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TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

THOUGH I am conscious of a presumption, almost inexcuseable, yet I have dared to send the following sheets to the public, under the sanction of your Grace's protection; which, I am justified in asserting, will impress the highest consequence on a work that claims, from its subject, a patronage so noble.

I DO not solicit the DUKE of BUCCLEUGH'S suffrage in favour of a REBEL, but to grant it to a HERO, who, from being a relative to your family—the rigour of his sufferings—severity of his fate, and lamentable termination of his unjustifiable pretensions, demands your countenance—to heal the wounds his character has suffered—to soften the calumniating stigma, which for more than a century has sullied a fame, which, but for his daring pretensions, had shone with the brightest lustre—and obliterate the odium of rebellion by a generous allowance for the faults of a mistaken and ambitious opinion, an ambition that was marked with condign punishment.

THAT he was imprudent, rash, and justly met his fate on the scaffold, is allowed; but his premature death will be emancipated from decided infamy, when he appears in the world under your indulgent auspices.

To ascribe every perfection to a Nobleman, whose delicacy would feel by such an ascription, would be to incur the censure of adulation, to which even the obscurity of my situation cannot tempt me—but when public spirit, untainted loyalty, with an independent freedom of action, are leading traits in the Duke of BUCCLEUGH'S general character, which all must perceive, and in viewing acknowledge; it would therefore be useless and insincere to labour for a forced eulogium, where so many excellences and virtues stand forth to attract the notice of a discerning public.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, with respect,

Your GRACE'S
Most humble and
Obedient Servant,

ANNA MARIA JOHNSON.

London,
March 1, 1790.

MONMOUTH:

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON

HISTORIC FACTS.

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

BY ANNA MARIA JOHNSON,
AUTHOR OF CALISTA, A NOVEL, &c.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.

— Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
(The poor weak image of his Maker) hope
To win by it.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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MDCCXC.

MONMOUTH.

IN one of those wild and almost desolate islands, called the HEBRIDES, situated in the northern parts of Scotland—whose shores are washed by an ungovernable ocean—stood the remains of a castle—once the defence of its warlike and independant possessors, as well as the terror of those besiegers who, in conformity to the opinions of their barbarous ancestors, sought the extirpation of every Clan against whom they maintained a settled and invariable enmity, and who had vainly attempted not only to overthrow its lofty battlements, but raze from its deep foundations a structure that bid defiance to every assailant but ONE—before whom even the Babylonian palaces have bowed their heads, and by whom every trace of the stately edifices, pensile gardens, and all those various scenes of luxurious grandeur that rendered the proud city remarkable to a proverb, were totally destroyed.

THIS enemy, by his slow, undermining, yet certain power, had nearly demolished the towers of this venerable building, destroyed the walls, and mouldered away even the mighty buttresses erected for their support.—Around were scattered several fragments of its ancient ornaments; and, crumbling into the dust, lay the once solid cement which had united those vast stones that choaked up the grand entrance with their broken particles.

THE wide destructive fosse upon the land side, half filled with rubbish, no longer deterred the daring Highlander, by its yawning horrors, from exploring its subterraneous extent;—no longer the *chevaux de frize* defended, with their ruinous points, the counterscarp.

THE portcullis—that once threatened, by its sharp and massy bars, to destroy the gallant and courageous warrior—had long remained in a situation utterly inimical to the possibility of doing any service, or even of a removal—while the ponderous gates, by their own gravity, had torn away the immense hinges on which they long had rusted. Every avenue, but one, presented the dreary prospect of weeds, brambles, and stunted trees, covered with coarse moss, giving a still more melancholy cast to a scene perfectly wild and romantic in itself.

A CASTLE—sinking into irremediable ruin, part fallen to the earth, part projecting over the edge of a rock, and frowning tremendously upon the deep—black, rugged, nodding in the eye of Fancy over the foaming surge, which forced up against the yet strong foundation the restless gravel, that perpetually ran back with a rumbling noise, when deserted by the retiring wave—A castle thus placed in a vast and dreary moor, surrounded by hills higher than that on which it stood—in whose environs the benighted Caledonian could not enjoy an hour's repose—where thorns and thistles only promised an uneasy couch—could not encourage the hope of protection, or excite a wish to examine its interior apartments, from any certainty of meeting a human creature;—yet, with all these inhospitable appearances—with all these repulsive marks of desolation and solitude—this ancient abode of warriors was inhabited by innocence, heroism and

integrity:—even Benevolence, from the western turret, which had not so violently suffered from the ravages of Time, and afforded a comfortable shelter to its harmless inmates—held out the sweet and social invitation:—even Love, and every softened grace, found refuge in the patrimony of DONALD BRUCE—a descendant of that heroic Scotsman EDWARD BRUCE—who in earlier times had, by continual wars, ascertained his title to the Scottish crown; but, overcome by mightier contending powers, was obliged to give up the pretensions he could no longer maintain;—while the arbitrary and unjustifiable claims of BALIOL met with that encouragement from EDWARD, King of England, which for a time fixed him in the possession of BRUCE'S rights.—This unconquered hero—though outwardly professing to resign the privileges his family had enjoyed—secretly determined again to make head against the usurper. He did—but driven from all his strong holds, and following the ill fortune of his royal progenitor, was totally defeated at Bannock's Burn—and in 1330, fell a sacrifice to the prejudiced Hibernians—losing his head in a foreign country, for striving to achieve that, which should have secured him the esteem and confidence of his own.

THE noble DONALD, inheriting the independant principles of his great progenitors, preferred a dreary residence in the island of Sky, and an undisputed authority over his vassals, to all the advantages he might justly derive from the loyal services his gallant son, ARTHUR, had performed for CHARLES the Second—who had just recovered, by General MONK'S successful manoeuvres, the sovereignty of England, and the possession of a throne, from which an unhappy parent had been driven to scenes of blood and death.

MODERATE, though highly just in his sentiments, and sincerely impressed with true patriotism, untinged by enthusiasm, BRUCE had long seen and lamented the distress and misery CHARLES the First was bringing upon himself—his family and country—by his arbitrary adherence to tenets incompatible with the freedom of a Briton—and equally condemned those rigid Covenanters, who aimed to explain away and reduce the rights of Majesty, to a degree that should make a monarchial government little superior to the shadow of power. The death of that mistaken, though highly injured sufferer, confirmed DONALD in his resolution of ending his days in a retirement, where ambition, pride and luxury had no support to swell their vague or criminal claims—where the calm enjoyment of a well ordered life was not empoisoned by a slavish dependance upon the will of despotism, or an unbounded and licentious gratification of indulged passions;—and though the soft, enervating melody of the flute lulled not his senses to indolence—or the martial drum and trumpet awakened not in his soul the wish of slaughtering his fellow creatures—yet this primitive Scotsman was gratified by that kind of harmony which, to ears tuned to its rough and sonorous notes, gave the most ample satisfaction. His morning repast of eggs, milk, and honey, received additional zest from being accompanied by the national and customary amusement of the bagpipe; and he would look with a partial delight upon the piper's diurnal revolutions round his hall, which resounded with songs of EDWARD BRUCE'S triumphs—or, changed to a slow and melancholy tone, breathed a mournful dirge to the memory of that unfortunate hero.

ANOTHER source of happiness, deduced from the exercise of benevolence, supplied his worthy heart with themes of thanksgiving—to that Power who had expanded his soul with the desire of doing good, and the opportunity of reducing that desire into practice.

THE unhappy Royalists, who were scattered over the face of the earth, and deprived of every means to preserve those lives they had so nobly ventured in support of a banished Monarch's cause, claimed privately from DONALD BRUCE the services of friendship—whose lonely, and apparently desolate habitation, promised a certain protection to those who knew the worth of its owner.

MONTROSE, HAMILTON, MIDDLETON, HOLLAND, CAPEL, with many more, were indebted to his humanity for pity and relief;—and though that relief but transiently prolonged their lives—as the interest of the unhappy CHARLES again called forth their warmest endeavours to assist him, and they were soon after sacrificed to the fury of the commonwealth—yet to the last moment they acknowledged the philanthropy of the generous DONALD, by whom they had been succoured.

EVEN the heir of England's throne had tasted this loyal subject's bounty!—fatigued, deserted, driven from his native home—his father slaughtered—his friends rendered amenable to the laws—mother, sisters, brothers, all fled, and fostered by strangers in foreign courts—himself a wandering, wretched exile, disguised as a peasant, and pleading at the door of indigence for the morsel due to the commonest vagrant—even *he*, directed by Providence, and cautiously rambling about the northern islands, experienced at Bruce Castle the noblest offices of sacred allegiance:—But when fortune had once more wasted him to the height of her unsteady wheel—*the heir of England's throne*—forgot, in the luxuries of a palace, the plain yet plentiful diet to which poverty and hunger then gave a sweetness, that the profusion of a splendid table could never after supply. Lost in the delights of sensuality, and too weak to bear the amazing and almost unhopd for change, he considered only the indulgence of those inordinate desires which necessity had but chilled, without eradicating;—and, by torturing the imagination to invent new modes of plenary gratification, destroyed the effect he aimed to promote. The rose of health was faded by the stifling heat of sordid appetite—and the calm, soothing reflections of a satisfied conscience, supplied by the turbulent workings of an unquiet mind.

BUT though DONALD had ever remained possessed by the idea that Courts were dangerous—that polite society was destructive to his system of solitary enjoyments—his son, the warlike ARTHUR, admitted a possibility of living untainted by those vices which take their colour from the principles which produce them, rather than example, interest, or influence—and was active on the side of Liberty, when the martyred King began his reign, by contending for that despotic form of government which, in the estimation of a proud and free people, took the appearance of tyranny, and seemed to indicate an intention of acquiring an unbounded sway over the subjects, who had not long been

emancipated from Papal authority—an arbitrary Queen—and a submission even to the stake, rather than forfeit their steady adherence to the Protestant faith.

ALARMED by these suspicions, ARTHUR cheerfully acceded to the terms prescribed by CHARLES'S spirited opponents, and was active in his endeavours to restrain a prerogative so dangerous:—But, when opposition took the form of barbarous compulsion—when the reins were held with a hand so strict, as to threaten the downfall of the Royal House of STUART—he boldly maintained the rights they so cruelly infringed, and dedicated every wish, every hope, every action, to the most sincere attempts to serve the Monarch he could not save—and, in various instances, hazarded his life, his family's safety, and his moderate patrimony, to the most loyal purpose;—but though he had escaped the arts of CROMWELL—the machinations of the Independants—and with the rest of the army united with the city—yet did not the Restoration hold out those advantages his sanguine mind predicted. The striking features in ARTHUR'S character were, untainted integrity, heroic steadfastness, and disinterested single-heartedness. His reflections blunt and severe, his penetration keen enough to develop the obscure doublings of a selfish statesman's heart—an abhorrence of flattery—and a thorough dislike of the quibbling witticism, the double entendre, or the smooth insincerity of the refined courtier—answered every idea of the ancient Caledonian:—but alas! these were qualities for which CHARLES had not the smallest propensity, nor his levée the least employment.—ARTHUR, conscious therefore of his inability to render any further services to the Crown, and shocked to prove, in his own bitter disappointment, the fallacy which he had before asserted for truth—that ingratitude and mistimed parsimony were *not* traits of his Sovereign's character—abdicated England, took his only child MARGARET from the dissipation of a riotous court, where he trembled for her virtue, and, at the age of seventeen, consigned her to the protection of his father, and then joined Sir ROBERT HOLMES in a secret expedition against the Dutch settlements in Africa.

SUPREMEY happy in the company of this amiable creature, DONALD scarcely looked beyond his present situation for human blessings—nor could the awful reflection, that he had reached the period of seventy years, damp the pleasure he felt in contemplating those feminine perfections, which time, reason, and infirmity, convinced him would not be much longer within the reach of his admiration.

THOUGH educated in the metropolis, MARGARET derived from her predecessor a portion of that enthusiasm for lonely comforts which had so long confined him in the ruined mansion of his forefathers, and cheerfully adopted the modes and habits congenial to the island:—but there was taste in the make, disposition, and colour of her simple attire;—there was an elegance, a refinement in her behaviour, unpractised and not understood by the ignorant inhabitants of Sky:—by them she was considered as a superior being; nor did her appearance dishonour the elevated opinion they had conceived of MARGARET.—Tall, graceful, with an eye brilliant, commanding, yet not repulsive—the colour in her cheeks heightened almost to vermilion by the cold, pure breezes of a northern climate—and a complexion, though not dazzlingly fair, yet clear, soft, and

glowing, with hair of the finest black hue—gave this lovely girl a striking similitude to the portrait of MARY Queen of Scots.

TWO years residence in Bruce Castle had only strengthened the beauties of her mind, while they improved those of her person;—and DONALD had the lively satisfaction to observe, that MARGARET neither lamented the loss of those pleasures a numerous and polite society would assure the enjoyment of, or the admiration of the great, the gay, the witty—contenting herself with the tender, pleasing conversation of her indulgent grandfather;—while she seemed to felicitate herself upon the contemplation of those amusements which nature had prepared upon a wild and magnificent scale; nor looked disdainfully above the few simple lasses with whom she occasionally consorted.

OFTEN would she accompany the aged BRUCE to the sea-side, or ramble, fearless of interruption, over the barren heaths and broad hills of the island:—Sometimes she would place herself upon a broken fragment which had fallen from the ruins on the strand, where the tide could not reach; and, with a heart free from every blameable passion, she would meditate upon the absence of her heroic father, or with the softest pity heave a sigh to the memory of a revered mother, long since consigned to the grave.

A COLD and tedious winter had now given way to the charms of spring—MARGARET, confined to the dreary hall, yet found entertainment in the perusal of well-attested history, sacred and rational, elegant poetry, and the use of the harp—which she touched with exquisite grace—or an application to her needle, which had produced some elegant landscapes in embroidery: but, allured by the appearance of a beautiful day, she quitted the castle, and eagerly sought her favourite seat.

THE weather was such as made an April noon even in the Hebrides delightful, whose northern situation permits not that early spring, which a more southern climate usually enjoys. The air was clear, calm, and soft; the prospects around grand and sublime. The vast and swelling hills, not yet covered with the verdure of a Scottish summer, were finely contrasted by the deep sunk vallies, giving that relief in perspective so necessary to the otherwise fatigued optic. The sun, occasionally obscured by white and fleecy clouds, added inexpressible beauty to the whole, producing those changeable masses of light and shade, so pleasingly variable—now skimming over the distant eminences—now brightening, or throwing a brown tint over the nearer objects—as the bright luminary poured his glowing influence upon the animated scene, or withdrew for a moment his cheering beams. It was a subject worthy of a CLAUDE LORAIN's pencil, and greatly heightened by the gentle waves of a still, calm sea, which beat with a smooth and regular motion against the low shores of several little islands that lay within view. Upon *them* were already collected many flocks and herds, sent thither to fatten for a London market. It is true, the bare and almost inaccessible heights of Sky afforded no verdant walks, or shaded avenues—no luxuriant oaks, or lofty elms, defended the meditating traveller from the boisterous winds, or sharp keen gusts, that even in summer would sometimes stream between the hills, and pour along the vallies: but yet there was a dignity, a magnificence in the appearance!—It was Nature working upon a large and awful scale, striking, rather

than amusing, the attentive observer, with the wondrous performance of a glorious Omnipotence—whose astonishing operations are equally visible in the formation of a mountain, or a grain of sand; an enormous whale, or the smallest animalcule. Could it then fail to please a mind formed upon the most exalted plan?—Could the whole prospect, taken together, afford aught to such a mind but reflection adequate to the immensity of its conceptions—the gratitude it excited—the notions of creative goodness—and furnish every claim to the gratification of curiosity—the exercise of admiration, and the tribute of praise.

SEATING herself quietly in her usual station, and casting an eye of astonishment around, she fell into a train of thought, that was rather assisted than impeded by what she beheld. “Yes,” she articulated, “though a tender and endearing parent *has* left his duteous daughter, though he *has* removed her far from the gaieties of a court, that might have proved fatal to her integrity; yet in this solitary asylum he has found for her a protection equal to his own—of that then she cannot complain: but for himself, for his *own* welfare, shall she not feel!—alas, he quits this ruinous, yet hospitable fabric—the blazing embers no longer lend a supporting warmth to refresh his warlike limbs—the Gothic hall, hung round with victorious trophies, no longer echoes to his martial step, nor does the sonorous bagpipe arouse him from a short repose:—no more his benign countenance is bent with love upon his MARGARET;—alas! he has changed the tapestried chamber, ornamented by the hands of simple industry, for the stately pavillion, the soldier’s tent, or perhaps, what is really dreadful, quitted these lonely, peaceful walks for the field of battle, the roar of cannon, or the groans of a dying enemy!—How vain was the hope which induced me to suppose this quiet scene could detain an active spirit! Impressed with such ideas, so productive of melancholy, grief and prognosticating mischief, how is it that I so contentedly exist, that I can patiently look forward to the period of his return; which at present seems hidden in the bosom of futurity?—upon what principle is it that I can submit to suppose the probability of his being involved at this moment, perhaps, in pursuits fatal to his ambitious notions, fatal to his personal safety?—Upon what principle? great Heaven!—upon the most sacred, the most encouraging, that ever supported a participating child—a principle which has hitherto held out the strongest consolation—when my heart, without that, had been destitute of every hope—a dependance upon, and submission to the will of Omnipotence! before whose sublimity, and beneath whose gracious smiles my soul expands, as the fairest daughter of spring to the plastic rays of an all-fostering sun. It is *this* reliance which enables me to partake of the pleasures authorised by reason, and provided by a bountiful Creator. It is *this* that banishes the gloom of apprehension, hushes every tumult which passion, uncontrolled by judgement, would raise in an unreflecting mind: it is from this I derived fortitude to part with a beloved father!—Blest source of happiness! never may it desert my bosom.” With these sentiments, the heroic virgin counteracted the force of perplexing doubts and dispiriting fears, and proved, by the fire and spirit of her ideas, the origin from whence she sprung.

LOOKING towards the horizon, MARGARET perceived a heavy cloud, tintured with a sulphureous crimson, slowly advancing, till it totally obscured the cheerful sun.

The rising of the wind interrupted her meditations. She had noticed a large vessel, in that part of the offing bearing east from the little islands—its sails were clewed up, and seemed, at that distance, to be preparing for a storm. The eagles were clamouring to secure that shelter among the cliffs, which these threatening appearances made necessary.

MARGARET hastened from the shore, and retired to her chamber, in the western turret, that overlooked, or rather overhung the strand beneath. Going to her window, she beheld the mounting billows thundering against the rock to the east, and menacing destruction, not only to the opposite turret, but shattering the island fishermen's small craft, who, tempted by the late calm, had ventured them beyond the hope of safety. The increasing tempest tore their slender sails; and, in sight of the pitying maid, tossed them among the foaming surf, which immediately turned them bottom upwards, or left them dry upon the sand, till the returning surges again carried them into an equally perilous situation. The ship, driven by an irresistible power, was dragging her anchors, and making towards the shore, while the crew were hanging out tokens of distress. The winds redoubled their violence—the clouds thickened—the sea was covered with a white foam. MARGARET trembled—her heart sunk—she would have left the horrid spectacle—she would have sought consolation from her ancient protector. The dependance she had so lately exulted in, steeled not her soul against the soft emanations of pity;—it impeached not her fortitude, to feel for the distress she could not relieve: She had strength of mind, but she had sensibility; and the tear she shed for the woes of others, was as the mild dew of the earth, cherishing, rather than chilling, the luxuriance of a benevolent heart—it was stimulated by the noblest motives—a wish to release her hapless fellow-creatures, and a fear that no human help could reach them. Yes, MARGARET would have retired; but those wishes, those fears, while they urged the necessity of going to summon assistance, kept her eye still fixed on the subjects of them; it was not curiosity—it was not the expectation of seeing the storm subside, that kept her at the window—it was a sudden idea which arose in her mind, and was founded on a supposition, that perhaps the father whose absence she had lamented, whose presence she long had desired, might be in the very vessel which had, during the calm, hovered so near them;—this was a thought she could not help dwelling upon, and indulged an eager, a vague desire, of beholding the sailors take to their boats;—but she waited for that which the turbulent weather forbid:—the ship, in whose safety she found herself so largely interested, could never reach the shore—its situation was such as to prevent the possibility of receiving any help!—She watched with the utmost anxiety, and one moment saw it upon the extremity of a monstrous wave—the next, she despaired of ever more beholding its useless sails:—now it seemed driven among the little islands—presently it appeared bearing down upon the castle;—while the low, sharp-pointed rocks, which lay without the reef, increased the fury of the awful breakers, forbade the most distant chance of getting within the dreadful pass. MARGARET could look no longer—it grew duskish:—“Why,” said she, “do I thus delay the operations of humanity?—why not fly to picture the distress my soul shudders at?—DONALD may *attempt* at least to lend the—” A loud and horrible explosion from the clouds decided her intention of seeking BRUCE:—she left her chamber, and lightly flew down the broken steps, which, winding round the inside of the turret, formed a narrow well-staircase, that received air from several holes left purposely in the wall; terror kept

up her speed, while the blue lightning, gleaming about her, served to render the solitary ruins still more dreary;—she gained the hall, when another flash almost convulsed her, as it glanced upon the ancient trophies, which, by the industry of BRUCE'S vassals, were many of them preserved from cankering rust. The furious storm, making its way through the mutilated windows of the hall, induced DONALD to retire to a small inner room, that had formerly been a chapel, on the farther side—at the door of which he stood with a lamp. MARGARET hastened towards the glimmering light. "My child, what ails thee?" said the compassionate old man;—"I was going to seek thee—be not thus terrified—heaven will protect us. How usual is such a war of elements in the Hebrides; and though so early in the season, it is not the first that has shook this venerable fabric."

"O, MY dearest grandfather—the ship—dear, respected friend—the ship will be lost; and, who knows, perhaps my father—he may, at this moment, be struggling for life in—"

"MARGARET!" interrupted BRUCE, in the utmost surprise, "*thy father!*—What says my daughter?"

"O I hardly know what—my fears are dreadful—cannot you send some of your faithful followers to try at least—The poor fishermen too—you know not what distress they are in!" BRUCE wanted no inducement to be serviceable—his soul was tuned to the same soft strings of benevolence that vibrated in MARGARET'S bosom—not that he conceived there was the least foundation for her fears respecting her father's return—but fierce as were the conflicting elements, he summoned his hardy Highlanders, who, in conformity to his commands, hastened, some to the sea-side, others to the top of the castle, where they placed signals to prevent the mischief which threatened the ship; though such was its situation as made all attempts to govern the helm, or manage her sails, equally fruitless.

IN vain the tender DONALD would have induced his child to taste the wholesome viands, with which a clean and simple attendant had spread the board—in vain he tried, by the garrulity of age, to steal from her disordered imagination the shocking pictures her sensibility had drawn, of wrecks and drowning friends—She sighed in unison with the gusts that shook the doors and casements, which had long lost their fastenings, and listened to the howling tempest which roared in the spacious chimney—nor, till it in some degree abated, could she listen to BRUCE'S entreaties to go to her repose. Unwilling to keep him from the rest his time of life required, she accompanied him to his chamber, and then, with a beating heart, retired to her own.

THE lightning ceased—the thunder no longer echoed through the Castle—nor did the wind rage so violently round the turret—but MARGARET could not sleep. She went upon the battlements—it was midnight—cold, dark, and wet;—she was obliged to return. Her maid entreated she would go to bed. No, she would watch—and seating herself at the window, anxiously waited for the dawn. It broke—but she could not yet discover any

thing;—it grew lighter—but what consolation could she derive from it—what could she discern—but floating bodies, and the wrecks of fishermen’s boats.

THE ship, the grand object of her attention, was no longer to be seen—“Great God!” she cried, while the tears burst from her eyes—“to how many unfortunate beings has this tempest been fatal—how many hapless wives, mothers, and friends, shall mourn the horrors of yesterday? *Children too!*—O my father!—if thou *art* among the sufferers—*if I* am doomed to mourn thy destruction, may I at least have the melancholy satisfaction to see thine hallowed remains decently entombed.—But what do I hear?—some one at the gate!—surely no stranger, in defiance of appearances, can hope to find human help within these walls!—again the bell rings; arise, JANET.” The poor girl, overcome with youthful drowsiness, heard not the summons;—MARGARET listened—all was silent as death—when from the side next the sea, where a low Gothic door opened to the strand, she heard a loud blast from the horn which was fastened to the wall—when suddenly starting, she exclaimed—“Wherefore should I fear—Thou, O God, will protect a lonely virgin, who in the hope of *that* protection derives fortitude.”—Again the horn sounded—“Yes, I will develop the cause of this early interruption—DONALD hears it not—JANET is lost in sleep—what *should* I fear, while Heaven is my guard?” So saying, she quitted the turret, and descended with cautious steps, passing the low vaulted passage that led to the side entrance; again the horn echoed, in dying hollow sounds, through the building—she stopped,—looked round upon the gloomy objects over which a cheerless dawn diffused a doubtful light—when, recollecting the vassals her grandfather had sent to assist the poor sailors, she applied her utmost strength to the unweildy door—but found it repelled her strongest efforts, till JANET, who heard her lady go down, and was thoroughly awakened by the horn, hastily followed, when, with considerable force, she lifted up the bar. The door burst open—but what did it discover—not the unlearned boors of Sky—not the fishermen who had escaped—but a stranger, whose watry garments bore the marks of quality; nor could the drenching of a cruel storm destroy the grandeur of his mien, or that air of dignity which high birth generally diffuses over the countenance. MARGARET stood speechless, and while her eye, tintured with soft concern, invited his entrance, the modestly repulsive motion of her hand seemed to reproach his temerity in gently advancing. He checked the inclination which appeared to give her terror, and respected the delicacy that disordered her features—when with a half-retiring bow, and in an attitude distinguished by courtly grace, “I would not,” he said, “Madam, intrude upon your solitude; but if pity, if sympathising humanity for the sufferings of an unhappy wanderer, shipwrecked upon this island, may plead privilege for my admission, I trust the condescension will be repaid by every testimonial of ardent gratitude. Alas! I wish but for a few hours shelter—the sorrows of my soul make the luxuries of life no longer consequential—misery, anguish, and disappointment, must colour my future days with the black tints of hopeless despair.”

MARGARET changed her position;—the repulsive hand was withdrawn—the bright commanding eye was dimmed with a tear of tenderness and compassion, and she hesitatingly answered—“Humanity, Sir, will ever be allowed its full claims in Bruce Castle, and the gentlest commiseration for the distressed. I am not mistress of this

abode—but if you will wait a few moments, your request shall be made known to one who lives in the fullest practice of benevolence.” The noble stranger bowed, and MARGARET flew—not to *solicit* DONALD’S permission—but merely to say his suffrage was wanting in behalf of an unfortunate human creature—well knowing the heart, which a knowledge of worldly deception and the errors of others could not warp, would cheerfully expand at the sight of pleading misery;—and, while he was rising, she returned to introduce their visitor into the hall, where JANET roused the half-extinguished faggots, and produced such a change of apparel, as BRUCE’S frugal wardrobe afforded.

BEFORE he could avail himself of her thoughtful kindness, DONALD descended into the hall, and testified a marked surprise at the view of a face in which his *second sight* predicted something extraordinary. Nor did the gentleman feel less admiration of the person of this venerable *Caledonian*, whose silver locks touched those shoulders, not yet bent to the infirm stoop of age;—his eyes still sparkled with the keenest sensibility, and were occasionally animated with generous disdain, unconquered courage, or the tenderest benevolence;—his beard, graceful and regular, was suffered to preserve its luxuriance, without being tortured into a formal peak, the usual fashion of those days;—his belt, plaid, and cap, were in the true Highland stile, and gave the greatest advantage to a figure so prepossessing—while, with the warmest hospitality, he endeavoured to lessen the sense of obligation, by which a liberal spirit conceives itself bound, when in a situation that makes the reception of favours perfectly necessary—supplying every thing the stranger’s forlorn appearance demanded, and covering their plain oaken table, with the eggs, the honey, and the pure milk of Sky—while the piper, who had just entered to perform his diurnal occupation, was summoned to give a specimen of their national music. During these little hospitable offices, the bell proclaimed the arrival of more company. DONALD immediately ordered their admission, supposing his people were returned; when the stranger, suddenly starting, exclaimed in a voice of terror—“Stop, thou revered friend—I conjure thee to let no one open the gate—it may be—it is not impossible, but my destiny depends upon the present moment! Save a miserable fugitive—you know me not—but I will not abuse your generous confidence.” BRUCE stood suspended in confused amazement;—the bell sounded with a rude violence—“I see,” said the distressed unknown, “you suspect me—I cannot at present explain the mystery which envelopes my fate:—but by that exalted goodness that holds out such serviceable relief to my wants, do not own you have a stranger under your roof.”

THE voices of several men, calling to each other, encreased BRUCE’S astonishment, and the anxiety of his guest—upon *him* MARGARET cast an eye of apprehension—she had heard that pirates refuged formerly in the Hebrides, whose stormy seas, and rocky shores, ensured them from the pursuit of larger vessels;—the ship she yesterday beheld in such imminent danger might belong them: but then why should he, whom she now considered as their commander, be thus agitated?—Even her grandfather, whose steadiness and want of fear was almost unequalled, felt for the consequence he now began to dread;—and then the safety of his lovely child alarmed him, while he found it necessary to answer those without;—turning therefore to the stranger, with a stern,

intimidating aspect, "I demand," he said, "in the name of God, your business?—Tell me what can occasion your fear within these walls? Upon the candour of your answer depends the protection you ask." Thus interrogated, the young man hesitated—his working features spoke the importance of a decisive resolution—time pressed—again the people shouted for entrance. DONALD was leaving the hall, but turned about, on finding his arm detained by the unhappy pleader— "Stop," he cried, "one moment;—be not more deaf than the tempest, from which I have escaped—you know not my reasons for this reserve—they are such as would justify my perseverance, even unto death; for death, simply considered, carries no such horrors, as when clouded by disgrace, stigmatized with infamy, and loaded by dreadful calumny."

"*Calumny!*" retorted BRUCE—"your name, this instant."

"Be it so, then, thou hard, unfeeling man—I am—MONMOUTH!—that MONMOUTH who is pursued by inveterate malice—hunted from the arms of a royal parent—no country left unsearched, that is suspected of giving succour to my wretchedness!—My wife—O torment! lost for ever to these eyes—friends sacrificed to my cause—no means left to restore my fame, my fortune, and my honours. Now then, you know me, do as it seemeth good." So saying, he turned disdainfully towards the window, mute, from suppressed pride and sullen anguish.

BRUCE could not reply, but went to the gate, from which MONMOUTH no longer withheld him;—opening it with a calm, determined countenance, and settled dignity of manner, he demanded the business of those intruders, who had so peremptorily announced their expectations of admission. The confusion they exhibited, when thus charged, could only be equalled by the distress and misery pictured in their features. "We are come," said he who appeared as chief—"we are come merely to beg a temporary relief; nor should have sought for it before these ruined walls, but a peasant encouraged us to hope for succour here;—the late storm has, we fear, deprived us of several noble friends, who are undoubtedly gone to the bottom!—we have only then to plead for the exercise of that generosity, so characteristic of our nation."

"YOU are Scotsmen, then," said DONALD; "alas, unhappy men, I feel for you! In yonder cottage you may find repose and comfort:" and then calling to one of his servants, charged him to take the utmost care of them, whom he now conceived were not the objects of MONMOUTH'S terror.

THIS business properly arranged, he returned to the hall; where, stretched upon the cold stones, with his face downwards, lay the despairing Duke;—tears, bitter tears, trickling over his pallid cheek. "What," said he, raising his head, and casting a wild and agonizing look at BRUCE, "they are come, then? Think not I fear death—my soul disdains the cowardly idea: but my Anna—my wife—lost in the moment of anguish and horror unspeakable—after a long and melancholy separation!—for her, these disgraces of manhood sully the honour of a STEWART." Then, suddenly rising, "Where are my guards—where are the emissaries of ambition, cruelty, and blood? Come, proud

enthusiast! come, gloomy JAMES! come, treacherous, deceitful HOWARD, and sacrifice a blameless nephew to a monstrous tyrant!”

“PEACE, thou much injured Duke,” said the pitying BRUCE; “peace awaits thy summons within these walls; here no destruction lowers on thy noble head. Come, then, and let me infold thee within these aged arms: the power of YORK reaches not this island—far to the south, he reigns—here his government oppresses not the brave and disinterested Scotsman: but keen and direfully suspicious as he may be, his sullen eye dwells not on these ruins, nor looks for objects of his jealousy in the scarcely peopled Hebrides. Come, then, ill-fated son of royalty; I venerate thy sufferings. Once more, fear not: this castle, this island, shall protect you—I am DONALD BRUCE—there is magic in my name.”

“FORGIVE”, said MONMOUTH, taking his hand, “the pusillanimity which so ill accords with the claims I wish to support: but fatigue of body, and deep sorrow, will enervate the mind, and render it unequal to such repeated storms of fortune. Yet tell me, thou generous friend, have I foundation for apprehension?”

“OF that I cannot determine,” answered DONALD; “there were only three men at my gate, the chief of whom expressed a sincere concern for the rudeness which distress enforced; and humbly solicited permission to repose their wet and weary limbs.”

“WHAT, then,” said the Duke, sighing, “*they* are shipwrecked too?”

“THEY expressed as much, and in a Scottish accent; you may judge therefore, O MONMOUTH, if their designs reach your peace.”

THE Duke pondered—he was struck with a sentiment, which kindled a flush of pleasure over his features: but dejection soon banished the transient glow. “No,” said he, in a low, inward tone, “it cannot be—I saw him expire—I saw him swallowed by the foaming deep! He lifted up a hand, convulsed with departing life—he sunk—I caught, but could not hold him!—No, he is lost to every hope. Pardon me, noble BRUCE; I had a friend: but he too is gone. However, as there is a possibility of obtaining some necessary knowledge from these men, I will, when your leisure permits, attend you to their retreat.”

“NOT so, gracious sir; *I* will bring one of them to *you*.” So saying, the good old man went to the cot, from whence he immediately brought the chief, without communicating the intelligence, which his humane heart hoped would give pleasure to the stranger.

MONMOUTH arose when they entered, and advanced with an eager pace, though somewhat checked by his dread of a discovery; for when the ebullition of desperation subsided, that again became predominant: when the Scots chief, with that doubtful kind of curiosity in his eye, which is the result of unconfirmed hope, gazed upon the Duke, and in a tremulous accent said, “If circumstances did not contradict—I should suppose—I

should think—” then, going still nearer, he suddenly rushed from his conductor, and embraced MONMOUTH with the warmest ardour. “It is,” said he, “I cannot be deceived—it is the friend of my soul—the son of my affection: no disguise can hide him;—he is risen from the grave.”

“AND art thou indeed ARGYLE? art thou truly that ARGYLE whom yesterday these eyes beheld struggling in the beating wave? Blessed be thy goodness, O DONALD, who thus restores my faithful adherent to a cause so dangerous. Fear not, ARGYLE; this venerable man is a friend to virtue, a sincere Protestant and an enemy to JAMES.”

“YES,” said BRUCE, “I am an enemy to JAMES, while JAMES is a foe to religion and MONMOUTH.”

“The favourer of MONMOUTH must also be the confidante of ARGYLE,” answered the Earl; “who, for *his* sake, vows never to taste in peace the fruits of his patrimonial fields, till the end is brought about for which we fight: For *this*, I am content to quit the country of my ancestors; for *this*, I undergo a self-inflicted banishment. But be it so! though men and devils, though bulls, anathemas, and all the power of the Vatican were to combine in my destruction, I would laugh at their futile attempts, and, while stretched upon the rack, cry out for more tortures, to prove my integrity.”

“To such a friend,” said MONMOUTH, “I dedicate the purest, the sincerest effusions of my soul; for *now* thou art my comfort—I once—” and he sighed— “I once divided with thee and my adored wife the affection of a constant heart;—now, none but BRUCE, the noble BRUCE, can claim from ARGYLE a share of MONMOUTH’S attention.”

THE mournful recollection this hint had awakened, was suspended by the appearance of MARGARET, who had retired, in pursuance of a signal from DONALD, to prepare a necessary, but humble collation for the strangers. The austere modesty of her deportment was sweetened by the smiles of innocence, and the simplicity of her apparel dignified by the most graceful carriage;—her jacket was a blue and brown silk plaid, tied at the bosom with blue ribbands;—her petticoat brown, with one row of the same ribband round the bottom;—a simple, plain, lawn cap, could not confine her luxurious tresses, which hid the beautiful decline of her shoulders.—MARGARET could not stifle a silent wish to know the fate of two friends, whose fate seemed so interwoven—but delicacy repressed every expression of its discovery. MONMOUTH, bred in courts, and with a refined taste for beauty, admired the lovely maiden: but the sadness of his soul, the sorrow which his recent loss supported, forbid any warmer sensation. But the Earl of ARGYLE, whose residence in Scotland gave him an attachment to the manners, customs, and dress of the Highlanders, felt something stronger than admiration—warmer than that esteem which is the result of long intimacy—more fierce than gratitude could inspire. The sensation was new to him, who had passed his early days, involved in the troubles of an unfortunate King, and whose disposition, vehement and uncontrollable, could never yet inspire that tender confidence in the gentler sex, necessary to the accomplishment of a

successful and honourable attachment. His years, likewise, was a tacit ridicule of the affection which rushed upon his heart, and threatened to conquer every cold and prudent suggestion of a mature judgement, thus suddenly devoted to the influence of a passion—unjustifiable in its direction, considering the inequality of age; dangerous in its commencement to the fair object, and decidedly blameable at a period so critical. He gave himself up to the delight her presence inspired; which rather softened the usual ferocity of his deportment. MARGARET shrunk from his penetrating looks, disgusting as they were by being tinctured with a dark, mysterious impression, the result of concealed plots, and deep state intrigue. Yet, ARGYLE was MONMOUTH'S friend; and MONMOUTH shewed no such repulsive terror in his features, which carried a sweet, but melancholy indication of the trouble that oppressed his mind; nor were those features less interesting, from the striking similitude they bore to those of his royal grandfather: His hair and eyes were black; and when the latter were free from their present influence, full of fire, and animating a complexion which, though not enlivened by the blushing tints of early youth, was clear, bright, and healthy—while his whole appearance, dignified by a graceful height, and becoming fulness of person, credited the idea, that he was of high descent. Alas! for the Duke—though thus distinguished by nature, ambition clouded his earlier life, and by feeding false hopes, pursuing chimerical notions, and claims which were ill-founded, the happiness he sought was embittered by disappointment—the peace he had scorned, supplied by internal anguish—and the prospect, seen too far off to be justly ascertained, totally obscured. To the courage of a hero, he united the softer graces of a courtier—yet, by an unhappy propensity to vanity, and an indulgence of those whose flatteries he had not spirit to resist, though discernment enough to despise—the imbecility of his nature laid him open to the machinations of dark, designing people; while a certain degree of pride, not altogether incompatible with the vanity we have lamented, taught him to sigh, in the midst of real danger, for the attendance which once administered to his luxuries: nor could he banish those false ideas of greatness he had imbibed. This faulty trait in his character, while it called for friendly pity, excited in his enemy a hope of availing themselves of a propensity so weak; for, not the free expostulations of ARGYLE, whom he considered as his guardian angel, and the step upon which he was to ascend the British throne, nor the respectful hints of his Dutchess, could destroy a propensity so unworthy his vast designs.

UPON him MARGARET'S eye rested with evident complacency, and the more, perhaps, for not meeting the ardent gaze of admiration which lightened in ARGYLE'S countenance; though the highest respect was visible in MONMOUTH'S attention.

THEIR little, yet acceptable repast concluded, DONALD gave way to an impulse of curiosity, not untinctured with patriotism, since from the DUKE he should hear of events so concerning to the fate of his country;—it was not that his cool judgement gave a verdict in favour of MONMOUTH'S pretensions, without the most weighty reasons. To the illegality of his title no objections could be offered; but MONMOUTH was a Protestant—JAMES of York a professed Catholic: even CHARLES the Second was strongly suspected of leaning that way—and gave not the smallest hope of a legitimate successor. How could BRUCE, then, who practised in the highest degree the reformed

religion, do aught but contribute his suffrage to the Duke's claim? "To thee, then," said the reverend seer, "to thee, O MONMOUTH, my soul looks forward for the confirmation of those hopes it has long entertained; and which, if second sight fail not, will hereafter be established:—to thee—friend—Prince—and the object of my sacred allegiance, I look, for England's recovered peace and glory. In the gloom of futurity, I discover thy spirited attempts to emancipate thy people; may they be successful, and secure a permanent and happy exercise of our glorious profession—now," and he shook his head, "now, I fear, covertly undermined by those who openly declare themselves its protectors. Though inclination and infirmity hold me to this desolate spot, I have not wished in vain for such intelligence from the southern parts, as convinces me of the necessity of your interference—when heaven shall deprive us of our present sovereign, who has already been accused of duplicity. Speak not to me of obligation—my heart, my country, is free to do you service. JAMES governs with a despotic hand in Edinburgh; dispossess him of his power! My vassals are numerous, my interest in them fixed and decided: I can raise a body of hardy Highlanders, who shall aid you even unto death; the severity of your uncle has already disgusted them, while the very name of MONMOUTH is held in veneration."

"BE it so, generous friend," interrupted the impetuous ARGYLE, while his eyes sparkled at the proposal— "We will lead them on: *My* forces are at present scattered, but they are not lost; and the appearance of their royal chief" casting a look of affection at the Duke, "will reanimate them. Heaven shall aid us, and JAMES will no more triumph in the hope of rendering Britain a scene of blood."

MONMOUTH rejoined, "Yes, Heaven *will* support its own cause; but my father, my King—I seek not his destruction. Well has BRUCE distinguished my intention: I seek not to overturn the throne of my ancestors—let my father reign in peace—I wish but to humble the Duke of YORK'S ambition, to live in the hearts of my countrymen, and seek but the reversion of a crown, which, Omnipotence permitting, I *will* possess. And now, my dearest friend, let us speak of those events that have driven us hither—deprived me of a tender, faithful partner—and proved the worth of this excellent man." A tear stopped him. DONALD felt the pang which produced it, and waved the desire that could not then be gratified, but by a sacrifice too mighty for humanity to exact.

"NO more," he said, "my Prince—fatigues like your's demand repose; speak not, think not, of aught that may disturb it. We shall possibly have a calm for some days, during which I will muster the clans on whose fidelity I can depend; you may then follow the intentions of your heroic souls, and depend upon every good office I can do, to aid a cause so just. And forget not, O MONMOUTH, that the Power which has thus preserved your friend, may, in its own good time, restore your lamented Duchess."

WITH a sigh of despair, tintured with swelling gratitude, the Duke bowed his head in silence, and, followed by ARGYLE, attended BRUCE; who conducted them to a tapestried chamber, where the broad oaken boards were eaten into several chasms by devouring time. The lofty testered bed, once gay and glittering with the brightest colours, intermixed with silver, was in a ruinous state. The chimney vast, open, and

uncomfortable, admitted more wind than the stifling blaze (kindled to air the room) could repel. The chairs, of polished ebony, contained wood enough, separately, for half a dozen. The casements were glazed with panes extremely small, and placed so high as to give a gloomy appearance to the room.

THE storm had subsided—but yet the surge foamed over the reef, and murmured against the rock. The winds waved the ivy which darkened the windows—and the melancholy hue, that hung upon the surrounding objects, would have given terror to minds unimpressed by stronger subjects. The intrepid ARGYLE thought only of MARGARET—till fatigue at length produced a salutary slumber. Not so MONMOUTH—the tempest in his bosom was not so easily hushed—raging still with greater violence than the howling storm, to which it owed, in part, its fury. Banished from the paternal inheritance he fondly fancied was his legal right—deprived, at present, even of a foundation for those expectations which ambition had encouraged—accused of crimes too horrible for cool investigation, and of which he detested the idea—for his soul shuddered at the bare suspicion of paricide—prevented by party malice from exonerating himself from a load of guilt—a wretched witness of the sufferings his friends endured—and, what chilled his very soul, the uncertainty of his ANNA'S existence—how was it possible, though in a place of safety, to forget such complicated distress? In the hollow tones of the fallen wind he fancied the expiring groans of the injured RUSSEL; the heroic SYDNEY, ARMSTRONG, and all whose attachment to him had brought on their destruction—and whose lives were inhumanly sacrificed to his fatal cause—and, in the melancholy exertion of a perturbed mind, assimilated the roaring of the dashing surf to the merciless denunciations of that savage hyena, JEFFRIES, whose rancorous heart was dead to the pleadings of innocence—the most piercing invocations for mercy—or even the spirited demand for justice, when the chicanery of law admitted of a doubt, or left the smallest point undecided by its express declaration.

RESTLESS, and unable to commit to oblivion the sorrows that oppressed him, MONMOUTH softly arose, and, unfastening a door which opened upon the battlement surrounding the turret, he contemplated, in painful silence, the wild and awful scene around—wishing—vainly wishing to be conveyed to those friends who had yet escaped the impending vengeance. Reclining over the rugged stones, he appeared a statue of grief, when DONALD, who was walking below, perceiving his guest had not availed himself of the offered indulgence, invited him, by a motion of his hand, to walk by the sea-side. MONMOUTH, quitting his situation, soon joined his hospitable friend, and they immediately went down to the shore, where, under an arch in the rock, DONALD proposed to sit, while the Duke should speak of the troubles which had driven him thither.

THIS afternoon, like the last, was clear, calm, and warm; the ocean only retained that gentle swell, so common after a tempest, that had turned from its deepest bed the boiling wave—but its turbulence was no longer displeasing. The rays of a brilliant sun, broken and refracted by the fluid motion, presented all the varied beauty of a changeable green, edged with silver. They were seated in a part of the cliff, which formed a kind of

bay, at some distance from the castle, that rose to the right of their shelter, in the most interesting stile, and added to the singularity of the scene. One of its towers had been separated by time from the main building. The chasm was narrow, through which the beams of the sun, concentrated to a focus, threw a long stream of light over the water, forming a picturesque appearance. DONALD felt the most benevolent delight in congratulating those poor fishermen who had escaped the storm, and were busy in righting their little vessels, mending the sails, or preparing their nets for a more successful expedition. But MONMOUTH, with mingled terror and impatience, beheld the ship in which he doubted not his ANNA had met her cruel destiny. It was tossing without the reef, totally dismasted, and pitching, with an irregular motion, near the rocks. Her anchors were buried in the deep, while some fragments of the broken cables hung from her stern.

THE Duke lifted up his hands and eyes in silent woe, and seemed insensible to every thing but an object, which renewed in his mind the most piercing recollection. DONALD beheld his internal struggles with the tenderness of a parent; and, rising, would have led him from a scene so painful. “Come,” he said, “thou son of affliction and disappointment, look not so mournfully upon yonder wreck. Come with me—we will return to the castle.”

“No,” answered MONMOUTH, “this sight will only point, with additional strength, the reflections I wish to encourage. In the gloom of despair, the afflicted soul seeks for, and not seldom derives consolation. Every hope is extinguished—but there is an indescribable sweetness in the indulgence of grief like mine. All interruption is a degree of cruelty, since it takes us from the contemplation of sorrows so sacred.”

“THESE,” replied BRUCE, “are the arguments of a heart determined against receiving comfort—they are fallacious and ill grounded, which time alone can refute. I seek not to controvert them by powerful reason, or the representation of cool judgment; since, in your present situation, they cannot be efficacious.”

THE Duke, with an assenting bow of the head, shewed his acquiescence to the latter remark, and immediately changed the subject, by adverting to his own history.

“THE imputed illegitimacy of my birth,” said he, “has been too often canvassed and ascertained by my enemies to escape the notice of every friend, whose generous indignation may have prompted them to contradict the scandalous legend. *You*, doubtless, have been instructed to condemn a faultless woman; but it may yet be in my power to clear, at least in the eye of cool discrimination, that cruel odium, which the world has cast upon the character of an angel; whose virtues, sufferings, and pure connubial tenderness, deserved no such attribution. It is indeed a melancholy fact, that the peaceful asylum, where she bloomed in a happy obscurity, was left unguarded from the approach of impetuous youth; and the mind, which was armed against the rude attack of unlicensed passion, wanted but the vibration of a single chord to actuate every delicate string, and sweep, with ungovernable force, over the soft and laudable, as well as those which more properly becomes the hero’s bosom—Love and *Ambition*. Alas! what had *ambition* to do

in the female mind? that masculine virtue demands not a residence so gentle;—but in LUCY WALTERS' soul they urged their claims, to the exclusion of reason, and controverted every argument a cool judgement might offer. Dear victim to inconstancy, and false notions of greatness!—never shall thy unhappy son forget those excellencies, so extraordinary, and yet so powerless!”

“WHAT!” interrupted BRUCE, “could CHARLES sacrifice his domestic felicity to the airy vision inflated by fancy, and destroyed even by its creator?”

“FRIEND,” replied MONMOUTH, “my father's character was formed, and his principles fixed, at an age, when the puerile pursuits of others permit not an idea to intrude, superior to the indulgence of childish pleasures. His person so noble, so elegantly formed, and an air of majesty, impressing that reverential awe, which his most familiar manner could not remove, prepossessed every one in his favour, on whom he chose to exert their influence;—and, at the early period of seventeen, his propensity to gallantry, and an unlimited attachment to the gentler sex, met with the most sanguine encouragement.

“NOTWITHSTANDING the cloud of danger which lowered on all his fair prospects—notwithstanding the misery his royal father struggled against in vain—while himself was pursued by party-malice, and his name proscribed through every country, CHARLES could not resist the impulse of a youthful soul, nor fight against a congenial temptation, though clad in the most repulsive garb. Thus unprepared for resistance, he willingly submitted to a conquest, at first intended by him as a mere amusement, and a temporary gratification of indulged passion. Passing in the disguise of a peasant through Pembrokeshire, in Wales, he was stopped by the enchanting appearance of a distant prospect. His road lay along the edge of a bold acivity, which was cloathed, to the foot of it, with the mountain-ash, large oaks, and full grown poplars. Not willing to quit the lovely scene before him, he threw himself beneath one of those majestic trees, whose leaves, impelled by a gentle breeze, conveyed a soft and pleasing murmur to the ear, so lately filled with sounds of warlike import; while the setting sun, glittering between the desultory boughs, animated the surrounding objects. The blackbirds responded to each other from the hawthorn bushes, or were interrupted by the monotonous cuckow. The tinkling bell of the distant herd, and the lively peal from an ancient steeple, these formed, altogether, a concert, which, though wild and irregular, was full of sweetness, and productive of the most cheerful ideas.—It was a scene perfectly according to my father's sensations—and, if he regretted a solitude so charming, it was only because he could not communicate his feelings to a corresponding mind;—but it was soon interrupted by the harmony of a tabor and pipe behind the hill. He left his seat, and, directed by the sound, quickly discovered a troop of lads and lasses in the plain below, joining in a rural dance before a little white house, that was almost covered by a luxuriant vine.—Delighted at the sight of so much innocent festivity, at a period when England was involved in anarchy and confusion; and, thoughtless of the danger that might attend his mixing with such a party, he instantly descended, and walked up to a venerable man, who seemed director of their sports, and was seated at the entrance of a small tent, which was raised for the

purpose of containing such simple refreshments, for accommodating the dancers, as were deemed necessary.—With the frankest hospitality, the good old man pressed his young visitor to taste the Pomonian juice, which his evident fatigue rendered to the last degree an invigorating restorative, while, in terms simple but expressive, he assigned the cause of this conviviality.

“DRINK,” said he, “my friend—drink to the success of our noble Monarch—we shall yet succeed;—yesterday his Majesty, GOD bless him, took possession of Bristol. The army are in great spirits—and we, his loyal subjects, are thus celebrating his victory. All Wales, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire, are rejoicing upon the happy occasion. Pray Heaven I may live but to see him triumph over his enemies.”—The news was acceptable to the Prince, who, too young to assist his father, could scarcely preserve himself.

“WHILE they were talking, a lovely woman approached with her companions, and saluted CHARLES with a modest grace. Her gentle manners and bashful deportment raised the most unprincipled wishes in his bosom. The evening closed their sports, and succeeding days passed over in the transporting hope that he should conquer the timid maid. His addresses were warm—abrupt—but they were disdainfully repulsed. Yet CHARLES could not give up the ungenerous intention which so long detained him under the hospitable roof, without making every trial of her virtue that his prolific brain, and impetuous desires, suggested—hazarding even the discovery of his real name and situation. LUCY was struck—the son of that king her father almost idolized—the heir of a crown—thus suing for her favour.—O, it was too much for humble innocence to reject—till every means had been tried in vain to secure his honourable vows. His protector, the kind and hospitable landlord who had sheltered him was astonished:—and, though he disdained to purchase the empire of the world by the forfeiture of his LUCY’S chastity—yet, depending upon her prudence and modesty, he suffered her to encourage hopes of a legal union, to which her humble birth could derive no claim;—and forbade not the addresses of a Prince, whom he fondly imagined might raise his family to the highest honours;—thus blindly sacrificing to an unwarrantable ambition, the tranquillity of a life which had hitherto glided on in the unruffled calm of rural peace.

“PRESUMING upon the supposition that his proposals were covertly assented to by Mr. WALTERS, CHARLES would not give up the pursuit, till, in consequence of an indiscreet and dishonourable declaration, the affronted LUCY was sent from Pembrokehire to a worthy aunt who resided in Rotterdam. Offended pride—mortified affection—and a keen sense of the impropriety he had committed, irritated her lover almost to madness—and, in the fury of his passion, he denounced the most terrible imprecations upon those who had deprived him of what he then considered as the delight of his soul.

“WITH an eye of pity Mr. WALTERS beheld the effects of parental caution, while he inwardly rejoiced that his child had escaped the impetuous Prince;—but uniform and steady in his resolution of opposing those designs, which had so nearly proved

destructive to his domestic happiness, he continued inflexibly determined to conceal her present residence, till CHARLES had quitted that part of the world.—But here the cool dictates of judgement were superceded by the successful arts of restless passion, and to the information of an old (and only) servant was Mr. WALTERS indebted for the discovery he had fondly imagined none could make;—and my father corrupted that fidelity, which was open but on the side of avarice, equally the concomitant of wealthy age and ancient penury.

“DELIGHTED at the idea of recovering his lost love, and sacrificing the sweet impulse of gratitude to the indulgence of a less laudable pursuit—he secretly fled from the hospitable cot, and, after a short passage, presented himself before the affrighted LUCY in all the ungovernable ardour of youth, uncontradicted by superior power, and amenable to no one for his present actions. My dearest mother, though strongly guarded by natural reserve, and a sense of that dignity which is ever the criterion of true modesty, could not see the hereditary Prince of England entreating at her feet for pardon, without an internal triumph—but, when he perceived her rectitude was not to be overcome, and that every attempt to destroy the virtue which soared above temptation was ineffectual—and as a compensation for the insult which had driven her from a parent, he offered to raise her to an equality with himself;—*that triumph* was without bounds—she received his vows with transport, and they waited but till Mr. WALTERS could arrive, to ratify the deed. He soon attended a summons, to him so desirable, and accompanied by an English minister, upon whose discretion he had the greatest reliance, hastened to fulfil a contract, which was to secure his daughter’s claim to greatness, and a royal son-in-law to himself—witnessing, at the altar, those vows registered in Heaven, which, though dissipation so soon obliterated from my father’s memory, will ever remain recorded in those tablets he shall one day tremble to behold. Excuse, reverend BRUCE, the bitterness with which a sainted mother’s wrongs tinctures my reflections—upon a parent to whom I am yet, for many obligations, considerably indebted—He gave me titles and estates, but denies me that of his legitimate son—refuses to confirm my legal right to his kingdom. Blessed angel, thou no longer hearest those opprobrious epithets, that once so deeply wounded thy gentle spirit—no longer weepst the cruel desertion, which clouded thy sad days with anguish and sorrow.

“MR. WALTERS had engaged the clergyman to inviolable secrecy, and I was born ten weeks after the massacre of my royal grandfather—born, O horrible!—under the impression of infamy.

“THE troubles, which not even the martyrdom so recently committed could allay, continued, by the violent exertions of party-rage, to block up every access to the throne, and the real heir was necessitated to abdicate the Kingdom he was entitled to command. Holland had now no charms for him—the enchantment was dissolved—the novelty was at an end. My mother, with extreme grief, beheld his preparations to quit her—she would have attended him, but he bluntly refused; and, from that hour, commenced her misfortunes—the miseries she then endured were daily increased, by an accumulation of others yet more dreadful—he left her under the excruciating idea, that the wife of a

Prince, the son of an exiled sovereign, were to be stigmatized with the most cruel odium. There was no resource—the Minister who had married them was fled, prepossessed with a dread of his being called to a severe account for that action, though neither reason nor policy could justify a fear so ill grounded—her father, to whose care she had entrusted the proofs of her marriage, was lost in his return from Holland—her husband! unstable, fickle, and ungenerous—if *he* refused to acknowledge us, there was no resource. How can I think, with patience, on the partial, the unnatural distinction he made? Willing to cover the pretended dishonour of my birth, by loading me with titles, and consigning me to the care of his tried friends—he yet disowned the legality of my mother’s right, and branded with a scandalous imputation the innocent author of my existence.

“UNABLE to resist the torrent of ill fortune, which poured so rapidly upon her, she yet lived in the hope of seeing her once unsullied character cleared from the foul impeachment, and took no pleasure in any thing but the contemplation of her innocent offspring: but even that melancholy satisfaction was, by the mysterious ordination of Heaven, interrupted by an event the most extraordinary—and, what her keenest sagacity could not develope. As she was dutifully acquiescent to every request my father thought essential to prefer—she was induced, while an infant, to consign me to the protection of Mr. GHYSSENS, a merchant of Schiedam, whom she daily visited, for the purpose of embracing her helpless JAMES; and, when the weather permitted, would order her servants to procure a boat, in which she frequently was rowed down the canal. The gentle motion of the little vessel, the cheerful scenes, and clean, delightful villages, that continually presented themselves in these excursions, promised some benefit to her health, which was materially injured by the anxiety of her mind. The weather was now warm enough to make an evening voyage pleasant—she embarked as usual, and was holding out her arms, to take the only comfort of her soul, when the boat was suddenly pushed into the midst of the stream, and she beheld several men surround the nurse and child, whom they immediately put into a small treschught, and, with incredible speed, rowed a contrary way from that she was carried. Dear sufferer! what were thy emotions in that agonizing instant!—O DONALD, I was destined to tear that bosom, with the most exquisite torture, which palpitated with the softest, sweetest emotions for me. She shrieked with vehemence—but there was none to help.—“Save,” she cried, “my JAMES—tear not the strings of my bleeding heart—he is the son of royalty, the child of affliction!—O cruel CHARLES, thou abandonest me to distraction! Bring me my little one—bring him but in safety and I will hide him for ever—we will inhabit the dens of lions—even *they* will respect maternal anguish; we will fly to the rocks, to the caves—my infant shall not know to whom he is indebted for his existence—turn back, hard-hearted men—Pursue the murderers!—What has he done?—fear not, he shall be *no King*—I will rear him in solitude and silence.”

“Indulge me, BRUCE, with a pause—nature feels too pungently the recapitulation of a mother’s woe—what had she done, to be distinguished only by supereminent sorrows!”

A WELCOME interruption closed, for the present, a recital so sad. ARGYLE missed his friend, and sought him throughout the castle in vain, till directing his search towards the sea-side, he discovered the pensive MONMOUTH with folded arms, and eyes fixed upon the strand, perfectly inattentive to his commiserating companion, who considered the appearance of ARGYLE a desirable event, which promised a temporary relief to the Duke's melancholy reflections.

WHILE they were admiring the beauty of the rising moon, which gilded, with a rich and brilliant tint, the extreme edges of some black clouds, that lay parallel with the eastern horizon, MARGARET appeared before them in all the agonies of inexpressible terror—she could not speak, but pointed towards the castle. ARGYLE and MONMOUTH rushed from their recess, as if impelled by *one* motive—which neither could explain, and leaving the venerable BRUCE to follow, with his almost breathless child, they hastened to the spot she had distinguished. A confused murmur increasing as they approached, quickened their speed, and the dread MONMOUTH discovered at his first arrival in the morn, was apparently swallowed up in the hope of that assistance DONALD, in the persons of his vassals, had offered:—but what was the Duke's indignation, surprise, joy, and grief, when he saw a warrior, whose face he immediately recognized, bearing in his arms the helpless form of his ANNA—his adored Duchess—and surrounded by a mixed multitude of Highlanders and Englishmen—the first endeavouring to prevent the ravisher's departure, the latter opposing the skill and resolution of well disciplined troops, to the ferocious attacks of their Scottish adversaries. Not the fiercest lightning could descend with more tremendous force upon the stately oak, than did the blows of the agitated MONMOUTH upon the destroyer of his happiness; who, immediately relinquishing his hold, fell prostrate upon the earth; which his adherents perceiving, they attempted to make their escape, pursued by ARGYLE and the trusty Highlanders, to the mountainous parts of the island—where the chace was stopped by the dispersion of the fugitives—who eluding their irritated foes, took shelter among the almost inaccessible rocks and caves, with which that spot abounded.

POSSESSED of the treasure he had lamented as lost for ever, MONMOUTH thought but of the restoration of that life which seemed feebly hovering upon her lips, nor cast a look upon the wretch whose diabolical villainy had endangered the total extinction of so fair a flower—his tears descended in heavy drops, from his pale and ghastly countenance—he contemplated, with excessive anguish, the death-like complexion of her lovely hands and arms, whose coldness chilled his soul with the most dreadful apprehensions, while motionless and languid they fell inanimate before her.

THE sight of MARGARET, who had just arrived, kindled in MONMOUTH'S bosom a hope of assistance—"Sweet gentle creature," he cried, "accord to this dying angel the tender offices of female kindness—lost, as I imagined, to the possibility of ever seeing her again—I have perhaps only recovered her for the melancholy satisfaction of feeling her last breath respire upon my cheek."

ALREADY overcome by the astonishing scene, MARGARET felt this request strike at the very root of those half formed expectations she had hardly dared to whisper to her heart—and while she hastened to collect the necessary restoratives, and apply them to the insensible Duchess, her eyes were suffused with tears composed of disappointed affection, a sentiment of lively pity, and the sad reflection, that the first offering she had secretly and silently made of a pure and delicate passion, should be returned, rejected, and unacknowledged, to the bosom in which it had received birth—nor had she but one consolation, though that was extremely material; being no less than the certainty, that the place of its existence would be its tomb—as laudable pride, innate modesty, and a natural, yet noble reserve, would ever confine it there.

WHILE the Duke, eagerly bent on the means used for his ANNA'S revival, perceived with transport their efficacy—the author of all this misery, though severely wounded, was slowly withdrawing from a place so full of danger, and would possibly have escaped—but BRUCE, active, though somewhat enfeebled by age, secured the monster, and, aided by MONMOUTH, whose fears for his ANNA now gave way to rage and revenge, seized him, and, in the moment of inconsiderate fury, would have sacrificed him to the injuries he had received: but DONALD would not permit an illustrious hero to stain his great character, by slaughtering a defenceless enemy, though deserving every torture offended justice could inflict, or human nature endure.

“No,” said the Duke, “he shall live—coward, perjured wretch, faithless and despicable—he shall live, to hold forth to mankind a picture of every vice that can render him an abhorrence to society—confined within a dreary prison, he shall ask in vain that pity his wicked heart never granted to the misfortune of another—he shall live—no more the scourge of his fellow-creatures, but a warning and an example.”

SULLEN, unrepenting, and disdainful of the man he had wronged, the warrior cried, “Be it as you will—bring me my chains—conduct me to my prison:—but remember and tremble, *Monmouth is not yet King of England*, he has no legal power over his Monarch's subjects—let him doom to death the wretch within his rapacious gripe—still, he should not forget that the uplifted axe is sharpened, which lately silenced so many traitors.”

“TAKE him hence,” said the Duke: “pardon the necessity, my friend, which induces me to ask some obscure corner of your castle for this boaster's residence, till he can be conducted to a habitation more gloomy, more lonely, and consequently more fitting for crimes like his.”

“He shall be conveyed,” said BRUCE, “to yonder low vault, which lies towards the sea—nor, vile as his crimes have made him, shall he be destitute of the help his situation demands.”—So saying, he was conducted to the room the humane DONALD had appointed; where his hurts were examined—which proved more terrible in appearance than reality, and a guard was set over him, lest some of those who had fled should endeavour to liberate an enemy so dangerous.

THE recovery of his amiable consort, called her noble husband's attention, from the indulgence of well-grounded resentment, to a scene replete with extatic gratitude, and thankful joy—and he tasted, in the pure delight of a conjugal embrace, the highest happiness heaven could bestow:— “And dost thou live again,” he said, “my ANNA!— shall I once more enjoy thy sweet converse, untinged with foreboding perplexities, unclouded by fear? Shall that horrible incendiary no longer poison our tranquillity, with base suspicions, and jealous doubts—no longer treacherously undermine a confidence so sacred.”

WITH a soft sigh, and eyes swimming in tears, arising from innumerable sensations, among which the most delicate tenderness was predominant, she could not directly articulate the answer her heart would have dictated; till, in a feeble, hesitating accent, she murmured the genuine expression of a soul nearly overcome with the view of unexpected felicity.

IN this charming interchange of bliss they were interrupted by the arrival of ARGYLE, who congratulated his friends, in all the rough sincerity of ancient heroism. His presence, and the Duchess's visible weakness, induced MARGARET to solicit that lady to take the repose her state required. To this proposal the Duke added his suffrage; and ARGYLE saw, with inward vexation, the readiness with which it was accepted:— they passed him in their way to the chamber, and he availed himself of the opportunity which occurred, in pressing to his lips the hand of his beloved, as she went out of the door. Her confusion was visible to the Duchess, who noticed, with some concern, the scorn her favourite incurred; for the Earl was her *husband's* friend, and had been *her* protector:—how much then did she wish his worth might be rewarded in the possession of so much beauty and gracefulness, as was visible in the person and behaviour of her hospitable entertainer—but that fate, which, for the wisest purposes, counteracts our designs, and suffers not the purposes of a wilful heart to be gratified, forbid the union ARGYLE had planned.

THE benevolent BRUCE, happy in the idea of contributing to the peace and convenience of his fellow-creatures, arose the next morning serenely cheerful; and conducting his guests to their simple repast, with that frankness, ever the characteristic of true hospitality, recommended to their notice those viands he thought most suitable to their taste. The Duchess and MARGARET were not present, as a state of repose was judged most beneficial to the illustrious invalid; and her fair attendant felt herself pleased with an excuse so natural.

When breakfast was concluded, ARGYLE related the circumstances of his evening's pursuit. DONALD was alarmed to hear the Englishmen had retired to those difficult passes, known before only to his countrymen—and proposed sending out a party to drive them from those places of defence; though he could not help lamenting the necessity of distressing people, whose greatest fault might be an attachment to their leader:—this was a difficulty not easily obviated; as it was impossible to get from the island without boats. But ARGYLE, who had his reasons for extirpating a people bent

upon MONMOUTH'S destruction, entreated DONALD to give him the command of the clan he should nominate for that business;—his wish was granted, and the Earl went, with the utmost alacrity, to rout an enemy he so much detested.

WITH sentiments totally different from those which had embittered the relation of his life, the Duke gladly acceded to his venerable friend's request to continue a narrative so interesting—and was the more ready to comply, from a desire that BRUCE should become possessed of all the events preceding his ANNA'S happy deliverance; as her explanation would the more naturally follow.

“I HAVE already told you,” said MONMOUTH, “the dreadful event which tortured my unhappy mother's feelings;—but in vain were her piercing cries—her tears were fruitless—her distracted emotions disturbed not the apathy of those who were appointed to tear her from what she held so dear.—Cold and unfeeling, they beheld her strong convulsive agonies, nor attempted to unclasp her hands, which were twisted in her hair; and it was only with a view to their own safety, that they prevented her leaping into the canal.—At last, wearied and exhausted with the various agitations both of her body and mind, she suffered them to obey the orders of her persecutors, without farther opposition—and they carried her to a village some miles distant from Schiedam, where the humanity of a Dutch lady, to whom she was not quite unknown, was conspicuously held out to her relief—and she revived only to a painful sense of the loss she had endured.

“MRS. MEYERS, to whom she related the shocking circumstance, immediately accompanied her back to Mr. GHYSSENS,—and every expedient was put in practice for the recovery of her lost infant, which tender friendship and generous pity could invent.—Upon this part of my life hangs a mystery, which time itself cannot unravel—the most probable conjectures concerning it are, that my father's enemies, knowing his pretensions, by my birth, were strengthened in the male line, had recourse to the cruel expedient of tearing a child from the arms of its parent, with an intention, probably, of secreting it for ever in a convent, or depriving it of that life which must weaken their hopes; plainly proving, if it was so, the legality of its claim.

“WRETCHED in the idea that I was sacrificed to the Catholic system, my fond and anxious mother left no place unsearched—no scheme untried—that bore the most distant probability of reviving a hope which three months had almost extinguished;—when, after a fatiguing journey, she arrived late one evening at Loosdymen; and, harrassed by repeated successful applications, retired to her chamber, melancholy and almost despairing. It was in the height of summer—the heat, which, even in that climate, is for some weeks extremely fervent, prevented the repose she ardently wished to take. She arose, and opened her window—it was profusely ornamented with jessamine in full bloom.—The moon was at the full, and threw a clear radiance over the extended level, which was only varied by numberless canals, intersecting each other, and added by their lucid reflection to the silver light. A soft whispering under the window made her start. The voice, though scarcely distinguishable, struck her with an eager desire to see the person to whom it belonged. The apartment, though detached from the rest of the inn, was

open to the garden. She softly descended into the lower room, where two women were in earnest discourse. Her entrance interrupted them;—but, great GOD, what was her perturbation, when, in the person of one of them, she discovered THERESA—the identical servant to whose care her darling child had been entrusted—and who was taken away by the assassins that murdered her peace!

“WHERE,” she cried, in a tone of horror, “where is my son? Speak—Restore my little JAMES.—”

“THE girl, nearly breathless with mingled joy and affright, held up her hand—“Silence, dear lady,” she cried, “for Heaven’s sake, do not be impatient.—We are prisoners—but you will deliver us.—Our guards are sleeping yonder,” pointing to another door, which was fastened upon them.—“They cannot know of the entrance through which you came.—They are doubtless commanded by a superior power—and their fidelity is not to be corrupted.”

“BUT my child—tell me THERESA—is he safe?”

“HE is, dear Madam.—But retire, and I will bring him to you.”

“DISTRACTED between hopes and fears, my mother, nevertheless, had prudence to restrain all tumultuous expression of her transport; when, silently and cautiously, THERESA approached a small pallet-bed, on which lay the innocent object of mysterious intrigue, and bore her sleeping charge to her enraptured mistress; who, with trembling anxiety, pressed her recovered innocent to the bosom that throbbed with transport—against the cheek that unconsciously sought the maternal warmth of so soft a pillow; and safely reached the upper apartment.—Description here must be perfectly feeble—a child thus unexpectedly and suddenly restored to its maternal protector—at the moment when every prospect of seeing it again was totally obscured—what must be her feelings? Who could coldly contemplate such an event? I can only say it was the excess of rapture—the feast of the soul.

“EVEN my royal father, when acquainted with this miraculous incident, shuddered at the danger I had escaped; and, upon his accession to the throne of Scotland, he prevailed upon his widowed mother, HENRIETTA MARIA, to receive me at Paris. To such a noble relation my unfortunate parent was easily induced to resign me; and, with tears and blessings, entrusted me to the faithful THERESA, who was kept about my person, by the command of my royal relatives.

“THE safety of her son, thus powerfully secured, this estimable woman could not be ingrateful; and she wrote a tender and truly affectionate epistle to his careless father, acknowledging a deep sense of gratitude for the protection he had procured for him; and delicately hinting, how much it concerned his honour, as a king—his faith, as a man—his duty, as a parent—and his affection, as a husband—to wipe off the stain her enemies had fastened on her character, by proving the legitimacy of his son and heir, and publicly

confessing the true nature of the engagement between them. Was she to blame, my friend, for thus asserting the purity of her claim? Was she to be condemned for an attempt, at least, to awaken in her husband's soul the flame of conjugal affection:—A flame, before which prudence, ambition, hereditary greatness, and filial duty, had vanished, as the light vapours of the earth, when dispersed by a fervid sun. But the warm effusion of unsatisfied passion, pleaded no more as an excuse for the rashness judgement would condemn. Cold, comfortless, and studious of a dishonourable evasion, was the answer, dictated by duplicity; and, in each guarded expression, my mother beheld the refutation of every assertion, which a sense of delicacy had prompted her of late to publish, and the extinction of every bright expectation.

“THUS then,” she cried, “are my expiring hopes of legal justice stopped at their source. Nothing short of this horrible conviction could have totally overthrown those faint, and, at last, extinguished notions, that a shocking want of the principles of humanity were not among those failings. I have often wept in silence;—alas! must I only, through the medium of my child's prosperity, view the distinction which a husband's neglect tinctures with imputed shame! O strange inconsistency; titles—honours—a gloried in attachment, mark his boasted right in my beloved JAMES. The fruit, alas, is tenderly cherished—it is watered by the rich dew-drops of paternal love;—it blooms in the garden of the great, and lifts up its head to the cheering warmth of a vernal air; basking and expanding before the bright beams of a courtly sun;—while the maternal root, neglected, and exposed to the unwary step of the incautious traveller, withers in its obscurity—left to the mercy of blighting winds, and sinking—even perishing—through the rude attack of untimely frost.”—Dear sufferer! her words were in some degree prophetic—the disappointment she lamented threw her into long and violent faintings. Her constitution could not resist a shock so violent. The powers of discrimination were enfeebled—her mind partook of the disorder which unhinged her tender frame; and a long and peaceful insensibility followed the ravings of an unconquered spirit.

“THOUGH extremely young at the time, I have yet strongly in remembrance, the agonised emotions which wrung my childish heart, when introduced to an object the most affecting nature could hold forth, to a soul ever keenly susceptible of the sorrow it could not relieve. The uniformed eye—the motionless hand—the vacant gaze—and woe worn countenance of a mother, whose misfortunes had been familiarized to my soul by the faithful THERESA, from the moment I became capable of receiving a proper impression, conveyed such ideas to my tortured heart, as no following occurrence, however distressing, could more mournfully supply, or tint with a deeper colour, than that which overshadowed with the melancholy hue of despair every latent hope of her recovery.

“IT was with the utmost difficulty I was borne from the breathing corpse, that seemed dropping, as it were, into an opened grave; nor could find any comfort in the answer given to my repeated enquiries. That she still existed, was a matter of surprize to all who witnessed that deep and direful sleep of the intellects, which gave a doubtful resolution to the questions her attendants were continually in the habit of hearing;—though, perhaps, to that silent and fragile state she languished under, might be attributed

the unexpected, though partial restoration of her reason; which first discovered itself in a sudden, violent, and convulsive flood of tears—induced by a natural expression of *my* sorrow, while hanging over her bed, and contemplating those features, once informed with every charm, now divested of their first attraction, animation.

“WHEN the storm of tender passion was in some degree subsided, and the necessary volatiles had been administered, she took my hand into both her’s, trembling, emaciated, and scarcely able to grasp it;—then, with a low, inward voice, cried, “It is my JAMES—it is the son of misfortune!—they will not deprive me of a sight so precious:—Long have I wished—long have I sought him;—I looked into the confines of the tomb, but they had not hidden him there:—No, nor yet did the ethereal air bring upon its downy wings the treasure I desired;—yet, when I called he heard me.”—She was interrupted—her wild and devious senses were not equal to the rapture of the moment. She sunk from my arms, which were extended to catch her; when the grasping eagerness with which she held me, was succeeded by such extreme weakness as obliged her to relax her hold—and her half closed eye, yet fixed upon me, though dim, and totally without lustre, was filled with an inexpressible tenderness; and she appeared, the sweet, resigned victim of unmerited afflictions.

“VARIOUS, from that period, were the symptoms of her disorder; but I was not long permitted to watch those various turns of it. The royal relative who had condescended to inspect the first rudiments of my learning, sent an order, no one dare dispute, for my immediate return to France—the humanity which had induced her to send me to Holland, for the purpose of visiting a dying parent, had no claim strong enough in her breast, to protract my stay till her destiny was determined—I wept—my very soul seemed to cling to the bosom which had fostered my helpless infancy—the very idea of my departure unsettled that judgement, no longer distinguished by calmness, fortitude, or equanimity; and I left her, under the excruciating supposition, that she had relapsed into decided madness.

“MELANCHOLY and unhappy, I was often upon the point of escaping from my tutors, to attend the beloved parent, whose indisposition was heightened by an absence, enforced by superior power—but the attention of those about me, prevented the many little schemes I had fabricated from succeeding; and several years were passing over my head, unenlightened by careless juvenility, and at no time gilded by youthful hopes.

“SITTING one memorable day in the closet appropriated to study, and accompanied only by a faithful friend, I was surprised at the appearance of THERESA; who, from the hour her services were no longer deemed important to me, had retired to Holland, where the affectionate girl dedicated her whole time to the care of my poor mother, soothing her wild excentric imagination, when under the influence of insanity; and arguing, comforting and consoling her, when a feeble glimmer of reason shed a beam of recollection on the dismal colour of her fate. The foreboding countenance, which spoke a thousand unwelcome tidings—forbid those enquiries I could not gather courage to make—THERESA saw the distressful conflict, but she could not relieve it—her tears

were prophetic of all I dreaded—You may speak, THERESA, I cried; you may tell me—my mother is no more—yes, I can hear you with fortitude—I may weep, but what is *my* anguish to the innumerable floods which have deluged *her* eyes—if she *be* sainted, who shall dare to lament the very circumstance by which her happiness is at last secured.

“I HAVE,” said the worthy creature, “a sad and disagreeable narrative to relate; and am thankful to that goodness, which enables you at these early years, to extract the essence from that bitter cup all must taste.”

“I am prepared, THERESA; delay not a recital nature shudders to hear, while reason corrects her weakness.” She bowed in dutiful acquiescence, and with a reluctant sigh, informed me, that, after my departure, her Lady’s ravings were incessant, nor did they intermit till, conquered by their own ungovernable violence, they sunk into the faint and languid expression of exhausted insanity. Whole days, deprived of light and society, would she linger in solitary sadness—sometimes conversing, in a low tone, with those fancied beings her deranged intellects supplied to the wanderings of an unsettled mind—sometimes calm, clear, and collected, she would advert to that unfortunate situation, which the fatal indulgence of ambition had induced. These intervals of sense became more frequent, till her constant attendant began to remit her usual watchfulness—and suffered her to take the air, without being subject to the eternal caution of those appointed to guard a harmless maniac. A strong desire of visiting England was now uppermost in her thoughts—her love for the neglectful object of it, urged the propriety of this plan;—invariably obstinate in the pursuit of this scheme, she would hear of no dissuasives, agree to no rejection of an intention, which promised nothing less than a confirmation of her wishes. Who was to contradict a deserted woman, already lost to the world, and every other connection, but those which had shook her very brain? Little preparations were necessary for such a voyage—THERESA followed the destiny of her hapless mistress, and the vessel landed them in safety at the Tower—fatigued, disordered, and scarcely able to articulate a question. She turned a disgusted ear from the artillery upon the wharf, which was discharging its awful thunder, at the moment she put her feet upon the steps; a carriage received her harrassed frame, and she was conveyed towards Westminster, amidst a confused and joyous populace, whose acclamations, joined to the ringing of bells, the preparations for bonfires, and illuminations in the highest stile of elegance, recalled her scattered spirits so far as to occasion her to express a faint curiosity to know the reasons for this unusual appearance. Alas! the cause was not wholly unknown to THERESA, who trembled for her unhappy Lady, and the resolution she had formed of proceeding directly to Whitehall.—My mother was satisfied with the ambiguous and awkward evasion of her conscious confidant, and again relapsed into dejected lassitude—till casting a look at the encreasing multitude which impeded her progress—

“AH!” she cried, “for whom do these bursts of applause rend the air? It is not for me, or my beloved JAMES, these testimonies of rude affection are shewn.—Unnoticed, disregarded, defamed, and cruelly dishonoured—no welcome greetings salute *my* ears—dreadful recollection—no tender partner waits impatient for *my* arrival—but yet,” said she, suddenly raising her eyes to Heaven, “I may wrong him—perhaps when this fragile

form shall sink before him—he may feel an honest shame for the woes he has inflicted—yes, THERESA, we may yet be happy.” The colour with which animating hope had tinted her cheek—the brilliancy which had informed, with foreboding lustre, her beauteous orbs—soon vanished with the extatic sensation that had revived them; and she arrived at Charing-cross, in the same listless state in which she performed her voyage. It was impossible to proceed—the croud had completely wedged in the useless vehicle, and it was fixed near that of Lord SHAFTSBURY’S, whom she had formerly known. He immediately quitted his carriage, and went into hers—his countenance expressing a melancholy sympathy, awoke in my mother’s bosom a maddening suspicion—she caught his hand—“Why are you here, my Lord?—what means this strange confusion?—wherefore do these uncommon preparations every where meet my eye?—ah! you do not answer me:—There is a dreadful mystery couched in the intelligence you fear to communicate.—Where is your royal master?—I must see him—he can inform me—he will pierce, unreluctant, a heart which has ever retained his image to the exclusion of peace and happiness:—but we again move forward, and I hope to conviction.”—Dear helpless angel—she was *indeed* soon convinced—. Though more than equal to the deep intrigues state policy was ever forming against him—though the touch of pity seldom operated upon feelings dutifully subordinate to the more manly principles, actuated by a vast and grasping mind—SHAFTSBURY could not decide the poor sufferer’s fate without a sincere repugnance, and hesitated in the disclosure of a fact he dreaded would produce the most direful consequences:—but her rapid guesses, saved the explanation friendship would have kept back. She looked at him with a penetrating awful steadiness—“Speak not, my Lord,” she said, “you need not—*He is married*—” The composure of her air, the expressive silence which followed those few decisive words—made SHAFTSBURY’S affirmation unnecessary, and he was not sorry to be saved the task of reconciling her to an *event*, which, unskilled as he was in the nature of her disposition, seemed from a knowledge of its certainty to give the fortitude it in effect overcame. With difficulty they escaped the croud, and, without resistance, my mother permitted them to carry her to a relation of his Lordship’s; but, with horror THERESA perceived her wretched mistress had again fallen into a melancholy paroxysm of insanity, nor could her most affecting entreaties extract one word from the unconscious invalid.

“FOR several days she preserved a silence so distressing, when suddenly starting from the gloom which had overpowered every active faculty, and appearing as if she resumed the discourse so fatal to her repose—“*I will see him*,” she cried, “who shall keep a lawful wife from the husband of her choice—*ah! choice—how dear—how destructive*—” all restraint was now at an end; the mistaken tenderness of those to whose care SHAFTSBURY had entrusted the poor Lady, permitted not the exercise of that coercion necessary to her unhappy state; and, as arguments were useless where reason dictated not the opposition made to them—THERESA could only attend in submissive sorrow the excentric motions of her mistress, whose every idea was now concentrated in that of seeking an interview with the King. When the mornings were serene enough to admit a hope of meeting company in the park, my mother, with that subtlety so usual to an insane person in pursuit of a scheme, the formation of which solely occupied a disturbed brain,

would linger whole hours, attended by THERESA, near the spot where she yet hoped to meet the cause of all her miseries.

IT was just at the period when CHARLES, in defiance of duty, love—every principle that can distinguish man from the brute, who is less culpable, because less enlightened—determined to sacrifice the sacred claims of an unoffending son, a virtuous faithful partner—to the cold prudential motives dictated by political selfishness, and meanly tendered a guilty hand to the Infanta of Portugal, whose vast possessions, procured to her ambition a gratification uninfluenced by the sweet and gentle hope of reigning supreme in a heart, to which even the connubial engagement could give no legal title—but to be a Queen, was, in that lady’s estimation, a sufficient succedaneum for the happiness my father could not bestow. The pride of royalty supplying all the innumerable softnesses for ever expected, and for ever bestowed, where mutual confidence and mutual tenderness sanctifies the delightful union. It was well for CATHERINE that a love of pomp was united to the insensible gloom, generally characteristic of the Spaniards; which, in her disposition, tended to the exclusion of every humble sentiment, and proved her, though of Portuguese extraction, a descendant of that consequential nation, as it deadened that exquisite sensibility, which, irritated by CHARLES’S future conduct, must otherways have bled upon a thousand points.

“THE festive rejoicings which saluted the fair LUCY upon her first landing in England, was in consequence of the King’s marriage—and CATHERINE’S birth-day, which soon succeeded, renewed the general joy,—On the morning of that awful day, my hapless parent entered upon her usual peregrination, a vast croud interrupted her melancholy steps, and the loud acclamations of, “Long live the King and Queen,” almost petrified her: she gazed upon THERESA—but her eyes conveyed such a dreadful meaning—so much horror was contained in that look as clearly demonstrated the sad conviction her tortured soul could no longer doubt.—Pressing into the thickest of the throng, with a vehemence scarcely to be resisted, and passing the guards—whose presence constituted in those days a necessary ceremony—she stood before the royal pair—God! what surprise—terror—guilt—and confusion almost convulsed his Majesty’s features, when, in the attitude of distraction, he saw the desolate undone LUCY—the first object of those vows so lightly tendered to many succeeding beauties.

“HE beheld the fair, gentle, and long abused victim to treachery,—beheld her at the moment when no means of recompence offered to lighten the load of guilt which oppressed his bosom almost to suffocation.—Her emaciated form was sunk upon the ground—her delicate hand held up to the wretched author of her sorrows as if demanding pity and redress!—With a wild and agonizing shriek, she resisted the humane attempt of several soldiers who endeavoured to raise her. THERESA could not get near enough to assist her, and was almost as frantic as the despairing maniac, who, with a momentary force, again disengaged herself, and kneeling before the mute astonished CHARLES—“One moment,” she cried, “only one moment of the many dedicated to splendor, luxury; and thoughtless conviviality—I ask no more—hear but my supplication before I go hence—my child—the legal heir of your kingdom—by me requests an acknowledged

legitimacy—no longer condemned to the obscurity his birth should protect him from—by me he asks the honors due to the race of STUART.”

“BEAR her hence,” said CHARLES: “is Majesty to be insulted by the claims of insanity?”—“I will not go, Madam,” turning to the Queen, “adopt my child—be a mother to him—the place you have been taught to consider as your right is *mine*—but I am gone—just gone:—Nobody will upbraid my husband with my injuries.—The noble HENRIETTA fosters my son—but with *you* it remains to call him to greatness.” CATHERINE was affected—pity, rage, contempt, even tenderness, produced the most striking revolutions on her countenance. She saw she had been deceived—she saw the King’s complexion tinged with conscious grief—she felt the indignity he had offered in espousing her as a free agent; but it was no time to express the rage of disappointed pride, which burnt up the tears that scalded as they fell.

“MY mother’s exertions became too powerful for the temporary strength which decided phrenzy had raised and supported—she sunk in the arms of a soldier, who turned his face aside to wipe away the effusion humanity made glorious to him—such was his agitation he could hardly support her, and the soft drops that gathered in the eye of true courage, dropt insensibly on the pale inanimate face, by the distressed appearance of which they were extorted. There was contagion in his artless grief—it spread far and wide. CHARLES stamped, and in a tone of ill-concealed anguish, commanded they should take her to some place of safety: she opened her eyes as they were passing, and caught his hand. He shuddered at the touch—but it was not dislike that shook his whole system; it was not abhorrence that informed his looks as she lifted her heavy eye to his; it was—a soft thrill of recollected bliss, that passed from his heart to the hand she pressed. It was—O my God—it was but the momentary extacy never to be repeated; for, after a strong and sudden convulsion, she relaxed her hold—and—O BRUCE, pardon her beloved son, while he pauses one minute upon the circumstance that followed.

“YES, it was almost too shocking for repetition—the spotless soul escaped in that awful moment. Lifeless—like the lilly hung her lovely head—her arms fell motionless by her sides.—It was a scene too poignant for the Queen, who perceiving the terrible catastrophe, could not bear up against the unexpected denouement—and was carried off hardly sensible. But my father, in the pride of greatness—in the possession of recovered rights—adored by his people, and of an age and turn to seek and enjoy pleasure—felt—how inefficacious were those advantages, when deprived of the consolation innocence bestows—and sighed for the hour of retirement, that he might indulge his wearied soul in the open expression of stifled grief—

“THE angel, whose sufferings were now forever terminated, was conveyed through a pitying multitude, whose sighs and tears were envied by the unhappy CHARLES at the instant when his heart was wrung, and every fibre strained to the most painful excess—for oh! what must be the feelings of her *murderer*?—But I will now gather into my own bosom the sorrows which such a repetition must naturally excite—when the page of my dear mother’s sufferings is sanctified by the tears of a stranger—

sacred be those generous effusions which adorn my friend's venerable face.—THERESA followed the sad cavalcade to the abode SHAFTSBURY had chosen for them, where she was soon joined by that nobleman, who confessed he had received the commands of Majesty to have the remains of my mother interred with the utmost splendour. Vain hope of making the amends no earthly grandeur could supply; for what were the sable plumes and costly trappings, to a soul torn from its lovely habitation by the rude violence of barbarous insensibility: well might CHARLES sacrifice in friendless solitude, the tear of pity to the memory of that fair and faded flower he had so cruelly cropped, whose fragrance he had destroyed, whose delicacy he had sullied, and whose pure and lively tints his bold hand had expunged—well might he shun his Queen's society, or, when dragged by hated ceremony to grace the banquet with his royal presence, no wonder he would peevishly contradict, or coldly disregard the haughty CATHERINE, who, from that period, found her dislike justified by his neglectful behaviour.

“BUT though neither pity, justice, nor humanity, could plead a helpless woman's cause, her last solemn injunctions were not totally uncomplied with; and I was brought forward with every advantage but the only one essential to my future glory;—alas, it was long 'ere I surmounted the shock THERESA'S information communicated; and looked with a cold reservedness upon the apparent eagerness with which my father planned his son's advancement. The simple denomination of JAMES CROFTS, was lost in the high-sounding title of JAMES, Duke of MONMOUTH. Fortune, dignity, all that expressed the shadow of greatness, without its reality, distinguished even my early youth;—but as the purity of my dear mother's ideas descended to me, with the pretensions that had long embittered her life, I could not see myself deprived of a right to those pretensions, without the most pungent grief.

“THE death of HENRIETTA put a period to my residence in France; and I came to England, with a fixed and invariable dislike to the Duke of York, whose determined and gloomy bigotry to the Romish faith, had already filled my father's subjects with sentiments similar to my own;—but what were their predictions, when CHARLES settled the succession, in failure of his own male issue, upon his proud and deceitful brother? effectually by that stroke depriving me of every chance my sanguine soul had hitherto appropriated, of one day mounting a throne I was born to. The nearness of blood in which I stood to this jealous claimant of unmerited royalty, and the affection which was accorded me by all ranks of people, together with the partiality my father expressed for the son of his youth, aroused suspicions in that furious zealot, which my careless and independant manners strengthened. He saw in me a formidable rival, and scrupled not, by the meanest subterfuges, to inculcate opinions to my discredit, whenever he could obtain the ear of Majesty. Open, disdainng servility, and secure in a firm reliance upon the ascendancy I had gained over the King—my soul spurned the idea of retaliation; and the marked contempt of my behaviour irritated, where prudence perhaps would have urged the necessity of conciliation.—But who can inspire ardent youth with the practice of reason's cold, phlegmatic precepts? whose fiery activeness prevents the operation of discriminating judgement. With pain my father witnessed the daily bickerings between a son and brother; which were heightened by those, whose interest lay with either party, and

rendered the court perfectly uncomfortable. Indeed he saw more deeply into the Duke's designs, than my inexperience could fathom—but no one could more certainly develop those designs than SHAFTSBURY;—that nobleman, who had passed much of his life in the intricate study of politics, felt nothing of the true patriotism, which shuts our eyes to every object that may interfere with the love we owe our country, deadens the sense of corporeal punishment, and gives dignity to the axe and scaffold—nor did a review of the evils JAMES'S future administration might produce, at all influence his sentiments respecting that Prince's pretensions: but thoroughly provoked by his duplicity, shallow understanding, and low cunning—he thought proper to encourage me in the claim I made no scruple of asserting, when stung by the illiberal reflections of the artful Duke.

“MY youth, situation, and warm, impetuous disposition, proved not the smallest obstacles to those rapid promotions his Majesty was pleased to indulge me with; and my successes in the important offices delegated me, confirmed CHARLES in his inclination to seek every occasion of exalting the poor LUCY'S offspring. A circumstance happened about this time, which, while it filled the nation with foreboding horrors, induced my countrymen to turn their eyes with additional affection upon me. The Duke of York, willing to strengthen his attachment to a Popish belief, thought proper to send proposals of marriage to MARY, sister to FRANCIS Duke of Modena; to which my father unhappily consented, and, by so doing, gave a just suspicion of his own religious principles tending that way. The parliament declaimed vehemently against a measure so dangerous;—the people remonstrated; and at length, induced by a sense of his own precarious circumstances, CHARLES was necessitated to relax in an affair he was obliged to put a negative upon, and deprived the Earl of Shaftsbury of his office, as the Chancellor, while secretly favouring my cause, was suspected of leaning more strongly towards JAMES: but this seeming severity prevented not the celebration of their nuptials, and grounded a rooted aversion in those bosoms, that had never before admitted a thought, derogatory to the duty which had uniformly descended from father to son, and for which their best blood had flowed, their hereditary possessions been forfeited, and their domestic comforts destroyed.

“The increasing hatred that subsisted between JAMES and myself, induced the King to express an inclination for my taking the command of some troops, destined to foreign service. The thirst of glory, so natural to youthful minds, prevented the slightest opposition to his will; and, when the campaign was finished, I returned laden with applause, crowned with success—and the more immediate object of my uncle's fears and apprehensions, which the joyous clamour of a giddy populace improved to a degree scarcely supportable. That envy, jealousy, and just dread the Duke had conceived against a competitor so highly countenanced by his numerous enemies, were powerful bars to the happiness his second marriage could not ensure. My residence at court, and increasing influence, shook his most sanguine hopes; and, unable to witness what he could not prevent, he retired to Brussels.

“WHAT now remained to check the laudable expectations I had encouraged—The King—pardon me, DONALD, for thus freely impeaching the public conduct of him,

whose private character not the grossest pencil of adulation could describe as faultless—the King had added the most glaring proofs of a weak administration, to errors of a more domestic nature;—he became arbitrary, even cruel—the lowest and most contemptible vipers, that can blast the peace of a generous People, were by him countenanced and supported;—informing wretches, who had before served the purpose of an opposite faction, were now brought forward by that deluded Prince;—vile reptiles, who, hanging upon the pure and wholesome tree, blighted with their poisonous breath the fair blossom of liberty, while they extracted its invaluable sweets. The gentle, the honourable, the aged, boasted no antidote powerful enough to counteract the baleful effects of perjured information. STAFFORD, thou noble, and ever to be lamented martyr, not thy spotless character, numerous years, earnest protestations of innocence, and pure integrity, could rescue thee from the gripe of infamous tyranny. Even the vulgar herd, unused to oppose the general stream of credulous belief, wept in testimony of thy injuries; and, while contemplating that meek and heavenly countenance, upon which time had impressed a thousand venerable wrinkles, shuddered to behold the impending axe, ready to deprive thee of thy little remnant of existence. SHAFTSBURY also felt the rod of oppression—who dropping the veil so long held between the King and his principles, declared publicly his intention of supporting my future claim against the Duke of York, and was confined some months in the Tower. These impolitical proceedings, therefore, served only to confirm my numerous adherents in their resolution of raising me to the throne after my father's decease: but as an open expression of their sentiments was not at present safe, or necessary—and as the general dislike his Majesty's subjects had conceived against the Duke, was attributed to my insinuations by the Catholic party, who had influenced CHARLES to withdraw that confidence my services and consanguinity demanded, upon a suspicion that the brilliancy of my exploits would obscure his brother's fame—it occurred to me to solicit permission to visit the northern counties; wishing my absence might contribute to silence the turbulence of faction, which every day broke forth in illegal accusations, and incessant applications for justice. The facility with which my request was granted, was clearly the effect of lately-conceived disgust—and I departed in the full persuasion, that a public adoption of my views would totally annihilate the parental tenderness I once fondly fancied no earthly occurrence could deprive me of.

“AS my aim, in this excursion, pointed materially to the securing an interest among the Scottish nobility, and their vassals, I embraced every opportunity of conciliating their confidence, engaging their esteem, and cautiously unfolding the plan, which I hoped would meet their concurrence. It *did* meet their concurrence;—all ranks, all parties, all ages, entered into schemes which promised every advantage the gloomy JAMES was secretly striking at;—and my everlasting gratitude was engaged, by their reception of me as heir-apparent. How soothing to the laudable ambition which burnt in my glowing bosom, were the numerous invitations I accepted from the noble chiefs of the various clans inhabiting the Highlands;—and what strange, transporting sensations palpitated my heart, when introduced to the Earl of BUCCLEUGH'S romantic seat; for there I first beheld the enchanting ANNA SCOTT. Gentle creature, never shall I forget the various graces that broke upon my dazzled sight, when introduced by thy noble parent—Ah! do I not now behold that unspeakable sweetness—that gracious modesty—

that mild, yet fascinating expression, which played upon her lovely countenance—those languid azure eyes—that air of conscious dignity. “Such,” said I to my empassioned soul, “be the woman I would raise to a throne;—those charms—that form—would give consequence to royalty. What numberless ideas confused my disordered mind, passing too crowded and rapidly to be ascertained.

“MONMOUTH,” said the Earl, “my daughter hopes to congratulate you as her future liege.” He smiled— “Accept her dutiful obedience.” O, BUCCLEUGH! wary—deep—well read in the study of the human heart, how couldst thou offer that obedience my soul was already prostrate to return!

“THE Duke is a courtier, my ANNA,” continued the Earl, “do you not wonder at his silence.” What pure, what deepening tints overspread her polished cheek at this remark, and the action which accompanied it—for he put her trembling hand into mine. With the reverence of an Anchorite I conveyed it to my lips. “Excuse, Madam,” I cried, “the freedom with which I accept this invaluable obligation.

“O, HOW she looked—but you have seen my ANNA—and, though terror, sickness, and fatigue, may discountenance the credit I would exact for my description—yet she *was* then more than the tongue of enraptured love can define. How did the prospect of future glory, though gilded by ambition’s sun, vanish from my eager perception, when obscured by the humbler enjoyments of domestic bliss. How faintly shone those bright and well-founded schemes, when overpowered by the indescribable hope of calling ANNA mine. The moments passed with a rapidity I never before experienced. She listened, while rambling through the vast and various mazes of her father’s rude, yet magnificent gardens, to the effusions of my ardent affections, with a chaste and modest attention; and, when touching with inimitable taste, grace, and expression, the sweet lute—ethereal harmony lulled my senses. Sometimes, when retired from the tumult of a joyous croud, whose prognostications of my success were enforced with a potency too violent for the ear of delicacy—she would sooth her MONMOUTH’S soul with her prudent plans of future felicity, or recite, in its genuine purity, the charming production of FINGAL. With what sacred delight my bosom palpitated in those delicious minutes!—but this charming delirium could not continue.

“THE Earl, with a frankness characteristic of ancient nobleness, called back the purpose which had given way to love, and roused the dormant principles of laudable power.— “MONMOUTH,” he said, “to you the sons of Caledonia look up, for the future protection of their rights and privileges;—they tremble for the safety of those tender infants *your* resolution must preserve. The massacre at Pentland-hills still agonizes their souls—and the execrable memory of DALZIEL turns the milk of human kindness to sanguinary intentions of exemplary vengeance. Loiter not, then, in the lap of indolence, while JAMES, at Edinburgh, is striving to establish an opinion of your illegitimacy. My child is your’s—she is the blessing upon which I lean for happiness. In giving her to the heir of a contested crown, I expose her to a thousand dangers;—her fate will be eminently distinguished, but it will be interwoven with MONMOUTH’S. Should female tenderness,

at the moment your well-planned schemes are ripening into dangerous action, shrink from the bold hope of success; and, in the contemplation of inglorious safety, venture to breathe the smallest wish, incompatible with the vast projects you have formed, listen not to the weak insinuation;—cast her from your bosom, as unworthy a confidence so noble; nor think that a parent, though he trembles for her future welfare, will countenance her cowardly fears, which would raise an indignant blush upon a cheek unused to glow, but when the sacred calls of honour force the burning blood through every beating vein.

“WHAT a solemn charge!—What a sweet and lovely gift!—“Yes;” I cried, while with a bent knee I accepted the hand, sanctified by consenting love, and the rich approbation of a powerful ally—“Yes, BUCCLEUGH, you read my inmost heart;—the crown of England becomes yet more precious, when irradiated by such a gem. The distant prospect of a trust so awful—so consequential—holds forth temptations more desirable, from the certainty of sharing with *such* a partner the government of a mighty nation.

“PAUSE here one moment, DONALD, on the great, the noble, the happy lot, fortune seemed to have chosen for the most distinguished of her favourites. Reflect upon my expectations, hopes, and wishes—all in a train for the fullest accomplishment. What a circle of friends! What a blooming bride! Judgement—prudence—even passion—decided in favour of the most sanguine assurances of happiness. Pleasure, in the garb of innocence, held out the chastest allurements. Ambition felt her most extensive claims gratified. Love—enchancing love—just, pure, and successful—militated not against duty—warred not against reason. It flattered my vanity—It did more—it exalted my pride. An alliance with BUCCLEUGH concentrated the most illustrious names in Scotland, and drew, in particular, the heroic ARGYLE to my interest. An union with the charming ANNA secured my interest with all her noble relatives. No difficulties impeded the completion of my marriage;—no false delicacy protracted the holy ceremony. Conscious of her worth, and not insensible of my important situation, she found, in the gentle commands of her father, a sanction for the preference she owned, with an amiable diffidence and ingenuous modesty. Pause then, BRUCE, upon MONMOUTH’S felicity;—momentary, and in the instant of possession, it was ready to take an unexpected flight;—it was but the shadow of a substance ever in view—perhaps never to be overtaken;—a brilliant meteor, whose rays diffused a false glare—dazzling, rather than aiding, a perception too weak to bear its blinding influence.

“NOT long was my soul permitted to repose upon happiness so exquisite—the patriotic BUCCLEUGH, the warm and spirited ARGYLE, united with SHAFTSBURY, in expediting the business which had carried me to Scotland—nor would suffer me to disguise any longer those principles which as yet were not publicly known to the commonalty of England.—The last-mentioned nobleman urged the necessity of a tour through that kingdom, as YORK’S name now inspired terror among those whose ancestors had so cruelly suffered in MARY’S short, but sanguinary reign; and CHARLES, who was once the idol of his people, could no longer shelter himself under a partiality he had taken so much pains to destroy, by his attempt to abolish the penal law, and his weak and criminal attachment to a brother, whose succession was deprecated as

the worst of evils. To whom then should a nation, so apprehensive, look up to for the protection their King withheld?—Was it not highly natural they should conciliate the affections of him through whom they hoped to enjoy the protestant religion and its privileges, so lately established, and already so powerfully attacked. “What danger,” argued my noble father-in-law, “can attend the full discovery of your sentiments—hasten then, my son, to undeceive your anxious countrymen—prove the royalty of your descent, the lawfulness of your pretensions—CHARLES cannot justly take offence, while you plead only the right of succession. Secure such an interest in the bosoms of the people as will, at a proper season, be the firmest basis on which to erect the throne of your ancestors—for this hypothesis is undoubted, That the strength of a kingdom lies not solely in the higher power; and personal might, when centered in the body of the nation, (more particularly when that body and its members are governed by one consenting heart), will stand against all the force nobility can bring—above all, MONMOUTH, be not obscure in your principles; let not the shadow of a doubt envelope your sacred professions—remember, upon these professions depends the completion of your vast and extensive schemes. The task of governing the English is not so easy as your unhappy grandfather supposed—the due medium between despotism and a listless indulgence is extremely difficult to hit. To hold the reins with equal prudence and judgement, requires deep forecast, a penetrating eye, a steady, firm, yet gentle hand. The English, like the various climate they live under, differ materially in their prejudices, propensities and dispositions; but in two things they all unite—an ardent love of liberty, and a tenacious and noble adherence to the faith they have adopted. Remember then, my son, the more arduous the undertaking the greater will be your glory, when success shall crown your future exertions.—Think not of your wife—let not an idea of *her*—feminize a soul that should now burn, but for glory and a crown. I will not suffer the most trifling weakness to sully a cause so important—nor must a sigh agitate that bosom, but what is impelled by stifled ambition:—*my* daughter shall be no clog upon your vast designs—she shall not hang a dead weight upon the noble resolutions of her husband.—*Here* she will be safe.—Speak ANNA, and confirm my expectations of your fortitude, say, shall I derive honour from my child—or, will she cast a disgraceful shade upon mine?”

“NEVER, my dear Lord,” said the sweet creature, “shall your daughter give reason to doubt her affinity to such a parent—but—and she cast her eye upon me—but—for MONMOUTH”—heavenly woman—the expressions of her melting heart evaporated in a sigh—a tear.—

“LEAVE her,” said the stern and awful Buccleugh, “leave the worthless, selfish female, who prefers inglorious obscurity to the reversion of a crown. She is no longer *my* daughter—BUCCLEUGH’S offspring should possess a Roman spirit—but she disappoints my sanguine hopes, which were built upon the presumption of seeing a race of heroes spring from ANNA SCOTT.”

“YOU wonder, BRUCE, at the retention of that memory which can so easily transmit to a distant period, scenes and conversations of such import—but indelible is the

sad impression of melancholy subjects, and equally strong those of a blissful tendency.”—

DONALD, whose attention was deeply engaged by the interesting recital, bowed only in token of his assent to the Duke’s observation, who perceiving the eagerness with which the venerable listener honoured his melancholy tale, continued to excite his pity and admiration. “Without drawing a line between masculine intrepidity and the more gentle feminine graces which distinguish the softer sex—Buccleugh expected the same courageous exertions from my lovely wife, as more properly became her fond admiring husband:—to contradict the haughty emotions of his soul would have been the utter destruction of all I had so successfully planned—yet to behold the dear object of my tenderest affection, sinking under the weight of an impenetrable father’s resentment, was more than humanity could support. I raised her to my bosom, and addressing the Earl—“You cannot, my Lord,” said I, “reprobate your child for possessing that tenderness which marks the boundaries between the sexes—The Roman spirit sunk with the Roman name. In giving her to me, you gave her to the protector of her honour—she needs not the ferocity that formerly gave women the power of avenging their own injuries: once that ferocity was numbered among (or rather stood above) the virtues of their sex—but you could not wish to see *your* daughter command, like BOADICEA, an undisciplined army, and hurl the mighty javelin, or drive her chariots over heaps of murdered fellow-creatures; nor can I think the warlike BUCCLEUGH could derive any satisfaction, if, like PORTIA, she were content to swallow fire. Suffice it then, my Lord, that she can with an amiable patience, and proper dignity, give up the husband of her choice to his uncertain fate—and while no fatiguing complaints render her society disgusting to you—condemn not the partiality she may at times express for the man you have honoured with her hand.”

“I see,” said the Earl, turning from us to hide an emanation of subdued pride, which softened his features—“I see how vain it is to contend for a superiority so lately given up—but forget not, that I expect in her future conduct to see your assurances realized.”

“ARGYLE and SHAFTSBURY interrupted a scene so painful—and BUCCLEUGH, renewing the advice which his irritated spirit had embittered—left me no plea strong enough to oppose the mighty trio; and, in an evil moment, I consented to encounter dangers foreseen, but not shunned. SHAFTSBURY accompanied me to England, and I left—Oh what a moment of anguish was that—when her father led my bride from the window, where she had placed herself to watch the departure of that boat which lingered, by my command, near the shore, till the waving of a snowy handkerchief signified the instant of an agonizing separation. Yes, BRUCE, I left the venerable castle with sensations not to be described—ten thousand blessings, I exclaimed, remain with my love—ANNA—dearest ANNA, adieu.

“WHAT different feelings occupied my mind, when the politic Shaftsbury presented me to the opulent inhabitants of those towns and villages through which we passed, as the indubitable heir-apparent—and how my soul panted to signalize its ardour

in behalf of those unhappy people, who, with uplifted hands, besought my assistance against the oppressive methods already taken to reduce the spirit of independence, and prepare them for JAMES'S reign, and a diabolical slavery. The mask was now pulled off—I was called upon to avow my intention of claiming an indefeasible right to the succession. The counties of Cumberland; Northumberland—the Bishopric of Durham—Yorkshire, and the whole northern circuit, engaged to promote my interest; and many of those to whom my father had rendered himself obnoxious, ventured some oblique hints of their readiness to set me upon that throne I only solicited the reversion of;—but, discouraged by the zeal with which I espoused his cause, they hazarded not my further displeasure; but, (encreasing my train, which was already not only become august, but even formidable), I was escorted to London, amidst the acclamations of a numerous populace, who, with that warm and thoughtless sincerity, which consults neither time, situation, nor convenience, raised, by their indiscreet zeal, a flame, which not the most prudent and guarded behaviour on my side could ever allay—but as my enemies found all their attempts to bring home a charge of high-treason was rendered futile by my father's disbelief of the reports continually and infamously circulated, I was still permitted the indulgence of that liberty JAMES'S adherents were seeking to destroy.

“ENGLAND now became a scene of confusion. The Catholic party, with their usual severity, sought the discovery of every man's principles, who, led by necessary caution, chose to preserve silence upon a subject so pregnant with danger. The politic SHAFTSBURY could not stand a test so hazardous, notwithstanding he had before so openly asserted his intention to oppose the papal succession, and retired to Holland, impressed with an idea that destruction to himself and friends lowered on the Duke's sullen brow; and, Heaven only knows, whether the consequences that immediately followed his departure imported good or evil to my cause; but a very few days for ever settled the plots and schemes perpetually occupying a restless brain, and he submitted, however unwillingly, to the mighty conqueror of kings and princes. His death was sudden; and, as it happened in a country whose ruin he had just before urged in Parliament, in those remarkable words, *Delenda da est Carthago*, the foes of Holland were not backward in attributing his demise to Dutch policy.

“THE disturbances which a set of wretches had fomented became still more serious. ARGYLE, with whom I constantly corresponded, warned me to abscond, till conviction had undeceived the credulous, and mortified the undesigning; for, to my utter surprize, I was named as the first of a conspiracy, enleagued to assassinate the king. Indignation urged me to continue my appearance at court, as an effectual means to prove the innocence their calumnies had blackened;—but the brave heroes who had united their fate with mine, added their entreaties to ARGYLE'S for my flight; and Lord HOWARD'S country-seat was named for my residence—as being convenient to the purpose of holding our secret consultations. Insinuating, soft, and graceful, this nobleman was fitter to preside over amorous intrigues, than the bold and warlike counsels with which our little cabinet was filled;—nor could CHARLES'S court boast a libertine more practised in the arts of female seduction:—but his attachment to our cause—the readiness he manifested when called upon to declare his sentiments, left not a doubt of his sincerity

in my bosom; and, with that weakness inseparable from an open disposition, I told him the most important secrets of my heart—described the beauties and mental excellencies of my sweet bride—the heroic steadfastness of her father—the particulars of our marriage—all were laid before him, with that frankness for which, though I daily lament it, no cure has yet presented. How patiently he attended the effusion of a lover, and how fast he wound the chain of deception about my soul. When the business that had linked me to him took its turn in conversation, how readily was I predisposed to adopt his advice—accept his instructions, and rest upon him, in common with my *real* friends, for support—no wonder, DONALD, when he made no scruple of attempting to raise those hopes—those wishes—those desires—so soothing to wild, impassioned affection—and often would urge me to send for the charming creature; offering his habitation as a secure asylum for my love. It was in the rustic stile, and delightfully situated on the banks of the Medway, above Rochester-bridge, skirted by a beautiful copse, through which was cut, in defiance of the formal taste which has so long prevailed, a variety of walks, running in a mazy direction through the wood—while the boughs that sheltered them were suffered to wave in full luxuriance, without being trimmed by the sheers of an unnatural artist. These solitary paths, avenues of elms, and rude shrubberies, gave the charms of novelty to a spot so pleasingly simple, and gratified the philosophic observer in a higher degree than the appearance of statues, fountains, and melancholy evergreens, so common in the gardens of our nobility.

“FROM a little gate, opening to an opposite hill, I have often wandered to the brows of the surrounding eminences, and endeavoured, after the tedious occurrences of the day, to throw off the heavy clog which state affairs had fastened upon a mind still fervently devoted to the remembrance of chaste tenderness. Sometimes, incapable of fear, I have lingered among those sweet enclosures, till the early dawn has awakened me from the delirium of a disordered imagination. Autumn was now pretty far advanced, but it hindered not my excursions. A plot, which seemed to bear the face of probability, and was the offspring of HOWARD’S brain, occupied my mind one evening, or rather mixed with the idea of my love—I pursued it till, unconscious of the way I had taken, a sudden light induced me to lift up my eyes, when I perceived a pale, soft effulgence diffuse itself about me. There was no moon, but, above my head, appeared a glaring meteor, that streamed from East to West, forming a grand variegated arch, over the northern sky;—it was desultory, and took the most fantastic shapes. Sometimes fiery and terrible it darted, with an awful radiance, towards the horizon—then, suddenly rising, trembled with an irregular motion in the air. During the height of these singular evolutions, my eye was caught by the appearance of a warrior, whose armour reflected the brightness I had admired. I watched his motions. The element that distinguished him arrested my attention, which scarcely changed its object till his nearer approach convinced me he was not alone. A youth, whose scarcely perceptible movement declared excessive fatigue, hung upon his arm, as if unable to walk without assistance. I gazed—they saw me and stopped. The lad stood suspended, as though restrained by cautious fear—when suddenly rushing forward, he fell upon my bosom, and softly in a convulsive sob—sighing out the name of MONMOUTH, sunk into silent insensibility.—“Gracious God,” I cried, “what can this mean?—Speak, Sir—say who is this gentleman. The stranger—*stranger* do I

say—Ah! how did my heart reject the unfriendly term, when he exclaimed—“O MONMOUTH,—ARGYLE calls upon thee to receive thy ANNA.”—My ANNA—fainting—perhaps dying—her delicacy, sullied by a masculine dress. The lovely object of my meditations interrupting them so unexpectedly, and in a situation that rendered her loved presence almost undesired.—Enfeebled by excessive surprise, I tremulously bore the precious burthen, accompanied by ARGYLE, towards the garden, when Lord HOWARD, who (attracted by the luminous phenomenon) had walked out to examine its curious appearance, came towards us.—My friend drew back, but HOWARD, to whom he was well known, immediately discovered him. “Fear not,” he said, “my Lord, we are joint adherents in MONMOUTH’S cause, seek not to hide that honoured person from one who will receive you with open arms.”

“YES,” I cried, “it is ARGYLE—he brings my wife—sweet creature—she dies in her husband’s arms. If ever the weakness which manhood disdains can be justified—it is, when our tears are sanctified by duty—when nature, love, and generous pity, call forth the gentle effusion—tears, thus excited, ran from my glowing cheek upon the pallid face of my angel—tears, thus excited—even the heroic ARGYLE could scarcely condemn—no more than he could blame the raptures her protracted recovery created—for inexpressible was the delight I felt, when returning life again animated the gentle frame too soft to bear the united force of concurring passions.

“I will no longer harrass you with descriptions not absolutely necessary to my story, but hasten to the cause which had blessed me with the presence of visitors so invaluable.

“SOON after my departure from Scotland, the noble BUCCLEUGH felt the impossibility of long contending against the fury of a rapid decline, which his ardent endeavours to serve me had undoubtedly precipitated—but his mighty soul was yet unconquered—and, with incredible fortitude, he arranged his temporal affairs, consigning my ANNA to the care of ARGYLE, whose tried faith made him an eligible protector of a trust so sacred. It was with the sincerest grief, the dear creature quitted her deceased parent, who departed in the very moment of giving up a wardship so precious.—Informed of the dangers which surrounded my unfortunate friends, and convinced by authentic intelligence of my uncomfortable situation, the hapless itinerant, though determined to seek an asylum in her husband’s arms, however repugnant to her feminine feelings, was induced to assume a disguise powerful enough to escape suspicion, and with her friendly guardian travelled through the most unfrequented roads to the seat of ALGERNON SYDNEY, where they were shocked with the information of his imprisonment, and my disgrace. An ancient servant, who was intrusted with the secret of my flight, and knowing the Earl, pointed out a ready road to Lord HOWARD’S, but their horses failing within ten miles, the poor old man, who had accompanied them so far, was necessitated to stop at a lone cottage, after directing them in the best manner he was able; but night approaching, they wandered, unconscious of the way, and at the instant I recognized my poor sufferer, as she was sinking through fatigue and distress of mind.

“THE superiority claimed by our advisers, and those who appear to sacrifice every selfish advantage to our benefit, made me cheerfully accord to the request HOWARD thought proper to enforce respecting my ANNA’S accommodation, which was to accept his apartment, as more convenient than that appropriated to my service; and I beheld with gratitude his solicitude to render Howard Park agreeable to his guests.

“FOR some weeks I experienced all the happiness our charming, though little, society could bestow; the days were passed in forming plans for liberating our friends, or forwarding our glorious schemes for future freedom—the evenings in the sweet intercourse of souls, whose sentiments were in perfect unison—but a cloud, composed of the most noxious venom, too soon shed its poisonous mischief upon hearts too simple and sincere to guard against its subtle effects.

“THE first symptoms of its dark malignity overspread my ANNA’S features: if spoken to suddenly, a transient blush animated a face not perfectly restored to its original loveliness, while a constant melancholy supplied the place of that peaceful serenity which, till then, declared the tranquil state of her mind: whole days she chose to pass alone—and *how* those days were employed, her inflamed eyes too truly ascertained;—even to me she was shy. ARGYLE’S generous attention was received with politeness, but she was cold, grave and solemn. HOWARD, insinuating, gentle, and over sedulous, seemed not to possess the confidence she withheld from us. Distracted at this strange foreboding alteration, I implored her to speak the cause—but no—she could only lift up her hands to heaven, then look upon me, with such a sad meaning as froze every idea, and chilled my throbbing heart: again I urged—entreated—nay I menaced:—the distressed angel—I dared to breathe horrible doubts of her virtue. She bore it with a saint-like mildness—she even smiled—for self-approbation, at the moment I basely accused her, spread a charming glow over her sweet features—and the tear extorted by my cruel vehemence, was as the tribute delicacy paid to the character never before sullied by the slightest taint.

“ON the third evening, after my ineffectual attempt to develop the mystery—as I was conversing with ARGYLE upon the inexplicable change in her disposition, my ANNA entered the room—gazed upon us with an air of such agonizing distress, and then suddenly rushing out again, that I could no longer repel the truth of a shocking suspicion which had lately possessed my soul—I started up, and wringing my hands—exclaimed, “yes, my friend, I have indeed wronged her—sweet creature, her intellects are too surely deranged.” ARGYLE would have spoken, but his words were lost in speechless grief, and we remained some minutes, when she again entered, and catching my arm, cried, “you are lost—betrayed—ruined—undone—you are now in the worst of snares—I have too long delayed—” Oh! but what an interruption followed this cruel surprise—*my benefactor—my adherent*—the treacherous HOWARD, who, unperceived by me, had followed her—rudely pulled her from me, and with a sarcastic smile, said, “You have indeed been somewhat late in your caution, I shall no longer secret such imminent traitors;” and then stamping his foot, the room was immediately filled with soldiers. Insensible to every thing but the capture of my love, who, in a voice of the most piercing anguish, implored

my protection from the barbarian who was dragging her out of the room, I fought like a raging madman. Two soldiers lay dead at my feet, who interposed between us.—The cowardly wretch had the advantage of numbers in his favour, and left us to decide a contest which was sure to end fatally on my side—while, sheltered from my fury by his partizans, he carried off my treasure. The unequal engagement was soon decided; ARGYLE, covered with the blood of his enemies, and breathless from this violent exertion, with indignant rage beheld himself the prisoner of a monster; and calling to me, who still fought, animated by despair, “Submit, MONMOUTH, it is their turn now—it may not be always so.” Indeed, I could no longer contend—my sword was broken, my strength had failed, and I sunk in sullen agony before our conquerors. We were then conveyed to a room, whose bars and bolts seemed to indicate we were not the first unfortunates confined there; and, after disgracing us with vile manacles, we were left to the tormenting reflections such a situation must necessarily create. The gloom of a prison, the decided assurance that our plots were circumvented, our schemes betrayed, and our brightest hopes blasted by the villainy we could not soon enough suspect, were only secondary considerations:—my ANNA—my earthly happiness—was snatched from my doating eyes—left to the power of him who had ruined her husband. I groaned—I imprecated—I almost blasphemed—when, to heighten my sufferings, HOWARD, the author of this mighty evil, entered our dungeon with an air of triumph. I rose from the ground—I threw myself upon him—the weight brought him to the earth, and, fettered as I was, his cowardly soul must have escaped beneath my tremendous vengeance, if his cries had not brought some servants to his assistance—“Give me my wife—restore my friends—vile serpent—where is my ANNA?—is *she* to suffer for our ill-placed confidence?” O how I raved—my brain could scarcely bear the tumult which worked up from my burning heart. He heard me—he even smiled at the incoherence of my rage—and—shall I ever forget the insult—he even dared to mention the honor of my spotless Duchess, as the price of my liberty. Had I not cause, DONALD, to execrate the Court in which a weed so poisonous had flourished—and almost to cause the parent, whose licentious conduct had been so closely copied by the reptiles, whose dirty track so many perfidious actions had marked with glaring infamy? Language cannot convey the feelings of my soul, when he yet added another pang to those already tearing the ligaments that bound me to a wretched world, by throwing me a paper in which I read the condemnation of ESSEX, RUSSEL, HAMPDEN and SYDNEY, and then scornfully retired.—What agonies, what exclamations followed his departure; I crawled to ARGYLE—I laid my beating temple against his friendly bosom—I blessed the warm sighs which burst from his sympathising heart.—“Have you no comfort,” sobbed out the unhappy MONMOUTH, “to give a poor tortured lover? Cannot humanity suggest *one* hope to keep alive flattering expectation?”—No, the saddest silence followed my address—for words were too feeble to express the force of those boiling passions, which revenge was feeding with the contemplation of future miseries.

“A LONG and dismal confinement followed this barbarous exertion of lawless power; no cheerful countenance smiled upon our captivity. None, whose pity was strong enough to promise a mitigation of our misery, were suffered to pervade the dreary abode; slowly and reluctantly did hope retire from my bosom; but I could no longer cherish a

phantom by which I had so often been misled. The spirit of ARGYLE, unsubdued by love, and supported by laudable pride, submitted not patiently to the harsh vindictive usage we daily received, and was continually contriving plots our watchful guard for ever rendered futile. Our table was regularly, though scantily, served by people whose fidelity had, no doubt, been often tried, so that every attempt I made to come (through their intelligence) at the knowledge of my ANNA'S fate, only heightened the anguish of uncertainty. A small grated window, too high for us to reach, had often been the object of ARGYLE'S plan for our escape, and as we were sitting one afternoon, eagerly meditating upon its construction, my friend started up in the utmost surprise, and ran towards it. My astonishment was roused to an equal degree, when I beheld a paper thrust through the bars, which he joyfully caught and holding it out, "See MONMOUTH," he cried, in a low tone of voice, "Heaven at last has interfered, and we shall be free." With transport I perused the contents; and never shall I forget the tidings they engraved upon my heart. It was addressed to my friend in the following terms:

"THE knowledge of my Lord's captivity has pierced the heart of his ancient and trusty servant, who he may recollect conducted him and his young friend from Sydney House towards this inhospitable roof; nor can my Lord have forgotten the accident which obliged me to leave them upon the road; but I have the happiness to think your escape is once again in my power, if my noble Lord will condescend to employ the means. I will, in the evening, contrive to thrust between the bars, which I believe are wide enough, two female servants dresses, and when your doors are opened in the morning, you may secure the two soldiers then upon duty, and, by immediately flying to the woods, defy any pursuer. The noble Duke, your companion, may be assured his lady is perfectly safe at present; but my Lord HOWARD intends to carry her to a seat upon the northern coast.

I am, with the profoundest duty,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,
ANTHONY RIVERS."

"BLESSED ANTHONY," I cried, "may the means be sanctified by Heaven's suffrage, which thou hast promised; but, O my beloved, who shall protect thee from a ruffian's fury?"—ARGYLE looked grave:—"You ought to be satisfied, MONMOUTH—is not *this* an extraordinary interposition of Providence." It was indeed, and I bowed in silence. With eager impatience I watched the window through which the means of our deliverance was to be conveyed; nor could the orient beams of light give half the extacy my soul swelled into, when, by the glimmer of a dim lamp, held on the outside of the bars, we beheld the welcome disguises thrust, with much difficulty, through, and saw them drop at our feet. We were soon, though awkwardly equipped, and waited with two swords, which our benevolent friend had likewise provided for the approach of our gaolers. Every thing succeeded to our utmost wishes: the soldiers, amazed at the suddenness of the attack, hastily fled, and we gained the woods before any alarm could be given. ARGYLE entreated I would fly to the west of England, where my friends were yet more numerous than in any other part; but my heart clung to the spot where my imprisoned Duchess might be vainly sighing for the assistance her husband was bound to give.—I mentioned my inducement for lingering within reach of danger. ARGYLE

frowned—"Are you at present," said he, "in a situation for liberating one, who doubtless is more strictly guarded than we were. Do you suppose yourself equal to a troop of armed men. Your cause is mine—the safety of your ANNA is an important consideration with me—but let us claim her at the head of an army, let us seize the wretch who has forfeited every title to mercy.—Come, MONMOUTH, my bosom burns to extirpate that villain—remember you have a faithful adherent, who has suffered imprisonment for your sake, and whose life is yours, when honourably claimed." I blushed—an honest shame glowed in my breast, and the generous ARGYLE permitted not the acknowledgement candid conviction would have made.

"AT this horrible juncture our souls were petrified by the black intelligence, that those noble sufferers, RUSSEL and SYDNEY, had received the palm of martyrdom, through the execrable villainy of the treacherous HOWARD.—I was stunned—grief, indignation, pity—filled every idea. I called upon the spirits of the injured—I descended to imprecate curses upon him who had worked their ruin. Even the sacred name of *father* could not defend the King from the hasty resentment of wounded friendship. Had he not sacrificed those who would have secured the reversion of his crown to its legal inheritor.—Glorious RUSSEL, could not thy vast deserts—the merits of thy great progenitor—the pathetic pleadings of thy lovely lady and her numerous little ones—emancipate thy warlike person. Fettered—tried—condemned for me—for MONMOUTH thou diest. O what a scene was that, when the aged Earl of BEDFORD—his venerable countenance steeped in tears of paternal anguish—conducted with feeble steps an afflicted *daughter*, a sorrowing wife to the feet of Majesty, while her soul, immersed in grief, could scarcely solicit that pardon for her husband, which her own life was held as trifling to procure. How could a prince, not deficient in courage, surrender to the fancied fear of his own danger, the feelings, the earthly happiness of connubial tenderness? But Omniscience, mercifully just, supplied to the agonizing wife a heroic fortitude—and, at this crisis of her fate, the scaffold—the croud—the executioner, and tremendous weapon full in view—an adored husband, waiting with calm dignity the stroke that must stifle the beatings of a faithful heart—even then—took one—one last embrace—mild, meek, resigned, not the smallest appearance of sorrow in her heavenly features—not a struggling sigh suffered to agitate her distended bosom—every pang—every thought of future solitude—of her blameless orphans—of the sad—sad hours, perhaps years, of lonely retrospection, all lost, all condensed in the generous hope of lightening his dying scene with the contemplation of her magnanimity. Noble creature—her end was answered;—the fortitude she shewed—she inspired. He pursued her with a beatified look; the handkerchief he waved, was unstained with a tear; a charming enthusiasm possessed his soul—a mental prayer composed his mind. He saw into futurity—he beheld his God with the eye of faith. The moment approached—his lady was departed—he smiled—there was heaven in that smile—he took out his watch—wound it up—"Now," said he, with a cheerful aspect, "*I have done with time, and henceforth must think of eternity.*" What a finish to an honourable existence!—Well might he exclaim, after the solemn interview, that the bitterness of death was past.

“THE end of ESSEX wrung my heart with regret, unallayed by the circumstance which gave a dignity to Lord RUSSEL’S.—He died, but it was not discovered by whom—black assassination, or blacker suicide—robbed the executioner of an unmerited acquisition, and his merciless judges of their prey. This is one of those dreadful events which the last day must discover. SYDNEY submitted to his fate with conscious dignity. HAMPDEN, who was fined in a sum of forty thousand pounds, copied his grandfather in the nobleness of his principles—all testified the sincerity of their attachment to an unhappy wanderer; all gave consequence to a cause of itself truly important, and I determined to avenge myself upon our common enemies:—but love, strong, prevailing love, claimed my present attention, and the ineffectual sighs I gave to the fate of my friends, were all mixed with the tenderness of a despairing husband.”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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MONMOUTH:

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON

HISTORIC FACTS.

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

BY ANNA MARIA JOHNSON,
AUTHOR OF CALISTA, A NOVEL, &c.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
——— Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
(The poor weak image of his Maker) hope
To win by it. SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MONMOUTH.

“WE now hastened to Bridgewater, where the inhabitants received us as their sole dependance; and, with regret I communicated my wishes for the assistance which I dreaded would be insufficient;—but the Earl, ever prudent, begged me to wait till our forces were strengthened equal to the attack; I coincided in his opinion, and took measures for informing our deliverer of our safety—our intention of endeavouring to free the Duchess, and our desire to gain intelligence of her welfare. His answer again raised that maddening rage, which disappointment is too apt to enkindle in sanguine dispositions.

“I GRIEVE,” he said, “to tell my Lord, that his Lady is taken from hence; Lord HOWARD conveyed her in his barge down the Medway, and it is imagined they are to go by sea, to the Castle I mentioned in my last, which cannot be done till a vessel is provided for that purpose, the commander of which is my firm friend. He last week received orders to lie in waiting off Sheerness; yet, instigated by my entreaties, he has delayed the voyage under some plausible pretence, but can do so no longer. Hasten then, my Lord, to rescue your noble Duchess—you will know the ship, by a griffin carved on her stern, between the cabin windows: she is called the *Swift*.”—The letter finished with particular directions for securing the arch-fiend, and perfectly coincided with my frantic hope of a terrible revenge.

“WE immediately hastened to Dover, after crossing the country by an obscure rout, where I hired a boat in the name of Capt. SLOANE, under the pretence of making a little excursion, and attended by a small party of valiant fellows, whom I had engaged at Bridgewater, navigated her to Sheerness. My impatience was ungovernable, to find the ship had sailed only two days before. “Now then,” I cried, “she is indeed lost for ever—monster—villain—ingrate—but I *will* pursue him—he shall *not* evade my fury. Let us depart, my friend—ANTHONY has furnished us with ample means for discovering the black abode, where beauty, innocence and love, must fall a sacrifice to horrid cruelty.”

“AND is *this*,” said ARGYLE, “the prudence of a man who is every where proscribed, whose situation is so dangerous, that should his person be known, imprisonment—nay death, may be the consequence.”—I was silent—I could not oppose the headstrong arguments of passion, to the cooler and more sober motives, urged by reason.

“WE soon came to the desperate resolution of following the ravisher, for, ARGYLE, pitying my impatience, and somewhat encouraged by the hearty concurrence of our little company, complied with my earnest wishes, though with evident reluctance: a short calm, which had prevailed for some hours, gave us hopes of getting within sight of the vessel, as our boat was light, and could be assisted by her oars. Upon the break of the ensuing day I perceived—what even now makes my blood recoil—I saw the very ship which contained my heart and soul: we were soon under her stern; our poor appearance could not alarm the watch, and we were permitted to sail along side of her without molestation; a light wind which just then sprung up,

assisting us equally—our plan was formed, each man knew his business, and were preparing to board them—when just as I was about to enter—a voice, so sweet, so soft, so full of pathos, from the cabin window, stopped my purpose—I knew it—my heart had often vibrated to its melody—it was my ANNA’S—she was pouring out her plaintive orisons before the God she so devoutly served. What at that moment could restrain my impetuosity?—I called upon HOWARD—I demanded my wife—I challenged her betrayer—what madness!—but it was punished.—A violent shriek proclaimed the effect it had upon the Duchess—HOWARD instantly appeared—no time was to be lost—we rushed into the vessel with drawn swords—and backed by ARGYLE, I did wonders. The surprize of this sudden attack was favourable to us at first, but it soon subsided—the wretch was too faithfully served, and after receiving two slight wounds, I once more became HOWARD’S prisoner. My generous friend abated not his tenderness towards the man who had again given him up to unmerited disgrace, but even condescended to sooth that violence which had precipitated him into such mischief—nor once accused me of rashness. To know that a fond and helpless wife was agonizing with the excruciating idea of her husband’s danger—to feel every sweet emotion palpitating a heart that burned to communicate the ungovernable throbbings to hers. To look around in vain—for means to loosen the bonds that held me, was almost past endurance—and well was it for HOWARD that he came not to witness my distress.—Shut up in a dreadfully little cabin—we could only sit upon the boards, there not being length sufficient to admit the possibility of lying down, till stupified with intense meditation upon my singular misfortunes, and the want of rest for several successive nights, I sunk into a happy forgetfulness, which even the tormenting knowledge of my ANNA’S proximity could not prevent. My fellow-captives respected my sorrows, and ventured not, as ARGYLE afterwards informed me, even to speak during my continuance in that torpid state:—but it soon terminated, for a heavy gale of wind awoke me from an unquiet repose—and I quickly had the gloomy satisfaction of hoping to share one watry tomb, with the invaluable woman I could not embrace.—I need not describe the violence of a storm which proved the blessed means of exercising your benevolence—but will only say, that all I had before felt—every sorrow that had convulsed my heart, shrunk to nothing—when HOWARD rushed into our horrid prison, and with features distorted by agony, exclaimed—“What cursed demon filled your sails with destruction—what fiend of the infernal deep impelled you to pursue us—‘Heaven fights for you,’—so said your haughty Duchess. Yes, the grand agent *I* so long have served deceives his faithful votary—She is gone, MONMOUTH—let that intelligence reach your proud heart; she has escaped my ardent love—the ocean receives her. Now haughty Lords, at this moment she sinks; the pangs of death are on her—do *you* not feel them too?” O deep—deep I felt them; scalding tears would gratify his cruel heart—my brain beat with a pulsation almost too mighty for reason: I trembled with excessive agony—cold drops of anguish bedewed my fettered limbs, yet I rejoiced.

“TRAITOR,” I cried, “for every woe you have made us suffer, double, nay treble sorrows shall wring *your* dark plotting soul—Sweet angel, thy spotless innocence shall exult in endless bliss, while *he*—” The encreasing tempest forbid any further altercation, and HOWARD left us at liberty to seek that freedom a wild ungovernable ocean offered.

“WE went upon deck, and I saw my dearest friend, my kind and faithful ARGYLE washed overboard. It was impossible to lend the least assistance in such a night of horror and confusion. Determined to bear it no longer, I plunged into the foaming waters, possessed with the certain idea that all the good a faithless world once held out to my acceptance, was swallowed in the dreadful abyss. I can scarcely yet account for the miraculous interposition between me and death: my senses failed, and their return was marked by a sudden shock, occasioned, as I suppose, by my being tossed by the waves upon the sand. The sea was still turbulent, though not so raging as when I tempted my fate. A feeble recollection of the late events passed through my mind. I arose and crept beyond the beating surf—day, melancholy and unpropitious, broke upon these ruined towers. I looked towards them, but devoid of any hope or wish, to find the relief my fatigued body and wasted spirits demanded: slowly I gained the eminence, and beheld a winking light from yonder turret—humanity conquered—though lamenting the loss of all my fond soul deemed desirable. Yet, nature pleaded her rights, and I sought the means of lengthening a life the bitterest misfortunes had made odious.—Your gentle MARGARET, like a messenger of peace, opened the friendly door—and I entered, to find hospitality and benevolence in the sacred person of DONALD BRUCE.

“VARIOUS and uncommon have been thy sufferings,” said the sympathizing BRUCE—“the blood which, calm and tranquil, languidly flows through these veins, impelled by the recital of HOWARD’S treachery—rushes with an impetuous motion new to feeble age.—Was not the monster already conquered, this arm would nerve itself to avenge his baseness—but see, my friend, the lovely ANNA and the gentle MARGARET reproaches us by their presence, for neglecting to seek so sweet a pair.”

THIS honest gallantry was not lost upon the grateful MONMOUTH; pleasure animated his whole frame, when leading his charming Duchess to the venerable DONALD.

“YOU will not,” he said, “my love, refuse to gratify our noble host by an explanation of the black mystery which separated us?”—She modestly bowed assent over his offered hand; and placing herself by the amiable old man, with a sigh, embittered by sad recollection, complied with the wishes of her admiring auditors.

“I need not,” observed the fair ANNA, “enter too deeply into a cause pregnant with so many evils—which, by abrupt degrees, disclosed themselves to my afflicted MONMOUTH. He saw afterwards, by its effect, that an ungovernable passion had poisoned every principle of faith, generosity, and integrity, that had thrown a specious veil over the worthless HOWARD’S actions—and by which my husband might have been longer deceived, had my concurrence met his base proposals. It is sufficient to say, I could not misunderstand the tendency of his behaviour, which, guarded by a cold hypocritical politeness in company, became more ardent and explicit, from that restraint, when no longer subject to it. A just and haughty disdain, and an invariable reserve, marked my notice of his fulsome adulation; but educated at court, LORD HOWARD passed over every testimony of my dislike with a persevering obsequiousness—and my distress, at being thus debased, grew above concealment. I could not preserve my usual

tranquillity, while tormented with a continual dread of the consequences a discovery must produce—and accused myself of a shadow of criminality, in submitting to a concealment, which cast a tincture of disgrace upon the immaculate honour of a MONMOUTH. O the hours! nay, days of perplexity, I have passed—tears and sighs but partially relieving a heart which burnt to cast off the hateful oppression. You may possibly call to mind an event, my Lord, which precipitated the ruin I had for some time expected—a packet of importance, sent by an extraordinary messenger, from our friends, demanded your most serious attention. This packet, which contained a scheme for securing the DUKE of YORK, was committed to HOWARD for his inspection—he that day had been more than usually impertinent—I shut myself up from him, but his authority procured him admittance. The reproaches his audacity provoked, were made in the very spirit of haughtiness—and were answered—Gracious God! I can hardly bear the recollection of his temerity—he dared to demand—how can I say it—he demanded the forfeiture of my honour, as a security for the lives of my husband and his friends—which, he said, were already within the reach of the law.—Virtue, delicacy, indignation, contempt, fired me almost to frenzy. Unawed by the rage which animated my countenance, and unmindful of that dreadful silence I wanted words to break—he renewed his proposal—and I blush to say—my refusal of it was expressed by a *blow*. The spirit of BUCCLEUGH added force to my vengeance, and I struck him with violence upon the face. Hypocrisy, submission, adulation, were now at an end—his eyes declared the horrid purpose of his soul; and holding out the packet, with a malignant smile, cried, *This* shall avenge me of your unfeminine fury, proud unfeeling dame—enjoy your victory—but know its fruits shall be *blood*—the heart's *blood* of your idolized MONMOUTH, and his traitorous friends. They shall *die*, lady, to expiate your crimes—nobly shall that victory be distinguished—a train of victims shall be offered to my polluted honour; nor will *that* suffice me—even *you*, disdainful as you are, shall join in the payment of the mighty debt.—I could bear no more, but flew to warn my devoted husband of the snare this serpent was preparing to catch his life. Soon were his threatenings put in execution, and I was dragged from the glorious defender of my virtue, to the hateful task of listening to, and execrating the destroyer of my peace. My firm resolution of rendering his moments perpetually wretched, who had agonized mine with every sad foreboding, soon procured me the welcome respite of his absence, and I was treated with decency and respect. Soon after this terrible explanation of HOWARD'S baseness, I was summoned to make one of his train in a visit to his castle—resistance was vain—and yet tacitly to consent to my own imprisonment, tore my soul. When we were embarked, he had the presumption to expect that I would sit in the cabin, which was rendered odious by the presence of such an iniquitous wretch; but the expression of my aversion, which I was too sincere to conceal, convinced him of the impossibility of hoping forgiveness. O! with what rapture did my ears take in the sound of a voice ever most interesting, when your generous impatience hastened your own captivity: but how did my heart sink at the finish of a scene which again subjected you to his tyranny.—Fear, which is a predominant passion in the bosom of the feeble, had no place in a heart occupied by so many contending passions. The rising wind inspired only the hope of freedom—and when the roaring billows tossed our vessel among the rocks, I exulted in the prospect of an unity in death with the object of my griefs—my love—my fondest cares. O what sweet, yet sad, expectations chilled my soul! How I dreaded the calm, which must secure peace to others, but death to me! “Now,” I cried, “O thou mighty Governor of storms and tempests,

save a poor creature from the evil she dreads more than the loss of existence!" A sacred dawn of peace opened to me a new source of patience and submission to the almighty behests.—HOWARD, employed in using every means for our safety, forgot his wonted caution—I was no longer watched—and inspired by I know not what idea—was tempted to seek the dear imprisoned friends of my honour—but unacquainted with the different apartments of my desultory habitation, and unable, from the agitation of the vessel, to keep my footing, I could only stagger into the gallery, where sinking upon a small bench, I waited in silent awe the destruction no one expected to shun—An exclamation, composed of horror, impatience, and fear, induced me to turn towards the agonizing sound. HOWARD saw me—"You are safe then, insensible obdurate—and have unwillingly contributed to my just revenge; come then, and let your heart weep drops of blood over the lovesick MONMOUTH'S fall."—No! every particle of that vital stream was congealed at this obscure and fatal intelligence—every limb seemed chilled by the cold hand of death. I could only gaze at the barbarous monster, till fancy represented him to my wild eyes, as the arch-fiend of iniquity. He interrupted not this unusual expression of my grief, which seemed to inflate his features with a savage triumph. The entrance of a sailor called back my frozen senses with a loud and joyous information, that we might safely reach the shore. I shrunk from HOWARD'S hand, that was extended to conduct me upon deck, offering mine to the messenger, who could not, I thought, communicate that contagion which corrupted the very breath of my gaoler. The boat designed to convey us from our shattered vessel, flew lightly over the waves, and I once more saluted the earth, that now contained no blessing over which my sad soul could linger with fond hope; and turning to the sea, consecrated what I thought to be the tomb of my love, with tender tears of anguish.

“THE refreshments our crew had hastily secured, were now offered to my taste; but, what was food, air, life, to one who sought only in the grave an asylum from misery. I sat silent, faint, and hopeless, and felt some little relief in the liberty of indulging a sad and rooted sorrow.— While HOWARD was employed in recruiting his wasted spirits, and fatigued body, I perceived at no great distance, a troop of Highlanders; a sweet idea arose in my mind, that my deliverance was in the hands of those men, and hastily following the divine impulse, I started up and ran towards them. I sunk at the feet of their chief, and exclaimed, “Save the wretched relict of your favourite MONMOUTH—your cruel seas have entombed my noble husband. He can no longer defend me from yonder villain, who dooms me to dishonour: MONMOUTH is lost—he whose cause has warmed a thousand Scottish bosoms to beat for his welfare, no more solicits your assistance: but you can still serve him in the protection of his forlorn widow; you can still gratify that heavenly spirit which even now, by me, urges a just and dear revenge.” As if impelled by one glorious principle of benevolence, they all drew their broad swords, and with naked dirks stuck in their belts, swarmed about me—I was terrified at the ferocious appearance of these determined warriors; but the hasty approach of Lord HOWARD and his adherents, soon changed the objects of *that* terror—again I sought the gallant Captain, and entreated he would not deliver me up to such an infamous monster.

“DOUBT not, lady,” said the brave Caledonian, “the word of a Scotsman;” and then turning to my persecutor, fiercely demanded his business with me.

“SHE is my *wife*, proud Sir.”

“HIS *wife*,” I exclaimed; “O, no, he has deprived me of that sacred title, by the death of him who alone could claim it.”

“COME, then,” retorted HOWARD, drawing his sword, “since I am doomed to contend with these untamed barbarians, it shall be in defence of the honour you have arraigned.”

MY soul was convulsed with horror and indignation. I could only lift up my hands, in silent agony, to that Being, who inspired my deliverers with the resolution of opposing a savage tyrant, and just beheld the beginning of a bloody contest, which froze every remaining sense of fear, and shrouded my faculties in a temporary death: but to what transport, what pure delight did my despairing soul awake—MONMOUTH restored—ARGYLE in safety—HOWARD overpowered—a generous protectress eager to do the tender offices so necessary to feminine helplessness.—Sweet and sacred recollection! how it swells a grateful heart! With a deep and conscious blush, MARGARET received the ardent embrace that accompanied the noble acknowledgement, while a half suppressed sigh returned to the bosom which gave it, unnoticed by the only person who had excited it. His eyes, fixed with inexpressible affection upon his ANNA, saw not what modest delicacy would for ever have hidden, and MARGARET had the chaste consolation of preserving a secret, known only to her own too susceptible heart.

SEVERAL days had lightly traced their existence upon the minds of these exalted friends, undisturbed by ought but the fear of ARGYLE'S safety; but they flew not in vain.—BRUCE, whose keen perception saw deeper into causes and effects than his esteemed MONMOUTH, employed much of his time in arranging such plans, as he conceived would be most conducive to the furtherance of his schemes. He had particularly attended to those circumstances in his narrative, which related to CHARLES'S partiality to his son; and could not help fancying the possibility of a reconciliation, at least so far as might supersede the hopes of his bigotted brother JAMES, and prevent the completion of those sanguinary intentions he had at first, in the warmth of his attachment, rather countenanced than discouraged.—MONMOUTH listened with patience, and opposed not, at that moment, the wisdom of his friend's counsels.—Possessed of his Duchess, he could easily bear the contradiction of any favorite wish that militated not against love; and even felt a gleam of returning duty animate him to the desire of once more visiting a parent, whose weakness had not totally destroyed the paternal character; but when he considered the principles, the manners, the expectations of his *uncle*—his declared enmity to him—the power he had obtained over the King—the alliance he had made with a Catholic Prince, he shuddered at the idea of venturing so much, where so little was to be gained, and was silent to the request BRUCE warmly enforced.—Besides ARGYLE, had not *he* hazarded his all, to strengthen his interest?—and would *he* promote the reconciliation he had taken such measures to prevent?—Again, he thought it was extremely unlikely CHARLES should receive him with open arms, while under the opinion that a cruel son was seeking his life; and when again pressed to assent to the good old DONALD'S proposals, he fairly confessed the struggles of his mind, and delegated to ARGYLE the task of investigating a plan he half feared to adopt, yet chose not flatly to condemn.—BRUCE, with the inflexible steadiness natural to age, gave not up his own opinion, because it met not with MONMOUTH'S concurrence, but inwardly determined to try its importance upon his friend, and dropped a subject he could not help wishing to impress upon the Duke's soul, even to conviction.

THE fourth evening after ARGYLE'S departure proving unfavourable, the ladies retired to an apartment that overlooked the distant hills, and commanded a view of the rugged road which led to BRUCE Castle. The solemnity of the scene, though often contemplated by MARGARET, never before held out such an uninviting appearance;—she sighed with an energy which startled her fair companion; who, gazing upon her face, perceived with astonishment, it was suffused with tears. “My friend,” said the gentle Duchess, “speak, MARGARET—tell me, may I ask the cause of those tears?” Blushing to be detected, and fearful even of the shadow of reproach, MARGARET gave a filial reason for what might more properly have been appropriated to the conflict between love and virtue. The Duchess was too polite to take any further notice of her dejection, and a long silence prevailed; when the appearance of ARGYLE, at some little distance, interrupted the unpleasant reserve. Lady MONMOUTH read in MARGARET'S countenance the strong embarrassment his presence occasioned, and sighed for the friend she saw doomed to be unhappy; for it was too evident he had no interest in that gentle virgin's bosom.

THE Earl's arrival created a cheerful bustle in BRUCE Castle—MONMOUTH

welcomed his friend with fervent sincerity—all but MARGARET was animated with pleasure—all strove to convince him of their attachment; and, with a natural eagerness, DONALD communicated his plan for MONMOUTH'S return to London; it was heard with impatience, and rejected with indignation. The Duke was hurt at ARGYLE'S impetuosity, though he secretly coincided in part with his sentiments; yet that faithful generosity which had forwarded the scheme, he thought demanded at least a quiet hearing: but as the Earl's sole object was the prevention of JAMES'S accession to royalty, and his friend's immediate possession of the British crown, every plan which had not those points in view, he considered as derogatory to MONMOUTH'S glory. Much altercation, and various arguments, were employed on both sides, to arrange the contested business; and, while DONALD pleaded the power the Duke would obtain by a reconciliation with his father, ARGYLE warmly insisted upon the danger he would be exposed to in the attempt; urging the treachery of HOWARD, the dark, designing plots his uncle had already formed against him, the duplicity of his King, and the little likelihood there was of a permanent alliance with a being so fickle. To these reasons, BRUCE opposed the parental regard CHARLES had, upon various occasions, expressed for his son; the futility of those accusations which had their foundation in malice, which openly implied the blow such a coalition would aim at the Catholic party, and the union of those who, equally incensed against JAMES and his partizans, were yet at war with each other:—but all was insufficient to convince ARGYLE of the necessity of a reconciliation—though the Duchess, who had attentively considered the different arguments as they passed before her, and whose gentle soul inclined to the soft hope of future peace, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of her husband's society, modestly hinted her wishes for the union BRUCE had urged.

“CAN BUCCLEUGH'S daughter,” said ARGYLE, “give her concurrence to a step which would have met with the most sincere dislike from her heroic father?—Would *he* have consented to a coalition, which must call in question the legality of MONMOUTH'S pretensions, and give the world room to suppose he had given up his right to a Romish successor? No, Madam, forgive me, if I presume to contradict the sentiments produced by a tenderness, only blameable, where it interferes with the vast design of preserving the sacred privileges of a great people.”

THE honest affection, and unshaken fidelity which dictated this free address, carried its pardon in the noble friendship it discovered; and though conviction followed not, none could blame the integrity of a nobleman, who had forfeited his all, to further the schemes he now feared might be strongly shaken, if not totally overthrown;—but BRUCE, who in the Lady had gained a powerful auxiliary, would not yet give up his purpose; and, after many altercations, it was agreed, though without the suffrage of the gallant ARGYLE, that MONMOUTH should secretly and expeditiously repair to London, while his amiable consort, secure in DONALD'S protection, was to wait the event of this arduous undertaking;—and the Earl, determined to prosecute the plan his better judgment suggested, of encreasing the number of those adherents, who were already zealously resolved to oppose the Duke of YORK.

To be so soon separated from the woman of his ardent affection, created a pang in MONMOUTH'S bosom, nearly similar to those he had so often endured; but to betray any sign

of reluctance, after the concession he had made, was derogatory to the principles he professed; and he parted with every sign of outward fortitude, while an inward agitation almost convulsed his soul. His example was followed by his ANNA, and her friend, who had more consequential reason for concealing her sorrow; and the consolation she offered to the Duchess, was strongly embittered by the sad reflection, that *she* was forced to conceal a tenderness, which, if properly exerted, is the glory of the female sex;—however, one palliation offered itself to support her sinking heart—the same vessel that conveyed MONMOUTH from Sky, wasted from her sight a man, whose friendship she could have valued, but whose love she considered as her greatest misfortune.

ON the morning after their departure, DONALD, who had watched with equal humanity and sagacity, the abandoned HOWARD, entered the hall, with looks composed of horror and amazement. “Merciful God,” cried he, “avert the mischief which I fear awaits us!—O, lady, how shall I tell you, our bitter enemy has escaped;—is once more let loose upon a world, to which he must ever be a torment!—The little gate, which opens upon the shore, is torn from the hinges—the bolts are wrenched from their fastenings, and HOWARD has undoubtedly corrupted his guard, as they are both missing.”

“THEN we are indeed ruined,” exclaimed the Duchess, “my noble husband will be the first prey to that miscreant’s savage fury.—Dear, unhappy MONMOUTH, thou art now, perhaps, overtaken and caught in the toils of villainy;—O, my foreboding soul, what anguish, what misery is preparing to overwhelm thee!—Alas, these venerable walls cannot shield us from his barbarous arts—even thou, O DONALD, shalt mourn, perhaps, in ignominious chains, the benevolence which led thee to shelter a miserable pair;—and who knows, but that, like STAFFORD’s, thy precious life may be offered up on the execrable scaffold.”

“DEAR lady,” said MARGARET, “let not the expectation of future ills shut out the emanation of hope—certainly there is danger, but the evil has not yet fallen on us—HOWARD cannot reach London before the DUKE; and may we not reasonably imagine his peace will be established, upon a foundation too permanent to yield to the weight of that wretch’s testimony.—Look up, then, sweet sufferer, to the Being who has so wonderfully extricated you from such dreadful situations—Look up to my revered grandfather, for the assistance *that* God alone can sanctify.”

“MY noble child,” said the delighted BRUCE, “you teach us fortitude.—Listen then, Madam, to this dear creature; she inspires even *me* with her heroic principles—We will wait with patience the consequence of this unfortunate affair.”

THE Duchess sighed, wrung her hands, and could utter nothing but “treason,! death! and MONMOUTH!”

WHILE these tender recluses were employed in the sad office of lamenting the hazard that nobleman would sustain, if HOWARD should prejudice his parent, before he could plead his

own justification; and her excellent comforters were trying, by every means the most delicate generosity could invent, to combat her fears—his success at Court proved those fears vague and groundless.

ALONE—melancholy—and in disguise, the Duke landed at Harwich, while ARGYLE pursued his way to Holland, where he had a numerous party of friends, who were anxiously waiting such intelligence as should govern their future motions. With a fervent embrace they separated—silent, dejected, and unable to conquer the anxiety which hung upon their minds.

IT was night when MONMOUTH entered London, but the gloom of his ideas cast a deeper shade on his countenance than a temporary darkness could induce. The nation he once hoped to govern—the people who were wont to bow at his very name, now distinguished him not from the common herd; he passed unnoticed, unattended and unsuspected, to the house of Lord HALLIFAX, whose joyful surprise at the first discovery of his illustrious visitor, convinced him that his attachment was sincere. It was with apparent pleasure the Duke received an account of his father's favourable disposition towards him, and testified the most filial impatience to cast himself at the feet of one whom he yet confessed with a sigh, had not discharged the sacred duty of a husband to his hapless mother.

THE various perplexities of state, as well as those of a domestic nature, added to the consequences of a libertine life, had induced a weariness and lassitude of disposition in the King. His constitution was daily giving way to incurable distemper, and he had often been heard to wish for the society of that son who alone could give him comfort; sensible, though too late, of the importance of those hours he had given to thoughtless conviviality, and unsupported by strong health, he could only lament the injury his royal character had sustained, without a possibility of reparation. The licentious freedom he had used to others was as readily accorded to himself; and, among all his riotous companions, he had not one friend:—was it not natural, then, to wish for such an acquisition in the person of him whom, through the prudent representation of HALLIFAX, he considered as highly injured; and could any hazard attend the discovery of MONMOUTH'S arrival, at a time, too, when JAMES was rendering himself odious to the people of Edinburgh; and by his absence, forwarded the designs of those who considered him as an illegal oppressor, and an usurper of another's right—thus prepossessed with the idea that a repentant father would extend the hand of conciliation, he inwardly congratulated himself upon BRUCE's prescience, and his compliance with his amiable Duchess's desires.

AS CHARLES had ever discovered a propensity to the marvellous, and was apt to be more strongly affected by sudden surprise, than the tedious preparation dictated by cautious prudence, HALLIFAX prevailed upon the Duke to present himself before the King, at a time when solitude and self-reproach held out the bitter consequence of criminal indulgence. Silent midnight was therefore fixed upon for the important interview; as CHARLES, to whom beds of down was no *sucedaneum* for the loss of inward peace, generally passed those hours in his closet, which unincumbered minds devote to the renovation of the animal system. There was little difficulty in procuring admission to the antichamber, beyond which his Majesty's privy

closet lay. The hour approached—it struck twelve—Lord HALLIFAX, whose authority, at Whitehall, admitted every privilege a resident in the palace could enjoy, conducted his friend to the interior apartments, and then left him to realize a scene, the apprehension of which agitated every trembling nerve. The nights were warm—the closet door stood open—MONMOUTH approached, and at the farther end he beheld his parent, his feet supported by velvet cushions. His countenance palid—stern—and rendered still more unpleasant from the emotions of his soul—his eyes turned from the glaring light, as if disgusted with their beams, gave proof of the inefficacious power of royalty, which could not procure one hour of that repose the meanest of his subjects so sweetly enjoyed. Some papers lay upon the table, which had been left for CHARLES'S consideration—but his sick mind rejected the contents, and he sat restless, pensive and unhappy—when with a heart-piercing groan, he slowly exclaimed—”O MONMOUTH! O my son! where has my cruelty driven thee? O, that these eyes could once more view a child, so fatally dear to thy miserable parent!”

THIS was the very moment of discovery—the crisis of MONMOUTH'S fate.—He advanced, and prostrated himself before the astonished King, bathing his hands with filial tears.—“And does my father wish,” he said, “to see the son of his first love—has the child of poor LUCY yet a claim to his affection?—Does he employ the solemn midnight hour in lamentations for MONMOUTH'S fate?”

“ALAS! my dear son,” cried the amazed King—“thou dost yet exist—thou yet livest to pity the sorrows of a mistaken Monarch. See, MONMOUTH, what is royalty when divested of that dignity which should support the title—in private we are but men—subject to afflictions, great as our station. The tear of anguish steals down a cheek that would blush with indignation, to betray any public marks of a weakness so natural. Had *I*,”—and he groaned with undescrivable agony,—“had *I* not stifled the soft pleadings of humanity—had *I* listened to the sweet supplications of your martyred mother, these solemn hours would have been divested of their terror; and the piercing reflections of an unsatisfied conscience been changed for the soothing composure of an untroubled mind: but no more of this—*your* danger calls forth every foreboding fear: your uncle *governs*—I shame to say—*governs* his King. Such is his power, and so much his artful administration overshadows my glory, that CHARLES of England is no longer the prince of nations.”

WITH the most respectful pity MONMOUTH beheld the ebullition of that grief his father could no longer restrain, and turned from a sight so derogatory to the greatness of Majesty—when, partly recovering from his deep dejection, the King implored his son to guard against the mysterious designs of his uncle, whose hopes of a crown depended upon the conquest of every competitor for that greatness, and who had already employed every manoeuvre to counteract his suspected intentions; alive only to the pleasures of reconciliation, the Duke passed lightly over his father's fears, and entered into a succinct account of every event which had followed his banishment from Court, touching, with the warmest pathos, those scenes in which his Duchess had endured such distress: the friendship of ARGYLE; the hospitality of BRUCE; the treachery and imprisonment of HOWARD, were painted in colours glowing enough to strike a less

susceptible heart than CHARLES'S. He embraced his son, he blessed the marriage of his darling, and let loose every spring of parental tenderness; but, immediately recurred to his dread of JAMES'S resentment, whose emissaries, he doubted not, would directly communicate the important intelligence of MONMOUTH'S arrival at Court. The King's forebodings were prophetic—no sooner was it rumoured that he had given audience to his son, than messengers were dispatched to Edinburgh, and JAMES wrote in terms of the sharpest reproach to his brother, for harbouring a rebel—a traitor—and an intended paricide—urging the necessity of his speedy banishment, if CHARLES consulted the tranquility and safety of his kingdom.—MONMOUTH'S spirit revolted against this indignant treatment; and he saw, with infinite concern, the imbecility of his parent, who almost trembled at the reading of the haughty letter:—But if the Duke beheld, in this blameable pusillanimity, fresh cause of trouble—how was that increased, when, to the utter astonishment of the whole Court, JAMES suddenly made his appearance at Whitehall, with *Howard* in his train—HOWARD, the baleful, treacherous monster, supposed to be strictly confined in BRUCE Castle, escaped, countenanced and protected by his most virulent enemy.—The sarcastic sneer—the malignant smile—the fawning servility of courtly homage deceived not MONMOUTH.

HE knew the heart that beat for revenge under the specious covering; and saw, in the haughty contraction of his uncle's brow, the venom of a cloud ready to burst with sanguinary vengeance. Its first effects were expressed in CHARLES'S countenance, the tenderness of whose looks were changed to cold constraint, and sudden impressions of anger, darting over his features, as his veering thoughts now leaned to the suggestions of his concealed enemies, or now wished to have the innocence fully cleared, which he had no right to suspect: at length, impelled by an authority, he chose not to dispute; he appointed a private audience with his son, when he informed him of his resolution of again sending him abroad, as it was impossible to keep him within the reach of JAMES'S accusation, who still persisted in the propriety of subjecting him to a legal trial, for the imputed crimes of harbouring treasonable intentions against the life of his liege Lord, and daring to name himself as the lawful successor. Indignation, and offended pride now took the lead of prudence, and dictated a bitter retort to this command.—“Yes,” he cried, “I will go—your Majesty shall be gratified, and the *governor* of yourself and kingdom shall no longer face the man, whose unsullied integrity shames *his own want* of every amiable principle; but let your brother remember, that his hopes of future power are equally futile and unjust—“for MONMOUTH (and he spoke with energy) *is your lawful Heir.*”—He would have proceeded,—but the entrance of his uncle, with looks of unrestrained rage, turned the current of his high-souled resentment against that meanness which had made JAMES an ear-witness of his imprudent confession—and the natural impetuosity of his temper, rising above the dictates of unrestrained judgment—MONMOUTH charged the Duke of York, with designs that militated against the established Religion of England, the peace of the nation, and those rights and privileges which his grandfather had too freely infringed upon, and for which his zealous persecutors had taken his sacred life.—“I *know*,” he continued, in a spirited tone, “I *know* what sacrifice is necessary to further *your* Catholic schemes,—MONMOUTH must fall to secure *your* footing—his heart must bleed upon the point of black assassination—or, condemned by a pretended legal trial, finish at the block those days your hatred has embittered.—To *you* is owing

the base charge of paricide and treason; none but the Duke of YORK would dare to raise a father's hatred against an unoffending son.—Conclude, then, your dark and bloody work! HOWARD is ready to aid his ignoble master in the business of death.—*He* shall stand forth the betrayer of the innocent—the destroyer of the worthy—and exult in the destruction of his friend.”—To a charge so awful, so clear, so solemn, and so unexpected, even JAMES was unprepared for an answer, and the reproaches his countenance predicted upon his first entrance were useless, since he could not refute the charge; and he sullenly departed, in the full determination of seeking a sure and sweet revenge.

CHARLES, though subject to the will of his despotic brother, could not refuse his secret approbation of that noble spirit, which, bursting the bands of fear and caution, had soared above every consideration, but that of a glorious resentment; and, extending his arms,—“One last embrace, my dear ill-fated son, I feel we shall never meet again; your magnanimity confounds me, while it proves your integrity; and, alas, while it threatens your immediate destruction! I cannot condemn a virtue so glorious. Adieu, my son! fly from this den of serpents;—but let not your *father's* throne feel the terrible effects of your anger. Soon will this decaying body be deposited in the receptacle of my ancestors; let not, then, my remaining days be disturbed by national tumult; I feel a premature decay through every part of this vital frame;—but O, my son! *what* is to follow the dissolution of nature; the thoughts of *that* create innumerable pangs in my harrassed mind. Prejudiced against the dissenters, by their puritanical severity, I imbibed, in Scotland, an early disgust to those tenets, which forbid a criminal indulgence of unbounded pleasure—not permitted to exercise that mode of religion, more congenial to my belief, and utterly despising the controversial disputes, which perpetually furnished fresh matter for contention, without conviction.—I, at last, professed myself a Latitudinarian in principle, and gloried in the utter neglect of every sacred duty:—these reflections plant thorns on that pillow, which no longer affords a salutary refreshment.—Remember then, my dear JAMES, to shun the sad and fatal errors that have disgraced my reign:—remember, and respect the sorrows of a King.”—Melted by this candid confession, MONMOUTH tenderly embraced his parent;—and, after solemnly vowing, to wave his intention of claiming a right to the Crown, while Heaven continued the life of its present possessor—he quitted the presence, and prepared to follow his friend ARGYLE to Holland, where a powerful auxiliary had been assiduously employed in gaining proselytes to his cause.—

BUT though James had by his tyrannical behaviour superceded his brother's design, to keep his beloved son near the throne—yet was this but a temporary relief to the corroding fears which were ever upon the rack of foreboding expectation, and which had received the most serious addition from HOWARD'S disclosure, of every plan concerted by the Duke and his friends, which were aggravated by the most artful malice, ungratified revenge could supply.—“You are not safe my Lord,” said he, “while MONMOUTH is at liberty—depend upon it, he will not give up the glittering prospect of a crown, while a number of ignorant fanatics, and hot-headed Scots can be found to inflate his haughty soul with a prospect of success.—We must not stumble at delicate objections in cases of such importance—he must be seised, and I will take care proper witnesses shall be at hand to corroborate any testimony I shall produce; CHARLES is

weak; but that imbecility which strengthens *your* power over him, gives equal, if not superior force to his son's representations.—The arch-villain BRUCE is a dangerous object too, *he* must be removed, he has a numerous clan, ready to execute any command, lawless despotism shall give; and I am well assured, means to rise in MONMOUTH'S cause, so soon as the dreadful schemes are ripened to a possibility of execution: let resolution then counteract the operations of treachery; I will embark a number of troops, whose disciplined strength shall overmatch the ferocity of the unskilled Highlanders;—we will destroy the very essence of a combination which threatens, though it cannot abolish, your legal claim: to chance alone was I indebted for my escape from a loathsome prison, where life would soon have given way to rigorous treatment, and the tormenting reflection, that I could no longer offer up the best blood in my veins to the service of an injured Prince. Yes, my Lord, the honest fellows by whom I was liberated, knew not that in me they emancipated an humble zealous follower of the Duke of YORK'S fortunes; to the support of which, I here vow to dedicate every future thought, word, and action." To protestations and proposals of such a tendency, JAMES lent the most eager attention, who, with a depth of cunning equal to the invention and performance of a thousand artful manoeuvres, necessary to the accomplishment of his own wishes, saw not the master-wheel which actuated this refined politician in wickedness, nor once considered, that *he* who could so long carry on a secret correspondence against the man he now professed to serve, and who so basely betrayed his friend for the vilest purposes, might, when detestable selfishness urged the practice, again exhibit fresh proof of villainy.

HOW weak the dependance vice can make upon its counterpart! and how futile the hope of experiencing that sincerity in another which itself possesses not—this ignoble Prince did not readily discover;—deceived by his professions, and conscious of the importance of that advice, suggested by deep unwarrantable motives, JAMES gladly delegated his authority to Lord HOWARD to raise the troops necessary for his sanguine purpose, and counselled him not to neglect the means his rancourous heart had imbibed for the destruction of his injured friend.

WHILE the secret schemes of diabolical revenge were fabricating to plant fresh thorns in the Duchess's house, she began by the tender endeavours of her benevolent friends to regain her confidence in that Omniscience which had so often held forth a sacred ray of consolation to the extinction of terror, apprehension, and despair;—a tender idea that MONMOUTH would escape the malice of his enemies, was confirmed by the delightful intelligence of his interview with the King, and the conciliating disposition of that monarch;—but all that followed appearances so flattering, was withheld from her knowledge, to wound her feelings, to awaken the terrors which hope might have silenced, was totally repugnant to affection so delicate as that which sought but the ease and happiness of his soul's dearest treasure;—she was wrapt in the contemplation of that exquisite felicity her generous MONMOUTH would enjoy in raising her to a throne, whom she now doubted not would be established in his right of succession, and waited somewhat impatiently for the messenger which her rapid imagination had charged with the commission of conveying her to London. Ah! how sweet are the emotions of a tender and sensible heart. What soft and gentle recollections expand the bosom lately throbbing with excess of anguish? When a fond and overcharged fancy supplies the expectation of future bliss, with what velocity that

incomprehensible principle which we denominate Thought, darts through the boundless scale of hopes, fears, sorrows, joys, and cares, arranging some, discarding others; encouraging ideas most congenial to our sense of happiness, and brooding over those scenes which self-love appropriates as our right, easily passing, by every impediment reason would offer, to the completion of our darling schemes.

THE sweet security on which her soul reposed after a storm that had rooted up and displaced so many comforts, began to give way after a fortnight of suspense had elapsed; and the expectation of beholding her husband in the situation she had, in her presaging mind, decidedly placed him in, faded insensibly before the cruel uncertainty. The gentle consolations of her friends lost their efficacy, she attended to them in silence; but with pain they saw their endeavours to inspire her with fresh confidence, totally fruitless: she would trace her pensive steps along the shore, and listen to the roaring surf, with a listless vacancy of aspect, that denoted an attention fixed upon one dear, one hoarded grief, which every succeeding day increased. The solitude to which a recess from mental and bodily fatigue, had communicated unspeakable charms, became melancholy, tedious, and irksome. The company she at first considered as possessed of every advantage she could derive from the most delightful society lost in the sad state of her soul—all that endearing softness which at first excited her grateful regard.

MONMOUTH, ever dear, ever most sacredly beloved, filled all her thoughts, occupied every tender remembrance. When the cheerfulness of early dawn first saluted her heavy eye, it could not banish the tear of disappointed love; nor could the softness of a setting sun illumine her care-worn countenance;—thus passed the days of sorrow, when the arrival of a messenger turned the current of her thoughts, and she once more indulged in the extatic hope of being soon united to her MONMOUTH; a fond and important letter communicated tidings that banished every forboding terror, it spoke of the Duke's intention to meet her in Holland, where he had already secured a strong interest with the States.—It announced his design of resting in peace till the life of his parent, which already hovered on the verge of an opened grave, should no longer give the cast of criminality to his claim of succession; it invited her in terms so soft, so sweet, to come and share the splendour of his situation in a country devoted to him, that in the rapture of her heightened soul, she experienced pangs as severe as any disappointment could induce.—The congratulation of her sympathising friends, called forth every expression of gratitude for their patient respect of her grief, and the gentle kindness which had quietly indulged the gloomy habits of her mind.

MARGARET sighed at the idea, that she could now no longer render any service to MONMOUTH by her constant and ready attention to the Duchess;—“Alas!” she secretly cried, “how soon the great events, which have marked so large a portion of time, will be as though they had never been;—*never* been; ah! she thought one dear, one indelible impression, will ever prove an inexhaustible source of tender, but painful recollection;—what can obliterate a remembrance so sacred.—O, my father, with thy loved image is blended that of a virtuous hero!—It cannot disgrace thee; each shall reflect upon the other; that lustre which singly can dazzle a world: thou art inflexibly just; but thy soul rejects not the exercise of those gentler passions that militate not against honour, delicacy, and unspotted nobleness. Never shall this heart encourage an idea

incompatible with the purity of a virgin, the peace of a wife.—No, thou amiable Duchess, I will partake of thy sorrows, but never cause them;—supremely blest in thy MONMOUTH'S affection, thou shalt not suspect the sentiments of a heart which too powerfully unites love with admiration. With this glorious enthusiasm, MARGARET quieted the strong emotions of a bosom too noble to admit one selfish thought, where the peace of a single individual demanded the sacrifice of her feelings;—and she cheerfully congratulated her lovely friend, upon her charming prospects of peace and happiness.

THE days which intervened between the arrival of the messenger and that of the vessel she expected to convey her Grace from Bruce Castle, were chequered alternately with hope, doubt, joy, and fear. She would shudder at the idea of being prevented in her intention of meeting her beloved, by the raging winds, which in the closing Autumn made that navigation extremely dangerous; and, but for the supposition that MONMOUTH'S reasons for sending for her by sea, were founded upon motives extremely important—would not have hesitated one moment to venture across the island—and in one of their small craft, attempt to reach the Highlands, over whose extensive hills she would have explored a passage to the coast opposite Holland.—It was in vain BRUCE urged the impossibility of any vessel making their shore, while the wind continued to blow in a contrary direction; nor could the respectful arguments urged by Capt. SCOFIELD, who had brought her letters, produce a desirable effect. She would weep in silent anxiety, through the melancholy hours which suspense embittered.—Alone, restless, and portending every horrible event from this procrastination—the Duchess occupied a gloomy apartment, enlivened only by a feeble lamp—her eyes half closed—her whole soul involved in the most painful meditation—her ear shocked by the beating of a heavy rain against the casement, and the hollow echoes of distant footsteps through the lower passages of the castle. She arose—traversed the room—sat down again—every feeling which hope had encouraged, crushed by heartless despair—every sweet expectation totally subdued—every occurrence which had tintured her life with sorrow, brought forward to swell the climax, and fill the measure of foreboding grief:—while thus employed, she started at the increase of those sounds below, which seemed to approach nearer. Faint shrieks, confused exclamations of terror, denunciations of vengeance—all pressed upon her affrighted imagination, with a force too rapid to permit the separation of a thousand shocking ideas which obtruded upon the dismal moment—she listened—“God of Mercy!” said the unhappy Lady, “what do I hear? Is not that the voice of BRUCE?” Again—“O patience, sweet Heaven—he groans—ah! where is MARGARET? What means this dreadful clamour? MONMOUTH, blessed MONMOUTH, is this the awful hour that must deprive thee of thy ANNA? Who knows—perhaps—ah! is not that agonizing shriek the omen of approaching death?—The expiring lamp will no longer illumine my miseries.”

THE door burst open—BRUCE, pale, trembling—bleeding—his helpless arms stretched towards the frantic Lady, and followed by several armed men, entered to complete the horrible suspicions of her convulsed soul. The venerable sufferer, sick and giddy with his wounds, yet retained strength enough to bear him to her feet, as she leaned with clasped hands against the tapestried wall—sinking down by him, she exclaimed, “O, who has done this atrocious deed?—revered old man—*thus* must thou die!”

“LADY,” said the fainting DONALD, “thou art lost:” and then casting a ghastly look towards the soldiers—“HOWARD—SCOFIELD—can best explain this work of death.”

“YES, madam, the VESSEL is arrived to convey you—to destruction. See how she weeps for the ancient ruffian, he has lived long enough to harbour traitors.”—Ah! the voice that thundered forth the vindictive language—how it shook the frame of innocence. She looked towards the monster, who had uttered it—but who can speak her desperation, when he continued, “Once more has fortune been just to my wrongs—once more you behold—”

“O MADNESS,” she cried, “I do indeed once again behold the vilest monster that ever curst a wretched nation!”—and in that shocking moment, insensible to fear, she advanced with an intrepid air:—“Come then,” she said, “and satisfy the dictates of thine infernal soul, since nought but death can soothe thy unsatiated thirst for blood—in BUCCLEUGH’S offspring thou beholdest no ignoble prey.—The pure stream thy fury shall let loose will consecrate these awful ruins. Yes, HOWARD, since thou aimest at so high a quarry, the life of MONMOUTH’S Duchess will be no inconsiderable addition to the numbers which must sink thee to eternal perdition: I shall fall, pure and unspotted—not Envy’s self shall taint my honest fame; and the turf which in this solitary spot shall bloom over my sad remains, will hereafter be sanctified as the sacred covering of injured integrity. SCOFIELD, approach—thou who with well-dissembled villainy could soothe an unsuspecting female with the hope of meeting a dear abused husband—thou who couldest fabricate the monstrous legend to lull the fears of a deceived Lady—approach, and execute that dark design thine agent’s cowardly heart trembles to perform. In that pale corpse I see my destiny—no matter whether HOWARD or SCOFIELD deals the blow.” And, then throwing herself upon her knees before the martyred BRUCE, she kissed, with impatient tenderness, his ghastly face, and ensanguined lifeless hands: “Thou art gone,” she said, “best of men—thy benevolent spirit is for ever fled—MONMOUTH’S Duchess no longer interests every faculty of thy departed soul; and who knows but for me the stroke was given: in my defence, perhaps, those aged arms were stretched forth in helpless fury.”

HOWARD, who had for some moments been collecting the bitter venom which her spirited address had at first driven back to the mansion that had fostered it, now prepared new tortures for her wounded brain. “You think me capable then,” he cried, “of great revenge—you are not deceived—but could the mighty BUCCLEUGH’S offspring fondly imagine HOWARD would languish in infamous obscurity, nor boldly dare to rise superior to his oppressors?—No, madam, protected by the lawful heir of England’s Crown, he has greatly attempted to avenge that royal sufferer of his enemies. In one bloody undistinguished ruin they shall fall. The tragedy is but begun. This hoary traitor’s death opens but the way to a long succession of executions. JAMES is not to be provoked with safety:—come lady, you must go with us. The gallant SCOFIELD has already secured one charming prize—possessed of MARGARET, he will perform wonders: already has that spirited fair one been conveyed on board. Yes, haughty woman, you will now have a companion in your fancied distress; and who knows, if my emissaries prove successful as ourselves, but your adored husband may join us at London—there,

in the Tower, ye may lament the disappointment of your air-built plans. The Tower gates have opened with destruction, and to many arch rebels—and there too MONMOUTH may expiate, upon the block, his presumptuous sins: the axe waits but for its noblest sacrifice.”

“THE axe—the scaffold—the block—Mercy, sweet Heaven!—are all those instruments of cruelty preparing for my MONMOUTH?—But no—monster, he is beyond the reach of HOWARD’S arts.”

“TOO securely,” said the malignant wretch, “have *we* cast *our* schemes. MONMOUTH is now upon his passage to England, in the full hope of meeting you in honorable safety in CHARLES’S Court. Fearful you should quit this island before our troops could be prepared to exterminate this guilty nest of rebels, we sent the brave SCOFIELD to lull you into a false security; similar arts have been practised upon your deluded Duke, and I doubt not but with equal success—so you will not be disappointed. He shall meet his faithful Duchess in a *prison*. O, how it will gall his ambitious soul, when, for the pomp of royalty, he shall experience the shock of cold neglect; and, instead of the tapestried hall, a gloomy dungeon.”

“THEN I *shall* see him,” groaned the despairing lady, “perhaps *die* with him: will not *that* be permitted?—but O MONMOUTH,” with a deep sigh, “are we to meet *only* in death? Must our embraces be chilled with the idea of a speedy separation? Shall that noble countenance be clouded with the dread of approaching dissolution, that graceful form be humbled to the fatal block? Those beauteous locks trail in the dust, and, clotted with gore, hang over the pale and ghastly forehead?—Ah! now I behold the agonizing moment, when every spectator shall wait in silent horror the dreadful stroke. I hear his last address, his solemn and unfeigned declarations of loyalty, see him meekly bow to a surrounding multitude, whose streaming tears declare their unavailing pity; but, MONMOUTH, beloved by his people, shall not fall unrevenged. O, so sweet a sacrifice will secure the tenderest pity—and pity shall create a resolution of retaliation. The arbitrary Prince, through whose authority you act, shall feel pangs more pungent than any innocence can experience; deserted by those for whom he dares Heaven’s vengeance, no friendly bosom shall offer the repose his children shall destroy.”—“No more: your prophecy may be in part fulfilled; but all that respects my royal master, passion only dictates.” CHARLES is almost in the situation his enemies have long wished him, powerless, and almost breathless, he can no longer protect those who covertly seek his life.

THE sound of a severe contest interrupted the cruel HOWARD, who, giving the exhausted Duchess to SCOFIELD’S care, flew swiftly down to finish the tragedy his cruelty had begun. The gallant SCOTS, who found themselves inhumanly betrayed, would not yield in cowardly obedience to the brutal assassin; but though deprived of the smallest chance of overcoming a number so superior, both in skill and strength, determined, upon their first landing, to defend their ancient Laird to the utmost of their power.—When the vessel, which was fraught with evil so fatal, appeared in the offing, it was the received opinion, in BRUCE’S family, that its arrival was in consequence of SCOFIELD’S intelligence; but the good old man would not suffer the tidings to reach the Duchess, till certainty should prevent the possibility of deception. The

landing of so many armed men, occasioned a momentary surprize among his vassals; but what despair agitated them, when their noble master, who went out to welcome them, was rudely seized, and inhumanly dragged into the castle, where, in consequence of his feeble resistance, he received those wounds which so soon extinguished a life so precious. Their next prey was the distracted MARGARET, whom they immediately bore to the ship, while another party followed BRUCE to the unhappy Lady's chamber—and the rest, with unprincipled fury, fell upon the astonished Highlanders, who, thus attacked, and irritated by the massacre of their almost worshipped Laird, impetuously rushed upon the barbarous murderers with inconceivable rage;—but HOWARD and several more joining in the horrid fray, soon changed the favourable appearance; and the brave Caledonians reluctantly submitted to their fate, and sank in one general ruin.

NO time was now to be lost—the fatal intelligence, by the flight of a young domestic, flew swiftly to those parts of the island, yet remarkable for a steady attachment to DONALD and his family—and while the base complotters in this mischief, were revelling in confident security, the alarm was given, a scout entered, and, almost breathless with apprehension, warned them immediately to depart, as he had descried a large body of men descending the side of a mountain, about three miles distant.

HOWARD started from his seat—“Come, my friends,” he said, “our wishes and intentions are nearly compleated;—let us not, by a careless dependance upon our good fortune, lose the advantage we have gained:—hasten on board the vessel, let every sailor do his utmost to be ready for a speedy departure;—two of you attend me to conduct our fair prisoner on board; we must not hazard a fresh engagement at present.”—So saying, he took a lamp, and followed by a couple of soldiers, once more entered the gloomy abode of affliction.

THE venerable corse yet lay extended upon the floor, those locks which time had honoured with the purest hue, were dyed with the sacred stream that once had warmed a noble heart. The Duchess reclined in silent anguish—her drooping head, supported by her trembling hand, was bent towards his face—her eyes fixed with wild stupefaction upon the senseless object.—SCOFIELD, in cold unfeeling inattention, sat at some distance, nor once attempted to raise the poor sufferer from her painful situation. Her neglected garments had received from BRUCE's wounds the crimson stain; her charming tresses were spread in wild disorder over her shoulders, neck, and arms. When the vile arbitrator of her fate came near the spot that was distinguished by the melancholy appearance, she lifted up her head, and fixing an agonizing look upon his countenance, which still betrayed marks of unsatisfied vengeance—“Well,” she cried, in an exhausted tone—“Have you finished the work of death?—I hear not the groans of the dying, I no longer tremble for the destiny of those who have now paid the noblest tribute to the manes of this dear deceased. The clash of swords—the dread decisive blows of the broad axe, no more shake my tortured soul with forbodings of my own fate.”—“Come, madam,” said the wretch, “we have no leisure to attend such womanish lamentations, those who have suffered, deserved their punishment;—you may yet be happy, if you can forget your adherence to rebellious traitors—come then with me.”—She started from his offered hand;—it was tinged with blood—

“With you!”—she screamed, “What! with the murderer of BRUCE—with the betrayer of MONMOUTH!—See—see—perhaps the heart that now has lost sensation, bled upon this sacrilegious hand—Ah! barbarous hand, and who knows but it may soon be dipped in MONMOUTH’S hallowed life-blood.”

IN pursuance of a signal made by HOWARD, SCOFIELD approached to assist in tearing the sweet creature from her inanimate friend; she caught his cold contracted fingers—“Save me; O! thou precious Being!—Blessed Heaven, work a miracle, and raise this fallen goodness in my defence.—O! is there not a ray of light to pierce this veil of darkness?” She struggled, but in vain: when near the door, she turned again toward BRUCE.—“One more look—only one last gaze at that affecting scene!”—and then forcibly dropping upon her knees, and casting her eyes upwards: “O,” she said, “Thou awful Power, sanctify to me these vast afflictions, and what I cannot escape, teach me to endure with humble fortitude—Adieu, then, to the mangled remains of that pious sufferer.”

NO longer sensible to the dreadful horrors of her situation, she sunk between her cruel guards, and was in that state conveyed to the vessel, which no sooner put to sea, than HOWARD felicitated himself upon an escape from a formidable enemy, who, with incredible haste, had just then attained the shore, and with inexpressible mortification, saw the objects of their justly excited fury, aided by a brisk wind, which at that moment changed in their favour, borne from the vengeance they had so basely provoked.

THAT deadly sickness, which generally seizes the unpractised voyager, so strongly united its influence with the sorrows that had weakened Lady MONMOUTH, as to produce sensations like those the debilitated body experiences, previous to its dissolution; and she lifted up an eye of gratitude to that Being, whom she conceived her sufferings had moved to pity.—But what did that languid eye encounter?—an object so desireable, as almost to banish the strong dejection she endured; she gazed as if uncertain of the truth she wished to prove, when tremulously breaking silence—“Am I,” said she in a feeble tone—“am I so happy yet as to meet one friendly bosom, on which to breathe out this wearied soul?—Does MARGARET live to soothe her departing ANNA with the soft sounds of consolatory peace?—Ah! how did she escape the barbarians who slew her grandfather? Some faint idea strikes me, that she is reserved for a more fatal destruction—so be, perhaps—the monster SCOFIELD’S victim.” “No, dearest Lady, MARGARET was not born to such a fate,” answered the exalted virgin.—“SCOFIELD dares not to imagine an act so vile. It is true, I was brought hither by compulsion, forced from my revered parent’s presence; but the most profound respect followed my capture:—Ah, God! what horror I felt, when that sainted excellence fell under the repeated strokes of their bloody swords:—Oh! how they dragged me from his arms, those arms extended for a last embrace, while round us the faithful domestics were offering up their lives in the glorious cause—and yet I live in the hope of deliverance.” A sudden shock, occasioned by the ship’s bottom touching the ground, produced the most tumultuous confusion above their heads, and interrupted the sorrowing pair; the Duchess in silent resignation, encouraged an idea of shipwreck, but MARGARET waited to hear the anchors let down, as she imagined the tide had ebbed; and that they should only stay till there was water sufficient to carry them out to sea; nor could the noise of the breakers, which incessantly rolled against the vessel’s side, change her opinion—but, in a few minutes time, the cabin was filled with sailors, who, with their usual improvident manner, began to break open lockers, broach the casks, and commit every act desperation could induce. It was with the utmost difficulty HOWARD could prevail on the most thoughtful of them to assist in getting the ladies on shore—when one of the most active stepped forward, and, with the gentlest caution, conveyed the Duchess to a little boat, they were followed by HOWARD, SCOFIELD, and MARGARET; but no persuasions could induce the soldiers to leave their inebriated companions, though every beating wave threatened destruction. The shore, which consisted of a low uninhabited island, was at no great distance; but the surf prevented an immediate access, and the boat was agitated with the most dangerous violence. The approach of several small sailing vessels animated MARGARET with the prospect of that deliverance, she had so confidently expected; and her impatient eye was attracted by their various motions.—Favoured by the wind, they bore directly to the island, and HOWARD beheld, with terror, their increasing proximity. The Duchess weak, and almost expiring, was still supported by the humane person who had taken upon him the important charge; she heard the hasty execrations SCOFIELD threw out against the carelessness of those who had thus impeded their wishes of reaching a place of safety, and shuddered at the declaration HOWARD made, “that he would, were it possible, die a thousand deaths before he would be taken prisoner; for his suspicious soul suggested the probability of those boats being sent in pursuit of them.” “Ah! what,” whispered the poor feeble creature, “is at last to be my fate?” She was overheard by her kind attendant. “Fear nothing,” said he, “honoured Lady, all will

yet be well." A languid kind of joy crept through her whole frame; doubt, fear, and hope, by their active operation, renovated her decayed spirits, and she waited in silent agony an event so strange."

A SMALL inlet, unperceived by HOWARD, lay a little to the right of their perilous situation; but accident, or rather the strength of the breakers tossing them beyond the surf, a strong current bore them towards the stream, and carried them with rapidity to the island; where they landed, contrary to every idea of such unexpected success. This manoeuvre was immediately discovered by those in the small vessels, and they crowded every sail to take the same advantage. It was evident to HOWARD, that neither friendship nor pity were among the motives which induced them thus hastily to follow—as they could not be obliged, either by business or pleasure, to make the desolate island. How, therefore, to avoid a danger still more pressing than that they had escaped, occasioned no small perplexity, and MARGARET secretly rejoiced at the unwary expressions of their undisguised uneasiness. The boats were now near enough the ship to lend that succour which a mad multitude began to see the necessity of, as the stern was already carried away by the force of the waves, and she began to settle down in a position which could not admit the possibility of her keeping together many minutes, from the strain every timber endured. Humanity so far prevailed, as to induce the captain of the little fleet to give such assistance as their distress demanded; but from the peculiar situation of the wreck, they could only throw out ropes to those who were steady enough to venture upon the hazardous experiment, and of all who strove to avail themselves of this kindness, three only reached the shore;—the rest sunk with the wreck, which parted almost immediately after the fortunate few had left her. With the utmost horror HOWARD beheld this awful interposition of Providence, in depriving him of the help he now expected to find needful; but, conceiving the necessity of knowing the worst, and despair inducing rashness, he went down to the sea side, where the boats were by this time landing their troops;—he perceived they were Scots, but he likewise discovered they were regulars, apparently well disciplined, and headed by a person of a martial demeanor:—Guilt, and a sense of deserved punishment confirmed him in the opinion of being the object of their pursuit. To fly was madness. To attempt the gratification of his curiosity, promised no favourable explication of his suspicions: gloomy, therefore, thoughtful, and sullen, he waited till they marched towards him.—The commander, gazed for a moment, when, seizing him by the throat—"Villain, murderer," he cried, "where is the noble BRUCE? Where have you hidden the lovely MARGARET? Where is the wife of your betrayed friend? Are you not HOWARD? Are you not the wretch who could steal upon generous benevolence and harmless innocence? Who could lift the bloody sword to the throat of reverend age, and tear the helpless virgin from the castle of her forefathers? Seize him, soldiers, nor suffer him to escape."

MARGARET, who had just ventured beyond the tent which they had composed of a small sail, depending from the lower boughs of a larch tree, several of which grew near the spot, beheld, with sensations composed of several passions, this extraordinary manoeuvre, and gently, though with some trepidation advanced towards the guards of her mortal enemy. She advanced—but gracious Heaven—to whom—to her protector, her deliverer, her FATHER.—She knew *him* first—Tall, commanding, every motion governed with the most warlike dignity—every feature

animated with heroic resolution—how could she mistake—or how overlook such a conspicuous being.

WILD, starting almost into madness, she rushed forward—checked the impulse of her trembling feet—again she strove, by the velocity of her motion, to shorten the distance between them. The gallant ARTHUR observed her extreme perturbation; but, as time had added more to her perfections than it had taken from his, and the disorder of her dress in some measure altered the appearance of her lovely person, he could only wonder at the apparent agitation she discovered—and when she sunk breathless at his feet, raised her with an anxiety, dictated more by native tenderness than parental affection.

SHE revived; he looked with increasing wonder upon her charming face—“Oh,” said she faintly, “do you not know your MARGARET? Tell me, Sir, are you not the son of ——?” She stopt, she could not articulate the revered name of her slaughtered grandsire. ARTHUR stood a moment silent—tears burst from his eyes.—His child, whom he had left in the most sacred protection driven from home—his father massacred by vile miscreants—his patrimony appropriated to the worst of uses, that, most likely, of rewarding the murderers of his parent—and one of these murderers in his presence yet unpunished: he was almost frantic, and even groaned with excess of agony. “O,” said he, “is it *thus* I greet my daughter? she whose excellence entitles her to an exemption from misery. What has she not endured? But,” turning to his speechless prisoner, “I *will* have revenge.—Come, MARGARET, where are the rest of his competitors—the blood of BRUCE burns through every beating vein, and cries for vengeance; those who could listen unmoved to the pleadings of defenceless age, shall entreat in vain for pity:” and then casting an eye of fury upon HOWARD, “Bring on,” he cried, “that remorseless villain. Yonder, I imagine, lurks the guilty few, whom heaven has spared to fall by this injured arm. Lament not, my beloved daughter, thy father shall supply the place of him you so dutifully mourn.”

“FORGIVE these tears, my dearest protector; alas! they flow from various causes; beneath yonder tree, great MONMOUTH’S Duchess weeps away the sad remains of a feeble existence: treachery, malice, and the vilest barbarity, have conspired to rack a noble heart; and she sinks into death, without the hope of breathing out her innocent soul in a state of freedom—hasten then, while she has power to acknowledge her deliverer; hasten to comfort, to cheer, and, it may be, to restore an oppressed sufferer.” ARTHUR answered not this tender adjuration, but, by quickening his steps, SCOFIELD, with his abettors, were instantly surrounded; resistance was useless, they submitted in abject despondency to their fate, while HOWARD, as if enraged at the pusillanimity of those who could not contend against such odds, turned indignantly from them, confining in his own bosom that inflated pride, which even this mortifying circumstance could not overcome.

MARGARET now led her father into the tent, and going up to the Duchess, who was still guarded by her unknown friend, begged her to look up, for her captivity was at an end. She did look up, but it was only to see her kind companion fiercely attacked by ARTHUR, who,

conceiving him to be an object of terror to Lady MONMOUTH and his child, drew his sword, and would have ended a life to which those ladies were indebted for their present hope of liberty. “Stop, gracious Sir,” said the man, “nor confound the guilty with those who are not so; it would pain your generous soul to know the motives which have awakened your fury—when too late to remedy the evil you are about to commit.” ARTHUR stood suspended, but returned not his sword into the scabbard, “speak then,” said he, “and be sure you clear yourself of a crime so horrid, or certain death awaits your presumption.”

THE unknown, with a modest confidence, addressed the half-fainting Duchess; who, terrified at ARTHUR’S impetuosity, sunk into MARGARET’S arms, and was scarcely able to attend the story she yet wished to hear. “You have doubtless, Madam,” said he, “forgotten the person of one, who was happy to be serviceable to you, at a moment when excessive danger prevented your attention to any thing but an immediate escape. Even the royal Duke might not recognise his faithful servant: but while ANTHONY RIVERS lives, his whole services shall be dedicated to the noble Lord and Lady he will always love and honour.

“I WAS many years a domestic in the family of the great ALGERNON SYDNEY; and continued in it, till that best of men was brought to the block; after which LORD HOWARD thought proper to retain me at his country seat; from whence I communicated the important intelligence respecting my infamous Lord’s design to carry you off. About a week since, the expedition to Scotland was rapidly agreed upon; and I could neither find time nor opportunity to inform you of their dreadful design. All then, that could be done, was to accompany the assailants, and watch every probable event to do you service. My friend, who commanded the *Swift*, was happily chosen to navigate the vessel employed upon this occasion; but we were extremely mortified, to find the plan had been so cautiously laid as to preclude any expectation we might entertain of preventing the shock you must endure; so that we could only hope, by some lucky finesse, to counteract a part of his Lordship’s base intention. The business being concluded, for which he had destroyed so many brave fellows, and the hostile appearance, which alarmed him from the mountain, urging his departure, we were obliged to embark without the possibility of preventing the massacres we shuddered to behold, or relieving the distresses our hearts agonized to witness. While I was musing upon the cruel situation of the illustrious captives, my friend interrupted me with the welcome information, that he had planned a scheme which bore the appearance of success, though it was attended with unavoidable danger. He had seen, and truly guessed at this gentleman’s design in pursuing us; and, fearful we should not be overtaken, proposed to run the vessel upon the rocks, not doubting, but, by his skill and care, to save our lives, though the ship would of course be destroyed. I gladly consented, and the event, though humanity trembles for the fate of so many wretches, who so rashly sought an awful eternity, clearly proves that an eternal Providence sometimes condescends to justify his ways to man.”

ANTHONY concluded his information with entreating ARTHUR would set at liberty the gallant man who had so nobly interested himself in the cause of distressed innocence. “*Free him,*” answered he; “Yes; at the hazard of my life, I would set at liberty the preserver of my child

and this Lady.”—*His child!* O what rapture did those words convey to the Duchess’s soul. She feebly strained her faithful MARGARET to a heart that fluttered as if upon the point of sinking into eternal silence, and held out a trembling hand to the father of her generous friend, who received the sacred offer with the most dutiful respect, vowing never to sheath his sword till MONMOUTH’S right was permanently established; and then departed to arrange the necessary means for securing his prisoners, producing ANTHONY’S friend, and contributing to the peace and consolation of his lovely charges.

THE news of CHARLES’S demise, which happened about this time; the impatience of those friends, who were perpetually urging him to make a descent upon England; and the silence of his adored ANNA to the many letters he had written, determined MONMOUTH to sail to Scotland, for the purpose of summoning those who had lavishly promised him their interest, as well as to satisfy his foreboding heart respecting the Duchess. ARGYLE immediately prepared to accompany his friend, under the secret impression of that affection, which absence had embittered with numberless pangs; and they arrived at Sky the very evening after those horrid transactions had been committed. The deserted appearance of Bruce Castle, which had for numerous years grounded in the observer ideas of the most gloomy solitude, became yet more desolate to the eye of MONMOUTH, who eagerly sought the entrance of that ancient fortress. The falling of a heavy snow prevented, for some time, the discovery of the path which led to the avenue; and in vain they looked for the signal of society that constantly, of a dark night, illumined one or other of the Gothic windows:—but now all was dreary, silent and solitary.—The brown horrors of the awful fabric were strongly contrasted by the whiteness of its covering, which, driven by the wind, adhered to the eastern wall, and threw additional gloom upon the other parts of the building. With difficulty they waded through the melting snow; and with terror perceived the inner door that led to the hall thrown wide open. Fearful of they knew not what, though dreading every evil, they cautiously descended several steps, suppressing almost the tumultuous agitation of their throbbing hearts, and hardly daring to respire, lest it should retard the means of satisfying a curiosity which had almost deprived them of every sense, but that of hearing.—Alas! it met with no interruption, but the melancholy echo of their own feet. They proceeded to the stairs that led to the western turret, when ARGYLE stumbled with a force that impelled him to the ground; and, in searching for the occasion of his fall, caught hold of a hand that chilled his soul. He started backwards,—“My friend,” said MONMOUTH, “wherefore do you hesitate? Let us know the worst.”

“THE worst is *death*,” exclaimed the astonished Earl. “*Death*, remorseless and unrelenting, presides over the harmless inmates of Bruce Castle. Be not impatient, MONMOUTH; be not terrified, but much I dread the hand of HOWARD and his abettor have struck a bloody stroke.”

THE truth, like lightning, pervaded the Duke’s prophetic soul—“Ah!” he cried, “have they reached this peaceful abode already? Are we then too late even for vengeance?” The cold perspiration run from his limbs, while, in inconceivable anguish, he called upon BRUCE, the Duchess, and MARGARET—a sullen silence followed the echo of his voice. “They are

murdered," groaned the poor distressed—"ARGYLE, they are sacrificed: hark! do you not hear their ineffectual shrieks? O, Fancy brings to my tortured imagination, their prayers for mercy, their tears. I hear my adored ANNA'S adjurations to MONMOUTH to save her from the assassin. I see the reverend BRUCE lift up his aged hands for pity—the lovely MARGARET too, upon her trembling knees, implores a respite for her beloved parent; and now the fatal weapon pierces a heart, whose last throbs were for her absent husband's sorrows, when the dreadful tale should reach his ear."

"NO more, my dearest friend," said the Earl, "we will return to the boat that landed us, and procure a light; we shall then be enabled to investigate the shocking transaction." They were turning to leave the place, when the noise of some one coming down the stairs, caught their ear, and arrested their steps.—"Stop," said the Duke, "all are not dead; they listened, but all was again silent. "It is but an imaginary sound," rejoined he, and was proceeding, when they again heard it, as though retiring towards the upper gallery. He then turned hastily about, and went up some of the broken steps, when a bell, which was occasionally made use of in the Castle, sounded several times. Courage, rashness, even despair was hardly able to contend against the strong apprehensions such unaccountable surprises had raised—MONMOUTH hesitated—ARGYLE, though bold and enterprising, seemed more inclined to retreat for a light—but was again struck by a repetition of several soft sighs, as though breathed from the bosom of a female. The Duke would no longer linger in suspense, but, rushing forward, again uttered those names so dear to him. He had now reached the door of his Lady's chamber, when, by the dim glimmer which the snow had reflected through the window, he discerned the figure of a woman, who, sinking at his feet, could scarcely articulate a plea for mercy. "Whoever thou art, I conjure thee," said MONMOUTH, "to inform me of the fate of BRUCE and his family."

"ALAS, my Lord," answered the trembling damsel, "they are doubtless murdered: to chance alone am *I* indebted for some hours of a miserable existence; but my laird, and the ladies are victims to a band of robbers who last night stormed the Castle."

"WHO then are you?" asked ARGYLE, who by this time had reached the gallery, and who, though stunned by the terrible information, applied the question his friend could not put—petrified as he was at intelligence so distracted.

"I AM JANET," she replied, "and should now have been numbered with the dead, but, when my dear master was pursued by the wretches into this room, I crept into a closet under the stairs, nor should now have ventured out, but was encouraged by hearing your voices, which I thought I knew, and ventured to touch the alarm bell."

"AND are they all murdered?" exclaimed MONMOUTH, with a sigh which shook his bosom.

"INDEED, my honoured Lord, I think so," said the poor creature; "but I fainted away with terror when I heard my master's dying groans, and the Duchess's sad shrieks—so that I can

only guess they are killed, from the silence which nothing but your entrance interrupted." A noise below alarmed the feeble JANET, and she clung to ARGYLE, saying, "They are returned again, and we must all die." MONMOUTH and ARGYLE, who imagined the cause of her fright, hastily descended, and met in the hall those sailors, who, uneasy at their long stay, had left the boat, and with several lighted torches, which they had fetched from the ship, soon explored a doubtful passage through the snow, and were hailing the gentlemen in the loudest terms. The entrance of the lights immediately explained what JANET had no power to tell; and they beheld the marble pavement stained with human gore, while extended in different parts of the hall, lay the bodies of those who had bravely fallen in defence of liberty. Almost frantic at a sight so terrible—the Duke struck his forehead, clasped his hands, and was ready in the despair of his soul, to arraign the Providence who had given its suffrage to acts so atrocious. "My wife," he cried, "ANNA—my murdered love—O, in what part of this tomb of the innocent lie remains so precious:" and then wildly flying from his friend, who was little more composed than himself—he snatched a torch from one of the men, and, with a resolution despair only could supply, again mounted the steps of the turret, and explored every arched recess and closet, that might be supposed to contain the affecting object he yet shuddered to meet. Her chamber door was open, the couch on which she had often reclined stood opposite, against it leaned her harp, and upon the ground lay a scarf, which she wore upon her arm, because it was valued by her MONMOUTH. He entered—tears, scalding his manly cheeks at the sight of remembrances so precious—but if these tokens agonized his heart with a tenderness that knew no bounds—how did rage, hatred, and the bitterest feelings, dry up the sources of soft pity, and raise his fury to the highest pitch, when he beheld—the corpse of that noble friend, who had sheltered *him* from the fury which at last had proved fatal to himself. He threw himself upon his knees before it, and raising his hands to Heaven, in a solemn and affecting manner, vowed never to lay aside his resentment, till the house of HOWARD had expiated by its blood the injuries of that martyred sufferer, and his extirpated clan: then rising, he again resumed the search, which he gave not over, till convinced it was utterly fruitless. With the opening dawn new scenes of horror presented themselves; a desolation, the most chilling, was only to be seen, where he had left all the charms of cultivated society. A silence, the most melancholy, now received no interruption from the piper's national harmony, or the cheerful occupations of a happy family.—MONMOUTH could not bear the gloomy contrast; and acceded to ARGYLE'S request, to hasten from the dreary mansion, not forgetting to take the lamenting JANET from a place, where misery had now taken up its abode.

DETERMINED to seek the author of his calamities—the Duke separated from his friend, who hastened to the isle of Bute, Dumbarton, and all those places from whence he expected the forces he now thought necessary to bring forward—while MONMOUTH, after settling a place of general rendezvous, with a heart burnt up with grief and revenge, desperately sought his mortal enemy—even in the Court of JAMES; but disappointed in his furious expectations, and fortunate enough to escape the snares that King had prepared for him, he would no longer delay the execution of a plan which long had divided his attention with the fair one he had now, in idea, consigned to death—and hastened back to Amsterdam, where the representation of his unprecedented wrongs increased the number of his followers to a consequential degree; even the Prince of ORANGE, watchful for his safety, discovered a formidable plot laid by JAMES'S

ambassador, to secure, and send him back to England;—and, with unexampled kindness, protected him from his enemies' designs. The uniformity with which he had hitherto acted, respecting his intentions of dethroning his uncle, now gave way to schemes of revenge, and he had more consolation in the hope of HOWARD'S destruction, than pleasure in the idea of overcoming a bigotted catholic. The loss of his Duchess became every day more poignant, and the uncertainty of her fate, tormented his feelings with the most corroding anguish.—His plans were formed without prudence, and communicated without circumspection. The rashness which had ever sullied his character, became the most blameable trait in it, and, deprived of the only friend who had preserved his influence over that unhappy Prince, he gave way to impatience, peevishness, and sudden fits of anger; which encreased to an inexcusable height, when opposed by the slightest contradiction. Alas! the only mitigation of his griefs was yet withheld—the only circumstance which could have mollified the acrid disposition he had of late indulged, seemed not to cheer his gloomy soul; his ANNA, though liberated from her mortal enemy, was so far reduced, by the consequence of her late afflictions, as to be utterly unable to bear a voyage, either to England or Holland;—all that could be done then was to convey her to the nearest Scottish port; where, guarded by RIVERS and his friend, ARTHUR left MARGARET and the Duchess, while he went in pursuit of the Duke to offer his services, and to inform him of his Lady's safety. Unwilling to trust HOWARD from his sight, and loath to be the inflicter of that justice his crimes deserved—he found him a heavy clog upon his intention.—It was impossible to set him at liberty;—resentment, prudence, reason, all forbid a step so dangerous; and to be under the necessity of keeping so bad a member of society continually about him, was not only disagreeable, but inconvenient.—However, the only punishment he could at present substitute, and which was a present solution to his perplexities—was to have him conveyed to the castle he had desolated, where, under a strict and guarded confinement, he might, at leisure, reflect upon the cruelties which had rendered it an abode of solitary horror. The bigotry of JAMES had already rendered the English Court a scene of confusion, and was daily making innovations upon the privileges of a free and happy people.—Popery was soon understood to be the leading principle of that Monarch's actions; nor did he scruple to avow his intention of establishing that mode of worship throughout the nation. This terrifying resolution gave the most pungent alarm to all who had hoped to ground in their offspring a sacred sense of the reformed religion, and who now trembled for the fate of those who had strongly contended for the necessity of enforcing the penal law.—All the martyrdoms which branded MARY'S reign with the vilest odium—all the horrible persecutions that had rendered France a scene of unprecedented barbarity—the character of CATHERINE of Medicis—CHARLES the Ninth—and the Duke of Guise—were held up as the consequence of Romish finesse, and unfeeling superstition.—One only hope remained to calm the apprehensions of a suspicious people, and MONMOUTH'S pretensions, however futile, received additional force from the attempts JAMES made to weaken them. It was the very point to which his friends had aimed to bring him, the moment on which depended the confirmation of his wishes; all who had secretly favoured the Duke, now openly confessed their attachment; conspiracies were every where forming to strengthen his forces. Expresses daily sent to invite him to take possession of a throne, which they now considered in the greatest danger.—ARGYLE had summoned together all who had professed an inclination to serve the Duke, and he now waited, with the utmost impatience, for that Prince to join him.—ARTHUR, likewise, was

trying the strength of his interest among the islands, and had invited all on whom he could depend to join him at Brussels, where MONMOUTH yet lingered—to whom he sent the heart-cheering news of his ANNA'S safety.—Ah! what was the triumph of his soul, when this intelligence saluted his heavy eye?—O, what was royalty, grandeur, victory, the adoration of a multitude, the conquest of a king, the gratification of ambition, and the future prospect of glory, to the extatic information, contained in ARTHUR'S letter!

JANET, to whom this event was related, with tears intreated she might be dispatched to the Duchess, and her beloved mistress.—“Yes,” said the Duke, “thou shalt carry to that heavenly creature that assurance, that her husband yet means to place her on the throne of his forefathers—that he will not see her, till he can embrace her as Queen of England.—I will no longer dally with the wishes of a nation.—To know that my ANNA lives, will give my sword its keenest edge;—it is the prognostication of victory, as her love is the highest reward my deeds can deserve.”

IF the charming hope of once more meeting his suffering love, changed the course of his ideas, and softened the ferocity of his disposition, which nothing less could meliorate—a sudden blow from Scotland roused every spark of resentment, rage and revenge.—ARGYLE, who had sailed from Holland, some time before, with the most sanguine expectations of success, and safely reached the castle of Dunstaffnage, which he converted into a place of arms, collected a numerous body of vassals and dependants—but, defeated by the watchfulness of the royalists, saw his army dispersed, and himself so hotly pursued, as to be necessitated to quit his horse; and was discovered by a peasant, standing up to his neck in water.—The fellow, ignorant of ARGYLE'S consequence, and feeling an artless pity for a situation so painful, extricated the Earl, and conducted him to a small and lonely seat, some miles distant from Inverness:—It stood upon the edge of a vast and barren moor, which rendered the cultivated appearance about the cottage extremely delightful. He was amazed, upon his entrance, with a reception so contrary to any idea he could have formed of its inhabitants, from the size and figure of the building; an elegant neatness distinguished the apartments, and a polite frankness their possessor, who was a venerable lady, with features, in which shone the softest benevolence; the assistance his distress demanded was accorded with an engaging frankness, and received with the most unfeigned gratitude. To the Earl's thankful expressions for the services she so liberally tendered—she answered with a self-congratulating smile, and a confession that she had been happy enough that day to render the duties of humanity to more than him—ARGYLE started. He knew not but the danger he had so narrowly escaped, might even, beneath this hospitable roof, be ready to overwhelm him—and could scarcely articulate a wish to know who had availed themselves of this lady's kindness—“I believe,” she replied “the gentlemen are stirring; and if so, they will soon appear to gratify your curiosity—and then setting before him the viands he had no inclination to partake—she withdrew, to provide such necessary comforts as her generous heart deemed consequential to his fatigued state.—Melancholy, and too apprehensive of being discovered to enjoy the sweets of a situation so desirable, the Earl sighed for the security he dreaded that place could not afford, and sat lost in meditation upon his adverse fortune, which had doomed him to be the sport of a successful passion, and too probably the victim of friendship.—Reclining his cheek upon his elbow, he perceived not the entrance of several

strangers, till one of them roughly seizing him by the collar—exclaimed in a furious tone—“Ah! traitor, thou art caught at last.”—Disengaging himself with a violent effort, he drew his sword; but the immersion he had recently endured, had so enfeebled his limbs, as to prevent the possibility of standing a contest so unequal. He was immediately disarmed; when, lifting up a sullen eye to his conqueror, he felt a gleam of vindictive rage animate his brave, though depressed heart.—Ah! well might hope, courage, resolution, all be annihilated by despair;—well might his subdued soul forbode a fatal conclusion to a life composed of various troubles, keen disappointments, and bitter mortification; when in the features of his guard he beheld his death;—when, in the person who had captured him, he saw the base, deceitful, murderous—HOWARD—who, aided by SCOFIELD and two soldiers, claimed the vast honour of overpowering an exhausted man!—The noise they made alarmed their hostess—who, entering with trembling haste, begged to know the cause of this confusion, and seeing ARGYLE struggling ineffectually against his adversaries, intreated upon her aged knees they would not injure that noble gentleman—“Faithless woman,” said HOWARD, “would you protect a rebel? is this your allegiance to our sovereign JAMES?” “Alas! Sir,” she cried, “pity a feeble creature, whose love of hospitality may have led her into an error, but whose attachment to her king makes her shudder for the treason, though pity for this poor sufferer induces her to plead for his deliverance.”—“*You know* him then; *you know* the rebellious ARGYLE, and yet you do not execrate the villain.”

“Forgive me, Sir,” she said, while tears, extorted by fear and grief, run from her eyes—“Believe me—though I would relieve a fellow creature’s sufferings, I detest his crimes.”—“Will you,” said the haughty HOWARD, “appear against this enemy to national peace?”—“O! no, I cannot injure one who has never offended me.” “Then, madam, you shall accompany this traitor to Edinburgh, and take your trial;—we have laws against those who harbour rebels.”—“Monster,” cried the exasperated ARGYLE—“you cannot mean to punish that goodness, which equally sheltered you with my unfortunate self;—I know you hitherto to be remorseless;—I ask no mercy for myself;—but disgrace not this venerable woman by such a horrid deed.”—“O do not,” added the terrified lady, “for Heaven’s sake, do not let me finish a life spent in harmless innocence, in a manner so shocking.”—“Then corroborate the evidence I shall give, and save the life you prize so much—or confirm at the stake your adherence to JAMES’S enemies.”—“In pity to my age, I intreat you to relax the severe decree—look upon these venerable hairs—see these trembling hands lifted for pity—and condemn not to the flames a frame so feeble.” “No, madam,” retorted the savage, “I can be obstinate as well as you—prepare to accompany this gentleman to Edinburgh.”—“O,” said ARGYLE, “what fiend has let this instrument of darkness loose upon mankind again?” “Perhaps,” said the insulting HOWARD, with a sarcastic smile, “you wish to know.—I will gratify a request put with so much *kindness*.—It was not ARTHUR’S cunning that could keep Lord HOWARD a prisoner—the agent which acted in my behalf was a friendly storm, which overtook us upon a lonely moor, when each man, careful for himself, neglected to watch us, and we easily escaped before we were conveyed to the detestable habitation our goaler had prepared.—But come, you shall not complain of assassination, a fair and legal trial awaits the heroic ARGYLE.—Yes, he shall own his fate deserved, and the decision upon his crimes nobly just.”—To this taunting address, the Earl disdained reply—and

could only sigh for the fate of his unhappy protectress, whose tears, entreaties, and exclamations, were insufficient to reach the feelings of her barbarous persecutor; and they were both conducted to the strictest confinement, without hope of escape or deliverance.

NOT long were they permitted to linger in uncertainty; the sentence of decollation was quickly pronounced upon ARGYLE, as his crime was by no means equivocal: and, to the eternal disgrace of the legislators, the utter condemnation of Lord HOWARD, and the shame of a court, which laid claim to the characteristic of mercy, that reverend sufferer, whose untainted heart would not permit her to accuse a man of whom she knew no ill, was doomed to the stake. To know that for *him* such an exalted being was to endure a death so excruciating, was the chiefest pang that embittered ARGYLE'S latest moments. A near view of death, in all its tremendous pomp, aroused ideas more consonant to his situation than any that rage, resentment, ardent friendship, a love of his country, or even the soft remembrance of unrequited affection could supply. All the heroic fortitude which had hurried him into so many dangers was now considered but as rashness. A proper submission to the dispensation that was so soon to deprive him of life; a patient resignation to the fate he had primarily precipitated, cooled his hatred to HOWARD; whom he now looked upon as an instrument, in the hand of Providence, to finish a work so important. For MONMOUTH and his cause he offered the prayer of an humbled soul. For the lovely MARGARET, whom these awful circumstances could not eradicate from his memory, he preferred the most devout oraisons; and for the aged partner of his destiny, he tried every power, supplicated every friend, and applied to every one whose interest he hoped might be of consequence to her; but in vain were his petitions, his prayers, his wishes; and he had only the consolation of knowing, he should suffer first. His end was, that of a man conscious of no crime, glaring enough to extinguish his hopes of mercy: and his last breath respired with the names of MARGARET and MONMOUTH.

THUS died the support of that noble Duke, whose furious despair, at this shocking intelligence, was equal to a state of madness. He groaned forth the name of ARGYLE; he vowed the most extraordinary vengeance upon the arbiters of his fate; he drew his sword, rushed into the streets, called upon those who had engaged to support him, hastened to the port, and, with less than half the forces he had relied upon, sailed out of the Texel, breathing nothing but defiance and death. His passage, though short, appeared insufferably tedious. Every sail was unfurled; and, though the wind blew a perfect hurricane, they flew over the immensity of waters with a velocity which strained their vessels to an alarming degree. His birth, his dignity, his pretensions, injuries, and impetuosity, all contributed to enforce his commands. None dared to dispute, and, though destruction threatened to be the consequence of their obedience, no one offered the slightest opposition to his will. The shores of England rapidly opening to their view, encouraged the attempts they made to gain the land MONMOUTH so eagerly sought; and the wind assisting their endeavours, they made Lyme in Dorsetshire. The Duke, not intimidated by the waves, which ran frightfully high, ordered the boats to be put out, and, actuated by the same frenzy that had induced him so suddenly to quit Holland, leaped into the first that was ready, and, with the utmost danger, was conveyed on shore. His followers, impelled by an enthusiasm, for which they beheld such a powerful support, staid not for the consideration of any argument reason might

deduce from their desperate situation, but crowded after him, and, in the practice of a rashness which seldom succeeds, were safely landed. The country people, who were at first seriously alarmed, no sooner understood that their beloved MONMOUTH was come to redress their grievances, than the loudest acclamations testified their joy.

AT Axminster and Taunton he received considerable reinforcements, and at both those places was proclaimed King, notwithstanding the attempts Lord ALBEMARLE made to dispossess him of his footing, who had advanced to meet him, but, doubtful of his own strength, ventured not a battle in a place where he could not promise himself the smallest assistance, and quietly suffered the Duke to march to Bridgewater without opposition. The sight of that town excited sensations of a pungent nature in MONMOUTH'S bosom. It recalled the tender remembrance of ARGYLE'S friendship, his patient forbearance, his ardent steadfastness. It did more; it brought back the memory of those painful moments which HOWARD had embittered by imprisoning the Duchess, and allayed the fermenting passion of anger by the sweeter and more prevailing one of connubial love. He sighed for his ANNA. He accused himself of unkindness, in leaving her to an uncertain fate. Perhaps, thought he, she now considers me as one careless of her inestimable worth. Why do I neglect to send for the dear creature? She shall come—I will stay till she arrives.—It was enough, the rapidness of execution immediately succeeded determination; and he began (like a man who is recovering from the stupor sleep has imposed on his intellects) to wonder at the delirium which had prevented the arrangement of a business, to him the most important, and was amazed at a neglect so blameable.

WHILE MONMOUTH was giving the necessary orders respecting the safe conduct of his lady, a scout informed him of the distant appearance of some troops, which seemed marching directly towards their camp. He was surprised, and, ordering a party to meet them, waited the result. Their chief readily owned himself a friend to MONMOUTH, and, with the utmost joy, that Prince received the father of his tenderly esteemed MARGARET, while ARTHUR gazed in silent admiration on the graceful form of the Duke, and secretly owned his Duchess only was worthy of a consort so noble. After the necessary ceremonies were performed, the gallant ARTHUR informed MONMOUTH of all those particulars which he had hitherto imperfectly understood, telling him he had sailed to Holland, in expectation of joining him there, and that, in consequence of his absence, he had hastened to England, to offer the lives and services of a few chosen veterans, who feared not death so much as dishonour. The Duke received a supply so necessary, with a grace entirely his own, and, after returning thanks, untinctured by pride or degraded by meanness, condoled his friend upon the loss of his revered father, and in a spirited accent vowed revenge upon the base perpetrators of a deed so foul. Grateful was this declaration to the soul of ARTHUR.

“THEN,” said he, “I may hope to see revenge in its most awful colours blacken the days of that monster HOWARD, who, I am much concerned to say, has for the present escaped our just resentment.”

“BLACKEN the days,” repeated MONMOUTH, “no, the first moment that brings him

within my reach, shall be the last of a life so horrid; but say, my friend, will you do me an essential service, will you escort, for whom can I so safely trust, will you escort the Duchess and MARGARET hither. Here they will be safe. Since our strength is so considerable we need not fear a surprise; and when the approach of an enemy calls us into the field, this town shall be their asylum.”

WITH the utmost satisfaction ARTHUR BRUCE accepted the important office, and, charged with numberless commissions respecting their safe conveyance, he left the camp accompanied only by two or three servants, as he deemed a numerous train extremely improper, as well as dangerous, at a time when every extraordinary circumstance might awaken suspicion, and occasion inquiry into a conduct not so safe to explain.

LONG ere this period JANET’S arrival had calmed those apprehensions which HOWARD’S cruel insinuations had raised in the Duchess’s bosom, and she was joyfully convinced of her husband being still at liberty to prosecute his claim to the crown. The quiet repose her present state afforded, was extremely consequential to the delicate and languid situation of her spirits; and she once more lifted an eye of hope to a prospect so long obscured. The attention of her friend was rewarded with a cheerful smile, and the dutiful respect of RIVERS and his companion received with grateful dignity. The chiefest allay to her present tranquility was, the rumour of ARGYLE’S death; even MARGARET shed tears of pity for the misfortunes of a man whom yet she could never love; and when *that* report was confirmed, felt something like remorse, for adding one pang to those which had pierced a noble heart.

EVERY moment now was pregnant with important intelligence. The Duke’s hasty passage to England, was reported as the consequence of his intention immediately to dethrone the King. His success in the western parts was related to the Duchess, who, while she put up the most ardent petitions to Heaven for his safety, felt a secret wish arise, that he had been void of that ambition which precipitated him into such danger. Ah! she thought, what pity the obscurity of his birth should have thus clouded his pretensions to royalty. How sad to consider he must probably wade through the blood of those who would have proved themselves his most loyal subjects, had his father declared his legitimacy, and perhaps erect his throne in the blood of thousands of gallant Englishmen.

HER meditations were interrupted by the hasty entrance of MARGARET, who, in a voice of terror, said she had seen several men in disguise, parleying, or rather contending with ANTHONY, for admittance at the gate; and that, upon seeing that gallant servant draw his sword, she was convinced their arrival portended no good. “Dreadful,” exclaimed the Duchess, “then we are again discovered: none but HOWARD and his infernal emisaries would avail themselves of a disguise, still further aided by the darkness of the night; but see, yonder is RIVERS entering the door—ah! what drooping figure is that supported by him. He sinks—would RIVERS thus attend an enemy like HOWARD.”

“O, SAVE me,” said MARGARET, “from the horror of my own suspicions; but surely I

now behold a dying father.”

“CONDEMN not RIVERS,” said the gallant ARTHUR, “he knew not against whom he lifted his sword.” I dared not discover myself, as within hearing stood a mortal enemy to MONMOUTH’S cause, no other than the savage KIRK; a monster, who by serving at Tangier, and renouncing his Saviour, is rewarded with a Colonel’s commission; and, in conjunction with the horrid JEFFRIES, carries destruction wherever he sets his foot. The penitent RIVERS, upon his knees, implored BRUCE’S forgiveness for a rashness so fatal, while MARGARET summoned every assistance to her father’s aid.

“BE not distressed my love,” he said, “the wound is slight: think not of my sufferings, I fear a more shocking termination of this event, and should not wonder if KIRK has been informed of your asylum; and if so, destruction comes in the most terrible form it can assume. We must fly this night, perhaps we may escape the ruffian’s hands.”

“ALAS!” cried the Duchess, whom surprise and sorrow had hitherto kept silent, “am I for ever to be the cause of mischief to your noble family—O MARGARET, will you not detest the woman whose misfortunes have brought such misery upon you?” MARGARET pressed her hand, sighed deeply, and with a look of the tenderest esteem answered the unhappy Lady’s question.

“BE GONE,” cried BRUCE to RIVERS, “prepare this instant for our departure, MONMOUTH expects his Duchess at Bridgewater, where he waits till she arrives. Let JANET bring proper disguises for the ladies; my hurts will not prevent my travelling. Get two of the swiftest horses you can procure; my daughter must ride behind you. *I* will protect my honoured Lady, if she will condescend to such a mode of conveyance.” Happy to an excess in the idea that she should soon join her beloved MONMOUTH, the impatient Duchess gladly acceded to his proposal, nor considered her weakness, which was yet unable to cope with the fatigue such a method of travelling must necessarily occasion.

ANTHONY, though overwhelmed with vexation for the accident his fidelity had produced, lost not a moment in making the arrangement required, notwithstanding his advanced age, speedily procuring the horses, and before midnight the fair adventurers were placed behind their protectors, silently invoking the interposition of that Providence, without whose gracious suffrage the most laudable actions would be unblest with success. The weather, which during the forepart of the evening had been extremely favourable, gave signs of a disagreeable change. The wind agitated the bushes with uncommon violence; the moon set encircled by a foggy mist; the clouds covered the sky with a gloomy and foreboding aspect, and these prognosticating appearances were soon followed by a heavy fall of rain and sleet, almost petrifying the luckless wanderers, whose garments were soon drenched by the soaking deluge. The feeble Duchess, who could scarcely sit the horse, buffeted as she was by the contending elements, entreated she might be permitted to alight, were it only for the purpose of resting upon the cold ground—for she could no longer bear a motion that almost convulsed her emaciated frame.

“COURAGE, dear Lady,” said BRUCE, “a few miles further is a small village, where you may rest without dread of a pursuit.” She was silent, faint, sick, and hopeless, she lost even the ardent desire that induced her to make an attempt so rash, and threw her eyes to the miry ground, as an envied rest she was not permitted to enjoy; when casting a despairing look towards the dreary horizon, she tremulously begged ARTHUR to observe a light which seemed at no great distance, and might probably lead them to a necessary shelter.

“ALAS! no, Madam,” said he, “I fear that is only a beacon, intended for the use of shipping, which otherwise might fail too near this rocky shore.”

“O, MY father,” cried MARGARET, whose attention was attracted by the same doubtful object, and who equally wished a respite from the misery they endured, “let us hope Almighty Goodness has conducted us within view of the relief our harrassed state demands; at least, let us ride towards that signal of comfort.” Their anxiety and distress induced the sympathising BRUCE to turn out of the road, which they had till then pursued; and, winding about the bottom of the hill, endeavoured to find a path which might lead to the discovery of what he considered as a delusive temptation, and began to climb an eminence from whence he wished to convince the poor itinerants of their error: soon they beheld again the light their eager eyes strained to discover; but, alas! it was no nearer than before, and, from its situation, they were fatally certain it could hold out no consolation to them. The hope which had supported MARGARET’S feeble spirits, now gave way at once; it was the last resource her fainting soul could cling to, and Lady MONMOUTH felt with exaggerated pain the horrors of darkness. Cold, sickness, and despair, united to shut out almost the wish of a deliverance; but her generous protector, in the most respectful accents, entreated her to admit the possibility of succour; and, once more they turned their horses heads to seek the road they had quitted, but in vain they sought it, so intricate were the various paths which led to the rapid descent of the hill; and when, with the utmost caution, the poor animals, who were almost as weary as their riders, had safely reached the bottom, they found themselves almost under the rocky eminence that overhung, in a tremendous manner, the road they meant to pursue, increasing a gloom already too formidable not to create the keenest sensations of fear in the female bosom.

ENVELOPED in the dreary shade they could no longer distinguish their way, but, with a slow and melancholy pace, wandered in search of the road they had lost; every step the horses took adding to their terror, by the fear of plunging into a morass, with which some of those hills in that part of Scotland were skirted. The heavy dawn began slowly to break upon the bleak and barren prospect. The rain had ceased, but a thick damp fog, which had spread its hazy veil over every object, rendered, for some time, the opening day of little effect; deep sighs, accompanied by unavailing tears, was the welcome given by MARGARET and the Duchess to the returning light, for it seemed to promise but little relief to the sorrow their aching hearts indulged.

DEJECTED, and unable to give utterance to the fears and doubts their situation excited, they all avoided any overtures to a conversation that might tend to strengthen the dismay under

which they struggled. Even ARTHUR would have preferred a field of battle to this sad and lonely scene. The wound he had unhappily received from ANTHONY grew stiff and painful, and his arm could scarcely guide the horse. Thus despirited, bewildered and forlorn, they continued till the echo of several distant voices animated their desponding hearts; and the Duchess faintly exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! shall we once more enter the cheerful haunts of mankind," Her spirits reviving in proportion as the noise encreased. ARTHUR listened, stopped the horses, and waited with a fearful kind of hope the arrival of these men, who now came near enough to perceive the harrassed creatures, when ARTHUR, riding up to the first who approached, begged his direction to the nearest cottage. The surly tone, and broken English of the person he addressed, shook his soul with foreboding fear, as they were in a part of the world then agitated by intestine feuds, and he knew not but in seeking a friend, he might find an enemy; turning therefore his horse instinctively, as it were, from a repulse he so little expected to meet, it excited the curiosity of the stranger to know what could have induced them to have wandered among such unfrequented passes. The same motive for enquiry struck BRUCE respecting this troop, which was numerous, formidable, and well armed; but he neither chose to give them the truth of his situation, or appear desirous to know theirs. In sullen silence then they passed along, till the Duchess who could no longer support the fatigue she endured, sunk from her horse, and, in falling, lost the cloak with which she had been enveloped.

"A LOVELY creature, by Heaven," said the stranger, as he hastily dismounted to help her. MARGARET and BRUCE, as if struck by one sad sentiment, endeavoured to assist her, and drew the cloak about her; but totally insensible, she threw it aside, and stretching out her hands, "O," she cried, "do not hide him from me, MONMOUTH, protect thy wretched ANNA."

"AH," said the stranger, "is it so?—we have indeed, then, found a prize.—Come, Sir," to BRUCE, "surrender—your fair Lady has unknowingly betrayed you; we little expected to meet you here—it is true your Duchess's hiding-place was suspected, and has long been watched, but we knew not it contained the rebellious MONMOUTH."

THIS laconic address, delivered with a fierce, yet sneering aspect, convinced BRUCE, that however mistaken this wretch might be in the *person*, he was not in the *pretensions* of MONMOUTH, and trembled for the ladies, whom, to his sad surprize, he found were likely to be captured by the monster KIRK, into whose brutal hands he saw they were fallen.—To resist, he knew, was madness—to give sanction to KIRK's supposition could answer no salutary purpose—and to ask mercy was an attempt to still the tempestuous ocean. The lamentations of MARGARET over her lost friend, as they attracted the notice of this barbarian, gave ARTHUR time for the above reflections, and he at length concluded upon making an ample confession, as it were possible, by that means, he might at least procure the relief necessary to the recovery of the Duchess, who still continued wildly gazing upon MARGARET, and calling upon her husband in the most affecting terms;—but KIRK had now no leisure to attend the request he made to be heard. MARGARET, the enchanting MARGARET, beautiful in distress, and touchingly striking from the pathos of her manner, inflamed those passions which never yet had known opposition; and he could not behold her bending over her suffering companion, without appropriating to

himself, in idea, all those gentle beauties that animated the affectionate virgin: commanding therefore, that his prisoners should be safely guarded, he contrived a fort of bier, on which the ladies might repose, and rode by their side, inflated with the triumph he secretly hoped to enjoy.—ARTHUR and ANTHONY followed the cavalcade, with sensations too acute to be described, almost too poignant to be endured. The wretched father saw his child in the power of a monster, whose vile principles, respecting the female sex, could only be paralleled by his inhumanity to the other—and shuddered with indignation and horror at the bare idea of what a delicacy so amiable might endure from an unfeeling renegade.

THE distant view of a populous town, which, not an hour before, he considered as the ultimate object of his wishes, increased only his fears, that a separation from his lovely MARGARET would soon take place; and, when they entered the gates, found those fears realized; himself and ANTHONY being led to the common prison as criminals, who could expect no mercy.—It was fruitless to make any application for redress, in a place where all the inhabitants were at JAMES'S devotion; consequently, *they* were considered as traitors from KIRK'S representation; therefore ARTHUR could only, by the most fervent aspirations to Heaven, intreat its protection for the unhappy Duchess and his daughter.

EVERY restorative was now liberally tendered to the exhausted fair ones—but MARGARET, who had missed her father, resolutely refused to take any nourishment, but in his presence.

KIRK was greatly disappointed to hear he had not MONMOUTH in his possession, but consoled himself in the hope of a ransom for his lady—whom he had now no pretence for detaining.—TO MARGARET'S reiterated entreaties to see her parent, she received the most insulting denials—and when, with a frantic air, she demanded to be a sharer in his confinement, was informed even that could not be granted, till some arrangements were made, which depended upon herself.

SENSIBLE from the brutality of a conduct that made her tremble, she could obtain no favour by violence, she turned from him to the sinking partner of her undeserved affliction—who, just alive to the horrors of the moment, could only press to her bosom the faithful friend she could not assist.—Their silence, their tears, their sighs, their tenderness, carried pleasure to the hardened bosom of their persecutor;—and it was with reluctance he left them to negotiate the business necessary to his employment:—"I see," said the Duchess, as soon as he was departed, "I see the operation of a vindictive Providence throughout the sad workings of a miserable fate—and from the departure of my revered MONMOUTH from my father's seat, disappointment has embittered every hope, and destroyed every comfort. The climax is dreadful, it increases, it rises even to destruction.—Sorrow is succeeded by anguish—and the rest is despair:—It can rise no higher—it can strike no deeper—it comprizes every chilling sensation—every forbidding care.—Not through the vast and gloomy prospect which spreads a desolating view around me, can my weakened eye discern one gleam of consolation;—MONMOUTH may live—he may reign, but who shall tell him of our horrid situation? He may lament a loss no earthly power will repair—

subject to the despotic will of a monster, we shall groan out the short remnant of our lives in abject slavery:—perhaps—how shall I speak it—perhaps my gentle generous MARGARET may be the victim of a detestable passion—and her father the blameless sacrifice to diabolic cruelty.”—“Ah, *me!*” said MARGARET, while her eye shot beams of indignant fire: “*me!*—the offspring of royalty,—*me!*—whose pride would scorn the most honourable proposal from a wretch like him, shall I be debased by even a contaminating thought:—No, dearest Madam, fear not for MARGARET BRUCE.—He dare not imagine the most distant thought of such vileness.”—“Yes, my proud dame—I dare imagine—and what I dare imagine, I dare to execute,” said KIRK, who had overheard her noble sentiments:—“You have a haughty soul, but it shall be humbled—to *me*—the despised master of your person—it shall be humbled.”—“To *you*—to KIRK—the betrayer of his God—the persecutor of the innocent!—No, never—and before that God, I swear an everlasting, unalterable detestation of you and your actions.”

EVEN KIRK trembled; such was the force of virtue dignified by awful beauty. He trembled—but, it was a momentary emotion.—Too firmly practised in the trade of death and ruin, he soon recovered; and, looking sternly at her, “Well, then,” he said, “there remains but this:—Your father, Madam, looks up to *me* for the mercy his daughter denies him.—I give you to-night to consider; and I warn you to remember—that on your resolution depends his fate; for the disdainful determination that gives me up, sharpens the axe against his life.—He *dies*, unless you retract your scornful thoughts of me!”

“My *father’s* life, said you—does that depend on *me*?—My father—he who gave me birth—horrible!—What? shall I lift up a weapon of destruction against a life so precious?—See, KIRK!—behold these tears; they fall for a parent!—behold this posture; a parent’s safety demands it!—Do mind turn from me—Leave me but my virtue—spare but my father—and I will—ah! what would I say?—He does not mind me—he laughs at my supplications. Well, then, I know the worst;” and she arose, “we will *die* together!—O, Madam,” and she turned to the Duchess, “what mercy can *you* expect?—See, that villain; the arbiter of our dreadful destiny. He will not stop at *our* destruction.—You—the Duke—all whom merit, birth, or fortune, render subjects for his envy, are his proper prey. He marks them for such.” Then clasping her hands, her uplifted eyes swimming in tears, “God of Vengeance! on thee I call to exterminate a wretch, who braves thy just resentment.”

“STOP, Madam,” cried he, “nor think the soul of KIRK composed of materials flexible enough to give way to a *woman’s* petition. Ye are our property, trifling, insignificant as ye are; our addresses do ye honour. Mere babbling children, ye are well enough to pass away an idle hour with: your ranting exclamations are in character, and are of equal consequence with your tenderest expressions; but—” and his features assumed the horrid ferocity which the blackness of his heart imprinted on them—“once more I counsel you, reject not the grace I offer. Go to your father, and ask him, if he be willing to bend his neck to an inexorable daughter’s hand.”

HE then once more departed, leaving them to the melancholy liberty of indulging their sorrows. “Go to my *father*—tell him, he must *die* for me.—Did not the monster say so, Madam?”

The poor Duchess, in speechless grief, could only press her hand, and MARGARET went on—“Yes, I will go.—Adieu, dear suffering goodness!—I will go to prepare that heroic parent for the death his child precipitates!”

THE intervening hours, between this awful moment and that which was to witness the shocking interview, were spent by MARGARET in arming her noble soul against the approaching conflict, and generously offering that consolation to her friend, who saw her depart with the most poignant grief.

ARTHUR, who was reclined upon a miserable pallet which lay in one corner of the dungeon, beheld his beloved daughter enter with a parental rapture; and rising to receive her, started back when he beheld her unwelcome guard; (for KIRK would not permit her to go alone) but, on observing the wild agonizing look she threw over the gloomy apartment, BRUCE took her hand with a benignant smile, “My love,” said he, “are you come to make a palace of my prison? how much are we indebted to Heaven for a permission which will lighten the sorrow we have endured!—MARGARET—my child—lift up your eye to an affectionate father.—Your presence will prolong his life, he looks to you for the solace no one else can bestow.—O, you know not how I have prayed for this unexpected happiness!—My daughter—speak to me—what can this terrifying silence forebode?”—“She comes,” said the cruel KIRK, “with a message you may not so gladly receive—shall I, Madam, explain the cause of this mighty solemnity?”—“O thou savage barbarian,” cried the wretched virgin, “to put a sword into a child’s hands against her father’s life! and then to sharpen its point by the most insulting triumph!—Hear me, Sir,” falling on her knees before him,—“One request—only one request I have to make:—You delight in death; no matter who the object so its heart’s blood flows beneath your murderous weapon. Here then is food for your unnatural rage”—(pointing to her bosom)—“*Strike!* and I will bless that mercy which accepts the sacrifice I make in lieu of a revered parent’s life.”—“No more, lady”—interrupted the miscreant—“You know the alternative—I hear not your frantic pleadings—either death then—or a compliance with my wishes.—A father’s death, or his daughter’s love!”—The truth in this unequivocal threat flashed upon the unhappy BRUCE’s soul—“Ten thousand deaths,” he cried, “rather than submit, even in thought, to my child’s dishonour.—Her’s—mine—the extinction of the world I could smile at; but—to see her contaminated by *thee*—never could I bear the vile supposition!—See, KIRK, we ask only to die together; behold us upon our knees entreating the sad favour.—Surely it is not so much.—Come, confirm the grant.—Say, you will execute a decree much milder than that those horrible looks portend!”—“Ah! save my father,” exclaimed MARGARET—“Give me but time—O, I am distracted!—What do I ask for?—Time for what?—Shall this haughty soul bend to thee?—Yes—for a life so precious—what would I not do?”

“I TAKE you at your word,” said KIRK, with a sullen smile: “it is prudent to ask for time; you shall have it.—And now, Madam, it may be necessary to withdraw—Your friend will expect your presence.—To-morrow your father will be in another situation; you shall then visit him again.”—“What,” cried ARTHUR, “and is the compliance of my daughter with your detestable wishes to lighten these chains—first take your weapon, in gentle mercy, and end this

wretched life; or crush me with the weight of additional fetters. Let these warlike limbs that have bled in the service of royalty, now tremble beneath the heaviest bonds. They may bend under the galling iron, but cannot conquer my free soul; nothing *can* do that but—(and he cast an indignant look at MARGARET)—nothing *can* do that, but a child's disgrace!" "What then you still persist in hardening your daughter's heart against me?" "Ay, KIRK, to the latest moment of existence, cheered by her noble resolution to reject thee and thy vile offers, I could bear without a groan all the tortures papistical cunning could furnish; and while my flesh quivered beneath the excruciating knife, or every member was racked to the utmost stretch remorseless fury could extend them, I would rapturously exclaim—To the virtue of an angel I dedicate this glorious sacrifice!"

"BE it as you please, proud Sir; I leave you to the contemplation of your heroic greatness." KIRK then rapidly retired, determined to secure MARGARET, though greatly fearing the effects her father's resentment might produce on a mind which yet, he saw, felt more for a parent's danger than her own.—"And do *you*," said BRUCE, "shrink from the idea of contributing to my death?—Do you know so little of ARTHUR BRUCE? Speak, MARGARET—say—are you *yet* my child?—or must I spurn you from my feet?"—He then threw himself upon the ground, tore his hair, and every action took the appearance of raging madness, vowing never to rise till she revoked her intention of giving time. "Rise, dear Sir," she exclaimed, "and fear me not. To a wrong cause have you attributed a silence, indignation and grief only induced. I *am your daughter*. Let that assurance strengthen your confidence in my decisions."—"Then," said the enraptured father, "I am once more happy.—Now, KIRK, I defy thy utmost malice.—Let him prepare his torments; let him, while thus reclined on the unspotted bosom of my noble daughter, let him pierce my heart; let him deface thy lovely form with the weapon of destruction; let him strike the mortal blow. We will bless the hand which opens to us the gates of Heaven. Thus, clasped in each others arms, our unpolluted spirits shall escape the tyrant's malice; and Omniscience itself shall smile upon an offering so pure.—Go then, my daughter, this night is given to peace:—go, and comfort the sorrowing Duchess.—*She* at least will be safe.—Avarice will not permit the monster to keep a prize, the redemption of which will be so dear to MONMOUTH."—"Alas, my father, let me watch this night by your side.—How can I leave you to pass the tedious hours in a dungeon so dreary? Supported upon my arm you may forget your misery; and, surely, I shall be justified in giving the claims of friendship up to duty." "No, my sweet comforter, it must not be. This prison is not proper for a delicate female to reside in; we shall be liable to many interruptions from those who think themselves justified in harrassing the hapless unprotected prisoner.—Go, then, and Heaven shield thee from every danger."—With trembling feet, and foreboding heart, MARGARET reluctantly quitted the presence in which, only, she could consider herself safe, and was conducted by her unwelcome guard to the apartment where Lady MONMOUTH, wearied out with continual pain, had happily sunk into a quiet sleep. "You see, Madam," said KIRK, "the situation of your friend.—I shall not leave you alone.—My company, I should hope, might compensate for the loss of hers.—Refreshment is absolutely needful to us both."—So saying he led her to an adjoining room, where every viand was produced, of consequence to renovate the exhausted body and spirits.

WITH the tear of aversion, and a burning blush, she accepted his hand; and, while her irritated soul would have suggested the most scornful refusal—prudence forbid those outward tokens of hatred which she had the utmost difficulty to conceal;—but a father’s danger (perhaps death) stood before her in the most frightful form; and, though unable to eat, she refused, with a mildness that encouraged the savage to assure her, that upon the softness of her behaviour depended his safety and emancipation.—“Then,” said she, “he shall be free to-morrow.” “He shall, if you desire it?” “If I desire it!—O, KIRK, what would not I suffer to purchase that grace?”—“But, Madam, does not his stubbornness create yours?”—“Ask me no questions, Sir?—you have said he shall be free.”—“I have—but the conditions”—MARGARET felt her terror, her rage, her scorn, struggling in a bosom that sent forth such sighs as to choke her voice, nor could she have trusted it with the delivery of those sentiments his discourse excited.—“Why are you silent, Madam? Does your boasted duty permit you one moment to balance against a scheme which shall procure a father’s freedom?—Come, speak, and remember upon your determination depends—”—“Ah, what!” she cried, clasping her hands, and sinking upon her knees—“but too well I know.”—Then rising and looking with a noble modesty in his face—“Sir, you will abide by your promise—permit me to retire for to-night, and suffer me to-morrow morning to see him again, and you shall know my decided resolution.” She then turned to go to her apartment—he did not prevent her—but, as she was leaving the room, “Stop,” said he, “one moment, and in *your* turn make me one promise, and I will abide by it;—if, when you see your father next, he makes no objection to your union with me—will *you* any longer oppose it?” She was transported.—“No,” she cried, “by the life of him who died on the Cross for our sins, I swear his will in that instance shall be mine.”—“Well, Madam, you have solemnly sworn—but perhaps he may not counsel you to accept me—yet, if his scruples are silenced, if he consent by a *tacit* expression only—if he do not forbid you—if he quietly submit without contradiction—without anger—or any reluctance—then you promise.”—“I do, KIRK;—but if he on the contrary, remain in the resolution of dying, rather than giving me up—my vow of course becomes void.”—“Yes, if he shall tell you so.”

IN an extasy of gratitude she then retired, and, with a heart lightened of half its pain, humbly offered to the God of Mercy—the thanks of filial duty; for well she knew, not the temptation of royalty could induce her father one moment ever to temporize, and felt a degree of humiliation in the idea, that she had by her submission buoyed up the tyrant’s hopes.

TO her account of this evening’s painful transactions, the Duchess, whose repose had been extremely transient—listened with a degree of wonder, pity, terror, and unbelief; for that KIRK should so far deceive himself as to suppose BRUCE could possibly alter his sentiments, was a problem her deepest investigation could not solve.—Loath to check the lively hope MARGARET had conceived, she opposed only a tender and mute acquiescence to that lady’s appeal for her congratulation—expressing a wish that she would try the salutary effects of sleep, as a necessary restorative.—“Sleep! what, when the rising morn is to behold a father restored to light and liberty? O, no, Madam; every thought, every feeling, is and will be awake to the precious expectations.”

THUS passed the tedious night—with the Duchess, foreboding fears, horrors, for which she had no name—doubts that tore her tender bosom with all the fond and painful ideas of separated love:—with MARGARET, a thousand schemes of a future establishment, undisturbed by the tyrant's will—or despotic government.—“Ah, my father!” she softly cried, “we will leave this world, where ambition, cruelty, and rapine claim the foremost rank;—where humble virtue, gentle resignation, and heroic integrity, must hide in obscurity their benign influence. Bruce Castle, desolate as it is, has yet a corner large enough to contain two wandering exiles. To this revered lady, and a nation that wants his patronage, I leave the noble MONMOUTH! Ah, may happiness gild the palace that shall contain them; and I have a presentiment, that a beam of its glory shall reach our almost roofless habitation.”

WITH the tardy morning KIRK appeared, to signify his wish that MARGARET should visit her father.—Blessed permission—she thought, O KIRK! how blind art thou? how infatuated to suppose a mind so noble can change?—They soon arrived at the prison.—With eager and trembling feet she followed the more assured and haughty step of her conductor.—He stopped at the door, drew back, and taking her hand, while his own shook with various emotions—“Remember your solemn asseveration—look to it fair lady; I expect the performance of your promise in all its forms:—Do not depend too much upon your father's obstinacy—I know you think me cruel, sanguine, and arbitrary; but observe me rightly—I am not to be trifled with; justice is my due, more particularly while you claim it from *me*—and now, Madam, hear if this gentleman will longer dare to contend with ACHMET KIRK.”—He then ordered the goaler to unlock the grate; but his words had made such a terrible impression upon MARGARET, she had scarcely fortitude to advance.—The darkness of the place added to her fears; and she stood pale, silent, and almost convulsed.—“Approach, Madam,” said KIRK, “and” pointing to the floor, “there, now ask his consent, think you he will refuse? Think you he will reprobate you for an acquiescence to the will of your lord; he envied you the honour of my notice; but fear him not; nay, come nearer: is this your boasted duty to a parent?”

AH God! what a scene for a tender, fond, and sympathizing child; she stooped forward;—she passed her hand across her eyes—started up—and uttered a piercing scream—“O monster!—is it thus you have silenced his objections—cold—murdered—see the hallowed blood streams upon the pavement.—That bosom the abode of every virtue—torn—mangled—defaced!—Father—protector—counsellor of my actions—supporter of my youth—guide of my helpless state—gone, for ever gone—no duteous daughter to support thy drooping head—none to ward the savage blow from a fettered hero—tyrant—coward—KIRK—*who* did this deed of death? what assassin stole upon the sad midnight hour to disgrace it by an act so dreadful?”

“I, Madam—he now can tell no tales—he cannot upbraid you with your kindness to me.”—“Nor can he witness my revenge!”—She exclaimed, and suddenly catching at his sword, would have avenged the execrable villainy, but Heaven, whose ends were not yet answered, prevented the blow, and, for some mysterious ordination, reserved his punishment to a future period.—“Come, my spirited lady,” he cried, “I see you inherit the enthusiasm of your rebellious father, what did you suppose me mad enough to give liberty to him, who would have used it to

the destruction of a nation? No, no; he has lived long enough—and if your pride is not sufficiently humbled, perhaps a longer contemplation of this object may lower it.”—So saying he left her, ordering the grate to be shut upon the living and the dead.

A SULLEN stupor following the rage which animated MARGARET to make the daring attempt—she sunk upon the ground by the corse, nor heeded KIRK’S departure—but, lost to the horrid scene before her, remained in a happy insensibility, till a sudden noise without induced her to raise her heavy eyelids—and she once again awoke to misery and despair!—The door was hastily thrown open, when RIVERS, who had been confined in a separate prison from his beloved master, advanced towards the wretched MARGARET, and was followed by a croud of the town’s people.—He raised the unhappy lady from the ground, but observing the slaughtered cause of her grief, burst into tears, and turning to those who had entered with him,—“Ah! my friends,” he said, “we are too late; the villain has completed the bloody work, and has himself escaped our vengeance; but he shall not long be suffered to disgrace mankind; the spirit which induced us to set his prisoners at liberty shall now be employed in giving him the punishment his crimes deserve. Come, my friends, he cannot be far from hence; his troops are awed into obedience—we have therefore only him to cope with.”—They then proceeded to examine every part of the prison; but in vain, as he had eluded their vigilance by leaping over a wall which surrounded the yard. This extraordinary incident was produced by a circumstance which KIRK’S keenest sagacity had not provided against. Determined to massacre the noble ARTHUR, whom he conceived had contributed to his daughter’s obstinacy—he went openly to the goal, demanded admittance, and daringly boasted of his intention to take the life of a rebel, whose principles were so directly opposite to those of the inhabitants; but though loyalty was their characteristic, it had not conquered their humanity—and even the keeper of a prison shuddered for the destiny of one, who, without the benefit of a legal trial, was thus privately, thus infamously to be destroyed; and he ventured to expostulate with the wretch upon the justice of such a step. A sudden blow marked the reception of this contradiction to his wishes, while it roused the hatred of the goaler, who secretly determined to avenge himself, and prevent the murder of an unhappy man: but KIRK was too well guarded to fear the civil power, and all that could be done was to appeal to the magistrates of a town, which this atrocious act must for ever stigmatize.

ARTHUR, whom fatigue, pain, and mental sufferings had thrown into a sound repose, was awakened by the light of a torch gleaming before him, which discovered the features of a savage assassin; and he started from the ground in an agony of suspicious terror, hardly certain if what he beheld was a dream, or not;—but the pale ghastly countenance of his unwelcome visitor, the ferocity of his attendants, and the hour of the night, convinced him some evil was at hand.—“I believe,” said KIRK, “you did not expect to see me here, but I am come to know if you will relax in your boasted notions of honour—and enforce, by your commands, my request to your daughter?” Without hesitation, BRUCE answered this shocking question: “No, KIRK, you know my mind, I will *die*, for well I am assured my fate is at hand, I will *die* in the full possession of my unspotted integrity. Here, at this bosom, scarred with wounds received in defence of my country—here, point your swords, and take the blood of an unarmed man.” He then fell upon his knees, and lifting his eyes with the most fervent devotion—cried—“Father! to thee I offer up the

sacrifice of an untainted soul: protect my child from the murderer of her parent, and accept my fleeting spirit.”—“No more, enthusiast,” exclaimed the midnight disturber of innocence; and, while in the attitude of humble adoration, ARTHUR received a mortal stab from him.—He fell immediately to the earth—and the inhuman soldiers following their colonel’s example, pierced his bosom in many places—and then retired, exulting in the cruelty they had committed.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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MONMOUTH:

A TALE,

FOUNDED ON

HISTORIC FACTS.

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

BY ANNA MARIA JOHNSON,
AUTHOR OF CALISTA, A NOVEL, &c.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
———Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
(The poor weak image of his Maker) hope
To win by it. SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MONMOUTH.

DURING this diabolical act the goaler was employed in fomenting a disturbance among the common people, who waited only the permission of their magistrates to fall upon the remorseless villain, and by the time KIRK had returned to the prison with MARGARET, they were assembled in considerable numbers, waiting at the door for his coming out; but the bustle which ensued between them and his soldiers raising his suspicions of a tumult, he drew his sword, ran backwards, and opening a small door that led into the keeper's garden, and which unluckily was left unguarded, he safely escaped a rage that would soon have avenged the ill-fated MARGARET'S wrongs.

RIVERS, whose respect for her sorrows wounded his worthy soul, in the gentlest terms entreated she would leave that horrible scene, and permit him to convey her to the Duchess, assuring her they were free from every restraint—for that, in pity to their uncommon sufferings, they were permitted to leave the town unmolested.—“And who,” said she, in a low mournful tone, “who shall make amends to a daughter for such a loss as this?—See, RIVERS, this manly face—all pale, and gashed with their bloody swords. Must the grave hide an object thus calculated to enflame every honest heart with fury?—Ah! BRUCE, is it thus thy noble deeds are to be rewarded?—O that my tears could wash away these sanguine marks of cruelty!—O that my sighs could breathe a balm so efficacious as to heal these gaping tokens of tyrannical power!”—She then sunk again upon the corse, and it was with the utmost reluctance she quitted the remains of a tenderly beloved parent.

THE aged participator of her woes, and the only protector of a deserted orphan, finding a charge so important was wholly devolved upon him—determined to supply, as far as possible, the want of those relatives she had so recently lost—and humbly insinuated his wishes for her removal from this sad theatre of her father's exit. The Duchess joined her entreaties to leave a place so detestable, and mixing her tears with those of her drooping friend, soothed the misery she could not lessen. “Come,” she cried, “we will go, dearest MARGARET, and seek the tender gallant MONMOUTH—KIRK will undoubtedly, if he escape his pursuers, be sent upon an expedition against my noble hero—whose heart will burn with revenge against the base assassin—then will my sweet companion feel the most exquisite delight to behold that murderer bleeding at her feet. HOWARD, too—all by whom we have suffered, shall meet with the punishment due to their infernal deeds.”—MARGARET answered only by a look of anguish, which displayed unspeakable affliction, and received additional expression from her pale face, swelled eyes, and despairing manner. Nothing now interfered to prevent their departure, except the obsequies of BRUCE, which were performed with every martial honour, and was attended in the most solemn manner by ANTHONY, who shed unfeigned tears over the grave of his revered master.—They then continued a journey which had met with such a tragical interruption.

AFTER a long, tedious, and melancholy time had elapsed, they found themselves upon the entrance of a metropolis which now exhibited scenes of the most terrible confusion. The vehicle that contained the ladies, was hardly suffered to pass;— ANTHONY, and another attendant, fearful of a discovery, informed the different enquirers, they were two foreigners travelling through England, to take advantage of a climate milder than their own.—They soon quitted London, and were rejoiced to find themselves upon the western road, and out of danger of a pursuit, though they could not help trembling, when met or overtaken by the various regiments marching to the relief of people besieged, or flying from the enemy against whom they could not contend.

THE camp near Sedgmoor now appeared in view—already they could distinguish the colours flying near the General's tent, and, as they approached, perceived two armies encamped at no great distance from each other.—They proceeded with caution, and passed a centinel, without daring to enquire which army was commanded by MONMOUTH.—The Duchess entreated RIVERS to advance no farther till he had informed himself of the above particular.—A small party, headed by a corporal, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, that instant appearing from behind some bushes, induced RIVERS to apply to him for the information he was fearful of seeking in an open manner;—the corporal, alarmed at the ambiguous terms in which he spoke, ordered his men to surround the unfortunate travellers—telling them, their ignorance of the password denoted their disaffection to King JAMES—therefore they must be contented to appear before his general, the Earl of FEVERSHAM, who was commander in chief of his Majesty's forces.—“Ah me,” said the Duchess, sinking back upon her feat, “then we are again betrayed, captured almost in sight of my faithful MONMOUTH.” MARGARET heard the news with very little emotion, nor felt but for her friend, as *her* hope was only in death; and all her wishes directed to the object of her unceasing grief, whom she sought only in the silent grave. Remonstrance or entreaty were equally useless, as the corporal expected a considerable promotion for this piece of service, and conducted them to the edge of the lines, where they were met by the General, who was walking, accompanied by several officers, and had been a distant witness of the whole scene.

HE ordered the prisoners to be conveyed to his marquee, whither he soon followed them.—The ladies were requested with the utmost politeness to take their seats in the apartment set apart for visitors; the beauty of their persons—the dignity of their carriage—and the deep and solemn dejection which marked every feature, highly interested Lord FEVERSHAM in their story, and he was curious to know what had thrown such distinguished loveliness within his power. Lady MONMOUTH, whose expectation of embracing her beloved husband had been raised to a height proportioned to the anguish she now endured, was not equal to this capricious revolution of her fate—she sighed—she wept—and remained silent from excess of sorrow.—The Earl observing her distress, would not interrupt the first expression of her grief—but when he found his respectful behaviour had so far gained their confidence as to induce the poor captives to notice his presence, he ventured to address the Duchess with that insinuating softness, so happily calculated to remove those fears delicacy might suggest, respecting her situation.—“I would hope, Madam,” he said, “you have not taken up an opinion to

FEVERSHAM'S dishonour, because fortune has conducted you to the tent of an enemy—as the servant of my King, I must necessarily discharge the duties of loyalty;—but as the protector of your sex—as the friend of oppressed innocence, you may command me in any service competent to my ability.—Tell me then, dear lady, whose heart I shall gladden in MONMOUTH'S camp, by the information of your arrival, for well I am assured, that though in such disagreeable circumstances, the knowledge of your safety must give pleasure to all concerned in it.”—This gentle application to the feelings of Lady MONMOUTH, gave birth to a faint hope of gaining him to her interest, and though she knew the unconditional liberation of a prisoner was incompatible to his Lordship's professions of his attachments to JAMES—yet that latent desire of struggling against repeated miseries—which, though depressed beyond every expectation of relief—will rise upon the smallest encouragement, once more animated her with a resolution of giving him the real truth of her condition—and, with a dignity which gave a grace to all she said, though in hesitating accents, she explained the nature of those calamities which had thrown them into his power—the treachery of HOWARD, the villainy of KIRK.

HERE she was interrupted by MARGARET, whose soul shuddered at his name,—“Ah!” she cried, lifting up her hands—“where shall a wretched orphan seek the peace that monster has murdered? Not on earth, no, not on earth;—disgraced as it is by the residence of such an infernal.

“HOWARD and KIRK, ye destroyers of my sacred progenitors—I call upon ye to answer the charge given by a poor sufferer—My Lord, are they in your camp? Is it cursed with their baneful presence? If it be—no victory can follow your battles—they are as the blasting mildew, or the pernicious locusts—poisoning every blossom of liberty, destroying the sweet influence of mercy, under the diabolical excuse of sacrificing to justice.” “No more, my dear afflicted friend,” said the Duchess, “in this noble Lord we will hope for pity and redress.—Yes, Lord FEVERSHAM—you are here, doubtless, to oppose the pretensions of my husband, but though political enemies, let me venture to pronounce—the same benevolent principles actuate ye as men.—Change then for a moment your place for MONMOUTH'S, see him mourning the captivity of his wife.

“Suppose to your sympathizing heart, the agony that must fill his—when viewing the distant tents—he shall point out that which contains his ANNA:—Let us depart then—let us seek—and indeed gladden the heart of a tender faithful lover. Think not such an act of humanity can disgrace the cause in which ye are embarked, no—it shall ennoble your character. The contemplation of it shall sooth your melancholy moments—It shall be a proof of that virtue that can distinguish the man from the fault.

“Come, my Lord, remember I am a daughter of the house of Buccleugh, and am unused to sue for favour—you continue silent—perhaps you wait deeper tokens of my humiliation. MARGARET, join with me in supplicating for freedom. O let not Lord FEVERSHAM boast that he has seen the Duchess of MONMOUTH in this abject posture.”—Fearful was the interruption to this application.—Several officers entered at the moment when the General was ready to emancipate his gentle captives. They came

forward—a cry of terror broke from MARGARET, she seized Lord FEVERSHAM'S arm—exclaiming—“My father's murderer!—see you not death glaring in those relentless eyes?—Ah, his hands are yet bloody. O, and another daemon presents himself. Madam, does not your soul shrink from such a pair as these?”—“Gentlemen,” said the General, “I must request your absence—you have injured these ladies, and, as a man of humanity, I shall think myself amenable for their peace and safety.” The authority and dignity of this nobleman prevented the ferocious reply KIRK would have made, and a certain parasitical smoothness kept HOWARD silent; but as they were quitting the tent, the renegado took occasion to observe, that “the quality of his Lordship's prisoners were well known, therefore he supposed, as their ransom would be exorbitant, the importance of their detention would be understood.” “Begone, Sir,” said the General, “are you yet to be taught your duty to your superiors?”—Pride flashed a haughty defiance in KIRK'S eyes—but it confined itself to them and his rancorous heart—and he withdrew in a full resolution of revenge.

“YOU see, Lady MONMOUTH,” said FEVERSHAM, “your power over me, I am about to do an action for which my head may be the forfeit;—but it shall never be said I would stab my enemy with a concealed weapon. Should the Duke and I meet in yonder field, he shall own his obligation for my care of his charming ANNA—and though we contend for glory, our cause shall be loaded with no domestic injury.”—“Godlike benevolence,” cried the Duchess, “never may it endanger a life so precious—rather detain us in your camp, than prove your generosity by a step so dangerous.”—“No, Madam,” and he took her hand with a respectful air—“You are free.—I will send a guard proper to conduct you to the enemy's lines. Your servants too shall go with you. Should we meet again, it may be upon happier terms. Tell the Duke I am only a foe to his principles; could we meet to effect a pacific negotiation, I would joyfully embrace a man so formed to be esteemed. Tell him, likewise, that in delaying an engagement he only enhances the difficulties of his situation.”—What pity, thought the lady—that such a man cannot be MONMOUTH'S friend.

THE arrangements for their departure were speedily made, and Lord FEVERSHAM saw them safe beyond his lines—while HOWARD and KIRK beheld, with a rancorous envy, the operation of that humanity their sordid souls attributed to a blameable principle.

THOUGH now within sight of the tent, which was distinguished by MONMOUTH'S colours—the Duchess could scarcely trust her heart with the idea of speedily meeting him—whom so many perplexing circumstances had hitherto disappointed—and when RIVERS approached the carriage to announce her arrival, she could not support the conflict of her soul, but shook with an excess of doubtful joy, which enfeebled her beyond the power of expression.—The Duke—who had for some time encouraged the most shocking suspicions from ARTHUR'S silence, and tedious absence, was sitting in his tent a prey to every gloomy idea. Despair had blackened with its colourless tints every cheerful expectation. The soft and lively hues with which fancy paints a well-founded hope faded before him—and he saw in the view a sad imagination

presented—nothing of all his brighter prospects—but death and ruin sat heavy on his heart—keeping down, by the cruellest oppression, even the contemplation of those happier hours a retrospective mind will sometimes bring forward.—Thus conquered by his own comfortless reflections sat the hero, in whose cause contending nations were in arms—and while the banners of his friends glittered before a refulgent sun—while the drums of the enemy sounded a distant defiance—they awakened not in him even the desire of conquest.

RIVERS, who knew the information he was about to convey, would excuse the most abrupt intrusion, ventured into his presence—and, respectfully bowing before him, begged his Grace's attention to the commission he had to deliver.—MONMOUTH waved his hand and bid him retire—but struck by his venerable appearance, felt an inclination to demand his name.—“I am, my Lord,” said he, “that ANTHONY RIVERS, who once”—“RIVERS,” interrupted the Duke—“then you are come with intelligence from Scotland. Where is my Duchess? Where is BRUCE? Speak ANTHONY, tell me—shall I owe the recovery of my wife again to *thee*?” “She is here, my gracious Lord,” said the good old man, who that instant turning round, beheld her supported by MARGARET at the door of the tent, where her feeble conductor had with difficulty placed her.

THE Duke, rushing forward, caught her as she was sinking from the arms of her friend.—“Once again do I see thee,” he cried, while the tears flowed over his burning cheek—“Once again do I embrace my long lost love!—It is my ANNA—but ah, how altered—pale, weak, and emaciated—yet is her heart the same, still glows it with fervent affection?—look up my adored wife—look up my worshipped ANNA.—Within these arms is safety;—let JAMES collect all the powers of the land—let him oppose millions to my little band—and, thus fortified, I shall perform wonders. Sweet MARGARET, gentle participator of our sufferings, dost thou too condescend to visit the seat of war—because friendship calls thee?—Come, dearest creatures, and divide the attention of the grateful MONMOUTH—and this worthy soul who has braved all dangers for us—let him *with* us partake the blessings of such a meeting.”—Overcome with the exquisite happiness that poured upon her senses, the Duchess could only press to her heart a partner worthy of its tenderest emotions, but MARGARET, whose sorrows admitted no alleviation, felt her anguish renewed in its greatest poignancy, when she addressed MONMOUTH in these feeling terms:—“O,” she cried, “know you not the barbarian KIRK? Know you not the midnight murderer, who could steal upon the peaceful moments of a hero, and pierce a bosom fraught with every noble sentiment?—Alas! let me retire from scenes like these—sad, desolate, and unhappy, let me not poison your innocent enjoyments by the contemplation of my miseries; but, if you wish to see a gleam of joy mount from this withered heart to my grief-worn countenance, promise, my Lord, that a severe vengeance shall follow my father's death—Promise that you will exterminate from earth the destroyers of my gallant race—*that* only can give me consolation—I will then submit with patience to every calamity my adverse fate may yet devise to overcome a wearied soul.”

“Yes,” said the Duchess, “even I, though just restored to the presence of a beloved husband, even I will join in a request so important.—Who can behold this lovely woman’s affliction, by me precipitated, and not wish to lighten them?—Ah! MONMOUTH, through *me* the blow was given which deprived her of her noble grandfather.—By *me* the couch of her honoured parent was steeped in gore—and shall we not revenge the destruction of such a family?—Yes, dearest MARGARET, MONMOUTH will seek the wretched pair; he will mark them as objects devoted to his wrath.”—“Soon,” said the Duke, “shall my ANNA’S prophecy be justified—I have received notice yesterday, that Lord FEVERSHAM intends to give me battle next Friday—then will I seek your enemies, as they are both in JAMES’S camp. A message *from* FEVERSHAM confirming his intention of venturing an engagement, clouded the bright moment which had united souls so exquisitely alive to happiness.—“Only two days,” said Lady MONMOUTH, sighing, “and perhaps a painful expectation shall be lost in horrid certainty:—Ah, do I not in idea behold my gallant husband surrounded by his enemies, each of whom seek with sanguine cruelty his destruction.—Oh! that the intervening hours may be all that remain of a miserable life, if my foreboding fears should be realized.”—“Rather,” answered MARGARET, her eyes emitting a momentary lustre, supplied by resentful hatred—“rather perish the wretched objects of my never-ceasing rage by any hand but MONMOUTH’S.—O, that this feeble frame had strength to execute the wish of an impatient soul!—O that I could hurl misery and ruin on the heads of those authors of my lasting sorrow.”—“Forgive me, sweet injured sufferer,”—said the Duchess, “for a complaint in which friendship had no share.—How could I forget the claim—so recently allowed—so sincerely urged?—No—self shall no more intrude to contradict your just desires.” The Duke beheld the different effects of the passions of these lovely creatures with encreasing love—added esteem—and a veneration amounting almost to enthusiasm.

THE hurry and confusion which FEVERSHAM’S intimation had created throughout the camp, rendered it a scene of disorder, extremely ill calculated for the languid state of the tender itinerants—and MONMOUTH, who felt himself in some degree restrained from active operation by their presence, ventured to propose their safe conduct to Bridgewater, where his friends would guard them at the hazard of their lives.—“Yes, we will go my MARGARET—we will not, helpless as we are, impede the designs we would further—nor check that heroism, by womanish complaints and fears, which now needs every supply, every assistance love and friendship would wish it.—Come, then, MONMOUTH, let our fortitude nerve your arm—but,” and she hesitated, “expose not that sacred person to needless danger. Remember ah remember—on thee, on thy life, hang ANNA’S hopes of future bliss.”—“Generous woman”—he returned—“think not thy JAMES will disregard advice so precious—every hour, while messengers *can* be dispatched, you shall be informed of our manoeuvres; but if, in the heat of battle, even MONMOUTH’S affection should be insufficient to send the intelligence your heart may pant for—be not discouraged, nor appropriate to my death a neglect which circumstances may naturally occasion.”—“*Your* death!” said MARGARET, and she threw her hands towards Heaven—“think you Omniscience will permit a sacrifice so precious—and yet has it not already wounded my heart by sacrifices equally valuable!”—

She stopped—her anguish had nearly induced a confession hitherto made to none but herself—yet, when she considered that *he* too might fall by the hands of HOWARD or KIRK, she deprecated the rage which had urged her to claim his active vengeance against them—and felt how inefficacious were the troubles she had endured, to conquer and totally suppress the emotions his first visit at Bruce Castle had created.

THE carriage that had conveyed the ladies to the camp, was now ready to take them to Bridgewater, and accompanied by the Duke, who had ordered out a strong detachment to guard them, they safely reached the town, and were received with the loudest acclamations. The Mayor immediately offered his house for their reception, highly pleased that he should have it in his power to gratify a Prince he loved, by a sincere tender of his best services to the Duchess—and not at all displeased at the prospect of being securely defended by those soldiers appointed to attend the ladies.

THE fortitude which Lady MONMOUTH had resumed, began to ebb apace when night approached.—She fixed her eyes upon the Duke, with looks so mournfully expressive, as required the courage of a hero to meet them unappalled.—He arose to go—sat down again.—It was late—a message arrived importing the necessity of his return to camp.—He arose once more—stood irresolute—viewing in silent sorrow the conflict which struggled in the sweet features of his love. She cast up her eyes to his manly face, and beheld it suffused with tears.—It was a sight which recalled her sinking spirits.—“MONMOUTH,” she cried, “this must not be; let not the presence of thy wife enervate a soul which now should burn for glory.—You have often witnessed in my tenderness a pusillanimity disgraceful to the name I bear—but no more shall you have reason to blush for a weakness incompatible with your pretensions.—Go, my Lord, enter the field of battle without one thought of her who wishes but to fight by your side.—I feel the enthusiasm of BUCCLEUGH glow in my heart!—O, to-morrow, how impatiently should I expect thee, if, permitted to shield my love from danger, I could, in the likeness of an angel, hover about him and protect him from every blow. God of battles—and she fell upon her knees—behold a hero whom courage, and a sense of injury, impels to seek his enemies; behold him, with fortitude of thy inspiring, ready to contend for victory in the bosom of destruction—arrest in its passage the ball which wings its way towards him—blunt, or turn aside, every weapon aimed at his precious life; and, O, send him crowned with success from the arduous trial. Now, then, MONMOUTH, retire—fear not for me—Heaven will not desert your wife.”—“Glorious creature,” said MONMOUTH, “I feel the effect of thy matchless heroism; it swells my bosom almost to bursting—one sweet embrace then”—and he inclined towards her—“No, my Lord, I will not allow even that; let me, in this instance, be the guardian of your honour, it shall not suffer by me. The softer endearments of connubial affection suit not a moment pregnant with the future fate of MONMOUTH, nor will I hazard the diminution of feelings so high set. Go then, my love, my Lord, my husband; and may I, in future, add,

“COME, MARGARET, dear companion and sharer of my wayward destiny, join with me in holy oraisons to Heaven for victory.” She took her speechless friend by the hand, and leading her to the door—once more cast a fond look at her husband—“When

next we meet, my Lord"—She could not proceed, but lifting her hand to her eyes, to hide a burst of anguish, left the room.

"SHE'S gone, then," said MONMOUTH, "O, my soul, perhaps—a fearful perhaps—cut short what I would say.—She's gone, then, and leaves me to profit by her charming fortitude.—Sweet angelic ANNA, adieu!—O, who knows but it may be adieu for ever."

WITH slow reluctant steps he left a house in which was contained a deposit so sacred—he left it, with numberless charges to the mayor to guard, respect, and serve his Duchess; and then heavily pursued his way to the camp, which already was in a kind of orderly hurry.—Nothing could be better calculated to call the Duke's spirits into their usual channel, than a scene so different to that he had just been engaged in.—The lights which were seen moving about in the enemy's quarters, declared also *their* preparations for the ensuing business.—"See, my Lord," said GREY—who commanded a strong party of horse, and was highly in his general's confidence—"See—we are not too early in our arrangements.—Lord FEVERSHAM means no boys play.—If I guess aright, to-morrow will prove a bloody day to many a gallant fellow."—"If every man in my little army," returned MONMOUTH, "possessed Lord GREY'S intrepidity, the cause would soon be determined:—but come, my friend, and view the plan of operations I yesterday sketched.—We have no time to lose.—The East begins to assume a ruddy appearance.—and," he cast a conscious look towards Bridgewater—"yonder town contains many a brilliant, though sleepless, eye—wakeful it may be upon our accounts—eyes that are eagerly, perhaps, watching the most important dawn, to me at least, that ever broke." "I understand your Grace."—"Yes, GREY; and, since we are upon this subject, let me—should Heaven design my fall—let me recommend the lovely Duchess and her unfortunate friend to your care. They are safely lodged with the Mayor. I, therefore, solemnly conjure you, if the above supposed case be realized, to fly from the field of battle, and snatch them from danger."—"Heaven avert a prophecy so fatal to your friends, my gracious Lord.—A thousand hearts are now beating with the hope of saluting you—our King—before the succeeding evening. Not more determined were the brave veterans at the memorable contest at Agincourt, than are your loyal servants.—Death or victory! is the general cry."—"Ay, GREY; one spirit equally informs us all.—Death, then, or victory!—And now come on."

EVERY necessary business arranged respecting the intended manoeuvres—MONMOUTH, whose soul was too much agitated to permit an hour's repose, went among his little army, which was already marshalled in the most exact order.—He was received with grateful joy by all who were near enough to testify their obedience.—The sun was just emerging from the horizon—the fog melted from before his beams, which enlightened the wide extended prospect, and cast an air of cheerfulness over the face of nature, while they played upon the bright arms of FEVERSHAM'S troops.—Humanity, which is ever the concomitant of true courage, forced a sigh from the Duke's bosom, when he threw a pitying eye over the unconscious numbers, who before night would most probably find their toils and faithful zeal rewarded by the mortal stab, or death-dealing

ball.—But the fire of enthusiastic loyalty, which seemed to receive strength from his appearance, and kindled from rank to rank, soon banished every idea but of conquest; and he mounted a small eminence, from whence his voice might be heard to some distance, while every eye was bent upon him, and every ear prepared to catch a sound so dear.

“YONDER army, my fellow soldiers,” said he, “can boast no other advantage over us than the superiority of its strength.—Its cause is futile—its commander, though valiant, feels not that ardour a well grounded hope of success would inspire.—What is the sword of an enemy, if not sharpened by justifiable patriotism?—And what is the power of the destructive ball, if not winged by an Almighty Hand?—Upon the event of this day hang the peace—the safety—the religious rights of thousands.—Remember for whom you fight!—for what you are assembled here!—Is it not to secure the lives and properties of your innocent families?—Should JAMES prevail, what have ye to dread?—Imprisonment—trials—executions—JEFFRIES—who, like a rapacious vulture, waits but the issue of this undertaking to seize all whom death may spare, and gratify his barbarous soul, by condemning them to a more protracted though not less certain fate.

“KIRK, whose massacres have filled many trembling hearts with sorrow—is now in yonder camp preparing for a feast of blood. Wives—children—estates—are all by him appropriated to destruction.—Papistical tyranny looks to our downfall as the foundation of a sanguine hope.—Does not the remembrance of MARY’S reign yet live in the bosoms of those, whose progenitors sealed at the stake their attachment to the Protestant religion?—And do they not execrate the idea of again beholding the fire of persecution lighted up to consume the contemners of Rome’s inconsistent fopperies?—Now, then, my gallant friends, you have a glorious chance for liberty.—A few hours will possibly decide my pretensions to a hard-earned crown, or destroy them for ever.—Forget not, then, the precipice on which we stand.—To retreat would be cowardly and dangerous.—The way lies before ye:—it leads to glory.—Fear not to tread a path, whose very difficulties enhance the merit of those who bravely attempt to oppose them.—And see—yon army is in motion—it approaches.—Now, then, my faithful countrymen,—prove your birthright—claim your title to sacred freedom.—Be cautious, but resolute; and look to your reward.—The love of your King—the thanks of an injured nation—and the felicitations of that offspring ye have preserved from slavery, will heal the smart of your honourable wounds, and make the battle of Sedgmoor remembered as the criterion by which your courage was tried, and your safety ascertained.”—He stopt. It was a pause on which his soul hung with rapture. The loudest acclamations on every side testified the reception his harangue met with.—“Lead on—lead on”—was the general cry.—“Yes—my generous fellows—I will not curb a valour so seasonable.—I can already distinguish the warlike FEVERSHAM.—He heads the main body.—Bring me my horse.—And now to the charge.”

THE sun, which, upon its rising, darted a soft effulgence through the window, at which Lady MONMOUTH had passed a sleepless night—could not dispel, though it alleviated the horrors darkness is ever supposed to encrease.—“Ah,” she thought, “perhaps that great luminary, which lights so many warriors to their destiny, shall set in

blood—and blush to behold a dying hero, extended on the fatal field.—False ambition! misled by thee, how many have precipitated their own destruction; aiming to reach the height of glory, they see not the precipices which intervene between them and their wishes—but—straining with eager eyes—attend not to those heedless steps which lead them into unfathomable depths, and they sink beyond the power of assistance. Happy ploughman!” casting her eyes upon a man who was working in the field, “the event of this sad contest affects thee but little.—With nothing to lose—thou canst only feel thy humanity interested in the fate of those who must fall this day.—Sweet country maid! thy innocent countenance exhibits fear and terror—as the sound of distant drums and trumpets affright the lowing herd that will not obey thy gentle call—and see—she listens to the cheerful song of her companion, who leaves his plough to give the assistance her timorous feelings make necessary—But, hark!—the contest is begun.

“MARGARET,” she cried, “awake, my love, from the short respite misery allows; awake, and speak to me before that dreadful tumult freezes every power—and renders me insensible to the shock of this awful moment.—Again the horrible artillery pours forth its tremendous thunder. So—all is silent.—Past eight o’clock—MARGARET!—Ah Heaven—she does not speak—how wild she gazes—and now the sinking eyelid shuts, perhaps for ever, upon the once brilliant orb.—She sighs—she grasps my hand.—But, O, my God, what a relaxation of the nerves!—Death, canst thou in such a moment as this add thy terrors to those which shake my feeble frame?—Where am I?—Where is MONMOUTH to support his wretched wife?—Dear sufferer, has thy fortitude at last forsaken thee?—Now, when my soul is convulsed with prognosticating fears—dost thou desert thy friend—and leave her to pour out her sorrows to the unconscious air?”—The entrance of those attendants appropriated to her service, interrupted her affecting exclamations—and they immediately applied every volatile to the fainted MARGARET—but in vain.—Death indeed suddenly, and without warning, chilled a heart that once had glowed with every virtuous sensation.

THE late horrid transactions had struck too powerfully at duty, love, and friendship, to be longer repelled, and nature at once gave way to the shock. With a mind strong enough to bear the heaviest sorrows, she possessed not a correspondent bodily vigour, which was now entirely overcome by fatigue—abstinence—and mental torture.—Had those sufferings acted only upon the nobler principles, she might have yet existed a breathing memento of cruel oppression; but, happily for the pure and delicate soul, it suddenly escaped its prison, at a moment pregnant with further evils.—To all the pangs which had lacerated her tender heart, were added the most agonizing apprehensions respecting MONMOUTH’S safety, and a few minutes decided the fate of beauty, elegance, and dignity.

THE day was now nearly elapsed, when a messenger from the Duke roused his unhappy Lady to a sense of those accumulated misfortunes which, in MARGARET’S death, seemed to have attained their climax—but his countenance foreboded the most triumphant intelligence, and he entered the chamber of death with an abruptness, nothing but an honest desire to communicate pleasure could excuse.

“MY gracious master, Madam,” said he, “is safe.—He sends word by me, that victory attends his footsteps.—The enemy runs, and my Lord is in hot pursuit—you may soon expect to hear the enemy is totally dispersed.” “Alas!” thought the Duchess, “how necessary is this charming information to counterpoise the loss of my lovely friend.”—She then, with a pious exaltation of hands and eyes, adored that Providence, who, in drawing a cloud over one part of her felicity, graciously set another blessing to view—and conjured the courier to hasten back for a further confirmation of this pleasing hope. She now expressed a desire to be placed at that window where she had listened to the terrifying explosions, wishing to gratify her impatient eye with a distant view of that field where she exultingly supposed her husband was earning the brightest laurels. Her request was immediately obeyed, and she beheld the clouds of dust raised by the pursuers, and the pursued, with a rapturous expectation of seeing her hero return a glorious conqueror.

THE shades of evening already began to render the fading scenery confused and indistinct. The tumultuous discord of guns, drums, and trumpets, no longer loaded the air; and she could with difficulty distinguish the sudden shouts which echoed round the distant hills.—Still the noises grew fainter, and were renewed at longer periods.

THE lights were nearly vanished, and she could barely discern a warrior galloping over the plain, which extended to the left, beyond the limits of sight. Her women congratulated her on the supposition that the contest was decided, the royalists defeated, and the Duke, eager to make her a sharer in his happiness, had sent another messenger with the news of his success.

“AH,” she said, with a sigh, “there is one sweet addition yet wanting to my felicity—the breast which once responded to every sigh calamity forced from my bosom no longer beats in unison to my feelings. That lovely countenance, once irradiated with the richest tints of nature, no more glows with modesty, nor, impressed by various ideas, exhibits the soft retiring blush, now vanishing from the lovely cheek, and now deepning into the richest bloom. Rest then, thou sainted innocence—pure representation of the marble that soon must hide these delicate relicts of virgin excellence—rest free from further trials—thou last and loveliest of thy martyred family.

“HOW little does my royal MONMOUTH suspect this sad and sudden mischief.—Grief for such a loss will dim the brightest gems of England’s crown. To thee he owed a powerful protection when, in the almost desolate and ruined habitation, he found the truest hospitality, the highest natural politeness, and all the elegant refinements of higher life.”

THE entrance of the warrior, whose approach she had watched, now claimed her eager attention.—He advanced, she started up—a transient blush visiting the hollow cheek, and immediately vanished as an unwelcome stranger, while her feet were bearing her to the door.—“Ah, it is MONMOUTH,” she cried, “he comes alone.—Where is the pomp that should attend a fortunate warrior?” He entered the room. She beheld a stranger

of a martial mien; his cloaths covered with dust and gore, his features distorted, his face pale and ghastly.—She shrunk from his offered hand. “Where,” she cried, “say, gallant Sir, where is my husband? What do I see?—Tears—Oh, what a prelude are those symptoms of grief to some shocking catastrophe.—But come, Sir, fear not to speak the worst; and O may that worst break the strings of a heart which has long been tortured by every sorrow misfortune could produce. Come, then, tell me that KIRK or HOWARD has pierced the noblest heart that ever beat.”

“PEACE, gracious Lady—the Duke yet lives—but his army is dispersed, and himself—” “a prisoner; say, is it not so?”—interrupted the Duchess.—“No, Madam, he has escaped, and commissions me to convey you with all speed to Scotland, whither he will, if possible, follow, when the heat of pursuit is over.”—“And who,” she said, turning towards the bed—“who will see the last rights of friendship performed for that sad object?—See, Sir, how cold and insensible now lies the sweetest flower that ever was nipped by the storms of affliction.”—Then kneeling, she kissed her pallid lips—exclaiming—“O, wouldst *thou* have left the remains of thy ANNA to the careless hand of indifference!—No, lovely creature, my wayward fate thou hast followed to the loss of every tender tie—torn, mangled, and defaced by repeated wounds, thy delicate feelings have at last destroyed a beauteous form.”—“Forgive my forward zeal,” said the stranger, respectfully raising her, “but danger attends every moment’s delay. Leave this affecting object, nor doubt but she will receive honourable interment.” “Yes, I must leave her; but ah, my love, receive this burst of anguish as the last sacrifice to pity: MONMOUTH’S misfortunes must claim every tear in future. But say, Sir, to whom am I to be indebted for a protection my husband is unable to offer?”—“My name is GREY, Madam; I commanded the forces under your royal husband—and pledged my sacred faith to him for your safe conduct to Scotland.—When you are in a place of security, I will speak of the sad events which has this day deprived my Prince of every chance of redeeming his power in England.”—“Well, my Lord, I will obey the Duke, I have heard him speak of Lord GREY with respect.”—A sudden exclamation of grief and terror from below stopped the Duchess.—“Fly, Madam,” said GREY, “mischief has already reached us, it comes in the form of JEFFRIES.—All who are suspected of disaffection to JAMES, are devoted to destruction by that execrable monster.—Should he know you are here, we are inevitably lost.”—The hand she would not at first accept was now eagerly caught, and GREY supported her down a back pair of stairs which led to the garden; but with infinite sorrow they beheld every avenue to their escape strongly guarded—nor was the smallest chance remaining of their shunning a vigilance that defied even caution itself.

THE torches gleaming dreadfully on faces stained with human gore—the glittering spears and swords prepared to oppose all who should attempt resistance—the exclamations and cries of the Mayor’s family, who already smarted under the fell tyrant’s gripe, and was leading away to prison, gave the last touches of horror to a scene calculated to freeze a masculine courage.—The Duchess represented the pale statue of Despair.—GREY, unable to defend, yet shuddering to give her up—attempted to console her with the vain hope of eluding their enemies. She shook her head, folded her helpless hands, and cast such a look towards Heaven as comprized every pang misery could give.

The garden was now surrounded, and by the light of the torches they beheld an elderly person advance, followed by several soldiers, to whom Lord GREY gave the horrible appellation of JEFFRIES. The Duchess faintly screamed, while her protector instantly conceiving the whole of their horrid situation, waited in silent despair the event of it. JEFFRIES, with the sagacity of a blood-hound, soon discovered the miserable fugitives—and giving a signal to his men, they immediately seized Lord GREY, who entreated their pity for his companion, as fear and febleness shook her frame to a degree scarcely supportable. “Take him hence,” said the surly Judge, “nor listen to the petition of a rebel.”—GREY looked back as they were forcing him along, and beheld the almost lifeless lady in the hands of the savage, who was rudely attempting to lead, or rather pull her towards the house. Forgetful at the moment of every thing but the indignity offered to his adored master’s wife—he exclaimed, “Monster, pollute not with thy unhallowed hands that delicate form, not even the usurping *king* dare commit a sacrilege so vile.”—He could say no more.—A violent blow from one of his conductors levelled him to the ground, and he was carried to prison insensible of his fate.—Silent, weak, and without spirit to oppose her cruel persecutor, the Duchess was conveyed to the room she had just left, without any company, but a strong guard, and the corpse of her lamented friend.—“O,” said she, when she entered,—“that *I* too could sleep in peace, that *I* too had weathered the storms of sorrow which has laid waste my hope of happiness, and safely reached that port from whence I might behold the surges roar without danger of a future shipwreck. How she smiles! sweet MARGARET! by thy side I would slumber away the hours of this painful existence.”—She then lay down exhausted, and resigned to her sad destiny.—But not long was this victim to misfortune permitted the sad indulgence of her grief uninterrupted; JEFFRIES, flushed with wine, and the scent of future carnage, had been informed of his prisoner’s consequence—and would not delay one moment an explanation which he thought might either feed his avarice, or gratify his thirst for revenge.—That MONMOUTH had escaped he knew; and that it was possible he might elude all pursuit, was a feasible circumstance;—but was there not a possibility, he thought, of making the capture of the Duchess a means of entrapping him—and would not the Duke, when informed his wife’s safety depended upon his own surrender, immediately return?—It was worth the trial, however, and he entered the chamber in full expectation of terrifying the unfortunate sufferer into a compliance with his designs; for he doubted not but she was perfectly acquainted with her husband’s plan of operations, at least so far as circumstances or change of situation might justify—and advancing to the bed, spoke in a tone which was calculated to terrify rather than persuade.—She arose with difficulty, and regarding him with a look composed of anguish, fear, and hatred, listened in silence to a speech she could neither comprehend nor answer. As this was attributed by JEFFRIES to obstinacy or cunning, he was determined to counteract her design, by pretending the Duke was in his power; and, with a malicious smile, complimented her upon her patience and resignation to the fate of her Lord.—Still she spoke not:—“You seem, Madam,” he said, “to be possessed of an apathy rather uncommon in a mind apparently so delicate; or have you made a resolution to submit, with masculine fortitude, to the eternal separation which must soon take place? for I imagine the Duke’s cause will be first decided.”—“And who,” said she, with a trembling voice, “is to decide it but Omnipotence?”—“Those whom he has so grossly offended; an insulted King, and an

injured country.—The laws he has defied.—The judges who dispense them, will in a very few days call upon him to answer a charge already preparing. “Stay, Sir,” she said, in a more haughty manner, “till his presence shall confirm your premature threats.”—“What, then, you know not he is taken?”—“Ha, taken! how? where? by whom?”—“No matter, Madam, you will find that to *me* is delegated the important office of trying a rebel.”—“What, then, is he *indeed* taken, and the last sad suffering moment approaches?—But it cannot be; he is far from his enemies.—MONMOUTH was not doomed to fall by the hands of an executioner.”—“You are too sanguine,” said the crafty judge, “and will soon be convinced of your error.”—“*What, then, he must die?*”—She paused—and then resuming—“Sir, if he must fall, let not the scaffold be graced by such a sacrifice—in the field, upon heaps slain by his own hand, should JAMES of MONMOUTH make his altar—and in the presence of his *wife* breathe out his heroic soul.”—She stopt, a soldier entered, and addressing JEFFRIES, greeted him with the welcome intelligence his soul panted for; that KIRK had pursued MONMOUTH after the battle, and there was no doubt but he would soon be taken, as he was obliged to leave the field upon a horse already wearied with the fatigue of the day.

DELIGHTED with the hope of a bloody termination of this tragical business—JEFFRIES no longer attempted to throw the unhappy Duchess off her guard—but left her to the wretched indulgence of her sorrows, though hope, not totally extinct, lessened their poignancy in the idea that her husband might yet elude the sagacity of his pursuers. A dead solitude followed the preceding tumults, and, for several days, the impenetrable silence of the only attendant permitted to administer to her convenience, furnished fresh trials for her patience; nor were her tender feelings less wounded, when the corpse of her sweet friend was removed.—She saw, with a wild enthusiasm of grief, the people appointed to execute the sacred office depart, and would have prevented them, had her strength equalled her wishes; but, convinced of her inability to contend, she submitted, sullen and exhausted, to a decree she could not impugn, resuming the sad employment she had recently taken up, of extinguishing hope by the revival of despair; and while shut up from the world, and a knowledge of what passed within it, fresh torments were preparing to pierce her wearied soul.

THE unfortunate Duke, whose sanguine expectations had received additional strength from the apparent advantage he had gained in the early part of the battle, and whose eager courage prompted him to hazard all, by penetrating too far into the enemy’s main body, found, too late, the fatal consequences of his mistake—and, after performing wonders, in endeavouring to extricate himself—could only, with his friend, escape a protracted evil, flying into Dorsetshire by the most unfrequented roads, after giving a hasty intimation to GREY to seek his lady, and protect her from the malice of his foes.

THE first night of his flight proving excessively dark and stormy, and his horse from extreme weariness being scarcely able to lift up his feet, stumbled against a stone throwing the Duke with considerable violence from his seat—and, to his inexpressible pain, he found the poor animal deprived of every power to pursue his journey. Ferdinand the German Count, who had accompanied him, would readily have accommodated his

distressed friend with that on which he rode—but found, upon trial, he was equally useless. Quitting there, therefore, the creatures whose services were now ineffectual, they wandered till day-break among the wild woods, eagerly pulling the berries nature had prepared for the innocent inhabitants of the forest, who fled affrighted at so strange an innovation of their rights.—The danger of discovery added to MONMOUTH'S affliction, as it precluded them from the advantage of seeking assistance from human aid—but, upon the evening of the fourth day, a distant cottage held forth charms too attractive to be withstood by the famished wanderers, who could no longer endure the cravings of an unsatisfied appetite—proving, that high courage and masculine resolution afforded no defence against the attacks of hunger and thirst.—Their meagre aspects, trembling limbs, and torn and bloody apparel, shocked the friendly inhabitant of the little mansion, who immediately produced bread, cheese, new milk, and butter.—MONMOUTH'S spirits, entirely overcome by misfortune and want, could not support this happy reverse: Plenty, recommended by innocence and moderation, courted his notice, and with grateful tears he accepted the bounty.—Before they had finished their antediluvian meal, the sound of a distant drum called back those acute sensations the present indulgence had stifled.—MONMOUTH started up, and with a look of phrenzy, clasping his hands together, exclaimed—“My hour is come, the last moment of liberty approaches—leave me, my friend, nor involve your fate with one predestined to misery.” His ancient host, who partly suspected the quality of his guest—with an honest, yet respectable freedom, took his folded hands between his own, while the reverend cheek was bedewed with drops of anguish, saying—“Take courage, gracious Sir, I am a poor old man, but if you will condescend to listen to me, I have a heart to serve you.”—“No, my good creature,” said the Duke, “it is all over with JAMES of MONMOUTH, my sun of glory is forever set: do you not hear the bloodhounds in chace of royalty?—O they are sagaciously keen.”—“But here they shall not enter,” said the aged shepherd, “or, if they do, shall be disappointed.—Come, my honoured Lord, take off that suspicious garb, my humble apparel may secure you from discovery. Give me your cloaths, and hasten to the bottom of my little garden, where you will find two paths, be sure to keep that on the right hand, it will bring you to a cavern, where you may be safely sheltered till your pursuers have left this part of the country.”

THE Duke could only lift his eyes in speechless thankfulness for this benevolent offer, and immediately took advice so salutary: as soon as he was equipped, he endeavoured to find the path his friendly guide had pointed out, who returning to the Count, conveyed him to the same place. The business was hardly arranged, when a troop of soldiers, headed by HOWARD and KIRK, entered the hospitable cot; but, seeing only one small room, were about to retire, when the poor shepherd, in his borrowed array, exciting their attention, one of the soldiers seized him as the identical object of their pursuit. The glaring mistake he had made would have created much ridicule, had not the novelty of the shepherd's appearance convinced them of an implied mystery. To HOWARD'S interrogatories the old man opposed an inflexible silence, nor could KIRK'S threats produce any satisfaction, though he vowed the demolition of his neat little dwelling. The poor creature sighed, looked round with an affectionate attachment to the various simple utensils to which time had given a value equal to their use.—“Come,”

said the barbarian, "my lads, here will be some fun for you; the old rogue is sulky, we will soon bring him to the use of his tongue, or burn him in the midst of his possessions, unless he confesses where the rebellious MONMOUTH is concealed."—He then proceeded to rougher means with the trusty soul, but in vain were blows, execrations, or persuasions, till KIRK, no longer able to suppress his furious passion, drew his sword, and was about to plunge it in the injured sufferer's heart; when, finding his arm held back, he turned about to know the cause of his restraint.—The cause was—MONMOUTH, who not sufficiently attending the direction respecting the path he should follow, unhappily for himself, took that which brought him round to the front of the house, at the very moment that seemed pregnant with his ancient landlord's destruction. There was no time for consideration. It was KIRK, the inhuman savage, who had murdered his friend, who had imprisoned his Duchess, whose life was a catalogue of vice, a legend of iniquity, and who was then in the practice of diabolical cruelty.—"Turn, villain!" he exclaimed, "and defend yourself against the injured MONMOUTH."—MONMOUTH arrived in the instant when KIRK despaired of finding him; this was success indeed. The soldiers, true to their infamous leader, were about to seize the noble hero; but, with an agility rage only could supply, he flew upon the renegade, struck him to the earth, and catching at the sword, intended for the shepherd's extinction, plunged it up to the hilt in the villain's body. "Now," said he, "reluctance and resistance are no more. Here, take the weapon," speaking to the surrounding soldiers, "I go to my death with pleasure; and should with still greater transport, had *you*," looking sternly at HOWARD, "yes, monster, had you fallen a victim to my injuries. Why do ye stand amazed? Why do ye gaze in stupid astonishment? Come, gratify your tyrant with the sight of this mortal enemy. Lead me to him you call your King—The usurper of my rights—the instrument of Almighty vengeance—the scourge of an enslaved nation: but the time is not far off when he shall ask the pity no one can grant, when the spirit of a warlike people shall revolt, and he shall in foreign climates incur that contempt his conduct so well deserves."

THE guards, who stood almost petrified at the sudden fall of their leader, no longer listened patiently to the effusions of resentment, but roughly dragging him from the cottage, placed him upon a horse before one of their comrades, after securing him beyond the possibility of resistance; and then lifting up the corpse, which had just before in horrid blasphemy breathed out its wretched soul, carried it off with them, leaving the poor shepherd to lament with FERDINAND (who had been overlooked in the confusion) the useless caution they had taken to ensure MONMOUTH'S safety.

THE news of KIRK'S death, with the manner of it, and MONMOUTH'S capture, reached not the Court of JAMES till the annunciation of HOWARD'S arrival, as his eagerness to receive the reward due to his important services induced his utmost expedition—and, on the evening of the second day, he saw his prisoner safely lodged in the Tower—who was received with the accustomed forms. The solemnity of his reception—the gloomy aspect of his keeper—the rugged walls—vast portcullis—massy gates—dark grated windows—and, above all, the idea of that separation he so much dreaded from his lovely Duchess—completely conquered a spirit which had so long held out against his various sufferings.—In vain he strove to assume a masculine fortitude—in

vain attempted to suppress those tears his melancholy situation extorted—and, when he passed the chapel, he trembled with the foreboding idea, that it would be his last resting place.

THE dark night approached.—He was left in solitude.—The lamps gleamed against the black forbidding casements.—He sunk into a chair—wept—groaned—and gave himself up to the deepest dejection. Morning appeared—the pale dawn broke upon his apartment—he arose, looked into the yard—the centinels were going off duty—he saw the gates opened—they retired with evident cheerfulness—the yeomen entered—every feature, animated by liberty, unfettered by restraint, unincumbered by forebodings of future evil, they performed their usual business with alacrity.—“Happy men,” said the reflecting Duke, “how do I envy your comparatively enviable state; unclouded by dreadful expectation, your countenances preserve that vacant cheerfulness so descriptive of independant freedom.—You dread not the impending axe—you feel not the torture arising from the disappointment of high-raised hopes.—The morning which soon may witness my dissolution, shall pass undistinguished in the rolling æra of your time, nor shall the tolling bell awaken even a sigh for the fate of MONMOUTH.”

THE entrance of the Lieutenant of the Tower—whose humanity and respect induced an early visit, agreeably surprized the Duke, as he had not seen him the evening before, owing to his absence, till it was too late to intrude.—The polite tenderness which influenced this gentleman’s behaviour, created an inclination in the Duke to solicit his advice in his present sad situation. The Lieutenant frankly urged the necessity of an address to the King, as a scheme well worth trying, where life and death were the only alternatives.—MONMOUTH paused.—An address argued submission, and submission denoted guilt—there was meanness in a concession extorted only by compulsion.—Had he been free, would he have retracted his designs?—Was JAMES the less a tyrant for being a conqueror—had victory given a legality to the title which before was disputable—and must *he* give up a lawful claim, because in no situation properly to defend it?—He raised his eyes to the *strong double-barred windows*.—There was conviction in their silent rhetoric.—“Well, Sir,” said he, “I *will* write; but with what reluctance a mortified spirit only can declare.”—The Lieutenant immediately retired, to give his prisoner an opportunity to put his advice in execution; a task so cruel, so opposite to the Duke’s noble principles, that he trembled with indignation against the man whose pity and pardon he was about to conciliate, and several times dashed the pen from him that was to evidence his disgrace; at length, after various attempts he produced the following composition:

“MAY IT PLEASE THE KING,

“THE claim which I derive from my late honoured parent, naturally inducing me to strengthen it by every assistance I could procure, has been, I grieve to say, productive of the most dreadful consequences, among which, the loss of many gallant friends are to be reckoned the chiefest, whose only fault was their attachment to an unhappy Prince.—My own confinement, and the captivity of a lovely wife, are also to be included in the sad list of misfortunes—which has bowed a spirit once untameably determined.—Will you then, dread Sir, condescend to listen to the entreaties

of a nephew, whose importance you once tacitly allowed?—Will you pardon an offender, whose fault originates from mistake, and whose actions have been stimulated by what *he* thought a laudable ambition.—If I sought to be established upon a footing equal to yourself, it was upon the supposition, that, in waving my own right till your decease, I was practising the noblest self-denial.—The testimony of a faultless mother, the indulgence of a father who loved me, corroborated the belief I had taken up of my legitimacy.—Was your servant then to blame in the assertion of his claim?—Consider, I beseech you, Sire, if I have militated against reason, judgement, or understanding, and graciously extend your clemency to the suffering

MONMOUTH”

*Tower,
1685.*

WHEN this laconic epistle was read to JAMES, he frowned, bit his lips, and shewed many marks of impatience while listening to his Secretary; and when he had concluded—“Where,” said he haughtily, “are the expressions of contrition—the humiliating confession of a mischievous rebel?—These lines are only characteristic of an ill-concealed resentment, a forced acknowledgement of injuries he wants only power to renew;—but we will see the traitor—to-morrow we will give him audience—and then shall judge of his specious penitence.”

THE grand Council-Chamber was appointed for an interview so solemn.—The Queen requested permission to be present, as she felt a strong desire to view the man whose claims superceded those of her future offspring—and threatened to strike at the root of her beloved religion.—MONMOUTH entered with that air of grandeur, so properly calculated to terrify mean souls.

HE was attended by the Lieutenant and a strong guard, who respectfully stopped at the entrance, while he advanced to the presence, with a dignity that disconcerted the royal pair.—The King turned pale when MONMOUTH bent one knee before him, his arms folded upon his bosom—his eyes fixed upon the ground—his whole deportment manly and collected.—JAMES even shuddered, as if about to incur the sentence he intended to pronounce—nor could for some minutes articulate a word, while the illustrious witnesses of this awful scene felt every emotion pity and admiration could suggest for the fate of the fallen hero.

AT length, recovering from his confusion, JAMES, without commanding his nephew to rise, interrogated him with much severity upon the meaning of his culpable conduct; and told him there was no other chance for his life, than an ample confession of his treason—the discovery of all concerned in it—and his subscription of a paper, declaring his father had owned he was the illegitimate son of LUCY WALTERS.

MONMOUTH rose, fixed his eyes upon the King—his whole countenance taking the cast of indignant disdain, while inward rage prevented a prompt reply. His lips quivering—his bosom heaving—his cheeks now flushed with crimson, now assuming a

pallid hue:—at length—“Are these,” he asked, “the terms on which I am to purchase the remnant of a short inglorious life?”—“They are the only ones that can procure you the remission of a just sentence,” answered the King, in a cold and surly tone.—“O thou angelic woman,” exclaimed the Duke, in a passionate accent—“Must I, from the birth to the tomb, reflect in-may upon thee?—Shall the ashes of a saint, at this distant period, be disturbed by dishonourable suggestions?”—He was going on, when a bustle at the door contracted the King’s brow, as the reverence due to majesty permitted not an interruption so unusual—and he waved his hand for silence;—but in vain—the whispers were renewed, and a female form advancing, changed his Majesty’s displeasure to perplexing wonder.—Her motion was rapid—interrupted—and confused.—Her hair hung in wild disorder, over a face so touchingly melancholy as to produce, even in JAMES’S bosom, a sensation of pity.—Her garments were soiled, torn, and flowed loosely upon the floor—one hand employed in gathering them about her—the other extended towards MONMOUTH, who seemed the sole end of her pursuit.

REGARDLESS of the royal presence, of his own situation, of the danger his rashness might precipitate, MONMOUTH flew to the affecting object of his attention, caught the hand she held out to him, and falling upon his knees before the King,—“Ah!” he cried, “dread Sir, know you not the heiress of BUCCLEUGH?—Know you not the wife of MONMOUTH?” “Yes,” she interrupted meekly, prostrating herself, “I *am* his wife—and have escaped my gaoler, to share his fate:—sweetly we have lived together—and O—in peace let us die.—Weep not my Lord, I have no more tears to shed—the sources are dried up—my brain can no longer supply them—it burns with a flame too fierce to be so easily quenched.—Come, then, great King—pronounce *my* doom; for in my husband’s fate his ANNA’S is determined.”

“Are you sensible, Madam, of the heinousness of that conduct which has struck at the peace of a nation, and the rights of Majesty?”—“O torture not her gentle soul with useless interrogatories,” said the Duke, “but tell me how I may purchase that grace, for which this lovely creature has dared your resentment.”—“By acceding to the terms proposed,” answered JAMES, recovering his former haughtiness.—MONMOUTH turned his eye upon the Duchess, and in her disordered countenance beheld a trace of reviving hope illumine every feature.—She clasped her hands together in wild transport—“O,” said she, “are there indeed any terms to be complied with, that can redeem a life so precious?—Am I to be included in the treaty?—Can I make a sacrifice propitiatory for so great a blessing? Here I stand,” and she arose with an air of resigned dignity—“Here I stand ready to purchase *his* liberty by any price you can name.—Let seas divide the fondest affection—Let prisons, chains and fetters be *my* lot, so MONMOUTH is free.—Send me to the most desolate island, ingenious cruelty can find; nay, let this emaciated form be made the prey of savage beasts, or, in the deepest dungeon, let me breathe out an innocent soul in prayers for *his* safety, whose happiness I would insure.”—She then fell again upon her knees.—“Come, great Sire, say, what is to be my lot?—Madam,” turning to the Queen, who listened to this affecting address, without the smallest touch of pity—“Let the claims of connubial tenderness affect your noble heart:—possessed of royalty—secure in the love of a princely consort—established upon the throne of Britain, and in the

safe enjoyments of your religious principles—you can have no plea for the refusal of that mercy we ask.—No danger can arise to you from such an indulgence.—Speak for me, MONMOUTH, I cannot bear this uncertainty, and if no other alternative be admitted—here, take my life—with joy would I resign it upon the scaffold if that may suffice.”

“GLORIOUS creature,” interrupted the Duke—“angelic softness, cease these painful entreaties.—Bring me the papers, Sir, bring me the price of my honour—quickly—let me not reflect.—ANNA, can you receive your husband with patience, when divested of every title to a crown—and the heir by his own confession of infamy?” “O, how low am I fallen—and all for thee, my love!”—“Ah! what papers?” she cried, catching his arm as he was signing the important one respecting his illegitimacy. “No matter, it is done, and now misery is my portion.—The other was tendered, he ran it slightly over, started—“What,” said he, “*my friends*, are *they* included in the dreadful submission?—never—never”—and he tore it to atoms.

“THE shame I have brought on myself shall not extend so far.—What *have* they done for *me*?—O wretched MONMOUTH! Have they not forfeited every dear, every sacred privilege, and is this to be their reward?—I have given up the fair fame of a mother—I have, with one stroke of the pen, signed away the inheritance of my heir—looking tenderly at the Duchess, whose situation was visible—but here the evil stops.—If your Majesty will graciously accord your clemency, I shall receive it with thanks; but I can go no farther. “Then you have done nothing,” answered JAMES.—“And *you*, my liege,” retorted the Queen, “have done too much—*you* have been infinitely too mild—too condescending in your proposals.—What can be expected from such restless ambition, when unrestrained by the pure precepts of our most holy religion, but a renewal of the national feuds which owe their rise and support to him; besides, casting a malignant look at the Duke—is there any dependance upon a man, who, moved by the exclamations of a weak woman, can give up the character of his mother, bastardize himself, and consign his whole race to infamy?” She stopped, looking round in all the pride of arbitrary power. The Duchess raised her eyes with the air of one who is stunned by a sudden stroke of electrical fire, gazing in fearful expectation, as it were, of a second, and more fatal blow.—MONMOUTH, who had given way to the tenderness of his nature, and had signed the paper against his own judgement, merely to secure the tranquillity of his suffering lady, felt in this cruel remonstrance the inefficacy of what he had done, and found himself betrayed to a more complete destruction; for well he knew his uncle wanted no stimulative to encrease his hatred.—He likewise felt a degree of resentment against the humiliation he had practised, and blushed for the unfeminine behaviour of her who had awakened him to a sense of the glory he had forfeited:—all the spirit of royalty swelled in his glowing bosom—all the dignity of suppressed greatness agitated every throbbing vein—and all the sweet sad emotions of pitying affection, trembled in his faithful heart.

THE look he threw upon the Queen, more than revenged the unnatural language she had given.—The charming softness which filled that he cast upon his lady, was a rich reward for her sorrows.—It recalled her scattered senses—it thrilled her whole soul with

sensations worthy of the cause.

THE King, with an impatient air, demanded of MONMOUTH his decisive resolution.—“*It is given,*”—said the Duke, and he turned to leave the presence.—“Stop, Sir,” exclaimed the Queen, “that disdainful expression suits not an intercessor for mercy.”—“But,” replied the Duchess, “it becomes the lawful heir of England’s crown.—You have seen *me*, Madam, an humble supplicant for my husband’s life—you have heard me, in the wild agonizing tone of destruction, plead for his liberty—but—at the price you offer, he will not purchase it.—I know his days are numbered—I know his doom is written in the black calendar of massacres and bloodshed—yet—and her eyes sparkled with conscious worthiness—yet he will do nothing to sully his legal pretensions. The paper you have treacherously induced him to sign cannot destroy the reality of his claim, though it may shake the faith of his adherents. Suffer us then to enjoy the few remaining hours allotted him, in disposing our souls to a meek resignation to the destiny an *uncle* has precipitated.”—Tears, composed of love and rapture—fell from MONMOUTH’S cheek upon the hand of his wife as he pressed it to his bosom.—“Now, then,” he cried, “I can meet my death with pleasure.—What exquisite sensations pour in upon my throbbing heart? What is the felicity of Kings and Queens? What are their possessions to that I now enjoy? Look, O JAMES, through the vast whole which lies within your ambitious grasp—bring forth your rarest treasures, and find one gem that can vie with that I boast.—See, Madam, in this lovely female, the glory and ornament of your sex!—Who would not die to be thus distinguished?—Ah! where is fear, despondency, or care! Let them assault my soul, *here* is a cure for all—” and he tenderly clasped his exalted Duchess.—“It is true, we have been both to blame—but the evil destroyed itself—you cannot now make us miserable.”—“It is well, mighty Sir,” said the Queen; “if thus we are to be insulted, poor is the prerogative of princes—go then, and when justice shall have sharpened its weapons to a sufficient edge, go, and upon the scaffold proclaim your vaunted happiness;—but think not there to play the part of injured heroism—think not to raise the passions of a giddy populace—in acting over the fine-spun scene you have chosen *us* to witness—since such is your fortitude—*here* it shall be tried—and now attend to the will of those whose power you defy—I have *your* permission, my liege, to act in this business.”—And she turned to his Majesty. “Undoubtedly, Madam, your pleasure shall be ours.”

THE King would then have retired, but Lady MONMOUTH, seizing his garment—“Not yet—O leave us not to the merciless decrees—I read it in those enraged features—disappoint not the hope which supports my fluttering soul. Let us not be separated.—Let one prison contain us both, and I will bless the bolts and bars that shut us from a world like this.”—“You anticipate your fate,” said the cruel Queen—“where is now the spirited language of indignant greatness?—“Come, you can be conquered, I see; but plead no more—and,” speaking to the guard, “take back this pretender to a kingdom—and since he boasts such inward consolation, it may be of use in a *solitary* prison.”—“No, not *solitary*,” said the Duchess and she quitted the King, who seemed glad to escape her affecting entreaties—“send him not alone.—Since such power is vested in your Majesty—be not inflexible—I ask only to gild his latter hours with the sweet beams of a faithful love—I ask only to soften the melancholy moments of

expectation by a fond and commiserating attention.—Madam,” and she clasped the Queen’s knees—“behold a wretched woman on the point of being torn from a dying husband—a *dying husband, Lady*—think of that.—What, shall those eyes be for ever closed, nor fix their parting glances upon me?—Shall I not join my prayers with his, for a glorious reception in the world of bliss?—Shall the tedious day, and long dark night, be lamented by him in solitude?—While this lacerated heart pants but to sooth his sorrows, and vibrate to the fond expressions of tender affection.—See, Madam—they are tearing him from the presence!—Tyger-hearted woman—” and her voice assumed the fierce tones of frantic despair—“shall I see him no more?—Great God! in pity to my torture, extinguish all sense of feeling in this bursting bosom—my brain too—it cannot—will not bear it.”

THE Duke’s struggles to free himself were perfectly ineffectual, and he could only exclaim, with a violence that destroyed intelligible, articulation against the barbarity of their persecutors.

MADDENING with anguish to see him thus dragged from her, the Duchess’s shrieks pierced every heart but her’s who could have silenced them.—“Bring him back,” she cried, “or let me share his sufferings.—Let him return but one—one blessed moment.—Deny me not a last embrace.—Let him this once, only this once, fill these extended arms.—Alas! they close, but upon the empty air.”

THE Queen, who had not courage to see the conclusion of a distress she had occasioned—arose, and left the Council Chamber, as she could only give such reasons for her conduct as could not exculpate her from blame: for MONMOUTH’S defiance had particularly irritated a haughty and unfeeling disposition—nor did worldly prudence receive a slighter shock, in the idea that the perpetuity of his race must shake that throne she hoped her future offspring to enjoy; and therefore, as she knew his Lady’s situation, exulted in the expectation, that the agony she endured would destroy her fears of a consequence, so fatal to the security of a crown to her heirs.

LADY MONMOUTH beheld her departure with encreasing agitation.—She flew to the door, it closed too suddenly for the resolution she had taken of following the Queen with her affecting petition—and she was not permitted to follow her.—“What,” she said, “is it thus my prayers are answered, mocked, insulted, neglected?”—and then looking round upon the ladies, who would have rendered her every service her shocking circumstances could admit—“Go, I have no need of your kindness; ye cannot liberate the prisoner—ye cannot restore the dead—for ah, he is dead to me.—But you weep, the example of your mistress is not contagious.—Go, then, with those marks of feminine tenderness in your eyes—go and shame her into a sense of pity—reproach her cruelty by the mute expression of tears—tell her, they are the sweet sacrifice of *feeling* hearts, and while, like the rich dew of Heaven, they meliorate the tortures of this bleeding bosom—they shall be, to her, as the noxious vapour, blighting the blossoms of her ambitious hope with their chilling influence.—Yes, in them she shall read the condemnation of her barbarity—in them she shall feel the reproach of the innocent.”—Her melancholy

complaints were now interrupted by strong convulsions, and she was carried to an apartment of the palace perfectly insensible of her wrongs.

TO the kindness of the man appointed to attend Lord GREY at Bridgewater, was this unhappy lady indebted for an interview so sudden, so sad—and to MONMOUTH so unexpected.—The news of his being taken had reached that nobleman, through the medium of his keeper, who felt himself warmly attached by his Lordship's liberality, which in this man found, what is seldom seen in very low life—namely, a propensity to gratitude for the advantage it bestowed—and a wish to oblige the dispenser of such bounty.—To *him* then GREY proposed the liberation of the Duchess, on whose tender and prevailing pleas, for her husband's pardon, was fixed the only foundation on which he could build a hope of success.—The task was no ways difficult.

THE keeper, eager to shew his sense of his prisoner's benevolence, added another and equally desirable clause to the scheme proposed.—His Lordship was almost overcome with delight, when he found his *own* escape was to be included with Lady MONMOUTH'S—the plan to effect which was as follows:—An order from JEFFRIES, importing his wish to send the Duchess to town, was easily counterfeited.—Lord GREY, in cloaths of his valuable friend's procuring, was to deliver it, and, by the Judge's command, accompany that lady in her journey.—It was a fortunate circumstance for them, that JEFFRIES had only the evening before set out on his circuit, to finish a tragedy which inflamed his blood-thirsty soul with sanguinary transport.—Exeter—Taunton—and Dorchester—felt the dreadful effects of his brutal decrees; above five hundred unhappy people falling a sacrifice to his pretensions to exemplary justice.

WHEN GREY, by virtue of his supposed authority, was introduced to her Grace, she would not lift her eye towards him;—but when, in consequence of her attendant's departure, he opened his commission, she was almost wild with a mixture of grief—love—hope—and despair. “Delay not,” she cried, “my blessed friend—delay not one moment to execute a plot so important to the fate of my husband:—weak and faint as you see me, Heaven will not, I trust, desert me in this hour of trial.—The sweet idea that my entreaties may gain upon the King to spare his nephew, will supply this emaciated frame with strength—and my soul with fortitude.—Come, then, let us depart.”—The entrance of her sullen companion stopped this torrent of rapture—and, with a well-feigned reluctance, she acceded to the pretended commands of the judge.—They had scarcely left the town when GREY, looking behind, perceived a man riding swiftly after them—and, before he could communicate his suspicions to the trembling partner of his flight, discovered in their pursuer, the features of their deliverer. “Fly,” said the honest man, “or we shall be ruined.—The deceit is found out.—I dare not return.—The town is in commotion, we must take the most unfrequented paths, or we are lost.”

THE Duchess heard all, without power or time to articulate her distress at this terrible intelligence, and redoubled her pace almost without expectation of accomplishing her wishes.

IT was thought absolutely necessary, by Lord GREY, that they should quit the path in which they travelled, for one less liable to interruption.—The poor Lady silently assented to her companions reasons for his conduct, and, with a speed terror only could support, followed the sympathizing nobleman.

TURNING the corner of a wall that surrounded an extensive park, they beheld a company of soldiers drawn up before a magnificent seat, which terminated a noble avenue of elms, that ran parallel with the road leading up to the house.—A sudden discharge of small arms, in the moment of their passing the gates, made GREY'S horse start with such violence, as to throw his rider, at the same time plunging to a most alarming degree. The shock of this untoward incident, at a period pregnant with many evils, carried the most foreboding fears to the Duchess's bosom, which were increased almost to desperation, when she perceived his Lordship unable to rise.—To go on without him was impossible.—To stay the event, argued probable destruction.—She gazed, transfixed with horror at the ineffectual attempts of their poor attendant to raise him from the ground, when several men, who had at some distance beheld the accident, hastily advanced to give the assistance, which, from the apparent lifeless appearance of the object of their attention, seemed to promise but little success.—The Duchess strove to renew her endeavours to escape, but her horse, with the instinctive affection so natural to that social animal, would not stir from his fellow travellers, and she was constrained to remain an object of perilous inquiry; but, to mitigate her sufferings, she was happy to see that a temporary insensibility, induced by the sudden shock of his fall, was the only cause of Lord GREY'S supineness, and, when raised from the earth, his recovery was quickly ascertained.—With the most condescending gratitude he expressed his thanks for the services he had received, and by a liberal donation convinced the men of what, perhaps, was dangerous to acknowledge—one of whom withdrew to impart his suspicions to the Colonel of the little army which were then marching down the avenue.

THE poor fugitives were now preparing to renew their journey—when a command, *to stop those suspicious people*, froze their blood—and the horses bridles were now seized by the very fellows who had advantageously profited by a mistaken bounty.

THE Duchess looked round, with a fearful and hopeless aspect, to discover from whence the countermmand issued.—Hopeless, fearful, and helpless indeed—every sentiment was excited by the dread of future consequences.—Every sensation, the offspring of terror—and every idea condensed into that which, in all the distressful dilemmas of her painful life, had claimed the foremost place.—Ah! no wonder that speech, invention, memory, all should give way to the sudden shock, when she beheld—surrounded by soldiers, distinguished by a ferocity of countenance almost more than savage—the cruel wretch to whose absence she owed a momentary emancipation from confinement. The scourge of an unhappy nation, the destroyer of domestic peace—the false administrator of a pretended justice—the sanguine inflicter of a vengeance unprecedented and illegal—in the form of—JEFFRIES!—that monster, whose rage for blood induced him to imprison the unfortunate owner of the mansion before him, merely because he was a near relative to the noble RUSSEL, whose Lady, immersed in sorrow,

had sought with her good old uncle a dreary solitude, for such might that well be called, where even the cheerful sun was excluded from her sight.—The apartments particularly appropriated to her use hung with black, and the light of day supplied by the dim uncertain winking of a feeble lamp—yet could not the sacred grief she cherished, the melancholy expression of her woes, soften the callosity of JEFFRIES'S heart. It was enough that, in the martyred RUSSELL'S conviction of rebellion, their whole family was amenable to suspicion.—It was enough that she was the widow of a man, whose attachment to MONMOUTH had been so fatally signalized—to render her and her's obnoxious to this pretender to loyalty.—With a surly aspect, and conscience unappalled, he entered the awful retreat of connubial wretchedness—and rudely attacked the sad inhabitant of that gloomy abode, with a blunt accusation of secreting a rebel—for her venerable uncle had been slightly suspected of giving his suffrage in favour of MONMOUTH, (though he had never openly appeared in arms,) and scrupled not to force him from her presence, when, after an incoherent attempt to convince her of the power with which he was invested, he quitted the speechless Lady; whose surprise, at this indignant treatment, surmounted that dignity of spirit which had enabled her to part with a tenderly beloved husband without a tear—and he retired to the banqueting room, to revel with his hardened colleagues in the gratification of those luxuries congenial to his sordid appetites; to obtain which, he thought no act of oppression illegal. Intoxicated with success, and inflamed with the prospect of a full indulgence of his base disposition, which delighted in the contemplation of distress he had himself inflicted—he fiercely demanded their business in that unfrequented road—but who could answer a request enforced with swelling arrogance and inflated pride? Could GREY desert a cause which had endangered his safety, by a confession that must decide against his life?—Could the keeper own his part in the scheme that tended to weaken the Judge's power of doing evil?—Could the Duchess betray her friends, and for ever blight the dearest purpose of her soul—so often struck at—so long, and now so hopelessly cherished by an acknowledgement of her situation? No, a deadly silence prevailed amongst them; a look of inexpressible anguish conveyed to GREY the feelings of Lady MONMOUTH'S soul, and when, by their persecutor's orders, they were dismounted, she patiently and steadily followed her furious interceptor to the house, who conducted her through a long range of rooms, when opening a door at the further end of them, “I have brought,” he cried, “a companion, who will, it is possible, indulge you in your foolish propensity, perhaps it may be some relief to your mighty griefs to have a partaker of them.”—This unfeeling speech produced only a marked and contemptuous notice from the noble lady to whom they were addressed, and filled the Duchess with a yet greater abhorrence of that base heart which could dictate expressions so unnatural—while her whole soul was softened with the affecting appearance of a woman, whom she had long wished to embrace—and whose sorrows she considered as originating from the cause that had plunged herself into such variety of poignant distress.—The Majesty of Lady RUSSELL'S form—the sable weed she wore—the solemn cast of her fine, though emaciated countenance—kindled in the Duchess's bosom that fervour of sentiment, known only to minds replete with delicate sensibility, and which excluded for a moment the idea of her own hapless situation.—She beheld, in that afflicted widow, the tender parent of six unprotected fatherless babes—she saw in her reception of the inhuman JEFFRIES, the remains of a dignity, almost conquered by

various sufferings, and felt veneration, affection, respect, and pity, for one so severely tried;—but, if her own feelings were thus powerfully excited, what were Lady RUSSEL'S at the sudden appearance of a figure so fragile—so pale—so helplessly feminine, yet so lovely—nor was her surprise lessened, when this poor forlorn, bending with an air of solemn respect, addressed her as follows:—“Can you, Madam, behold and judge with patient candour, the woman to whose unfortunate husband is owing your vast afflictions, and who, even now, dares to claim from Lady RUSSEL the rights of friendship.”—“I cannot,” said her ladyship, “refuse any thing to such an appearance, but”—and the tears fell from her eyes—“you seem like me—a prisoner—and, alas, I cannot obtain your liberty, who have so recently lost my own—though indeed liberty to me is of little import.”—“I *am* indeed a prisoner, Madam, but the inhuman tyrant knows not a secret which I shall not scruple to disclose to Lady RUSSEL.—I am the wife of MONMOUTH, who, in endeavouring to escape from a cruel confinement, have fallen into another snare.”

STRUCK with a discovery so unexpected, and equally struck with a manner so distinguishedly noble—the amazed lady could only, by every attention in her power, endeavour to contribute to the Duchess's ease and refreshment—protesting, though she had given up every hope of earthly consolation, she should feel a sublime satisfaction in the future contemplation of that relief she was proud to offer.—Gratitude was a reigning virtue in Lady MONMOUTH'S practice—it was the leading principle of her actions—it was the foundation on which was built the other laudable passions that occupied her soul.—What a subject then was this condescending hospitality for the exertion of that charming quality, and how soon did it lead her to explain the whole of her present hopeless state.—With the sigh, the tear of commiseration was her affecting tale received—but that sigh was tinged by despair—that tear promised no assurance of help.

WHILE these injured innocents were generously attempting to lighten each other's calamity, by suggesting an idea of deliverance, which neither expected to obtain—they were interrupted by JEFFRIES, whose death-dealing business would not permit him to stay long in one place, but yet was fearful to trust his prisoners without a guard on whom he could depend.—He was accompanied by a military gentleman, whose humane aspect seemed to contradict the wretch's intentions of making him their goaler—“You see, captain,” said he, “what confidence I repose in your fidelity—at the hazard of your life, suffer not these women to escape—affairs of consequence call me hence—I command you therefore to comply with my injunctions to the very letter of them.”—“Tyrant,” said Lady RUSSEL, her face covered with burning blushes—“you may fetter the body—but over a free and unconquered mind, you hold no lawless power.” He smiled indignantly, but deigned not to answer this spirited apostrophe, only by redoubling his orders to the captain.

NO sooner was he withdrawn, than the polite officer respectfully quitted the room—leaving the most favourable impression upon the minds of the ladies, in favour of his gentleness. As his commission extended equally to the care of the other captives, who were confined in a distant part of the mansion, he thought it incumbent upon him, to

administer such consolation to *them* as the nature of his commission would admit:—but what was his astonishment, when Lord GREY, seizing his hand, pronounced, with the most emphatic fervor—“Friend—companion—once the sharer of my dearest secrets—say—art thou not come to liberate thy GREY?—wilt thou not assist me in emancipating MONMOUTH’S Duchess?—Surely HUNTINGDON has not forgotten the friend of his youth.”

WITH a manly gratitude the officer acknowledged his Lordship’s claim, and with the most unfeigned transport, he vowed to devote his life to the services of the captured ladies.—“O,” said he, “had I known for what purpose JEFFRIES commanded me to separate from my regiment, with transport would I have acceded to what at the moment gave me infinite uneasiness—though such were the conflicts of my mind, respecting our destination, that while fluctuating between the rights of an injured heir to this kingdom, and the positive orders of the reigning Prince, I was one hour determined openly to quit the army employed against the noble MONMOUTH;—the next—sacrificed my private opinion to the dread of punishment.—But now I am fixed in the resolution of contriving your escape—therefore you must immediately follow me.” Lord GREY, attended by his fellow-sufferer, accompanied the captain to the ladies room, who testified much surprize at an appearance somewhat abrupt—but the deep respect with which their guard approached them—the transport which flushed Lord GREY’S cheek—kindled a reviving hope in Lady MONMOUTH’S bosom, which received a joyful confirmation in the officer’s assurance that they were all free.—She turned an anxious eye upon the dejected widow—“You too, Madam—will not you go with us?” “If,” said HUNTINGDON, “this lady chuses to leave the house, I imagine she will do it with her uncle, who is at present overwhelmed with distress at this sad revolution of his fate.” “Alas,” said Lady RUSSEL, “one prison is as well to me as another—could I be free from persecution this roof should shelter me while struggling through a miserable existence. But you—dear Madam—have a strong and prevailing reason for venturing a life so precious:—however, I will consult that beloved relative as to the methods he would wish me to pursue.—Adieu—lovely and unfortunate woman—may your troubles have a quick and speedy termination, and sometimes remember MARY RUSSEL.” They then parted with the tenderest expressions of pity and condolance—while the Duchess, though once more alive to the sweet expectation of regaining her freedom, could not help shedding a profusion of tears for the fate of such an exalted character.

AND now the impatience of her soul, to seek her husband, was gratified by the friendly officer’s wishes to see them depart.—“Your way, My Lord,” said he to GREY, “is open before you—I will act for the lady and her uncle with the same sincerity as for you. If the noble relict of that gallant martyr, RUSSEL, wishes to stay and abide the consequence of JEFFRIES’ return, I will take upon me to protect her so far as lies in my power.”—He was going on—when Lady RUSSEL again entered, to inform them of her uncle’s resolution to depart for the continent, and that she would go with him, and visit her dear children, who were at Calais.—Once more Captain HUNTINGDON recommended their speedy departure—and once more the friends embraced—a sigh of

sympathy, a tear of affection, distinguishing the separation of the ladies; while the two gentlemen with a manly firmness took a hasty leave.

AT the end of two days of fatigue, fear, and pain, they found themselves within ten miles of London.—It was thought necessary for them to separate, and the lady to proceed alone on foot.—The keeper took charge of her horse, which he turned loose upon a common—himself crossing the country, while GREY, in his humble habiliments, applied to a poor gardener for employment.—But when the poor wanderer left her kind friends—who had hazarded so much for *her*—the big tears dropped from her eyes upon the hands of each, as they respectfully took their leave. Even when the honest man, whose kindness had carried him such lengths, saw how much she was affected, he could not answer her tender thanks for his goodness to a poor forlorn stranger. GREY beheld her almost with veneration.—A delicate noble lady reduced to the deepest, the lowest distress—suffering hardships nearly incredible, under the hope of lightening a husband's woes—was, in *his* eye, an object of sacred compassion—of the highest adoration.—He wept at her warm expressions of obligation—he looked upon her faded countenance with an affectionate pity—and considered her as the sweet uncomplaining sacrifice of disappointed ambition.—The approach of some passengers hastened her departure—and she took (by his Lordship's direction) a path which led into a wood, on the left hand of the common, where they parted.

“NOW, then,” said the hapless fair one, “I am indeed alone, none in the wide creation to whom I dare apply for relief—no kind female to administer the comfort my situation demands—no courageous friend of the other sex to defend me in this wild wood from insult.—Gracious Heaven, it is almost night, should I lose the path, where may my trembling feet wander.—Alas! I cannot reach the metropolis before dark—and, in this season of tumult, hurry, and discord, to what evils may I be subject.—What shall I do? *here* the path ends, and all before me is confusion.—Should I go back and trust to the high road—no—I must make my way through the brambles which intercept me in my weary walk.”—She went on with difficulty; her tender arms were torn by the merciless briars; and often she stumbled over the roots of trees that lay above the earth, at some distance from their parent stem.

AT last she came to a plat which had been cleared of those incumbrances—she looked round—but there was not light to discern her way beyond that spot—nor could the pain and fatigue she endured, permit her to go any farther.—Seating herself, therefore, under a large elm, she resolved to wait patiently till day-break. “I have this consolation,” she softly cried, “that no wild beasts can render this place dangerous—Alas! are not the haunts of men still more terrible.—O, thou glorious Being, who, for the wisest ends, has thus corrected thy feeble servant—let not impatience encrease those errors for which thou dost so severely visit her.—Pardon the idolizing tenderness which induces her to consider the partner of her soul in a light, perhaps, too distinguishing for a Christian, who ought to sacrifice the feelings of nature to those of grace, and who comprizes every good, earth or heaven can offer, in the possession of a mortal creature.—Shield her this night from the fears of solitude—the midnight robber, or black assassin; and, O, whatever trials the

succeeding day may produce—let them not overcome the sacred trust she would wish to repose on thee, and guard her beloved husband from the tyrant's rage, the baleful executioner." Tears prevented the conclusion of oraisons so sincere—and, after venting the anguish of her heart, she gave up her whole thoughts to humble meditation.

THE rising dawn recalled her senses to the occasion which had brought her thither, and she arose to finish a peregrination so melancholy.—When she arrived at Whitehall, her ears were stunned with the news of MONMOUTH'S interview with the King—and, thoughtless of every thing but the importance of that intelligence, she made her way through the croud that attended in the streets to hear the decision of a cause so remarkable.—The guards, who were stationed at the gates, stopped her hasty progress, conceiving by her appearance, and wild extravagant manner, that she was a poor disordered maniac.—She looked at them with a dignity not to be resisted, and, when they would have repulsed her, she cried—“*Know ye not MONMOUTH'S Duchess?*” There was magic in her manner—persuasion in her voice—and conviction in the short sentence she articulated.—Drawing back, therefore, with the utmost respect, they gave way to the agility of her motion, and she soon found herself at the door of the Council Chamber, to which she was humanely directed.

THE shocking scene which followed her admission, shook every nerve; and to the insensibility that succeeded might be attributed the protraction of a life distinguishable for its various and complicated miseries.—While the interval of her delirium lasted, every painful thought was suspended—her convulsions grew less violent and frequent—and the poignancy of reflection being blunted, it acted not with that force upon the body, which had hitherto undermined her constitution.—But, though she slumbered in a calm forgetfulness of care, MONMOUTH, whose stronger mind struggled against affliction, felt tortures inexpressible, the greater for the mortification his pride endured:—all company were irksome—all consolation denied, and he even experienced a gleam of pleasure in receiving the mandate which was to consign him to eternal peace. Not so the humane Lieutenant, who was ordered to be the bearer of it;—he had for several days attended, with equal patience, the wild ravings of passionate grief and the sullen silence of obstinate despair; but when the warrant for his prisoner's execution was tendered him, he shuddered for the consequences of his delivery: but, fortunately, at the moment when he was about to enter MONMOUTH'S apartment, the excellent Bishop TILLOTSON, in all the warmth of primitive Christianity, intreated the Lieutenant to delegate the task to him.—His request was acceded to with much thankfulness, and his Lordship tenderly and politely accosted the Duke, who could not refuse access to a peer of his consequence.

THE deep melancholy which sat on MONMOUTH'S features—the close confinement he suffered—and the consideration of his misfortunes, now so near their climax, deeply affected the Bishop, and deprived him for a moment of that graceful eloquence, so natural to him.—“The honour your Lordship does a supposed criminal like me,” said the Duke, “reflects the highest credit upon your principles, since even prisons are not exempt from such benevolent goodness.—It is true, feel solitude more congenial to my situation than company, but from you I expect the balm a wounded heart demands.

Deprived of a tender consoling partner in these fleeting moments, is it to be wondered at if I possess an acrimonious spirit. To you, then, my Lord, I look for a remedy; from you I ask the best means of stilling passions, rendered irascible by repeated injuries.—You are silent, my Lord, does my plainness offend, or have you brought that intelligence which limits the days of my existence?—If the latter, fear not my fortitude; if the former, accept my entreaties for pardon.”—The gentle generous Bishop, still more affected by this address, seated himself, and taking the hand next him, begged the Duke’s patience, while he unfolded a commission he now repented the acceptance of. MONMOUTH smiled like one to whom the issues of life and death were equally desirable.—“You may deliver it, my revered friend,” he cried; “be it what it will, I shall receive it with indifference, possibly with pleasure.—JAMES has no sharper arrow in store, than what has already pierced a susceptible, and almost broken heart!—he has practised every species of ingenious cruelty upon a faithful couple—deprived us of every consolation each other’s society could afford—and denied a privilege allowed to the meanest culprit.—O, my Lord, can you wonder at the indignation which enflames my burning heart, when you are told that a *female*—a *Queen*, as she is stiled—could witness that anguish, the most unhappy of her sex endured, without one conciliating word—could behold the wretched husband dragged from his frantic wife, without one pang of remorse. Let death come—let the axe separate this perishable body from the noble principle which animates it—it cannot strike so deep—it cannot effect a separation so terrible as that already completed.”—He was silent.—The benevolent TILLOTSON beheld with the most humane tenderness the conflicts of his soul, and shuddered when MONMOUTH continued, “Come, dearest friend, explain the cause of this visit; you think me too violent in my expressions; I see you do, for one on the brink of eternity—perhaps I think so myself, perhaps I wish from your heaven-directed language, the words of peace and comfort.—O, speak then to me of pardon from above—point out the path on which I may safely trace my footsteps to a blissful eternity—instruct me how to avoid the quicksands of despair, the rocks of impatience.”—“But first release your gentle heart from the load which oppresses it.” “That paper will explain all.”—“True, my Lord, and may its contents assist me in the arduous task you have given me—may the corrosive *that* administers be counteracted by the glorious balsam I shall apply—may the means I shall point out, induce you to look upon death as rest to a weary traveller—as the finish of your sorrows—the happy entrance to immortality.” The Bishop then, with a trembling hand, delivered the decisive mandate.—MONMOUTH opened it—started—the colour glowed in his cheeks—he read it, sat for some minutes absorbed in thought—at last, clasping the warrant between his hands, which were devoutly raised to Heaven.—“What,” said he, in a solemn tone, “shall the decrees of man disturb a soul that now ought to fix its contemplation on higher objects?—Shall nature shudder at the reception of a passport to the mansions of *peace*? Nature, worn out with continual griefs, cares, and disappointments, can *she* tremble to take a step productive of her everlasting happiness?—No”—and he bent his knee to the earth—“with transport I resign myself to the will of Omnipotence.” Then rising—“My Lord, will you extend your Christian charity still further?—Will you accompany me to the scaffold?—and will you bear my last blessing (enriching it with your own) to—O painful remembrance—to my *wife*?”

“I WILL perform every request you wish, dear MONMOUTH—and, believe me, your noble fortitude unmans, while it charms me.”—The tear which followed these words, gave them a forcible eloquence.—“It is all,” said the Duke, “from above!—But now, and I was all passionate vehemence till this awful warrant recalled me to reason—and made strange—I should rather say—blessed work in my bosom. Come, then, thou reverend prelate—I have no time to lose—twenty-four hours is but short notice—though long enough, I humbly trust, to gain the forgiveness I would ask.—Will you assist me in the important request? Will you condescend to pass the remaining day in a prison?”—“With unfeigned pleasure,” said the Bishop, “not a prayer you can offer up to the Throne of Grace, but shall be accompanied by my most earnest supplication—and to the mercies of a suffering Saviour we will trust for their efficacy.” The *Amen*, the Duke pronounced to this pious reference, convinced the prelate his work was half done—and they retired to a small closet within the apartment, in the full consciousness that their application would be accepted.

THE heavenly calm which a solemn discharge of the duties of prayer and praise had left upon the noble victim’s mind, was yet to receive a painful interruption.

With a slow and tardy pace, arose the glittering luminary of day, as if loth to behold the exit of an ill-fated hero.—Patient, steady, and resigned, he watched its tedious advances—and as its watery rays gleamed through the gothic casement—he fixed his eye upon them with a sigh of recollection for his ANNA—who, if restored to sense, must feel the most agonizing torments at the sight of that sun which was to light *him* to his doom:—but the entrance of his reverend friend changed the course of his ideas, and he welcomed him with a graceful humility.—“You are early, my Lord,” said the Bishop, “I did not expect to find you so soon prepared.”—“I have done,” replied MONMOUTH, “with a treacherous world—I have not a wish for a moment’s delay—a very few hours—and its sorrows—its pains—and its disappointments will no longer agitate this bosom—already I feel a kind of impatient desire to complete my weary pilgrimage.

“THE pompous apparatus of death may cause a momentary terror, but it cannot rob me of those soaring hopes which seem already reduced to a certainty.—Come, let us go, my Lord.—It is past eight.—I have no doubt but all is ready.”

THE prelate, with a respectful politeness, tendered his arm for the Duke’s acceptance—who, thus supported, exclaimed, “Ah, what is death—when a suffering Saviour offers the highest internal consolation—and his sacred delegate refuses not his protection in a season like this.”—They then descended, and in a large lower room met the proper officers who were to conduct him from the Tower.

WITH a dignity untinged by fear or apprehension, the Duke received the several expressions of obedience of those appointed to attend him—and with a condescending dignity, accepted their assistance in doing the necessary little offices, previous to his appearance on the scaffold.—He was now ready to depart, preceded by his guard and executioner, who walked next himself, with the edge of the uplifted axe nearly

parallel to his face, and followed by the reverend prelates, for Bishop BURNET added his presence to the reverend TILLOTSON'S.—With a firm and manly step he followed his dismayed conductor, who was to decide his approaching fate, and had already reached the Tower gates, when the sight of the distant scaffold—the innumerable crowds pressing towards the solemn cavalcade—and pouring from every avenue—induced him to turn to the Archbishop, and, with a heavenly smile, he said, “Yonder scene,” my Lord, “seems calculated to disturb, rather than soothe, the last moments of a man who once expected to mount a throne—but not a scaffold—and whose distinguished lot was, in the eye of fond credulity, to govern those who are now to witness his death;—but let *me* not complain, since thus affectionately attended. My royal grandfather suffered amidst the execrations of a cruel guard—he was reviled and disgraced by the barbarous insults of CROMWELL'S adherents—meekly *he* bowed his *anointed* head to the block, and placed to a proper account the soldiers tauntings.”—He was going on, when a paper, thrown from a carriage which had with much difficulty reached the place where he had stopped for a moment, dropped at his feet, and the word *pardon* was shouted from all who were near enough to see this remarkable incident.—The Duke took up the paper, and, in the moment of his opening it, a faint scream from the carriage turned his attention to the cause of it.—The door flew open, when JANNET, the faithful JANNET (whose affection for her dear Lady MARGARET had drawn her from her native country, and would not permit her, after that Lady's death, to desert the Duchess, but obliged her, as it were, to follow her to London)—jumped out and prostrated herself before MONMOUTH, pointing with speechless sorrow to the coach.—The Duke started, a blush suffused his cheeks, he trembled with foreboding apprehension.—Ah! well might a mystery so dreadful discompose his frame.—Well might agonizing terror shake his soul—when he beheld, weak, faint, and almost breathless, the form of his ANNA.—She threw herself into his extended arms—and in a low convulsive tone she articulated—“Read it, read that blessed paper—JAMES relents—see the conditions, stop the execution.” Then looking towards the axe, she screamed—“Hide that horrid weapon—you shall not mangle my husband—the King forgives.—He will have mercy. Remorseless man, take that bloody signal of death from my sight.”—With the countenance of a benevolent angel MONMOUTH hung over his distracted wife.—“Peace, sweet love,” he said, “O, who could suffer such gentle tenderness to witness the death of one so much beloved.”—The prelates, with tears of christian pity, begged the Duke to peruse the mandate, while his Lady was supported by him and her attendant.—He did—paused—read it again—and then fixing a look of inexpressible affection upon the Duchess—“Barbarous refinement in cruelty—it was not enough to drag me from her arms—it was not enough to buoy up her soul with the prospect of my release; but they must give her new themes for anguish, again re-act the torturing scene.”—“O, my Lord,” said JANNET, “suffer me to acquaint you, that as soon as my Lady was somewhat recovered, after you were taken from the Council Chamber, she commanded me to attend her to the levee: I did—and she repeated to the king her entreaties for your pardon.—He seemed displeased, but at last gave the Duchess that paper—with a promise, if you signed it, that your pardon was to follow.—She would have been with you last night, but a succession of fainting fits deprived her of power and sense to act for herself, and it is only within these two hours her disorder has remitted.”—“And does she know the contents of this mandate?”—“I rather think not, my

Lord, as her weak state would not permit the smallest attention to any thing, but the means of gaining your pardon.”—“Convey her to the coach,” said MONMOUTH, with a mournful sigh—“I thought to have yielded up a weary life with fortitude—but this cruel incident has awakened every pang—and called back my hopes, my wishes, to a sad and fruitless purpose.”—In vain did they now strive to separate the unfortunate Lady from her husband, her hands were clasped about his neck, which could not be unloosed without the greatest violence. The Duke stamped with agony. The Lieutenant respectfully informed him time advanced, and it was necessary he should speak his determination upon a point of such importance; for if his Majesty had granted a conditional pardon, and he felt himself inclined to accept it, it would be proper to discharge the officers who now waited to conduct him to the scaffold.—“You are merciful,” said MONMOUTH, “you wish my deliverance—these reverend bishops are my friends, and, I trust, would also gladly see me liberated—but upon *these* terms”—and he looked upon the paper which he yet held in his hand—“upon *these* terms I disdain *all* the King can offer. Why would he thus embitter the remnant of my existence? I sought it not.—Why must this angelic purity again experience the pangs of separation?—ANNA—my wife—my soul—my love—awake—detain not thy impatient husband—he cannot stay with thee—JAMES forbids it.”—She raised her head faintly—and looking about, her heavy eyelids could not support the weight of grief which sunk them down, but suddenly loosing her hands again, dropped insensibly upon his bosom—while tears only explained the anguish of his soul.—They now gently, and without resistance, conveyed her to the coach, when the motion revived her sufficiently to take in the whole force of that miserable sight which appalled the surrounding gazers.

WITH a wild aspect she looked after her MONMOUTH, as the vehicle drew off, her hands clasped, her eyes straining for a last—last look—nor did she take them from the dear sad object of all her sorrows, till a more shocking one presented itself.—As they were necessarily obliged to pass the scaffold, which was hung with black, surrounded by the guards, with their bayonets fixed, and every other awful apparatus—“See, JANNET,” she cried, “on that altar—a pure and noble sacrifice is now about to be offered up.—“See,” she added, in a tone of impatient despair—“there, on that accursed stage, MONMOUTH must bleed—he will die—I cannot save him.”—The horses, now stopped by an increasing multitude, attempted in vain to advance—“Ah!” she cried, gasping as it were for utterance—“this is as it should be—perhaps these accumulated horrors may free my perturbed spirit, time enough to overtake my MONMOUTH’S, while yet on the wing for Heaven.—Blessed martyr! that I could but suffer death with thee.”—At this cruel moment the procession arrived.

THE Duke, who (when his ANNA departed) saw nothing desirable in the surrounding spectators to excite his attention—rivetted his looks to the earth, nor knew, till he reached the fatal place, that she must encounter another shock so terrible; for she now beheld him again, saw him ascend the steps, viewed, with a stedfast countenance, the block, the axe, the executioner, and strove to articulate a last adieu;—but, instantly overcome by the pangs she had long struggled against, her senses once more gave way, her features were fixed and immoveable, her whole form, chilled and stiffened by grief,

lost every symptom of animation, and, when the carriage moved on, she altered not her position, but with her fingers clasped within each other, her face turned towards the afflicted gazers, her eyes assuming a dim and sightless appearance—she was slowly conveyed from the tragical spot—utterly inattentive to the noise and tumult about her.

MONMOUTH followed with his eyes the insensible partner of his soul, till he could view her no longer; then turning to his friends—“Think you, my Lords,” said he, “that JAMES has any superior torture in store to render my departing life still more wretched?—Gentle will be the pain that weapon can inflict, compared to the misery of these moments.—What are the contents of that paper, but a repetition of a proposal I had before rejected?—A proposal which, to accept, would overwhelm my character with shame and ignominy—and have given succeeding ages cause to execrate a name which yet, I trust, will hereafter be mentioned with esteem, pity—perhaps approbation:—certain I am my beloved ANNA would not have accepted her husband’s pardon upon such inglorious terms, had not distress enfeebled her faculties, and blunted that delicate sense of honour, which has, till now, rendered her afflictions light.—I must own,” he added, in a melancholy tone—“I must acknowledge the frailty of mortality bears hard upon the firmer purposes of my soul—you, my Lords, perhaps, by your Christian council, can calm the agitation of an expiring creature; you will likewise pity, and allow for the strange contradictions of our nature—I did not imagine it was in the power of aught below to shake my resolution; but it shews the imbecility of our best and noblest intentions, and how unequal we are to the contest, when combating the storms of passion, however laudable at any other season the indulgence of Heaven-approving love may be. Had not my afflicted Duchess appeared at this awful period, not the force of death itself could have ruffled the surface of that ocean the hand of Omnipotence had stilled—but who now shall speak peace to this labouring heart?”—“Heaven,” replied the excellent BURNET—“Heaven will answer your aspirations for peace.”—With the most fervent devotion MONMOUTH, accompanied by his reverend comforters, knelt to deprecate the Almighty’s wrath.—Their ejaculations were breathed in the true spirit of Christian piety—all present upon the scaffold joined in the tribute of prayer; and, when the bishops had concluded, MONMOUTH arose—his eyes sparkled with renewed hope—his features assumed their former serenity—a beatified smile illumined his countenance, and he exclaimed in a tone of rapture—“It is over, my friends—our prayers are answered—and now let me prepare for the last act of a tragedy which I hope will conclude with *my* death. May JAMES be satisfied—his end is gained by my fall. May no more victims be offered up to the enthusiastic tenets of a persecuting religion.”

NOTHING now remained but the last tremendous stroke which was to complete Lady MONMOUTH’S wretchedness—emancipate her husband from an unnatural uncle’s power—and gratify the resentment of a gloomy bigot.—Beloved almost to adoration—his dying moments were rendered glorious to him by the affecting respect which all ages—all ranks—sects—and even those who condemned his pretensions, paid to fallen merit. His appearance upon the scaffold was distinguished by an universal silence, interrupted only by the expression of grief too sincere to be stifled. His air—his attitude—his dress—his person—were all subjects of attention and admiration.

HIS venerable companions gave additional awfulness to the scene. The noble resignation which possessed his features—the calm dignity with which he regarded the surrounding multitude—the heroic or rather Christian steadfastness, that animated his countenance, while viewing the apparatus of death—while it heightened the affectionate notice of the croud—lessened the sorrow of those friends who pleaded a fond and faithful attachment to him:—but when he took off his hat with an outward token of respect to all around—when he prepared to address them in a solemn, yet undaunted tone—every head was uncovered—every eye fixed upon him—every ear attentive to the last words of the dying victim—while such as could not get near enough, endeavoured, by leaping upon the shoulders of those before them, to lessen the distance his words would be from their hearts.

“You see, my friends,” said he, “the fate of one destined—by the encouragement of pretensions he was taught to adopt—to suffer the death of a traitor.—If I have wilfully erred in the means I took to establish my claim—*this*—” pointing to the axe— “shall punish my temerity: but if the blood of so many faithful adherents flowed only in consequence of my *lawful* endeavours—it will then be a quick and ready extermination of all my sorrows.—Yet let me confess, with humble regret, my sincere concern for the loss of those noble martyrs to friendship—whose families, connections, and favourers, will long mourn their fatal attachment to an unfortunate Prince—and, if my earnest prayers can prevail, the consolation of a heavenly Omnipotence shall supply losses so heavy.—Conscious that what I have done was in the full sense of what I owed my successors and my country, the present moment brings no terrors—all rage—all resentment is now subsided. That block is to me a pillow of everlasting repose—that man—but as the harmless executioner of a will superior to his own.—I exult in my defiance of death—since it is a natural consequence which sooner or later must be the portion of all the human race: your friendly attendance at this hour is highly grateful to my departing soul.—May peace rest upon your dying scene, and may ye feel the same happy prognostications as fill my bosom with well grounded hopes.

“TO the King, who thus provides for my speedy passage to eternity, I hold no enmity—may his reign be distinguished by no future calamity; but may he pass quietly, and under the sense of a proper conviction, from this world to a better. And now, O my friends, let me bespeak your prayers—let my soul quit this earthly tenement, under the idea that all present will join their humble petitions to mine for its future happiness. I said, death has no terrors—again I repeat—it has none respecting its power over the body—adieu, then, my dear friends—adieu, for ever!”

THE murmur that arose upon his silence, was composed of a mixture of sighs, groans, and sobs—but were immediately suspended, when he turned to the Reverend TILLOTSON—“You promised my Lord,” said he, “to visit the Duchess in her trying affliction. Tell her”—he stopt—his voice faltered—his hands trembled as he wiped away a tear—when, throwing away the handkerchief,—“Be gone, he said, foolish testimony of a weakness inexcusable.—Be pleased, my Lord, to encourage the dear

creature in the assurance that her MONMOUTH quitted life with an unabated affection for her worth.—Say, that when the lamp of life glimmered with an expiring faintness, that then he lifted up his heart to God in prayers for her—that he implores heaven to give her fortitude and resignation, to go through another scene not less trying—and that if Omniscience should calm her sorrows by the birth of an infant, it is his particular wish, it should be educated in perfect ignorance of that claim which has brought its father to the block, and stigmatized its noble grandmother with infamy.”

THE bishops then once more, at his request, meekly kneeled on each side, and, with a pious effusion of affectionate tenderness, united with him in a reiterated and fervent address to the Deity. All who could get near enough the place of execution, to witness the religious sacrifice, added their petitions for his peaceful exit.

THIS duty so fully accomplished—MONMOUTH arose, turned to the decider of his fate, and taking the axe from his hand, felt the edge, saying, as he returned it—“I hope,” my friend, “you do not mean to strike a second blow—upon your dexterity depends the acquisition of another present, equal to this—(giving him a purse)—My servant has been instructed, if you do your duty well, to perform what I have promised.—Remember the torture my noble friend RUSSEL endured, and be sure you give not these gentlemen the same reason to complain of you.—When I drop my handkerchief, strike home—do not delay.—One blow, remember.—One blow will be sufficient, if your weapon be sharp.”

THE poor fellow trembled universally, while receiving the solemn charge, turned pale, hesitated his thanks for the gold—and his promise of obedience—and could scarcely hold the axe; while the Lieutenant, who had noticed his perturbation, whispered his injunctions to complete the business with resolution.

WHILE MONMOUTH, with calm indifference, was taking off his upper garment—a sudden and half-stifled groan from behind startled him;—he looked around, and perceived an ancient man advancing towards the block.—“Friend,” said the Archbishop, “restrain all tumultuous expressions of sorrow—this is no time for noisy exclamation.—The tranquillity your mistaken fondness may interrupt, is of more importance than you can conceive.”—“Alas! my Lord,” said the weeping creature, “I would only kiss that revered hand; indeed I will not be troublesome.” I should know that voice, said the Duke.—“O yes, my blessed master, I am your own true servant, ANTHONY RIVERS, be not angry.—O, this heart-breaking sight will soon finish my sad existence.”—“Courage, ANTHONY,” said the Duke, raising him from his knees, where he had fallen—“*my* fortitude shall support *yours*—your faithful attention cannot be rewarded by me; but we are both hastening to the termination of all our cares—be prudent then, and attend in silence.”—The heart-grieved ANTHONY endeavoured to smother the sighs which heaved his breast, but could not stop the big tears that made a channel of every furrow—but when the Duke had fervently embraced his benevolent companions (looking with a heavenly compassion upon the drops of pity which bedewed their cheeks) and then condescendingly shook his lamenting servant’s hand, the wretched old man

could no longer suppress his anguish, but again falling upon his knees, in a broken voice, execrated the barbarity of him who had condemned his brother's child to death.—A look from the Lieutenant awed him—he quitted the place, and, retiring to the furthest part of the scaffold, indulged the sorrows of his soul.

MONMOUTH was now prepared—but lifting up his eyes to the populace, condescendingly bowed to all around—and then kneeling, cast such a piercing look upon the executioner as entirely overcame him—and, when the suffering Duke let go the signal, the man started back—but recovering himself, struck at random:—the blow was ineffectual—and, to his utter dismay, the tortured victim raised his head—he struck again, but to as little purpose—a third attempt only prolonged the misery of the mangled object, which yet retained a convulsive sense of pain. The terrified fellow, in an agony of fear, threw down the axe, saying it was not in his power to finish the murderous scene—but the sheriff furiously commanding him to resume it—he did—and with three more strokes completed MONMOUTH'S tragedy.

A LONG and melancholy succession of mournful exclamations followed the dreadful *denouement*—the *multitude* wept as for a parent, a brother, or a son—and when the whole scene was closed, left the place in silent grief. The body was immediately reconveyed to the apartment MONMOUTH had that morning quitted—and received every respectful attention friendship, esteem, and affection could suggest. The reverend bishops, after a proper time had elapsed, performed the last offices for the deceased—accompanying the disconsolate follower of his hapless fortune to the chapel of the Tower, where, with unfeigned grief, RIVERS saw the sacred remains deposited in a vault beneath.

BISHOP TILLOTSON, mindful of the dying Duke's request, hastened the next day to perform a task, so little according with the feelings of a susceptible soul. The unhappy Duchess—who had only that morning recovered sense enough to have a confused idea of her past sufferings—received the Bishop with an awful foreboding of his commission.—She was supported by her attendants when he entered—and the tears which preceded his words, fully convinced her of all he strove to utter.—She sat silent some minutes, her eyes fixed with such an expression of woe upon her noble visitor, as made him utterly incapable of the task he had undertaken—at last—“You may speak, my Lord, you may tell me MONMOUTH is no more—I know it—I was told so in a dream.—You wonder at my calmness, but the worst is past—he is fainted, and shall I complain?—No, nothing now remains, but for me to prepare to join him.” She stopped from feebleness—and the Archbishop, somewhat assured by the fortitude she expressed, proceeded in the gentlest manner to inform her of her husband's dying request. When he had finished—she paused for a moment, and then casting up a look of resignation to Heaven, cried—“Yes—his dying commands shall, if I am doomed to live without him—be sacredly complied with.—In his offspring, should it survive—I will endeavour to supply a loss so exquisite.”—She then fainted, and the Bishop retired full of pity for the hapless fate of so much excellence.

SOON as her feeble state permitted the exercise of a carriage, she was conveyed by easy journeys to Scotland, where, in melancholy solitude, she finished a life of sorrow, after giving birth to a male heir.

THE fall of her noble husband, added no lustre to the short inglorious reign it was meant to prolong—a quick succession of rebellion—civil wars, and consequent executions, rendered England a scene of calamity.—The arbitrary principles JAMES professed were strengthened by the despotic disposition of his Queen, and they soon experienced how inefficacious is that dependance a King holds without the concurrence of a free people—and how dangerous to obtrude the practice of enthusiastic tenets upon those who have been blessed with, and enjoy the pure light of the gospel, unfettered by Romish superstition; how inefficacious the attempt to force the practice of those opinions upon others which are unsupported by reason and pure revelation!

FINIS.

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