

Author: **Jane Harvey**  
Title: *The Castle of Tynemouth. A Tale*  
Place of publication: Newcastle Upon Tyne  
Publisher: Printed by Eneas Mackenzie  
Date of publication: 1830  
Edition: 2nd ed.  
Number of volumes: 2

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THE  
CASTLE OF TYNEMOUTH.  
A TALE.

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THE  
CASTLE  
OF  
TYNEMOUTH.

A TALE.

BY JANE HARVEY,  
AUTHOR OF WARKFIELD CASTLE, &c. &c.

No air-built castles, and no fairy bowers,  
But thou, fair Tynemouth, and thy well-known towers,  
Now bid th' historic muse explore the maze  
Of long past years, and tales of other days.  
Pride of Northumbria!---from thy crowded port,  
Where Europe's brave commercial sons resort,  
Her boasted mines send forth their sable stores,  
To buy the varied wealth of distant shores.  
Here the tall lighthouse, bold in spiral height,  
Glads with its welcome beam the seaman's sight.  
Here, too, the firm redoubt, the rampart's length,  
The death-fraught cannon, and the bastion's strength,  
Hang frowning o'er the briny deep below,  
To guard the coast against th' invading foe.  
Here health salubrious spreads her balmy wings,  
And woos the sufferer to her saline springs;  
And, here the antiquarian strays around  
The ruin'd abbey, and its sacred ground.

SECOND EDITION.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:  
PRINTED BY ENEAS MACKENZIE, JR.  
129, PILGRIM STREET.

*And sold by all the Booksellers.*

1830.

## PREFACE.

THE author who opens the mines of his understanding, and presents their productions before the shrine of public opinion, will unquestionably strengthen his claim to approbation, by the best exertions which the powers of his mind are capable of making. If the sphere he has chosen be that of the moralist, he will summon to the task every energy of his soul; he will emblazon the standard of virtue with every religious and moral precept, and will combat vice with the artillery of reason, and the musketry of ridicule. If he treads the path of the historian, he will banish partiality and prejudice, rise superior to party rage, and rest his claim to favor solely on the pillars of integrity, truth, and candour.—The writer who sits down to compose a work of imagination, engages in a province less important, indeed, but inconceivably more arduous; to preserve originality, all the powers of invention must be had recourse to: if he explores the regions of romance, his ideas must expand to grandeur and sublimity; if his researches are confined to the less glowing, but perhaps more valuable pages of nature, his pictures must be portraits—they must be copied from life, or the likeness will never be striking; he must preserve the nice consistency of his characters; the lights and shades of passion must be portrayed with a skilful hand; the manners and customs of the age in which his characters are supposed to exist must be attended to, and the purity of historical truth strictly observed; and in the localities of place, care ought to be taken that geographical accuracy is never violated; and beyond all, let the poet, the novelist, the light and puerile writer, ever remember, that however temporary the subject, however trivial the work they are employed on, still they are under a sacred obligation to heaven, on no account to injure, but as far as possible to serve and promote the cause of virtue, both directly and indirectly. He who pretends to respect morality, while he is insidiously sapping its foundations, is the worst of hypocrites—an enemy in the mask of friendship. Dangerous are those mixed characters, wherein beauty, accomplishments, and politeness, are mingled and incorporated with the most odious vices, while the latter are excused by the appellation of “Youthful follies, which Sir Edwin will abjure as he grows older;” or “Fashionable levities, which positively add such a grace to Lady Albina’s charms, that it will be almost a pity when the maturity of her judgements points out the propriety of abandoning them.”

These are the bane and destruction of young minds; captivated by the fascinations of personal charms and attractive manners, they adopt the whole character without discrimination, until the subtle venom, like the poisoned garment of Hercules, preys on their vitals, and consigns them to ruin and infamy.

To produce a work adorned with all the beauties, and free from the defects which I have enumerated, is what the upright heart will aim at, and the able head will effect; but how shall he acquit himself to whom nature has denied supereminent abilities, and from whom situation and circumstances have withheld the means of acquiring extensive knowledge? On what claim shall he presume to approach the temple of Fame? What offering has he to present to the deity of the place? Alas! only the humble one of a *good intention*. To criticism he dares not appeal; but he raises his trembling voice to candour. Justice, perhaps, will awe him by her frown, but mercy will cheer him with her lovely smile.

Let not the lowly candidate for literary distinction be chilled to despondency, and condemned unheard. In exercising the functions of an author, he infringes no one's rights, for there all are free; the gate by which he enters is open to another, and if he has gathered a few flowers by the way side, they spring up afresh to invite the hand of his successor.

Mental strength, like that of mechanic powers, cannot be ascertained until it is tried. The being who "hides his light under a bushel—who wraps his talent in a napkin," and who suffers his abilities, such as they are, whether they be formed of strong and massy oak, or slender and flexible bamboo—to rest dormant and unexercised, frustrates the intentions of Providence, and is of no use to either himself or others; he is a drone in the great hive of the community—he neither builds the cells, nor enriches them with honey, and yet claims from both, shelter and food.

At the bar of the public, alone, can the literary adventurer have a fair and impartial trial; friends may be partial; and that principle of self-love, which is incorporated with our very essence, will lead ourselves to judge favourably—perhaps too favourably of our own powers; to counteract this feeling, nature has implanted in our bosoms—and in the bosom of a female writer it is particularly alive—a diffidence, a timidity, which continually whispers a doubt of our own abilities:—between these two opposite principles, public judgment must decide: to it I offer up my humble pretensions; from its decision there is no appeal.

For much of the architectural description of the church and castle of Tynemouth, I have to confess my obligations to "Hutchinson's View of Northumberland;" and for part of the historical information, the same acknowledgment is due to "Brand's History of Newcastle." I could not, in its proper place, refer the reader to the pages from which I made selections, as I did not copy literally, but compressed the information I derived from them, and blended it with such as I was enabled to collect on the spot, or elsewhere. Those were the only books I consulted.

JANE HARVEY.

*Newcastle,*  
Feb. 12, 1806.

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TO THE

*SECOND EDITION.*

THE custom of precluding a book with matters which were judged requisite to be known before the work was perused, seems to have fallen into disuetude in proportion as books themselves have multiplied. Time was that a three, four, sometimes sevenfold barricado of dedication, preface, complimentary poem, address, poem, or advertisement, defended the subsequent pages. Perhaps the modes of life in days gone by, when science was little cultivated; when many modern arts were unknown; and when the events of history, with which it is absolutely requisite that the mind should make itself acquainted, were comparatively few, might leave such a paucity of occupation that it might be pastime to wade through a mass of words; but the experience of twenty years amongst readers of all classes has convinced me that prefatory addresses, under whatever title they may be presented, are rarely read. Yet as it has been suggested that a preface to a second edition is usual and proper; and as I cannot better express the reasons which induced me to re-publish *The Castle of Tynemouth* than I have already done in the prospectus which was circulated, and as these volumes may fall into the hands of many persons who have not seen that prospectus, I shall briefly recapitulate its contents.

At a period when the number of new books which are almost daily issuing from the press exceed all former precedent, the re-publication of a Novel which has been before the public for twenty-four years, can only be excused on the plea that a new edition is called for: such in the present instance is the fact. The antiquity, beauty, and celebrity of the ruins of Tynemouth Priory; the former consequence of the Castle as a military fortress at the mouth of the Tyne; the importance of that river and its harbour; and the high character which the Village of Tynemouth has for so long a period maintained as a delightful resort for those to whom sea-bathing is pleasant or beneficial, have conspired to make the brief history contained in the introductory chapter of the work a subject of constant quest and enquiry amongst the numerous summer visitants of Tynemouth.

Nor is the subsequent tale (interwoven of probable incidents connected with the circumstances which give this place such high claims to notice) perused with less avidity. It has amused thousands; nor can it justly offend any one in either a religious or a moral point of view. Doubtless there are those who in literary, as in all other matters, are offended without just cause; many whose taste is fastidious; and perhaps a few who deem it a sure mark of superior acumen to be able to do that easiest of all possible things—find fault. To such I can only say, in the words of my great cotemporary

“-----Little reck I of the censure sharp----  
“May idly cavil at an idle lay.”

Many circumstances connected with the history and antiquities of the place have been added to the historical detail; together with several brief but interesting notices of recent events and discoveries. The numerous typographical errors which disgraced the first edition have, in the present one, been carefully corrected.

I beg to offer my most grateful acknowledgments to the Subscribers by whose liberality I have been enabled to attain an object to me so desirable; and to those amongst my friends who so kindly exerted themselves to promote the subscription, my warmest thanks are due; and while health shall be allotted to me, I shall deem myself bound in gratitude to exert my limited abilities to contribute to their amusement.

JANE HARVEY.

*Tynemouth*, July 17, 1830.

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THE  
CASTLE OF TYNEMOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

“————— Could tell,  
The abbey’s hoary bound,  
Or mark where once, ere fate the chapel shook,  
Each father op’d the brass-embossed book;  
Or note the cellar’s space, to shew how vain  
All monkish joys.”

FEW places in the island of Great Britain are more universally celebrated by both history and oral tradition, than the ancient monastery, town, and castle of Tynemouth, situated in the south-east extremity of Northumberland, where the German ocean receives the river Tyne.— Various are the concomitant causes which point out this singular and important place to the notice of the warrior, the mariner, the valetudinarian, the searcher into antiquity, the admirer of nature, and the votary of pleasure. The noble harbour of Shields, the emporium of the coal trade; and the strength and importance of its fortifications, conspire to render it eminently conspicuous in the annals of naval and military fame. The history, and curious remains of the venerable priory, afford an ample field for conjecture and inquiry, to those who love to contemplate the monuments, and search into the records of past ages; while the natural grandeur of the situation, and the bold, majestic, and sublime scenery by which it is surrounded, must ever delight the mind, and inspire it with noble sentiments: and, doubtless, these circumstances had a considerable share in influencing the first religious settlers in their choice of this place.

Tynemouth was called by the Britons, Pen Ball Crag—The head of the Rampart upon the rock: and from this name, some have conjectured, that the rampart raised by the Roman Emperor Adrian—the wall built by Severus, or at least the fosse, extended hither: and this belief is strengthened by the traditions scattered throughout the country; according to which, the Picts’ wall certainly terminated at the mouth of the Tyne. However, be this as it may, the antiquities lately discovered furnish unquestionable evidence, that the Romans had a station here, and it was certainly a place of considerable strength in very remote times. Under the Saxon heptarchy it was called Tunaeaster, and in succeeding periods it has been distinguished by the names of Thinemu, Thynemue, Tynemuth, Tinemouth, Tunaeaster and Tinmouth, under which appellation it is sometimes confounded with Teignmouth in Devonshire.

From the long series of years which have passed, and the feeble means by which, formerly, records were preserved and transmitted, the first accounts of this celebrated monastery are necessarily involved in dark obscurity; but it appears undoubted, that Edwin, King of Northumberland, who reigned about the year 617, built a chapel of wood here, wherein his daughter took the veil. It must be remarked, however, that some have ascribed its foundation to St. Oswald, the first Christian king of Northumberland; and others, to king Egfrid; but the latter probably only repaired and restored it.

On the 13th of the calends of September, 651, Oswin, king of the Deira, one of the provinces of the then divided kingdom of Northumberland, was murdered at Gillingham, or Chillingham, as it is now called, a sacrifice to the treachery and ingratitude of Hunweld; and the ambition of Oswy, king of Bernicia, the other province; and his body was brought here for interment, as were those of many kings, and great men of those times.

Tynemouth suffered several depredations from the Danes; the hope of plunder generally inducing those barbarians to turn their arms against places dedicated to religion. On their second descent, the monks took refuge in their church, as a sanctuary: but the invaders, far from respecting its holy walls, reduced the hallowed building, together with its venerable inhabitants, to ashes. The robbers, however, did not escape the punishment they merited; for they were pursued by Etheldred, king of Northumbria, and Offa, king of Mercia; who, after routing them with a dreadful slaughter, forced the survivors to retreat with the utmost precipitation to their ships, which were wrecked by a succeeding storm: and thus the lawless plunderers met a death not less dreadful than that to which they had devoted their fellow-creatures. The church, thus destroyed, was dedicated to the blessed Virgin; and it is generally supposed, that, at the first foundation, this monastery was endowed for religious of both sexes.

In the reign of king Edward, surnamed the Confessor, the royal saint and martyr, Oswin, was most graciously pleased to make choice of Edmund, the sexton of Tynemouth, to rescue his precious relics from obscurity; and, accordingly, visiting that good man in a vision, he pointed out to him the place of his own interment. Edmund communicated this important discovery to the wife of Tostin, earl of Northumberland; and the pious lady so powerfully exerted her influence with her husband, and with Egelwin, bishop of Durham, that the former repaired and endowed the monastery, to the honour of St. Mary and St. Oswin; and the latter ordered a search to be made for the royal bones, which were discovered in the place the saint had pointed out; and after being inclosed in a coffin, they were, on the 5th of the ides of March, A.D. 1065, recommitted to the sacred earth.

The situation of this place, so well adapted for a fortification to command the mouth of the Tyne, and protect the adjacent shores, induced William the Conqueror to order that it should be converted into a fortress; and this command was obeyed by Waltheof, earl and governor of Northumberland, who, A.D. 1073, gave the church of our Lady at Tynemouth, together with the body of St. Oswin, king and martyr, resting therein, to the monks of Jarrow monastery, on the south side of the Tyne; of which place, or its neighbourhood, his sainted majesty was a native; and thither the sacred relics were removed. The fortifications which were erected here at this period, consisted of a strong square tower, comprehending an outward and interior gateway. The outward gateway having two gates, about the distance of six feet from each other; the inner of which had an open gallery, and was defended by a portcullis. The interior gateway was also strengthened by a double gate. The space between the gateways, being a square of about six poles, was open above: and thus, those on the top of the tower and battlements had an opportunity of annoying assailants who had gained the first gate. "This tower has been modernized without any attention to military architecture, and converted into a barrack, capable of accommodating 240 men; but, during the late war, it contained at one time near 400 men."\* It has since been enlarged; and the barracks could now accommodate 500 men.

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\*The passage distinguished by inverted commas are from Mackenzie's History of Northumberland.

From this gateway, a double wall of great strength extended, on each side, to the cliffs on the sea shore, which are of a stupendous height, particularly on the north-east side, where their altitude is about ten perpendicular fathoms; an ascent which in those days was deemed inaccessible, more especially, when it is considered, that the broken rocky shore at their bases effectually prevented the approach of any vessel on that side.

The gate, with its walls, was fortified by a deep ditch, defended by moles on each side.

This place now took the name of Tynemouth Castle; and from the time of Waltheof, for several succeeding years, it belonged to the earls of Northumberland. Robert de Mowbray, who supported that title in the reign of William Rufus, undid the act of his predecessor; and separating the monastery of Tynemouth from its connection with Durham, he rebuilt the church and offices, gave it to the abbey of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, and placed black canons in it. When this nobleman rebelled against his sovereign, he was besieged in his castle of Bamborough, which he quitted in the night, expecting to make himself master of Newcastle; but finding the gates shut against him, he took refuge in Tynemouth Castle. Hither, however, he was pursued, and again closely besieged for six days; when, being wounded in the leg, and unable to hold out against the king's army, he withdrew into the monastery, vainly hoping that the sanctuary would be held sacred and inviolable; but he was dragged from thence and carried to Windsor, where he was kept in confinement a considerable time, and then put to death.

On the 13th of calends of September, 1110, the body of St. Oswin was removed from Jarrow, and once more lodged in the monastery of Tynemouth. The venerable ruin of this building is perhaps one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture now remaining in this island. The area which inclosed the church and offices contains about six acres. Many beautiful arches are still entire, but so disunited, that it would now be difficult to determine, with certainty, the particular part to which each belonged. Those which present themselves in front, on passing the gateway, appear to be the remains of a cloister. On the south side, adjoining the wall, or rampart, on the brink of the cliff, are the remains of several spacious vaulted chambers; one of which, from the wide extension of its fire-place, may be conjectured to have been the kitchen, and another the prison, with an aperture in the roof, by which the wretched captive was lowered down into his living tomb. The erection is of a red freestone, which endures the lapse of time, and the changes of season, in this bleak and exposed situation. The west gate, entering into the abbey, is in high preservation; it is composed of circular arches, comprehending several members inclining inwards, and arising from pilasters.—Among the ruins in this part is a Saxon arch, with a gothic capital, and a pillar of the very rudest Saxon architecture, which has probably been a part of the original building. “This is clearly the most ancient part of the edifice; but Brand is mistaken if he supposes it bears the characteristics of Saxon architecture.\* All the Saxon churches in England, except in a few rare instances, were plain, square, or rather oblong buildings, and generally turned circular at the end; but the Normans, in erecting their sacred edifices, adopted the cruciform with high towers, and ornamented the interior with columns and

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\*It is difficult to distinguish the Saxon from the early Norman mode of architecture. The difference, it is admitted, consists more in the form than in the ornaments. But there is no ecclesiastical building in England which can, on clear and decisive authority, be ascribed to the Saxons. However, the little chapel of Seaton Delavel has been, by good judges, pronounced older than the Conquest. The old church at Tynemouth, in form, dimensions, and style of execution, resembles that at Lindisfarn.

arches. The west entrance, which is in the pointed style, seems to have been formed at a later period. The choir is executed in what is termed the pointed or English style of architecture. It has been built after a more elegant and noble plan than the old church. The transepts have been extended, and a highly decorated entrance has been formed in the wall of the old transept, leaving the plain Norman window above. This decorated English style prevailed from the time of Henry III. The Lady's Chapel has been built at a still later period than the choir, and is a beautiful specimen of pure English. The whole length of this ancient and magnificent structure is 279 feet. The breadth of the nave, or the west and oldest part, inside is 26 feet; and the length to the transept 126 feet. The old transept is 79 feet in length, and the side of the tower, which was square, 20 feet. The choir, or east end, is 31 feet 6 inches wide, but the length of the new transept has not yet been ascertained." Two walls of the east end of the church are standing, the architecture of which is so singularly light, that (without deciding the controverted question, whether such lightness be a beauty or defect) it cannot be looked on without exciting the highest astonishment, how a structure of so little apparent strength, should have withstood, for so many centuries, the united devastations of time, storms, and sieges. The end wall, to the east, contains three long windows, the centre one near twenty feet high; the divisions or pillars between the windows are enriched with pilasters of five members, with highly finished foliated cornices and capitals; above the centre window is an oval one with similar mouldings; and on each side are door cases, which have opened into galleries of most curious construction. Part of the south-side wall of the choir is still standing, illuminated with four windows, formed and ornamented like those to the east, though not of the same height; for above them are an equal number of small windows: the divisions between the large windows are decorated with pilasters of the same kind as those at the east end; and it is observable, throughout the whole, that the capitals of the columns have each of them a different kind of ornament. From the pillars between the smaller windows, spring the arches, which formed the roof: the arches of the windows in this part are circular; and the blank arches, which are thrown upon the wall beneath the windows, are pointed. In this wall are also remaining three recesses, one of which is supposed to have been the confessional chair, divided by a stone partition, where there has been a grate; another of them, it is evident, has been the cavity for containing the holy water; and the third; the closet for the consecrated host. Many were the charters given to this monastery, and the privileges granted to its priors, by several of the kings of England, and numerous were the endowments and donations it received, insomuch, that no fewer than twenty-seven villas, with their royalties, in Northumberland, belonged to it, with many other possessions; and beyond all, the good fathers, doubtless, would find a rich and ample source of revenue in the offerings brought to the shrine of St. Mary and St. Oswin, by the mariners who in those days navigated the German ocean.

Tynemouth was not unfrequently honoured by visits from the kings and queens of England: and, it is also famous for having given birth to, or been the retreat of, many eminent men. And, it may be also observed, that in Coquet Island, there was a cell of Benedictine monks, subordinate to the monastery of Tynemouth. In a charter of king Edward the first, dated at Westminster, the 20th of February, 1299, the body of St. Oswin is mentioned, as resting in a certain shrine within the church of Tynemouth. In the year 1315, Tynemouth is mentioned among the castles of Northumberland. A.D. 1336,\* mention occurs of the new chapel, or oratory of St.

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\* "John Wethemstede, abbot of St. Albans, was a canon here. He was a learned and voluminous historian. On his preferment, he presented to the alter at Tynemouth a chalice of

Mary, at Tynemouth. This small, but most elegant and beautiful apartment is still entire, having been shut up for a considerable time: the entrance is by a door beneath the centre window of the east-end of the church, already described. On each side of the door is a human head, cut in a style much superior to the generality of the sculpture executed in that age; the length of the apartment within, is eighteen feet, and the breadth and height nine feet: on the south-side, is an entrance from the open yard, and two windows: on the north-side, three; and to the east, a circular one, so elevated as to leave room for an altar beneath; at this end are also two niches for statues, a closet to contain the vessels for sacred uses, and a basin for holy water. On each side of the window is the figure of a monk kneeling, and two of the emblematical animals usually depicted with the evangelists. The side walls are ornamented with pilasters, from whence spring the groins and arches of stone, which in various intersections form the roof; the interstices of which are constructed with thin bricks, and its joinings are enriched with circles of carved work, containing sculptures of the divine personages and the apostles, exceedingly well executed; each sculpture is surrounded by a circular belt, containing a sentence in the old English characters, well raised (*viz.*) *Sanct. Petrus ora P. nobis. &c.* each varied by the name of the personage to whom it is inscribed. The centre row consists of four circles; in one is the effigies of John the Baptist, with the like sentence.—In the second, the effigies of our Saviour, with a monk kneeling.—In the third, the effigies of the Supreme, with the Lamb bearing an ensign.—And, the fourth a representation of the last judgement, with the following sentence *In die judicii liberare nos.* Above the door is the effigies of our Saviour, with a globe in his hand, with *morit P. nobis*, inscribed, and on each side of the door is an emblematical figure. There are two escutchions, the dexter one charged with bearings of Vesey, a cross sable: the sinister, the bearings of Brabant and Lucy quarterly. Many little ornaments are cut on the inferior roses on the arched work, as croslets, crescents, winged crosses, the old Saxon *n*, as the emblem of sacred masonry, and the usual characters disposed over religious buildings, *J D C Jesus hominis conservator.* On the outside of this chapel, at the east end, are two coats of armour supported by cherubs; the one charged with a cross, the arms of the monastery of St. Albans, and the other with three crowns, originally the arms of Oswin, king of Northumberland, and afterwards those of the monastery of Tynemouth.

On the 20th of February, 1379, Richard the Second, granted a licence of mortmain to the prior and monks of Tynemouth, to hold possessions to the value of twenty pounds per annum, to enable them to repair the walls of their fortifications, which had been damaged by the

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gold.—John of Tynemouth, an eminent sacred biographer, flourished here about the year 1336. 'He was born in this place, and is said to have been the vicar of it, but afterwards became a Benedictine monk in the abbey of St. Albans. He was a most virtuous person, and excellently learned, entirely addicted to the study of the holy scriptures, and of sacred history. He gathered the lives and actions of the saints of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, into two volumes, with great judgment and indefatigable labour, which work he entitled, *Sanctiologium Servorum Dei*, i.e. the Sacred History of the Servants of God. Nor did he deserve less commendation for his Exposition of the Holy Scripture, in which he did not only explain the literal sense, but the moral, allegorical, and tropological. His commentaries were upon all the books from Genesis to the Kings inclusive. He wrote also other books, as Church Lessons, the Golden History, and a Supplement to the same; also an 'Appendix to his Martyrology,' &c. His Golden History is still extant in library at Lambeth."

encroachments of the sea. In this curious grant, the priory is described as having been; and being, to the then king and his progenitors, “a certain fortified and walled place for defence against the enemies of the kingdom.”\*

“Among the most remarkable features of the history of this place, after this time, are the following:—The churches of Eglington, Norton, and Hartburn, were given to the monks, for the purpose of mending their ale, and to enlarge their means of hospitality. The prior mediated a peace between England and Scotland, in 1244; and eleven years after, obtained a charter from Henry III. to hold a market in his ville and manor of Bewicke. He claimed the privilege of a market also at Tynemouth; but, in a suit on that account, judgement was given against him in the King’s Bench. The place, however, had certain immunities, which it annually asked of the judges itinerant, by some great public character, or, by its bailiffs, at the “Chille” Fountain, in Gateshead, when they came from York; or at “Faurstanes,” when they came from Cumberland. They returned the king’s writ within their respective lordships, and were exempted from cornage by king John: several villages in Northumberland, however, paid cornage both to St. Albans and to this house. Edward I. In 1299, restored them certain free customs, which the crown had deprived them of, and granted the prior to have all pleas concerning his men, lands, and tenements, to be pleased and determined by his own justices, the king’s justices not being permitted to enter his liberty. A fair, granted to the place in 1303, was revoked the next year, on the petition of the town of Newcastle. The prior caused a pillory to be erected in the village in 1307. King Edward II. and his favourite Gaveston, were at Tynemouth, on Ascension-day, 1312, from whence they took shipping for Scarborough. A riotous band of Northumbrians, at the head of whom were Sir William de Middleton, knt. and Walter de Seleby, ravaged this house in 1316; but being apprehended, they were sent to London by shipping, and there tried, condemned, and hanged. The hospital of St. Leonard, at this place, is of uncertain foundation: it existed in 1320. Ruins of it are still traceable a little to the west of Tynemouth, on the road to Newcastle.”

At the dissolution of the monasteries, the prior of Tynemouth, with fifteen prebendaries, and three novices, surrendered the house on the 12th of January, 1539, in the 30th year of the reign of King Henry VIII. The prior had a pension of eighty pounds per annum assigned him, and the annual revenues of this monastery, unconnected with St. Albans, are supposed to have been, on an average, upwards of four hundred pounds.

The scite of the priory has since belonged to several different possessors; and, after the dissolution of the monasteries, the castle appears to have been considered by government as a place of strength and importance. In 1644, it was besieged by the Scots, and the garrison was compelled to surrender to the arms of the parliament. Thirty-eight pieces of cannon, and a considerable quantity of arms, ammunition, and provisions were delivered up on this occasion; but the fortress suffered so much in the siege, that the parliament found it necessary to appropriate a large sum to repair the damage. Sir Arthur Hazelrig was then governor of Newcastle and Tynemouth Castle; and Colonel Henry Lilburne was appointed deputy governor. The officer favouring the royal cause, the garrison revolted, and Sir Arthur, marching from Newcastle to reduce them, took the place by storm; his men scaling the walls, and entering by the

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\* In the year 1818, in repairing the wall on the south side, a bag of nut-shells was found in one of the towers; every shell was perforated by a small hole, made doubtless by a worm which had fed on the kernel. At the same time two stones were discovered, one sculptured with the representation of Noah’s ark, the other with armorial bearings: they were replaced in the wall.

embrasures and the barbicans: the conflict within was short, but Colonel Lilburne fell in it, and the republican party triumphed.

In 1665, Tynemouth Castle was repaired on account of the Dutch war: Colonel Edward Villiers was then governor.

The celebrated James, duke of Berwick, was created earl of Tynemouth, by his father, James II. at the same time that the former title was conferred upon him.

About the year 1687, Henry Villiers was appointed governor of Tynemouth Castle, and he obtained a licence from government to build a house on the north side of the castle-yard, to serve as a habitation for the governor; and also, to erect a light-house for the benefit of shipping, passing this rocky and dangerous coast. The scite of the priory had passed through many hands since the dissolution (as was said before), but none of its former possessors had exerted themselves in a manner so widely beneficial to the community; he was authorised to receive one shilling for every British, and sixpence for every foreign vessel anchoring in Shields harbour, which produced about eighty pounds per annum: a poor recompence, indeed, for a work of such general utility: but the sum is since greatly augmented. Much of the priory was pulled down, to convert the materials to the use of these erections; and the lead was also stripped off the church, which had been used for divine service until about twenty years before. Governor Villiers was buried in the castle-yard, A.D. 1707; and, in 1722, another Henry Villiers was appointed lieutenant governor.

About the year 1775, the light-house was rebuilt, under the direction of John Wooler, Esq. the celebrated engineer.

From the period before mentioned, the fortifications of Tynemouth seem to have been greatly neglected, until 1782, when a company of the royal artillery, and some officers of the corps of engineers were stationed at Tynemouth; and under their inspection the works were thoroughly repaired, storehouses, &c. built, and a complete arsenal and depository of military stores, formed; and a strong garrison is always kept here both in peace and war; convenient barracks for the accommodation of soldiers having been built upwards of forty years ago, and additional ones since erected in the castleyard: a considerable portion of the ground, called by this name, is still used as a place of burial; and from its walls is a wide and extensive prospect of the German ocean, of Prior's haven, or harbour, and of the crowded port of Shields, and the batteries which command its entrance.

“Within the gates of the castle are two dungeons, which had been long shut up. One of these places of solitary confinement was explored some years ago by an officer of the garrison; on one of the walls there is rudely engraved, probably with a nail— ‘JOHN REDSHAW, 1715,— 17 WEEKS PRISONER.’ There are some curious caves in the rock on which the priory stood. One of them, on the north side of the precipice, is called by the town's people the *Gingler's Hole*, probably from having been the resort of some juvenile gamblers. It is now built up. There are, perhaps, several crypts and vaulted passages beneath the church; for, in digging near the south side of the ruins of the priory in 1808, an arched tomb was discovered, with human bones and skulls of a large size. This chamber, which it was supposed had not been opened since the dissolution of the priory in 1539, was converted into a powder magazine. Behind the Canteen are buried a row of stone coffins, which range north and south. The sexton, in 1819, struck his spade against a stone coffin, which, on examination, was found to contain a perfect skeleton, the bones of which were covered with leather, curiously cut and ornamented. An adjoining coffin also

contained a skeleton, without a head, and which was in like manner carefully defended and decorated with leather.”

The town of Tynemouth is small, but pleasant and well built, and is the resort of a numerous and genteel assemblage of company during the bathing season. The manor now belongs to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

“It was lately in contemplation to build a church in Tynemouth; and Mr. John Dobson, architect, who has often studied among the ruins of the desecrated structure here, with all the enthusiasm of an architectural antiquary, offered a plan to the consideration of the projectors. He proposed to pull down the remains of the choir, preserving the little chapel, and to rebuild it in its original form. The restoration of this light and beautiful edifice would have reflected honour on the taste and liberality of those concerned. The design is not yet abandoned. It is alleged that the government would object to the erection of a church within the limits of the garrison; but it is not probable that any attempt would be made to perpetuate a desecration, which is directly contrary to the repeated decisions of our courts of law.”

Such an attempt has, however, been made; the Board of Ordnance has tried repeated efforts to induce the parish of Tynemouth to yield up its claims to the ancient burying-ground; but, with laudable firmness, the parish has refused to sanction such an infringement on the rights of posterity, and so painful an outrage on private feeling.

With regard to the erection of a church, perhaps the plan proposed might have been found too expensive for the parish, in the present times of depression, to adopt; but, surely, a church ought to be built “to God” if not “to fame;” plain and simple structure is all that the purity of Christian worship requires; and, in whatever point of view the subject is contemplated, there is certainly no place where a church or chapel belonging to the Establishment is more wanted. The extent of the parish to the north, without any church nearer than Shields—the resort of invalids, in the summer, to Tynemouth, who must frequently find a walk of such length an impracticable undertaking—the operation of the same inconvenience on the elderly and infirm part of the inhabitants in the winter season—and the state of religion and morals in the village itself, all present unanswerable arguments in favour of the plan; nor will the projected erection of an additional church at Shields tend, in the least degree, to remove or mitigate any of the evils just enumerated.

At the time the claim just alluded to was made by the board of Ordnance, it was pertinaciously contended, that, the eastern side of the enclosure never had been a place of sepulture, but always garden-ground. Proof positive to the contrary, however, unsought, presented itself; for in turning up the ground in that part for the purpose of making a drain, numbers of stone coffins of the rudest form, containing bones, both of adults and children, were found; and that at such a depth as to leave no doubt that the period of their interment was very remote.

Though the fortifications of Tynemouth may attract the warrior, its ruins the antiquarian, and its gaities the votary of pleasure; few, very few of its visitants have cast the reverted glance of enquiry back to the private history of the beings who once inhabited this celebrated place. While they gaze on the remains of the venerable priory, they think not of those, who there hid the sorrows of a worthy, or veiled the vices of a corrupt heart, beneath the monkish cowl. The soldier, who now guards these towers and bulwarks against the hostile invader, turns not to the records of his predecessors in arms, who formerly attacked or defended them. And the fair Northumbrian, as she lightly passes over the consecrated ground,

“Where heaves the turf, in many a mould’ring heap.”

reflects not, that the ashes they enclose, once, perhaps, composed a form not less lovely, a heart not less tender, and were animated by a mind not less intelligent than her own; but when the faithful pen of the biographer shall trace the story of their sufferings, will the bosom of courage refuse the sigh of sympathy, or the eye of beauty withhold the tear of sensibility?

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THE  
CASTLE OF TYNEMOUTH.

CHAP. II.

“With frequent foot,  
Pleas’d have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When nurs’d by careless solitude I liv’d,  
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,  
Pleas’d have I wandered through your rough domain.”

WILLIAM de NORTON, earl of Wooler, one of the most conspicuous and distinguished characters in the reign of the seventh Henry, was appointed governor of Tynemouth Castle, on the decease of Sir Robert Lilburn, in the spring of the year 1491. This nobleman was at once eminent for his high rank and station, his military talents and achievements, the opulence of his fortune, and the favor of his prince, to whom he had been recommended by both his personal services in the field, and the ardent and faithful attachment of the family of Norton to the interests of the house of Lancaster. Though his military skill was great, and his arm generally powerful in the day of battle, yet his understanding, naturally not one of the brightest, had received little assistance from study or application; strictly honourable and just in his dealings with men, he was easily imposed upon by the semblance of virtue; and a rigid observer of truth himself, he scarcely ever doubted the veracity of others. Mild and good natured, almost to a fault, he seldom betrayed symptoms of anger, and never for any length of time. But though he was guilty of no vices, he had errors which are ever baneful in their consequences, and too frequently fatal in their effects: he was the slave of superstition, in the fullest extent of the word; the tool of priests and monks; the implicit believer of all ridiculous notions, and the bigotted devotee of all the absurd prejudices of that dark age. Twelve years had now elapsed, since the earl lost a lovely and beloved consort, to whom he had been united early in life, and who had made him the happy father of two beautiful and promising children, a son and a daughter. The countess, with her last breath, recommended these dear objects of her maternal tenderness to his care; and since that melancholy period, he had faithfully supplied to them the place of both parents. He had signalized himself at Bosworth Field; and after the event of that battle, which established Henry of Lancaster on the throne of England, Wooler abjured public life, and secluding himself almost entirely at Wooler Park, he devoted his time to the superintendance of his children’s education. No expence was spared to bestow on them every science and accomplishment that the times could boast; and the highest extent of the earl’s hopes and wishes was, to see Ida a faithful son of the church, and a loyal subject of the house of Lancaster; and to trace in the lovely countenance and engaging manners of Rosetta, the living image of her lamented mother.

At the period now under consideration, Lord Ida de Norton had just completed his seventeenth year; the season of hope, generosity, courage, and benevolence; and the soul of Ida was compounded of them all, in their most romantic extremes. With a capacity far more extensive, and an understanding infinitely better cultivated than those of his father, he inherited his talents for war, and his passion for military glory. His heart was warm and noble, his

disposition open and sincere; his graceful limbs were braced with youth and strength, his expressive countenance wore the glow of health and cheerfulness; and good sense and lively fancy sparkled in his animated dark eyes.

Lady Rosetta, two years younger than Ida, was all of feminine virtue, grace, and loveliness, that imagination can form, or language describe. Her unaffectedly soft and delicate manners were the natural emanations of a tender heart; yet her gentleness was blended with great dignity of mind and strength of soul, and enlivened with sportive gaiety and lively wit. The exact symmetry and proportion of her form and stature, the transparent beauty of her complexion, the roseate bloom which adorned her lovely face, and the inexpressible sweetness and intelligence which beamed from her fine black eyes, were perfect models of female loveliness, and emblems of the soul which gave them animation.

Such were the children of the earl of Wooler, at the period when that nobleman, at the express request of the sovereign himself, accepted the government of Tynemouth Castle. The earl was too much attached to Ida and Rosetta, to think of residing at Tynemouth unaccompanied by them; and their ardent and inexperienced minds, found a source of exquisite delight, in anticipating the varied succession of new objects which their change of residence would present. Hitherto they had never strayed beyond their native shades of Wooler Park; which, though endeared to them by early habit, and a thousand recollected circumstances of youthful delight and happiness, was a scene too narrow for the active and opening powers of Ida's mind; his martial spirit sighed for

“———The plumed troops, and the big war,  
That makes ambition virtue, the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!”

And hence Ida thought, that a residence at Tynemouth Castle would be felicity itself. They had never yet beheld the sea; for Wooler Park was at least thirty miles distant from that element; and numberless were the inquiries which they now made of the earl, their father, and whoever else could give them information concerning its wonders.

“What delight I shall take in viewing the ships, and examining the fortifications,” said Ida to his sister, “and we will have a barge, Rosetta, and fishing tackle, and make little excursions to sea, and we shall find a pleasant companion in Mitford Lilburne.”

Rosetta smiled; but at that moment her eye glanced on the plants which had been cultivated by her own hands, and those of her brother.

“Oh! but we must leave our flowers, Ida!” she sighed; “my father says, they will not grow so nigh the sea.”

“Oh! never mind the flowers,” cried Ida, “we can try them, you know, and if they will not grow, let them die!”

But while he spoke thus—while he gathered one of the fragrant lilies, and presented it to his sister—his bosom heaved a gentle sigh, as he contemplated the object of his care, which he had tended every morning, and watered almost every evening.

“Ah! I shall have no lambs, no kids, at Tynemouth,” said Rosetta, while she gazed with pensive earnestness on the enclosures where she had been accustomed to view the little animals, and amuse herself with their gambols.

Ida found matter of consolation for this loss also; for he reminded Rosetta, that the earl had promised her a little white palfrey to ride on the sands; and he added, that Tynemouth would afford much finer subjects for the display of her talents in landscape drawing, and descriptive poetry, than any about Wooler Park.

The earl of Wooler could quit with little regret, the mansion of his ancestors, the scene of his former happiness and present tranquillity, to obey the command of his sovereign, and reside on a spot, where he thought he should be peculiarly favoured by heaven, within the sacred precincts of St. Oswin’s holy shrine. Ida felt delighted and enraptured with the prospect of being always surrounded by fortifications, ordnance, ships, and boats; and Rosetta anticipated, with sensations of pleasure, her rides, her walks, her pictures, her verses, and her projected collection of shells and sea-weed.

But there was another inmate of Wooler Park, in whom the very thought of a residence in Tynemouth Castle excited disgust, dismay, and horror; this was Mrs. Judith Cresswell, a maiden lady, distantly related to the earl of Wooler, and who, since the death of the countess, had superintended his domestic affairs, and assisted him in the education of his children, to whom she was much attached. Mrs. Judith possessed much good sense, but was extremely formal, demure, and sententious, and even more ridiculously superstitious than the earl himself. She had tried every argument, to induce her kinsman to decline accepting the government of Tynemouth Castle; and when she found they were ineffectual, she endeavoured to persuade him to leave his children, or at least his daughter, at Wooler Park: but this too failed of success, for Wooler loved his Rosetta too well to bear her absence; and as it would have been equally insupportable to Mrs. Judith, she was at length compelled to yield a reluctant consent to accompany her friends to Tynemouth: but she did not fail to bitterly inveigh against it to Ida and Rosetta. “I do not approve of living at Tynemouth,” she would say, “I think it is a pity your father has accepted the appointment; I have heard very strange reports about that place; and, though I believe no one is less inclined to be superstitious than myself, yet there is seldom so much smoke without some fire.” Ida dearly loved his antiquated relative, was truly grateful for her cares, and held sacred the precepts of virtue which she had implanted in his bosom; but he well knew how to appreciate her character; and though he did not always dare to openly avow his sentiments, yet in his heart he despised both the bigotted prejudices of his father, and the ridiculous credulity of Mrs. Judith. At the same time he well knew what reports she alluded to, and exclaimed “Why, to be sure, my dear madam, the firing of the cannon is always attended with smoke, and the report, as you observe, is very loud, but when you are once used to it, it will be nothing at all!”

“Ida,” exclaimed Mrs. Judith, in a tone of displeasure, “I do not like this incredulity: it is fool-hardiness. There are certainly great grounds for the reports I mention. Do you consider the size and antiquity of the building? You plead wilful ignorance, child. You cannot but know, that after the sanctuary of Tynemouth monastery was violated, and our ancestor, Robert de Mowbray, earl of Northumberland, was dragged from it and murdered, a spell of enchantment was laid on the Castle of Tynemouth, which has continued ever since; and the ghost of—”

Here Ida, no longer able to command his features, ran out of the room; while Rosetta, though not less diverted than her brother, contrived for once to sit with a grave face. Mrs. Judith, who was doubtless afraid that the example of Ida’s incredulity would extend its fatal influence to

Rosetta, wisely cautioned her against its effects, by saying, "Do not mind what your brother says on these subjects, my dear. It would be wickedness indeed, to disbelieve what I have advanced, but he knows very well, that it is all true, and only affects to doubt it, merely to tease me. I cannot say I like this going to Tynemouth, Rosey; I have felt a kind of ominous foreboding for some time past; and I have dreamed some very strange dreams lately. However, if we are to go, I wish we were there; for we had better have the finger off, than always aching. For my part, I shall take care not to meddle with any of the mysteries of the place, nor go out at night, upon any account; for the best way to keep out of danger, is not to come into it."

When the hour of departure from Wooler Park arrived, the earl was thoughtful and silent, for he could not avoid reflecting, that he was quitting a peaceful retreat, and entering upon a situation replete with toilsome cares and duties; and that he was about to introduce his children to a world where they would be surrounded by dangers and temptations. Mrs. Judith could not abstract her mind from the ideas of ghosts and enchantments, with which it was haunted. Ida hailed this day as the most auspicious of his life. And Rosetta, though she shed the tear of regret, at leaving her happy home, soon resumed her wonted cheerfulness, and exerted her charming vivacity, to chase the pensiveness which oppressed her father, and divert the attention of Mrs. Cresswell from the subject of her apprehensions.

The earl possessed a house at Newcastle, where he had scarcely ever resided since his marriage; but he now passed a night there on his road to Tynemouth; and the next day embarked with his family in his barge on the Tyne, followed by a number of boats, in which were his retinue. Their voyage down the river was rapid and pleasant; and the earl not choosing to land at Shields, they passed through the harbour, and, entering Prior's haven, sailed up the moat to the bridge, where the new governor was received by Major Shipperdson, the deputy-governor, and the rest of the officers and the soldiers of the garrison under arms; and welcomed by a discharge of artillery. The heart of Ida responded to the sound of the guns; while the gentle Rosetta, surprised and agitated by a scene so novel, clung to the arm of her father, and turned her lovely face from the ardent gaze of the surrounding strangers.

Shipperdson addressed the earl in the language of flattery and compliment, a language in which he was indeed a most skilful adept. This officer maintained in the world the character of a man of honor; but was in reality a designing, unprincipled villain. A good person, and exquisitely polished manners, had but too successfully veiled his depraved heart from general observation, and so deeply was he read in the school of dissimulation, that he could readily assume any character, and wear it with the most perfect ease as long as it suited his designs. He possessed the most consummate effrontery, veiled under much seeming modesty and gentleness of manners; and he had by persevering assiduity recommended himself to persons high in power, who raised him from mean birth and obscurity to his present situation: yet was that situation too low to gratify his ambition, and the income attached to it far inadequate to answer the expences consequent on the passions and pursuits in which he indulged himself; but he had hoped for preferment. Stimulated by vanity, he had expected that his sovereign would promote him to the post vacated by the death of Sir Robert Lilburne, and now bestowed on the earl of Wooler. And though he received that nobleman with every appearance of cordiality, respect, and submission, he secretly execrated him in his heart, for having usurped what he thought his right, and ardently wished for an opportunity of revenging an injury, of which the earl was both innocent and ignorant. While Wooler, who was totally unacquainted with the dark shades of Shipperdson's character, and only knew him as a brave officer, gave easy credit to his professions of duty and

esteem, and readily assured him of his regard and friendship. At the second gate, the governor was met by the prior and brethren of the monastery; and Wooler, as he knelt to receive the holy father's benediction, believed himself peculiarly favored by heaven, and guarded against all evils and dangers. The sentiments of Mrs. Judith were not perhaps perfectly similar to those of the earl. Rosetta obeyed the command of her father, and knelt also; and Ida, thinking, with a certain pope, *that an old man's blessing could do no harm*, followed his sister's example.

When this ceremony was finished, one of the monks advanced to the earl, leading a graceful and elegant youth, habited in a deep mourning dress.

"My lord," said he, "you now behold the son of Sir Robert Lilburne, your deceased friend, who, with his latest breath, charged me to recommend this youth to your protection; and to entreat you, as the last request of a dying friend, to undertake the office of guardian to him, during the two remaining years of his minority."

The earl replied to father Vincent with his accustomed gentleness and urbanity. They had already corresponded on this subject; and Wooler now embracing his young and amiable ward, promised to faithfully supply to him the place of the parent he had lost. Lilburne, who possessed much natural dignity of manners, bowed to Mrs. Cresswell and Rosetta with easy grace, and replied to the earl in terms of lively gratitude; while Ida, addressing him with fraternal tenderness, gave and received the most cordial assurances of sincere and lasting friendship.

The exterior and interior appearance of the governor's house, did not serve to reconcile Mrs. Judith to a residence at Tynemouth. Though commanding a noble and extensive prospect of the sea, she thought the situation chilling and dreary; and though it had been fitted up and put in order for the earl's reception, she examined the apartments with scrupulous exactness, and passed sentence on them all in succession.

"I do not like this hall," she exclaimed. "It is too near the church-yard, and the smell of it affects my olfactory nerves like the effluvia from a vault!"

The little breakfast room adjoining the oak-parlour was forbidden to be entered, and the door absolutely nailed up, because Mrs. Judith was convinced that the spell of enchantment extended to it; the rooms in the gallery above underwent the same scrutiny. Rosetta wished to inhabit an apartment which commanded a view of the bar, and of every vessel which entered or departed from the harbour of Shields; but when she intimated her desire to Mrs. Cresswell, that lady replied, "No, my dear, you must not sleep in that room, on any account; for the furniture is of a most unlucky colour—*when the bed is green, sorrows are soon seen.*"

Rosetta was compelled to acquiesce, and they proceeded in their examination. The adjoining room was the one which the governor had ordered to be prepared for himself, and it was passed with little animadversion; Mrs. Judith only observing, "That it would be much exposed to the wind, when it was in the east, *which neither is good for man nor beast.*"

The next subject to which Mrs. Cresswell turned her attention, was the choice of a chamber for herself; and to fix on one unexceptionable in all points was indeed a difficult task. Some were enchanted, and others haunted; in that the furniture was yellow, which she termed a forsaken colour; and in this it was red, the reflection of which would, she said, disorder the optic system. Rosetta, however, observing that the view from the windows was nearly the same as that she had admired in the green room, made choice of this apartment for her own use, assuring Mrs. Judith, that the colour of the hangings would not affect her sight in the least; and that lady, after some hesitation, accorded to her request. After three hours had been spent in this tedious search, without success, a small room on the north side of the gallery presented itself, and had the good

fortune to please. It was hung with tapestry, and furnished with a bed, curtains, and chairs of dark blue velvet; and true blue, Mrs. Judith declared, was the very best of all colours: but many were the forms of preparation which this apartment was destined to undergo, before it could be made habitable in her opinion. In the first place, the hangings were all lifted up, and the wainscot carefully examined, lest any concealed door, or private passage, should be there. None, however, appeared; and the tapestry was then fastened down close to the floor, and a horse-shoe nailed on the threshold. On further examination, however, Mrs. Judith discovered that the bedstead was not made of mountain-ash, the only wood proof against the power of witchcraft; but, by making a strict search throughout the house, one was at length found, composed entirely of that precious material, and fitted up accordingly. She then dispatched one of the soldiers to the sea-side to bring her a holed stone, which she suspended with blessed tape over the bed's head; and having placed images of St. Mary and St. Oswin on each side, she piously thanked heaven, that she now had a chamber fit for a human being to repose in. Yet many untoward circumstances combined to break her rest, even there. Ida insisted on occupying the rejected green room, though Mrs. Judith assured him, that such a choice would infallibly draw down misfortunes on his head; and Mitford Lilburne was no less tenacious in retaining the apartment where his father died; though it was confidently whispered about the garrison that the spirit of its late inhabitant nightly resorted to it. Poor Mrs. Judith was consequently under continual apprehension for the safety of her two young friends. The dashing of the billows also disturbed her; and in the continual roar of the winds and waves, she heard the cries of drowning seamen, and the moaning of the ghosts of those who had already perished. Besides, she was much afflicted with the cramp during the first night, though she took the precaution of turning her shoe soles upwards; and the furniture of the chamber gave loud and repeated cracks, which she considered as a most unfortunate omen indeed.

But no cares, no fears, no anxieties, either real or chimerical, disturbed the tranquil bosoms of Ida and Rosetta; to them Tynemouth was a delightful residence, and every anticipated pleasure was realised. They soon became possessed of the promised barge and palfrey; and their excursions to sea, and their rides in the neighbourhood, opened and enlarged their minds, and proved inexhaustible sources of both amusement and instruction.—Rosetta was charmed with the beautiful and romantic subjects which Tynemouth afforded for her drawings; and delighted when the melody of her harp was echoed and reverberated by the surrounding rocks; and poetry, her best beloved and favourite art, was successfully cultivated, amidst scenes calculated to inspire the ardor of poetic enthusiasm. Nor did Ida and Rosetta pursue these pleasures and employments alone, they found three amiable companions at Tynemouth in Mitford Lilburne, Oswald Clifford (a young officer of the garrison), and Elfrida Thornton, the daughter of a private gentleman who resided in the village.

Mitford Lilburne was in every respect one of the finest young men of the age in which he lived. His person was tall and gracefully elegant and majestic; his complexion fair, but animated by the bloom of health; and his sweet blue eyes expressed the gentleness, the goodness, and the sympathizing humanity of his character. His manners were at once plain, noble, sincere, and dignified; possessing a soul firm and unshaken in virtue, the constant aim of his life was to obey her precepts, from the practice of which, he neither could be diverted by the allurements, nor deterred by the sneers of the world. His understanding was acute, strong, and profound, his judgment clear and solid; the cause of misery he considered as his own, and his open heart and persuasive lips were ever ready to assist the unfortunate. Father Vincent, the most learned and amiable monk of the priory, had for several years past been his preceptor; and, aided by his

instructions, the mind of Mitford Lilburne early in life was highly cultivated, and adorned with all the learning of that age. Father Vincent had for ten years been a member of the society of Benedictines settled at Tynemouth; yet the prior and brethren were ignorant of his name, family, and connections. They knew him to be a native of Italy, but of what part they could not ascertain, for he seemed equally well acquainted with every place in that country and France, and he had never communicated the particulars of his history to any of them. He was eminently conspicuous for sanctity of life and manners, and his countenance exhibited the picture of a man worn with years and sorrows; but the austerities and mortifications which he practised, and a grief which, doubtless, had its origin in days long past, had probably greatly augmented his appearance of age, and anticipated the work of time. Yet good and amiable as was father Vincent, he had few friends in either the convent or garrison. The prior and monks in general envied his superior erudition, and secretly hated him, because he saw and reproved their vices. This was also the case with Major Shipperdson: he had refused absolution to that officer, and frequently admonished him; but Shipperdson, far from profiting by his exhortations, highly resented them, and vowed a revenge, which he only waited for a favourable opportunity to execute. Father Vincent, however, had been high in the esteem of the late governor; he attended him on his death-bed, and from the length of time which they remained in private, and the agitation which appeared on both their countenances, it was generally believed that Sir Robert then communicated to him some very important event of his life, but of what nature no one could guess.

After the new governor and his family arrived at Tynemouth, the earl expressed a desire that his children should partake with Mitford Lilburne in the valuable instructions of the holy monk; a request which father Vincent most willingly complied with, and stored the minds of his delighted pupils with the treasures of history, philosophy, and geography. He was much attached to Rosetta, but Mitford Lilburne observed, or thought he observed, that her presence frequently excited some painful idea in the mind of father Vincent; for he had frequently heard him sigh, and even seen him weep, when gazing on her with fixed and earnest attention.

Elfrida Thornton did not possess either the strength of mind or fine understanding of Rosetta de Norton; but her soft and gentle manners, and the taste she displayed for music and drawing, engaged the esteem of that young lady, and she merited it; for Elfrida, with a disposition timid, retired, and unobtrusive, had many valuable qualities.

Oswald Clifford was a friendless orphan, who had lost a father and a fortune in the wars of York and Lancaster; and he had owed both his education and the commission he held in the garrison of Tynemouth, to the generosity of Mr. Thornton; a generosity which found its reward in the gratitude and good conduct of him on whom it was bestowed. Brought up from infancy with Elfrida, he regarded her as a friend—a sister; but he had strictly guarded his heart against the admission of a sentiment more tender, for the duty and respect he felt for his benefactor were such, that he would have died rather than have made a clandestine attempt to engage the affections of his child. Clifford was high in the esteem of Mitford Lilburne, who recommended him to the favor of the earl of Wooler, when that nobleman arrived at Tynemouth; and from that hour the five young friends were scarcely ever asunder. They all shared in the same pleasures, and constantly composed the same party out to sea, riding, or walking on the beach; and when the gentlemen were engaged in military exercises, or hunting, the ladies amused themselves at home with music, working, and drawing. And Rosetta, the innocent, the lovely Rosetta, was now more gay, more cheerful, and more happy than ever. Poor Mrs. Judith, however, was far from been reconciled to her situation; in addition to her former disastrous prodigies, many similar ones had

occurred to disturb her; she had seen a figure, without a head, cross the church-yard at midnight, and vanish in the sea. She had heard a bell toll at the same solemn hour. And some of the soldier's children had destroyed the nests which the swallows had built in the eaves of the governor's house; and hence Mrs. Judith predicted the destruction of it, and all its inhabitants.

Major Shipperdson, who chose to keep fair with all the governor's family, had found out Mrs. Cresswell's weak side, and amused her credulity with all the tales of horror concerning Tynemouth, that he could collect.

"I do not wonder that you dislike Tynemouth Castle, my dear madam," he would say; "it is certainly a very unfit residence for a lady: many deeds of darkness have been perpetrated here."

Then ensued a long dissertation concerning Robert de Mowbray, earl of Northumberland, after which Shipperdson resumed.—

"But though that affair doubtless was the foundation of the enchantment, yet I think that the murder of father Ninian was even more atrocious."

This was sufficient to excite the curiosity of Mrs. Judith; and, at her entreaty, her complaisant informer related a long story, from the substance of which she learned, that one of the Lilburne family had murdered a monk belonging to the convent; and no atonement having been made to the church for this sacrilege, the perturbed spirit of the deceased nightly walked its rounds there.

Shipperdson then proceeded to hint what was whispered in the garrison concerning the dying moments of the late governor; and though he did not scruple to mix what he believed to be false, with what he knew to be true, Mrs. Judith gave implicit credit to the whole of his information, and felt much consoled by his assurance—that the ghost of father Ninian never hurt any person."

However though the major could impose on the earl and Mrs. Judith, he had no friends amongst the younger part of the family. The gentlemen despised, and the ladies disliked him; while he in his turn hated Ida, Lilburne, and Clifford for their talents and their virtues—regarded Rosetta only as a beautiful child, and had for some time past entertained designs against Elfrida, which he was resolved to carry into execution, whenever opportunity offered.

Such was the situation of affairs at Tynemouth, in the summer of 1492, when circumstances induced the king to assemble his forces for the purpose of invading France, the Earl of Wooler received his majesty's commands to leave his government to the care of Major Shipperdson, and join the army, without delay, with his vassels, and all the troops that could be spared from the garrison.

Alas! this mandate destroyed the visionary happiness of Rosetta, and she looked forward with weeping anguish to the mournful parting with her parent and her brother.

Ida rejoiced in the thought of accompanying his father to France, and engaging in active warfare.

Lilburne and Clifford certainly were not less courageous than Ida, and yet the former sighed when he reflected, that he also must attend the earl; and the latter felt a load removed from his breast, when he received orders to remain in the garrison, while Mrs. Judith already foretold the fate of the war, and saw as many prodigies in the sky, as attended the siege of Jerusalem.

### CHAP. III.

“But let my due feet never fail,  
To walk the studious cloister’s pale,  
And love the high embossed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.”

THE governor was indefatigably active in obeying the commands of his sovereign. He visited Wooler Park, to give the necessary instructions for raising and arming his vassals; and on his return, employed himself in drawing up such orders as were requisite, to secure the safety and internal quiet of the garrison during his absence. And it was his intention to confer the dignity of knighthood on Mitford Lilburne previous to their departure, which he expected would take place about the middle of September.

The weather in the beginning of this month was remarkably pleasant, and one evening Ida proposed a party to sea for the following day, which was readily agreed to by Lilburne, Clifford, and the two young ladies.

The morning rose serene and bright, the mild western breeze scarce dimpled the ocean, and the refulgent sun beams illumined the gothic towers, and antique casements of the priory.

The party assembled at an early hour, and all matters being prepared for their embarkation at nine o’clock, they passed by the south-west postern to the haven, where the barge waited to receive them. In all their excursions, whenever the least shadow of danger or difficulty presented itself, Rosetta had been accustomed to receive the assistance of both Lilburne and Clifford, and now their ready hands were extended to conduct her over the rocks, slippery with moss and seaweed. Probably the idea of Lilburne’s approaching departure, at that moment rushed to the mind of Rosetta, and softened her heart in his favor; for whatever might be the cause she now departed from her former uniform impartiality, and accepting his aid alone, refused that of the young officer, though in the most gentle manner, with a smile, and a slight inclination of her head.

Ah! what were the sensations which this acceptance, and this refusal excited in Lilburne and Clifford! Both had long loved Rosetta de Norton, unknown even to themselves; but this eventful moment brought conviction to their bosoms; and while hope and extatic delight beamed on the former; jealousy and despair overwhelmed the latter.

When Rosetta was seated in the barge, Lilburne placed himself by her side. Ida had conducted Miss Thornton, and the dejected Clifford took his seat at a distance. They were rowed by two barge-men, and attended by lord Ida’s servant; and for some time the diversion of fishing was pursued by the whole party with apparent earnestness, though with but indifferent success. Lilburne was attentive only to Rosetta; he conversed but with her, baited her hooks, drew up her line, and deposited her prey in the basket. Clifford watched them with looks of anxious solicitude. Elfrida leaning over the side of the barge, seemed lost in silent dejection, while Ida, ever gay, cheerful, and animated, strove to amuse and enliven both his friends and himself: he laughed at his own ill fortune, bantered Clifford on his want of skill, and rallied Elfrida for being so grave, until he called up a smile on her pensive countenance.—While Ida was thus employed, Lilburne was disengaging Rosetta’s hook from the breast of a poor unfortunate gurnet.

“How cruel you are,” she cried, “to tear it away with such force, and give the poor captive a death so painful!”

“And, would lady Rosetta be equally tender to all her captives?” questioned Lilburne, with an arch smile— “Would she always grieve to behold the pain she inflicts?”

“No, no, Sir,” she replied with quickness. “I only feel for suffering innocence, if my captives deserve punishment, I should offer an insult to justice by pitying them.”

A deep sigh burst from the bosom of Clifford, and to conceal it, he pretended to busy himself in counting the fishes they had already caught, while Elfrida prevented Lilburne’s reply to her friend, by exclaiming with assumed gaiety:— “I can secure no captives however, for one has just broken my line and escaped with the hook.”

“Then he has struggled for freedom, and deserved it,” cried Ida, “the wretch who tamely submits to his chains is worthy of them.”

“And are these your sentiments, Norton,” cried Lilburne; “you will make a fine lover indeed, if you avow them.”

“If ever I be a lover, I certainly shall avow them,” returned Ida. “A gentle fair one may bind me with fetters of roses, but the moment she shows her chains, I am off.”

Miss Thornton’s line was by this time repaired, but she declined using it any more, and Rosetta regarding her with a look of tender anxiety, exclaimed, “I fear our voyage to-day is not agreeable to you, my dear Elfrida—if you feel indisposed, we will instantly return.”

A smile from Elfrida, and an assurance that she was perfectly well, quieted the fears of her friends, or at least stopped all inquiries, but it did not hinder the lively Ida from exclaiming:— “Oh! no, it is not the sea that affects Miss Thornton—I know her goodness—the idea of my approaching departure has robbed her countenance of its wonted gaiety.”

The word departure had a visible and wonderful effect on all present. Lilburne sighed deeply, and threw aside his line. A pensive languor overshadowed the fine features of Rosetta. The dejection of Elfrida was evidently increased, and she could scarce collect spirits and voice sufficient to assure Ida that she should indeed regret his departure, though at present, it really was not the subject of her thoughts. But far different was the expression of Clifford’s animated eyes—a beam of joy sparkled there, and he now returned the raillery of Ida, by reminding him that the ladies seemed to support with composure the prospect of losing his society.

“Very well,” returned Norton, “just as they please—if no one here will lament my absence, I do not despair of finding one in France, who will rejoice in my presence. Lilburne also tells me, that he intends bringing Hartley Hall a fair mistress from that country. However, Clifford, as you are to be the champion, and knight-errant of these fair damsels, I would caution you, to beware of Major Shipperdson—take care he does not rob you of your charming wards, for believe me, he will prove a much more subtle dangerous enemy, than all the ghosts and enchantments my aunt Judith talks about.”

This speech seemed to augment the effect of the former one. Clifford became yet more animated, and the dejection of the rest increased; and so very unhappy did Elfrida appear, that an idea now for the first time rushed to the mind of Rosetta, that what her brother had said in jest, was true in earnest; and that his approaching departure, or—painful thought!—the departure of Lilburne, was a source of anguish to Elfrida; yet the candour and good sense of Rosetta, would not permit her to form hasty conclusions, and she determined to watch her friend, until either her conjectures were confirmed or destroyed—probably indeed they were wholly without foundation.

Lilburne now, with a pretended solicitude to amuse Miss Thornton, but with a real desire to hear the charming voice of Rosetta, requested a song from that young lady. She gracefully complied, and with her wonted enchanting softness, and expression, sung the following.

Evening! I love thy pensive hour,  
When ocean's ebbing water's flow;  
And gentle western breezes blow,  
Sweet is thy magic power.

Though sunk the glorious orb of day,  
The moon displays her mellow light;  
And every radiant star of night  
Unfolds its brightest ray.

And when beneath stern winter's power,  
Wide o'er the sky dark clouds were cast,  
And hoarse waves echo to the blast,  
I love that pensive hour.

Clifford, attentive only to the thrilling melody of Rosetta's voice, lost his line overboard; and Ida throwing his aside, declared he would fish no more; and commanded Daniel to unpack the refreshments they had brought with them.

While these orders were obeying, Lilburne, who had listened to Rosette with rapturous delight, wrote with a pencil the following sonnet, and presented it to that lady.

Arion's tuneful harp, and magic lays,  
Could charm the list'ning monsters of the deep,  
And Hesiod's murder'd corpse, tradition says,  
When plunge'd in vengeance from the rocky steep,  
Was borne by dolphins through the yielding sea,  
To the fair temple of Neinean Jove.  
But greater powers, Rosetta, wait on thee;---  
Thy strains divine, shall hearts immortal move;  
Still let it be the boast of Grecian song,  
To please the subjects of wide ocean's caves,  
While round thy potent lyre, fair nymph, shall throng,  
Even they, the mighty rulers of the waves,  
And sceptered Thetis, and her syren train,  
With envy's bitter tears, shall swell their native main.

When Rosetta read these lines, she held them over the side of the barge, and exclaimed with a glance of arch meaning at Lilburne, "The only atonement that can be made to Thetis for the insult you have offered her, will be to sacrifice this to her resentment."

"Do so," replied Lilburne, with the saucy smile of conscious security.

Rosetta held it to the surface of the water, and then hastily folding it up, deposited it in her pocket-book; while Ida and Miss Thornton, who suddenly became more animated, petitioned in vain to see it; and the look of triumphant gratitude which Lilburne wore, was a dagger to the heart of Clifford.

It was now twelve o'clock, and the party intended to return by three, but the wind suddenly shifted to the north-west, and blew a strong gale. The serene blue of the sky was covered with black clouds; the billows began to swell, and the boatmen declared it would be prudent to make the best of their way into port, as the weather wore every appearance of an approaching storm. Ida had no fears, but Lilburne and Clifford, who from their long residence at Tynemouth, were much better acquainted with every symptom which the watermen pointed out, concurred in their opinion; and the ladies, especially the timid Elfrida, urged their immediate return. They took in their anchor, and attempted to gain the harbour, but vain was the effort; the wind now blew a hurricane, and the ebb-tide ran with such strength, that it was impossible to approach the shore. Sails and oars were of no avail; and the barge, driven rapidly along by the fury of the elements, soon lost sight of the lofty towers of Tynemouth.

Dismay and anguish now pervaded the whole party. The colour fled from the lovely cheeks of Rosetta, and she raised her eyes to those of Lilburne, with a look of hopeless despondency. Elfrida shrieked aloud, and wrung her hands; but the gentlemen concealed their own apprehensions, and exerted themselves to combat the fears, and soothe the spirits of their fair companions, with hopes that it would be possible to make Sunderland harbour, though at the same time, they were but too sensible, that the same causes which prevented them from approaching their own haven, would operate with equal force at the mouth of the Wear; and their apprehensions were verified, for though the boatmen did their utmost to enter that river, they found it impossible to accomplish their purpose.

Oh! what was now the situation of the poor forlorn victims! Tossed on the wide ocean, with no hope, no probability of deliverance from danger, scarce the least chance of escape from death; for the swelling surge incessantly broke over the boat, and it pitched so violently, that every moment threatened to upset it.

Wet, cold, and exhausted, Rosetta wept on the bosom of her brother, and her heart seemed to die within her, while her anguished thought turned to her unhappy parent, who in one fatal hour would be deprived of both his children; nor was the near prospect of her own inevitable destruction half so torturing to her agonized soul, as the idea of his sufferings and distraction.

The timid mind and weak frame of Elfrida were ill calculated to support the approach of danger, and her fears soon becoming too powerful for both her strength and her reason, she sunk to the bottom of the barge, the pale image of death.

Clifford distressed as he was on Rosetta's account, felt his affectionate regard for Elfrida, and his gratitude to her father, too strong to behold unmoved, her present deplorable situation, and raising her in his arms, he supported her inanimate form, and used every means in his power to restore her to life.

In this hour of calamity, Ida remained undaunted and undismayed; he endeavoured to soothe and re-assure his sister; and resigning her to the care of Lilburne, gave every assistance in his power to the watermen.

Lilburne was too well acquainted with maritime affairs, not to be fully sensible of the imminent perils to which they were exposed; he saw no prospect of escaping destruction; and

though he wore the outward appearance of hope and cheerfulness, yet the prayer which his secret soul sent up to the throne of grace, was rather a petition for mercy in death, than deliverance from danger. His own life, indeed, he considered as of no value, and with happiness, with transport, would he have sacrificed it to save that of his adored Rosetta; yet to do that, was, alas! impossible; and while he supported her loved form, he expected every moment to perish with her.

The wind now blew with increased vehemence, the rain poured down in torrents, and the billows broke on their stern, and met their prow with augmented fury; yet in the midst of the conflicting elements, two persons remained fearless and undaunted, these were Lord Ida, and Sandy, an experienced old seaman who had never quitted the helm from the first appearance of danger.

“Dinna be frightened, lady,” cried he addressing Rosetta, “Aw’s war’nt ye we’ll dee weel enough presently. Aw’ve been out in mony sick storms i’ maw days, an’ yet, Lord be praised, Aw’s here yet. Sit about Daniel, ye blinnd goose, dinnit ye see the weight gangs a’ ti that side of the boat.”

“How old are you, Sandy,” questioned Ida, willing to lead the attention of his companions, even for a moment, from the contemplation of their danger.

“Aw’ll be fourscore years awd cum Cannelmas day,—wheever lives to see’d, maister—Hollo, Jony, dinnit you see that big wave cuming?”

Rosetta, whose firm soul could not long droop under calamity, now felt her natural fortitude revive; and determined to support her fate with dignity, she assumed a look of composure, and turning to Sandy, begged him to tell her whether he really thought there was a possibility of their being saved.

“Dinna be frighten’d, lady, aw’s war’nt ye we’re syafe enough; we’ll get into the Tees by an’ by; if we can that’s to say, an’ if we cannot, wy, we mun jeust beat about a bit langer.”

The sanguine mind of Ida readily adopted Sandy’s idea, that it might be possible to enter the Tees; but Lilburne knew too well, that such an attempt would be wholly impracticable; yet unwilling to distress his friends, he seemed to concur in their opinion and expectations.

Meanwhile Clifford had succeeded in restoring animation to Elfrida, and prevailed on her to swallow a small quantity of cordial, but unable to combat her fears, or support the scene of horror which surrounded her, she continued with her eyes shut, and her head reclined on Clifford’s bosom.

Rosetta had now recovered the powers of her firm mind, and resigning herself to the disposal of Divine Providence, bestowed her whole attention on Elfrida, and soothed her with affectionate tenderness.

Ida, still undaunted, encouraged the vain hope that some ship would appear and rescue them from their perilous situation. But alas! when they were rapidly driven past the extensive mouth of the Tees, and old Sandy found himself baulked in his expectations of entering that river, it seemed as if every chance was annihilated, and their final doom sealed. Even Ida no longer talked of deliverance; yet he ventured to mention Whitby, and faintly inquired whether there might be a possibility of gaining that port.

Lilburne, who too well knew there was none, remained silent; and the watermen both agreed, that the very attempt would be fatal.

“No, maister, that winna dee,” cried Sandy, shaking his head, “there’s ne seck thing as getten into Whitby win a boat, but when the wayter’s as smooth as new milk; but dinna be

frighten'd—Aw's war'nt ye we'll dee weel enough by an' by—the swell 'ill gang doon afore neight yet.”

But Sandy's predictions had already failed, and the reliance which the whole party had hitherto placed on his experience was consequently weakened; and when not only Whitby, but many little creeks and bays on the Yorkshire coast were passed like the harbours of Tyne, Wear, and Tees;—when night drew on, enveloped in clouds, and unlighted by moon or star; when the winds and waves roared with unabated violence; and no ship, no haven, no deliverance appeared, the last, faint ray of hope expired, and black despair pervaded every bosom.

Scarcely less dreadful was the situation of the unhappy earl, when he beheld the rising storm, and the agonizing remembrance that his children were exposed to it, rushed to his mind. With anxious steps he paced the rampart during the whole of the afternoon; sometimes raising his imploring eyes to heaven in fervent prayer; and sometimes directing them, with a mingled glance of expectation and despondency, over the wide expanse of troubled waters, where fancy pictured the barge approaching in almost every swelling wave: alas! hope deceived him, for night came on with all its dismal horrors, but brought not his Ida and Rosetta. Yet unable to support the dreadful idea that his children had perished, the fond parent flattered himself that they had been able to make some port on the coast; but when darkness drove him to his home for shelter, when the storm howled without, and when he beheld his once cheerful fire-side, occupied only by the weeping and dejected Mrs. Cresswell, hope and fortitude forsook him, and almost in the same breath, he blamed himself for having permitted Rosetta and Ida to go—supplicated heaven for their safety, and with groans of bitter anguish exclaimed, that he never should see them more.

Mrs. Judith, as may readily be supposed, acted the part of Job's comforters on this occasion.

“Oh, this is the fruits of coming to reside here,” she cried. “What but misery could happen to Ida, when he has slept so long in a green bed—besides, any person might have foreseen that a storm was coming on; I have observed it for several days; sea-gulls have screamed violently, and the asses have brayed without ceasing; the pigs run about all day yesterday with straws in their mouths, which is a certain sign of wind. I told Mitford last night, that a quantity of soot had come down the chimney, but he paid no regard to it—*none are so blind as those that won't see*: but had they minded what I said, they might now have been safe.—Oh! what a night is here—look, my lord, the storm will not subside, for the cat is sitting with her back to the fire—oh! my Rosey! my Rosey!—I shall never see thee more.”

Thus passed the night in dismal lamentations, and vain regrets. The morning dawned serene and fair, and a mild southern breeze smoothed the ocean, but the spirits of the earl were little revived by the renovated beauty of nature; he had, the preceding day, combated his fears with the hope that they had got into Sunderland harbour, but alas! had that been the case, he must long since have heard some tidings of them; yet willing to catch at every possible chance to ward off the dreadful idea, that he had lost his children for ever, he deluded himself with a supposition, that they had perhaps been able to enter the Tees, and that he should hear of them in the course of the day, and in the meanwhile he dispatched messengers along the coast to make enquiries of the fishermen, and others who had been off at sea during the storm. While Mrs. Judith, on the departure of these persons, took care not to omit the ceremony of throwing an old shoe after them, for good luck!

The father of Elfrida was even more unhappy than the earl of Wooler himself, as from his long residence nigh the sea, he was much better enabled to judge of the dangers to which his

child was exposed. He measured his anxious steps with those of the governor along the ramparts of the castle; and questioned the crew of every vessel which entered Shields harbour, but to no purpose—no one had seen the boat, and the unhappy Thornton, worn down with years and infirmities, looked forward only to the dreadful certainty, that the darling of his age, the delight of his heart, his child, his Elfrida, was buried deep in a watery grave—and Clifford, the noble-minded, and amiable youth, who he regarded as a son, was gone too.

It will readily be supposed that on this occasion, the governor did not fail to prostrate himself before the shrine of St. Oswin, and offer a rich gift, and many prayers to that holy martyr. While the prior and monks, in return, soothed him with assurances that the petition of so good and dutiful a son of the church would certainly be heard.

Father Vincent, however, did not stay to comfort the earl, but anxiously uneasy for the fate of his beloved children, he departed himself with the messengers who went in search of them.

Mrs. Judith likewise was actively and variously busy. She was this day sanguine in hope, for she had seen a letter in the candle, and a stranger in the fire; she felt a sensation in her ear, which, she said, portended news, and she had dreamed of the deceased countess the preceding night; and she assured the earl, that to dream of the dead, is to hear of the living: and even when most of the persons dispatched by the governor returned in the evening, after an unsuccessful search, she still consoled herself by observing that “no news is good news.”

Father Vincent did not return with the messengers, and Major Shipperdson, though he had all along affected great concern, especially in the presence of the governor and Mr. Thornton, secretly wished that neither the monk, nor any of the party he sought after, Elfrida excepted, might ever be heard of more.

Another sun set, another dawn arose, and witnessed the agonizing uncertainty of the wretched parent. Hope had gradually declined in his bosom, its beams had grown fainter and fainter, and were now almost overshadowed by despair. Even Mrs. Judith contributed her share to depress his spirits, for this day abounded with as many bad omens as the preceding one had furnished those of a favorable aspect; her rest was broken for two hours by the death-watch, and afterwards she dreamed of eggs, which she said infallibly portended sorrow and mischief; besides her maid had killed a spider, and neglected to spread oatmeal for the crickets, crimes which could not fail to draw down vengeance on the whole house, and to avert their direful effects, she passed the chief part of the day in fasting and prayer; while at intervals her groans and screams echoed through the hall and gallery; then on a sudden she would become more calm, and administer consolation to the earl, by reminding him, that what cannot be cured, must be endured. But even in the very moment that she delivered this incomparable maxim, her own example, and the loudness of her lamentations, destroyed the efficacy of her doctrine.

“Oh! how I mourn for their return,” she would exclaim; and when the governor or Mr. Thornton attempted to mitigate the sonorous violence of her sorrow, she would forget the lesson she had but the moment before been inculcating, and repeat with loud emphasis:— “Patience many a one can preach, but who can practice what they teach?”

Not a boat entered the haven, and not a blast was blown on the bugle at the castle gate, but Mrs. Cresswell flew in breathless expectation to make enquiries; but she was still left to console herself with her yesterday’s maxim, that, “*no news is good news;*” for alas! none arrived.

Many were the weary visits which she paid to the ramparts and eminences of the castle; and many were the boats she saw approaching, which turned out to be a rock, a sand, a sea-gull, a wave, and sometimes nothing at all.

Towards evening, some person as superstitious as herself, informed her, that there lived at Cullercoats a wise woman, one who knew every thing—who could restore lost or stolen goods to their right owners, and who could tell whether the absent were well or sick, alive or dead. To Cullercoats, therefore, Mrs. Judith went, having first obtained the consent of the earl, who probably placed as firm a reliance on the oracles of this female sage, as antiquity did on those of the Cumaen sybil, and her communications were indeed most wonderful; for the fair magician informed her astonished and delighted visitor, that the barge had actually been driven over-sea, and that the whole of the persons it contained were safe and well at Hamburgh!—Not once did Mrs. Judith doubt the truth of this story—not once did she give herself leave to reflect on its probability, or even possibility, or call to mind the direction in which the wind had blown on the night of the storm, but having amply rewarded her marvellous informant, she hastened back to Tynemouth, to communicate her joyful tidings to the governor and Mr. Thornton. She found these gentlemen together in the parlour, with countenances infinitely more cheerful than when she left them; but so much was she occupied with the delightful intelligence which she had to relate, that she neither inquired into, nor even wondered at the cause. Having thrown herself into a chair, to recover her fatigue—folded up her scarf with the nicest exactness—and prefaced her story, by observing that “matters are never so bad but they might be worse,” she repeated the oracles of her friend the sybil.

Thornton received this information with a loud laugh, and the earl smiling, said, “No, no, my dear cousin, the wise woman is partly mistaken for once—our children, blessed be heaven, are safe, but not at Hamburgh, that, you know, is quite out of the question.”

He then presented her with a letter he had just received from his son, dated from Scarborough, at nine o’clock in the evening of the storm, briefly informing him that they were all well, and that they would return by land to Tynemouth, when the ladies had recovered their fatigue.

“Aye, there now,” exclaimed Mrs. Judith, after she had perused and kissed Ida’s letter, “I told you I saw this letter in the candle t’other night.”

“But my dear Mrs. Cresswell,” cried Thornton, “how widely your friend at Cullercoats has been out.”

“Nay, I think she has been very near the matter,” returned Mrs. Judith. “You see they are all safe, that is the main point, and as to the rest she has only mistaken the name, there is little difference between Hamburgh and Scarborough.”

“The breadth of the sea is all the difference, to be sure,” returned Thornton, drily.

But all his raillery could not prevent Mrs. Judith from believing and maintaining, that the wise woman was a person of wonderful knowledge.

#### CHAP. IV.

“I scent the well-known air, and now appear  
The distant hills where first these lights did rise,  
That fill’d, while it pleas’d heaven, my doating eyes  
With love and joy.—”

THE swelling surge, as the old waterman predicted, subsided towards the close of day, and enabled the weary and exhausted sufferers to land in safety at Scarborough.

Rosetta, who had supported herself with fortitude in the trying hour of danger, was piously grateful to heaven for their deliverance. But Elfrida was carried from the barge in a state of insensibility, from which, however, when they reached an inn, the exertions of Rosetta soon recovered her.

Clifford recollecting that a Mr. Moorsom, a gentleman of fortune and respectability, and the intimate friend of Mr. Thornton, resided at Scarborough, dispatched a card to acquaint him with their situation, and Moorsom, on receiving it, instantly waited on them, and insisted on conducting the whole party to his house.

Mrs. Moorsom received her fair guests with maternal tenderness and affection, and the whole of her amiable family, to whom Elfrida was well known, exerted themselves to amuse her, and dispel the unpleasant remembrance of her boisterous voyage; but no entreaties could prevail on any of the party to remain more than one day at Scarborough; for Rosetta and Elfrida ardently wished to return home, and relieve the anxiety of their friends; Lilburne and Ida had many preparations to make previous to their departure for France; and Clifford could not longer be absent from his military duties.

On the second morning, therefore, they all departed from Scarborough, but not until Elfrida had promised Cleora Moorsom to pay her a longer visit the following summer. On the road they met father Vincent, and the rest of the messengers. The monk rejoiced and blessed heaven for the safety of his young friends, who, without meeting any further accident, arrived at Tynemouth.

The earl and Mr. Thornton received them with the most lively joy. Shipperdson assured Elfrida, that he could not have survived her loss. And Judith, in the midst of her caresses and exultations, did not fail to charge them never to stir from home again when the pigs had foretold a windy day.

This excursion, unpleasant as it was, discovered to Rosetta two most important secrets: she felt that her own heart was unalienably attached to Lilburne, and she saw that Clifford was the object of Elfrida’s tenderest regard, for when that young lady recovered from her swoon at Scarborough, her first question, on finding herself alone with her friend was— “Oh! Rosetta, tell me, I implore you, does Clifford live?”

The evening after their return to Tynemouth, the young friends all rode on the beach, to contemplate the rough element where they had so lately been exposed to danger and death.

Lilburne, as was his usual custom, quitted his horse to lead Rosetta’s palfry down the steep and narrow defile, and while she thanked him for his attention, his fine eyes were alternately bent on her with looks of tender love, and raised to heaven, in gratitude, for her recent preservation. Clifford also was flying to assist Rosetta, but remembering the passage of the rocks,

and the manner in which the offer of his services was there received, he checked himself, though with a sigh of anguish, and turned his attention to Elfrida; who, but too much delighted with his society, and too weak to combat a passion which she knew was unreturned, watched the moment when the gentlemen remounted, and drawing in her horse, rode slowly by the side of Clifford, at a distance from the rest of the party.

Ida having some business at Cullercoats, went thither, and Lilburne and Rosetta were left to themselves.

The low dashing of the ebb-waves was scarcely heard on the shore, and the winds breathing on the waters, possessed not the power to ruffle their surface, which reflected the clear azure of the sky, and the oblique rays of the declining sun. Striking indeed was the contrast between the present tranquil scene, and the boisterous violence of the storm; but the serenity of the surrounding prospect was not in unison with the bosom of Lilburne—that was agitated indeed, for since the moment in which he had discovered the situation of his heart with regard to Rosetta, he had been debating with himself, whether to declare his passion to its fair object, or defer the disclosure until his return from France; the strength of his affection, and the fears he naturally felt, that some happy rival, might, during his absence, gain her affections, urged him to the former; but the goodness, the nobleness of his character, almost inclined him to bury the secret in his own bosom for the present, and trust to the uncertain chance of futurity; for reason represented to him that he was now on the eve of departing upon an expedition from whence it was probable he might never return, and to win the inestimable heart of Rosetta de Norton, to leave her to sigh for his safety—perhaps to mourn for his death, was a line of conduct which he could not wholly reconcile to his own dignified and exalted sentiments; but on this very morning, a trifling circumstance had occurred, which by flattering him with the dear hope that he possessed some little interest in her breast, had put to flight all his cautions and scruples, for weak indeed, and easily silenced is the voice of reason in the mind of a lover. Ida, in looking amongst the drawings of his sister, had seen a profile of Mitford Lilburne, on which it was evident the fair artist had bestowed the utmost efforts of her talents and skill. Ida, far from keeping his discovery to himself, with his wonted thoughtless gaiety, instantly communicated it to his friend; at the same time archly complimenting him on the honor he had received from the hand of Rosetta; and Lilburne, the delighted, the enraptured Lilburne, from that moment, resolved, at all events, to urge his suit previous to his departure for France. The evening seemed to afford him a favorable opportunity, and while they rode together on the beach, twenty times did his faltering voice tremble with a sentence which his lips refused to utter—at length, with a broken sigh, and almost in a half whisper, he pronounced:—“Soon, too soon, shall I have no consolation but the remembrance of these happy hours—Oh! Lady Rosetta, shall they ever return?”

Rosetta felt that the hours she passed in Lilburne’s society were indeed happy ones, and while his words forcibly impressed on her mind a sad conviction of the reverse she was doomed soon to experience, she could scarce prevent the tears from rushing to her expressive eyes; yet she smiled, but could not trust her voice with a sentence, and Lilburne resumed,— “One short week only remains until I must leave Tynemouth, and it depends on Lady Rosetta alone, whether it shall be for ever.”

Rosetta felt her heart beat violently, but she assumed an indifference foreign to her feelings, and exclaimed, with seeming vivacity, “On me!—does the chance of war rest with

me?—Can I controul its power, or decide who shall be its victims?—I wish I could, for then none should fall.”

“Not the fate of war, but my fate rests solely with you, charming, amiable Rosetta,” cried Lilburne, with impassioned energy—Oh! loveliest of women, will you pardon my temerity?—will you allow me to hope?—Will you,” added he, after a pause, in which he watched her countenance with anxious solicitude—“Will you honor with your acceptance a heart from which your image never can be effaced.”

Here he paused again, but Rosetta too much agitated to speak, remained silent. He resumed—“Pardon me, madam, I am sensible that this is no place for such a declaration, but time is now precious, and if I had neglected this opportunity, I might not have enjoyed another; then let me now receive my doom; say, angelic Rosetta, will you give me leave to apply to the earl, and allow me to encourage the delightful hope, that if heaven permits my return from France, your approbation will be the blessed reward of my toils and dangers—or am I condemned to despair, to misery, to a lasting exile from happiness, and from my country.”

The tremor of Rosetta now increased tenfold, but her soul was above disguise, and abhorring the idea of giving pain to, or trifling with the heart that adored her, she attempted to reply, but her voice faltering and agitated, could only articulate—“Be assured, sir, I shall feel most happy in your safe return, but, till then—” she hesitated.—

“I know what you would say, generous, most amiable Rosetta,” cried Lilburne, while his fine eyes sparkled with lively transport, “You wish me to defer any application to the earl, until we revisit England, but many—many months may intervene ere that period arrives; and can I tear myself from all my soul holds dear, uncertain whether my love is sanctioned by her parent! Oh! my Rosetta, were I but assured that I have no hated rival to dread—that I may hope to live in your memory, your regard, I should discharge each duty with alacrity, and meet every danger undaunted.”

“And what rival do you dread?” questioned Rosetta, with an arch smile, for she had now, in some degree, rallied her spirits.

“Ten thousand,” cried Lilburne, with energy, “for that lovely person and angelic mind must create an admirer in every beholder.”

Lilburne did indeed dread a rival in almost every gentleman who approached Rosetta. He reflected with unspeakable anguish, that she would be left to the guardianship, to the constant society of Shipperdson and Clifford, and he dreaded them both, for the former was handsome, artful, and insinuating; the later amiable and good, and, as Lilburne well knew, most tenderly attached to Rosetta, while he was ignorant both of the preference which Elfrida felt for Clifford, and that which Shipperdson professed for Elfrida. However he had now little leisure to revolve all this in his mind, for Rosetta, after gayly thanking him for the flattering compliment he had just paid her, added, “but I shall have few beholders in my father’s absence, and I certainly shall not encourage any addresses while my friends are—my father is far from me.”

Lilburne, with rapturous gratitude, thanked Rosetta for her condescending goodness; and availing himself of the tacit permission he had received, he resolved to address the earl the first opportunity, and to urge the subject no further to Rosetta at present. However, it must be owned, this delicate forbearance was rather the effect of necessity than choice, for they had now reached the extremity of the beach, where the rocks intercepted their progress; and Rosetta turned her horse into the road leading to Cullercoats, having promised to join her brother there; and Elfrida choosing to return by the sands, came up to bid her friend good night; while Clifford, the

dejected Clifford, as he turned to attend her, marked the animated countenance of his happy rival, and sighed in agony.

Yet though Clifford loved Rosetta de Norton with romantic ardor, he was at the same time but too sensible that she preferred Lilburne to every other man, that he was her equal in fortune, and was high in the favor and esteem of the earl her father; while himself, a friendless and unportioned orphan, could have no chance, no expectation, no hope of exciting any sentiment in her breast but the cold regard of friendship; and though there were moments when the voice of reason powerfully urged him to combat his unfortunate love—though he highly esteemed Lilburne, and sincerely wished him happy, yet he continued to nourish a passion which was undermining his peace; and suffered his mind for ever to dwell enraptured on the charms of Rosetta.—Her form, he thought, was beauty itself—her understanding was wisdom personified—and her heart was the habitation of every feminine virtue; and while his thoughts were thus occupied with one object, he was totally blind to the preference with which Elfrida honored him.—He regarded her only as a sister, and thought the sentiments she felt for him were perfectly similar.

When Rosetta and her two companions reached the castle, they found the earl engaged with his steward, who had just arrived from Wooler Park. Mrs. Cresswell had retired somewhat indisposed, and Rosetta immediately repaired to her chamber; while Ida and Lilburne, left to themselves, sought the society of a gentleman in the village, who engaged them for a coursing party the next day.

Lilburne could find no opportunity of addressing the earl, either that night, or previous to his departure in the morning; and the indisposition of Mrs. Judith continuing, Rosetta scarcely ever left her the whole day. Towards evening, however, she was visited by father Vincent, and Rosetta took that opportunity of retiring to her own apartment. She took her solitary seat near the window, and watched the declining rays of the sun; the shades of evening gradually enveloping the surrounding objects, and the full moon rising in radiant majesty, and reflecting its broad orb on the waves; and often were her eyes directed towards the sea banks, along which she knew the sportsmen would return. She listened to the soft murmuring of the billows, which responded to the footsteps of the governor, as he paced the east-rampart, and no other sound broke the silence of the hour. Her mind was in a pensive and romantic mood, and a thousand visionary ideas passed through it in fleet succession; her active fancy visited her native shades of Wooler Park, and recalled every circumstance, every scene of her youth. From contemplations like these, her mind reverted to the recent storm, the dangers she had passed, and the ride on the beach the preceding evening; yet even those subjects could not confine her thoughts, they strayed further, and the departure of her friends, the perils they would encounter in France, and the long and dreary months of approaching winter, uncheered by their society, all rose to her imagination—a tear insensibly fell on her cheek, and she felt a dejection of spirits which she could not help regarding as the anticipation of evil. Thus wrapt in meditation, she continued at the window near an hour, unmindful of the cold, though the chilling and humid dews of autumn and the saline damps moistened the air; at length she distinguished the light form of Camille, Lilburne's favorite greyhound, bounding through the castle yard, and immediately after, Lilburne himself, and Ida appeared. Rosetta saw the latter enter the hall door, and the former join the earl, who still remained on the rampart; and anticipating in idea the substance of their conversation, she closed the casement, and descended to join her brother.

Lilburne's motive in seeking this opportunity of conversing with the earl, certainly was to avow his passion for Rosetta, and to solicit the sanction and consent of her parent to his addresses; but when a few trifling monosyllables concerning the weather and the diversion he had been pursuing, were interchanged, he faltered and hesitated, and before he could frame the introductory sentence, the earl said— "To-morrow is the eve of St. Oswin, my dear Mitford, and I think you cannot take a better opportunity of preparing yourself for the distinction you are to receive; the prior himself will preside in the confessional chair in the morning, and you must present yourself in the church and confess your sins, that you may receive his holy absolution."

"I believe I have few sins to confess, my lord," returned Lilburne, after a moment's hesitation— "I am not conscious of any crime."

"But you must examine yourself, my dear Lilburne," said the governor, laying his hand on the arm of his young friend, and addressing him with serious gravity, "You must examine yourself, for if you conceal any of your faults, you commit a great sin, and destroy the merit of your confession; for you can only purchase absolution by performing the penance which the church requires, and the priest cannot enjoin penance unless he is acquainted with the extent of your transgressions."

Lilburne promised implicit obedience to the earl's injunctions, and was again preparing to solicit his permission to address Rosetta, when they were joined by Major Shipperdson, who continued to converse with the governor so long, that Lilburne finding it impossible to introduce the subject that night, resolved to defer it until the feast of St. Oswin, which, he thought would be a fit opportunity to address the earl.

The next day, Lilburne, in compliance with the governor's commands, presented himself at the grate of confession, and related the events of an almost blameless life. No act of penance was required, and of course absolution could not be withheld. He afterwards attended at mass in the church, and prepared to watch his arms there all night.

Mrs. Judith exclaimed bitterly against this part of the ceremony, but it could not be omitted; and when the last vespers were finished, the doors of the church were all fastened, and Lilburne left inclosed within its dreary walls. His heart was a stranger to fear of every kind, and he felt no more appalled at the idea of passing the night in the church of St. Oswin than in his own chamber. But Rosetta, though in general little inclined to adopt Mrs. Cresswell's ominous forbodings, could not help feeling some degree of apprehension for her lover's safety, nor could the ease and gaiety he displayed in a momentary interview, which he contrived previous to the commencement of his nocturnal vigil, wholly quiet her terrors.

In the course of the night, the earl received dispatches from court, requiring him within three days after receiving them, to embark with his troops for Calais.

## CHAP. V.

“——Ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat’ry glade.”

AT the hour of matins, the governor, deputy-governor, and officers of the garrison, together with the brethren of the monastery were summoned, by order of the prior, to be present at the ceremony of bestowing his benediction on Lilburne, and blessing his sword; all attended except father Vincent, who had been called in the night to visit a person in the neighbourhood, who, it was said, was seized with a sudden illness;—this was the wife of Guillaume de Villette, a Frenchman, who had been the confidential servant of the late governor, and, since the death of Sir Robert, had resided in a cottage on the sea banks.

When all were assembled, the procession moved on, while Mrs. Judith, Rosetta, Elfrida, and several other ladies, richly dressed, awaited their return, in the great hall of the governor’s house.

The church gates were opened by the porter of the convent, and the prior entered, followed by the governor, leaning on the arm of Major Shipperdson, then came Lord Ida, Oswald Clifford, and the rest of the officers; and the brethren of the monastery, two and two, closed the train. They proceeded to the middle of the church, but the candidate for knighthood advanced not to meet them. Something more than surprise was visibly painted on every countenance present, but how great was the general consternation, when the senior monk, by the prior’s order, pronounced aloud the name of Mitford Lilburne, and no voice responded to the call, no footstep approached, no being, but those who had entered in the procession appeared!—The arms remained on the spot where they had been deposited the preceding night, the sword only excepted—that had vanished with its owner, of whom not a vestige could be seen. To no purpose did they search every avenue, every corner, every recess of the edifice—in vain did the lofty roofs echo with loud repetitions of his name.—Lilburne, it was evident, had quitted the church, but why he had done so, or by what supernatural means, he had passed through doors and windows barred with the most scrupulous care, and which were all found in the state they had been left in the preceding evening, were deep and inexplicable mysteries; yet every one, as might be expected, declared the opinion they had formed, or at least that which they chose to avow.

The prior, bigotted and ignorant, or perhaps willing to encourage the popular superstitions of the times, expressed his conviction that Lilburne had been conveyed away by some invisible power, but whether good or evil, he did not take upon him to determine; but the monks went yet further, for each assigned a cause for the mysterious disappearance of the unfortunate youth. One supposed that the spirit of his deceased father had opened the gates and led him from the church, though for what purpose could not be ascertained. A second, concluded that the pupil of father Vincent, had purposely concealed some great offence, which ought to have been disclosed in his late confession; for which crime, he had been permitted to be punished by an evil angel. And, a third, pronounced that the ruin, which in consequence of the unatoned murder of father Ninian had hung suspended over the house of Lilburne, had fallen on the head of its youthful representative: this last was precisely the opinion of the governor himself, but not choosing to immediately avow it, he gave orders that a strict search should be made for Lilburne in every part of the castle; but such a command seemed needless, for the porter of the convent, a monk, whose

simplicity, integrity, and irreproachable life, made him universally respected, declared solemnly, that the keys of the church had never been out of his possession. Shipperdson, with his wonted complaisant versatility, acquiesced in every opinion that was delivered; but hinted at the same time, that he thought it highly necessary father Vincent should be interrogated, as the absence of that holy father at such a time, on any pretence whatever, strongly excited suspicion; and this hint meeting the approbation of the prior, he commanded a messenger to be sent to Guillaume's cottage, to summon father Vincent. Clifford, though in general little inclined to adopt the sentiments of Major Shipperdson, felt himself prompted by jealousy to almost believe that Lilburne had purposely withdrawn from the church of St. Oswin, with the intention of concealing himself somewhere in the neighbourhood, until after the earl's departure, that he might remain at home, near his beloved Rosetta. Yet in the very moment that he formed this supposition, his heart smote him with a pang of compunction, for harbouring such an idea of the noble-minded and amiable youth, who on many occasions had been to him a firm and faithful friend. But the brave and open soul of Ida, detesting the dark, subtle, and intriguing character of Major Shipperdson, fixed on him alone the odium of Lilburne's disappearance, and scarcely could he await the developement of this mysterious affair, or refrain from openly accusing the major of either having murdered or imprisoned his friend.

Soon, too soon, did the fatal tidings reach Rosetta, and in the first wild moments of agitation and distress, she almost betrayed the secret of her soul; but she remembered that Lilburne had breathed his love to her ear alone—that it was unsanctioned by, and unknown to her parent—and she felt the necessity of exerting the utmost efforts of her fortitude, and subduing her agonised feelings, lest any one should discover how dear to her heart was the lost, unfortunate youth.

Elfrida, however, easily perceived what her friend strove to conceal, and though such a discovery ought to have banished all jealousy from her mind, yet she had many strange, and even ridiculous fears; for but too conscious that Rosetta alone was the object of Clifford's affections, she could not avoid feeling a dread, that (whatever might have caused Lilburne's absence) he would avail himself of it, to soften the heart of Rosetta in his favor; yet she endeavoured to abstract her mind from all selfish considerations, and, like every other inmate of the castle, busied herself in forming conjectures; but after every possible investigation of the matter, her suspicions, and those of Rosetta, fell on the major, as those of Ida had already done. Not so, Mrs. Judith—she frankly acquitted the governor, deputy-governor, prior, monks, officers, soldiers, and all other corporeal beings whatsoever, of having any share in this eventful business, and laid the entire blame on the ghosts of Robert de Mowbray, father Ninian, and Sir Robert Lilburne!

“But it is just what I foretold,” she exclaimed—“if people will make themselves so familiar with ghosts, and pass their nights in the places where they haunt, they must expect dreadful consequences.”

The man who had been despatched to summon father Vincent, now returned, and brought a message to the prior, importing, that the holy father would shortly return to the convent; but hour after hour wore away, and no father Vincent appeared.

Meanwhile, the feast which was annually celebrated on St. Oswin's day, at which the prior of the monastery and the governor of the garrison were always present, was served up. All the persons of distinction in the neighbourhood attended; and Rosetta, who in this season of suspense and anguish, would gladly have sought the solitude of her chamber, was compelled to entertain the ladies—to veil her bleeding heart, and to express only a common interest in the fate

of Lilburne, though almost every word which was spoken concerning him struck daggers to her soul. Nor did Mrs. Judith, discomposed as she was, absent herself from the party; for in truth, she was by this time so much terrified with the idea of ghosts and enchantments, that she did not dare to remain by herself. Yet, though she associated with the company, she could support no conversation; and so much did she dwell on the subject of her fears, that her distracted imagination fancied a spirit approaching in every sound, every shadow, and almost every object.

The earl, most anxiously uneasy concerning his ward, was spiritless and dejected. His daughter, though she wore the outward appearance of composure, was visibly ill; and, in short, almost every one present was more or less affected by the sad catastrophe of the morning. The customary evening ball was of course declined; and most of the guests departing at an early hour, the governor and his family, Mr. Thornton and his daughter, Shipperdson, Clifford, and another officer were left together.

When the vesper bell rang, Mrs. Judith, who never missed the evening service, prepared to go, and desired Rosetta to accompany her; but fatigued with the efforts she had already made, she excused herself; and Elfrida offering to attend Mrs. Cresswell, she was about to retire to her own apartment, when Clifford, who had gone out to give some orders to the soldiers, hastily returned with the intelligence, that father Vincent was just then entering the church; and the earl, who greatly wished to converse with him, immediately rose to go thither. Shipperdson had a double motive for attending him, both to hear the replies of father Vincent to the questions of the prior, and to escort Elfrida; though that young lady always received his attentions with not only coldness, but marked contempt.

The other gentlemen were too much interested in the fate of Lilburne to stay away; and Rosetta, wishing, yet dreading, to hear the communications of father Vincent, resolved once more to exert her fortitude, and accompany them. When they reached the church, the service was already begun, and of course no time was then allowed to converse with father Vincent. Scarce could Rosetta sustain her fainting frame during vespers, but what was the surprise, the agitation, the tumult of her soul, when just as they were concluded, she beheld Lilburne himself enter the church. For a moment her feelings were awake only to joy, but the appearance of Lilburne was little calculated to excite it. A deep expression of distress, of anguish, nay of agony, was pictured on his countenance—his face, on which Rosetta had been wont to contemplate the glow of health and cheerfulness, was pale and ghastly—his fine eyes, which but two days before, at that very hour, had beamed with animation with energy, with the most fervent love, were now fixed on the object of that love with a look of indescribable horror—and his habit, the same he had worn the preceding evening, was neglected; disordered, and stained in many places with blood.

The audience, struck with mute astonishment, maintained a profound silence, while Lilburne advanced to the altar, where stood the superior, surrounded by his monks. Father Vincent immediately stepping forward, took the hand of his young friend, and addressed himself to the prior, in the following words, spoken in a solemn and audible voice—“Holy father, I demand, in the name of this youth, that the ceremony which has been interrupted by his absence, may now proceed.”

In a haughty tone, the superior replied, “By deserting his arms in this sacred place, he has forfeited all claim to the dignity which was meant to be conferred on him; and I shall suspend all further proceedings until I am fully informed of both the cause of that desertion, and the means by which he passed these walls.”

“I repeat my demand,” said father Vincent, in a tone, and with a look which evidently conveyed some very particular meaning to the prior—he certainly understood it, for his countenance instantly changed, and with a faltering voice, he said to Lilburne, “Approach, my son, and place your sword on the altar.”

Lilburne obeyed, but trembled in agony. He did indeed place his sword upon the altar; but in the very moment that the prior stretched forth his hand to take it from thence, the youth snatched it away with a look of frenzy, and exclaimed with distracted and incoherent wildness, “Oh! never, never! my guilty hand shall not, must not pollute this holy place, with the accursed weapon, stained in the blood of my—.”

“Beware what you say, rash young man,” cried father Vincent, in a voice, and with a look, to which it is impossible to do justice by description— “If you accuse yourself of guilt, you will augment it tenfold, by a discovery which involves every thing dear and sacred?—Will you blast the memory of your parent?—Will you insure the death, the violent death of an unfortunate being, who, it is possible, may yet live?—Will you destroy a wretched mother, already worn down with many sorrows, and who now lives but in her child?—Remember, Mitford, that your crime, whatever may be its consequences, was an involuntary one—and, remember also, that the expedition to France is the only means by which you can possibly atone for it.—You must not linger in Northumberland—the governor departs on the morrow, and you must accompany him. Approach then, my son, place your sword again on the altar, receive the blessing of our holy father, and comply with every rite of the church, that you may be prepared for the distinction with which his lordship means to honor you.”

“Oh! no, no,” cried Lilburne, in a tone of desponding anguish, “I cannot conform to the rites of the church, I am not worthy to approach its altars.—I will attend you to France, my lord,” added he addressing the governor, “and I implore you to permit the ceremony to be deferred until—”

Here he broke off the sentence with a start of horror, and glancing on Rosetta another look of wild agony, he rushed out of the church.

“Poor unfortunate young man,” said father Vincent, as his pupil passed out at the portal; “the crime of another has drawn down misery on thy head!”

The greater part of the audience cast the glance of inquiring wonder on the monk; but the prior, it was evident, was awed to silence, and did not ask a single question. However, the earl at length ventured to hint his wish for information, and father Vincent immediately replied, “My lord, it pains me to withhold any secret from you; but I cannot, at present, disclose the least circumstance of this affair, as by so doing, I should violate the most sacred obligations, and insure the very miseries which I am trying to avert; but when the moment arrives in which I can speak openly, you, my lord, and you, holy father,” added he, turning to the prior, “shall know all.”

With these words father Vincent quitted the church; while the visage of the prior lowered with sullen discontent, and those of Shipperdson and the monks expressed the sneer of disappointed malignity.

The governor and his party now returned home, whither Rosetta, agitated and distressed, could scarce support her trembling frame, with the assistance of Elfrida’s arm. The first inquiry of the earl, on reaching his house, was for Mitford Lilburne; but with augmented surprise and concern, he learned that he had never been there, and that none of the servants had seen him.

Rosetta no longer able to conceal her anguish, buried it in the solitude of her own chamber; while Ida, anxiously uneasy for the safety of his friend, wandered every where in search of him.

Miss Thornton returned home with her father, attended by Clifford. Shipperdson and the other officer retired to their apartments; and the earl and Mrs. Judith were left to themselves; the latter, now more disgusted and terrified than ever with Tynemouth Castle, had all day been importuning her kinsman to permit her and Rosetta to retire to Wooler Park, and reside there during his absence, and she took this opportunity of renewing the subject. But the earl was deaf to all she could urge; for he thought his child could be no where so safe as with the monks of St. Oswin. Besides, such was the reliance he placed on the friendship and honor of Shipperdson, that he felt no repugnance to leaving Mrs. Cresswell and Rosetta under his protection; and indeed he had nothing to fear, for the major seldom bestowed a thought on either beyond the present moment.

Meanwhile, Rosetta in the pensive solitude of her own apartment, sat revolving in mind the strange occurrences of this eventful day, and busying herself with wild conjectures, few of which wore the least shadow of probability. From these distressing contemplations, she was roused by the entrance of her maid, who came to summon her to supper, and brought the intelligence that Lord Ida had returned from his unsuccessful search. Rosetta excused herself from going down, and dismissing her attendant, again resigned herself to the full indulgence of her agonized feelings.

Clifford passed the evening with Mr. Thornton and Elfrida, and their conversation naturally turning on the wonderful events of the day, the interesting subject detained them in discourse so long, that the great clock of the monastery tolled eleven, the usual hour of closing the gates, soon after the young officer had taken leave of his friends.

Mr. Thornton's house was situated at a very short distance from the castle. The night was calm, still, and pleasant; the moon shone with more than usual brightness; and Clifford quickened his pace, in the hope of reaching the bridge before it was drawn up. He had arrived within a few yards of the outworks, when he perceived the tall figure of a man, much muffled up, hastily approaching from the road which leads to the left; his eyes were fixed on the ground, and he did not see Clifford, who, somewhat surprised, retreated a few paces to observe him. Meanwhile, the stranger advanced to the first gate, and speaking in a low voice to the sentinel, was about to enter; when Clifford, recognising the form and air of Lilburne, sprang forward. The sound of his steps alarmed Lilburne—he looked up, and beholding his friend, instantly started away, and attempted to retrace the path he had just passed; but Clifford following, seized his arm.

"Lilburne, my friend," he exclaimed, "why do you fly me thus? Speak to me, I conjure you—come let us enter the gate together."

"Unhand me, sir!" returned Lilburne, in a voice of anger, at the same time making a violent effort to disengage himself.

"Oh! Mitford, how have I deserved this?" cried Clifford, in a mournful voice, at the same time quitting his hold. But in the very moment that he spoke, his heart smote him; for conscience reflected the suspicions he had formed in the morning—that Lilburne had purposely withdrawn himself from the church, that he might conceal himself, and remain at home near Rosetta; suspicions, which the scene at vespers had clearly proved were founded only in jealousy; and in that direful passion, the present behaviour of Lilburne to Clifford certainly originated. His heart was torn by a sorrow, an anguish, for which he had but too much reason. He was on the very

point of quitting his country, with scarcely the most faint hope of ever returning to it, or beholding Rosetta more. Clifford, he well knew, loved her with the most ardent affection; and he could not help reflecting on the possibility, the probability, that he was destined to be her happy husband; while himself, should wander a cheerless exile, or wear out the sad remains of his life in some lonely cell—yet the native candor and nobleness of his mind reproached him for dashing away the hand of friendship, and repelling the voice of sympathy. He walked aside for a few moments to collect his scattered ideas and calm the feelings of his agonized soul; and then following Clifford, who had turned away, (hurt by his frigid and repelling manner,) and presenting his hand, he exclaimed,—“Forgive me, Clifford, I scarce know what I say—my heart is almost broken, and I am neither master of myself nor my actions.”

Clifford took the offered hand, and drawing it under his arm, they passed the gate, and crossed the bridge in silence, interrupted only by the deep breathing of Lilburne’s stifled groans, and the moment they entered the castle-yard, he faintly articulated, “Good night,” and made an effort to go, but Clifford, alarmed by the wild distraction of his manner, forcibly detained his arm, saying at the same time, “You shall not, must not, leave me thus.—Oh! Lilburne, you are distressed and unhappy, why, why will you refuse me your confidence?”

“Confidence! Oh gracious heaven!” groaned Lilburne: then with assumed composure, he added, “I will not detain you from your rest, I shall—probably I shall see you in the morning, good night! good night!”

“Lilburne, you shall not go, until you are more composed. Whither are you hurrying thus?”

“I am going home,” returned Lilburne. “I see your fears, but they are needless. Oh! Clifford, can you suppose I mean to injure myself?”

“The family is retired to rest,” said Clifford; “there are no lights in the windows, you shall share my bed tonight.”

“My servant will sit up for me,” replied Lilburne; “he will admit me; but I must first see father Vincent.”

“I will accompany you to the door of his cell,” rejoined the young officer—“you will not refuse my company,” he added, with assumed cheerfulness, “for I should think you unfriendly indeed, if you left me alone at such an hour.”

Lilburne stood a few moments silent, and as the moonbeams fell on his countenance, Clifford read there the workings of his agonized soul; at length, grasping the hand of his friend, he exclaimed—“Oh! Clifford, why would you wish me with you?—is it not your interest to wish me gone for ever?—are we not rivals?—you love Rosetta de Norton!”

This address so sudden, so unexpected, for a time took from Clifford all power of reply. But when he had recalled his scattered ideas, he said, with assumed gaiety, “My rivalry ought to give you little uneasiness, for Lady Rosetta will not bestow a thought on me—you alone—”

“But you love her,” interrupted Lilburne, with vehement agony; “and when I am a wandering exile, you will attempt to gain that heart, which I hoped to claim at my return—but why do I repine?” added he, again starting to wild frenzy. “Will not the consequences of my own guilt banish me for ever from Rosetta, and from my country? “Oh! Clifford, may you be happy,”—and he was rushing away, when Clifford, wholly subdued by the deplorable situation in which he beheld the man he so fondly esteemed, once more seized his arm, and exclaimed in a tone which admitted of no denial, “Stay one moment, I conjure you, Lilburne, and hear what I have to say.”

All the gates were now fastened, and every being in the garrison, themselves and the soldiers on duty excepted, had retired to rest. Clifford led his friend to the north rampart, the most private and retired part of the castle, where no sound broke the silence of the night but the low murmur of the waves, as they dashed against the bases of the rocks; and there taking his hand between his own, he addressed him in the following words— “Sir, whatever may have caused the anguish, which with sincere regret I see you endure, be assured, that no act, no intention of mine shall augment it; and here, in the face of heaven, I solemnly swear to abjure for ever all hope, all expectation, all—,” wish, he would have added, but the last word died on his faltering lips, “of ever being united to Rosetta de Norton. And, now my friend,” he continued, “can further assurance of mine contribute to make you easy?”

“Oh! Clifford, generous Clifford!” cried Lilburne, grasping his hand, “would to heaven I could repay your noble, your exalted friendship with my whole confidence—yet every secret of my heart, that I dare disclose, you shall know.” He then took his arm, and traversing the rampart together, Lilburne related to his friend all that had ever passed between Rosetta and himself on the subject of his love—the consent she had given to his proposed application to her father, and the trivial incidents by which that application had been delayed— “But now,” added he, in a tone expressive of the deepest anguish, “now all application is needless, for I cannot, I dare not hope ever to behold Rosetta more.”

A momentary pause of silence now ensued, and then Lilburne resumed. “Oh! Clifford, Clifford, I have committed a deed, the dreadful consequences of which still hang in suspense. Oh! that I might open my whole soul to you, but that cannot be; you heard what father Vincent said to-night—at all events I must go to France; and if fatal consequences shall follow my undesigned crime, I am cut off for ever from peace, from happiness, and from my country; and must devote my days to penitence, in some foreign monastery.”

“No, no! my dear Lilburne,” interrupted Clifford, “I trust that no fatal consequences will ensue; and that I shall see you return in safety, to enjoy the happiness you merit. But at all events, if your crime, as you too harshly term it, was an undesigned one why should any consequences that may result from it deprive you of peace? Heaven, you know, my dear Mitford, attaches punishment only to wilful guilt; why then would you throw away your happiness for what could not be avoided, and what cannot be remedied?”

“Alas! alas! though I can acquit myself of premeditated guilt, I cannot of inconsiderate rashness,” returned Lilburne, whose eyes were fixed with a gaze of wild horror on some object to the north of the castle; though what that object was Clifford could not conjecture; “but should that happen which I dread,” added he, “I never can return to society; I should draw down vengeance on all connected with me, and bring a curse, a heavy curse on my posterity—no Clifford, if I am doomed to misery, the oath you have just taken is absolved—and may Rosetta be yours.”

The last words were spoken in a faint voice; but Clifford instantly, and firmly replied, “No Lilburne! no! my vow is unconditional, and here I renew it—Rosetta never can be mine.”

Before Lilburne could reply, the bell tolled for midnight prayers, and the monks passing from the cloisters to the oratory of St. Mary, the friends retired to a distant part of the rampart to escape observation.

Lilburne then said, “I must now go to father Vincent’s cell, and wait there until he returns from chapel.”

“But you will come back and sleep with me?” said Clifford.

“No, my friend, you will excuse me,” said Lilburne, with a deep sigh. “I shall pass the remainder of the night with father Vincent, for I have much to say to him, and I must leave the castle the moment the gates are open in the morning. I cannot bear to see, or take leave of any one here; and I shall embark in a boat previous to the earl’s departure, and join him at sea.”

“You certainly will not depart without seeing Rosetta?” said Clifford— “surely you will bid her adieu?”

“No,” returned Lilburne, with an anguished groan, “I could not support the agony of such a parting; to the goodness and friendship of father Vincent I must commit the dreadful task of preparing her for our everlasting separation, if it is the will of fate—should the event which I anticipate, with shuddering horror, take place, the holy father will tell you that my misery is sealed; and should heaven in its mercy avert it, he will, I trust, acquaint you with the whole. And then, my Clifford, far from wondering at the state of anguish and distraction in which you have beheld your poor friend, you will rather be surprised how, at this moment, he could talk and act thus calmly. Oh! would to heaven I could recal the hour in which I entered the church of St. Oswin—but, alas! that is impossible. I wish the expedition to France could have been delayed for a few days, for then, probably, my suspense would have been ended; but that cannot now be done. Oh! Clifford, Clifford!” continued he, grasping his hand in wild agony, “to your friendship and protection I commit my adored Rosetta, save her, guard her, shield her from every danger—and let every word I have breathed to you to-night, be buried deep in your own breast.”

Clifford replied, “They shall descend with me to the grave. And now receive my solemn assurance, that, whatever events may happen, I shall ever consider Lady Rosetta as the wife of my friend, and hold myself bound to risk my life in her service and defence.”

Lilburne folded him to his heart, and exclaimed— “Farewell, Clifford, my noble, my ever beloved friend, farewell! may the Almighty grant that I may one day embrace thee under happier circumstances!”

He then rushed down the declivity, and disappeared amongst the cloisters. Clifford watched his receding form until it was no longer visible, and then turned his pensive steps to his own apartment. He retired to his solitary couch, but rest was no longer there—he had just resigned Rosetta for ever—had beheld the friend for whose sake that resignation was made, suffering under the keenest anguish, without being able to mitigate it—and had parted from him too, probably, never to meet again. Yet he endeavoured to calm his agitated spirits, with the reflection, that he had done what he considered his duty; and while he strove to banish the image of Rosetta from his heart, he fervently prayed for such a degree of fortitude, as might enable him to fulfil every promise he had made.

The unhappy Lilburne passed the intervening hours in close consultation with father Vincent, and left the castle of Tynemouth with the first faint beam of the morning.

Father Vincent visited the governor’s house about eight o’clock, and found the earl and his son suffering the greatest inquietude on Lilburne’s account; for they knew not that he had returned to the castle the preceding night, and quitted it early in the morning. But when the monk informed them of both these circumstances, and added that Lilburne did not mean to return, but would join them at sea, Ida did not hesitate to openly express his astonishment, and father Vincent replied, “My son, I cannot wonder that you are thus surprised—this is indeed a strange and mysterious affair, and I fear will be a most melancholy one to our unfortunate young friend. I have now to entreat, that you will never drop the least hint on the subject to Lilburne: the very

mention of it, at present, drives him almost to distraction; but when affairs shall have attained such a crisis as may enable him to speak openly, he will have no concealments from his friends."

The earl and Lord Ida gave the desired assurance, and after some further conversation, went out to superintend the embarkation of the troops.

Mrs. Cresswell was gone to bathe, as was her usual morning custom; and father Vincent left to himself, sent a message which brought Rosette to the parlour.—Oh! what were her feelings, on finding that Lilburne had left Tynemouth, without breathing a sigh, one tender adieu, one vow of love and constancy. The tears gushed from her lovely eyes, in despite of her utmost efforts to restrain them, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh! my father, has Lilburne then left England for ever?"

Father Vincent had little consolation to offer his fair pupil. He could not inspire her with confidence, he dared not bid her hope; for he was conscious that Lilburne was gone, too probably, never more to return: he had only the cold and cheerless precepts of philosophy to pour into her wounded and suffering heart; yet he exhorted her to exert her fortitude in the trying hour of separation from her parent; and counselled her, that as the earl was unacquainted with the attachment which subsisted between Lilburne and herself, he should be permitted to still remain ignorant of it; as such a discovery at present would serve only to distress him.

Rosetta placed the firmest reliance on the wisdom, goodness, and friendship of her preceptor; she promised to be guided by his instructions; and though her bosom was lacerated by the most poignant anguish, she endeavoured to call forth the utmost energy and strength of her soul, and to bid adieu to her parent and brother, with at least the appearance of composure.

The embarkation of the troops was completed by one o'clock—in two hours the tide would serve to take them out to sea. The earl, accompanied by Ida, now returned to the castle, to embrace his Rosetta, receive the blessing of the prior, and give his last orders to the deputy-governor.

All these, together with Mrs. Cresswell and father Vincent, were assembled in the hall; where the earl, after finishing his military directions and kneeling to the superior, saluted and took leave of Mrs. Judith; and then clasping Rosetta to his parental bosom, he exclaimed,—“Farewell! my beloved child—may the Almighty shield and bless you!—and if heaven permits my return to England, may I find my darling safe and happy!”

He then fervently recommended her to the protection of the prior, father Vincent, and Major Shipperdson; while Ida, the noble minded Ida, conscious that he had injured the deputy-governor by unjust suspicions concerning Mitford Lilburne, felt his heart softened in his favor, and tacitly saw his lovely sister resigned to his care; but while she hung weeping on his neck, he whispered, “Trust me, my Rosetta, Lilburne will return safe—I believe he is now the dupe of priestcraft; but I will bring him to himself when we get to France.”

Then disengaging himself from her arms, he followed his father, who had already quitted the hall, which the further they receded from, it resounded the more with the lamentations, prayers, blessings, and forebodings of Mrs. Judith.

## CHAP. VI.

“And when my wand’ring days are fled,  
I’ll seek again my native stream;  
If kind affection be not dead:  
And fancy yield no pleasing dream!”

THE unsuccessful siege of Boulogne, and the subsequent peace between England and France, have frequently been the subjects of the historian, and need not be detailed here. When the treaty was finished, the earl had thoughts of returning to England and resuming his government; but Ida, disappointed by the speedy termination of the war, in which he had hoped to reap early laurels, could not settle his mind to the idea of so soon re-visiting his native country, and solicited his father’s permission to make the tour of France.

Lilburne, it was evident, still continued a prey to the most corroding anguish; he exerted himself indeed in the discharge of his military duties, but he sedulously shunned all intercourse with the officers of the army, and even seldom associated with the earl and his son. The letters he received from England, alone seemed to possess the power of rousing him from the lethargy of despondence in which he was plunged. Whenever the time of their arrival approached, he watched for them with the most anxious solicitude; but they afforded him no permanent relief; for no sooner were they read, than he relapsed into all his former gloom. When, however, Ida mentioned his intended tour, Lilburne hinted a desire of accompanying him; and the earl, cheerfully, according to their wishes, obtained permission of his royal master, to remain some time longer in France, that he might himself accompany them to Paris, and superintend their conduct during their residence in that gay city.

Yet Wooler had nothing to apprehend from the introduction of these young men into the world. Pleasure, however varied and alluring its forms, could not penetrate the veil of abstraction which enveloped Lilburne; while Ida in all his pursuits, possessed the rare and happy faculty of knowing when to stop.—But the legislator who frames laws; the magistrate, in whom is vested the power of putting them in execution; and the soldier, whose duty it is to defend them—are sometimes their gross violators; and thus it was with the earl himself, for while he was cautioning his young friends to avoid the temptations of Paris, and guard against the seductive influence of the French ladies, himself became a complete dupe to the most artful of her sex.

Our travellers received many polite attentions from the Duke de la Var, at whose hotel they were introduced to the Countess de Montmiril, the intimate friend of the duchess. Madame de Montmiril was the handsomest and the gayest woman in Paris. But as two very different accounts were given of this lady, it may be proper to transcribe both.

“My friend,” said the Duchess de la Var, in answer to some indirect inquiries made by the Earl of Wooler,—“is now in her twenty-ninth year, she is descended from a noble family in Italy, and early in life was married—I ought to say sacrificed to the Count de Montmiril. Soon, too soon, did my dear Narcisse behold the hopes of her youth blasted, and the fair prospects of life fading away! Ah! my lord, she had bestowed her lovely person and immense property on a man, who neglected the one, and dissipated the other!”

“Here the duchess entered on a long detail of the infidelity, worthlessness, and extravagance of the deceased count and then proceeded—“But though the sensible heart of my

friend keenly felt its unmerited injuries, conscious innocence enabled her to bear them; while her exalted virtue preserved her from practising what most wives in her situation would have had recourse to—retaliation. Death,” she added, “dissolved this ill-fated connection about two years since, and the countess has not made a second choice, which I think is much to be lamented; for her beauty, fine understanding, and sweet disposition, would confer supreme felicity on the happy mortal to whose lot they should fall. I have sometimes ventured to hint my wish of seeing her happy in another election; but I find she has made a vow, never to give her hand to a Frenchman; and, partial as I am to my countrymen, I cannot blame such a resolution, when I consider what she suffered in her union with the count.”

Such was the information, for which the earl’s acknowledgments were paid to the duchess, nor could he be otherwise than captivated with a lady so amiable, so lovely, and so injured.

But widely different was the account which Ida received from the Chevalier de Balsac, a lively French officer, who was well acquainted with every event of the countess’ life during the last ten years.—“Madame de Montmiril,” said the chevalier, “is only six years more than twenty-nine; and I should do her the highest injustice, if I did not acknowledge that she is at once graceful as Juno, and as lively as you. After losing her character in Italy she gained a husband in France. Montmiril was a simple, easy, good-tempered fellow, and the lady found it no difficult matter to convert the fervent admirer into the passive dupe. Their summers were passed at the countess’ villa, three leagues from Milan; their winters at Paris; and between the two places they soon dissipated the whole of the count’s fortune, and as much of madame’s as was not settled on herself.—And now,” continued the chevalier, dropping the tone of levity in which he had hitherto spoken, “it grieves me to relate the cause of poor Montmiril’s death, for though a weak, he was really a worthy man. I know it was given out that he was murdered by robbers in the gardens of his Italian villa, but the truth is, he died in consequence of a wound which he received in a rencounter with a favourite gallant of the countess.”

Ida could not doubt the veracity of de Balsac, who had been intimate with Montmiril, and who he knew was little disposed to exaggerate facts to the prejudice of any one; but he felt himself deeply pained by the account he gave him, for every succeeding day served to strengthen the suspicion, that his father intended to confer on Madame de Montmiril the title of Countess of Wooler.—Nor was the countess herself either slow to perceive, or backward to profit by the ascendancy she had gained over Wooler’s worthy heart; he was a daily visitor at the hotel de la Var, where Madame de Montmiril almost constantly resided; and the duchess was too polite, too considerate, and too anxious to promote her friend’s happiness to either interrupt their *têtes à têtes* herself, or permit the intrusion of others. These frequent interviews of course produced long conversations, some of which naturally reverted to the family and native country of the earl, and when he talked of his beloved Rosetta, the soft sigh of parental solicitude was reverberated from the gentle bosom of Madame de Montmiril.

“Ah! my lord,” she exclaimed, “how happy should I be to embrace your charming daughter, and cultivate an interest in her invaluable esteem; for I am prepared to love her by both your lordship’s description, and the lovely miniature which is in your son’s possession.”

This miniature was constantly worn by Ida, and had at his father’s request been exhibited to Madame de Montmiril, who instantly and repeatedly noticed the extreme resemblance she thought it bore to the earl; and consequently the term *lovely*, which was now so unequivocally bestowed upon it by the rosy lips of madame, could not sound otherwise than highly pleasing on

his enamoured ear; not less so indeed, than was his reply to that of the countess; "Consent then, most charming of women, to honor England and Rosetta with your presence."

The downcast look, the sweet confusion, the heaving sigh, and the languishing smile, were all necessary, and all practised on this occasion; and lastly, the evasive answer, meant to draw forth a still more explicit proposal, was given in the following words, "Yes, my lord, I do indeed wish to behold your island, and no part of it more than the castle of Tynemouth; but I fear it will be long before it is in my power to accept your obliging invitation, and have the felicity of being introduced to your amiable Rosetta; for my dear duchess cannot leave Paris, and I do not know another lady with whom I could be happy as a travelling companion."

"Confer then that honour on your adoring Wooler, divine, angelic Narcisse; deign to accept his hand and heart, and permit him to conduct you to England, and happiness!"

It is almost needless to say, that after the hesitation and confusion indispensable on such an occasion, the proposal was accepted; and when the consequent raptures of the happy lover had in some degree subsided, the hour which was to complete his felicity was fixed at no great distance.

The following morning when breakfast was ended, Lilburne retired as usual to his own room; and the earl being left alone with his son, after a short silence spoke of the route the young men were to pursue on their tour through France. And then, reverting to his own design of soon returning to England, he added, with a smile, "And it is my intention to carry home with me a mother for my children."

Though Ida was but too well prepared for this information, he regarded his father with a look of incredulity, and said, "Am I to believe you in earnest, my lord, surely you do but banter me?"

The earl's reply confirmed the worst apprehensions of his son, by informing him, that Madame de Montmiril was to become Countess of Wooler in a few days.

"Good heaven! my lord!" he exclaimed, "have you considered! A woman destitute alike of principle and character—" and he repeated what de Balsac had told him, concealing, however, the name of his informant.

The eyes of Wooler flashed with a degree of rage that Ida had never before seen in them— "It is an accursed falsehood!" he cried, "I insist on knowing from whom you had this infamous tale; the honor of Madame de Montmiril is now mine; it is at once my duty and pleasure to defend her from every vile aspersion, and I will make the villain retract his slanders, or punish him with my sword."

"If such are your lordship's determinations," returned Ida, "I should act a most unjustifiable part, by giving up to your resentment, a person, who, from the purest motives of friendship, warned me against that artful and dangerous woman, who has but too successfully imposed upon you: and pardon me, my lord, if I so far infringe on the respect I owe my father as to hint, that with a daughter arrived at my sister's age, and a housekeeper so careful of your interest as Mrs. Cresswell certainly is, the world will be apt to censure you, for introducing Madame de Montmiril into your family."

The visage of the earl glowed with augmented rage; and in a voice of fury he exclaimed, "Insolent boy!—do you dare to brave me with the world's censure? quit my presence, and remember that you approach me no more, until you are prepared to pay to Madame de Montmiril that duty and respect, which, as my wife, she will have a right to demand from my children."

Poor Ida, finding that his arguments were wholly without effect, willingly obeyed the order of departure, and went in search of Lilburne, to communicate to him the unpleasant intelligence of the approaching marriage. On Rosetta's account, Lilburne felt the deepest concern at such an event, and joined Ida in severely blaming the earl; but as he had for some time been prepared to expect it, and could not assume the privilege of remonstrating with his guardian, he soon ceased to comment upon it, and relapsed into his accustomed gloomy abstraction; indeed, these fits were now so long and frequent, and his general behaviour so strange, that Ida was almost inclined to suspect his friend's mind to be disordered. Whenever the time came at which he might look for letters from England, he could watch their arrival whole nights together, nor could any entreaties prevail on him to seek repose. The slightest mention of Tynemouth, or of any circumstances that had formerly passed there, seemed to excite in him the most poignant anguish; and whenever the sanguine mind of Ida formed some plan of future happiness, the dejected Lilburne invariably exclaimed, "May every felicity be yours, my friend; but for me, my sad prospects terminate at some obscure convent in Italy, where I must wear out my wretched life in mortification and penance."

Ida next unburthened his full heart, in a letter to his sister, and though he did not say all he knew, all he believed, and all he feared, concerning their parent-elect, he hinted enough to convince Rosetta, that the object of their father's choice would neither bring honor nor happiness into the bosom of the family she was entering.

## CHAP. VII.

Where rising cliffs, and rocks extensive spread  
Along the coast, majestic, at the last,  
The ancient abbey lifts its ruin'd head;  
And braves the power of winter's wasting blast:  
Below, the German ocean, wide and vast,  
Pours its full tide; and from the neighb'ring cave,  
Responsive echo sounds; and sail-clad mast  
Of vessel gliding o'er the placid wave,  
Thro' ether's blue expanse seems the slow way to lave."

DREARY indeed were the long months of winter at the castle of Tynemouth, and Rosetta thought their heavy hours the most cheerless she had ever known. No tender parent was now there to embrace and bless her at the hour of rest, and to greet her in the morning with a smile that at once spoke approbation, and promised protection—no dear brother to share those trivial cares and anxieties which his participation could always lessen, and his soothing voice often remove—and, no Mitford Lilburne, to give an unspeakable charm to every scene: while he was an inmate of the governor's house

"—————The desert smil'd,  
And Paradise was open'd in the wild."

But now the enchantment was dissolved, and the magic of Lilburne's presence would never again revive it. While she lamented the absence of her father and Ida, she could beguile the present and illumine the future with an ardent hope of their safe return, and a firm assurance of their unabated affection; but her lover—she never expected to behold more; she had not received either letter of or message from Lilburne since his departure. Ida, when he wrote, scarcely mentioned him, and father Vincent never uttered his name. The conversation of that amiable monk, ever mild, sensible, and instructive, was now the chief—indeed almost the only pleasure Rosetta knew, yet she could seldom obtain it. Religious duties, literary avocations, and visits of charity to the sick and afflicted, employed the greatest part of his time; and either the last mentioned pious office was considered enlarged, or some other cause occupied much of his attention, for it was reported amongst the brethren, that those hours which father Vincent had once dedicated to mediation in his cell, were now passed elsewhere; but whither he went, or when he returned no one could ascertain; though many conjectures were formed on the subject. However, he continued to give Rosetta the accustomed instructions, and she accompanied him as usual on those errands of mercy, when this venerable minister of peace restored the rose of health and the glow of contentment, to the cheek hollowed with want, and blasted by disease—when he soothed the tortured form racked on the bed of pain—and, when he poured into the penitent soul the divine doctrines of atonement and redemption. And, oh! while Rosetta attended like a ministering angel—while she supported drooping age with the reviving cordial—strengthened infant weakness with wholesome viands—and supported the expiring head which was raised from the pillow of death, to embrace the cross—while the children of poverty blessed her footsteps—and

the sons and daughters of affliction implored the divine benediction on her head, she felt a source of comfort within herself, to which she could turn and find consolation, whenever the loss of her lover, and the absence of her dear relations pressed heavy at her heart. Few indeed of the occupations that once pleased her, now retained the power of beguiling the heavy hours; though she might have pursued the exercise of riding on the sands even during the rigors of winter; she now derived no pleasure from it; for could she traverse the beach, without tracing in tears the idea of the beloved companions whose remembrance was forcibly recalled by every surrounding object? Her books could afford her no abstraction; her pencil, when meant to sketch the landscape, unconsciously traced the well-known features of Ida and Lilburne, and her harp could only reverberate the trembling cadence of sorrow. Neither could find in society, that relief, which her other occupations failed to afford her. Elfrida Thornton was her frequent guest, but she was so woe-begone, so dejected, so perpetually occupied with the idea of Clifford, and with efforts to conceal her unfortunate attachment, that Rosetta found her company only augmented the weight on her own spirits. She was, it is true, ever gentle, tender, and affectionate; but while Rosetta at once admired and pitied her extreme sensibility, she could not avoid blaming the weakness that nourished a passion, which it was evident, was unreturned, and which certainly would never receive the sanction of her father; for Clifford, however deserving, could only be considered as the child of his bounty; having almost from infancy owed to Mr. Thornton both education and the very means of subsistence.

Yet however highly Rosetta censured her friend's conduct, she felt herself actually precluded from remonstrating on the subject, for she had uniformly discouraged any hints which Elfrida seemed disposed to drop concerning her attachment to Clifford; being well convinced, that if she accepted Miss Thornton's confidence that young lady, far from being benefited by any admonitions that Rosetta's friendship might induce her to give, would make Clifford the perpetual theme of their private conversations, and thus rivet an image on her heart, which ought to be expelled from thence by every exertion of reason and fortitude.

Clifford, faithful to the promise he had made to Lilburne, unceasingly combated his own unfortunate passion, he scarce ever paid his compliments at the governor's house; nor trusted himself to behold Rosetta, except when a short cessation of the wintry storm invited her rambles amongst the rocks and then he felt himself bound by the same sacred promise to attend her steps—and to shield her from open or hidden danger. To know that Clifford was the companion of these walks, was a sufficient inducement for Elfrida to share them with her friend; and though Rosetta would have infinitely preferred to wander pensive and alone, she could not decline their society; though the misery she saw them endure augmented that of her own suffering breast; silent and cheerless then were these melancholy rambles on the sea-shore, and though the tenderest affection cemented them all three to each other, yet there were motives which precluded conversation, and produced silence which was scarce ever broken by any of them.

Rosetta highly esteemed Clifford, both for his own merits, and as the beloved friend of her brother and Lilburne; but she plainly saw the partiality he felt for herself; and, ignorant of the solemn vow he had made to her lover, she had recourse of a degree of reserve in her manner towards him, which, however repugnant to her feelings, she felt herself justified in adopting rather than give the slightest shadow of encouragement to a passion that must ever be hopeless.

The never-failing efforts of Clifford were certainly directed to fulfil the engagement he had made to Lilburne, and when absent from Rosetta, he flattered himself that he had gained a victory over his heart; but in her presence the vanquished traitor always rebelled. Wholly

unconscious of the preference with which Elfrida honored him, he regarded her only as a beloved sister; but every trifling sentence that breathed from the lovely lips of Rosetta was melody to his soul, and every sigh which the remembrance of Lilburne drew from her bosom, was reverberated by the agonized Clifford.—Elfrida, the pensive slave of love and jealousy, silently beheld all this, and alternately feared and pitied her lovely but unhappy rival. And thus these amiable devoted victims, with hearts lacerated by the most painful and conflicting emotions, would frequently wander together a mile from home, and return to it again without enterchanging three sentences.

Shipperdson, sanctioned by the trust which the earl reposed in him, frequently visited the ladies, and met a polite reception from Mrs. Cresswell; but his presence was always disagreeable to Rosetta: though to do him justice, she could not accuse him of having in any instance, behaved to her otherwise than with the most respectful politeness.

Mrs. Cresswell, ever the slave of superstition, was perpetually diving into futurity; and now that her residence in a place she disliked, and the absence of her kinsman had diffused a degree of melancholy over her mind, all her predictions and prognostics were tinged with a sombre shade. Time was, when the admiring circle assembled round her breakfast table, were edified by interpretations of happy dreams—about fire, the infallible type of love—and veal, which always foretold good fortune—when those who had the honor to accompany her on the noon day walk, were charmed by the certain forerunners of luck, which appeared in the shapes of four-leaved clover, hairy worms, and perforated pebbles; and when the smiling party seated by the evening fire, were instructed to observe the purse that bounded from it and the ring which adorned the candle; but those days of tranquillity were now no more—and Mrs. Judith dreamed only of roast beef, the unerring harbinger of disappointment; while her path was perpetually crossed by intrusive pigs; and coffins, instead of purses, issued from the fire.

However free from superstition the mind of Rosetta might be, yet the depression of her spirits was insensibly augmented by the conversation of this antiquated sybil; and thus excluded on all sides from finding comfort in the society which surrounded her, she passed the chief part of her melancholy hours in her own apartment, listening to the deep-toned sounds of the wintry elements, and watching the desolating tempest fermenting in the loaded sky. Impressed with awful astonishment, she beheld the extensive waters of the German sea, agitated by the mighty north-east hurricane, the billows urged onwards by its irresistible force, and bursting with tremendous noise on the rocky shore, from whence they rebounded with such fury, that the white spray flew over the lofty roof of the church, and fell considerably beyond the castle.—In the transient pauses of the storm, when the wild elemental conflict ceased for a moment, and the mist partially subsided, Rosetta could discern an unfortunate bark, which unable to weather the whirling blast, was tossed abroad on the ocean, the sport of its merciless rage. Vain are the efforts of human skill, opposed to the powerful spirit of the tempest, when not restrained by an Almighty hand. The reeling vessel, no longer under the controul of her crew, was driven from side to side, and bending, received the proud waves, now on the starboard, and now on the larboard quarter; until Rosetta saw surged rise with Alpine swell, and overwhelm the hapless ship; but while the shriek of horror for the mariner's safety, yet hung on her trembling lips, the bark rose again on the ridgy billows, and in another moment the briny mist once more veiled every object from sight. Nor on such occasions as these, did Rosetta fail, to urge every liberal offer, every forcible argument in her power to procure assistance to the unhappy sufferers; and when assured that no aid could be given them, for that no boat could possibly put to sea, her agony was unspeakable, and returning to the window, she would watch the lurid atmosphere, and

mark the surcharged and heavy clouds, which driven rapidly along by the sweeping gust, almost wholly obscured the moon. When the black shadows of midnight enveloped the horizon, Rosetta retired to her couch, from whence, however, rest was banished by the ceaseless howling of the blast; the noise of the flood-tide waves re-echoed from the excavated rocks; the screams of the sea-fowl; and the rain beating, or the hail pattering against the casements of her chamber; and yet more by the sad image of the poor perishing sailors belonging to the bark, whose cries Rosetta fancied she heard mingled with the horrors of the night, and most fervently did she recommend them to the protection of that all-powerful Being, whose awful voice sounds in the tempest, whose majestic steps walks on the troubled waters, and who rides on the mighty wings of the wind. She would rise with the first faint beam of the morning, anxious, yet dreading, to know the fate of the ship; and though perhaps its scattered wreck strewed the shore at the foot of the castle, or the sand on the opposite side, the moment which enabled Rosetta to administer assistance, comfort, and consolation to the shipwrecked sufferers, was to her one of the most exquisite delight. It was after such a scene as this, that she beguiled a pensive hour, by composing the following verses:

While here at evening's pensive fall,  
I watch the varying tempest's strife,  
Past hours of pleasure I recal,  
Fraught with the joys of polish'd life.  
When music gave her warbling song,  
To aid the ever-charming nine,  
And let the mazy dance along,  
Where love and joy and hope were mine.

Stern winters desolating powers  
May wither nature's vivid bloom;  
May blast the woods, the fields, the flowers,  
And wrap the cheerful day in gloom:  
May rend the strong majestic tree,  
And bow to earth the lofty pine—  
Congenial are its storms to me,  
For mental winter now is mine.

The howling winds, the roaring waves,  
The long night veil'd in blackest cloud;  
Wild echo murmuring thro' the caves,  
The sailor's cries, and sea-gull loud;  
The driving snow, the whirlwind's roll,  
And all that horror can combine,  
Are typified in my sad soul,  
Bereft of all that once was mine.

Against the mighty north-east gale,  
In vain the toiling seaman strives,

With broken mast and tattered sail  
Before the storm his vessel drives;  
Till dash'd upon the hidden reef  
The guards the dangerous mouth of Tyne  
No aid, no comfort, no relief,  
His last fond hopes are wreck'd---like mine.

I see the shiv'ring sufferer roam;  
I hear him mourn his shatter'd bark;  
Ah! thus I weep my happy home,  
The peaceful shades of Wooler Park;  
My Ida!---brother of my heart!  
Thy cherish'd image must entwine,  
With every scene that found a part,  
In days of bliss, that once were mine.

When memory traces later years,  
I see more tender visions rise---  
Ah! cease to flow, my fruitless tears;  
Be hush'd, my unavailing sighs!---  
Oh, Lilburne! if no more we meet,  
If in some convent's sacred shrine,  
Thou find'st from grief a last retreat,  
The peaceful nunnery shall be mine.

Happy is that being, who, possessing a heart, blessed in conscious innocence and rectitude, and a mind and talents stored and cultivated with sufficient to afford him employment and amusement, can hold communion with himself, and beguile the hour of retirement and solitude. Such was Rosetta; and indeed the pensive seclusion of her own chamber was soon the only place where she could enjoy peace and quiet.

About this time a stranger arrived at the castle, and took up his abode there; this was the nephew of Major Shipperdson, on whom, since the death of his parents, which happened about six years back, he had depended for support and protection.

Edward O'Bryen, for so he was called, had been educated for the profession of surgery, and had passed the last two years on the continent, from whence he was now recalled by his uncle, with the ostensible motive of introducing him to public life, as a surgeon to the garrison of Tynemouth; and the concealed one of effecting a union between him and the Earl of Wooler's lovely daughter.

O'Bryen possessed a fine person, and a very weak understanding; the former circumstance rendered him insufferably vain; and in consequence of the latter he was entirely subjected to the guidance of his artful relative, whose will and word were his own laws, and Shipperdson, who ever depended upon his own powers for carrying his schemes into execution, on the present occasion required nothing from his nephew but an implicit observance of his directions. The major was one of those men who entertain no very exalted opinion of female stability. His penetration had long since discovered the attachment which subsisted between

Rosetta and Lilburne, but he concluded it certain that all their engagements were now dissolved for ever. It was a maxim with him, that the moment in which a woman feels herself necessitated to withdraw her heart from one object, is of all others the most proper for another to solicit the prize; and in this view he had introduced his nephew at Tynemouth; never doubting that Edward's attractions would be as successful in gaining the affections of Rosetta, as his own machinations in securing the earl's consent to their union.

Nor while he thus laboured to promote the interests of his young relation, was the artful deputy-governor regardless of his own; his plans concerning Elfrida he now considered as sufficiently *en train* to begin his manœuvres; and not repulsed by the invariable coldness of her manner towards him, he made formal proposals to her father; which were very coldly received by that gentleman. Yet whatever repugnance Mr. Thornton might feel to the idea of bestowing his daughter on a man whose rank, fortune, age, and principles were so inadequate to secure her happiness; he would not give him a decided negative until he had consulted the inclinations of Elfrida; and finding that her sentiments coincided entirely with his own, he gave the major a determined refusal. This indeed, was only what Shipperson expected. When he made his overtures, he had never encouraged the smallest hope of success, but a refusal furnished a plausible pretext for acting the part of a despairing lover, which was a necessary prelude to other plans he had formed; and in consequence of the resolutions he had taken; he pursued Miss Thornton like her shadow, whenever he could do so unobserved by her father; supporting to admiration the character of a rejected, but still adoring swain. And while the major thus harassed the persecuted Elfrida, his docile pupil, following his example and instructions, assailed Rosetta with the whole artillery of sighs, protestations, vows, and entreaties. In company, his attentions were so marked and decided, that it was scarcely possible to suppose any man could have the assurance to pay them, unless well convinced that they were perfectly agreeable to their object. And whenever chance left them a few moments in private, his assiduities were troublesome and even impertinent. Nor could Rosetta find any adequate means to check his insolence. If she was angry, and threatened to acquaint her father by letter, O'Bryen swore not to live under her frowns, and awed her to momentary silence, by pointing a sword or pistol to his own breast. Remonstrances he answered by pleading the violence of his passion, which he declared could end but with his life; and silent contempt he chose to construe into encouragement. At length Rosetta unable any longer to endure his persecutions in silence, complained to Mrs. Cresswell, who warmly remonstrated with the deputy-governor on his nephew's behaviour; and though he essayed by every insinuating art in his power to mollify her resentment, and win her over to favour his designs, his efforts were vain; for, besides that the birth and fortune of O'Bryen were far inferior to what the Earl of Wooler's daughter had a right to expect in a partner for life, Rosetta, on valentine-day, had drawn the name of Mitford Lilburne, a circumstance from which Mrs. Judith augured the certainty of his safe return; and consequently to become accessory to bestowing the hand of Rosetta on another, would, she thought; be impiously thwarting the will of heaven.

However, as no method had power to produce a change in O'Bryen's conduct, Rosetta felt compelled to confine herself almost wholly to her own apartment, where Elfrida also frequently took refuge, from the disgusting assiduities of Shipperson; and thus, the fair friends had at least one subject of mutual confidence, in bewailing the persecutions they suffered from two wretches, who were alike the objects of their contempt and abhorrence.

The dreary months of winter wore away, without any other material event; and returning spring, freshening the verdure of the sea-banks, enamelled them with a countless variety of weeds and wild flowers. The desolating blast no longer agitated the ocean, but breathed in whispering zephyrs on the placid surface of its waves; and the vernal sun-beams diffused life and cheerfulness over the renovated face of nature.

Early one morning, towards the latter end of March, the inhabitants of the castle and monastery were alarmed by an unusual bustle, occasioned by the sudden and dangerous illness of the prior, who had been seized with spasms in the stomach. The monks all quitted their cells, some to attend on the sick couch of the superior, and others to prostrate themselves before the shrine of St. Oswin, and implore the good offices of the holy martyr.

O'Bryen, as the nearest medical practitioner, was called in, and a message was dispatched to Mrs. Judith, requesting the assistance of her matronly skill, in preparing the remedies which he prescribed. She rose with alacrity, but while putting on her shoes she happened to sneeze, and had the lives of all the people of England been at stake, it would not have prevented her from returning to bed when those two circumstances happened in conjunction. Conceiving, however, that half an hour would be time sufficient to secure the good luck that her sneeze portended, she rose again at the end of that period, and proceeded to dress herself in such haste that she forgot to turn her robe, which had been folded wrong side out, and being now put on in that state, exhibited the lining to the gaze of the beholders, and thus it was suffered to remain: for to throw away the good fortune which such a happy mistake promised, by putting it off again, would, in the opinion of its fair wearer, be a piece of folly equal to his, who, when a purse of gold were offered to his acceptance, should wilfully dash it into the sea.

Being at length equipped, she hastened to prepare the medicines; and in addition to those ordered by O'Bryen, she prescribed cataplasm for the soles of the patient's feet, composed of black snails and saffron, pounded in a mortar, and mixed together with that finger of the left hand on which ladies wear the wedding ring; for Mrs. Judith was convinced that nothing of a poisonous or hurtful nature could adhere to that finger without communicating itself immediately to the heart: but, alas! in using it, she discovered that she had omitted cutting her nails the preceding Friday, and mournfully prophesied that a most dreadful paroxysm of the tooth-ache would infallibly result from so culpable a neglect.

The weather was remarkably serene for the season, and nature already wore the light and flowery mantles which she generally assumes a month after. Rosetta devoted this evening to a solitary ramble on the sea-shore; for it was an hour in which she might commune with her own sad thoughts without fear of interruption; every person with whom she was accustomed to associate being engaged beyond a possibility of accompanying her. The robe, wrong side out, kept Mrs. Cresswell in the house; Elfrida was on a visit at Monkseaton, where she was to remain a week at least; Shipperdson was engaged in military business; Clifford was on duty; father Vincent was with the prior who had received no benefit from the snail plaisters; and her old tormenter, O'Bryen, could not leave his patient. Rosetta pursued the road along the top of the cliffs until she had gained a considerable distance from the castle, and then descending a steep and narrow path which led to the beach, she retraced her way homewards by the margin of the sea. The last faint beam of day which trembled on the waves yielded gradually to the deepening shadows of twilight, until they also were chased by the moon. Rosetta, seating herself on a projection of rock, watched the rising luminary: the flaming curve first appearing on the verge of the ocean, and enlarging, by almost imperceptible degrees, to the full orb, ascending in radiant

majesty through the cloudless vault of heaven. She inhaled the fresh sea breeze, and for some time amused herself with counting the billows, and making the augmented force with which every third wave dashed its white foam on the shore. But the calm silence and solitude of the hour and place were little calculated to abstract her mind from objects on which it was accustomed to dwell; and, while active fancy wandered to her friends in France, her intention was insensibly withdrawn from the surrounding scenes, and she sat in deep meditation until the shadow of a human figure, reflected in the moonbeams, passed slowly along the beach, and a footstep sounded on her ear. Rosetta looked round, and saw what appeared to be a phantom, rather than a corporeal being, gliding amongst the rocks. Somewhat startled, but not intimidated, she raised her eyes to the countenance, and beheld—ah! what terms, what language, can describe her sensations when she beheld, or thought she beheld, the features of Lilburne!—yet they were so pale and wasted—they wore such an expression of mournful suffering—and the hollow eyes were so devoid of animation, that they seemed but to belong to an inhabitant of the grave. An involuntary scream escaped from the trembling lips of Rosetta; and the figure approached as if with an intention of addressing her, but in that moment a quick step sounded as if descending the path; and, starting away, it disappeared in a cleft or hollow of the rock. Almost overcome by a mingled sensation of astonishment and horror, Rosetta could scarce support her agitated frame; and before she could sufficiently recal her scattered faculties to reflect seriously whether she had probably witnessed a supernatural appearance—whether she had beheld Lilburne himself—or whether her imagination had given the features, ever present to it, to some passing object, Clifford appeared on the beach. Attributing the agitation in which he beheld Rosetta solely to surprize at his sudden appearance, he apologised for it by saying, that at the moment he was relieved from duty, letters from France had arrived, which Mrs. Cresswell finding to be of great importance, had commissioned him to come in search of Rosetta.

On receiving this intelligence at such a moment, her trembling ears naturally suggested the worst, and yielding for moment to superstitious terrors, she believed that Lilburne was dead, and that she had seen his apparition. Breathless almost expiring, she faintly articulated—

“Is my father?—is Ida?” she could add no more; but Clifford anticipated the whole of her inquiry, and replied, “They are both well, madam. I have received a letter from Mr. Lilburne, dated the same day as those from your father, and he is well also.”

This intelligence calmed in some degree the terrors of Rosetta, and enabled her to exert her reasoning powers; but while she discarded all superstitious fears she could not help reflecting, that though Lilburne was in France when the letters were dated, yet the same period of time which had conveyed them into Northumberland might have brought him thither also. However a thousand reasons prevented her from mentioning to Clifford, either what she had seen, or what she conjectured; and, with the silence that usually characterised their walks, they proceeded together to the castle.

## CHAP. VIII.

“—————Loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.”

THE letters now arrived, were that which has already been mentioned, as having been written by Ida, immediately after his father had acquainted him with his intended marriage, and two from the earl himself, to Rosetta and Mrs. Cresswell, containing the same information; and adding, that when the ceremony was over he should embark, with the countess, for England; she being, as he expressed it, “impatient to embrace her dear daughter.”

The earl's letters also mentioned, that Lilburne was well, and would proceed with Ida on their tour, after having been present at the nuptials. This, together with what Clifford had said, soothed for the present Rosetta's fears on her lover's account; or rather, perhaps, they yielded for a time to intelligence so strange, unexpected, and distressing, as that of her father's marriage. Prepared by Ida's letter to find her new parent unamiable, she anticipated much unhappiness to herself from the connection; but she had now little leisure to indulge painful reflections; the wind having been fair for some time past, there was every reason to expect the governor and his bride in the course of a few days; and in consequence Rosetta was much engaged in giving the necessary orders for their reception, Mrs. Judith being incapacitated from affording any assistance; for she was so much affected with the intelligence of her kinsman's approaching marriage, that she actually took to her bed. Yet to clear Mrs. Cresswell from any unjust imputation, it is proper to declare, that there was not the least spark of jealousy or any such passion in the case: her disorder arising partly from concern on Rosetta's being subjected to the tyranny and caprice of a mother-in-law, and partly from chagrin at resigning the chief superintendance of the earl's household. The whole affair was distressing enough, but it was attended with so many prodigies, that poor Judith was driven almost to madness. The earl had embarked for France on a Friday, and it is a received maxim amongst all the sybil in Europe, that no undertaking commenced on that day can possibly end well. Besides, she had dreamed that a monstrous large cat seized her in its paws, and there could not remain the shadow of a doubt, that the savage animal represented the new countess, in whom, of course, she should find a bitter and dangerous enemy. But notwithstanding all this, she was so far recovered in the space of two days, as to be able to leave her chamber.

In the midst of the bustle of preparation, the figure amongst the rocks frequently recurred to Rosetta's thoughts, and she earnestly wished to confer with father Vincent on the subject; but the prior, though somewhat recovered, was still in such a state, that the attendance of the monks could not be dispensed with. Of course, Rosetta would find no opportunity of conversing with her preceptor in private, even for a moment. Recollecting, however, that the cleft in the rock, where the supposed Lilburne disappeared, was the subject of many superstitious tales, she felt a desire to be made acquainted with them; and for this purpose applied to Mrs. Judith, who was certainly well qualified to instruct her; yet she did not give the least hint of what had prompted

her inquiry; for she well knew, that to mention the figure she saw on the sands to Judith, would be to spread the report of a ghost through the whole garrison: her questions drew from her sage kinswoman the following information, doubtless, no less authentic than important. "The rock you inquire about, my dear," said Mrs. Cresswell, "is the seat of the *enchantment* which was laid upon this castle, in consequence of the murder of our ancestor, Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland. Awful are the mysteries which it contains; but he who is fated to break the spell, must first penetrate its most secret recesses. Many indeed have already explored them, but none have returned to describe what they saw; yet I have made such minute researches into the affair, that I am enabled to give a circumstantial account of both their unhappy fate, and the mysteries they witnessed there."

Here Rosetta could scarce refrain from laughing and asking Mrs. Judith how she obtained her information, since no person had escaped from this wonderful cave to describe its contents. However, she suppressed the question, and with a composed countenance, listened to the following surprising narration.

"He who is courageous enough to enter the rock, finds himself in a narrow dark passage, and if he carries a light, it is of no avail, for it always expires about ten yards from the mouth of the cave; and the adventurer is left to grope his way along by the walls, which exhale a damp vapor. If his courage does not fail him, he proceeds in this manner for about three hours, when he feels his passage impeded by water; here he naturally hesitates; and while he stands, considering whether he shall endeavour to ford it, or explore his way back, a faint flame rises as it were from the bottom of the pool, and gleaming along the surface discovers a narrow path on one side, which with infinite danger and difficulty he passes. Here the light suddenly rises and goes before him, about the same height from the ground as a lanthorn would be if carried in the hand of a man; indeed it is evidently carried by some invisible being; for although nothing is seen but the flame, the adventurer distinctly hears the sound of other footsteps besides his own, and a continual clanking or jingling rings in his ears. The cause which produces this noise has been the subject of much speculation, and many conjectures have been formed about it; but I shall not take upon me to determine positively which of them is right. I have heard it affirmed that the invisible figure being unquestionably the ghost of Robert de Mowbray, is clad in the very same armour which he wore in his life-time, and which as it moves, produces a clashing sound. Some suppose that the spirit carries a chain ready to bind the unfortunate victim in a *spell of enchantment*. Others believe that a bell is tolled to warn him of his fate. Nor are there wanting those who contend, that what is heard is the tinkling of keys; though here again opinion is divided, for while one party asserts that they are the keys of the cells or dungeons, where persons are kept in a state of enchantment; another maintains them to be those which guard the immense treasure buried in a secret recess of that rock, and which will be the reward of him who is destined to break the *enchantment*. However, be this as it may, the adventure is led on by the jingling sound and the light that accompanies it and in his way he is appalled with the sight of several miserable wretches, who having ventured thither like himself, and being unable to perform the conditions requisite for dissolving the *spell*, are now stretched on couches in a *state of enchantment*. But as yet the weary length of his journey is only commencing, for it is generally believed, that this subterraneous road is extended beneath the foundations of the Picts' wall the whole length to that stupendous boundary, nor does it stop there, but passing under the bed of the Irish sea, terminates in the bowels of the earth below the very heart of Ireland, and here he suddenly finds himself in a small apartment, hung round with black, and paved with jet; in the middle is a table of ebony, on

which a sword and a trumpet are laid; the flame resting on the table, gleams faintly over the room, and a voice is heard, which audibly pronounces these words,

“Bless’d be the day on which thou wast born,  
If thou canst either draw the sword or sound the horn.”

Hitherto, however, no person has been able to do either; the weapon cannot be unsheathed, neither will the trumpet produce any tone; and after three unsuccessful efforts, the unfortunate wretch attempts to retreat; but before he can reach the mouth of the cavern, he is fixed like a statue by the *spell of enchantment*, and is fated to remain in the situation I have described until the charm is finally dissolved.—I flattered myself,” added Mrs. Judith, “that it would be the lot of Ida to break this *enchantment*, and possess himself of the immense wealth which is thus hid in the bowels of the earth; but that unlucky green bed has cut the thread of his good fortune, and I would be the last to advise him ever to enter the cavern, for I am sure he would be *enchanted* there.”

This harangue, delivered with as much gravity of countenance as a judge wears when giving his charge to the jury, yielded little information to Rosetta, who remained as much in the dark as ever concerning the hollow rock, and the figure which entered it; neither could she obtain satisfactory information from any one on the subject; and indeed it was for the present suspended in her mind by the hourly expectation of her father’s arrival. How often did she trip from the hall into the castle yard—how frequently did her light footsteps pace the ramparts, and with what looks of anxious solicitude were her lovely eyes directed over the blue main; yet it was only the dear hope of seeing her beloved and indulgent parent that her heart anticipated with pleasure; from the contemplation of an interview with her mother-in-law, she shrunk with horror and fear.

At length the long-expected bark entered the haven, the governor and his bride landed, and were received with military honors. Major Shipperdson met them at the gate, and conducted them to the governor’s house, where Rosetta, at once overjoyed and agitated, flew to the arms of her father: the fondness with which he pressed her to his paternal breast, and the glow of delight which animated his features, recalled in some degree her spirits, and when he presented her to her new mother, she was sufficiently composed to pay her the respect which was due to the wife of her father; while the countess, embracing her with apparent rapture, called her, her charming daughter.

Mrs. Judith welcomed her new relation with formal politeness, and when they were seated, entertained her alternately with the praises of Rosetta and the history of the enchantment.

The prior now hovered on the brink of existence, but the senior monks left him for a short time to visit the governor on his arrival: he advanced with his bride to receive their blessing; but Rosetta saw with surprize and consternation, that when father Vincent beheld the features of her new parent, his countenance changed to an expression of indescribable horror. The countess, however, neither by word or look, discovered the least knowledge or recollection of father Vincent; and Rosetta, though shocked and terrified by his manner, had no opportunity of requesting an explanation; for the monks were obliged to return almost immediately to their dying superior, who survived the governor’s arrival but two days, and it was some weeks ere Rosetta again saw her preceptor; but she found one source of consolation in the intelligence she received from her father that Lilburne and Ida were both well, and that after assisting at his nuptials, they proceeded on their tour the same day on which himself and the countess left Paris.

This was indeed most soothing intelligence to her, for it seemed to convey a certainty that the emaciated figure she saw amongst the rocks could not be her lover; and by degrees the circumstances faded for the present from her mind.

All the principal families in the neighbourhood visited Tynemouth to congratulate the earl and the countess on their marriage and return. The governor's house became the resort of gaiety and entertainments. Balls and excursions to sea constantly succeeded each other; the fair Rosetta was the queen of every circle; and limited indeed was the admiration which the bride excited, compared to that which every where attended her lovely daughter; while the countess, totally unused to be thus eclipsed, nourished the bitterest envy, the most rancorous hatred, against the sweet unsuspecting girl; and resolved to seize the earliest opportunity of ridding herself of so formidable a rival. The likeliest way that seemed to present itself of doing which, was, by effecting a union between her and O'Bryen, and persuading the earl to send them to reside at Wooler Park. For this, perhaps, another motive besides the superior charms of Rosetta might be alleged. The new countess had resided but a very few weeks at Tynemouth, when the voice of fame began to talk aloud of the great degree of intimacy that appeared to subsist between her and Major Shipperdson. He was her partner in the dance and at cards, and her constant attendant in all her walking, riding, and sailing parties; while Wooler, open and unsuspecting, believed his friend and his wife equally faithful and amiable, gave himself no concern, however frequent and long were their interviews—and was ever happy when her ladyship appeared so. And thus another reason might be adduced why the countess was desirous to forward the interest of the major's nephew. Her consummate art soon enabled her to gain a complete ascendancy over the earl, and she found little difficulty in persuading him to promise the hand of his daughter to O'Bryen. It will be remembered, that he had always been ignorant of the affection which subsisted between Lilburne and Rosetta; but when with surprise and grief she found her father thus persuaded to favor O'Bryen's insolent pretensions, with her accustomed frankness, she acquainted him with the whole affair, and besought him to permit her to await the event of her lover's mysterious behaviour; and either to fulfil her engagements with him, if he claimed her promise, or to retire to a nunnery and take the veil.

The earl listened with a mingled sensation of surprize, pleasure, and grief; most happy would he have been to bestow his daughter on Lilburne, both on account of his own merit and the regard he cherished for his father's memory; but from the events which happened when he watched his arms in the church, and his whole behaviour during the time they remained abroad together; he thought there was little probability of his ever returning to England and claiming Rosetta's promise; yet, unable to support the idea of seeing his beloved child secluded for life in a convent, he tried to compromise matters, by proposing, that if Lilburne returned in a situation to fulfil his engagements, he would retract the word he had given O'Bryen's favor, and consent to their union, on condition Rosetta would agree to marry O'Bryen, if her favored lover resigned his pretensions: but no entreaty could prevail on her to alter her resolution; and she expressed so strong an aversion to O'Bryen, that the earl, who loved her with the fondest affection, and had never been accustomed to oppose even the least of her wishes, gave her the most positive assurance, that she never should be persecuted on the subject.

When the countess understood what turn affairs had taken, she was at once astonished and exasperated to the highest degree; more especially, when she found that her lord adhered to the promise he had given his daughter, with a steadiness rather unusual to him. However, as he had no hesitation in disclosing to her the whole matter concerning Lilburne, she was soon

determined how to act. Rosetta's union with O'Bryen, was ever with her but a secondary consideration, the chief motive that promoted it—indeed her first wish—was to remove a formidable and hated rival, who engaged the homage of every heart around her, and eclipsed her as much in grace and beauty, as in every amiable quality; and since she could not effect this in the way she had at first intended, she resolved to try other methods; and her fertile brain, assisted by her worthy friend the major, soon devised the means, which, as they hoped, would not only seclude Rosetta for the present, but eventually forward the interests of O'Bryen. Nor were their schemes directed against Rosetta alone; Mrs. Cresswell, who could not be blind to what was notorious to the whole garrison—the partiality which the countess manifested for the deputy-governor—lectured her ladyship on the subject, with much freedom and severity; and from that moment was marked out as the victim of her vengeance; for it is certain property of vice, to influence its votaries to detest those who would lead them back to the path of virtue.

The only other events which occurred at this period, worth relating, were the election of a new prior—a man of some talents, subtle, malignant, and the avowed enemy of father Vincent,—and the departure of Elfrida Thornton, on the promised visit to Yorkshire, whither she was escorted by Clifford; who, at her father's request, had obtained leave of absence for the purpose, and was not yet returned. Rosetta thus deprived of her friend's society, passed many melancholy hours: she had, indeed, many causes for unhappiness—she was compelled to witness the distressing certainty, that her father was the dupe of an artful abandoned woman, who had given up every principle of honor and decency, and plunged into a course of guilt, which must lead to the most dreadful consequences. The look of horror, too, with which father Vincent regarded the countess, were never absent from her mind; and the long silence of her brother and Lilburne, from neither of whom any letters had been received since the earl's return, filled the cup of her anxieties and distresses.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

*Newcastle upon Tyne:*  
*Printed by E. Mackenzie, Jun.*

THE  
CASTLE OF TYNEMOUTH.  
A TALE.

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THE  
CASTLE  
OF  
TYNEMOUTH.

A TALE.

BY JANE HARVEY,  
AUTHOR OF WARKFIELD CASTLE, &c. &c.

No air-built castles, and no fairy bowers,  
But thou, fair Tynemouth, and thy well-known towers,  
Now bid th' historic muse explore the maze  
Of long past years, and tales of other days.  
Pride of Northumbria!---from thy crowded port,  
Where Europe's brave commercial sons resort,  
Her boasted mines send forth their sable stores,  
To buy the varied wealth of distant shores.  
Here the tall lighthouse, bold in spiral height,  
Glads with its welcome beam the seaman's sight.  
Here, too, the firm redoubt, the rampart's length,  
The death-fraught cannon, and the bastion's strength,  
Hang frowning o'er the briny deep below,  
To guard the coast against th' invading foe.  
Here health salubrious spreads her balmy wings,  
And woos the sufferer to her saline springs;  
And, here the antiquarian strays around  
The ruin'd abbey, and its sacred ground.

SECOND EDITION.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:  
PRINTED BY ENEAS MACKENZIE, JR.  
129, PILGRIM STREET;  
*And sold by all the Booksellers.*  
1830.

THE  
CASTLE OF TYNEMOUTH.

CHAP. IX.

“Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace.”

THE causes which had for some time prevented father Vincent from visiting his pupil as usual, were now removed, and Rosetta had the pleasure to see him one morning enter the apartment, where she sat at work. His looks were better than the accounts she had lately received of the state of his health led her to expect; and his mild features were illumined by a beam of cheerfulness, from whence Rosetta, without knowing the cause, borrowed a ray to enliven her own. To him she could freely open her whole heart, and every subject on which she had so long and ardently wished to converse with him now rushed to her mind. The look with which he regarded her mother-in-law, the insolent pretensions of O’Bryen, and the ghastly resemblance of Lilburne which she witnessed on the sea-shore, were all matters of the highest importance to be discussed; but the silence of her brother and her lover being the subject nearest her heart, rose first to her lips, and when the customary salutations of the morning had passed, and she had received the holy father’s blessing, she turned the discourse on her absent friends; and inquired whether father Vincent did not think their silence strange and alarming. To her great consolation, he replied in the negative, expressed his conviction that her fears were groundless, and tried to soothe and re-assure her spirits, adding, “I trust that Mitford will return safe and happy, my daughter.”

“Happy!—Oh, father!” re-echoed Rosetta, looking earnestly in his face.

“Yes, my child,” replied the monk—“I trust the evil he dreaded will be averted, but I am not at liberty to say more until I hear from Lilburne.”

The look of cheerfulness that accompanied these words, gave to the harassed heart of Rosetta a degree of comfort to which it had long been a stranger, and with the sanguine spirits of youth, anticipating only happiness, the spectre amongst the rocks vanished from her thoughts; or, perhaps, ashamed to appear superstitious, she resolved not to mention it, at least for the present. But unable to suppress the painful curiosity that was excited in her breast, by the first interview between him and the countess, she resolved to lead to an explanation on the subject, and prefaced it, by relating to her preceptor the measures which had been used to influence the earl in O’Bryen’s favor. Father Vincent listened with attention, and replied by enjoining her to remain faithful to her engagement with Lilburne, and on no account whatever to bestow her hand elsewhere. Rosetta solemnly promised to abide by her vow, and was proceeding to say, “But surely, my father, you have seen the countess”—when the door of the apartment burst open, and lady Wooler herself appeared. The expression of her countenance sufficiently proclaimed that she had been listening to the discourse which had just passed, and casting on the monk a glance of malignant fury, she exclaimed, “Does it become your holy order, father, thus to encourage a child in disobedience to her parents, and teach her to reject the union which their tender care has planned for her?”

The same look of horror again sat on the features of father Vincent, and when the lady

ceased speaking, he replied, in a stern and somewhat agitated voice, "To shun an alliance with guilt and infamy is not disobedience, but duty." He seemed about to say more, but suddenly paused.

"Guilt and infamy!" re-echoed the countess, "really, father, I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning;" and while she spoke, pride struggled with confusion on her countenance.

"Cease to persecute innocence, and repent of your past sins," said the monk, in a solemn and peculiar voice.

The eyes of Lady Wooler flashed with rage, and in a haughty tone, she threatened to complain to the prior of the insolence, as she termed it, with which father Vincent treated her; then commanding her daughter to follow, she was quitting the apartment, when the monk intercepted her passage. Lifting up his cowl, he fixed his eyes steadfastly on hers, and inquired in a voice which no words can do justice to, whether she knew him? The countess regarded him earnestly for a moment, and then, while her countenance changed to an expression of indescribable wildness, she exclaimed in a faltering voice, "Gracious heaven, my lord! is it you?" Then resuming her accustomed haughtiness, she continued, in a low tone, "But I shall not submit to any further insults from you—I have already suffered too many."

"Insults!" reiterated the monk, "darest thou talk of insults, infamous, abandoned wretch? do not my injuries cry aloud to heaven?—where is my?"—Here he suddenly checked himself.

A ghastly paleness again overspread the face of the countess, and father Vincent, waving his hand to Rosetta, bade her retire, and remember what he had said, adding that he would see her again soon. She obeyed with fear and trembling, and the countess attempted to follow her, but was withheld by the monk, who, when Rosetta had quitted the room, forcibly closed the door.

Surprised and affrighted by all she had seen and heard, Rosetta knew not how to act. In the first agitation of her spirits she was going to summon her father, but a moment's reflection told her such a measure would be imprudent; yet scarcely knowing what she did, she wandered out upon the ramparts, where the pleasantness of the day, the cool exhilarating sea-breeze, and, above all, the recollection of what father Vincent had said about Lilburne, soon restored her spirits to their usual tone. The latter source of comfort was indeed almost counterbalanced by the anxiety she could not avoid feeling concerning the scene she had just witnessed between the countess and her preceptor, and revolving them alternately in her mind, she continued to pace the rampart for upwards of half an hour, watching all the while to see father Vincent when he should quit the house; at length he appeared, and waved his hand for her to come to him—she was hastening to obey, when she saw one of the brethren join him; they conversed for a moment, and then father Vincent calling to her, "I shall see you afterwards, dear daughter," they passed on to the cloisters together; and Rosetta somewhat disappointed, turned to pursue her solitary walk, when she beheld Clifford approaching to meet her.

"Mr. Clifford," she exclaimed, "I did not know you had returned from Whitby—I fear you have met with some accident," she added, observing his arm in a sling.

He replied, that owing to the darkness of the preceding night, and the badness of the road near Newcastle, his horse had stumbled, in consequence of which, he received a slight contusion on his arm.

Rosetta expressed her concern, and inquired after their friends in Yorkshire. Clifford gave a good account of them all: but as they traversed the ramparts together, he seemed pensive and abstracted. At length, after apologizing for the liberty he was taking, he cautioned Rosetta to be on her guard against the designs of the countess, who certainly intended to adopt some severe

and decisive measures with respect to her; adding, that he derived his information from the exulting hints which O'Bryen dropped while examining his hurt.

Rosetta thanked him with grateful frankness; but relying on the protection of her father, she smiled at the idea of danger. The hopes which father Vincent had inspired, that Lilburne would one day return, seemed to strengthen and support the natural fortitude of her mind. She was now summoned to attend Mrs. Cresswell, with whom she was engaged abroad for the rest of the day: and their absence afforded ample time to the countess and the major to carry their plans into execution.

The following morning, Lady Wooler entered an apartment where her lord was looking over some papers, and threw herself on a seat in apparent agitation and distress. The earl greatly surprised, flew towards her, and tenderly inquired the occasion of her grief; but instead of replying, she covered her face, and seemed to burst into an agony of tears.

"Narcisse, my beloved Narcisse," cried the earl, "you are ill!—suffer me to call assistance."

"Oh! no, no! I am not ill," sighed out the lady, waving her hand to detain him.—"Oh! my dear lord, it is the dreadful thought of what you will suffer that agitates me thus."

The governor, to whom his children were ever objects of the first consideration, now exclaimed with a trembling voice, and a face pallid with apprehension, "Oh! heavens, my love, have you received letters from France?—Some evil has befallen my son."

"Oh no! I trust not—I hope my dear son will escape the fatal spell," returned the countess.

"Spell! what spell?" reiterated Wooler,— "What agitates you thus, my love?" continued he, taking her hand, "do not torture me with this cruel suspense."

"Oh! Rosetta, Rosetta! my lost, my lovely child," cried the artful Narcisse, in a tone of well-dissembled agony, "My Rosetta!"

"What of my child?" cried the earl in a voice of frenzied anguish, "Gracious heaven! what has happened?—let me know the worst."

"Ah! who knows, who can calculate the worst?" rejoined the countess. "Cruel, guilty wretches, even now their wicked arts may involve us all. Oh! how my heart bleeds for you, my Wooler," cried the syren, throwing her arms round his neck: "Prepare yourself for a heavy stroke—our dear Rosetta, our darling child is—oh heavens! how shall I relate the fatal truth!—she is the suffering victim of sorcery and magic: her fine understanding is gone, and she is now labouring under the most dreadful insanity."

This vile and ridiculous fabrication found ample credit with the easy superstitious Wooler.

"Oh! heavy calamity!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands together, with a look of unspeakable affliction, "what wicked wretch has thus enthralled my innocent child?"

"Oh! how I feel for you, my lord," cried the abandoned woman, whom he had brought into his family thus to be a bane and scourge to it. "Promise me but that you will be calm—that you will exert your fortitude, and not permit your dear health to be injured, by unavailing sorrow, and you shall know all; but why do I talk of patience to others, when every faculty of my own soul is unhinged," continued the artful wretch, assuming a fresh transport of grief.

The unsuspecting and deluded Wooler, embraced and soothed her with the fondest affection.

"Yes, for thy sake, my adored wife!" he exclaimed, "for thy sake I will endeavour to combat my grief, and to support myself under this heavy affliction—then let me hear all, my

love, what yet remains untold of this horrible tale?"

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the countess, "how shall I tell you that Mrs. Cresswell—your relation—she, to whom I have looked up as a mother since my arrival in England—she is the cruel, the wicked sorceress; she—" Here she was interrupted by a natural exclamation of incredulity from the earl; to which, without betraying the slightest change of countenance, she replied, "Ah! my lord, I cannot wonder that you withhold belief; who indeed could have thought such wickedness possible? But the holy prior has discovered all; and I am sorry to inform you further, that your confessor, father Vincent, I think he is called, is also implicated in the crime. It seems they have long carried on their horrid practices with impunity, and that the whole of that mysterious affair concerning young Lilburne, on which your lordship has so often pondered with astonishment, is now discovered to have been their infernal work. But, thank heaven! their guilt is discovered, and their persons secured by the prior's order."

The governor betrayed great emotion: yet, deeming it alike impossible that the prior should be either deceived, or deceiving, he tamely resigned his friends to the fate their supposed crimes merited.

"But what!" he exclaimed, "what could induce Mrs. Cresswell to exercise her wicked spells on my child, whom she has brought up almost from infancy? Who has been accustomed to obey her in all things—and to whom she ever seemed so tenderly attached!"

"Ah!" replied the countess, with quickness, "Ah! my dear Wooler, who shall ascertain the motives of the wicked? When the day of trial arrives, perhaps we may discover more."

"Oh! let me hasten to my suffering child," groaned the earl, "though I cannot relieve, let me at least have the consolation of weeping over her."

"By no means, my dear lord," said Lady Wooler, catching his hand, "I have consulted Mr. O'Bryen, who has already visited the dear patient, and he assures me, that nothing will tend to hurt her health so much as the sight of those she loves; for the restoration of her reason, we must wait patiently until the wicked spell is removed by the pious offices of the holy father and his monks; and in the mean time, let us rather deny ourselves the melancholy consolation of beholding our dear child, than augment her sufferings by our presence. My own woman shall attend her, and you may rest assured, my love, that our dear girl shall receive every attention that can soothe her unhappy situation."

The tender, though weak and easy father, placed the most implicit reliance on her assurances, and went to seek consolation from the prior; while the artful countess, exulting in the success of her guilty plans, hastened to a conference with her dear ally, the major.

Language cannot describe the consternation of Rosetta, when, about to leave her chamber in the morning, she found herself a prisoner, with the door firmly secured. The warning cautions of Clifford rushed to her mind—she well knew to whom she owed her bondage—and was fully sensible of the danger she was exposed to, by being thus in the power of her artful step-mother. Yet conjecture could not assist in forming the most distant idea of the nature of the plot which had been formed against her, but she saw plainly it must be one which effectually imposed upon her father, otherwise the countess would not dare to have recourse to the bold measure of confining her. For a moment she regretted that she had not sought the earl the preceding day, and acquainted him with both the scene which had passed between Lady Wooler and father Vincent, and the hints which Clifford had given her; but reflection soon convinced her, that it were better the earl should hear the sad tale of his wife's unworthiness from any lips than those of his daughter.

She had sat absorbed in deep and painful meditation nearly an hour, when the door opened, and Lisette, the countess' woman, appeared, bringing some milk and biscuit; and Rosetta, as she turned her eyes towards the entrance of the room, saw, with inexpressible horror, that Crapaud, a Frenchman, who also belonged to Lady Wooler's train, stood sentinel there, with a drawn sword in his hand. When the shock of her spirits had in some degree subsided, she turned to Lisette, who was placing the breakfast-table, and demanded, in a firm and dignified tone of voice, What was meant by the treatment she received? But, to her great surprise, the woman persevered in the most profound silence, and when she had adjusted the things she brought, turned to leave the room. Rosetta, on seeing this, attempted to rush past her goalers, but Crapaud seizing her arm with brutal insolence, dragged her back into the apartment, and forcibly closing the door, locked it as before.

Overwhelmed with grief, astonishment, and apprehension, the lovely victim sunk on a seat, and burst into a passion of tears; she called on her father, her brother, Lilburne, and father Vincent, to rescue and protect her; and, for a considerable time, was incapable of reflecting seriously on her situation; at length, however, her agitation exhausted itself, and she gradually became more calm; but though she was enabled to exercise the powers of reason and reflection, they could not assist her in discovering what pretext was made use of, for dooming her to this cruel imprisonment; or what wicked arts had been employed to alienate the heart of her father, and induce him thus to abandon his child. At one moment she thought that the earl had been persuaded by the countess to adopt this measure, in order to terrify her into a marriage with O'Bryen: at another she imagined that she had been accused of some crime, though of what nature she was at a loss to conjecture; nor was it until O'Bryen visited her in the course of the morning that a true suspicion of the countess' wicked plot flashed on her mind; and even then, she comprehended no more than that her father had been deluded into a belief that she laboured under a mental derangement; but of the vile accusations against Mrs. Cresswell and father Vincent she had not the slightest idea.

O'Bryen was accompanied by Lisette, and Crapaud as before stood guard at the entrance, with his unsheathed weapon. The self-conceited practitioner, with an air, half supercilious, and half respectful, advanced to Rosetta, and addressed her with some inquiries; to which she replied in a voice of dignified firmness, "I am perfectly well in health, sir; consequently, no excuse can be drawn from thence, to justify the captivity in which I am held, with the ostensible motive of which, you are, I am convinced, well acquainted; and I now call upon you, as a gentleman, and a man of honour, to declare why I am treated in this manner, secluded from my father and friends, and guarded thus?" by a motion of her hand directing his eyes towards Crapaud.

"Why, my dear madam," said O'Bryen, while an expression of sneering archness sat on his features, "quiet is judged to be absolutely necessary to—to remove—for effecting the restoration of—and aided by the remedies I shall send, will happily restore—" While he spoke he gradually receded towards the door, and, having reached it, abruptly broke off the sentence, and bowing profoundly, retired, followed by the attendants, while the massy key once more sounded on the ear of poor Rosetta.

She was now at no loss to conjecture, that a story of her intellects being deranged had been imposed upon the earl, by her artful mother-in-law; and the sad reflection, that she was now wholly in the power of that abandoned woman, deluged her lovely eyes with floods of bitter anguish.—At length the natural strength of her mind rose superior to her unmerited sufferings, and firmly relying on the goodness of that Power who has promised His all-gracious assistance to

persecuted virtue, she endeavoured to arm herself with fortitude, and to seek for employment and abstraction from sorrow, in the few books which her chamber afforded; feeling it a duty she owed to herself, to guard against the despondency which might reduce her to that state which her enemies had represented her to be suffering under.

Day and weeks wore over in this cheerless solitude; she saw no one but the two French domestics: Lisette constantly bringing her food, and the few articles of dress she needed, and adjusting her dismal apartment; while Crapaud never failed, on these occasions, to guard the entrance. They both steadfastly continued to maintain the most inviolable silence; nor could all the entreaties of Rosetta—all her remonstrances on the subject of her captivity, nor all the inquiries she made after her father, Mrs. Cresswell, and father Vincent, draw from either of them a single sentence.

Whatever degree of fortitude Rosetta was enabled at first to exert, her spirit could not always bear up under the pressure of lengthened calamity. Her health suffered by confinement—her rest was broken—her appetite impaired—and she felt that both her mental and corporeal strength would eventually sink beneath the apparent desertion of every friend, and the oppression she suffered from her cruel persecutors.

Still worse, still more dreadfully distressing, was the situation of poor Mrs. Judith; she was conveyed to a solitary prison on the sea-shore, and a copy of the accusations exhibited against her delivered into her possession, that she might prepare her defence: the very thought of being charged with a crime which, of all others, she detested (for since the first dawn of reason she had lived in perpetual dread of being bewitched), drove her almost to madness, and every nerve tuned to superstition, augmented the horrors of her dungeon; every toad, swelled into an evil spirit—every spider ticked the melancholy death-watch—and every black snail crawled an imp of darkness; and it seemed scarcely possible that she could survive the few weeks which would determine her fate: for the abbot of St. Alban's was shortly expected to visit Tynemouth, and a cause of such magnitude as that in which Mrs. Cresswell was implicated could only be tried before him.

That part of Lady Wooler's intelligence which announced the arrest and imprisonment of father Vincent, was premature, though, at the same time, it proved how far that artful woman was concerned in the vile plot, which, in conjunction with the prior, and the deputy-governor, she had hatched to effect the destruction of those who saw, and condemned their vices.

Father Vincent was indeed accused as an accomplice of Mrs. Cresswell, but either anticipating what he might expect from the power and enmity of the malignant countess, to whom he was now known, or having received a private intimation of the design formed against him, and aware that innocence would afford but an uncertain and precarious defence against the determined malice of his persecutors, he thought proper to fly for sanctuary to the precincts of the shrine of St. Oswin; from whence his enemies did not dare to drag him, without an order from the higher ecclesiastical powers. Short, however, was his continuance there; the very next morning, a report prevailed, that father Vincent was no longer in the church; but opinion was divided as to the means by which he had quitted it. His enemies believed, or affected to believe, that he had wrought his deliverance by the diabolical agency of magic, in the same manner that he and his confederates formerly transported Mitford Lilburne from the same place. While those, who revered the virtues and commiserated the unmerited misfortunes of the worthy monk, though they dared to breathe their suspicions only in whispers, threw the whole odium of his disappearance on the prior and his confederates, who, they doubted not, had secretly put him to

death, conscious of their inability to support the absurd charge they had brought against him, should the affair be brought before a court of justice.

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## CHAP. X.

“All ruin’d and wild is the roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven’s sheltering tree;  
And travell’d by few is the grass-cover’d road;  
Where the hunter of deer, and the warrior trod,  
To his hills that encircle the sea.”

THE medicines which O’Bryen had declared his intention of sending, were brought by Lisette to the fair captive; but she, apprehensive that more might be “meant than met the ear,” destroyed them the moment she was alone. Thus at once leaving her persecutors to suppose she had taken them, and guarding against the consequences which might have ensued had she done so, had any ingredient of a destructive nature been contained in their composition.

One night, about the hour of rest, while Rosetta sat reading by the faint ray of her lamp, she heard the door of her apartment slowly unclosed; she raised her head, expecting to see Lisette; but the visage of the countess, scowling with dark malignity, met her eye; its expression struck horror to her fainting spirit, and she trembled with apprehensions, which yet she struggled to subdue. After the presageful pause of a moment, Lady Wooler said, “Rosetta, I come to offer you the alternative of liberty, or perpetual imprisonment, which last must be your inevitable portion, if you refuse to comply with the conditions I shall propose.”

Here she paused, as if to give Rosetta an opportunity to express her assent; but finding she remained silent, her ladyship resumed, “I shall make the matter short, what I require from you is, your instant, and unconditional promise to marry Mr. O’Bryen.”

To this Rosetta, who felt her spirit rise superior to the tyranny of her mother-in-law, gave a firm and decided negative; declaring, that O’Bryen was the last man in the world she ever would consent to marry; and concluded, by expressing her reliance on heaven, her father, and brother, to protect and deliver her from persecution.

The countess’ large eyes actually glared with passion; and in a voice, rendered almost inarticulate, by the violent transports of her rage, she exclaimed, “Your father—know, he has abandoned you entirely; your brother, I shall take especial care to prevent interfering in your concerns; all your other friends are, or shall be, in my power; and the rest of your life shall be dragged on in a convent in Italy, where tortures await you, of which you cannot even form an idea.—You have done well, indeed, to dispute my commands,” she added, in a tone of ironical fury, “but take the consequence—your time here is very short.”

With these words she rushed from the room, and locking the door, left Rosetta suffering under a degree of anguish which no words can describe. Yet the idea of what her vindictive mother-in-law might inflict on herself, was the least of her apprehensions; her father too surely had withdrawn his affection from his child, and resigned her to the malice of the cruel and artful woman he had made his wife; and Ida, her beloved brother, it was too probable, was also a suffering victim of the tyrannical countess. She passed a night of sleepless inquietude; but determined not to yield to despair, she rose in the morning at her accustomed hour, and busied herself in such little occupations as her prison afforded. In the forenoon, when Lisette came to put the apartment in order, she brought a bundle in her hand, and placed it on a table—Rosetta, supposing it contained some cloaths, took no notice of the circumstance. But she observed that

Lisette watched the motions of Crapaud with unusual solicitude; at length, when his back was turned for a moment, she approached Rosetta, and hastily whispered, "Open that bundle, my lady, the instant we are gone!"

These words, and the manner in which they were spoken, it will readily be imagined, surprised Rosetta, and strongly excited her curiosity; but when she found herself alone, she involuntarily hesitated to gratify it, and indeed it cannot be wondered that her spirits, weakened as they were by confinement, and ill-treatment, anticipated evil in almost every object. At length, she summoned courage to examine the bundle; and, to her inexpressible surprise, found it to contain a rope-ladder, with a written paper affixed to it; this she eagerly seized, and tearing it open, read as follows:

"Let not Lady Rosetta hesitate to use the only means of deliverance that a sincere friend has been able to procure: now is the time to exert that noble courage and fortitude which distinguish her; she will easily discover the proper method by which the ladder may be fastened to some heavy pieces of furniture, and by its assistance, at twelve this night, she may safely descend into the court; where she will find ready to receive her, a friend—a friend who will most cheerfully risk his life in her service; and may heaven bless and guard the enterprise!"

No words can convey an adequate idea of Rosetta's astonishment on reading this note; joy was the natural and predominant feeling of the moment, but it was accompanied by the inquiry of "Who amongst her friends could have contrived this method to effect her deliverance, and have bribed Lisette to convey it to her?" With four persons only could it originate—Mrs. Cresswell, father Vincent, Lilburne, or Ida. Of the events which had happened to the two former, it will be remembered, she was ignorant; and the distance of the two latter from Tynemouth rendering it improbable, and indeed almost impossible, that they could have contrived this plan for her release.—She fixed on father Vincent, in her own mind, as its author. But when the first tumult of joy subsided, she felt some degree of fear pervade her mind; for did there not exist a possibility at least that this was some new scheme of Lady Wooler's to injure her? She carefully examined the note to try if she could trace the hand-writing, but in vain, for it seemed purposely disguised, though evidently that of a man. Yet the question recurred, "If this were really a scheme of the countess' contriving, what end could she purpose to herself by it?" Rosetta could see none; for if, as she supposed, a report of her insanity had been propagated, it surely must be the interest of her oppressors to keep her closely confined and secluded from every human eye. In short, after the most mature deliberation she was capable of bestowing on the subject, her thoughts recurred to father Vincent, as the author of the plan. Though an attempt to escape from the window of the apartment was unquestionably hazardous in the extreme, she resolved to brave its danger; and employed the remainder of the day in contriving the best means of fastening the ladder, which was a less difficult task than she at first imagined, for one end of it was furnished with strong cords of a considerable length, which might easily be fastened to two heavy chairs.

Lisette attended at the dinner hour, but the watchful eyes of Crapaud effectually prevented Rosetta from asking her any questions concerning the person from whom she received the bundle.

The day wore over at last, and was succeeded by a beautiful night. The moon, which now exhibited a full-formed crescent, rode high above the waves, and shed its mild rays on the gothic

towers of the abbey. Rosetta leaned from the window; but the lovely scene failed to tranquillize her mind; a heavy gloom swelled at her heart, and unfitted it for the enterprise she was about to undertake. As the hours wore away, and the appointed one drew nigh, the perturbation of her spirits increased, and she felt her sense of danger augmented. The personal hazard she should encounter both in her descent from the window, and the risk she ran of being discovered, alternately occupied and alarmed her mind, until the clock of the monastery proclaiming the hour of eleven, and the noise made by fastening the gates, warned her that it was time to begin her preparations. First, she fervently implored the protection of heaven, and then proceeded to secure the ladder, though she every moment dreaded being interrupted by a visit from the countess, or some other cause. All however remained still and silent; and having with the utmost strength she could exert, completed her arduous task, she gently opened the casement, and listened with a throbbing heart until every being in the monastery, castle, and governor's house, seemed to have retired to rest. Still she listened with anxious solicitude to catch the first sound which might announce the approach of her promised deliverer; but no footstep was stirring, and she felt chilled by an apprehension that their scheme was discovered and frustrated. Yet such a fear seemed to be entirely groundless, for had the countess been apprised that she possessed the means of escape, she would doubtless have immediately deprived her of them.

At length the bell summoned the monks to midnight prayers, and it now first occurred to Rosetta, that father Vincent would be compelled to attend his duty in the chapel at that very hour; of course it could not be he who had promised to receive her in the court—a fresh tide of uncertainty, doubt, and apprehension, rushed to her mind, but the time for indulging weak terrors was past; either she must resign all hopes of deliverance, or act with courage and decision; deliberation was folly—delay madness; her resolution was taken,—seizing the ladder, she threw it out—recommended herself to the protection of heaven, and instantly springing to the frame of the window, placed her foot on the uppermost step; here she cast a fearful glance on the distance she was from the ground; her whole frame trembled with agitation, and her nerveless hands were scarcely able to grasp the cords. With slow and cautious steps she continued to descend, and had got about half way down, when her foot slipped, and she gave herself up for lost; expecting to be dashed on the pavement below. Her danger and apprehensions, however, were momentary—by a sudden effort of courage, and presence of mind, she recovered herself, and reached the ground, without receiving any other hurt than a slight sprain in one of her wrists.

While she was yet returning thanks to that Power who had preserved her, she beheld the form of a man approaching. The moon-beams were obscured by a projection of the wall, which prevented Rosetta from distinguishing his features; and uncertain whether she beheld a friend or foe, she trembled; but the well-known voice of Clifford, warmly congratulating her on her safety, soon dispelled her fears, though it excited her surprise; for in all her conjectures concerning her unknown friend, he had never once occurred to her thoughts; yet now that the veil was removed, and in Clifford she beheld her deliverer, she involuntarily hesitated to put herself under his protection; and while she faintly articulated his name, she stood for a moment irresolute how to act; while he, taking her hand, with a respectful air, said, “I see Lady Rosetta is surprized, but I dared not sign my name to the note I did myself the honor to address to her, lest any unfortunate chance should discover it to her persecutors. Thank heaven, however, our plan has succeeded thus far—permit me, then, madam, to conduct you to a place of greater safety, where you will be received and protected by sincere friends.—This is no moment for concealment; but I grieve at the necessity which compels me to declare, that the blackest designs are entertained against you

by the countess. Your friend——.”

Here the sound of a footstep made them start, and Clifford instantly hurried his fair companion through a small postern door, which opened on the slope or lawn on the outside of the rampart; while Rosetta, obeying the impulse of the moment, resigned herself to his protection; and as she retreated through the gateway, raised her eyes to the window of her late apartment, and wondered how she had ever acquired courage to descend from it in the manner she had done.—Clifford conducted her cautiously down to the rocks on the sea-shore, and though a thousand questions occurred to Rosetta, the difficulty of the descent precluded all conversation. When they reached the haven, he led her into one of the caverns, where he informed her, that he had a boat in waiting near the rocks, which he had not dared to detain in sight of the castle, lest it might lead to a discovery. To Rosetta’s inquiry, “To what end they were to embark in a boat?” he replied in a low voice, “that to the north of the castle was a subterraneous way, by which they might pass to Hartley, where their friends would meet them; and that the impossibility of escaping undiscovered through the castle gates, compelled them to the necessity of sailing round the point.”

Rosetta, reflecting that his safety as well as her own depended upon their speedily quitting the castle, suppressed the inquiries she was anxious to make concerning her father and brother, and contented herself with expressing her gratitude, for the obligations she owed him, and fears lest his safety should be endangered by his efforts to serve her.

Clifford, in reply, assured her that he ran no risk; then, wrapping her in his military cloak, he seated her on a projection of rock—promised to hasten back with the boat, which, he said, his servant was in charge of; and kissing his hand to Rosetta, who assumed a semblance of cheerfulness that she might not seem ungrateful for his attentions, he flew across the beach, and bounding over the banks on the other side of the haven, he was soon lost to her view.

Left to the indulgence of her own reflections, Rosetta felt that the tranquillity she affected was far from being real; though she highly esteemed Clifford, and had not the slightest reason to imagine she should repent the confidence she reposed in him, still even against her better judgment, her heart revolted against the idea of putting herself under his protection, quitting her father’s roof, and suffering him to lead her she knew not whither; for if any other of her friends were concerned in planning her escape, he had not yet acquainted her with their names. She thought, indeed, he had mentioned father Vincent, but her spirits were so confused, that she could not ascertain whether it were so or not. It was now, however, too late to retreat—she must rely on his honor—and for the present she endeavoured to abstract her mind, and beguile the time till his return, by gazing on the beautiful scene which surrounded her. The tide was retiring, and the ebbing waves, unruffled by the mild western breeze, which seemed to repose in the surrounding caverns, from whence it breathed in soft and hollow murmurs, scarce broke the stillness of night. As the water which covered the weed-clad rocks, gradually shallowed, the moon-beams reflected on its clear surface, produced an effect so surprising and beautiful, that Rosetta, in contemplating it, lost the remembrance of her own sorrows, until the rapid retreat of the waves recalled her mind to the length of Clifford’s stay. She became alarmed and uneasy—she feared he had been discovered—the morning would soon break, and should she be seen by any of the sentinels on duty, what might she not expect from the fury of her vindictive mother-in-law!—Suspense lengthened the lingering minutes—the tide, she saw, was more than half gone back, and she was just endeavouring to acquire courage from despair, that she might calmly endure the worst, when the soft dashing of oars broke upon her ear, and revived her fainting

spirits. The little bark rapidly approached the shore, and Rosetta soon beheld her deliverer at her side. She willingly permitted him to assist her to the boat, where she felt herself compelled again to repress her curiosity, and suspend all inquiry after her friends, the presence of Clifford's servant precluding any particular conversation. Clifford pressed his fair companion to take some wine and biscuit, with a degree of friendly earnestness that could not be resisted; while himself assisted the man in rowing, and by their united exertions, they soon cleared the point, and brought to amongst the rocks, to the north of the castle. Clifford assisted Rosetta on shore, and after spending a moment in giving directions to his servant, who remained behind, he led her forwards to—what words can express her astonishment—to that very cavern where she had once seen, what she then imagined to be the form of Lilburne, vanish; and about which Mrs. Cresswell had told her so many strange stories—she involuntarily shrunk back, and with her eyes asked an explanation of her conductor. He understood their silent eloquence, and replied to it, “Do not be alarmed, dear Lady Rosetta, this is the entrance of the subterraneous passage I mentioned before; believe me, we shall be safe in it—the distance is long, indeed, and I fear you will encounter much fatigue; but it is the only way that could be devised for us to escape.”

Rosetta, to whom the utmost fatigue human nature was capable of enduring was light in comparison to what her tyrannical mother-in-law might inflict, assured her companion, as she followed him into the cavern, that she was prepared to encounter every hardship.—Clifford carried a lamp: the entrance was so low that at first they were compelled to stoop; but as they proceeded onwards the passage became both higher and wider; and, though it was extremely damp, they could now walk with comparative ease, and beguile the way by conversation.

Clifford sought to amuse her, by talking of the ridiculous stories which were circulated concerning the place they were in; little imagining that there existed a reason, why such a subject was painful to Rosetta. But she, shuddering when she thought of the form she had once seen there, and anxious, besides, to ask the questions she had so long suppressed, seized the first momentary pause of discourse, to inquire after her father.

Clifford hesitated a moment, and then replied, “In no instance will I deceive you, lady Rosetta—the earl is at present confined to his room, by a slight attack of the gout.”

Rosetta stopped—“Alas! I fear it is worse,” she exclaimed, “My dear father is very ill!”

Clifford solemnly assured her she knew the worst, and at length succeeded in calming her apprehensions; but she could not repress her tears, which for some time prevented her utterance, and made her indifferent to the difficulties of the passage, which was again become very strait and uneven. When she was sufficiently composed to renew the conversation, she inquired, “whether any letters had yet arrived from her brother?” Lilburne, she could not bring herself to name; though when Clifford mentioned Hartley, she had indulged a faint hope, that he might possibly be there, his seat being in that neighbourhood.

Clifford replied in the negative. But when Rosetta expressed the apprehensions she could not conceal, he sought to dissipate them, by hinting his belief, that the dispatches had been intercepted by the countess.

“But be assured, madam,” he continued, “your friends wait but till you are in a place of safety, to undeceive your father—to convince him of the unworthiness of the woman he has made his wife—and to prevent her from further injuring his connections. If you will permit me,” he added, “I will detail several late events, which have come to my knowledge, with most of which I believe you are unacquainted.”

She begged him to proceed, but the circumstances having been related already, it is only

necessary to observe, that Rosetta was keenly pained by the dreadful situation in which her respectable relative Mrs. Cresswell, was placed by the malice of the countess.

Rosetta had followed her conductor without once complaining of fatigue, but the passage now became extremely narrow, with a descent so steep, that it was difficult, and even dangerous, to go on; suddenly it branched out into two different paths, and Clifford declared himself at a loss which to pursue.

"I hoped, ere now, to have met a guide," said he; "surely he cannot be long in joining us—if you please, lady Rosetta, we will rest here a short time, and wait his coming."

Rosetta, who felt extremely wearied, gladly assented; only expressing a fear lest delay might expose them to danger, should they be pursued. But Clifford seemed perfectly assured of their safety.

The place affording no opportunity of seating themselves, they were compelled to lean against the wall; and in this situation Clifford resumed the thread of his late discourse, and was proceeding to speak of father Vincent, when they distinctly heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

"It is our guide, I hope," said Clifford; but the heart of Rosetta died within her, for she now plainly distinguished voices, and was certain they came in the direction they had already passed,—not from either of the passages before them. Clifford now started, listened, and placed his hand on his sword. Several persons, it was evident, were advancing fast, and in another moment the glare of lamps broke through the gloom.

"Oh! oh! there are the fugitives just before us, upon my honor," exclaimed a voice, which Rosetta instantly knew for that of the detested O'Bryen.

"Gracious heaven protect me!" she wildly shrieked, and darting forwards, regardless whither. She flew along the passage to the right; but here an object infinitely more appalling than the countess herself met the eye of the agitated maid. The figure she had once before seen enter the rock—the supposed shade of Lilburne appeared before her—the sight was momentary, but the effect it produced, combining with the certainty of being again in the power of her mother-in-law was such as might be expected; and with a wild shriek, she fell senseless to the earth.

Meanwhile, Clifford determined to protect Rosetta with his life, placed himself in the entrance of the narrow path she had taken, and drew his sword to oppose whoever should presume to follow her.

The pursuing party consisted of the countess, Shipperdson, O'Bryen, Crapaud, and two soldiers, in one of whom Clifford recognized his servant, with whom he had parted at the mouth of the cavern, and on whose fidelity he would have staked his life. He was now too fatally convinced he had betrayed him, but the present was no moment for reflection—Shipperdson advanced, and called to the soldiers to seize the traitor, for so he termed Clifford; who, regardless that he forfeited his life, by lifting his arm against a superior officer, made a furious pass at the major, and wounded him in the arm.

Alas! the unfortunate youth was soon overpowered by numbers, and secured: not, however, until he had sheathed his sword in the heart of the villain who betrayed him; and received the weapon of Crapaud in his own bosom.

The countess, wholly unmindful of this scene of blood, which was in reality her own work, had pursued the path taken by Rosetta, and was feasting her diabolical revenge by contemplating the lovely inanimate form which lay stretched before her, when she was joined by her detestable accomplices. They soon bore the insensible Rosetta and the bleeding Clifford back

to the castle. Shipperdson all the way vowing revenge on the latter for the wound he had given him.

Poor Clifford was conveyed to prison, and Rosetta to her former apartment. But, before she reached it, her senses were restored to the exquisite misery of her situation, and to the certainty that Clifford was wounded, perhaps mortally, in her defence—that she was again enslaved by her cruel persecutor, without even the remotest chance of deliverance—that the life of Mrs. Cresswell, and too probably that of Ida also, was in the power of the same malignant being—that her father was suffering under a painful illness—and, oh! heaviest stroke of all!—that Lilburne was no more, for she had certainly twice seen his departed spirit.—She sunk beneath such accumulated misery, and a raging fever reduced her, in three days, past all hope of recovery.

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## CHAP. XI.

“Ah scenes beloved! as memory you unlock,  
Then rise the visions of my early days,  
When the wet weed torn from its native rock,  
I valu'd higher than the poet's bays:  
And as the landscape met my ardent gaze,  
Sky, earth, and waters, all had charms for me;  
Hope had not taught me yet to tune my lays,  
Nor at the muse's shrine to bend the knee,  
And all was peaceful calm, like summer's even sea.”

THE day after that on which the events recorded in the preceding chapter took place, the prior of St. Albans arrived at Tynemouth; his stay was limited to three days, the last of which was appointed for the important trial of Mrs. Cresswell. At eight in the morning the solemn court met, in the great hall of the monastery, where the proud abbot sat pre-eminent on a raised seat, resembling a throne; on his right hand was a vacant place for the governor of the castle, who was too ill, and perhaps too much affected to attend; on his left was the prior of Tynemouth, and next to him was seated the *worthy* deputy-governor; on the other side, below the governor's chair, were benches for the brethren of the convent; and the persons belonging the abbot's train, the officers of the garrison, and the neighbouring gentlemen had proper places assigned to them.

When every punctilio of monkish pomp and conventual ceremony had been observed, the prisoner was brought to the bar. Poor Judith! worn almost to a shadow by confinement, anxiety, and the deprivations of all those little comforts she had been accustomed to through life, appeared an object that might have excited compassion in the breast of a savage, but her cruel persecutors and bigotted judges beheld her grief-worn countenance without the slightest emotion of pity; while the malignant countess sat during the trial, in a latticed box, and glutted her thirst of vengeance with the misery of her victim.

But though the person of Judith sufficiently proclaimed her sufferings, her manners had lost nothing of their dignified stateliness and formality; she curtsied respectfully to the court, and kneeled down before the abbot's throne while the indictment or accusation was read, which was in substance as follows:

“Whereas Judith Cresswell, spinster, being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, hath, in conjunction with a monk commonly known and distinguished by the name or appellation of father Vincent,—with Deborah Sabourne widow; and with certain other persons, leagued and combined with wicked, accursed, and infernal spirits to practise the diabolical, detestable, and impious arts of incantation, sorcery, witchcraft, and magic, to the great injury, hurt, and annoyance of all true catholics; particularly upon or about the third day of September, in the year of our Lord 1492, the said Judith Cresswell, wilfully, maliciously, and diabolically, by the power, agency, and influence of her spells and incantations, did raise, or cause to be raised a terrible storm, with the design and intention of drowning Rosetta de Norton, (commonly called Lady Rosetta) Mitford Lilburne, and divers other persons, who were then at sea in an open boat. Moreover, upon or about the thirteenth day of the said month of September, in the said year, the said Judith Cresswell, her abettors, or accomplices, did wilfully, &c. by the power, &c. convey

the before named Mitford Lilburne from the church of St. Oswin, at Tynemouth, in the county of Northumberland, when and where he was watching his arms; yea, the said Judith Cresswell, her abettors or accomplices practised spells, charms, witcheries, or enchantments, so as to spell-bind, charm, bewitch, or enchant the said Mitford Lilburne, to the great hurt and prejudice of his reason; and manifest peril and hazard of his precious soul. Moreover, the said Judith Cresswell, did upon or about the twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord 1493, wilfully, &c. apply, or cause to be applied, to the soles of the feet of the late holy father, Roger Smallpage, late prior of the monastery of Tynemouth, aforesaid, certain cataplasms or plaisters, which there is great reason to suspect, hastened the death of the said holy father. Moreover, the said Judith Cresswell, her abettors or accomplices, upon or about the twelfth day of August, in the aforesaid year, did wilfully, &c. bewitch and enchant the afore-named Rosetta de Norton, so as to destroy her intellects, and reduce her to a state of insanity. Moreover, the said Judith Cresswell, upon or about the fifteenth day of the said month of August, in the said year, did, by the power, agency, and influence of sorcery and witchcraft, secretly convey the afore-named father Vincent from the afore-named church of St. Oswin, yea, and has ever since rendered him invisible, to screen him from the punishment due to his wicked and diabolical deeds. Furthermore, the said Judith Cresswell, her abettors and accomplices, to the great annoyance of his majesty's liege subjects, belonging to, and residing in the afore-named county of Northumberland, charmed, fascinated, bewitched, spellbound, and enchanted the animals, within ten miles round the place of their residence.

“Of all which evil, wicked, and infernal practices, the said Judith Cresswell is, and stands accused, and is now summoned to answer all, and every the premises, before the lord abbot of St. Albans, in the county of Herts, who by virtue of his jurisdiction over the monastery of Tynemouth, its royalties, manors, villas, lands, and tenements, now holds his court in the same monastery; that the truth may be made manifest to the said lord abbot, and the prisoner be condemned or quitted as justice demands.”

Great art was used by the monks, especially the prior of Tynemouth, to induce the prisoner to plead guilty to the indictment, but she stedfastly asserted her innocence, and at length was allowed to plead—not guilty.

After the charge was read, she rose from her knees, and by the abbot's express command, was accommodated with a seat.

The witnesses for the prosecution were then called. Several officers and soldiers belonging to the garrison, corroborated the testimony of each other with regard to the facts of the storm, and the disappearing of Lilburne from the church.—But the most material witnesses were O'Bryen, Crapaud, and two farmers of the names of Pringle and Smart, both of whom resided in the neighbourhood of Tynemouth.

O'Bryen, positively, and without hesitation, deposed, that Lady Rosetta laboured under the highest degree of mental derangement; and affirmed that he received the cataplasms from the prisoner at the bar.

Crapaud corroborated his evidence respecting Rosetta's madness; and affirmed that he had seen the prisoner wander amongst the graves in the church-yard, at four o'clock one rainy morning, as he firmly believed, for the purpose of collecting remnants of coffins, bones, and other relics to use in her spells, charms, and incantations.

The evidence of Pringle, accused the prisoner with bewitching his cows, so as to prevent them from giving milk; with affixing a charm on his hens, to hinder them from laying eggs; with

twisting the manes of his horses, so that it was impossible to disentangle them; and finally affirmed, that he had seen her ride through the air on a broom-stick!

Smart deposed to the same effect, with this delectable addition—That as he was returning from market, the prisoner jumped from her broom, and placed herself behind him on his horse!

To all this, was subjoined the depositions of some of the monks, who spoke to the fact of father Vincent having disappeared from the church. But this, like many other matters contained in the indictment, when mentioned as the act of the prisoner, was mere assertion without proof.

The illness of the governor was a circumstance which it will perhaps be wondered, should not have been charged on the unfortunate Judith, by her enemies; the truth was, the countess had artfully endeavoured to persuade her husband, that his indisposition was caused by Judith's spells, but he constantly replied, "No, I am convinced it is not so; my gout was brought on entirely by fretting about my children. Do not, therefore, make that any part of the charge, for I should be as wicked as herself, if I accused her with a crime of which she is innocent."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution being closed, the prisoner was ordered to proceed with her defence. She held a written paper in her hand, which with a firm and collected voice, she read to the court. It began with positively denying the charge, and then proceeded to the following effect.

"Surely, holy fathers, the tender affection I have ever manifested for Rosetta de Norton, is a sufficient refutation of the accusation; for can it be supposed, nay, is it indeed possible, that I should endeavour to destroy first the life, and afterwards the intellects of a young person whom I brought up from infancy, and who was ever regarded by me as a daughter; for that such was the light in which I considered her, I shall bring many respectable witnesses to prove. So far from having been concerned in raising the storm, I do declare, and the Earl of Wooler himself can testify, that I warned Mr. Lilburne we were going to have bad weather, and showed him the quantity of soot which had fallen from the chimney. I often advised him, also, not to sleep in the room where his father died, which, as is well known, is haunted: but he would listen to no persuasions; and therefore what befel him in the church was no more than might be expected; for I am certain it was the ghost's doing.

"With regard to the cataplasms, I readily admit that I prepared them, but I solemnly declare they contained no hurtful ingredient, for I stirred the composition with the third finger of my left hand, to which, as you well know, holy fathers, nothing of a bad or malignant nature will adhere; but if my skill was not to be trusted, if I was suspected of the crime I am now charged with, why, let me ask, did Mr. O'Bryen allow the application of any preparation of mine?

"Further, with regard to what has been deposed by the witness Crapaud, about my wandering in the church-yard, I allow that I did go there at the time he mentions, but I solemnly declare it was for the purpose of procuring some rain water, from a grave-stone, to take a wart off my hand. It is hard, very hard, that I should be charged with a crime which I abhor; so far from practising sorcery, I have taken every possible care to prevent its being exercised on myself, by sleeping in a bed made of rown-tree wood, and having a horse-shoe nailed on the threshold of my door. I have worn a diamond ring, not, I solemnly declare, from vanity, but to guard me against the power of witchcraft; and now, when I have reached my grand climacteric with a fair character, how unfortunate am I, to fall under so vile a suspicion, but misfortunes never come single, for the first person I met last new-year's day was lean and meagre, and my servant was so careless, as to suffer some yarn to remain on the reel on Good Friday.

"Holy fathers, I have nothing more to offer. I have enemies, I know it—I have blamed

their vices freely, and I find the truth is not to be spoken at all times. I once more solemnly declare I am innocent of all that is laid to my charge, but I must take my lot as it falls out."

The witnesses in favor of the prisoner were now examined. Several persons from the neighbourhood of Wooler Park, concurred in giving her a most excellent character, and bore testimony to the great affection she had ever manifested for Rosetta. But the most material evidence was that of Mr. Thornton, who affirmed, positively, that the prisoner was neither directly, nor indirectly concerned in the mysterious affair of Lilburne's disappearance.

When the court questioned him whether his information on this subject came immediately from Lilburne himself, he acknowledged it did not, but from a person of unimpeachable veracity, who was acquainted with the real facts.

Various methods of persuasion, and even threats, were employed to induce him to name this person, but to no purpose; he adhered, without variation, to the evidence he had given; but could not be persuaded to say, whether or not he knew by what means Lilburne had been conveyed from the church.

The accusation, defence, and evidence, were now completely gone through, and the matter rested just where it was. Some of the facts stated in the indictment were proved to have occurred, but that they were the acts of the prisoner remained as uncertain as ever.

Reason and common sense, indeed, would, without hesitation, have acquitted, but superstition and bigotry, were more inclined to condemn her. One circumstance very much against her was, that no attempt had ever been made by either the prisoner, or her witnesses, to disprove her connection with Sabourne, the witch of Cullercoats; who, it appeared, was now dead. But the fact was, Judith really had consulted this old sybil, at the time Rosetta was exposed to the storm, but she did not dare to acknowledge this before her judges; for to own that she had dealt with a sorceress, on any occasion whatever, would have been to put a formidable weapon into the hands of her enemies to employ against herself. She therefore suffered this part of the indictment to pass without animadversion, and contented herself with counterbalancing it, by the shrewd observation concerning O'Bryen and the cataplasms, a circumstance which certainly had great weight in her favor; added to which, the affection, which beyond doubt, she had always cherished for Rosetta, so far weakened the testimony against her in the mind of the abbot, that he refused to pronounce a positive sentence, until she should have undergone the trial by ordeal. The consciousness of innocence, the dread of death, or the hope of escaping from it, could scarce reconcile the poor unfortunate Judith to this dreadful trial; which was no other than being thrown into the sea, in which should she sink, her innocence would be made manifest; should she swim, her guilt would be considered as certain. The ceremony was to be performed at a time when the water was tolerably shallow, and boats were to attend, that in either case, she might not meet death before her time.

Vain were her tears and groans, her weeping, wailing, and supplications, for mercy. From the abbot's imperial, or rather imperious mandate, there was no appeal; and she had no alternative, but to declare herself guilty of the crime laid to her charge, and thus doom herself to certain death, or to embrace this chance of deliverance.

She did not indeed doubt, that her innocence would be proved by this method, for she firmly believed that the ordeal was an infallible means of ascertaining truth and falsehood; but still it was a trial, from which any one might well shrink appalled. However, as she could not avoid it, she endeavoured to arm herself with fortitude; and comforting herself with the reflection that "matters were never so bad but they might be worse," she permitted the monks to conduct

her to the church, and to proceed in the ceremonies which were judged requisite to prepare her for the severe trial she must undergo.

At length when the water was found to be sufficiently low, she was led to a rock which overhung the sea, and precipitated from thence, amid the concert produced by her own cries and supplications, and the compassionating groans of a numerous assemblage of spectators.—Alas! ill-starred Judith!—doomed to be in every thing unfortunate, she rode on the waves like a Thetis or an Amphitrite, and the soft moans of pity were changed into exclamations of “Guilty, guilty! detestable witch!”

The poor sufferer was then dragged into one of the boats, and conducted to land, where she was cheered by the hisses of the surrounding multitude.

As no doubt could now be entertained of her guilt, she was conveyed back to the hall of justice, where the abbot pronounced sentence:—

“That the prisoner, Judith Cresswell, convicted of sorcery, and witchcraft, should be tied to a stake, and burned with fire, until her body was consumed; after which her ashes should be collected and thrown into the sea.”

The prisoner, who made strong asseverations of innocence and earnest supplications for mercy, which were both disregarded, was conveyed back to her cell.

The time and place of execution had been left to the appointment of the prior of Tynemouth, who commanded that it should take place on the fifth of next month, at twelve at noon, in a field behind the village.

O! direful sentence, from which there was no appeal! in a few short days, poor Judith must perish in the burning pile, unless she could

“—————In flame,  
Mount up, and take a salamander’s name.”

Clifford, whose wound did not prove mortal, was another victim pursued to destruction by the guilty countess, and her artful paramour. He was charged with assaulting and wounding his superior officer; for which offence he was tried by a military tribunal, which Shipperdson took care should be composed of officers devoted entirely to his service. It is not necessary to go into detail,—the charge was substantiated by sufficient evidence, and the court sentenced the unfortunate youth to be shot on the day preceding that appointed for the execution of poor Mrs. Cresswell.

Mr. Thornton made every effort in his power to save his adopted son, but in vain; he could not succeed in obtaining a revocation of the sentence. Nor was this the only affliction the poor old man had to struggle with.—About this time he received a letter from Mr. Moorsom, containing the agonizing intelligence, that his child, his beloved Elfrida, had been seized, and carried off by ruffians while walking in a wood near Mr. Moorsom’s country house; and all endeavours to trace them, or procure any intelligence of her had proved abortive. The wretched parent was overwhelmed with despair; his dear Clifford could no longer assist him, nor did he know what steps to pursue, or on whom to fix suspicion. It would perhaps have fallen on Shipperdson, but he had never once quitted his post since Elfrida’s departure for Yorkshire; and his intimacy with the countess of Wooler being now generally known, seemed to preclude all idea that he had any share in the transaction.

Poor unhappy Thornton! his infirmities rendered it impossible for him to go himself in

search of his lost child; and to whom could he delegate such a task. Alas! he could only resign himself to grief and despair, which soon brought him to the brink of the grave.

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## CHAP. XII.

“I do love those ancient ruins:  
We never tread upon them but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history;  
And questionless here in the open court,  
Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather, some men lie interred  
Lov’d the church so well, and gave so largely to ‘t,  
They thought it should have canopied their bones  
Till Doomsday; but all things have their end,  
Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)  
Must have like death that we have.”

IT has already been said, that Lord Ida and his friend Lilburne left Paris the same day on which the earl and countess of Wooler quitted that city on their way to England.

The earl had previously marked out a route for the young travellers to pursue: they were to travel on in a direct road to Lyons, stopping at every place which contained any thing worth their notice; after a short stay in that celebrated city, they were to proceed to Geneva, and from thence, either go to Italy, or return through Switzerland and Germany to Flanders, as choice might direct. To this arrangement the lively Ida made no objection; and though he assisted with some reluctance, and a heavy heart at his father’s nuptials; he looked forwards to pleasure and happiness in the tour he was about to make.

Lilburne tacitly agreed to all that was proposed; at least he made no opposition; he was become, if possible, more melancholy than ever, and seemed so abstracted, that he scarce ever noticed what was passing around him. The night previous to their departure, at the hour of rest, he followed Ida to his apartment, and having fastened the door, said in a low, but impressive voice, “Norton, I have something to propose to you, but I must first receive your solemn promise not to disclose to any one what I shall say.”

Ida, who now expected to hear the long concealed secret, readily gave him the assurance he desired, and Lilburne resumed, “I cannot proceed immediately to Lyons; business of an indispensable, a sacred nature calls me into Normandy. I shall first go to Rouen, and there wait for letters from England—I expect they will be decisive, and either restore me to peace or consign me to everlasting misery.”

In pronouncing these words, he was strongly and evidently agitated; his friend, exceedingly surprised, was about to speak, but he prevented him by saying, “Will you, then, go with me to Rouen, or pursue your journey alone? If you go with me, I give you my word, that when my fate shall be decided, I will accompany you to Lyons; and perhaps further, but at any rate, your father must leave Paris in the belief that we shall immediately pursue the route he has chosen for us.”

This was by no means agreeable to Ida, who felt repugnant at the idea of deceiving the earl: to do so seemed also very unlike the character of Lilburne, and after a few minutes of silent deliberation, he remonstrated with him on the subject, but to no effect; Lilburne persisted in making a secret journey to Normandy; and Ida, who could not suffer him to travel alone, in his

present dejected state, was at length compelled to promise, that he would accompany him, and preserve an inviolable secrecy.

Within an hour after the departure of the earl and his bride, the two friends left Paris and proceeded to Rouen, which they reached early on the second day. Lilburne thinking the town too public for concealment, and wishing to be nearer the sea-coast, they removed to a small sea-port, on the shore of the English channel, where they took up their abode at an obscure inn, passing for English merchants, waiting for letters from their correspondents at home.

Comfortless in the extreme was the situation of poor Ida in this solitary place, which afforded no society to beguile his hours—no objects to interest curiosity, or engage attention; and Lilburne, for whose sake he had deviated from the plan laid down for him by his father, continued a prey to secret anguish, passing his time in wandering about the sea-shore, sometimes for hours together, alone, and unattended.

The house where they had fixed themselves was not much frequented by company, consequently they ran little hazard of being discovered, and were in general very quiet.

But sometimes of a night, Lilburne, whose agitation of mind frequently precluded rest, heard unusual noises, which he was convinced proceeded from below stairs; but engrossed by reflections of his own, he never noticed the circumstance beyond the passing moment, until one night, when the noises were so loud as to waken Ida, and induce them both to listen. The sounds were accompanied by a confused murmur of voices, but they could distinguish nothing plainly; yet it seemed evident that all the persons belonging to the house were up, and busily employed. It was near midnight, but the moon, now ten days old, afforded sufficient light to distinguish objects. Ida went to the window, and clearly perceived two persons advancing towards the house, carrying large packages, while some one in the door-way repeatedly urged them to make haste.

It was evident the master of the house was connected with a gang of banditti; and though the principles and practices of their host were matters which apparently concerned them very little, they could not help feeling some uneasy apprehensions, from a conviction, that should this nefarious trade be discovered, themselves would be suspected, and secured as accomplices, and perhaps might find it difficult to extricate themselves from so disagreeable an affair.

How ready do we find arguments to support or oppose what suits with, or thwarts our inclinations!

Lilburne and Ida were equally sensible of the hazard they incurred by continuing in their present abode; but while the latter magnified the danger, from a wish to quit Normandy, and pursue their tour; the former, who was firmly resolved to remain where he was during the present distressing uncertainty of his affairs, sedulously endeavoured to conceal his own fears, and combat those of his friend.

Week after week now wore over in dull uniformity. The motive which detained Lilburne at this place avowedly was to wait for letters; from whence Ida inferred, that some person in England—most probably father Vincent—was entirely in his confidence; for if this person, whether he were father Vincent or not, had engaged to transmit communications to Normandy, it followed of course, that the journey hither must have been a long premeditated scheme. To question Lilburne on the subject, was of no avail, and the wind being adverse to the arrival of ships from England, poor Ida's patience was nearly exhausted, and he had almost made up his own mind to break his promise, and write to father Vincent on the subject of their situation, when the wind suddenly changed to the north-west, and he determined to wait at least a few days longer—these few days determined their fate for ever.

Lilburne now watched with the most anxious solicitude every vessel that entered the harbour, but though several of them came from his native country, they brought no letters for him.

One evening, a heavy fall of rain compelled him to relinquish his unsuccessful inquiries, and retire to his lodgings somewhat earlier than usual. He was more than ever dejected, and out of spirits—refused all sustenance at the supper hour—and retired with his companion to their apartment. Lilburne, throwing himself on a chair, sat apparently lost in thought; and Ida, after reading a short time, was preparing to retire to rest, when some one knocked at their chamber door. Ida immediately opened it, and beheld the landlord, who put into his hand a packet of letters, saying, the sailor who brought it was waiting below.

Lilburne now rushed forward, and with that degree of strange impetuosity, which was so unlike his former manner, but was now become usual with him, snatched the packet from Ida, but not before the latter had seen that it was directed for Mr. Bradford, the name Lilburne had assumed; a circumstance which confirmed, beyond doubt, the opinion he before entertained, that their present disguise and concealment had long been resolved on by his incomprehensible friend; but for what reason, he was totally at a loss to conjecture. Finding Lilburne too eager to examine the contents of his dispatches, to even think of the messenger, he followed the landlord down stairs, and sent the man away amply satisfied with his bounty.

How great was his surprise, on re-entering the room, to find Lilburne on his knees, with an open letter in his hand, and eyes raised to heaven, in an apparent extasy of devotion!

The moment he perceived Ida, he started up, and clasping her to his breast, exclaimed, “Oh! Norton, I am now happy! Heaven, in its mercy, has averted the dreadful evil with which my own rashness threatened to overwhelm me.”

Ida returned his embrace, and assuring him he sincerely participated in his joy, entreated him to compose himself.

His agitation soon subsided in such a degree, as enabled him to reply to Ida’s inquiring looks. “I will no longer have any concealments from you, my dearest friend,” he said—“Norton, I may now look forward to hope and happiness with your angelic sister. But you shall instantly know all, and you will cease to wonder at the seeming madness and inconsistency of my conduct.”

Then having replenished their light, he seated himself near his friend, and began his eventful narrative in the following words:

“I shall be as brief as possible, my dear Norton, for I have much to relate, and little time for the relation. You will remember the night on which I watched my arms in the church of St. Oswin—Oh! Norton, if ever a human being was perfectly easy, contented, and happy, I was so at the moment I entered the sacred edifice. In the confession I that day made, I reviewed all the transactions of my life, and could acquit myself of having ever, by word or act, injured a fellow-creature; I was at peace with the whole world, and I could cherish the dear hope of possessing some interest in the breast of my adored Rosetta; such Norton was the state of my mind. Ah! gracious heaven!—what must ever be my sensations, when I think of the fatal minute that destroyed it—which—.”

Here his emotions became so violent, that he suddenly broke off the sentence. Ida listened in trembling expectation, and Lilburne at length resumed, “Several hours passed away in uninterrupted silence. It was near one in the morning, and the monks had returned to their cells after midnight prayers, when as I traversed the aisle, a strange sound, or rather noise, seemed to

issue from the pavement immediately beneath my feet. I involuntarily receded backwards, but had scarce retreated three steps, when one of the flags on which the light of the tapers fell with strong rays, was lifted up, and I beheld the figure of—.”

While the last word still trembled on the lips of the narrator, the piercing accents of distress, uttered by a female voice, reached the apartment where they sat.

Both started, and listened—the cries were repeated, and it was now evident they came from below stairs.

Lilburne, who was nearest the door, instantly rushed out, followed by his friend, and descending to the bar, or rather kitchen, (for it served both purposes) they found it filled with fierce looking men, who, it instantly occurred to them, were part of the banditti with whom their landlord was certainly connected. Here Lilburne’s attention was soon attracted by the object whose cries had drawn him hither. A very elegant woman, apparently near forty, was struggling in the arms of one of those savages, who with the most brutal rudeness, was attempting to tear a valuable necklace from her neck. While Lilburne sternly demanded the instant release of the lady from the fellow who held her, Ida was engaged in stopping the progress of two others of the ruffians, who were conveying from the room the inanimate form of a lovely girl of sixteen or seventeen.

The banditti were, as will readily be imagined, by no means disposed to obey commands, which required them to release and desist from persecuting their fair captives; and relying on the superiority of their numbers, for they were six, exclusive of the landlord, they prepared to resent and resist the interference of the two Englishmen.

The man whom Lilburne addressed himself to, was captain or chief of the gang, and equally remarkable for his gigantic stature, prodigious strength, and dissolute principles; he indeed quitted his hold of the lady, but it was only for the purpose of drawing his hanger and assaulting Lilburne, who parried and returned the attack, perhaps with less force, but certainly with superior dexterity.

The lady, exhausted with terror and struggling, now sunk fainting to the floor.

Ida, who as has already been observed, was engaged with two of the wretches, had received a cut in his arm, and his friend, who with incredible courage and skill had defended himself against the attacks of the gigantic Gaul, his accomplice the vile landlord, and four of the banditti, was at length overpowered by numbers, and disarmed, when the officers of justice, who had long been in pursuit of this nefarious gang, rushed into the house: they were aided by an officer and a small detachment of soldiers, from a fort in the neighbourhood, and after a desperate resistance, succeeded in subduing and securing them; but alas! not until the ferocious chief had sheathed his weapon in Lilburne’s manly breast.

The landlord being secured with his accomplices, the house was left without any ostensible master; but as neither Lilburne nor the elder lady, who was alarmingly ill, (from the effects of terror and fatigue) could be removed, the officer who commanded the detachment, with equal politeness and humanity, engaged the women servants who belonged to the house, to remain there, and left two of his men, at once for the security and assistance of the invalids.

Ida whose wound was so slight, that it was not likely to be attended with any serious consequences, was distressed with apprehensions that those of Lilburne would prove mortal; however he thought it expedient to inform the French officer who they really were, and to relate to him so much of the history of his unfortunate friend as was sufficient to account for their being in that place.

The gentleman in reply, assured him, that it would be equally his duty and pleasure to show them every attention in his power; for that, having been wounded in defence of the laws of France, they were unquestionably entitled to every kind of protection those laws could afford.

Ida made a suitable return to this politeness, and having seen one of the soldiers dispatched for a surgeon, he turned his attention to the two ladies, and learning that the younger was perfectly recovered from her swoon, himself and the officer requested permission to inquire personally after her health. They were instantly admitted to the presence of one of the most beautiful and interesting females Ida had ever beheld.

She received their compliments with diffident sweetness, and gracefully expressed her thanks for the aid they had afforded to herself and her dear protectress, as she termed the other lady.

The French gentleman, whose name was Fleurier, more accustomed to converse with the ladies, and perhaps less struck with this lovely girl than was Ida, inquired, or rather hinted a wish of knowing who he had the happiness of addressing.

The young lady blushed, and hesitated at this question; and at length, without directly replying to it, she said, that the lady she travelled with was Madame de Montandre, who resided in a chateau between Vernon and Rouen. That they had that evening reached the little town they were now in with the intention of embarking in the first vessel that should sail for England; when the chief of these villains, under the pretence that he was the captain of a ship bound for that country, brought them to this house, most probably for the purpose of putting them to death, that he might possess himself of their effects, and of the valuable jewels worn by Madame de Montandre.

Fleurier expressed his intention of bringing the offenders to condign punishment; and then enquired whether Madame Montandre had any relatives to whom he might have the happiness of announcing her safety.

The young lady hesitated some time, as before, and then, after thanking Fleurier for his attentions, she said that Madame Montandre's only son was then abroad, and that there was no other person with whom Madame was so nearly connected as to render such trouble on the part of M. Fleurier at all necessary.

Ida concluded in his own mind, that the son of Madame Montandre was this young lady's lover, a supposition in which he was confirmed by the hesitation and embarrassment with which she mentioned him.

The arrival of the surgeon being now announced, the gentlemen took leave, and repaired to the apartment whither Lilburne had been carried; who, having remained so long without any application powerful enough to stop the effusion of blood, it had in consequence been so great, that when the surgeon had felt his pulse and viewed the wound, he would not venture to probe it, the patient's weakness being such, that he could not possibly survive the operation, nor had he the smallest expectation that he would live more than a few hours. However, he cleansed the wound, and applied a proper dressing; after which the poor sufferer revived a little, and made signs for drink. But in less than two hours the wound bled afresh, and though the effusion yielded for a time to the powerful styptics applied by the surgeon, who at the earnest request of Ida had remained at the inn, it returned again with augmented violence, and left the patient with scarce the least sign of life. Indeed the surgeon momentarily expected his death; for, from the direction of the wound, and the repeated bleedings, he entertained the most serious apprehensions that the pulmonary artery was injured.

Contrary however to all the examples of similar cases which this gentleman could recollect, in the course of his long practice, Lilburne continued four days in a state that could scarcely be called existence; during which melancholy period, Ida attended him with the most anxious solicitude, scarcely ever quitting his bedside.

Madame de Montandre, though still much indisposed, sent frequent messages to inquire after Mr. Brandford, for by that name only was Lilburne known in the house; Ida thinking it prudent still to retain their borrowed appellations.

On the fifth day, the surgeon gave hopes of Lilburne's recovery, and from that time, for about a fortnight, his cure, though slow, was uniformly progressive.

Ida, to whom the propriety of writing to his father an account of their melancholy situation had occurred almost immediately when the unhappy affair took place, had yet deferred it, in the hourly expectation of having the distressing news of Lilburne's death to insert in his letter, and now that a prospect opened of his recovery, and his friends were, he hoped, yet ignorant of what had happened, he could not prevail on himself to write until Lilburne should be pronounced out of danger.

During this interval, Madame de Montandre was confined to an apartment of the same house by a slow fever. The surgeon—the only medical practitioner the place afforded—attended her, and when that gentleman's report was favourable, Ida and the young lady, released from their attendance on their respective friends, sometimes met in an evening walk, or conversed a short time, within doors. The amiable girl, unused to disguise, soon lost the reserve which, on their first interview, she had assumed when speaking of herself: and Ida learned that she was a friendless orphan, who, at a very early age, had been placed in a convent at the foot of the Alps, where she was destined for the cloister; but Madame de Montandre, about eight years back, happening to pass a night in this convent, was so much pleased with the little Orpheline, that she found means to bribe and persuade her reverend guardians into an assent to her taking her under her protection, and from that hour, treated her as her own child; but she was only known by the appellation of Orpheline; for the nuns, amongst whom she had lived, would not confess that they were acquainted with any other to which she had a right.

Such was the simple history of this interesting girl, in whose society Ida soon felt himself so happy, that all his former impatience to proceed on his journey vanished. Yet he never once thought of investigating the nature of his sentiments, or considering how far it were prudent to cherish an attachment to an object who possessed, in an eminent degree, beauty and merit, but who was destitute of rank, fortune, and even a name; but passion and reason seem ever destined to be at variance; and perhaps, through the whole course of our lives, we can scarce find one instance in one thousand in which they cordially agree.

### CHAP. XIII.

“Would I again were with you!—O ye dales  
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands, where  
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,  
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,  
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,  
Presiding o’er the scene some rustic tower,  
Founded by Norman, or by Saxon hands.”

LILBURNE was now able to sit up for several hours together, and the first day on which Madame de Montandre quitted her room, she requested Ida, or as she called him, Mr. Derham, to be the bearer of a message to his friend, entreating permission to pay her personal respects to him.

Ida executed his commission, and Lilburne returned a polite, and suitable reply.

Three in the afternoon was the time fixed for this visit, and at that hour Ida led Madame de Montandre, and Orpheline to his friend, who was reclined on a couch, from which his weakness would not permit him to rise, when the ladies approached.

“Hitherto, my dear madame,” said Ida, gaily, as he held the hand of Madame de Montandre, “hitherto, you have only known this gentleman by his travelling name—allow me then to have the honor of introducing Mr. Lilburne, of Hartley, in Northumberland.”

These words had scarcely passed his lips, when Madame Montandre wildly shrieked, and fell lifeless into his arms. At the same moment, Lilburne exclaimed, “Oh! merciful heaven!—it is, it must be she!”

Ida, inexpressibly astonished by all this, while he supported the lady, turned his inquiring eyes on his friend, and beheld him in the most dreadful agitation imaginable.

Orpheline, though greatly alarmed and surprised, retained the most happy presence of mind; and, apprehensive for the consequences of such violent emotions on the invalids, she snatched a tumbler of water from the table, and receiving the drooping head of her benefactress on her own bosom, entreated Ida to attend to the situation of his friend, who was gazing with a look of distraction on the inanimate form which Orpheline supported. She soon succeeded in restoring Madame de Montandre, who rushing forwards, knelt by the side of Lilburne, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, “Oh! the moment I beheld those features, I knew you for the son of my adored husband—the brother of my Charles—but, oh! you know me not, and too surely,” she added in a voice of agony, “too surely my boy is dead!”

“Ah! no, no, he lives, my mother,” faintly articulated the almost expiring youth. He attempted to raise her hand to his lips, but it dropped from his weak hold, and his own fell motionless by his side; the ashy paleness of death overspread his face—the transient lustre vanished from his eyes, and the blood gushing from the wound in his breast, proclaimed to his distracted friends, that the little of life and health which had been restored to him was again ebbing away.

Madame de Montandre implored heaven to save him, and bitterly execrated her own folly in discovering herself so precipitately.

Ida, whose affectionate heart was torn with agony, entreated Orpheline to send for the

surgeon, while himself endeavoured to stop the bleeding: in this he had but partially succeeded when the doctor arrived; having listened to a hasty detail of this unfortunate affair, and examined the state of his patient, he shook his head, and exclaimed, "It is all over! poor young man! No human art can save him now!"

Ida heard this fatal sentence with the deepest concern, and Madame de Montandre, overwhelmed with anguish, bitterly accused herself of being his murderer; for the wound had first been received in her defence, and her rashness had brought him to his present dreadful situation.

The surgeon put a dressing on, but at the same time assured his friends, that every effort would be vain. Ida, and Madame de Montandre, who insisted on sharing with him the melancholy task, took their silent station by the bed-side of the poor invalid; convinced that a few short minutes must terminate an existence, which was marked only by a faint respiration, for no motion was perceptible in any of his pulses; they dreaded the lapse of time, and trembled, lest every passing minute should change apprehension to certainty.

This was no moment to ask an explanation of a scene that had been attended with such fatal consequences. But Ida understood enough to know, that Madame de Montandre, and his unfortunate friend had mutually recognized each other as parent and son-in-law. But why they had till that moment been strangers, or why himself had never heard that Lilburne had such connections, were to him unexplicable mysteries.

These thoughts were rapidly passing through his mind, as he hung over the pillow of his beloved friend, when a servant beckoned him from the room, and delivered him a letter, which he saw came from England, it was visibly written in a hand purposely disguised—without any signature—and contained a succinct detail of the events which had occurred at the Castle of Tynemouth during his absence; and concluded with entreating himself and Lilburne to return immediately home, and save Rosetta, if not too late.

Ida had no reason to doubt the truth of the intelligence contained in this letter, though he could not conjecture who had written it; and the situation of his sister, whom he loved with the fondest affection, so far outweighed every other consideration, that without giving himself time to reflect, he sent a person to the beach, to engage a ship to take him to England. He then returned to Lilburne's apartment, to take a last tender look of his lifeless form, and bid a melancholy adieu to Madame de Montandre and Orpheline. He found the former kneeling in prayer with a monk, who had been summoned to perform the last solemn rites of the church.

No change had taken place in Lilburne, and Ida silently put the letter he had received into Madame de Montandre's hand.

She looked at the superscription, and seeing who it was addressed to, bowed an acknowledgement for the confidence he reposed in her, and read it to herself. She then made a sign for him to follow her to the next room, where giving him back the letter, she said, though with great agitation of voice and manner, "My lord, I see the necessity there is for your returning immediately to England; I regret that time is not allowed me to relate to you my unhappy story—but I shall soon follow you, I shall only remain here to pay the last duties to the dear youth, of whose death I must ever accuse myself; I shall then attend his remains to England, and there endeavour to atone for my many errors, by devoting my future days to mortification and penance."

Ida was scarce able to articulate a reply, his manly heart seemed bursting with woe, and they returned to the chamber of mourning.

Lilburne still continued to breathe, and Madame de Montandre began to indulge some faint hopes of his recovery; but the surgeon assured her it was impossible.

In less than a quarter of an hour Ida was summoned to the ship, which was getting under weigh. In this agonizing moment, when he beheld for the last time the friend of his early youth, whom he had once hoped to call brother, the tears which no sufferings of his own could have wrung from him, gushed from his eyes; and when he kissed the pale cheek of Lilburne, he felt a pang at his heart as severe, perhaps, as human nature is capable of supporting. Of Madame de Montandre and Orpheline, he took a melancholy leave. However captivated he had been with the latter, during their short acquaintance, he was not of a disposition which could sacrifice one particle of duty to the gratification or indulgence of a transient passion; and though at another time he would perhaps have regretted the loss of his fair companion, his thoughts were now so divided between Lilburne, whom he was leaving on the verge of the grave, in a foreign land, and Rosetta, whom he had but too much reason to fear had already fallen a sacrifice to the machinations of their infamous mother-in-law, that he was scarce sensible the image of Orpheline held a distinguished place in his heart, though he certainly felt an indescribable sensation there, when he beheld the tears which trembled in her lovely eyes, as she breathed a petition to heaven for his safe arrival in England. When he wrote a few lines to M. Fleurier, which he thought it his duty to do, requesting his protection for the ladies during the short time they would remain in France, he felt an unconquerable reluctance to the idea of leaving Orpheline to his care; and as the shores of France receded from his view,

“He drag’d at each remove a length’ning chain.”

His passage was extremely tedious, protracted by contrary winds and frequent calms, and it was not until the twenty-first day after they lost sight of the coast of France, that the lofty towers of Tynemouth Priory rose to the view.

The Countess of Wooler dreaded nothing so much as Ida’s return. She had every reason to believe that intelligence of her proceedings would be conveyed to him, and being thus prepared to expect his sudden arrival, she consulted with Shipperdson on the proper measures to prevent his landing at Tynemouth.

The earl was rendered by her arts the abject slave of her will, and almost always confined to his chamber by ill health; of course the care of the garrison devolved on the deputy-governor, and under pretence of repelling some Danish pirates who infested the coast of Northumberland, he constantly gave orders to fire at, and keep off every vessel which he had the least reason to suspect contained Ida; consequently that in which he was met the same reception.

Ida finding, that notwithstanding every signal they could make, the garrison still persisted in treating them as enemies, gave orders to his men to run the ship ashore to the north of the castle, quite out of the reach of the guns, and then leaping into the shallow sea, followed by Daniel, his faithful servant, and some others in whom he could confide, he landed in safety on his native shore. He lost no time in ascending the bank, intending to take the path which led along the top of it to the castle; but here he was surprised by the sound of trumpets, the loud and confused murmur of innumerable voices, and the multitudes who were collecting in the fields behind the village. To inform himself of the cause of all this, he made inquiries of the first person he met, a sturdy clown, who, with a stare of vacant wonder, at the plumes of Ida’s helmet, replied, “Aw’s gaun to see the witch brunt, master!”

Ida now recollected the disastrous state of his respectable kinswoman, Mrs. Cresswell, which had been mentioned in the letter he received when in Normandy; he saw that no time was to be lost, and calling to his men to draw their swords, and follow him, he bounded over the inclosure with incredible celerity, and following the direction of his eyes and ears, soon reached the spot where the unfortunate Judith was actually tied to a stake, round which a pile of dry faggots was already kindled.

The prior and his band of monks were praying near her, profaning religion, and mocking heaven, by sacrificing a human being for a crime, which common sense must have told them could not exist.

Ida and his brave followers soon pierced their way through the crowd of spectators, who fell back, trembling, affrighted, and astonished, while the soldiers, by most of whom he was known, and beloved, made no effort to stop him. He rushed through the smoke, which now almost enveloped the victim from view, and cutting the cords with his sabre, bore the insensible form of poor Judith—for she gave not the least sign of life—off in his arms, almost before the prior and his followers perceived his design; but when they recognized him, and saw what he had effected, they not only loudly threatened him with the censures and anathemas of the church, but exhorted the military to tear the victim from his grasp, and fasten her again to the stake; while Shipperdson, who was riding proudly about the field, exulting in the success of his villainous schemes, now came up, and casting on the young hero, a look of malignant scorn, exclaimed, “I am astonished, Lord Ida, that you should pretend to interrupt the execution of justice—do you consider the consequences of what you are about? Soldiers, do your duty.”

The men, far from obeying him, joined Ida’s followers, vowing they would shed the last drop of their blood in defence of the governor’s son.

Ida, with just indignation, would certainly have punished the insolence of Shipperdson on the spot, had not that *worthy gentleman*, seeing the tide of affairs thus turned, thought proper to save himself by a speedy retreat.

Meanwhile, poor Judith had been transferred to the care of some women, who, thinking they might now venture to approach her lifeless body without danger of being bewitched, had assisted in conveying her home, where all unanimously agreed that she had been suffocated by the smoke, before she was rescued by her gallant relative.

Ida had now leisure to address the prior. He insisted that, whether Mrs. Cresswell recovered or not, she should be suffered to remain unmolested, and pledged himself, to convince the abbot of St. Albans of her innocence; but finding that they still maintained the tone of monkish arrogance, he severely retorted, by threatening to both appeal to the court of Rome, and accuse them to the civil power, of having violated the laws of the realm, by using the trial by ordeal, which had been abrogated in the reign of William I. These threats humbled the monks for the present, at least, and they began to think it would be proper to take time for consideration before they proceeded any further in the affair.

Ida, accompanied by two of the officers, now proceeded to the castle. From these gentlemen he learned, that Clifford, who was to have been shot the preceding day, was said to have escaped from the prison in which he was confined; but that it was generally believed in the garrison, he had been privately put to death by Shipperdson’s directions; and that Lady Rosetta had recovered from the fever which threatened her life, but was reported to be in a most dreadful state of insanity.

If orders had been given to prevent Ida and his attendants from entering the castle, they

were not obeyed, for the gates were immediately opened. His first inquiry was for his father, who, he was informed, still kept his apartment, though nearly recovered from his indisposition. To his questions concerning his sister, Crapaud replied, in a tone of insolence, that the countess had ordered him not to admit any person to Lady Rosetta's apartment.

But Ida, threatening him with instant death, if he presumed to oppose him, he was compelled to deliver the key.

Apprehensive that his sudden appearance might have a fatal effect on the weak frame of Rosetta, he sent Daniel to prepare her to receive him, while himself waited in the gallery.

Her well-known voice, exclaiming, "Oh! where is my brother! where is Ida!" soon brought him from thence, and the moment in which he clasped his sister to his heart, was the happiest he had known since he quitted England, though he beheld with deep concern the ravages which grief, illness, and confinement had made in her lovely face.

When the first transports of their meeting had subsided, Rosetta, raising her eyes to those of her brother, faintly pronounced the name of Lilburne.

Ida felt himself unequal to the sad task of augmenting her sufferings, by disclosing the death of her lover.

But Rosetta, prepared to expect it by the appearances she had twice witnessed, read in his melancholy countenance, and boding silence, a fatal confirmation of her fears.

"Alas! he is dead!" she exclaimed; and clasping her hands, she remained in an agony of speechless grief.

Ida most tenderly sympathized with her, but had no consolation to offer. He felt the necessity of taking some measures for the safety of himself and friends. Concerning these it would be proper to consult some of the superior officers; but wishing first to see his father, he entreated Rosetta to accompany him to the earl's apartment.

Wooler, who had been apprized of his son's arrival, received him with the liveliest joy; but it was long before he could be persuaded that Rosetta neither was nor had been in a state of mental derangement: and when he was convinced how grossly he had been imposed on, Ida saw with concern, that he was much more inclined to impute the faults of his wife to mistake, than to believe her the guilty wretch she actually was.

Ida had expected to see the countess with his father, but, to his great surprise, she was neither there, nor in her own apartment; and he soon learned, that a search, similar, and equally unsuccessful, was making for Major Shipperdson.

Night came, without bringing either the deputy-governor, or Lady Wooler; nor could any thing be ascertained concerning their flight, but that Crapaud and O'Bryen had accompanied them; and it was conjectured, that they must have taken their departure by sea.

The unhappy earl, at length convinced of the unworthiness of the woman he had married, was truly an object of pity.

Rosetta burying her own griefs in her bosom, exerted herself to console him, and Ida joined in the effort; but he felt the most serious apprehensions that the abandoned pair had quitted the castle only to execute some dreadful scheme of vengeance, though what it was he could not conjecture. In concert with the officers, he took every possible precaution to ensure the safety of the garrison; though at the same time they knew but too well that it would not, probably, be in their power to guard against the machinations of their artful enemies.

#### CHAP. XIV.

“Yet midst those ruin’d heaps, that naked plain,  
Can faithful memory former scenes restore,  
Recal the busy throng, the jocund train,  
And picture all that charm’d us there before.”

IT was near the hour of eight, on a stormy autumnal evening; the rain poured down in torrents, and the blast bore on its wings

“A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,”

when two travellers, a young lady and gentleman, arrived at a little inn in that part of the county of York which borders on Durham. They inquired whether they could be accommodated for the night, and were answered in the affirmative; and though the appearance of the place was very wretched, the lady preferred it to travelling in such weather to the nearest convent, which was six miles further.

They were just beginning to partake of the humble repast which the house afforded, when a knocking at the gate announced the arrival of more guests.

As the room already occupied by the first comers was the only one used for the entertainment of company, the party, which consisted of two ladies and a gentleman, was of course shewn in.

While apologies and compliments were passing between the ladies, the gentlemen ejaculated the names of Lilburne and Clifford! and instantly rushed into each others arms.

It was indeed Lilburne and Clifford, who had both escaped by almost a miracle from death, and were now journeying towards Tynemouth; the former accompanied by his mother-in-law and Orphine; and the latter by Elfrida Thornton, whom he had rescued a few days before from the creatures of Shipperdson, by whose orders they had carried her off, and were confining her in a lonely house, in a wood, until the arrival of their execrable employer.

Miss Thornton expressed the liveliest joy at seeing Lilburne in health and safety.

The party supped together, and separated at an early hour for the night.—The three ladies retired to the only sleeping room the house afforded, and the gentlemen remained below, where they preferred conversation to sleep. To converse together, was indeed the highest gratification they could taste; for what pleasure equals that of an unreserved interchange of sentiments between two friends, who have been long parted from each other,—who have despaired of ever meeting again!

It will be remembered that Lilburne, in a former conversation with Ida, mentioned his having seen a figure ascend from beneath the pavement of the church of St. Oswin, the night he watched his arms there. This figure, he now informed Clifford, was a young man, who, after some previous conversation, claimed the near affinity of a brother to him.

Lilburne, who had never heard that his father formed any connection in France, disbelieved his story, and with perhaps too much impetuosity, treated him as an impostor.

Charles, for so he was called, even more rash and unguarded than his brother, stung to the soul by a reception so different from the fraternal one he had anticipated, and fancying that his

mother's honor was implicated in Lilburne's refusing to acknowledge him, replied with a degree of asperity which provoked Lilburne to snatch his sword from the altar, and rush through the subterraneous way, calling on Charles to follow him.—He obeyed, and taking the precaution of closing the entrance to prevent pursuit, they proceeded along the passage which opened to the sea-shore; here a combat ensued, which was maintained with equal spirit, but by Mitford with superior strength, for he soon sheathed his sword in the side of his antagonist, who, as he fell to the ground, faintly exclaimed, "I die by your hand, but I am indeed your brother!"

The tone in which these words were pronounced struck to the heart of Lilburne, he could not doubt of their truth.

Distracted with horror at the deed he had committed, he flew to the cottage of Guillaume de Villette, who at once removed every doubt, and confirmed his despair, by assuring him that the young man was indeed his brother—that he himself was present at Sir Robert's marriage with his mother—and that he had come to England, purposely to discover, and make himself known to him.

The circumstance of his being a native of France (then at war with this country) compelled him to conceal himself in the house of Guillaume, who, being acquainted with the secret way to the church, had contrived the interview between the brothers, which terminated so fatally.

Lilburne, agonized as he was by this relation, yet retained the presence of mind to send immediately for father Vincent, who, on his arrival, confirmed the account given by the Frenchman; Sir Robert Lilburne having, when on his death-bed, disclosed the whole affair to him.

The lady he married, he had stolen from a convent, where she was destined to take the veil; but her parents pursued them with unrelenting severity; and, availing themselves of the power vested in them by the laws of France, dissolved the marriage.

But though she so far complied with their tyrannical commands, as to give them a solemn promise to remain for ever separated from the husband of her affections, neither threats nor persuasions could induce her to take the veil. She determined to live but for her son, whom Sir Robert, as the only proof he could now give her of his love, committed entirely to her care.

In the course of a few years, her parents died, and bequeathed a large fortune to Charles, on condition, that he should never make himself known to his father.

Madame de Montandre, knowing that Sir Robert had a son by a former marriage, to whom the chief part of his estates must descend, thought it most prudent to secure to her child the fortune thus his own, by concealing the secret of his birth, and educating him in the belief, that he owed his being to a native of France, who was long since dead; and Sir Robert, who was made acquainted with all these occurrences by a friend in Normandy, feeling that the peace of his wife and happiness of his child depended on his acquiescence, submitted, however hard the trial, to live estranged from objects so dear.

Sir Robert made it his last request to father Vincent, that he would transmit to his lady an account of his death. This command the monk obeyed; and Madame de Montandre happening to be at that time confined to her chamber by illness, the letter fell into the hands of her son, who thus became acquainted with the secret of his birth.

To him the possession of fortune seemed by no means an equivalent for the deprivation he had sustained in never having known his father—now he could only grieve for his death; but he no sooner learned that he had a brother in existence, than he formed the resolution of going to

England, and urging his claim to the affections of so near a relative. His mother endeavoured, in vain, to dissuade him from this step; yet she could not blame the motive of his journey, and at length she permitted him to depart, with her blessing and prayers for his safety. The event has already been related.

Dreadful indeed were the agonies of Mitford Lilburne, while labouring under the idea that he had killed his brother; and those agonies were prolonged: for some months Charles lingered as it were between life and death, and the letters which Lilburne received from father Vincent, just before the rencontre with the banditti, were the first which brought him intelligence of his recovery; during the progress of which, he was seen amongst the rocks near Tynemouth Castle by Lady Rosetta, when his near resemblance to his brother, almost induced her to believe that it was the shade of her lover.

Mitford Lilburne had gone into Normandy, expressly for the purpose of searching out his mother-in-law, and making himself known to her, should he receive a favourable account of Charles's health.

Meantime, Madame de Montandre, agonized for the fate of her son, of whom she had heard nothing since his first arrival in England, took the resolution of going to that country in search of him. It is needless to dwell on the subsequent events, for they have already been related.

Soon after the departure of Ida for England, Lilburne's disorder took a favourable turn, and the tender care of Madame de Montandre, together with the eminent skill of his surgeon, soon restored him to such a state of health, as enabled him to embark, with his mother and Orpheline, for Hull, the only port in the north of England for which they could procure a vessel.

There they landed in safety, and were journeying towards Tynemouth at the time of their fortunate meeting with Clifford, and Miss Thornton—a meeting, which, like many of those unforeseen circumstances which smooth our way through the rugged paths of life, was relished the more, because unexpected.

When Lilburne concluded his narrative, Clifford thanked him, and added, with a smile, "However I was already in possession of the chief part of the information you have favored me with, for I have the happiness of being personally acquainted with your brother. But I will not keep you in suspense, my dear friend; if you will permit me, I will give you a detail of the events which have occurred at the castle of Tynemouth since you left it—at least, all of them which have come to my knowledge."

Lilburne expressed the pleasure he should receive from such a communication, and Clifford proceeded to tell him, that the unwearied care and tenderness of father Vincent had restored his brother to perfect health; and that from the time of Lilburne's departure, he had dedicated to Charles every hour he could spare from the duties of his order. He pictured in lively colours the arrival of the governor and his bride—the intimacy of the latter with Shipperdson—the persecutions Rosetta had endured on O'Bryen's account—the death of the prior, and the accusation and imprisonment of Mrs. Cresswell, bringing his narrative down to the period when father Vincent took refuge in the church of St. Oswin.

The death of the prior was an unfortunate circumstance for father Vincent; no esteem or friendship had ever subsisted between them, but the superior had been one of the accomplices of Parkin Warbeck, and this secret being known to the monk, he thereby possessed a means of overawing him on particular occasions, as might be seen at the time when Lilburne was a candidate for the order of knighthood, when in the church of Tynemouth, father Vincent would have compelled the prior to administer every rite preparatory to the ceremony, had not Lilburne

himself, then in a most unhappy situation, positively refused to receive them.

When, therefore, a new prior was elected, a man who had no such reason to fear father Vincent, and who hated him because his virtues were a reproach to his own vices, he readily seconded the plots which the guilty and abandoned Countess of Wooler formed against him.

The holy father, well aware that if he fell into the hands of his enemies, their malice would be satisfied only with his blood, took refuge at the shrine of St. Oswin, from whence he knew he could escape by the subterraneous way, and secret himself in Mr. Thornton's house; and this he happily effected, though his health, at all times delicate, suffered much from the fatigue and anxiety he underwent; and he it was who furnished Thornton with the evidence concerning Lilburne's disappearance, which proved of such material consequence at Mrs. Cresswell's trial.

The plan for Rosetta's escape to Hartley, which terminated so unfortunately, was the contrivance of father Vincent: Clifford most readily offered his assistance in the execution, and Charles Lilburne, who knew every turn and winding of the subterraneous passage, agreed to meet them in it, and conduct them safely through. He did indeed meet them, but it was at an unfortunate moment; exactly that which brought the countess and her adherents to the spot where the fugitives rested.

Well aware that in his weak state he could neither defend himself nor give any assistance to his friends, he had the presence of mind to retreat instantly; and this was the second time that his features so nearly resembling those of his brother, and seen for a moment in the gloom of the cavern, appeared to the agitated Rosetta, to be those of Lilburne himself.

Clifford then proceeded to describe his own sufferings from the wound he received, his imprisonment, trial, and condemnation, the anguish of Thornton, on learning that his daughter was carried off, and concluded by informing Lilburne, that his brother Charles, assisted by the directions of father Vincent, succeeded in discovering a communication between the prison where he was confined, and the subterraneous passage, already so frequently mentioned.

By this means, he effected his escape to the house of his friend, Mr. Thornton, whom he found in the deepest affliction on Elfrida's account.

Attached to them both by every tie of gratitude and friendship, Clifford sincerely felt and sympathized in his concern; and regardless of every personal hazard, he set out that very night in search of her.

His suspicions, and those of father Vincent, fell on Shipperdson, and the sequel proved they were well founded.

The event has been anticipated; he happily succeeded in discovering and rescuing his fair friend; and the blessings of liberty and safety, were rendered doubly valuable to Elfrida, when bestowed by the amiable Clifford.

Such was the substance of Clifford's story; which was frequently interrupted by Lilburne, whose feelings rose to agony, when the sufferings of his beloved Rosetta were described to him. Nor could he refrain from execrating the guilty countess, and her detestable accomplices, Shipperdson and O'Bryen; and convinced, from every word and look of the noble-minded Clifford, that fondly as he once had loved Rosetta de Norton, he had faithfully adhered to the promise he made him, the night preceding his departure from Tynemouth, and had struggled with, and conquered his passion, the admiration, gratitude, and esteem he felt for him cannot be expressed.

The first beam of the morning had dawned, before the two gentlemen finished their communications, but too happy to think of repose, they joined the ladies at the breakfast hour;

who, refreshed and recovered from the fatigues of the preceding day, were equipped to pursue their journey.

Lady Lilburne was happy to receive from Clifford the most perfect assurances of the health and safety of her son.

Elfrida and Orpheline soon felt for each other the most sincere and cordial friendship; and in short there could not be found a more sociable and agreeable travelling party than now journeyed towards Tynemouth, where they arrived in safety, on the second day, without having met with any material accident or delay on the road.

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## CHAP. XV.

“————— I have mused  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower.”

THERE is not, perhaps, one tender emotion of the soul, that was not excited by the meeting between the travellers and their friends at Tynemouth. Every feeling of the parent rushed to the heart of Thornton, when he embraced his Elfrida; and his languid eyes beamed with gratitude on her gallant deliverer, while their presence and attentions re-animated his drooping frame, and gradually restored him to his former health.

Many little changes had now taken place at the castle of Tynemouth. Charles Lilburne had been introduced to the Earl of Wooler, by father Vincent, and, patronized by that nobleman, he no longer found it necessary to conceal himself, or to fear being treated as an alien, should his residence at Tynemouth be known. Sincere was the joy with which he welcomed his amiable mother to England; and when the two brothers embraced each other, they vowed to bury in oblivion, for ever, the fatal combat which had caused so much misery to both.

The amiable Rosetta de Norton still continued the prey of indisposition; she mourned in secret the supposed death of her lover; and now her friends dreaded the effect which might be produced by a too sudden discovery of the truth: it was certainly proper to unfold it with caution, and by degrees.

She welcomed her friend Elfrida with sincere delight, and to her was confided the task of preparing her to welcome Lilburne also.

The gentle Elfrida, whose heart was at all times replete with the “milk of human kindness,” discharged her commission with a tenderness peculiar to herself.

Rosetta, when she beheld Lilburne restored to tranquillity, still retaining the same ardent love for her, and sanctioned by her father to solicit her hand, regarded her past sufferings but as a painful vision, and was grateful to heaven for the prospect which now opened to her.

Ida, too, was almost wild with joy, on beholding the friend, whom he believed to be no longer an inhabitant of this world, alive and happy; but that joy was augmented to rapture, when he welcomed Orpheline to England, and read in her animated and intelligent countenance, that the hours they had passed together in Normandy were not forgotten by her: and Charles Lilburne also, with whom she had been educated, and whom she regarded as a brother, received her with sincere delight.

Father Vincent, who had now triumphed over the malice of his enemies, lived as usual in the convent, and was ever a valued guest at the governor’s house, where he frequently saw the interesting Orpheline, who together with Madame de Montandre, remained there as the guests of Rosetta.

These young ladies soon formed a strong and sincere attachment to each other; their dispositions were perfectly similar; and father Vincent frequently and particularly noticed a striking resemblance in their persons also. He was particularly attentive to Orpheline; and Ida was delighted to see, that, assisted by his instructions, she made a rapid progress in many valuable acquirements.

Rosetta sincerely rejoiced that Clifford had escaped from the destruction which his attempt to rescue her had threatened to draw down on his head. The illness consequent on the

wound he received, which brought him to the brink of the grave, had assisted him to wean his heart from every earthly object, and even to tear from thence the cherished image of Rosetta. He no longer regarded her in any other light than that of a beloved friend; but he had lost much of his former gaiety, was become uncommonly serious for a man of his age, and was so much attached to father Vincent, that it was the opinion of many who knew him intimately, that he intended to abjure the profession of arms, and devote himself to a cloister.

Elfrida Thornton too, the pensive and gentle Elfrida, seemed to have caught the contagion; and frequently when conversing with Rosetta and Orpheline, expressed a wish to retire from the world, and take the veil in a neighbouring nunnery.

At first they endeavoured by arguments to combat her resolution, but it was firmly fixed; and as it seemed to be the foundation on which she had built her only hope of happiness, they at length desisted from opposing her wish, and promised to unite with her in soliciting her father's consent, of which she despaired, as she well knew he would deeply regret the loss of her society.

Amongst the other blessings on which the group of friends, now assembled at Tynemouth, had to felicitate each other, was the perfect recovery of the highly respected Mrs. Judith Cresswell, from the state of suffocation which it was feared would prove mortal; but which happily yielded to the remedies applied by the skill and perseverance of father Vincent. She was indeed troubled with a slight degree of asthma for some time afterwards; but by persevering in a diet of red cow's milk and black hen's eggs, which she declared to be sovereign remedies in such cases, her complaint was at length entirely removed.

All inquiries after the guilty countess, and Shipperdson, the companion of her flight, proved ineffectual; and the apprehension of danger, which prevailed in the garrison, had in some degree subsided.

Such was the state of affairs at Tynemouth, when Clifford happening to be the officer on guard, invited by the beauty of a fine autumnal night, slowly measured his steps along the north rampart of the castle; the beams of the full moon played on the ocean, and shed a silver radiance on the gothic towers of the priory. The calm stillness of the scene diffused itself through the mind of Clifford, and a pensive dejection stole over his spirits. He remembered the night when he had paced this very rampart with Lilburne, then suffering the most acute misery; now he was restored to happiness: he remembered the night when he had attempted the rescue of Rosetta; she too was now happy:—but for him, what hope remained in life—crossed in the first wish of his heart—deprived by civil discord of the possessions of his ancestors—and without one relative, one tie, one connection to bind him to existence, what charm did the world contain for him? “Yes,” he sighed to himself, as he viewed the distant forms of the monks retiring to their cells after midnight service, “Yes, beneath that sacred habit will I veil my sorrows, and—.”

But his mental soliloquy was interrupted by a circumstance, so singular, that it arrested all his attention, and drove every other subject from his thoughts.

The moon shone with such brightness, that it was almost as light as day. He had just seen the guard on the opposite rampart turn into the sentry box, and no footstep but his own was stirring in the castle, when he distinctly beheld a human figure rise from one of the tombs near the church. Infinitely astonished at the circumstance, but wholly unaccustomed to fear, he had the presence of mind to check any exclamation, and stood still to observe it in silence. The figure looked round, with seeming caution, and then advanced, with slow and light footsteps, towards that part of the castle where Clifford was, who not being much inclined to credit the stories of supernatural appearances, had no hesitation in believing this to be a man; certainly he was there

with no good design. The person, whoever it was, approached within a few yards of the gate, which opened into the court of the governor's house, and there shrinking behind a projecting wall, continued stationary; while Clifford silently descended from the rampart, that he might observe him more narrowly. In somewhat less than five minutes, the gate was slowly unclosed, and another person advanced from it, who was instantly joined by the former, and they entered into conversation, in a voice so low, that Clifford could not distinguish their words; but he plainly perceived, that the person who had issued from the gate, was the Earl of Wooler's valet.—While Clifford considered whether it would not be proper to advance, and seize them both, he saw the valet draw a large, and apparently heavy bag, from under his garments, and give it to his companion. Convinced that these men were injuring the earl in some shape or other, he no longer hesitated, but rushing forwards, he seized each by the collar, and sternly demanded the cause of their appearance in that place, at such an hour; giving, almost at the same moment, the word of alarm to the soldier on duty, who instantly communicated it further, and flew to the assistance of the officer.

The fellows at first seemed disposed to attempt a resistance, but seeing that would be of no avail, and finding themselves overpowered by numbers, one of them stood in sullen silence, while the other falling on his knees before Clifford, conjured him, in a broken dialect, composed of French and English, to spare his life, and he would confess all.

Lights were by this time brought, and one of the soldiers examining the face of the culprit, exclaimed, "Merciful heaven! it is Crapaud."

Clifford, on hearing this, drew his sword, and holding it to the breast of the Frenchman, said in a resolute tone,—“Villain! I will give you no promise!—Speak the truth, or you die instantly!—Where are the countess and Major Shipperdson, and why are you here?”

By this time the alarm had become general throughout the garrison. Lord Ida, and several of the officers, and lastly, the governor himself, appeared; and they at length succeeded in drawing from Crapaud a confession, which included objects of the first magnitude and importance.

He confessed “That when the countess, Shipperdson, O'Bryen, and himself, quitted the castle, they embarked in a small vessel, and stood over to the Yorkshire coast, where they landed.—Shipperdson, under the feigned pretence of going a few miles further to receive a considerable sum of money, left the countess to the care of O'Bryen at an inn, and proceeded to the place where he expected his agents still had Miss Thornton closely confined; to his inexpressible mortification, he found that she had been rescued by Clifford, and that one of his minions still lay ill of a wound he received from the hand of that young man; the other, finding himself disappointed of the reward which Shipperdson had promised him, and which the *worthy* major now refused to pay, determined in revenge to acquaint the Countess of Wooler with all his transactions relating to Miss Thornton: accordingly when Shipperdson returned to the inn, he was followed by this man, who soon found means to make a secret, but full and ample disclosure, to the countess, of every circumstance with which he wished her to be acquainted. The diabolical passions of rage and revenge were at all times the inmates of her bosom, and now fermented by jealousy, they spurred her on to new crimes—she did not upbraid Shipperdson, but dissembling at once her knowledge of his conduct, and her own feelings and intentions, she again embarked with him for the coast of Northumberland, where Shipperdson intended to execute new and dreadful scenes of vengeance against the Earl of Wooler and Lord Ida.”

It was at all times the earl's foible to place confidence where it was ill deserved, and this

was the case with the person who served him in the capacity of valet. Shipperdson and O'Bryen, in conjunction with this abandoned wretch, and some other miscreants, with whom they were connected in the neighbourhood of Tynemouth, formed the horrid plan of blowing up the castle and monastery, and thus destroying all who inhabited them. For this dreadful purpose, they availed themselves of the subterraneous way leading from the rocks on the sea shore, and had already conveyed two barrels of gunpowder thither.

When the wretched Crapaud had proceeded thus far in his relation, a general start and gaze of horror agitated the whole audience; but when the first wild emotion of the moment had subsided, all saw the necessity of taking immediate steps to prevent the consequences of Shipperdson's dreadful plot.

Ida, Clifford, and the two Lilburnes, instantly went with a party of soldiers to remove and secure the gunpowder.

Meanwhile the governor and father Vincent remained with the culprit, from whom, partly by threats, and partly by exhortations, the monk drew further confessions, scarcely less important than those he had already made.

While Shipperdson was arranging his horrid designs, the countess was forming others against the major, who was now the object of her aversion. She procured a dose of poison, and had recourse to bribes, promises, and persuasions, to prevail on Crapaud to administer it to Shipperdson in the liquor he should drink at supper.

The Frenchman promised obedience, and took the poison; but his attachment to Shipperdson being greater than to his mistress, or, what is more probable, knowing that he possessed the means of more amply rewarding him than Lady Wooler could do, he acquainted him with the whole affair.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say, that Shipperdson had no hesitation in proposing, and Crapaud in consenting, to administer the poison to Lady Wooler herself. At supper that very night, she had received the fatal drug, which he knew would be slow, yet sure, in its operation; and she now lay at an obscure cottage, about a mile north-west of Tynemouth, a victim to her own unparalleled crimes.

Shipperdson and O'Bryen had procured a vessel in which they proposed escaping to France, after having completed all their horrid designs; and they now lay at anchor off the castle, waiting for Crapaud, who had that evening found means to secrete himself amongst the tombs in the church-yard, that he might be in readiness to assist his vile accomplice, the earl's valet, who, it was agreed, should that night rob his lord of his jewels and ready money, and escape with his booty to Shipperdson; and this plan they were endeavouring to execute, when they were happily prevented by the spirited interference of Clifford.

Father Vincent scarce listened to the latter part of Crapaud's confession, for when assured that the countess was actually poisoned, he betrayed the most lively impatience to see her, if possible, before the final scene of life was closed; and ordered a horse, that he might instantly set off for the cottage where Crapaud informed him she was.

Wooler, whose health and spirits were far inadequate to support him in beholding the dying agonies of his guilty but once loved wife, could not accompany the monk; but Ida, who just then returned, after having seen the gunpowder safely removed, thought it highly proper that some one of the family should see Lady Wooler, and ordered his horse, that he might attend father Vincent.

On arriving at the cottage, they found the unhappy victim of her own crimes still alive,

but suffering the utmost agonies of pain and remorse; and a moment sufficed to convince them, that all attempts to save her life would prove ineffectual.

She raised her languid eyes, on hearing the door opened, and when she saw who entered, she screamed wildly, and covered her face.

Father Vincent immediately dismissed the women who surrounded her, and then approaching the bed, said, with awful solemnity of voice and manner, "Lady Wooler, time is now precious: I hope and trust you are awakened to a sense of your errors; let the remaining moments of life be dedicated to atonement and repentance. Oh! tell me," he added, with augmented energy, "tell me what is become of my child? as you hope for mercy, answer me truly."

The once haughty countess, now humble and penitent, confessed and deplored all her errors; but as her confession included some particulars, which have hitherto seemed ambiguous, it will be requisite to go somewhat into detail.

The garb and name of father Vincent concealed the Marquis of Morzonico, an Italian nobleman of high birth and considerable fortune; but yet more distinguished by those infinitely more valuable qualities of the mind and heart, which alone can give real dignity to rank. His father had, almost from infancy, destined him to be the husband of Signora Auretti, afterwards Madame de Montmiril, and finally, Countess of Wooler. The parents of both parties died before their children attained the years of maturity; and the old marquis on his death bed, exhorted his son to fulfil his engagement; but when the young lady grew up, though she possessed both beauty and fortune, yet her character and principles were such, as rendered it impossible for the marquis to fulfil the dying request of his father; and shortly after he became of age, he made another choice, and united himself to a very amiable woman, with whom he lived retired, at his country seat, in the neighbourhood of Milan.

Signora Auretti, thus disappointed in her hopes of an alliance, which but for her own ill conduct, she might have secured, conceived the most deadly hatred against the innocent marchioness; and when that lady became the mother of a sweet little girl, she bribed the woman who had the charge of nursing it, to fly with it to France. This dreadful plan was but too well carried into execution; and the wretched parents, thus robbed of their child, and finding all attempts to discover what had been its fate, ineffectual, suffered all the agonies which a stroke so severe could inflict; the delicate frame of the marchioness sunk under the trial, and a lingering illness brought her eventually to the grave.

The suspicions of the injured marquis fell on the guilty abandoned woman who merited them; but he could obtain no proof, nor indeed learn any circumstance, which could lead to a discovery of his child; who, by the direction of the artful and cruel Signora, was placed in a convent, at the foot of the French Alps.

When Ida heard this part of Lady Wooler's confession, he exclaimed, "Merciful heaven! surely it is Orpheline!"

Father Vincent started almost convulsively, and grasped the arm of Ida, who, turning to the wretched penitent, made more immediate inquiries concerning the convent where she had concealed the daughter of the marquis. Her replies placed it beyond all doubt, that Orpheline was indeed Vincentina del Morzonico.

The dying countess further confessed, that when her vengeance was amply satiated, by having caused the death of the marchioness, and driven the marquis into exile (though she neither knew to what part of the world he had retired, nor that he had taken the monastic habit) she gradually ceased to pay the pension, which she had promised the nuns they should receive, for

the maintenance of the child. She added, that she had allowed a yearly sum to the nurse who stole the infant, on which she subsisted in the neighbourhood of the convent; but that having neglected to pay it regularly, the woman followed her to Paris, where she then was with her husband, the Count de Montmiril, where by dint of threats, she extorted a considerable sum from her; and this person, who shortly after died of a fever, then informed her that Vincentina had been taken from the convent by a lady, who was travelling in that part of France.

All power of description would languish and fail were it employed to paint the raptures of father Vincent in thus discovering his long-lost child; yet the secret feelings of nature had surely anticipated the discovery, for from the first moment he beheld the lovely girl, the near resemblance which she bore to his deceased lady, had interested his heart.

Sincere too was the joy of Ida, on finding that his adored Orpheline was the daughter of the man whom he had so long loved as a parent.

After the guilty and wretched Countess of Wooler had confessed the crimes of her ill-spent life, she lived but to hear from the lips of her son-in-law, those assurances of forgiveness with which his father had commissioned him to soothe her dying moments; and to receive from father Vincent both the consolation of his pardon, and the last solemn rites of the church. She then expired, and her departure was marked by the most dreadful agonies.

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## CHAP. XVI.

“In all my wand’rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share,  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down:  
To husband out life’s taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.  
I still had hopes, (for pride attends us still)  
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn’d skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.”

FATHER Vincent, piously grateful to heaven for the restoration of his child, returned with impatient ardor to Tynemouth. To Ida was delegated the task of acquainting Vincentina with the discovery which had been made: already taught to esteem father Vincent, she felt the sincerest delight, when he folded her to his heart as his beloved daughter.

Their friends participated in their transports; and none more sincerely than Madame de Montandre, who cherished for this charming girl almost the same degree of affection as she felt for her own Charles; reciprocal obligations, too, had woven a debt of gratitude, which cemented the bonds of friendship, still more strongly; for as on the one hand, she had protected and been a parent to the daughter of father Vincent, so on the other, he had preserved the life of her son when wounded by the hand of his brother.

The remains of the unhappy countess were consigned to the grave with as little funeral pomp as could be used, consistently with the rank she had held in life: and all who knew the earl, sincerely rejoiced on seeing him emancipated from his connection with a woman, who was at once a disgrace and scourge to his name and family.

Shipperdson and O’Bryen discovered the failure of their plots just in time to save themselves by putting to sea in their sloop. It was generally believed that they had escaped to France; but some persons whispered, that they suspected them to be still lurking somewhere on the coast of Northumberland, no doubt with the intention of committing further mischief.

Every shadow of past suffering was now worn away, and the party at Tynemouth looked forward to an augmentation of happiness.

Hartley hall was prepared for the reception of the fair Rosetta, who in somewhat less than a month was to become the bride of Lilburne.

Ida too had succeeded in obtaining the treble consent of the lovely Vincentina, her father, and the earl, that the same day should confirm his felicity.

Indeed, exclusive of the high esteem with which every member of the earl of Wooler’s family regarded the once noble marquis, and now holy monk, no objection on the score of birth or fortune could possibly be urged; for when the marquis quitted his country, to embrace the monastic profession, he made such a disposal of his property, as should ensure its restoration to his daughter, should any future event discover her to be in existence.

Such was the situation of affairs at the castle of Tynemouth, when two unexpected events occurred: the first was the sudden death of the prior, when father Vincent became a candidate for

that important office. The worth and merits of the holy monk now triumphed over the malice of his enemies, and he was elected without opposition.

About this time, also, king Henry the seventh made a journey to York, and it was expected, as a matter of course, that all the distinguished northern noblemen and gentlemen should attend him there; consequently the new prior, the Earl of Wooler, and Mitford Lilburne, felt themselves compelled to pay their duty to their sovereign.

Ida, to his great joy, was excused from being of the party, as his presence was absolutely necessary to secure the safety of the garrison in his father's absence.

They had been gone about a fortnight when Rosetta observed that some very important affair seemed to occupy her brother's attention. He received frequent dispatches from York, and often held long conferences with Mr. Thornton. To the solicitous inquiries of his sister, he replied, that all was well, and that nothing of consequence had occurred; and Rosetta, consoled by these assurances, endeavoured to subdue her fears, and regain her tranquillity.

One evening when the party assembled in the sitting hall of the governor's house, consisting of the Thorntons, Mrs. Cresswell, Madame de Montandre, Rosetta, Vincentina, Ida, Clifford, and Charles; Elfrida, with hesitation and trembling, opened the subject of her wish for retirement, and entreated her father to sanction with his approbation the resolution she had embraced of quitting the world; while her two young friends, fulfilled the promise they had made her, and joined their solicitations with hers.

Thornton was a man of plain downright manners, and all his resolutions were taken with a firmness from which he scarce ever receded. He listened patiently to the arguments of the young ladies; and then, without even the pause of a moment, replied, "No, no, Ella, you shall never go into a nunnery; I have no notion of young women being made scape-goats of for the sins of their kindred. Please heaven I intend to see you married before I die."

From the tone in which these words were spoken, Elfrida well knew that the present was no time to urge the subject further; but she secretly determined to renew it whenever opportunity offered.

A day or two after this discourse passed, the same party happened to be assembled, with the exception of Ida, who was absent at Newcastle on military business. A cold and gloomy evening in November was closing in, but the spacious apartment was yet only lighted by a coal fire, round which the little circle was gathered in social chat; even Clifford was cheerful; and only the pensive countenance of Elfrida wore a cloud, when Lisette, who it will be remembered, formerly exerted herself to serve Rosetta, and was now her waiting-woman, entered with a simper on her countenance, and addressing her lady, said, that a fortune-teller, who was then in the kitchen, would be happy in being permitted to exercise her skill for any lady or gentleman, who might wish to know their future destiny.

Poor Judith, though she well remembered the ducking and singeing she had received for meddling with the occult sciences, had yet such a propensity to the marvellous, that she could not withstand the present temptation; but sat siddling and fidgeting, afraid to say yes, and unable to say no. Rosetta, who placed no faith in magic, or astrology, had a negative on her lips, when she was prevented by Thornton, who exclaimed, "Aye, aye, Lisette, bring her in, let us hear what the old beldame has to say."

Charles Lilburne seconded the request, and Lisette soon returned, ushering in an uncouth figure, habited in a long grey cloak with the hood up; her white locks waved over her forehead, and a staff supported her tottering steps.

Mrs. Cresswell happening to be placed at the head of the circle, the sybil first advanced to her, and requested to look at her hand.

Judith, in defiance of all the pains and penalties annexed to witchcraft, instantly stretched it forth. The hag, after muttering some unintelligible words, said aloud, "Aye, lady, yours is indeed a fine fortune; you have never been married yet, but you will soon get a good husband."

At these words Mrs. Cresswell, who placed the firmest reliance on all predictions of this kind, looked up with the most gracious smile in the world, while the young ladies could not forbear tittering, and Thornton laughed aloud.

"Come, old lady," cried Charles Lilburne, who was seated between Vincentina and Elfrida, "here are two fair hands waiting your examination," he then put the right hand of the former into that of the soothsayer, who gazed on it a long time in silence, and then shaking her head, exclaimed, "It grieves me to tell any one bad fortune, lady, but what fate wills, I cannot alter; you love a man who deceives you, lady; let me warn you never to believe him, for he is all falsehood and disguise."

An instant gloom pervaded the features of the fair Italian, though she endeavoured to conceal it beneath an assumed smile.

Charles laughed immoderately, and holding forth the somewhat reluctant hand of Miss Thornton, cried, "Try your skill here, madam, for I am convinced it is most powerful."

"I hope I shall tell good tidings," said the sybil, then after muttering some of her wonted jargon, she said, "You are to be married soon also, lady; I am forbid to reveal the gentleman's name, but there has been a long attachment, and he is deputy governor of this castle, so now I think you may guess who I mean."

"Oh! merciful heaven! Major Shipperdson," exclaimed Judith, clasping her hands in apparent agony.

Elfrida looked the picture of horror; the other ladies gazed on each other in silent astonishment.

Charles continued giggling, and Clifford, with a stern frown, was about to address something to the fortune-teller, when Thornton exclaimed, "Aye, and why not the major! you know he has long loved you, Ella; and if you had married him some time since, perhaps he would have acted better than he has done, and you would not now have been talking of a nunnery; however, I swear by St. Oswin, that if the deputy-governor is now willing to marry you, I will exert the utmost authority of a parent, to compel you to accept of his hand."

Words are inadequate to describe the expression of horror and surprise, that waved over the countenances of the ladies, on hearing these words. But Elfrida, ah! gracious heaven! what were her feelings, when her parent thus declared his firm intention to give her to the wretch her soul abhorred—loaded with crimes—with infamy! She attempted to speak, but the words died on her trembling lips—a cold shivering seized her frame—and she sunk into the arms of Rosetta.

Meanwhile, Charles, without regarding the discourse of Thornton, was holding out his hand to the sybil, and importuning her to read his fate.

She examined his hand, and told him, that his was indeed an evil destiny, and after enumerating many misfortunes which were to attend him through life, she concluded by assuring him, that he would eventually die an old bachelor.

"You wicked hag!" exclaimed Charles, "I will be revenged on you, for prophesying me such a fate!" Then seizing the cloak, in which the herald of futurity was wrapped, he tore it off, and discovered to the astonished circle, the laughing countenance of Ida.

This was the very moment in which Elfrida sunk oppressed with her fears, but when she saw who was the pretended fortune-teller, she felt somewhat revived, and raised her languid head.

“But I am not in jest, Ella,” said her father, nodding archly, “you shall marry the deputy-governor.” Then without giving her time to speak, he drew a paper from his pocket, and turning to Clifford, said, “You, Oswald, are now deputy-governor of this castle, and a major in the army; the possessions of your ancestors are restored to you, and here is your commission signed by the king himself. What say you then, Clifford, will you accept your honors, and your bride, or retire to fasting and telling your beads in the convent of St. Oswin!”

When such an alternative was offered to the choice of Clifford, could he hesitate a moment in making his decision? his heart beat with a tumultuous emotion of mingled gratitude and surprise, nor was joy the least predominant feeling there.

“Oh! my benefactor, my more than parent!” he exclaimed, grasping the hand of Thornton. “Dare I hope for the happiness of being indeed your son!”

And while he spoke, his eloquent eyes were turned on Elfrida, with a look which at once spoke delight and affection.

“Now, Elfrida,” cried the arch and provoking Thornton, “will you now refuse me your obedience, when I command you to give your hand to the deputy-governor?”

Poor Elfrida could not reply, and her father taking her hand joined it to that of Clifford; who received it as a blessing. Indeed it was one to which he would probably have aspired, had he not been deterred by his own want of fortune, and the gratitude he owed to Mr. Thornton; for if he did not love Elfrida with the ardent passion he had once felt for Rosetta, he certainly cherished for her every possible sentiment of respect and esteem.

Their friends now thronged round to congratulate them, and a smile beamed on every face but that of Mrs. Cresswell; she paid her compliments indeed with the rest, but it was with somewhat of an ill grace. Her promised good fortune was soon crushed; and when the party was again seated, she turned to her mischievous cousin, and said with much sharpness of voice, and aspect, “Ida, I do not like such jests as these; mocking is catching, and you may be assured no good will come of it.”

“Why aunt,” for so Ida generally called the old lady, “why aunt,” he said, “am I not an excellent fortune-teller? I appeal to this young lady, whether I did not tell *her* truth?” he added, smiling archly on Vincentina.

“Aye, aye, you are a very good soothsayer,” exclaimed Thornton—“What say you madam?” he continued, turning to Mrs. Cresswell, “when my daughter marries, I shall want a housekeeper, and if you can have the goodness to think my hand worth your acceptance, it is humbly at your service.”

This blunt proposal, and the offered hand that accompanied it were most graciously received by Mrs. Judith; while Ida, though almost convulsed with laughing, repeatedly called on his aunt, to say whether he was not a true prophet.

About two days after this the earl, the prior, and Lilburne, returned to Tynemouth, and the former, when told of the projected alliance of his fair kinswoman, expressed himself highly pleased with it; and no obstacle intervening, it was agreed, that Mrs. Cresswell, and Miss Thornton should resign their liberty on the same day with Rosetta and Vincentina.

The earl when at York, resigned the government of Tynemouth castle; and the king immediately transferred the commission to Ida, and thus his residence was fixed at the

governor's house.

In the course of a week, intelligence was received at the castle, that the vessel in which Shipperdson and O'Bryen had embarked was wrecked on the coast of Flanders, and every person on board perished.

It may also be mentioned, that Crapaud, the earl's valet, and the other wretches, their accomplices, were delivered over to the power of the church, that they might be tried at the next visitation of the abbot of St. Albans, for the crimes committed within his jurisdiction.

The happy day at length arrived, which was to unite four couples, who entered the married state with a fair and smiling prospect of felicity.

It was now the middle of December, and a lovelier morning for the season of the year never shone from the heavens, to the great joy of Judith, who observed, that "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on."

This lady, according to the etiquette of the times, was first led to the altar, dressed in a petticoat of black velvet trimmed with gold fringe; and a gown, or rather mantle, of rich brocade; she looked so gay, and so pleasant, that in the course of the day, Thornton declared, that he thought her full as handsome as any of the three young brides.

Rosetta, Vincentina, and Elfrida, wore all the attractions of the sister graces; they were attired exactly alike in robes of white satin, and their beautiful hair confined with rows of pearl; and their adoring lovers received them from the venerable prior, as the choicest blessings heaven could bestow.

The Earl of Wooler, after witnessing for a short time, their felicity, once more quitted the active scenes of life, and retired to his seat at Wooler Park, where he was frequently visited by his children, in whose happiness all his earthly wishes were now centered.

Lilburne, soon after his marriage, was raised to the dignity of a baron, by the style and title of Baron Lilburne, of Hartley, in Northumberland; but his intrinsic worth, and that of his lady, was such, as gave to nobility a lustre infinitely brighter than any they received from it.

Madame de Montandre retired to a nunnery in the neighbourhood of Tynemouth, not as a recluse, but a boarder; and she frequently emerged from her retreat, to pass a few delightful weeks at Hartley Hall, or the governor's house. She amply rewarded the Villetes, for their attention to her son, when ill of his wound; and lord Lilburne added to her bounty by establishing them in a farm of his own.

Charles Lilburne, too much attached to the large circle of amiable friends he possessed in England, ever to return to France, solicited, and obtained a commission in the English service, and settled in that country for life.

The worthy Mr. and Mrs. Thornton passed the evening of life in perfect felicity and contentment. The venerable Judith now declared, that "she thought the sea air very salubrious, and a walk on the beach extremely pleasant."

It was impossible to say, whether her son and daughter Clifford, Lord Ida and his Lady, or Lord and Lady Lilburne, were most dear to her heart; and she knew no higher felicity, than that of instructing their children in the important history of her ancestor, Robert de Mowbray, and the consequent enchantment of the castle.

Such is the history of the beings who once inhabited the castle, and neighbourhood of Tynemouth: the primary cause of their sufferings, was the superstition of the times in which they lived, and the patience with which they endured them was eventually rewarded by a state of happiness as full and perfect as this world can afford.

FINIS.

*Newcastle upon Tyne:  
Printed by E. Mackenzie, Jun.*

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