No character's proof against enmity foul;
And thy fate, William Dhône, sickens our soul.

2.

You are Derby's receiver of patriot zeal,
Replete with good sense, and reputed genteel,
Your justice applauded by the young and the old;
And thy fate, &c.

3.

A kind, able patron both to church and to state—
What roused their resentment but talents so great!
No character's proof against enmity foul;
And thy fate, &c.

4.

Thy pardon, 'tis rumor'd, came over the main,
Nor late, but concealed by a villain * in grain;
'Twas fear forced the jury to a sentence so foul;
And thy fate, &c.

5.

Triumphant stood Colcott, he wished for no more,
When the pride of the Christians lay welt'ring in gore,
To malice a victim, though steady and bold;
And thy fate, &c.

6.

With adultery stain'd, and polluted with gore,
He Rolandsway eyed, as Loghuecolly before,
'Twas the land sought the culprit, as Ahab before;
And thy fate, &c.

7.

Proceed to the once famed abode of the Nuns,
Call the Colcotts aloud, till you torture your lungs,
Their short triumph's ended, extinct is the whole;
And thy fate, &c.

8.

For years could Robert lay crippled in bed,
Nor knew the world peace while he held up his head,
The neighborhood's scourge in iniquity bold;
And thy fate, &c.

9.

Not one's heard to grieve, seek the country all through,
Nor lament for the name that Bemacan once knew;
The poor rather load it with curses untold;
And thy fate, &c.

10.

Ballaclogh and the Criggans mark strongly their sin,
Not a soul of the name's there to welcome you in;
In the power of the strangers is centred the whole;
And thy fate, &c.

11.

The opulent Scarlett on which the sea flows,
Is piecemeal disposed of to whom the Lord knows;
It is here without bread or defence from the cold;
And thy fate, &c.

12.

They assert then in vain, that the law sought thy blood,
For all aiding the massacre never did good;
Like the rooted-up golding deprived of its gold,
They languish'd, were blasted, grew wither'd and old.

13.

When the shoots of a tree so corrupted remain,
Like the brier or thistle, they goad us with pain;
Deep, dark, undermining, they mimic the mole;
And thy fate, &c.

14.

Round the infamous wretches who spilt Cæsar's blood,
Dead spectres and conscience in sad array stood,
Not a man of the gang reach'd life's utmost goal;
And thy fate, &c.

15.

Perdition, too, seized them who caused *thee* to bleed,
To decay fell their houses, their lands and their seed
Disappear'd like the vapor when morn's tinged with gold,
And thy fate, &c.

16.

From grief all corroding, to hope I'll repair,
That a branch of the Christians will soon grace the chair
With royal instructions his foes to console;
And thy fate, &c.

17.

With a book for my pillow, I dreamt as I lay,
That a branch of the Christians would hold Ronaldsway;
His conquests his topic with friends o'er a bowl;
And thy fate, &c.

18.

And now for a wish in concluding my song,—
May th' Almighty withhold me from doing what's wrong
Protect every mortal from enmity foul,
For thy fate, William Dhône, sickens our soul! *

* A person named in the next stanza is said to have intercepted a pardon sent from England for William Christian, found, it is alleged, in the foot of an old woman's stocking. The tradition is highly improbable. If Christian had been executed against the tenor of a pardon actually granted, it would not have failed to be charged as a high aggravation in the subsequent proceedings of the Privy Council.

* It may be recollected, that these verses are given through the medium of a meagre translation, and are deprived of the aid of the music, otherwise we would certainly think the memory of William Dhône little honored by his native bard.

No. II.

At the Court at Whitehall, the 5th August, 1663.

GEORGE CHRISTIAN, son and heir of William Christian, deceased, having exhibited his complaint to his Majesty in Council, that his father, being at a house of his in his Majesty's Isle of Mann, was imprisoned by certain persons of that island, pretending themselves to be a Court of Justice; that he was by them accused of high treason, pretended to be committed against the Countess Dowager of Derby, in the year 1651; and that they thereupon proceeded to judgment, and caused him to be put to death, notwithstanding the Act of General Pardon and Indemnity, whereof he claimed the benefit: and his appeal to his Majesty, and humbly imploring his Majesty's princely compassion towards the distressed widow and seven fatherless children of the deceased: His Majesty was graciously pleased, with the advice of his Council, to order that Thomas Noris and Hugh Cannell, the two judges (by them in that island called Deemsters), and Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcot, and Richard Tyldesley, three of the members of the pretended Court of Justice, and Henry Howell, deputy of the said island, should be forthwith sent for, and brought up by a sergeant-at-arms here, before his Majesty in Council to appear and answer to such accusations as should be exhibited against them; which said six persons being accordingly brought hither the fifteenth day of July last, appointed for a full hearing of the whole business, the Earl of Derby then also summoned to appear, and the Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and the Lord Chief-Baron of his Majesty's Exchequer, with the King's Council, learned in the laws, required to be present, and all the parties called in with their counsel and witnesses, after full hearing of the matter on both sides, and the parties withdrawn, the said judges being desired to deliver their opinion, did, in presence of the King's Council, learned in the laws, declare that the Act of General Pardon and Indemnity did, and ought to be understood to, extend to the Isle of Mann, as well as into any other of his Majesty's dominions and plantations beyond the seas; and that, being a publique General Act of Parliament, it ought to have been taken notice of by the judges in the Isle of Mann, although it had not been pleaded, and although there were no proclamations made thereof. His Majesty being therefore deeply sensible of this violation of his Act of General Pardon, whereof his Majesty hath always been very tender, and doth expect and require that all his subjects in all his dominions and plantations shall enjoy the full benefit and advantage of the same; and having this day taken the business into further consideration, and all parties called in and heard, did, by and with the advice of the Council, order, and it is hereby ordered, that all persons any way concerned in the seizure of the estate of the said William Christian, deceased, or instrumental in the ejection of the widow and children out of their houses and fortune, do take care that entire restitution is to be made of all the said estate, as well real or personal, as also all damages sustained, with full satisfaction for all profits by them received since the said estate hath been in their hands; and that, whereas the said William Christian, deceased, was one of the two lives remaining in an estate in Lancashire, that the detriment accruing by the untimely death of the said William Christian therein, or in like cases, shall be estimated, and in like manner fully repaired. That in regard of the great trouble and charges the complainants have been at in pursuit of this business, ordered, that they do exhibit to this Board a true account, upon oath, of all expences and damages by them sustained in the journies of themselves and witnesses, and of all other their charges in the following of this business.

And whereas Ewan Curghey, Sammual Radcliffe, and John Casar, were by the same Court of Justice imprisoned, and had their estates seized and confiscated, without any legal trial, it is ordered, that the said Ewan Curghey, Sammual Radcliffe, and John Casar, be likewise reinstated to all their estates, real and personall, and fully repaired in all the charges and expences which they have been at since their first imprisonment, as well in the prosecution of this business, as in their journey thither, or any other way whatsoever thereunto relating. The which satisfaction, expences, and all the sums of money to be raised by virtue of this order, are to be furnished by the Deemsters, Members, and Assistants of the said Court of Justice, who are hereby ordered to raise all such the said sums, and thereof to make due payment, and give full satisfaction unto the parties respectively hereby appointed to receive it.

And to the end, the guilt of blood which hath been unjustly spilt, may in some sort be expiated, and his Majesty receive some kind of satisfaction for the untimely loss of a subject, it is ordered, that the said Thomas Norris and Hugh Cannell, who decreed this violent death, be committed, and remain prisoners in the King's Bench, to be proceeded against in the ordinary course of justice, so to receive condign punishment according to the merit of so heinous a fact.

That Richard Stevenson, Robert Calcott, and Richard Tyldesley, be discharged from farther restraint, giving good security to appear at this Board whensoever summoned, and not depart this city until full satisfaction be given, and all orders of this Board whatsoever relating to this business fully executed in the island. And in regard, that upon the examination of this business, it doth appear that Edward Christian, being one of the Deemsters or Judges in the Isle of Mann, did, when the Court refused to admit of the deceased William Christian's plea of the Act of Indemnity, make his protestation against their illegal proceedings, and did withdraw himself, and come into England to solicit his Majesty, and implore his justice, it is ordered, that the Earl of Derby do forthwith, by commission in due and accustomed manner, restore, constitute, and appoint the said Edward Christian one of the Deemsters or Judges of the said Island, so to remain and continue in the due execution of the said place.

And lastly, it is ordered that the said Henry Howell, Deputy-Governor, whose charge hath been the not complying with, and yielding due obedience to, the orders of his majesty, and this Board sent into this island, giving good security to appear at this Board whensoever summoned, be forthwith discharged from all further restraint, and permitted to return into the island; and he is hereby strictly commanded to employ the power and authority he hath, which by virtue of his commission he hath in that island, in performance of, and obedience to, all commands and orders of his Majesty and this Board in this whole business, or any way relating thereunto.

(Signed by)

LORD CHANCELLOR.
LORD TREASURER.
LORD PRIVY SEAL.
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
EARL OF BERKSHIRE.
EARL OF ST. ALBAN.
EARL OF ANGLESEY.
EARL OF SANDWICH.
EARL OF BATH.
EARL OF MIDDLETON.
EARL OF CARBERRY.
LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
LORD WENTWORTH.
LORD BERKELEY.
LORD ASHLEY.
SIR WILLIAM CROMPTON.
MR. TREASURER.
MR. VICE CHAMBERLAIN.
MR. SECRETARY MORICE.
MR. SECRETARY BENNETT.

RICHARD BROWNE,
Clerk of the Council.

No. III.

At the Court at Whitehall August 14th, 1663.

Present.

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

LORD CHANCELLOR.
LORD TREASURER.
LORD PRIVY SEAL.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
EARL OF BERKSHIRE.
EARL OF MIDDLETON.
EARL OF CARBERRY.
LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.
LORD WENTWORTH.
LORD BERKELEY.
LORD ASHLEY.
SIR WILLIAM CROMPTON.

Earl of St. Alban.	Mr. Treasurer.
Earl of Sandwich.	Mr. Vice Chamberlain.
Earl of Anglesey.	Mr. Secretary Morice.
Earl of Bath.	Mr. Secretary Bennett.

To the end the world may the better take notice of his Majesty's royal intention, to observe the Act of Indemnity and General Pardon inviolably for the publique good and satisfaction of his subjects—it was this day ordered, that a copy of the order of this Board of the 5th inst., touching the illegal proceedings in the Isle of Mann against William Christian, and putting him to death contrary to the said Act of General Pardon, be sent unto his Majesty's printer, who is commanded forthwith to print the same in the English letters, in folio, in such manner as Acts of Parliament are usually printed, and his Majesty's Arms prefixed.

RICHARD BROWNE.

PREFATORY LETTER

FROM THE

REV. DR. DRYASDUST OF YORK, TO CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK, RESIDING AT FAIRYLODGE, NEAR KENNAQUHAIR, N. B.

Very worthy and dear Sir,—To your last letter I might have answered, with the classic, "*Haud equidem invideo, miror magis.*" For though my converse, from infancy, has been with things of antiquity, yet I love not ghosts or spectres to be commentators thereon; and truly your account of the conversation you held with our great parent, in the crypt, or most intimate recess of the publishers at Edinburgh, had upon me much the effect of the apparition of Hector's phantom on the hero of the Æneid—

"Obstupui, steteruntque comæ."

And, as I said above, I repeat that I wondered at the Vision, without envying you the pleasure of seeing our great progenitor. But it seems that he is now permitted to show himself to his family more freely than formerly; or that the old gentleman is turned somewhat garrulous in these latter days; or, in short, not to exhaust your patience with conjectures of the cause, I also have seen the Vision of the Author of Waverley. I do not mean to take any undue state on myself, when I observe, that this interview was marked with circumstances in some degree more formally complaisant than those which attended your meeting with him in our worthy publisher's; for yours had the appearance of a fortuitous rencontre, whereas mine was preceded by the communication of a large roll of papers, containing a new history, called Peveril of the Peak.

I no sooner found that this manuscript consisted of a narrative, running to the length of perhaps three hundred and thirty pages in each volume, or thereabouts, than it instantly occurred to me from whom this boon came; and having set myself to perfuse the written sheets, I began to entertain strong expectations that I might, peradventure, next see the author himself.

Again, it seems to me a marked circumstance, that, whereas an inner apartment of Mr. Constable's shop was thought a place of sufficient solemnity for your audience, our venerable Senior was pleased to afford mine in the recesses of my own lodgings, *intra parietes*, as it were, and without the chance of interruption. I must also remark, that the features, form, and dress of the *Eidolon*, as you well term the apparition of our parent, seemed to me more precisely distinct than was vouchsafed to you on the former occasion. Of this hereafter; but Heaven forbid I should glory or set up any claim of superiority over the other descendants of our common parent, from such decided marks of his preference—*Laus propria sordet.* I am well satisfied that the honor was bestowed not on my person, but my cloth—that the preference did not elevate Jonas Dryasdust over Clutterbuck, but the Doctor of Divinity over the Captain. *Cedant arma togæ*—a maxim never to be forgotten at any time, but especially to be remembered when the soldier is upon half-pay.

But I bethink me that I am keeping you all this while in the porch, and wearying you with long inductions, when you would have me *properare in mediam rem.* As you will, it shall be done; for, as his Grace is wont to say of me, wittily, "No man tells a story so well as Dr. Dryasdust, when he has once got up to the starting-post."—*Jocose hoc.* But to continue.

I had skimmed the cream of the narrative which I had received about a week before, and that with no small cost and pain; for the hand of our parent is become so small and so crabbed, that I was obliged to use strong magnifiers. Feeling my eyes a little exhausted towards the close of the second volume, I leaned back in my easy-chair, and began to consider whether several of the objections which have been particularly urged against our father and patron, might not be considered as applying, in an especial manner, to the papers I had just perused. "Here are figments enough," said I to myself, "to confuse the march of a whole history—anachronisms enough to overset all chronology! The old gentleman hath broken all bounds—*abiit—evasit—erupit.*"

As these thoughts passed through my mind, I fell into a fit of musing, which is not uncommon with me after dinner, when I am altogether alone, or have no one with me but my curate. I was awake, however; for I remember seeing, in the embers of the fire, a representation of a mitre, with the towers of a cathedral in the background; moreover, I recollect gazing for a certain time on the comely countenance of Dr. Whiterose, my uncle by the mother's side—the same who is mentioned in The Heart of Mid-Lothian—whose portrait, graceful in wig and canonicals, hangs above my mantelpiece. Farther, I remember marking the flowers in the frame of carved oak, and casting my eye on the pistols which hang beneath, being the fire-arms with which, in the eventful year 1746, my uncle meant to have espoused the cause of Prince Charles Edward; for, indeed, so little did he esteem personal safety, in comparison of steady high-church principle, that he waited but the news of the Adventurer's reaching London to hasten to join his standard.

Such a doze as I then enjoyed, I find compatible with indulging the best and deepest cogitations which at any time arise in my mind. I chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, in a state betwixt sleeping and waking, which I consider as so highly favorable to philosophy, that I have no doubt some of its most distinguished systems have been composed under its influence. My servant is, therefore, instructed to tread as if upon down—my door-hinges are carefully oiled—and all appliances used to prevent me from being prematurely and harshly called back to the broad waking-day of a laborious world. My custom, in this particular, is so well known, that the very schoolboys cross the alley on tiptoe, betwixt the hours of four and five. My cell is the very dwelling of Morpheus. There is indeed a bawling knave of a broom-man, *quem ego*—But this is matter for the Quarter-Sessions.

As my head sunk back upon the easy-chair in the philosophical mood which I have just described, and the eyes of my body began to close, in order, doubtless, that those of my understanding might be the more widely opened, I was startled by a knock at the door, of a kind more authoritatively boisterous than is given at that hour by any visitor acquainted with my habits. I started up in my seat, and heard the step of my servant hurrying along the passage, followed by a very heavy and measured pace, which shook the long oak-floored gallery in such a manner, as forcibly to arrest my attention. "A stranger, sir, just arrived from Edinburgh by the North Mail, desires to speak with your Reverence." Such were the words with which Jacob threw the door to the wall; and the startled tone in which he pronounced them, although there was nothing particular in the annunciation itself, prepared me for the approach of a visitor of uncommon dignity and importance.

The Author of Waverley entered, a bulky and tall man, in a travelling great-coat, which covered a suit of snuff-brown, cut in imitation of that worn by the great Rambler. His flapped hat—for he disdained the modern frivolities of a travelling-cap—was bound over his head with a large silk handkerchief, so as to protect his ears from cold at once, and from the babble of his pleasant companions in the public coach from which he had just alighted. There was somewhat of a sarcastic shrewdness and sense, which sat on the heavy pent-house of his shaggy gray eyebrow—his features were in other respects largely shaped, and rather heavy, than promising wit or genius; but he had a notable projection of the nose, similar to that line of the Latin poet,—

—"immodicum surgit pro cuspide rostrum."

A stout walking-stick stayed his hand—a double Barcelona protected his neck—his belly was something prominent, "but that's not much,"—his breeches were substantial thickset—and a pair of top-boots, which were slipped down to ease his sturdy calves, did not conceal his comfortable travelling-stockings of lamb's-wool, wrought, not on the loom, but on wires, and after the venerable ancient fashion, known in Scotland by the name of *ridge-and-furrow*. His age seemed to be considerably above fifty, but could not amount to three-score, which I observed with pleasure, trusting there may be a good deal of work had out of him yet; especially as a general haleness of appearance—the compass and strength of his voice—the steadiness of his step—the rotundity of his calf—the depth of his hem, and the sonorous emphasis of his sneeze, were all signs of a constitution built for permanence.

It struck me forcibly, as I gazed on this portly person, that he realized, in my imagination, the Stout Gentleman in No. II. who afforded such subject of varying speculation to our most amusing and elegant Utopian traveller, Master Geoffroy Crayon. Indeed, but for one little trait in the conduct of the said Stout Gentleman—I mean the gallantry towards his landlady, a thing which would greatly derogate from our Senior's character—I should be disposed to conclude that Master Crayon had, on that memorable occasion, actually passed his time in the vicinity of the Author of Waverley. But our worthy patriarch, be it spoken to his praise, far from cultivating the society of the fair sex, seems, in avoiding the company of womankind, rather to imitate the humor of our friend and relation, Master Jonathan Oldbuck, as I was led to conjecture, from a circumstance which occurred immediately after his entrance.

Having acknowledged his presence with fitting thanks and gratulations, I proposed to my venerated visitor, as the refreshment best suited to the hour of the day, to summon my cousin and housekeeper, Miss Catharine Whiterose, with the tea-equipage; but he rejected my proposal with disdain, worthy of the Laird of Monkbarns. "No scandal-broth," he exclaimed; "no unidea'd woman's chatter for me Fill the frothed tankard—

slice the fatted rump—I desire no society but yours, and no refreshment but what the cask and the gridiron can supply.'

The beefsteak, and toast, and tankard, were speedily got ready; and, whether an apparition or a bodily presentation, my visitor displayed dexterity as a trencherman, which might have attracted the envy of a hungry hunter, after a fox-chase of forty miles. Neither did he fail to make some deep and solemn appeals, not only to the tankard aforesaid, but to two decanters of London particular Madeira and old Port; the first of which I had extracted from its ripening place of deposition, within reach of the genial warmth of the oven; the other, from a deep crypt in mine own ancient cellar, which whilom may have held the vintages of the victors of the world, the arch being composed of Roman brick. I could not help admiring and congratulating the old gentleman upon the vigorous appetite which he displayed for the genial cheer of old England. "Sir," was his reply, "I must eat as an Englishman, to qualify myself for taking my place at one of the most select companies of right English spirits, which ever girdled in, and hewed asunder, a mountainous sirloin, and a generous plum-pudding."

I inquired, but with all deference and modesty, whither he was bound, and to what distinguished Society he applied a description so general. I shall proceed, in humble imitation of your example, to give the subsequent dialogue in a dramatic form, unless when description becomes necessary.

Author of Waverley.—To whom should I apply such a description, save to the only Society to whom it can be thoroughly applicable—those unerring judges of old books and old wine—the Roxburghe Club of London? Have you not heard that I have been chosen a member of that Society of select Bibliomaniacs? *

Dryasdust.—(*Rummaging in his pocket.*)—I did hear something of it from Captain Clutterbuck, who wrote to me—ay, here is his letter—that such a report was current among the Scottish antiquaries, who were much alarmed lest you should be seduced into the heresy of preferring English beef to seven-year-old black-faced mutton, Maraschino to whisky, and turtle-soup to cock-a-leekie; in which case, they must needs renounce you as a lost man.—"But," adds our friend (*looking at the letter*),—his hand is rather of a military description, better used to handle the sword than the pen—"Our friend is so much upon the SHUN"—the *shun*, I think it is—"that it must be no light temptation which will withdraw him from his incognito."

Author.—No light temptation, unquestionably; but this is a powerful one, to hob-or-nob with the lords of the literary treasures of Althorpe and Hodnet, in Madeira negus, brewed by the classical Dibdin—to share those profound debates which stamp accurately on each "small volume, dark with tarnish'd gold," its collar, not of S. S. but of R. R.—to toast the immortal memory of Caxton, Valdarar, Pynson, and the other fathers of that great art, which has made all, and each of us, what we are. These, my dear son, are temptations, to which you see me now in the act of resigning that quiet chimney-corner of life, in which, unknowing and unknown—save by means of the hopeful family to which I have given birth—I proposed to wear out the end of life's evening gray.

So saying, our venerable friend took another emphatic touch of the tankard, as if the very expression had suggested that specific remedy against the evils of life, recommended in the celebrated response of Johnson's anchorite—

"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

When he had placed on the table the silver tankard, and fetched a deep sigh to collect the respiration which the long draught had interrupted, I could not help echoing it, in a note so pathetically compassionate, that he fixed his eyes on me with surprise. "How is this?" said he, somewhat angrily; "do you, the creature of my will, grudge me my preferment? Have I dedicated to you, and your fellows, the best hours of my life for these seven years past; and do you presume to grumble or repine, because, in those which are to come, I seek for some enjoyment of life in society so congenial to my pursuits?" I humbled myself before the offended Senior, and professed my innocence in all that could possibly give him displeasure. He seemed partly appeased, but still bent on me an eye of suspicion, while he questioned me in the words of old Norton, in the ballad of the "Rising in the North Country."

"*Author.*—What wouldst thou have, Francis Norton?
Thou art my youngest son and heir;
Something lies brooding at thy heart—
Whate'er it be, to me declare."

Dryasdust.—Craving, then, your paternal forgiveness for my presumption, I only sighed at the possibility of your venturing yourself amongst a body of critics, to whom, in the capacity of skilful antiquaries, the investigation of truth is an especial duty, and who may therefore visit with the more severe censure, those aberrations which it is so often your pleasure to make from the path of true history.

Author.—I understand you. You mean to say these learned persons will have but little toleration for a romance, or a fictitious narrative, founded upon history?

Dryasdust.—Why, sir, I do rather apprehend, that their respect for the foundation will be such, that they may be apt to quarrel with the inconsistent nature of the superstructure; just as every classical traveller pours forth expressions of sorrow and indignation, when, in travelling through Greece, he chances to see a Turkish kiosk rising on the ruins of an ancient temple.

Author.—But since we cannot rebuild the temple, a kiosk may be a pretty thing, may it not? Not quite correct in architecture, strictly and classically criticised; but presenting something uncommon to the eye, and something fantastic to the imagination, on which the spectator gazes with pleasure of the same description which arises from the perusal of an Eastern tale.

Dryasdust.—I am unable to dispute with you in metaphor, sir; but I must say, in discharge of my conscience, that you stand much censured for adulterating the pure sources of historical knowledge. You approach them, men say, like the drunken yeoman, who, once upon a time, polluted the crystal spring which supplied the thirst of his family, with a score of sugar loaves, and a hogshead of rum; and thereby converted a simple and wholesome beverage into a stupefying, brutifying and intoxicating fluid; sweeter, indeed, to the taste than the natural lymph, but, for that very reason, more seductively dangerous.

Author.—I allow your metaphor, Doctor; but yet, though good punch cannot supply the want of spring water, it is, when modestly used, no *malum in se;* and I should have thought it a shabby thing of the parson of the parish, had he helped to drink out the well on Saturday night, and preached against the honest hospitable yeoman on Sunday morning. I should have answered him, that the very flavor of the liquor should have put him at once upon his guard; and that if he had taken a drop over much, he ought to blame his own imprudence more than the hospitality of his entertainer.

Dryasdust.—I profess I do not exactly see how this applies.

Author.—No; you are one of those numerous disputants, who will never follow their metaphor a step farther than it goes their own way. I will explain. A poor fellow, like myself, weary with ransacking his own barren and bounded imagination, looks out for some general subject in the huge and boundless field of history, which holds forth examples of every kind—lights on some personage, or some combination of circumstances, or some striking trait of manners, which he thinks may be advantageously used as the basis of a fictitious narrative—bedizens it with such coloring as his skill suggests—ornaments it with such romantic circumstances as may heighten the general effect—invests it with such shades of character, as will best contrast with each other—and thinks, perhaps, he has done some service to the public, if he can present to them a lively fictitious picture, for which the original anecdote or circumstance which he made free to press into his service, only furnished a slight sketch. Now I cannot perceive any harm in this. The stores of history are accessible to every one; and are no more exhausted or impoverished by the hints thus borrowed from them, than the fountain is drained by the water which we subtract for domestic purposes. And in reply to the sober charge of falsehood, against a narrative announced positively to be fictitious, one can only answer, by Prior's exclamation,

"Odzooks, must one swear to the truth of a song?"

Dryasdust.—Nay; but I fear me that you are here eluding the charge. Men do not seriously accuse you of misrepresenting history; although I assure you I have seen some grave treatises, in which it was thought necessary to contradict your assertions.

Author.—That certainly was to point a discharge of artillery against a wreath of morning mist.

Dryasdust.—But besides, and especially, it is said that you are in danger of causing history to be neglected—readers being contented with such frothy and superficial knowledge as they acquire from your works, to the effect of inducing them to neglect the severer and more accurate sources of information.

Author.—I deny the consequence. On the contrary, I rather hope that I have turned the attention of the public on various points, which have received elucidation from writers of more learning and research, in consequence of my novels having attached some interest to them. I might give instances, but I hate vanity—I hate vanity. The history of the divining rod is well known—it is a slight valueless twig in itself, but indicates, by its motion, where veins of precious metal are concealed below the earth, which afterwards enrich the adventurers by whom they are laboriously and carefully wrought. I claim no more merit for my historical hints; but this is something.

Dryasdust.—We severer antiquaries, sir, may grant that this is true; to wit, that your works may occasionally have put men of solid judgment upon researches which they would not perhaps have otherwise thought of undertaking. But this will leave you still accountable for misleading the young, the indolent, and the giddy, by thrusting into their hands, works, which, while they have so much the appearance of conveying information, as may prove perhaps a salve to their consciences for employing their leisure in the perusal, yet leave their giddy brains contented with the crude, uncertain, and often false statements, which your novels abound with.

Author.—It would be very unbecoming in me, reverend sir, to accuse a gentleman of your cloth of cant; but pray, is there not something like it in the pathos with which you enforce these dangers? I aver on the contrary, that by introducing the busy and the youthful to "truths severe in fairy fiction dress'd," * I am doing a real service

* The author has pride in recording, that he had the honor to be elected a member of this distinguished association, merely as the Author of Waverley, without any other designation; and it was an additional inducement to throw off the mask of an anonymous author, that it gives him a right to occupy the vacant chair at that festive board.

* The Doctor has denied the author's title to shelter himself under this quotation; but the author continues to think himself entitled to all the shelter, which, threadbare as it is, it may yet be able to afford him. The *truth severe* applies not to the narrative itself, but to the moral it conveys, in which the author

to the more ingenious and the more apt among them; for the love of knowledge wants but a beginning—the least spark will give fire when the train is properly prepared; and having been interested in fictitious adventures, ascribed to an historical period and characters, the reader begins next to be anxious to learn what the facts really were, and how far the novelist has justly represented them.

But even where the mind of the more careless reader remains satisfied with the light perusal he has afforded to a tale of fiction, he will still lay down the book with a degree of knowledge, not perhaps of the most accurate kind, but such as he might not otherwise have acquired. Nor is this limited to minds of a low and incurious description; but, on the contrary, comprehends many persons otherwise of high talents, who, nevertheless, either from lack of time, or of perseverance, are willing to sit down contented with the slight information which is acquired in such a manner. The great Duke of Marlborough, for example, having quoted, in conversation, some fact of English history rather inaccurately, was requested to name his authority. "Shakespeare's Historical Plays," answered the conqueror of Blenheim; "the only English history I ever read in my life." And a hasty recollection will convince any of us how much better we are acquainted with those parts of English history which that immortal bard has dramatized, than with any other portion of British story.

Dryasdust.—And you, worthy sir, are ambitious to render a similar service to posterity?

Author.—May the saints forefend I should be guilty of such unfounded vanity! I only show what has been done when there were giants in the land. We pigmies of the present day, may at least, however, do something; and it is well to keep a pattern before our eyes, though that pattern be inimitable.

Dryasdust.—Well, sir, with me you must have your own course; and for reasons well known to you, it is impossible for me to reply to you in argument. But I doubt if all you have said will reconcile the public to the anachronisms of your present volumes. Here you have a Countess of Derby fetched out of her cold grave, and saddled with a set of adventures dated twenty years after her death, besides being given up as a Catholic, when she was in fact a zealous Huguenot.

Author.—She may sue me for damages, as in the case of Dido *versus* Virgil.

Dryasdust.—A worse fault is, that your manners are even more incorrect than usual. Your Puritan is faintly traced, in comparison to your Cameronian.

Author.—I agree to the charge; but although I still consider hypocrisy and enthusiasm as fit food for ridicule and satire, yet I am sensible of the difficulty of holding fanaticism up to laughter or abhorrence, without using coloring which may give offence to the sincerely worthy and religious. Many things are lawful which we are taught are not convenient; and there are many tones of feeling which are too respectable to be insulted, though we do not altogether sympathize with them.

Dryasdust.—Not to mention, my worthy sir, that perhaps you may think the subject exhausted.

Author.—The devil take the men of this generation for putting the worst construction on their neighbor's conduct!

So saying, and flinging a testy sort of adieu towards me with his hand, he opened the door, and ran hastily down-stairs. I started on my feet, and rang for my servant, who instantly came. I demanded what had become of the stranger—he denied that any such had been admitted—I pointed to the empty decanters, and he—he—he had the assurance to intimate that such vacancies were sometimes made when I had no better company than my own. I do not know what to make of this doubtful matter, but will certainly imitate your example, in placing this dialogue, with my present letter, at the head of PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.—I am,

DEAR SIR,
Very much your faithful and
obedient servant,
JONAS DRYASDUST.

Michaelmas-day, 1822, YORK.

has not been thought deficient. The "fairy fiction" is the conduct of the story which the tale is invented to elucidate.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

CHAPTER I.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When foul words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folk together by the ears—

BUTLER.

WILLIAM, the Conqueror of England, was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William Peveril, who attended him to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself. The liberal-minded monarch, who assumed in his charters the veritable title of Gulielmus Bastardus, was not likely to let his son's illegitimacy be any bar to the course of his royal favor, when the laws of England were issued from the mouth of the Norman victor, and the lands of the Saxons were at his unlimited disposal. William Peveril obtained a liberal grant of property and lordships in Derbyshire, and became the erector of that Gothic fortress, which, hanging over the mouth of the Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, gives the name of Castleton to the adjacent village.

From this feudal Baron, who chose his nest upon the principles on which an eagle selects her eyry, and built it in such a fashion as if he had intended it, as an Irishman said of the Martello towers, for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity, there was, or conceived themselves to be, descended (for their pedigree was rather hypothetical) an opulent family of knightly rank, in the same county of Derby. The great fief of Castleton, with its adjacent wastes and forests, and all the wonders which they contain, had been forfeited in King John's stormy days, by one William Peveril, and had been granted anew to the Lord Ferrers of that day. Yet this William's descendants, though no longer possessed of what they alleged to have been their original property, were long distinguished by the proud title of Peverils of the Peak, which served to mark their high descent, and lofty pretensions.

In Charles the Second's time the representative of this ancient family was Sir Geoffrey Peveril, a man who had many of the ordinary attributes of an old-fashioned country gentleman, and very few individual traits to distinguish him from the general portrait of that worthy class of mankind. He was proud of small advantages, angry at small disappointments, incapable of forming any resolution or opinion abstracted from his own prejudices—he was proud of his birth, lavish in his housekeeping, convivial with those kindred and acquaintances, who would allow his superiority in rank—contentious and quarrelsome with all that crossed his pretensions—kind to the poor, except when they plundered his game—a royalist in his political opinions, and one who detested alike a Roundhead, a poacher, and a Presbyterian. In religion Sir Geoffrey was a high-churchman, of so exalted a strain that many thought he still nourished in private the Roman Catholic tenets, which his family had only renounced in his father's time, and that he had a dispensation for conforming in outward observances to the Protestant faith. There was at least such a scandal amongst the Puritans, and the influence which Sir Geoffrey Peveril certainly appeared to possess amongst the Catholic gentlemen of Derbyshire and Cheshire, seemed to give countenance to the rumor.

Such was Sir Geoffrey, who might have passed to his grave without farther distinction than a brass-plate in the chancel, had he not lived in times which forced the most inactive spirits into exertion, as a tempest influences the sluggish waters of the deadest mere. When the Civil Wars broke out, Peveril of the Peak, proud from pedigree, and brave by constitution, raised a regiment for the King, and showed upon several occasions more capacity for command, than men had heretofore given him credit for.

Even in the midst of the civil turmoil, he fell in love with, and married, a beautiful and amiable young lady of the noble house of Stanley; and from that time had the more merit in his loyalty, as it divorced him from her society, unless at very brief intervals, when his duty permitted an occasional visit to his home. Scorning to be allured from his military duty by domestic inducements, Peveril of the Peak fought on for several rough years of civil war, and performed his part with sufficient gallantry, until his regiment was surprised and cut to pieces by Poyntz, Cromwell's enterprising and successful general of cavalry. The defeated Cavalier escaped from the field of battle, and, like a true descendant of William the Conqueror, disdaining submission, threw himself into his own castellated mansion, which was attacked and defended in a siege of that irregular kind which caused the destruction of so many baronial residences during the course of those unhappy wars. Martindale Castle, after having suffered severely from the cannon which Cromwell himself brought against it, was at length

surrendered when in the last extremity. Sir Geoffrey himself became a prisoner, and while his liberty was only restored upon a promise of remaining a peaceful subject to the Commonwealth in future, his former delinquencies, as they were termed by the ruling party, were severely punished by fine and sequestration.

But neither his forced promise, nor the fear of farther unpleasant consequences to his person or property, could prevent Peveril of the Peak from joining the gallant Earl of Derby the night before the fatal engagement in Wiggan-lane, where the Earl's forces were dispersed. Sir Geoffrey having had his share in that action, escaped with the relics of the royalists after the defeat, to join Charles II. He witnessed also the final defeat of Worcester, where he was a second time made prisoner; and as in the opinion of Cromwell and the language of the times, he was regarded as an obstinate malignant, he was in great danger of having shared with the Earl of Derby his execution at Bolton-le-Moor, having partaken with him the dangers of two actions. But Sir Geoffrey's life was preserved by the interest of a friend, who possessed influence in the councils of Oliver.—This was a Mr. Bridgenorth, a gentleman of middling quality, whose father had been successful in some commercial adventure during the peaceful reign of James I.; and who had bequeathed his son a considerable sum of money, in addition to the moderate patrimony which he inherited from his father.

The substantial, though small-sized brick building of Moultrassie Hall, was but two miles distant from Martindale Castle, and the young Bridgenorth attended the same school with the heir of the Peverils. A sort of companionship, if not intimacy, took place betwixt them, which continued during their youthful sports—the rather that Bridgenorth, though he did not at heart admit Sir Geoffrey's claims of superiority to the extent which the other's vanity would have exacted, paid deference in a reasonable degree to the representative of a family so much more ancient and important than his own, without conceiving that he in any respect degraded himself by doing so.

Mr. Bridgenorth did not, however, carry his complaisance so far as to embrace Sir Geoffrey's side during the Civil War. On the contrary, as an active Justice of the Peace, he rendered much assistance in arraying the militia in the cause of the Parliament, and for some time held a military commission in that service. This was partly owing to his religious principles, for he was a zealous Presbyterian, partly to his political ideas, which, without being absolutely democratical, favored the popular side of the great national question. Besides, he was a moneyed man, and to a certain extent had a shrewd eye to his worldly interest. He understood how to improve the opportunities which civil war afforded, of advancing his fortune, by a dexterous use of his capital; and he was not at a loss to perceive that these were likely to be obtained by joining the Parliament; while the King's cause, as it was managed, held out nothing to the wealthy but a course of exaction and compulsory loans. For these reasons, Bridgenorth became a decided Roundhead, and all friendly communication betwixt his neighbor and him was abruptly broken asunder. This was done with the less acrimony, that, during the Civil War, Sir Geoffrey was almost constantly in the field, following the vacillating and unhappy fortunes of his master; while Major Bridgenorth, who soon renounced active military service, resided chiefly in London, and only occasionally visited the Hall.

Upon these visits, it was with great pleasure he received the intelligence, that Lady Peveril had shown much kindness to Mrs. Bridgenorth, and had actually given her and her family shelter in Martindale Castle, when Moultrassie Hall was threatened with pillage by a body of Prince Rupert's ill-disciplined Cavaliers. This acquaintance had been matured by frequent walks together, which the vicinity of their places of residence suffered the Lady Peveril to have with Mrs. Bridgenorth, who deemed herself much honored in being thus admitted into the society of so distinguished a lady. Major Bridgenorth heard of this growing intimacy with great pleasure, and he determined to repay the obligation, as far as he could without much hurt to himself, by interfering, with all his influence, in behalf of her unfortunate husband. It was chiefly owing to Major Bridgenorth's mediation, that Sir Geoffrey's life was saved after the battle of Worcester. He obtained him permission to compound for his estate on easier terms than many who had been less obstinate in malignancy; and, finally, when, in order to raise the money to the composition, the Knight was obliged to sell a considerable portion of his patrimony, Major Bridgenorth became the purchaser, and that at a larger price than had been paid to any Cavalier under such circumstances, by a member of the Committee for Sequestrations. It is true, the prudent committee-man did not, by any means, lose sight of his own interest in the transaction, for the price was, after all, very moderate, and the property lay adjacent to Moultrassie Hall, the value of which was at least trebled by the acquisition. But then it was also true, that the unfortunate owner must have submitted to much worse conditions, had the committee-man used, as others did, the full advantages which his situation gave him; and Bridgenorth took credit to himself, and received it from others, for having, on this occasion, fairly sacrificed his interest to his liberality.

Sir Geoffrey Peveril was of the same opinion, and the rather that Mr. Bridgenorth seemed to bear his exaltation with great moderation, and was disposed to show him personally the same deference in his present sunshine of prosperity which he had exhibited formerly in their early acquaintance. It is but justice to Major Bridgenorth to observe, that in this conduct he paid respect as much to the misfortunes as to the pretensions of his far-descended neighbor, and that, with the frank generosity of a blunt Englishman, he conceded points of ceremony, about which he himself was indifferent, merely because he saw that his doing so gave pleasure to Sir Geoffrey.

Peveril of the Peak did justice to his neighbor's delicacy, in consideration of which he forgot many things. He forgot that Major Bridgenorth was already in possession of a fair third of his estate, and had various pecuniary claims affecting the remainder, to the extent of one-third more. He endeavored even to forget, what it was still more difficult not to remember, the altered situation in which they and their mansions now stood to each other.

Before the Civil War, the superb battlements and turrets of Martindale Castle looked down on the red brick-built Hall, as it stole out from the green plantations, just as an oak in Martindale Chase would have looked beside one of the stunted and formal young beech-trees with which Bridgenorth had graced his avenue; but after the siege which we have commemorated, the enlarged and augmented Hall was as much predominant in the landscape over the shattered and blackened ruins of the Castle, of which only one wing was left habitable, as the youthful beech, in all its vigor of shoot and bud, would appear to the same aged oak stripped of its boughs, and rifted by lightning, one half laid in shivers on the ground, and the other remaining a blackened and ungraceful trunk, rent and splintered, and without either life or leaves. Sir Geoffrey could not but feel, that the situation and prospects of the two neighbors were exchanged as disadvantageously for himself as the appearance of their mansions; and that though the authority of the man in office under the Parliament, the sequestrator, and the committee-man, had been only exerted for the protection of the Cavalier and the malignant, they would have been as effectual if applied to procure his utter ruin; and that he was become a client, while his neighbor was elevated into a patron.

There were two considerations, besides the necessity of the case and the constant advice of his lady, which enabled Peveril of the Peak to endure, with some patience, this state of degradation. The first was, that the politics of Major Bridgenorth began, on many points, to assimilate themselves to his own. As a Presbyterian, he was not an utter enemy to monarchy, and had been considerably shocked at the unexpected trial and execution of the King; as a civilian and a man of property, he feared the domination of the military; and though he wished not to see Charles restored by force of arms, yet he arrived at the conclusion, that to bring back the heir of the royal family on such terms of composition as might insure the protection of those popular immunities and privileges for which the Long Parliament had at first contended, would be the surest and most desirable termination to the mutations in state affairs which had agitated Britain. Indeed, the Major's ideas on this point approached so nearly those of his neighbor, that he had well-nigh suffered Sir Geoffrey, who had a finger in almost all the conspiracies of the Royalists, to involve him in the unfortunate rising of Penruddock and Groves, in the west, in which many of the Presbyterian interest, as well as the Cavalier party, were engaged. And though his habitual prudence eventually kept him out of this and other dangers, Major Bridgenorth was considered during the last years of Cromwell's domination, and the interregnum which succeeded, as a disaffected person to the Commonwealth, and a favorer of Charles Stewart.

But besides this approximation to the same political opinions, another bond of intimacy united the families of the Castle and the Hall. Major Bridgenorth, fortunate, and eminently so, in all his worldly transactions, was visited by severe and reiterated misfortunes in his family, and became, in this particular, an object of compassion to his poorer and more decayed neighbor. Betwixt the breaking out of the Civil War and the Restoration, he lost successively a family of no less than six children, apparently through a delicacy of constitution, which cut off the little prattlers at the early age when they most wind themselves around the heart of the parents.

In the beginning of the year 1658, Major Bridgenorth was childless; ere it ended, he had a daughter, indeed, but her birth was purchased by the death of an affectionate wife, whose constitution had been exhausted by maternal grief, and by the anxious and harrowing reflection, that from her the children they had lost derived that delicacy of health, which proved unable to undergo the tear and wear of existence. The same voice which told Bridgenorth that he was father of a living child (it was the friendly voice of Lady Peveril), communicated to him the melancholy intelligence that he was no longer a husband. The feelings of Major Bridgenorth were strong and deep, rather than hasty and vehement; and his grief assumed the form of a sullen stupor, from which neither the friendly remonstrances of Sir Geoffrey, who did not fail to be with his neighbor at this distressing conjuncture, even though he knew he must meet the Presbyterian pastor, nor the ghostly exhortations of this latter person, were able to rouse the unfortunate widower.

At length Lady Peveril, with the ready invention of a female sharpened by the sight of distress and the feelings of sympathy, tried on the sufferer one of those experiments by which grief is often awakened from despondency into tears. She placed in Bridgenorth's arms the infant whose birth had cost him so dear, and conjured him to remember that his Alice was not yet dead, since she survived in the helpless child she had left to his paternal care.

"Take her away—take her away!" said the unhappy man, and they were the first words he had spoken; "let me not look on her—it is but another blossom that has bloomed to fade

and the tree that bore it will never flourish more!"

He almost threw the child into Lady Peveril's arms, placed his hands before his face, and wept aloud. Lady Peveril did not say "be comforted," but she ventured to promise that the blossom should ripen to fruit

"Never, never!" said Bridgenorth; "take the unhappy child away, and let me only know when I shall wear black for her—Wear black!" he exclaimed, interrupting himself, "what other color shall I wear during the remainder of my life?"

"I will take the child for a season," said Lady Peveril, "since the sight of her is so painful to you; and the little Alice shall share the nursery of our Julian, until it shall be pleasure, and not pain for you to look on her."

"That hour will never come," said the unhappy father; "her doom is written—she will follow the rest—God's will be done.—Lady, I thank you—I trust her to your care; and I thank God that my eye shall not see her dying agonies."

Without detaining the reader's attention longer on this painful theme, it is enough to say that the Lady Peveril did undertake the duties of a mother to the little orphan; and perhaps it was owing, in a great measure, to her judicious treatment of the infant, that its feeble hold of life was preserved, since the glimmering spark might probably have been altogether smothered, had it, like the Major's former children, undergone the overcare and over-nursing of a mother rendered nervously cautious and anxious by so many successive losses. The lady was the more ready to undertake this charge, that she herself had lost two infant children; and that she attributed the preservation of the third, now a fine healthy child of three years old, to Julian's being subjected to rather a different course of diet and treatment than was then generally practised. She resolved to follow the same regimen with the little orphan, which she had observed in the case of her own boy; and it was equally successful. By a more sparing use of medicine, by a bolder admission of fresh air, by a firm, yet cautious attention to encourage rather than to supersede the exertions of nature, the puny infant, under the care of an excellent nurse, gradually improved in strength and in liveliness.

Sir Geoffrey, like most men of his frank and good-natured disposition, was naturally fond of children, and so much compassionated the sorrows of his neighbor, that he entirely forgot his being a Presbyterian, until it became necessary that the infant should be christened by a teacher of that persuasion.

This was a trying case—the father seemed incapable of giving direction; and that the threshold of Martindale Castle should be violated by the heretical step of a dissenting clergyman, was matter of horror to its orthodox owner. He had seen the famous Hugh Peters, with a Bible in one hand and a pistol in the other, ride in triumph through the court-door when Martindale was surrendered; and the bitterness of that hour had entered like iron into his soul. Yet such was Lady Peveril's influence over the prejudices of her husband, that he was induced to connive at the ceremony taking place in a remote garden-house, which was not properly within the precincts of the Castle-wall. The lady even dared to be present while the ceremony was performed by the Reverend Master Solsgrace, who had once preached a sermon of three hours' length before the House of Commons, upon a thanksgiving occasion after the relief of Exeter. Sir Geoffrey Peveril took care to be absent the whole day from the Castle, and it was only from the great interest which he took in the washing, perfuming, and as it were purification of the summer-house, that it could have been guessed he knew any thing of what had taken place in it.

But, whatever prejudices the good Knight might entertain against his neighbor's form of religion, they did not in any way influence his feelings towards him as a sufferer, under severe affliction. The mode in which he showed his sympathy was rather singular, but exactly suited the character of both, and the terms on which they stood with each other.

Morning after morning the good Baronet made Moultrassie Hall the termination of his walk or ride, and said a single word of kindness as he passed. Sometimes he entered the old parlor where the proprietor sat in solitary wretchedness and despondency; but more frequently (for Sir Geoffrey did not pretend to great talents of conversation), he paused on the terrace, and stopping or halting his horse by the latticed window, said aloud to the melancholy inmate, "How is it with you, Master Bridgenorth?" (the Knight would never acknowledge his neighbor's military rank of Major); "I just looked in to bid you keep a good heart, man, and to tell you that Julian is well, and little Alice is well, and all are well at Martindale Castle."

A deep sigh, sometimes coupled with "I thank you, Sir Geoffrey; my grateful duty waits on Lady Peveril," was generally Bridgenorth's only answer. But the news was received on the one part with the kindness which was designed upon the other; it gradually became less painful and more interesting; the lattice window was never closed, nor was the leathern easy-chair which stood next to it, ever empty, when the usual hour of the Baronet's momentary visit approached. At length the expectation of that passing minute became the pivot upon which the thoughts of poor Bridgenorth turned during all the rest of the day. Most men have known the influence of such brief but ruling moments at some period of their lives. The moment when a lover passes the window of his mistress—the moment when the epicure hears the dinner-bell,—is that into which is crowded the whole interest of the day; the hours which precede it are spent in anticipation; the hours

which follow, in reflection on what has passed; and fancy, dwelling on each brief circumstance, gives to seconds the duration of minutes, to minutes that of hours. Thus seated in his lonely chair, Bridgenorth could catch at a distance the stately step of Sir Geoffrey, or the heavy tramp of his war-horse, Black Hastings, which had borne him in many an action; he could hear the hum of "The King shall enjoy his own again," or the habitual whistle of "Cuckolds and Roundheads," die into reverential silence, as the Knight approached the mansion of affliction; and then came the strong hale voice of the huntsman soldier with its usual greeting.

By degrees the communication became something more protracted, as Major Bridgenorth's grief, like all human feelings, lost its overwhelming violence, and permitted him to attend, in some degree, to what passed around him, to discharge various duties which pressed upon him, and to give a share of attention to the situation of the country, distracted as it was by the contending factions, whose strife only terminated in the Restoration. Still, however, though slowly recovering from the effects of the shock which he had sustained, Major Bridgenorth felt himself as yet unable to make up his mind to the effort necessary to see his infant; and though separated by so short a distance from the being in whose existence he was more interested than in any thing the world afforded, he only made himself acquainted with the windows of the apartment where little Alice was lodged, and was often observed to watch them from the terrace, as they brightened in the evening under the influence of the setting sun. In truth, though a strong-minded man in most respects, he was unable to lay aside the gloomy impression that this remaining pledge of affection was soon to be conveyed to that grave which had already devoured all besides that was dear to him; and he awaited in miserable suspense the moment when he should hear that symptoms of the fatal malady had begun to show themselves.

The voice of Peveril continued to be that of a comforter until the month of April, 1660, when it suddenly assumed a new and different tone. "The King shall enjoy his own again," far from ceasing, as the hasty tread of Black Hastings came up the avenue, bore burden to the clatter of his hoofs on the paved court-yard, as Sir Geoffrey sprang from his great war-saddle, now once more garnished with pistols of two feet in length, and, armed with steel-cap, back and breast, and a truncheon in his hand, he rushed into the apartment of the astonished Major, with his eyes sparkling, and his cheek inflamed, while he called out, "Up! up, neighbor! No time now to mope in the chimney-corner! Where is your buff-coat and broadsword, man? Take the true side once in your life, and mend past mistakes. The King is all lenity, man—all royal nature and mercy. I will get your full pardon."

"What means all this?" said Bridgenorth—"Is all well with you—all well at Martindale Castle, Sir Geoffrey?"

"Well as you could wish them, Alice, and Julian, and all. But I have news worth twenty of that—Monk has declared at London against those stinking scoundrels the Rump. Fairfax is up in Yorkshire—for the King—for the King, man! Churchmen, Presbyterians, and all, are in buff and bandoleer for King Charles. I have a letter from Fairfax to secure Derby and Chesterfield with all the men I can make. D—n him, fine that I should take orders from him! But never mind that—all are friends now, and you and I, good neighbor, will charge abreast, as good neighbors should. See there! read—read—read—and then boot and saddle in an instant.

'Hey for cavaliers—ho for cavaliers,
Pray for cavaliers,
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub,
Have at old Belzebub,
Oliver shakes in his bier!'"

After thundering forth this elegant effusion of loyal enthusiasm, the sturdy Cavalier's heart became too full. He threw himself on a seat, and exclaiming, "Did ever I think to live to see this happy day!" he wept, to his own surprise, as much as to that of Bridgenorth.

Upon considering the crisis in which the country was placed, it appeared to Major Bridgenorth, as it had done to Fairfax, and other leaders of the Presbyterian party, that their frank embracing of the royal interest was the wisest and most patriotic measure which they could adopt in the circumstances, when all ranks and classes of men were seeking refuge from the uncertainty and varied oppression attending the repeated contests between the factions of Westminster Hall and of Wallingford House. Accordingly he joined with Sir Geoffrey, with less enthusiasm indeed, but with equal sincerity, taking such measures as seemed proper to secure their part of the country on the King's behalf, which was done as effectually and peaceably as in other parts of England. The neighbors were both at Chesterfield, when news arrived that the King had landed in England; and Sir Geoffrey instantly announced his purpose of waiting upon his Majesty, even before his return to the Castle of Martindale.

"Who knows, neighbor," he said, "whether Sir Geoffrey Peveril will ever return to Martindale? Titles must be going amongst them yonder, and I have deserved something among the rest.—Lord Peveril would sound well—or stay, Earl of Martindale—no, not of Martindale—Earl of the Peak.—Meanwhile, trust your affairs to me—I will see you secured—I would you had been no Presbyterian, neighbor—a knighthood,—I mean a knight-bachelor, not a knight-baronet,—would have served your turn well."

"I leave these things to my betters, Sir Geoffrey," said the Major, "and desire nothing so earnestly as to find all well at Martindale when I return."

"You will—you will find them all well," said