, and desired the executioner to chip off a projection thereon, that might have offended his neck, was an additional proof of the steady resignation with which he looked upon the appalling paraphernalia of the occasion.

Having obtained the permission of the sheriffs, who were of course in attendance, the earl advanced to the rails of the scaffold, and read, from a paper, a short speech. Therein he apologized to his party for having condescended to plead 'guilty' in another place; avowed an attachment to King James, cherished even from infancy; declared his strong faith in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church; and concluded by saying, that, "if it had pleased him, who now reigned, to have spared his life, he would have thought it his duty never more to have taken arms against him." This done, nothing remained to delay the final consummation. Before laying his head upon the block, he spoke a few words of instruction to the horrid functionary by his side. "The third time I cry sweet Jesus," said he to him, "then strike, and do what is most

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convenient for you." He then betook himself to earnest prayer. "Sweet Jesus!" he cried, in a low inward voice, "receive my spirit! Sweet Jesus, be merciful unto me! Sweet Jesus—" he spoke no more; the axe at that moment fell, and a single blow severed the head from its quivering trunk. We throw a veil over what followed.

Thus perished the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater, a victim to an overwrought and misjudging notion of loyalty to an expatriated master. If the matured convictions of the present day should lead any to sneer at the enthusiastic folly that led to such a deplorable result, let them bear in mind that he lived in an age when the obsolete prejudices of an older time still clung to thousands; and that he was connected, in some sort, by the ties of

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consanguinity to those for whose sake he died. They cannot, at the same time, refuse to admire the generous spirit of devotion which could peril life, hopes, and princely fortune in a cause which, even if triumphant, had, in a worldly sense, no reward for him. There might, indeed, be the empty applause of his party; or, the more valuable consciousness of having realized his own ideas of duty; but neither of those can furnish that interested motive so creditably absent.

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Never, during so short a career, did any man attach to himself more friends. Never did a magnate of the land better sustain, in his own deportment, a title to the adventitious rank he inherited from others, and, more worthily dispense the goods which fortune had stored in his garner. If the untainted testimony of all those whom a sterner fortune had condemned to a life of dependence, and redeemingly directed to brook it under such a lord, can avouch this, that confirmation can be abundantly traced. Long had the men of Tynedale occasion bitterly to deplore the sad explosion which, depriving them of him, robbed them of their chief ornament and support.

The existence of Charles Ratcliffe sustained, for years, the still cherished hopes of an attached tenantry, but fortune had not yet done her worst. When, after the lapse of thirty years, the chivalrous son of James again erected his father's standard, this suffering adherent once more entered into the active service of his beloved prince. Time had not cooled his blood, nor exile depressed his adventurous spirit—would that it had. During his passage, by sea, to Scotland, he was taken by a cruizer, conveyed to London, identified, and legally doomed to death. Issue, he indeed left,

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but with him expired all active communion betwixt the inheritors of his name and their umqwhile dependants.

The whole of the large domains pertaining to the house of Ratcliffe, by these events became confiscate to the crown; and the halls of Dilstone, destitute of an occupant, were left a prey to mouldering and destructive damp. This pile might long

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have resisted the dilapidating hand of time, had it been resigned solely to its ravages, but that of man was eventually employed to complete the work. About half a century ago the governors of Greenwich Hospital, to which estimable institution this noble property then (as now) belonged, thought proper to direct the untenanted mansion to be pulled down. The mandate was obeyed; and, at this hour, a few old walls, which formed part of the original castle of Devilstone, saluting the eye of the cross traveller from Newcastle to Carlisle, are the sole remains of the once princely seat of the Derwentwaters.

Nor was it, we may here observe, to the domains of this family, that the mischief of the late thoughtless insurrection was confined; broad Northumberland, from end to end, dated therefrom the

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extinction, or decay, of many excellent establishments.

In characterising the generous impulse which inspired so many manly hearts to risk privations of the most incalculable extent, little place has been given to a spring of action much dwelt on by the vulgar—religious zeal. Such, in fact, had no general influence. A full moiety of the gentlemen in arms were Protestants; and even beneficed clergymen of the English church were to be found amidst their ranks. During the whole time they were banded together the utmost harmony prevailed between the persuasions, it seeming as if the idea of distinctions of that kind had not entered into the heads of any. No; it was to a reverence for old associations; pity for a fallen sovereign, and the reciprocally anticipated example of friends and neighbors, that this rising is mainly to be attributed. Perhaps too, a dash of English feeling, galled to see a foreign prince claim allegiance in the land, might have mingled with those above enumerated, and, so far, have helped on the crisis.

The thinking part of the nation were certainly, at this time, inimical to the recall of the Stuarts; and if, as has been said, knowledge is power, they

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were the more powerful party. But, numerically speaking, the well wishers of that house preponderated. Nor is it difficult to understand wherefore. The influence of names; the prejudices of usage; the deference, then entertained, towards antiquity, furnish a few broad ideas which take prompt hold of the minds of the million, whilst to opaque, or uncultivated intellect, the real nature of the compact betwixt governor and governed is of less easy comprehension. In other words, the Stuart claims stood in a kind of rude relief, and were to be caught up, at a glance, by every shallow or fervid brain that could not fathom the substantial and prospective policy which brought in the house of Brunswick. When, therefore, we consider, that the mass of the softer sex, and the inexperienced youth of the other, belong to this class, we will find a tolerably pertinent explanation of the matter.

If the country was thus well inclined towards their ancient rulers, it may be asked, why was this overture in their favor so easily quashed? The prepared and watchful position of the party in power, and the absence of means and combination in that of their enemies, are reasons which lay on the surface. We must, however, go a little deeper fairly

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to discover why the Jacobites, avowedly so numerous, did not make a better head, even at the first; or why they failed to flock round that which was made. Some explanation may be found in the undefined dread of popery industriously diffused, but more, in the settled state of society. Men had grown calculating; they were not now disposed to involve even their personal comfort, much less to risk, as of old, life itself, for an opinion. To be well affected towards those whom they believed to have an hereditary and indefeasible right to rule was one thing, to arm in their behalf, against those actually ruling, was another. They saw around them an established order of things, which they had no notion of pulling about their ears, as a step to obtain a restitution of supposed rights. Moreover, the want of any germane connection between those rights and the common interest; the absence of any real grievance, coming home to their own "business and bosoms," caused myriads to confine themselves to quiet good wishes. To these causes, specially aggravated by the nonappearance of foreign aid, may be, in a great measure, attributed the absence of very different results.

We beg the reader's pardon for having led him

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into this dry disquisition, but, we confess, more in courtesy than sincerity; for, before dismissing altogether the historical portion of our story, it may surely be allowed us to speculate a little on the traits of a cause that proved so fatal to him whose name surmounts our pages.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

“You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourselves in wonder,
To see the strange appearance of the heavens.”

Julius Cesar

“See, his face is black, and full of blood,
His eyeballs further out,
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasped
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.”

Shakespeare.

Whilst the law, in London, was exhibiting its terrors to the startled sense of discomfited jacobitism, an occurrence took place in the north, which materially altered the hue of futurity as exhibited to our leading personage. We will therefore devote some little space to its detail, and commence it by carrying the reader down to the scene of action at Cramlington Hall.

On the evening of the same day that elsewhere

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terminated the mortal endurance of a Derwentwater, the agreeable comforts of an old fashioned supper table were there extended to an increase of its usual circle. We pass the presence of Captain Compton, as an addition not to be held *unusual*, and come at once to that under remark, in the “form and pressure” of our friend Mr, Stephen Haggerstone. A few days ago he had arrived on an unwonted visit to his uncongenial brother-in- law, fraught with some petty trouble of the time for his consideration, of what nature has not been recorded. The thing, however, was of little consequence, doubtless; for it does not appear that, after the first hour of his arrival, Stephen himself ever more alluded to it, but, eschewing such cares, yielded complacently to the gentle attentions of his niece, and the more measured, though equally cordial, civilities of Mrs. Fenwick. In fact, the good gentleman, during his former forced sojourn at the hall, had been so much delighted with the affectionate sweetness of the younger lady, or so gratified by the wish-preventing management of the elder, that his original repugnance to the air of the mansion had been quite overcome. As he sat upon this occasion, supplying in the family group the place of the absent Frederick, there might be

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noticed about his person a spruceness, and about his manner a brisk promptitude, not habitual. If not egotists, with men of the squire’s mental grasp, the ‘sayings and doings’ of their personal acquaintance are generally a staple commodity at the convivial board; and, as it is odds that those of whom they speak are quite as great bores as themselves, it may be deemed a lesser evil. When, at the close of the repast, conversation hung heavy with others, he fell upon a topic of this kind, at once accommodating to himself and acceptable to his auditory. It was the praise of his sister’s son, the house’s heir. Sir John Lilburne listened to the eulogium, echoed as it was by Compton, with a sort of sullen satisfaction. He was pleased to have his offspring the object of panegyric, yet not much in humor with the terms of it.

“I believe,” he observed at length, “my boy to be worthy of his name, and am sure will always prove so in the main; nevertheless, I could have wished he had shown a

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little more firmness of mind in resisting the idle sympathies and romantic interests to which I have very lately discovered him too prone.”

“How does my dear father mean?” inquired Alatheia, conscious of her own knowledge, and fearing his less friendly participation.

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“I have marked,” continued he, without appearing expressly to answer his daughter’s query, “a temporizing disposition in him, which I do not like. It has allowed him to yield unbecomingly to the plausibilities of the traitorous faction just put down.”

“To pity, not to yield, Sir John,” remarked Compton, “and in either case, I am sure, not unbecomingly.”

“He has formed imprudent friendships with men noted for hostility to the government.”

“And them same,” broke in Mr. Haggerstone, ruffled at the disparagement of his own private intimacies, as well as conceiving himself intentionally made responsible for those of the other, “let me right you, brother-in-law, will do no discredit either to the lad’s character or his taste, be it George or James that sits i’ the royal chair. Ye’re all glib enough at black naming the supporters of a falling house; but had I one here I could wish, and a friend o’ Freddy’s into the bargain, he’d tell ye that its enemies were a parcel o’ poor spirited, huckstering sneaks, caring neither for king nor country, but as they serve to their own selfish conveniences. I don’t speak personally, Sir John, and ye’ll excuse me if my say’s displeasing.”

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The baronet drew himself up in his chair, the projecting lip announcing the extent of his indignation: he, however, contented himself with casting towards Compton a look expressive of his utter contempt for the person and opinions of the speaker, and remained silent. The young officer temperately took up the argument.

“Your good nature, Mr. Haggerstone,” said he, “leads you to apprehend having been too severe; but, believe me, the charge you, or your friend, would make, is in reality

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none. Nay, change the form of its expression, and it becomes praise. The amount is precisely this, that you tax us with putting our government to the most legitimate of all tests: its conformity to our general comfort as individuals. I for one have no objection to being supposed swayed by such practical feelings, rather than fired with delusive and nugatory ideas of party honor.”

This speech was somewhat too abstract for the squire’s dealing with; he, therefore, shirked it, by returning to the ground from which he had set out, and upheld the respectability of those neighbors, at whom he was sagacious enough to see Sir John’s original sneer was thrown.

“Save your labor, Mr. Haggerstone,” interrupted

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the latter, with an impatient jerk of the head; “the matter is luckily now of little consequence. Those events have purged the county pretty well of its mischievous spirit, and released us from the evils of such vicinage.”

“Eigh!” retorted Stephen, with almost a groan, “they have indeed stripped and blasted it. God knows when we’ll again see things as we ha’ done.” And thus having expressed himself, he arose in a kind of pet, adjourning to another part of the spacious apartment, whither, it chanced, Mrs. Fenwick had just then withdrawn.

“You seem to think, Sir John,” said Compton, resuming the conversation, “that it is impossible for a man to be indulgent, or even candid, towards another’s principles, without compromising his own. I conceive such a disposition creditable to the possessors of liberality of sentiment, without detracting from its stability.”

“Such liberality, as you call it, is an enemy to that decision and energy which are the first characteristics of a strong mind.”

“A *strong* mind!”

“Ay! a mind that is capable of acting on its instant thought: that admits of no diversion in its progress to the attainment of a dignified purpose.”

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“And this, you think, implies a great mind?”

“Certainly; the terms are synonymous.”

“Then pardon me, Sir, if I avow my disagreement. To me they show dissimilar, not only in name and being, but also in moral estimation.”

“Indeed! and pray which may you distinguish by your preference? It must be worth knowing.”

“The separation made, there can be no room for hesitation. The prompt decision—the unyielding firmness which indicate this mental strength, called by other names, may become headstrong rashness, or stupid obduracy. Every bull-headed, iron-nerved ruffian, whose blunted perceptions, or whose hardened heart, render him inaccessible to the ordinary feelings of humanity, may claim the property of it. Not of such vulgar merit are the qualities constituting a great mind.” Here the worthy young soldier was stayed in his unmilitary career of ethical declamation, by a cry from Mrs. Fenwick, which drew the immediate attention of the whole party to objects without.

The room in which they were at this moment assembled was the same formerly mentioned as containing a large bay, or bow window, opening directly upon the lawn that extended in front of

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the house. Around this, all were now crowded, and thence beheld a sight, uniting features of the ‘sublime and beautiful’ to a degree seldom paralleled. Corruscations of lambent light first appeared playing in the northern sky; and presently, streaming and darting from that hypaborean quarter, the aurora borealis, in all its fantastic brilliancy, flooded almost the whole hemisphere. Never had this phenomenon appeared in these regions in a shape so terribly grand. The dazzling lustre of the various jets of meteoric light was not less wondrous than the restless vivacity with which they shot to and fro. Their radiant columns, usually of amber hue, were on this occasion streaked and shaded with streams of a ruddy and sanguine color, giving an unwontedly awful cast to this always imposing atmospheric prodigy.

For some time our startled friends gazed in perturbed taciturnity; each one lost in vague and inward musing. Alatheia instinctively clung closer to Compton; whilst he,

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happy in the excuse, threw around her a protecting arm. The squire stood in a quandary of undisguised apprehension; and even the austere baronet appeared to cogitate deeply on the celestial embattlement. He was the first who broke the almost charmed silence that bridled every tongue.

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“I have often before,” he observed, “seen these northern lights, but I am free to confess, never in such brilliancy and splendor as at this moment. The magnitude of their sweep too is greater than usual, it occupies almost the whole firmament.”

“Dear father!” exclaimed Alatheia, “how can you speak so coolly on the mere semblance of these heavenly fires? To me their effect is most painfully imposing. See! what a dusky red tinges all the shoots! ‘tis really appalling.”

“Ah! Miss Althy,” exclaimed Mr. Haggerstone, giving vent to his overcharged feelings in a groan, and shaking his head with a show of solemn meaning; “it’s a fearsome sight. I never saw the like before, man or boy. Indeed, and indeed! it looks like an angry warning.”

“The Lord be about us!” cried Mrs. Fenwick, in a tremor: “that’s just what I think. Such a sign can bode no good to come.”

“No,” replied Stephen, sorrowfully; “no. It is not o’ time coming that it speaks. To my mind, it rails over sad work past.”

“And what may that be, Sir?” eagerly demanded both ladies, giving a greedy ear to the squire’s words; in which act, even the gentlemen, led by his earnest manner, joined.

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“Have ye forgot,” said he, lowering his voice, “the curst deed that was to be done this very day in London city?”

“Phsaw!” interjected the baronet, thereby anticipating all remarks; then, stalking from the window, rung the bell, and ordered chamber lights to be brought, it being almost midnight.

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“Pray,” said he to the servant who answered the summons, “has Spour not yet returned?”

The rejoinder was an attempt at evasion.

“Answer me, fellow, to the point: has he returned?”

A negative was then reluctantly given; for Matthew was a favorite with his fellows, and they would willingly have screened him in his present delinquency.

“That man,” muttered his irritated master, “is continually pestering me for permission to go abroad in the evenings, and always fails in his time. Henceforward I will grant no more such indulgences.”

The little party now prepared to break up, and seek their respective dormitories. Alatheia and her lover, however, still lingered near the window, gazing with undiminished interest on the illuminated dome above. According as the radiant spires, contracted to the horizon, or shot in lengthened

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streams across the heavens, so was a greater or less degree of light thrown on the surface of the park, which stretched in an expansive range before the mansion. During a moment of excessive splendor, Alatheia marked with alarm some unaccountable objects on the verge of a neighboring shrubbery. She immediately pointed them out to Compton; who, himself struck with the circumstance, threw open the ample casement, the better to ascertain its cause. In this *reconnaissance* he was obstructed, by the inopportune diminution of the eccentric light. Waiting its return, that he might renew his scrutiny, a brief space elapsed which was at length most rudely terminated. A figure of large proportions, suddenly starting into view close to the window, dashed forward, and ere it could be shut against him, thrust in a thick bludgeon by which he held it open. He then uttered a peculiar cry, obviously by way of signal, for, on the instant, the brightening atmosphere discovered several savage looking men rushing across the smooth shaven sward to his assistance. Whilst the piercing shrieks of the terror-stricken young lady recalled the retiring squire and his host, her spirited *amant* endeavored to oppose his person to the herculean strength of the ruffianly

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assailant It was in vain, the fellow succeeded in forcing a passage, and, followed by others of the gang, immediately gained the centre of the apartment. A tall man, the lower part of whose face was muffled in a dirty cotton kerchief, stood conspicuous.

“Hey, lads!” he bawled out, in a rough deep voice, to some of the villains who were making forward; “let all be laid fast here, before going a step further: down, down with the men, and as for the women, let them scream on and be damned.” Then, throwing himself upon Compton, he struck that still undaunted young gentleman to the ground with a murderous blow of his cudgel: others prostrating the intimidated squire, whose already paralysed powers saved him from heavier abuse. The gigantic burglar, who had first entered, pounced upon Sir John Lilburne, recognising him with an exulting yell indicative of high satisfaction.

“It’s his-sel,” he cried, “it’s the law len’in’* thief his-sel. Let me but hev him bi’ the wizan’, an’ warhawk.”

With the words, the miscreant seized the dismayed

*Law-lending, i.e. law administering.

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baronet by the throat, and shook him so violently, that the taper which the latter still bore in his hand fell from his nerveless grasp and burnt unregarded upon the floor.

“Heddon,” murmured Sir John, when a moment’s speech was allowed him, “I know you: this outrage will not go unpunished.”

“Ho! ho! ye ken ma, d’ye?” laughed the fellow derisively, “then ye’ll mebbie ken wheise turn it is to smell the grunstone. Dinno trouble yersel about ma punishment, aw’ll be boond for’t thy head sannot wark the day that comes. Yen o’ ye there, bring a leet,” continued he, speaking to his comrades. “Aw’ll hev him on the varra bench whar he hes se oft sat cockmantle* ower me and mine; the rest o’ ye off an’ silence the lickplates. That way,” he bellowed, thrusting his victim before him through the open door of the room, “that way lies the pleeace, aw mind it, sinsyne.”

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“Help! I shall be murdered without mercy,” cried Sir John, fruitlessly struggling with his abuser. “Is there no aid to wrest me from this wretch’s fangs? Help! oh, help!”

* Domineering.

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“The red blood that’s been spilt tha day, is noo runnin i’ the sky above; *thou* sannot rejoice at it, thine ‘ill never swim se hie, though it sail seun ha’ leave. If ony amang ye, lads, can lay haud o’ that mangy tyke, ‘torney Rob’son, i’ the hoose, bring him to me bi the neb, and aw’ll quit twe scores at yence.”

Thus delivering himself, the brute proceeded amidst a sustained volley of curses and orders, to drag the miserable owner of the mansion to his ordinary seat of authority, the study. His coadjutor in evil command, the tall man with the muffled face, only remained to see that a brawny myrmidon was stationed as a guard over the swooning women and prostrate gentlemen, and then followed the footsteps of Heddon.

Compton lay nearly insensible from the blow he had received; but Mr. Haggerstone was only retained in his recumbent quiescence by the levelled pistol of the felon sentinel. He was condemned to listen, in trembling horror, to the piteous wailing of his imperiled brother-in-law. Often was Stephen afterwards heard to recount, with shuddering recollections, the trial he here underwent. At this time Alathea lay on the carpet in a fainting fit, and Mrs. Fenwick stretched in hysterics on a settee; both were entirely disregarded.

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The tumult that at first Med the house at length subsided. The servants had all been secured, and little other noise was now heard but the banging of doors and creaking of drawers, caused by the burglars, as they ranged from room to room in search of booty. The sounds from Sir John’s study had also ceased, and the most fearful imaginings took possession, not only of the squire’s mind, but also of that of

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Compton, who was now sufficiently recovered from the stun to be conscious of the position of things around.

In the midst of this frightful suspense, a shuffling became heard at the same window by which the lawless crew had entered. The room was dimly lit by a decaying fire, the candles having been carried off by the intruders, so that the shadowy outline of a man's form could barely be distinguished at the still open casement.

"Is that Winter?" demanded he who kept watch.

"Ay," answered the new comer, "whe should it be else?"

"Whar the hidlens hae ye been then? Our Wull an' the broken swad* ha' had the justice

* Soldier.

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b' the lugs for the last half hour. He's a heeal-meeat* for the Cout o' Kielder† b' this time."

"Seer then aw'm late enough," replied the other, who by this time had cleared the novel entrance, "an' maun meeak up lost time."

The next moment the report of a firearm resounded, and the deceived faw fell bleeding to the ground. A reassuring voice met the ears of the menace-bound gentlemen, and they discovered with delight that the friendly shot had proceeded from a musketoon in the hands of Matthew Spour. Their satisfaction was completed, by perceiving that four stout countrymen followed at his heels.

"To your master's study, Matthew—to the study,"—was the brief direction promptly given by Compton, and as promptly apprehended by that individual. Piloting his little force he rushed instantly thitherward.

In despite of the faintness under which a heavy blow had left him, the lover of Alatheia recovered his feet. Sickening with dread, his earliest impulse was to seek and raise the delicate form of her he prized. Stephen too had recovered perpendicularity,

* Hail fellow.

† An ancient, therefore long defunct, border chieftain.

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but stood the picture of helpless distress, gazing now on the pale countenance of his youthful niece, and now on the less parian features of her matronly relation. Fortunately the latter, to whom the appearance of aid and protection had not been unintelligible, became presently composed enough to warrant Compton in quitting his now breathing charge, to hurry to the scene of action.

On approaching the study, the sound of muttered imprecations, and the heavy stamping and scraping of feet, gave indication of a vigorous and direful struggle within. Entering fearlessly, he found Spour and one of his companions locked in a desperate grapple with the ferocious Heddon, who alone of the gang was here visible. The faw, with strength rivalling that of the Crotonian athlete, seemed more than a match for both his assailants; the first impulse, therefore, of the young officer, was to throw the weight of his efforts into the scale against him. His movement to this intent was, however, arrested by a choking and almost frantic cry from the belligerent under-butler.

“Sur John! Sur John!—see till him—ahint the door,”—were the disjointed words by which,

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amidst the tug of strife, the faithful serving man endeavored to convey a vitally emergent instruction. At first, glancing round the room and discovering no appearance of the baronet, the other was puzzled, until the last words, a second time repeated, directed his attention aright. Thither he east his eyes, and beheld a sight which dreadfully explained the man’s anxiety. Hanging by the neck from a rope thrown over the top of the door, and fastened to the handle on the opposite side, was exhibited the still quivering body of his wretched master. A horrid fact, only detected by Spour himself when his hands were embargoed, as it were, in serious encounter. The tall spare person of Sir John, ruthlessly drawn up against the face of the woodwork, was stretched out in a manner revolting to witness; for the feet almost touching the ground,

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gave the strange idea of tension rather than suspension. His starting orbs, projecting tongue, and discolored visage, added to a trickling of blood from the corners of his mouth, avouched the extremity of his suffering, and were not less ominous of the fulfilment of his weird. Collecting his staggered senses, Compton lost not an instant in dragging the murderous rope from its supporting fulcrum, and so released the frame

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of the victim from its torturing confinement. Whilst it was doing, the conflict with Heddon came to a close. The ruffian, contriving for a moment to shake off his holders, had disposed himself for a final rush, when Matthew, opportunely recovering his musketoon, dealt him so cordial a stroke with the butt thereof as to put him *hors de combat* for the nonce. He was immediately bound with the same felon cord which he had just used so barbarously. To minister to the urgent case of the insensible baronet then became the care of Compton and Spour; the friendly rustics, anon seconded by the encouraged household, clearing the hall of the discomfited burglars.

In the course of their assiduity, the tending parties found that the vital principle, though held only by a feeble link, was not extinct. A dispatch was, therefore, immediately planned for medical assistance, and the sufferer conveyed to his own chamber.

As soon as the indispensable obligations imposed by the shocking situation of his host would allow, the anxious lover flew to the spot where he had left his Alatheia. Applying to the door of that apartment he found it locked and barricaded; but the alarm at first created thereby soon yielded on

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learning that this was only the result of Mr. Haggerstone's prudential caution. He was admitted by the revived ladies, the squire refusing to quit his post near the wounded man, over whom, although quite incapable of motion, much less of offence, he stood *guardant* with an uplifted poker.

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Having soothed and assured them, he recommended a retirement to repose, plausibly covering the non-appearance of Sir John, by a hint that the examination of the captured thieves occupied his attention. To this deception he was induced by the wish to hear a professional opinion ere he communicated news which so much needed qualification. The suggestion was followed, and he himself, accompanied by Mr. Haggerstone, repaired to the positive discharge of that duty with which he had found it convenient, supposititiously, to saddle the incapable parent of his love.

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CHAPTER XXX

“Here stood a wretch prepared to change,
His soul’s redemption for revenge.”—*Scott*.

————— “evil men of desperate lawless life,

Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,

And villanies of fearful magnitude.” —*Pollok*.

Our friend, Matthew Spour, had been out on one of those little half gossiping, half amatory visits in which it was his delight to indulge, when the wonderful atmospheric appearances, that marked this eventful night, terminated his pleasures, and reminded him of the flight of time. Not, by the way, that it must be supposed he had already forgotten the generous dame of Bywell; on the contrary, she still both fired his fancy and modified his graver speculations; but Matthew was warmly constituted, and the habits of a life are not abjured in a day. Trudging manfully homeward through

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the park, his thoughts, spite of the apparent dereliction, running on that identical fair one. The light of the “merry dancers” informed him of the proximity of company he did not at all affect.

“They’re faws,” quoth he to himself, “aw’m as seer o’ that as if aw’d seen them come oot o’ Yetholm.* What can they be efter tha’ neet, says onybody?”

He might have supposed, that in accordance with a wonted custom, they were going to seek shelter and refreshment; but the known bad feeling that existed betwixt his master and this class of people forbade the conclusion. Besides, the absence of women and beasts of burthen shewed that the usually nightly settlement had already been effected elsewhere. If, however, any thing to create a serious misgiving remained wanting it was very speedily furnished. Instead of keeping the regular approach to the house, the suspicious band diverged, and forcing a covert way through the shrubberies, left Matthew in no doubt as to their nefarious intent.

“Aw canna get in afore them,” he soliloquized; “an if aw could, wei they’d still be ower mony for us—what’s to be deun? a spoke man be slipped

* A resort for faws.

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i’ their wheel, i’ some way, or we’ll dree a mischief. Oh! aw hae’t, there’s Willie o’ the yett an his three lads, they’ll be to the fore. Ay! ay! that man be the way on’t.”

Away then speeded the prudent domestic to summon the gatekeeper and his brood; which having done, they armed themselves in the best manner they could, and hastened with him to the hall. On crossing the lawn, the open window and visible interior of the supper room at once informed them how to act. With the consequent preliminary operation acquaintance has been made; we follow them briefly in their ulterior course. Before they could gain the door of the study, to which place, it will be recollected, their attention had been directed, one of the miscreants burst out and, darting down an opposite passage, was pursued by the bulk of the party, and with some trouble eventually captured. A second, the redoubtable Heddon himself, was

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caught in the portal, and forced back by Spour and Willie; a furious scuffle immediately ensuing. During this, Compton came upon them as has been told.

The remainder of the villains, some of whom were occupied in overawing the servants, and others, scattered in search of pillage, speedily took the

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alarm, and decamped severally, as they best could. The man who had been taken by the sons of the gatekeeper turned out to be the same that had been prominent in the supper-room. A dirty red kerchief enveloped the lower part of his face, and his whole person was habited in one of those longitudinal kind of coats denominated (here most appropriately) a wrap rascal. This man and Heddon were both brought for examination before Compton and the squire, by whose order they were subjected to search. On the person of the unknown, several rouleaux of gold, and other valuables, plundered from the drawers and presses of Sir John's study, were found. On that of his savage compeer less spoil was discovered. It appeared as if the one had bestowed that time in the gratification of revengeful hate which the other had been willing to employ to more lasting account.

To all interrogation they were for some time sullenly contumacious, noticing each repetition only with a deeper scowl.

Heddon, at length, irritated by importunity, broke out in speech.

“To hell wi’ yer speers an’ yer whut whats,” he growled. “What ye’ve seen ye’ve seen; will that not sarve ye? Aw’ll mebbie hyke at Morpeth for

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this, but whe cares, my fether did the seeam afore ma. Men’s* aw’ll hev at ony rate, for aw’ll see the imps o’ the great fire pick his bones that hanged us beath. That’ll be yen comfort, and the thanks of a poor country side ‘ill be another; but aw’ll waste ne mair o’ my breath on ye.”

Having thus vented his spirit, he became again doggedly silent. Spour, who exulted more than a little in this victory over his former abuser, was not sparing in his taunts; but the other, after one withering look, turned his back upon him.

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Robison, the justice clerk, at this juncture made his appearance. He enjoyed temporary apartments in an outer building, from a profound repose, in which he had been summoned to attend the present investigation.

“A most atrocious business this, gentlemen,” was his first address to Mr. Haggerstone and Compton, as he bustled forward. “I’m glad to find the law has got materials for a terrible example.” Have the villains been carefully searched?” he proceeded, turning to the attendant servants, with the air of a man entering upon a familiar duty. “Some of you take the muffle from that fellow’s

* Mens, i.e. amends, revenge.

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face; let us see the rascally muzzle that’s behind it.”

Whilst the direction was being complied with, Robison accosted the faw.

“So, ye gallows-bred villain, nothing less would content ye, than to lay your butcherly hands on a gentleman and a magistrate; hanging is too great an indulgence for you, though it is a dog’s death.”

“An wad the better suit a ketty cur like the yen aw leuk at,” was the irate retort.

“You’re an audacious brute,” rejoined the clerk; “but, thank God, the country will now get clear of ye.”

“Say ye se; just let me drop a word i’ yer lug, if ye hadn’t kept yersel oot o’ ken that neet, it wad ha’ gettin rid o’ beath on us. Had ye geean through, my hans, ye sudn’t ha’ been left leave to wag yer sharp tongue at poor men as ye ha’ done, an’ be damned t’ye.”

“Peace, Will,” interposed his fellow prisoner, “it is of no use railing like randy women.”

This observation caused Robison’s regards to; revert to the speaker, whose features were now exposed to cognizance.

“Turn him to the light;” said he, “hum! I’ve seen that louring phiz before, have I not?”

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“Ay, that ye have,” interjoined Matthew, nodding with the air of one satisfied in his own conviction.

“Captain Featherstone! as I’m a living man,” exclaimed the squire stumbling rather than starting back; “well-a-day! this does prove scandal true.”

“Featherstone!” reiterated the self-important scrivener, scanning the person of the party in question with his little pig eyes.

“It is—Redesdale Jock, by—Answer, man, is not that your name?”

“Who are you, I’ll not say *man*, that asks?” returned the other, drawing himself up and giving his lip a most contemptuous curve.

“Who am I, sirrah! let me tell ye—”

“Tush, Master Timetaker, put down your trumpet. I care nothing who you are; and if you were the *custos rotulorum* himself, instead of a beggarly quill cutting pickthank, I would care as little.”

“Very well, my fine fellow,” retorted Robison, in a suppressed rage, “be saucy while you may, your humors will soon be roughly ended.”

“Spare me your prating at any rate,” Said Featherstone. Then speaking to Compton, he proceeded, “You, sir, I take it, will now direct matters here. I have a simple request to make to you.”

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“Name it.”

“That you will send us at once to the place I suppose to be our destination,—to your gaol.”

“Be assured that early in the morning that favour will be granted, with an exceeding good will.”

“Then lock us up for the night, and set those gaping boobies to bed.”

The first part of the request was immediately complied with; but the presence of a medical practitioner, and the cares of his calling, kept the household much longer from repose.

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Sir John was restored to a kind of imperfect sensibility, but his chance of life pronounced hopeless.

Brutal and unprincipled as the reader has hitherto known Featherstone to be, he may hardly have been prepared to find him banded with a casteless vagabond like Heddon, in an affair so heinous as that just described. few words will put a proper color on the subject.

Connected in his youth with desperate characters, amongst whom was this very fellow, he had early lost, or rather failed ever to imbibe, any honorable scruples. Driven by necessity and legal inquiry from his original haunts, he had entered the army. The wars of Queen Anne afforded ample employment, and as he possessed both talents and

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courage, he worked his way to a commission. It is unnecessary to trace his career entirely, or to inquire into the circumstances under which he fell under neglect, and thereat disgusted, became a Jacobite plotter. Noticed he was as a daring and crafty fellow, and employed, with others, to ripen the northern revolt. This service led him again upon the theatre of past licentiousness; but he flattered himself that his person would be forgotten, and his identity undiscovered. Nor did he err, as far as the leading men with whom he had to deal were concerned; they either recognised him not, or were conveniently unconscious. With people of lower station he might not have been equally successful, but with those, except as cronies, he had no communication.

When the reverse, or rather consummation, at Preston, completely extinguished all hope for the cause in which he had adventured, he found himself in a state of almost destitution as well as peril. Flying for concealment into the wilder parts of Northumberland, with which he was well acquainted, he found it convenient, in the course of his hiding, to avail himself of the friendship of his quondam associate Heddon. Both moneyless and freed from any social ties, were willing to quit for

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ever a country in which, indeed, the soldier durst not remain. To decamp, and with a full hand, was therefore a thing readily decided on. The faw, burning with vengeful desires, proposed the attempt on Cramlington Hall; the other, aware that his life was already forfeited, and thinking only of the means of getting abroad, unhesitatingly consented.

At once to dismiss the names of these men from our pages, we will anticipate time, and attend them to a finale. Their lot was the common-place, but befitting one, of similar caitiffs. The crime committed, being brought legally home to them—an easy task, at the following assizes, execution, according to sentence, was forthwith done upon their wretched bodies. Under the fatal beam they deported themselves with a stolid and dogged show of hardihood, rather the result of an effort to maintain the reputation of proper manhood than springing from real indifference to death. They, however, deceived the herd, and therein imitated the example of numerous greater or lesser villains, who, from time immemorial, have brooked the hangman's kiss.

Details of the late outrage and its serious result, in the imminent extremity of Sir John Lilburne,

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were immediately forwarded to his son. They found the young man still a lingerer in London, and likely to have continued one but for these events. There he sojourned, indulging in all those extravagancies which seem so natural to lovers and so silly to every one else. Respecting the state of mourning that hallowed the precincts of —— house, he refrained from visiting it by day; for which forbearance he repaid himself in watching its windows by night. He even took some trouble to waylay the servant? of the family, that he might have the pleasure of asking a few questions. In short, he fully proved, according to the good old fashion of 'true lovyers,' the commendable orthodoxy of his flame.

Had any one objected to him the certain opposition, threatened to his wishes from home, or urged that the respect due to that quarter required a previous submission, his first answer would have run somewhat in the way of the impassioned Eloisa,

Nevertheless, there remained behind a motive for the neglect, as it certainly was, sufficient to excuse it a little more to the view of reason than yet appears. He felt convinced that the consent

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of his parent was a thing not to be procured by any entreaties; and, therefore, in the then resolved state of his mind, thought it wisest to avoid provoking a premature prohibition. Pardon for what was irrevocable might perhaps be expected; but certainly less in the teeth of a previous interdict.

The advices he now received imperatively called for an immediate return to Cramlington, and a few days sufficed to show his obedience. He arrived there only in time to witness the dissolution of the author of his being. Of that father, whom, if he had loved, it was rather through the instincts of nature, acting on a generous and sensible mind, than with the affection which grows out of an endearing intercourse. Heirs are proverbially little accessible to sorrow, and the etiquette of high life, always founded on intense selfishness, gives them every facility for stifling it. If our hero was not a strong exception to his class, it was because his best feelings had never been drawn out by him whose fate he, notwithstanding, deplored with unpretending sincerity.

That Sir John Lilburne fell a sacrifice to the too vigorous exercise of his “little brief authority” is to be regretted, to the same extent that his punishment exceeded his deserts.

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Let no other man imagine that the bare letter of duty, or even the reputation of good intentions, will bear him with “golden opinions” through a life of action, despising those means which, like the farmer’s heavy rollers, smoothen the ground they are compelled to crush. Let such a person neglect that amenity—that considerate bearing—

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so essential betwixt man and man, and he will infallibly find his return in a bitter harvest of aversion. In application, we mean to predicate, that it was the harshness and distance of Sir John's habits, more than the actual stretch of his power, which drew on him the unpopularity he labored under.

To give the deceased baronet his meed of justice, it may be observed, that there was no extension of his functions less objectionable than that which provoked the enmity of his destroyer. The licentiousness of the faws of his day made them the terror of the country, and fully justified the severity visited on them.

The remains of Sir John were shortly committed to the tomb; on which occasion the dignity of station, to which, when living, he attached so much importance, was not forgotten in the sombre pageantry duly displayed.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

“——sing I to that simple maid
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal state.
And afterwards, for many a day
That it was held, enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
Live they like Wilton and like Clare.” —*Scott.*

Our story now flags heavily—its life-blood is spent—the thread of its interest, perhaps originally ill twisted, has at last fairly snapped, and little now remains but to tinge its conclusion with the approved degree of *couleur de rose*. There is a fullness of satisfaction attendant on a glimpse, however transient, at the actual fruition of desires and imaginings, once shared in, we are exceeding willing to indulge. The desideratum, thanks to

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the amenable and indulgent mood in which the fickle arbitress of human uncertainties stood disposed towards our dramatis personæ, is every way attainable; and that without the smallest sacrifice of veracity.

As soon as the lapse of time had thrown an oblivious pall over the late loss, and rendered such a step delicate, Sir Frederick Lilburne communicated to his family his views of happiness in an alliance with Dulcis Errington, should he, as he somehow felt assured he would, find that lady propitiously influenced. The announcement was received with indulgence by those whose non-acquaintance with the object desired precluded warmer feeling; and with delighted approval by his uncle Haggerstone, who did not stand in that predicament.

Public rumor had informed the world of the widowed Lady Derwentwater's having removed her griefs into another land; and probability suggested that Dulcis would accompany her. To follow was, therefore, an obvious and promptly embraced measure. In a few days the young baronet was flying on the wings,—but, hold! that figure, so pretty, and so useful, we have already given up,—was urging a rapid course towards that part

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of the continent he believed to contain his treasure.

At Brussels he achieved the delicious encounter; but as the 'witching time*' of a first declaration is past, we will not again commit our pen in the description of a scene at all times insipid to the looker-on—and then doubly so. Let it suffice, that he did not find the radiant countenance he admired most on earth overshadowed by a single cloud. After

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lingering for a reasonable time on the tenterhooks of expectation, the consent of the lady, and the opportune presence of her father, placed within his grasp the ultimatum of his mundane felicity.

After the nuptials, the happy party—bridal parties are happy by prescription—protracted their stay abroad until the promulgation of an amnesty for those concerned in the late troubles. This freed Mr. Errington from expatriation, and determined them no longer to delay turning their steps homeward.

On the joyous day that marked the return of the youthful owner to his seat at Cramlington, accompanied by his bride and father-in-law; Alatheia and her husband, for that union had taken

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place, quitting their own bower of happiness in the neighborhood, waited to receive them. It is not often that sisters and the wives of brothers prove congenial souls; but, in this instance, the genuine cordiality shown in the first interview never afterwards experienced alloy or diminution.

A very short time brought Mr. Haggerstone to add his hearty congratulations to those that had gone before.

If the squire could overcome, during the lifetime of Sir John, his aversion to the walls that called him master, it may readily be supposed that he now sought them with unmixed pleasure. Nor was he at this time to be by any means considered a stranger therein, having of late, by the frequency of his visits, manifested a gad-a-broad disposition hitherto unseen in him.

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There were not wanting those who drew inferences, and made remarks on such a change of habits. For instance, Matthew Spour, whose discernment in such matters was considered infallible, had not scrupled publicly to say in the servants' hall, that "he believed th' au'd squire was kittlen after Madam Fenwick;—an' as for her, when'er he was by, she sempered like a kettle o'

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frummetty." How far this sapient declaration was worthy of credence, is left to the inclination of the sceptical.

Our assembled friends formed as happy and harmonious a coterie, as the plagues of this 'worky-day world' ever allowed to exist. The manner of the young host, at once courteous and kindly, utterly freed from over-strained *politesse* or freezing ceremony, and yet not relaxing into that unbridled familiarity which destroys the charm of social intercourse, compelled, as it were, enjoyment. Then Errington, with spirits ever buoyant, dispatched dullness into perpetual exile. Dulcis and Alatheia, now figuring in the new character of wives, had lost (O rare!) no part of their wonted elasticity of thought and vivacious sweetness of expression. Nor did Mr. Haggerstone and Mrs. Fenwick lag behind in the general race of good humor. The plump jolly features of the former lost their acquired cast of peevishness; and the latter, in a flowing sacque and new commode, sidled about, the emblem of quiet complacency.

"Pray, my dear squire," said Errington, as they took tea with the ladies, a few days after the the general congregation, "how does your good dame Barbara? I have hitherto quite forgot to

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ask after her. What says she to your new trick of leaving home?"

"Tut!" exclaimed the other, in alarm, taking a furtive glance at the lady in the commode, "what should *she* say, I would like to know?"

"Oh! nothing. Only I have heard her commend, so much, your domestic habits. You must know, ladies, that this dame Barbara is our friend's housekeeper, and a comely, notable one she is, I can assure you."

"I wonder, Richie," cried Mr. Haggerstone, in a fidget, "ye can find nothing but such babbles to tell the ladies. My housekeeper may be, as ye seem to think, well enough in her way; but her business lies at home."

"I'm sure, I think, she merits one of her own."

"She'll, maybe, ha' one soon."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Errington, with a significant affectation of surprise and meaning, amusing to all save Mrs. Fenwick, who, from some nameless cause, looked very grave.

"Ay," resumed the squire, "she's ready to jump o' the shoulders o' that butter-mouthed blade, Spour; the sooner he takes her for good the better. She's past any service in my house."

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The ladies, not excepting Mrs. Fenwick, laughed very heartily; and the two younger both recommended Mr. Haggerstone to reform his household by taking a wife.

“Heigho! well, my bonny lambs, we’ll see,” was the answer.

“ I hope, squire,” said Errington, “that whoever you may place at the head of the board at Bywell, she won’t be one that will look shy on, or grudge a knife and fork to an old acquaintance like myself.”

“That I’m sure she won’t;” returned Stephen; then adding, more cautiously, “or I’ll ha’ been mistaken i’ my choice.”

“And yet, I hardly know,” observed the other, thoughtfully, “whether I dare venture so near yon altered spot. The sight of Dilstone, the recollection of joyous hours, coupled with a conviction that they can never recur, and the too lively memory of the woful cause which forbids them, would, I fear, destroy the pleasure of even such a visit.”

“Ah! sad me!” reparted Mr. Haggerstone, sighing heavily, and assuming a most lachrymose aspect; “we’ve suffered a grievous blow indeed ; such a one as has smitten down a whole tract o’

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country. D’ye know, Richie, it’s a common cry among our people, that the Devil Water ran red blood the day the noble lad suffered?”

“If it had it would have been but too figurative of the loss sustained along its course.”

“Nay, there needs no *if* Tristy Hepple, that was the earl’s piper, swears he saw it himself.”

“Such rustic tales, my dear Sir,” interposed Frederick, “are not for *serious* hearing. The like always follow in the train of great or astounding occurrences.”

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“That may be, Freddy; but, let me assure ye, we’ve seen with our own eyes things as strange.” Then, appealing to Compton and the others, he pursued, “you cannot ha’ forgot the sights and signs in the heavens on yon awful night.”

The answer was a silent one.

“No, I’ll warrant not,” resumed he; “I never can. God keep me from passing such another. I’m a peaceful man, and never liked mischief in any shape; but, had it been far otherwise, I’ve seen enough to keep me at rest within four walls for all time coming. Dick, I hope ye’ve been brought into the same mind.”

“Which was it, Stephen,” asked Errington, waggishly, “the joltering ride to Rothbury, or the

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rough threatenings of bully Backsyth, the town serjeant of Newcastle, that had the greatest share in teaching you that lesson?”

“Neither, so much as you think, Dick; but ye’ve blinked my query.”

“Why, seriously, my good Stephen, I am of your thinking; though, perhaps, I have not become so by the same means. I see the inutility of opposing conventional notions of rights and privileges, to the confirmed will and interests of a whole people. No, my heart is yet as warm as ever to the person of him whom I still call my king; but I will no more strive to rouse force in his favor.”

“A sage determination, my dear Errington,” said Sir Frederick. “Having been left unscathed by the present favor of fortune it would be unwise to tempt her future caprice. The circle of your friends you may find a little contracted, but, possibly, it is, at the same time, only the more firmly knit.”

“True, my dear boy; and at the social board of Cramlingdon my friend Stephen and I will strive to forget the departed hospitality of Oilstone.”

Here we let the curtain, doubtless a harbinger

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of oblivion, drop upon our characters. One corner we, for a moment, hold back, to apprize the fair portion of our readers that, in a few months from this time, the snug wainscotted parlor at Bywell boasted of what it had long wanted, a mistress. She came in the person of the good Mrs. Fenwick. By this alliance two respectable individuals were reciprocally benefited.

If this union was devoid of the poetic incident and consuming fires that attend the nuptials of youth, there was, in lieu thereof, present every property which can unite to smooth and soften the path of declining life.

Another moment's delay may be endured, whilst it is told that Matthew, elevated to the post of butler to Sir Frederick, married the buxom Mrs. Roddam, who was allowed, in the capacity of housekeeper, to share with him the precedence of the second table at Cramlingdon.

The arrested fold falls, and here closes this feeble attempt to invite a chance ray of regard towards an unappreciated nook of the island. This, as the broader object, is placed in the foreground; but we shall be substantially satisfied if we are thought to have at all illustrated an interesting recollection. The yawner, who has struggled

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with his infirmity to follow us thus far, has our thanks. He may find his reward in the profundity of those slumbers, which he will not refuse us the negative merit of contributing to induce.

FINIS.

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