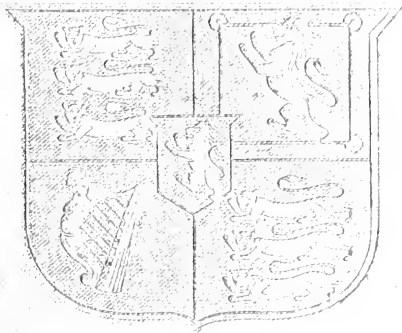


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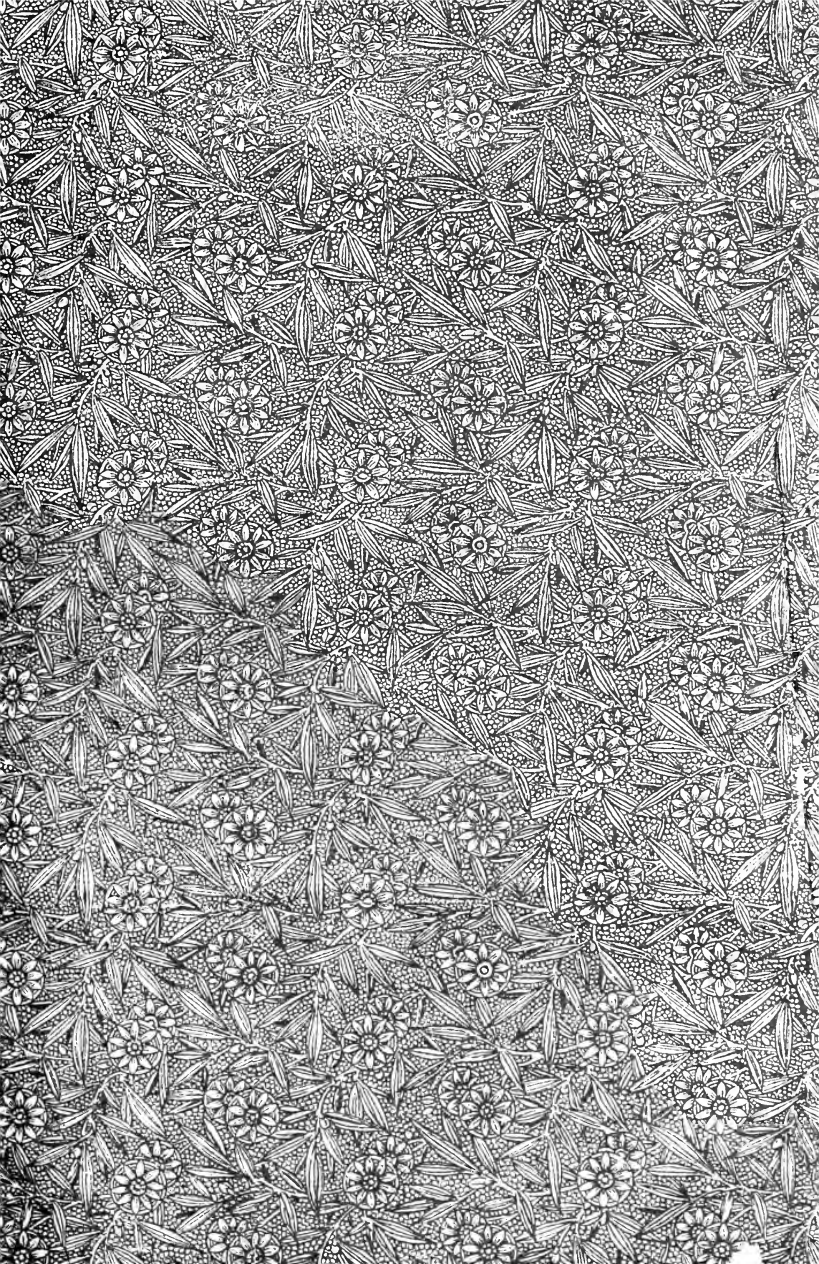
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# FOR KING AND KENT

(1648).

A True Story of the Great Rebellion.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

(WITH NOTES.)

BY

COLONEL COLOMB,

*Author of "Donnington Castle" (a Royalist Story), "The Cardinal Archbishop" (of Granada), "The Miller of Wandsworth," "The Song of the Bell and Lenora" (translations), and of the Romances "Hearths and Watchfires," "The Shadows of Destiny," &c.*

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VOL. II.

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## C O N T E N T S.

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CHAP.	PAGE
I. Recovery from Sickness ... ..	1
II. Of Sarah Skelhorn, &c. ... ..	8
III. A Visit from Faithful ... ..	15
IV. Coronation Day ... ..	23
V. How the City was to be Cozened... ..	29
VI. The Prentices Provoked to Rise ... ..	41
VII. The Glorious Tenth of April ... ..	50
VIII. Concerning Margaret Gray ... ..	57
IX. To the Compters ... ..	69
X. To Kent Once More ... ..	77
XI. At Bocton Malherbe ... ..	84
XII. More Perils and more Pranks ... ..	98
XIII. Of Three Gallants in Love ... ..	109
XIV. Of a Duel to be Fought ... ..	118
XV. Canterbury Trial ... ..	133
XVI. To Tunstall ... ..	148
XVII. A Menace and a Retort ... ..	159
XVIII. Before the Committee ... ..	164
XIX. L'Estrange his Advice to Hales ... ..	179
XX. Of a Young Presbyterian Lord ... ..	187
XXI. Divers Strange Things ... ..	195
XXII. How Sir Michael Retreated ... ..	207
XXIII. Jack Gayer his Relation ... ..	215
XXIV. To Sittingborne Church ... ..	220
XXV. Of Margaret Gray ... ..	228
XXVI. Of the Lady Anne... ..	237
XXVII. To the Church at Tunstall ... ..	242
XXVIII. A Wedding and Three Late For't ... ..	253
XXIX. In the Shooter's Meadow... ..	263
XXX. Furthering Loyal Designs ... ..	271
XXXI. Sir Anthony his Summons Answered ... ..	277
XXXII. Riding Up and Down for the Petition ... ..	287
XXXIII. The Prince of Wales at Sandwich ... ..	290
XXXIV. Margaret in Tears... ..	299
XXXV. Sir Michael on Parole ... ..	303
XXXVI. Aboard of the Vice-Admiral ... ..	309
XXXVII. A Court of War on Mutineers ... ..	317
XXXVIII. Someone to be Hanged ... ..	322
XXXIX. More of the Prince ... ..	341
XL. Grave Deliberations ... ..	351



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# FOR KING AND KENT.

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## CHAPTER I.

### RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

“WHAT and where am I?” was the first thought that did occur to me when I broadly awake from a long trance, chequered only by confused visions of being watched by my bedside, and sundry perplexing imaginations. The last of these was the wild delusion that my head was the concave of the sky, and that a burning star confined therein did roll about from end to end, to my great trouble and disturbance. Now all such monstrous fancies had subsided. But, as I said, I am now broadly awake. I see some phials of physic—a bowl of broth standing in a jelly on a small table near—a chair beside the bed with an open book on it back uppermost—a cake of wax floating in a pewter basin on a stool.

While idly gazing, and lazily wondering, I heard a sound as it were of a key turning in the wall, which was of wainscot, where—after a little

twisting back and forward—a door flew open, and a fellow jumps into the room crying—

“I thought it did lead somewhere! Ha!” he adds, seeing some one in bed, “what have we here?”

And he stands rooted in the floor, regarding me, I thought, with no favourable eye. But gradually, as I look, his features become familiar, and I recognise the strong-knit frame and swart face of Jack Gayer, my former companion, the restless leader of all mischief at “The Cradle.”

“Odds boddikins! Rupert Lendall, how the plague came you into this place?” says he.

“That is more than I can tell you,” said I, “nor do I know where I am.”

“Lord!” says he, coming close to me, “you are for all the world like a jack-a-lent—a piece of mist with a brace of rushlights going out at one end thereof. Your eyes are half sunk in your head. O’, my conscience, you must have been buried since last I saw you, and dug up again.”

“Tell me, Jack Gayer, I beseech you, where am I?”

“In Queen Street.”

“In Queen Street—where?”

“At Master Gray’s. Sure you know that well enough. Confess the truth.”

“At Gray’s in Queen Street,” echoed I vacantly. “No, truly I did not know it. Go not away, Jack Gayer; sit you down till I recollect myself.”

He sat at the foot of the pallet, and contemplated me with more wonder than pity.

“Do you mean to pretend,” quoth Jack Gayer, “that you have been brought here without your knowledge? It passes belief.”

But now past events, beginning to be remembered by me, come back as it were with a rush, especially the cruel murder of Burley. I put my hand to my head; the hair was short, about an inch from the top of my forehead.

“I know what it is,” said I; “feel here. I did receive a wound.”

And I tell him briefly of Burley’s business. He knew of it either from having read of it in the diurnals, or heard of it at “The Cradle.”

“I have had a fever, Jack Gayer,” said I, casting an eye upon the physic bottles.

“And a nurse too,” says Gayer, who had lifted the open book lying turned down on the chair, and having twirled the leaves about, put it where he found it.

I desired to look forth of my window, and found, though weak, I could manage to sit up in my bed without help.

“Ho!” said I, dizzily gazing. “What! are the peach trees in blossom?” for I saw them upon a brick wall shining red in the early sun. “Sure they are early?”

“Somewhat,” said he, “but ’tis nigh the end of March.”

“Indeed!” said I.

Looking about me, I now remember to have been in this place before. It was a secret closet where Gray did keep many important documents; also his strong box containing the greater part of his treasure, but I knew not the door whereby Jack Gayer had entered.

Then I laid down again, and as I did, the appearance of Gray, and his accusation mentioned at the end of my last chapter was remembered.

“Do you know aught of a lad called Faithful?” said I.

“I never did hear of him,” says he.

I was about to tell him how Faithful helped me out of prison at Winton, but changed my mind.

“What employment have you here, Jack Gayer?”

“I am prentice to Gray—the place you had,” says he.

“What took him to Winton? Were you there with him?”

“No,” says he; “’tis reported he was to the Isle of Wight with money from the Council of State to reward the soldiers for seizing Captain Burley, and to Winton with £1,000 to Wild for hanging of him.”

“I would I knew how my sister is,” said I.  
“Know you where Margaret is?”

“ Locked fast in her own chamber, for running away with a youth of her acquaintance,” replied Gayer, looking at me curiously.

“ Ha! indeed!” said I, and thought to myself, “ Here is the mystery of Faithful being explained. Do you know the real name of the youth ? ”

“ No,” says he “ but perchance you do ? ’Tis said she tried to put it off upon Sir Michael Livesey.”

“ Sir Michael is rascal enough for anything,” said I, pondering over former conversations with Faithful. “ It puzzles me to know how I came hither, Jack Gayer. How is old Gray ? ”

“ Ill of the sweating sickness, Rupert Lendall.”

“ Alas ! wretched man ! I am sorry to hear it,” said I.

“ I have heard it said,” replied Gayer, “ that Margaret took advantage of his illness to keep a lover concealed in this house, but I never believed it till now.”

“ What mean you, Jack Gayer ? ”

“ Why,” says he, with a half-malicious laugh, “ I mean that thou art a mighty cunning fellow, Rupert Lendall, to carry on thy amours so secretly.”

“ With whom ? ” said I.

He took the book from the chair and held it up, looked at me hard, and laid it down again.

“I understand you not,” said I.

He laughed.

“Come,” says he, “I must begone. I will say nothing, but I must tell you that when you are well, Rupert, I will cuff you soundly. I have a fondness for Margaret Gray myself, and fairly confess that I am angry at your success.”

“Jack Gayer,” said I, “you are mistaken in your surmises. I am not in a condition to make love. I told you long ago that I did worship a fair and noble lady in Kent. I care not for Margaret. You talk of coming to cuffs with me when I am well, but two will be able to play at that, and my good friend Faithful will perhaps not be sorry if you get the worst of it, for what you do prowling thus early in the morning about the secret passages of this house I know not.”

“Secret passages?” says he. “It only leads into the garden house yonder, and so into the street; but who the divel is ‘Faithful’ you talk so about?”

I told him briefly something of him. He seemed as if a new light had fallen upon him, and he said—

“Rupert Lendall, I ask your pardon. I have wearied you, and truly I have said things I meant not. Peace; I will never say a word more. I have jumped upon wrong conclusions; I humbly ask forgiveness.”

And he very frankly pressed my hand.



“There is no offence,” said I, “Jack Gayer. Now let me rest, for I am very tired.”

“Say nothing of this passage or of me,” says Gayer, “to Gray or to any in the house. I was playing of pranks last night and got locked out, but took with me some keys I found in Gray’s drawer. They will serve another time. Whither does that door lead ?”

“On to the lobby of the first floor.”

“Farewell a while !”

And out he goes by the proper door of entrance. As soon as he was gone, I stretched forth my hand and took the book off the chair. The letters danced before my eyes. I found it to be the story of “The Golden Legacy,”\* but some writing on the inside of the cover did account for Jack Gayer his suspicious language, for the writing was this, “Margaret Gray, her book,” and I remember she had, a long time ago, lent it me to read.

Anon a new notion started in my head. Gayer had said that Gray was sick, and that it was reported that Margaret had a lover concealed in the house.

Was I tended there for a blind ?

While puzzling over the matter, I fell asleep with Margaret’s book in my hand.

\*“*Rosalind, Euphues’s Golden Legacy*,” by Thomas Lodge. A romance upon which Shakespeare founded his play of *As you Like it*.

## CHAPTER II.

OF SARAH SKELHORN, ETC.

I WENT to sleep, as I told you, with Margaret's book in my hand. I awoke presently with some noise, and saw a figure which I thought might be Margaret—though it was something taller than I remembered her—making a retreat from the door. Then I hear footsteps flying away through the house and voices eagerly talking, as if in some delight.

Master Pyle\* (of Covent Garden), chirurgeon, came presently in. I will not trouble you with a description of his person or what he said, except that he pronounced me to be mending fast. He had had doubts of my recovery before, he said; but I had been well watched and attended. He took Margaret's book off the bed, and said he could not permit me to read. He told me to take my broth.

When he was gone there entered one I knew very well, for it was old Gray's housekeeper, a very excellent housewife and a kind woman. She was a little too busy in some matters, and once believed herself great in magic, and it was thought affected

\* A real personage, afterwards a Royalist agent.

to be a white witch, and to be able to undo the evil spells of some ; but having been frightened when some old crones were burnt for their crimes, she forsook her books, and though she still would assert that most of her dreams came true, did not attempt any divination. Her name, which I have mentioned before, was Sarah Skelhorn.

“Lord love you, Master Lendall,” cries she, “I had been in before, but was to the market. I heard from Mistress Margaret that you had recovered your wits, for she found you reading in her book, and Master Pyle says, too, you will do well. Bless your dear handsome face—pale and thin though it now be—there are others, Master Lendall, who are as glad as I, and who are crying as much for your recovery as they did at your falling ill.”

“I pray you,” says I, not knowing well what she said, “do you know aught of my sister, Mrs. Burley?”

“I think I did hear she was entertained by a friend in the Isle of Wight,” says Sarah Skelhorn.

“Ah,” said I, “that will be Frances Trattle no doubt; and how bears she her sad affliction? Alas! Mistress Skelhorn, but that her husband is now a crowned martyr, his fate were too horrible to think on.”

“And yet some say, Master Lendall, that he was an enemy to the truth.”

“The truth, the truth, woman!—peace!—you know not what you speak of,” said I, angrily; then adding, “tell me, however, if you know how my sister does?”

“Truly I know not, yet I think I have heard that she is not ill.”

“I wish her friend and mine were here,” said I; “he could give you tidings, Sarah Skelhorn. You must bid him come hither.”

“Who?” says she.

“Faithful,” says I.

“I know of no Faithful,” says she, looking hard at me, “but perchance Mistress Margaret could tell you.”

“I perceive, Sarah,” says I, “that you would fain keep the truth from me; yet, mistress, you know full well that Margaret has a lover concealed in this house.”

“Yes,” says she, laughing, “and yet there is no such great mystery in it neither.”

“And does Master Gray know of it?”

“Perchance he does, and perchance he does not,” quoth Sarah.

“Is it true he is ill of the sweating sickness?”

“Yes,” says Sarah, “he hath never been well since he was to Winton—whether it was the sudden surprise of finding his daughter in a malefactor’s cell there, or whether it was a cold he took on the journey, I know not.”

“I pray you,” said I, “give me a relation of the finding of his daughter.”

“Why, you see,” says Sarah, “it was thus:— Master Gray going to the Isle of Wight, as I hear, with money to reward the soldiers that seized Captain Burley, came by Winton with a thousand pounds for Judge Wild for his care and pains in condemning the said captain. Here he learnt of the riot at the place of execution, and that you were prisoner in the Castle as one of the leaders thereof; whereupon being informed, as Mistress Margaret believes, by Cornelius Evans—who, by the way, is known to me”—

“Known to you, Sarah Skelhorn?”

“Ay, he was son to the great astrologer Evans, a friend of the great Master Lilly. Well, Gray being informed by Cornelius, is full of fury against you, goes to Wild and Steel, and one—Rainsborough, I think it was”—

“Yes,” said I, “Admiral Rainsborough.”

“And desires to have you brought forth of the cell, to accuse you to your face of conveying away his daughter.”

“Conveying away his daughter! I did nothing of the kind.”

“True,” says Sarah here, “I know it. Well, to cut short my relation,” continues she, “to the door of the cell comes Wild, Steel, and Rainsborough, with Master Gray.

“‘You had best take care, Master Gray,’ says

Rainsborough, 'for the villain is hardy and desperate, and if he breaks loose may do you some bodily harm.'

"Good Master Gray's fury moderating on this caution, he ventures not into the cell, but feels disposed to rely on some stout constables there present.

"'Now, master jailor,' quoth Wild, 'you may unbar your doors, and you four constables go in, and seize and bring forth the villain for Master Gray to examine, and take heed that you hold him fast.'

"The prisoner is then brought forth with his hat slouched over his face. Master Gray snatches it off, but no sooner has he done so than he calls out, in great amazement, 'My daughter!' and then tearing away the cloak, and seeing the apparel she was in, adds, 'and in gallant's clothes!'"

"What, Sarah Skelhorn," said I, "was it indeed Mistress Margaret, and not Faithful, that was in the cell?"

"Sure," says Skelhorn, "you know very well that it was."

"I remember Gray said something of this when he accosted me in the wood the night of my escape. But it seems passing strange that Margaret should have succeeded in saving Faithful in the same way that Faithful saved me."

"Master Lendall," says Sarah, "you act your

part very well, but you cannot deceive me. I am sure you know right well what correspondence there is between Faithful and Margaret."

"Yes," said I, "I do, and I am anxious for the welfare of both; and it is my earnest hope, Sarah Skelhorn, that Faithful will be as true to Margaret as Margaret is to Faithful."

"Why one would think to hear you talk, Master Lendall, that you believed there was really a person called Faithful."

"Sarah Skelhorn, I perceive you have more deceit about you than I supposed. Though I have but a friendly feeling towards Margaret, and have no right to set myself up as her champion, I think you act a very doubtful part in allowing her to conceal a lover in this house without her father's consent."

At this, Sarah Skelhorn regards me steadfastly, and incontinently bursts out a laughing.

"You may laugh, Sarah Skelhorn," says I, "but I consider this is no matter for mirth."

But louder and louder titters Sarah; and she is at pains to stuff the corner of the coverlet into her mouth to suppress the noise she was making.

"Verily," says she "you would make me believe that you did not know that Faithful was only a cozen."

"His being a cousin, Sarah Skelhorn, does not mend the matter."

Here a call sounds from Gray's chambers, and forth she goes still laughing immoderately.

“Oh, what a wanton housewife is this Sarah Skelhorn!” says I to myself, “she not only conceals this lover of Margaret in the house, but has the hardihood to laugh at the deceit.”



## CHAPTER III.

### A VISIT FROM FAITHFUL.

BY-AND-BYE comes back Sarah Skelhorn with more strong broth, and with her, Master Pyle, to see how I can eat it. After some conversation they leave me, and I fall into a deep sleep, from which I am awakened about dusk by the sound of a song to the accompaniment of a lute, which sounded from an apartment above. I shall here set it down for the edification of those who delight in such things with this preface that it hath been ascribed to Lovelace, though I believe that Will Shakespeare—that great wit—must have the honour of having originated the same:—

(1.)

Take, oh, take those lips away,  
Which so sweetly are forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain!

(2.)

Hide, oh, hide that bosom's snow,  
Which no fondness e'er can warm;  
All the love that lurks below  
Is as cold as winter's storm;  
But my poor heart first set free  
Bound in icy chains by thee!\*

\* It will be observed that this song, which some fancy to be by Marlowe and not by Shakespeare, differs from the received version.

I had no sooner heard the first bar of this song than I recognised the voice of Margaret; for I had heard her sing it some years before. But the manner of her singing it was so pathological as to affect me very much in my then weakly state—moving me even to tears. For I thought of Anne Wotton in days of old, and of the kisses she had once given me of her own free-will, and afterwards by compulsion at our last parting at Canterbury; and so falling into a reverie, after twilight some one steals softly into my chamber and gently approaches my bedside. It was too dark to see, but guessing that it might be Faithful, I inquired if it was.

“Oh, dear Rupert,” cried a voice, which I recognised as his, “thou art thyself again. May Heaven be thanked for this mercy.”

And the kind friend pressed my hand between both of his in a very affectionate manner; and seemingly much moved, for a short space sits by my bedside without having a word to say.

Full of curiosity to know how Faithful was disposed towards Margaret, I was the first to break the silence.

“That was Margaret whose voice I heard singing not long since in a neighbouring chamber?” said I.

“Yes,” said he in a hesitating manner.

“It affected me to a most pathological sadness,” said I, “for I bethought me, Faithful, of my

entirely beloved Anne Wotton, and of the kisses which once I had from her. Ah! Faithful," said I, "the pain I have suffered in the affairs of love makes me now feel more compassion for others."

Then did Faithful, embracing me with more tenderness than was fitting, commence to weep after a fashion that perplexed me.

"What, Faithful!" cried I, "art thou also unfortunate in the affairs of love?—nay, pluck up thy spirit, poor youth."

"What the plague is this," thinks I to myself. "I hear Margaret sing a sad song, as it were complaining of a faithless lover, and here is cousin Faithful concealed by her contrivance blubbering and lamenting over an unrequited suit? What a pair of fools!—but it is ever thus with lovers who, while they are dying to be locked fast together, take a pleasure in vexing and tormenting each other—and, as in a game of see-saw when one is in the air the other is grovelling in the dust. Oh, oh! I see what it is. This effeminate youth is afraid to declare his passion, and Margaret?—but hold, why should Margaret be downhearted too?"

"Faithful," said I, "dry your eyes and refrain from further grief; weeping will not mend your misfortune. Though you have not the good fortune to be beloved by one you like best, take pattern by me; who though my suit to the Lady Anne Wotton seems hopeless, yet do not despair. Am I

not as ill off as you? We both love where it is impossible to be loved again. 'Twere better far you should suck comfort out of Sarah Skelhorn, who, from what I see of her, seems to mock at her master's daughter for keeping a young man in the house, saying she knows that Faithful is but a cousin—and indeed she did laugh at the whole matter in such an incomprehensible way as somewhat amazed me. For a woman who can do so in the case as it now stands can have no feeling. But, Faithful, it is a marvel thou hast lost favour with Margaret seeing she did—if Sarah Skelhorn speaks true—rescue thee from prison, as thou didst rescue me, only with this difference, that Margaret did entirely change suits with thee. Pluck up, man, thy case cannot be hopeless, for—for a maid to put on gallant's apparel is the greatest proof of affection. But being a thing in itself very immodest it is only excusable on such an occasion as to save a lover from death. I am sure nothing else would make the Lady Anne Wotton do such a thing. For mine own part, I cannot at all tolerate a maid in gallant's clothes. Doubtless the device of Margaret was infused into her mind by Thomas Lodge, his book, which I may mention, I found here anon, it having been left here, either by you, Faithful, or by Margaret herself. I remember her once giving me the book to read. I set little store by it; for, I repeat, I deem it a mannish and forward thing in a girl to dress in

gallant's clothes as Rosalind does in the story; and I marvel that Rosader could have relished her afterwards."

Perceiving that Faithful said nothing, to soothe his spirit in case any jealousy might vex him, I said, taking his hand—

"Faithful, deem not that I can rival thee in thy regard for Margaret. In good sooth, I affect her not at all, if that is any comfort to thee. Indeed, Faithful, when I am well I must go seek Anne Wotton again, and I would I had news of her now, for it would go far to make me recover my health."

But here Faithful, as if he were rather displeased than otherwise, quits the chamber something abruptly.

Though the reader of these last two chapters may understand the mysteries they treat of, I can assure every one that I did not.

"Sarah Skelhorn," said I, as soon as I was left alone, "is as mad as a hare in March, and Faithful is no whit more sensible."

This much must however be told. The next time I see Sarah Skelhorn she is exceeding cold and taciturn; and when I questioned her as to the cause of her immoderate laughter, she said—

"Forsooth, 'tis no laughing matter, Master Lendall, and you ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself. What your behaviour has been to Mistress Margaret Gray you know best yourself. She is in a pitiabie state, and all on your account."

“On my account?” said I.

“Yes,” says Sarah.

“Sarah Skelhorn,” said I, “I know not what to make of you. Think not, however, to divert me from the loadstone that governs my heart. Let Mistress Margaret favour those who affect her. Nothing shall entice me from the queen of my affections—the peerless Lady Anne Wotton.”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” says Sarah Skelhorn, and out she flounces in a huff.

“Sarah Skelhorn mad,” said I, “Faithful mad, and Margaret mad—that makes three.”

It was a relief to me to see Jack Gayer, and make him the repository of my doubts and surmises, but he gave me but little comfort, for when I explained to him my suspicion of the madness of Sarah Skelhorn, Faithful, and Margaret, it was very plain that he presently concluded me to be mad myself.

Dr. Pyle coming in to pay me his evening visit, Gayer takes him aside, and very evidently imparts his idea to the doctor, who calls in Sarah and chides her for talking to me, saying that it is of the last importance that I should be kept quiet.

So for two or three days, though I rapidly improve, I am debarred from conversation, for Sarah was the only one who visited me, and, in obedience to Dr. Pyle’s command, she did maintain a very strict silence.

**Sixth Inscription.**



To

**THE LADY MABEL LINDSAY.**





## CHAPTER IV.

### CORONATION DAY.

A FEW days after this was the King's coronation day,\* and Jack Gayer having told me of the preparations for its celebration, nothing would serve me but I must go secretly forth to observe what went on. Jack Gayer had prepared a very hideous mask for his face, and knowing that I had more reason to disguise myself than he—who only feared lest Master Gray should hear that he was out of the house after hours—I prayed him to procure me a mask like unto his, which he did. He was to personate a crier in the pageant that the prentices had gotten up, and was furnished with a bell.

Jack Gayer, after asking me if I was sure I was well enough for the expedition, advised me to do as he did, which was to top my bolster with a nightcap, and so dispose it in bed as to represent a person asleep, which, being carefully performed, we issued forth by the secret door into the garden. Looking up from thence, I saw the window which I knew to be Margaret's. There was a light burning within. I said—

\* 27th March.

“I have seen nothing of Faithful these some days. I hope he has ingratiated himself with Margaret again.”

“Sarah Skelhorn says there is no such person as Faithful, nor ever was,” quoth Jack Gayer, “and that you are the person who is by favour concealed in this house.”

“Sarah Skelhorn is a liar,” said I; “Faithful hath sat by my bedside since I came here. But perchance,” said I musingly, “the poor youth hath since departed.”

There was not light enough to see Jack Gayer’s countenance, but it approached mine. He seemed to be trying to scan my expression.

“It is painful to lie under the suspicion of madness,” thought I to myself, “but doubtless Jack Gayer thinks me under a delusion.”

Unobserved we got into Holborn, and thence made our way into the heart of the city.

“Oh, wondrous!” cried I. “Can it be that this is the schismatical London which would bring the King’s power down to the ground?”

Lo! it was all lighted up, windows thronged, and crowds passing to and fro. Said I—

“Has the King been brought to London, Jack Gayer?”

“No,” says he, “but indeed the city would have him thither.”

“Jack Gayer, I will rest a while here,” said I, leaning against one of the posts and chains, “for

I feel somewhat weak and tired, and this noise confuses me."

"Do so," says Jack Gayer, "I perceive friends coming, and I must undertake my business as crier."

So saying, he pulls forth a paper from his pocket, and begins to con it, and donning his mask, falls in among a band of prentices that came up.

This was in Cheapside. It did blaze with bonfires from end to end, which limned with light the houses on either side, tricking up window, wall, and balcony, as well as the gilded devices of the numberless signs that stood out from penthouse and gable. Nor did loyal devices fail, for ever and anon were painted cloths to be seen with such inscriptions as "God save the King," "Heaven preserve His Majesty," and such-like. In defiance of the grandees of the Parliament and army, the freemen of the city did determine to celebrate the King's coronation day.

Of disapproving zealots there were not many to be seen, for they either kept within doors, or assumed a cheerful aspect, as if they did commend what was done. It would have been somewhat dangerous to have run counter to the prevailing spirit. All had to yield to it. The coaches of persons of eminence were stopped, and those on them forced to alight to drink His Majesty's health, all which tended to prove that though cruelly treated.

at Carisbrooke (for he was barbarously used ever since the failure of poor Burley's attempt—being confined in a narrow compass, denied the access of his friends), the King still reigned in the hearts of his subjects. But oh, how doleful was now his condition ! Persecuted by schismatics, guarded by rude soldiers all day, and kept fast from stirring at night by what they called conservators, whose beds were placed across his chamber door ! Oh, if unjust interference with the liberty of a subject be a thing to be reprehended, what shall we say of the case where the King himself is the sufferer ?

It was no small satisfaction to me to contemplate the posture of the city on this night. Everywhere was mutiny apparent, and contemptuous songs were everywhere sung against Atkins, Warner, the Derby House, and the chief officers of the Parliament army.

Jack Gayer was prepared with some fitting addresses to the rulers of the seditious party. Falling in with a procession of prentices which I told you came up, he heads them, and beginning to sound his bell, pronounced the following proclamation in a loud voice, amidst the approving laughter of the generality there :—

“ Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes ! If any man, angel, or divel, can tell where the bodies of Oliver Cromwell and Tom Fairfax are now resident—you shall know the one by his refulgent copper nose, which

he ever kept well burnished that he might not be constrained to trouble the divel to light him, or grope his way to — ; you may know the other by his smoky countenance, his mouth drawn awry, and his looks like the picture of doomsday when the planets be darkened. If any as aforesaid can bring tale or tidings where these two arch-traitors aforesaid now are, let him bring word to the cryer, and he shall be hanged for his pains.”\*

The procession which Jack Gayer had gotten in front of was of prentice boys, and they carried with them the effigy of a Parliament officer, wearing Parliament colours.† The groans of all the bystanders did greet it as it passed along, and I perceived a scroll above it with the name of Colonel Robert Hammond writ thereon. At the next effigy I shed tears, for it did recall to my remembrance the miserable fate of my poor brother Burley—for it was intended for wicked Judge Wild, and was arrayed in a ruff and a red clout for a judge’s gown, and the said effigy—like that of Hammond—did dangle on a gibbet with a bill of treason to its neck. With that of Wild came some chaunting a mocking ballad against that fiend incarnate.

Both these effigies, having been dragged in the kennel from one end of the city to the other, were

\* The above appears in print at a later date. The times were rich in political squibs, but more wit was displayed by Royalist pamphleteers than by their opponents.

† *i.e.*, an orange tawny scarf.

set up in Paul's churchyard on their gibbets in a bonfire, and there burnt with all circumstances of contempt, many throwing brands at them as they burnt. After a little they blew up, having been stuffed with wet powder. I, growing mad, flung brands like the rest. Just as they had blown up comes a coach along that place at a slow pace with the curtains drawn. Word was passed that there were some grandees within it who had been to sup with Lord Mayor Warner. Jack Gayer and I—the horses being stopped by others—pull open the curtains, and there is the Lord Denbigh in mighty fear.

“This is the man,” cried I, “that prevented the King's escape from Carisbrooke !”

This exclamation of mine being explained and repeated, a storm of groans did rise. What was done to my Lord Denbigh I know not, for I became suddenly insensible to all things, for, overcome with exertions which had been too much for me in my then weak state, I swooned away.\*

\* A Letter of Intelligence at this time says :—“ On the King's coronation day (27th March, 1648) bonfires were never so many since the King returned from Spain—people forced out of their coaches in passing to drink the King's health, nobody preventing—an image of Hammond, hanged, drawn, and quartered, being dragged through the streets by the neck.” Another letter says :—“ A company of city blades in Friday Street had prepared an effigy of Hammond dressed in old clothes, which they carried about in procession, which ended in the fire where they had prepared their gibbet, on which they hung their puppet, and so burnt all together. Lord Mayor Warner dared not shew his nose—a fireball was thrown into Lord Denbigh's coach.”—*Letters of Intelligence in Clar. MSS.*, Bodl., Oxford.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOW THE CITY WAS TO BE COZENED.

I got safely back to Queen Street with the help of Jack Gayer, but I was something the worse of the adventure—at least, so deemed Dr. Pyle who did not know I had been forth. I was ordered to be kept very quiet, and in the course of a few days became quite wearied with the silence of Sarah Skelhorn. Furthermore Faithful paid no more visits, and I got weary of such books as were brought me. At the end of a week, though I got very much stronger I was still saluted with fingers upon lips. It was some relief to get a letter from the Isle of Wight from my poor sister who was still the guest of Frances Trattle—yet 'twas but a poor one, for the letter was necessarily sad, and though it spoke very religiously of resignation to a hard fate, did nevertheless draw tears from my eyes. She charged me to observe very punctually the last wishes of poor Burley, and reminding me how he had prayed for his enemies, begged me not to dream of avenging his death. This letter I did receive on Sunday the 9th April, which I remember very well. The sun was shining cheerfully, and feeling the air from my open window

exceeding balmy and pleasant, and believing that all the house were to church, I made my way forth of the secret door which Jack Gayer had by some inadvertency left open—and soon got into Holborn. There I did approve the greenness of the hedges and the appearance of the early flowers in the gardens thereabouts.

“Ah,” thought I, with musings proper for the Sabbath, “the resurrection of verdures and flowers doth well console poor mortals—teaching them how after the coldness of dreary decay and death—which winter doth so aptly image—there shall come a revivifying to warmth and colour and to glorious light.”

And then I think of John Burley, whom doubtless the angels shall welcome to triumph and great joy in the halls of heaven; though his end in this world of shadows was so dismal. And shedding a few tears, I determined to sorrow no more for a martyr to religion and loyalty, and rather to leave to God the infliction of that punishment which was due to his murderers, than myself to seek for revenge, though I felt I was clearly bound to follow his example, and fight to the death for the King, whenever and wheresoever a fair and open fight could be had. In the middle of such contemplations, I am disturbed.

“Hilloa! ho!” cries a voice from the opposite side of the way—and I observe Jack Gayer hailing me.



“Hath the chirurgeon sent thee forth to take the air?” says he coming across to meet me.

“Nay,” said I, “I am forth without leave again but the day is fine, and I feel almost myself once more. I am very glad to see thee Jack Gayer, let us have a quiet talk together, I am sick to death of the discipline of La Trappe.”

“You talk of traps,” says he, “I will tell you of a strange one.”

I told him I did only allude to those monks whose discipline it is to refrain from speaking—a piece of erudition I got from Sir Henry Wotton.

“But of what kind,” said I, “is this trap you speak of?”

“Rupert, you walk toward the Moorfields with me,” says he, “and I will tell you—I must to the Moorfields instantly.”

“Wherefore to the Moorfields?” said I.

“Because the prentices are forbidden to go there—is not that reason enough?”

Whereupon I did consent.

“I have a marvellous relation for thee,” says Jack Gayer.

This was the tale which he told me by the way.

“It was but o’Thursday last,” says Jack Gayer, commencing his relation, “that I was to the Tower to see my father, the late Lord Mayor, who is as thou knowest hard and fast there for resisting the usurping Parliament, and by the same token, I have a party of brave mariners—who are some-

what under a cloud for their loyalty—lying in wait to convey him forth when chance shall favour the enterprise. My father hath the noble companionship of Judge Jenkins,\* the bold destroyer of the quibbles of Parliament lawyers—I thank God, my father is hearty and well, despite the cruel treatment he receives. Well, o’Thursday I was to the Tower, when he bids me go see such an one, whom I name not, who had somewhat to reveal to me—an alderman or common councilman—it matters not but say thou nothing. To the said alderman or what not I accordingly went, and he knowing that there is some villainy to be done, and finding that I was ready to undergo the risk of detecting it, conveys me privately to the Common Council chamber, where being ensconced, I put on a prepared dress. The place was a little closet in the Council Chamber, Rupert, where hung some garments of the Council”—

“Not Atkins, his ——” † said I, “surely?”

“Nay,” says he laughing, “or I had not stomached the neighbourhood. ’Twas but a matter of aldermen’s gowns. But in short ’twas a spy place with a little hole bored through the door, like what you found in Starkey’s chamber closet.

\* No one was able to answer the Royalist arguments of Judge Jenkins.

† An allusion to an amusing but very coarse anecdote of “Atkins his” continuations, which is unfit for publication.

“I had been some time stowed away, when the whole multitude of the Common Councilmen assemble—good enough souls many of them, which had little but gossip to retail. Anon enters Warner, Lord Mayor (illegally) elect, and with him Fowke, Gibbs, Atkins, Pennington, and the other commissioners of the City Militia. Scarce had they deposited their treasonous carcasses on several chairs—an example which the other good men followed—when the door flies open, and in marches the fiery copper-nose who is so entirely their master.”

“What, Noll? Noll Cromwell?” said I.

“He,” returns Jack Gayer. “No other. Now you must know that Noll but a short time back at this house in King Street,\* gathered together the grandees of the Parliament and the army, and spoke largely about drawing closer together in bonds of love and amity (to what end you may guess, while the King’s party begins to stir again). This, Master Walker, the member, will confirm to you and he is a good ferret I can tell you. Well, his design is to the same purpose before the Common Council; but notwithstanding all he can say about danger to the Commonwealth and to the city by tumults and plots of the Royalists, it took not at all, save with Warner, Fowke, Atkins, Pennington, Gibbs, and that crew. Whereupon, after the manner of a turkey-cock, he begins to

\* Vide Ludlow’s Memoirs.

gabble and to swell, and to bluster, and at last blowing a point of war through his brazen snout, and scratching his mole, he asks—

“ ‘What if it were for the glory of God if this city were burnt?’ \*

“ Now ‘mum’ being the word, for Noll is one that doth not idly threaten, he turns on them roundly once more, and asks by whose authority the governorship of the Tower, and the ordering of the train-bands of the city, and what not, were restored to the city after the army marched in last year. Whereupon, Glover, his own solicitor—who doubtless was there for the express purpose—answers quickly—

“ ‘By yours and Sir Thomas Fairfax his,’ and immediately pulls forth the instrument itself, with their two names to it, and hands it to Noll; and what does General Cromwell, but thrust it into his breeches pocket, and takes himself off.” †

“ What!” said I, “ with the liberties of the city?”

“ Liberties!” cries Jack Gayer, “ nay, the Parliament made them a present long ago to the plundering Committees. To proceed—Noll gone, you may fancy how the council being perplexed what to do, belaboured one another. Finally they

\* This threat of Cromwell, alluded to in ballads of the time is mentioned by Clement Walker in his *History of Independency*.

† See Walker’s *Hist. of Independency* for the narrative of Cromwell’s proceedings on the occasion.

agree that Cromwell must be appeased, or the city shall suffer—and how think you Warner proposes to do it?”

“How?” said I.

“By curtailing the liberties of the prentices. There is to be an end of walking in Finsbury Fields, Lincoln’s Inn, the Moorfields and such-like places on the Sabbath. It was proclaimed last night, and the Marshal’s men are to look to it.”

“What?” said I, “after all holidays have been taken away?”

“We shall see my Lord Mayor’s orders disputed if I have any voice in the matter,” cries Jack Gayer, “but hearken, good Rupert, to the end of the story. After some discussion all depart save Warner, Fowke, Gibbs, Atkins, Reynolds, and Pennington—who fearful of their own voices take to whispering about some further villainy, and anon, having talked about the favour of the Lord to them, in having given them the Bishop’s lands at a cheap rate; they get to their usual work, and prick off from their lists fresh names for sequestration for delinquencies, real or pretended. But the task being long, and it growing dark, all depart save Warner and Fowke. Warner, having fixed upon some fat alderman to bleed, pushes the paper to Fowke to sign, but Fowke objects that it is too late in the day. While they are disputing, I stand ready in my prepared dress—what think you it was?”

“Nay, I know not,” said I.

“A divel’s skin,” says he, “with black hide, horns, fearful snout, and pointed tail all complete—once worn at the Globe \* by Hugh Peters, from whom I did purchase it. With this I had predetermined to give the rogues an alarm in case I was discovered.

“‘We are not a quorum,’ says Fowke, ‘it requireth three to make one.’

“‘Nay, but sign thou,’ says Warner, ‘the divel’s in it if I cannot get a third to put his hand to it after.’

“At this good cue, the doors of my closet softly fly open, and in two skips I reach the Council board. Warner and Fowke casting up their eyes, seeing the quorum thus made up, howled, fled and fell over one another in their haste to be gone.”

“Oh, rare!” cried I, “and you?”

“Escaped with difficulty,” says Jack Gayer. “There was a divel’s hunt after me all through Bucklesbury, but, aided by friends, I cozened them, and got severely chid for my rashness, by the alderman who had procured my entrance to the closet, and who was to have by-and-bye returned to conduct me quietly from the same.”

Jack Gayer had scarcely finished his relation, when looking round for the third or fourth time at a lad muffled in a cloak, with his hat slouched over

\* The tradition that Hugh Peters used to play “fool’s” parts in Shakespeare’s company, has been already alluded to.

his face, who was walking at some little distance behind, I whispered to Jack Gayer—

“Halt a minute.” And then turning suddenly back, caught the fellow by the cloak.

“Wherefore do you follow me, sir?” said I. Then this brave youth lifts up his head, and disclosing a whey face in which a blank expression was very well counterfeited, I find that my suspicion is fully confirmed.

It was the rascal Cornelius Evans!

“Take that, and that,” said I, presently, slapping his face in remembrance of the various mischiefs and injuries his Majesty as well as I myself and others had received at his hands. “And that, and that, and that,” I continued, “for following me and my friend.”

But Cornelius setting up a howl (I believe in the hope of attracting attention, but there was no one near), gave solemn assurance that he was innocent of any design to overhear what we were saying. With much blubbering, he professed contrition for past offences, and declared he was now a hearty servant of his Majesty, for whom he was ready to fight to the last drop of his blood.

Jack Gayer, who was very much entertained by the sudden assault I had made upon “Whey-face” whom he knew something of, but thought to be a harmless, lying jackanapes—now begged him off, and even helped to persuade me, upon my relating the fellow’s behaviour in the Isle of Wight, and

at Winton, that perchance his repentance was sincere.

“Cornelius,” said I, “I will pardon you this time, if you will cease the noise you are making.”

“Hark!” cries Gayer, at the moment. A scornful cheer rending the air is followed by another.

We were now not far from the Moorfields, Jack Gayer, suspecting the cause, seizes my arm.

“Warner his work!” cries he, “a crown piece on it. Let us haste thither and see.”

And forgetting all about Cornelius, who however did follow us, we hasted away in the direction of the cheers.



Seventh Inscription.



To

THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON  
AND WINTOUN.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PRENTICES PROVOKED TO RISE.

WHEN we got to the Moorfields, we saw the cause of the shouts we had heard, for some of the Tower Hamlets train-band, armed with firelocks, were then in order of battle advancing slowly across the ground, driving before them a crowd of prentices and others, who, though still retreating, did mock them with many jeers. Small account was made of the smocks, which, owing to the sunny weather then prevalent, were spread out to bleach in this famous drying-ground\* drained by his late Majesty King James of happy memory—for both pursuers and pursued did leave their footmarks thereon; the women owners thereof being over-frightened either to attempt to rescue their goods and chattels or to argue with the trespassers, which in a quieter moment they would, I doubt not, have remembered to do. The Marshal's men and watchmen had, it appears, gone on to the ground first, but found few boys there, till the arrival of the

\* "When we meet in Moorfields . . . I shall desire you to banish the laundresses and bleachers whose acres of old linen make a shew like the fields of Carthagena, when the five months' shifts of the whole fleet are washed and spread."--*Sir Wm. Davenant's Works*, p. 354, ed. 1672.

train-band did unite many who through curiosity came.

“What meaneth all this?” cried I.

Quoth Jack Gayer—

“Behold! Doth it not tally with what I told you; look yonder at their commander. That is Gale, a noted zealot. What! forsooth, must they take away all our holidays, and we must also be chased from the Moorfields by these mock saints?”

And with that we advance into the middle of the slowly retiring crowd of prentices.

“What do ye here, ye Sabbath-breakers?” cries the exceeding righteous commander. “Get ye home every one of ye; what do ye here upon the Lord’s day?”

“What do the train-bands here on the Lord’s day?” cries Gayer, in a still louder voice. “Stand, boys, and dispute with them. Neither Marshal’s-men, Mayor, nor Parliament schismatics have a right to prevent us from walking for pleasure in the Moorfields.”

At this that rebel commander calls to his men to halt, and charge their pieces. “Will ye hence or no?” cries he, now beginning to look troubled, for on all sides the throng did increase.

“We will not hence,” was the answer. Then to the amazement of many that commander orders his men to give fire. They discharge their pieces, and there was a panic, the boys pressing back and tumbling over one another. In the confusion the

Marshal's men seize upon some of the boys who had begun to pick up stones.

"It is only powder," cried I, who had watched the loading, and saw, though the men had bullets in their mouths they did not put them into their muskets.

"You shall have small shot freely anon," cries their captain, "if you disperse not."

And he turns to his men and bids them charge their pieces again.

"They are loaden with small shot," cried I, as soon as they were finished.

This many not believing, and growing rather bolder by finding that none were hurt by the last discharge, redoubled their taunts, and returning, press more and more towards the train-band. All of a sudden there is the word given, "Make ready, present, give fire!" A commotion, a confusion, a rush to depart. Some who have been hurt by the bullets groan with anguish, but worst of all, on his back on the ground, his face much disfigured with blood and powder blast, lies a poor boy,\* but eleven years old. He stirs not, and word is passed that he is dead. Then rose a cry of anger and dismay.

"We will have revenge! revenge!" shouts Jack Gayer.

Then said the Captain to the Lieutenant, turn-

\* "The only son of his mother," says a Letter of Intelligence of this date.—*Clar. MSS.*, Bodl.

ing pale, "I will be with thee anon—look to all in my absence."

"Murder! Murder! Murder!" is now the cry, and it is followed by one of "Down with the train-bands!"

And many seizing stones and brickbats send showers thereof at the train-bands.

Said I to Gayer, "Now that captain" (meaning Gale) "who hath done all this mischief takes himself secretly off."

With that we run at him—he making all the haste he can to be gone, doubles among the throng, and we lose sight of him for a while.

"There he is," cried I, catching a view of him once more.

"Nay," said Gayer, "he wore a scarf."

But having noticed him thrusting the same into his breeches, I cried out—

"Look you, how puffed his hinder parts are."

This did that commander to escape notice the more easily, for I have no doubt he determined to return no more to the fray, and had also thrown away what a rebel always should, viz., his scabbard, and what a rebel never should—his sword.

Jack Gayer outstripping me, flies at him, seizes him by the neck of his doublet from behind, which being somewhat rotten from the often trainings he and it had attended—gives way, and is presently rent to flitters; and so after a kick or two away flies this train-band commander, not for

the first time they say, for he had performed the like feat at Newbury-Wash. In the meantime his men seeing their commander on the retreat, began to follow his example, whereupon the prentices assault them with fury, and put them to rout, using some of them roughly, and taking their firelocks from them. The train-band flies to Long Alley, which for a time they make good, firing on the prentices, some of whom are now able to return their fire. At last, however, they are compelled to retreat, being completely beaten by the boys they came to put down.

It would be almost impossible to describe the combustion that followed. The prentices, maddened by the wanton and unwarrantable proceedings of the zealots, who it is supposed were worked upon by Lord Mayor Warner, or perhaps rather by Cromwell's agents, break open magazines and armourers' shops, and seize arms where they can, no one attempting to prevent them. Next they run to Whitechapel and other places, and seize the colours of divers train-bands, and they divide themselves into several bodies, whereof one marches to the Royal Exchange, and give three cheers for the King under his portraiture,\* the sceptre whereof had been broken out of his hand about the beginning of the troubles in 1641. Others flaunt their ensigns as far as the Mews,

\* Meaning "statue."

where crafty Noll,\* lying in wait for the occasion, rides forth himself with Rich's horse, attacks them fiercely, and drives them and the unarmed multitude which follow them back to the gates of the city, into which, as darkness was now setting in, he dared not to enter; and, indeed, the roar and turmoil which resounded at Ludgate and Newgate where chains were drawn and the gates barred, made them think that the whole city was risen; so he contented himself with sweeping the suburbs, and returning to Whitehall.

With the party, which made the bravado at the Royal Exchange, were Jack Gayer and myself. I leave you to conceive the appearance of our noisy procession, which was lighted by flambeaux. Jack Gayer and I, who were in the van, now proposed to pay Lord Mayor Warner a visit. His house being handy, thither we go, a great crowd of men (and women too) following. The Lord Mayor, having received notice some time before of what was doing, was put in great fear, for he had expected the tumult he had provoked would have been confined to places outside the city walls. Be that as it may, on the first alarm the Committee of the Militia of the City were assembled at his house, and there not having been time to call out

\* "Remember the butchery committed upon the unarmed apprentices, when Cromwell cried to the soldiers to kill man, woman, and child, and fire the City; at which time his nose looked prodigiously as a fiery comet."—*A Seasonable Caution to the City* (1648).



sufficient of the train-bands to protect him, they had sent to Whitehall for assistance, which, however, my Lord Fairfax did not vouchsafe to send. But of that we were ignorant. That they had made such defence for themselves as they could, we saw; for when, with great noise, we approached, we perceived a couple of drakes (all in the dark till we came) with a motley body of not more than a few hundreds in those red, blue, and yellow uniforms which, I believe, they had been fitted with to go fight the King at Newbury about four years before.

The two Sherriffs were there, expecting death, no doubt, but gallantly mounted—though their horses, on the sight of our flambeaux, colours, and brandished caps, and what not—no less than from the furious noise we made—did nearly ease themselves of their riders. Whereupon one of the Master Sheriffs is assisted off. He comes forward to propose treaties of peace. But our terms are as high as they were when, in Sir John Gayer's time, we broke in upon both Houses, and forced them to vote for the King, to be brought to London in freedom, honour, and safety; and in addition thereto we demand that the Common Council shall petition for a free Parliament, the paying off of the arrears of the army, and the disbanding of the same; the easings of the burdens of free-quarter and excise—all which were infused into us by our elders, who moved not at all in the matter, know-

ing the great peril, and yet were willing that we should proceed to extremities. For ourselves we did demand that our old holidays be restored; item, that the two drakes there be delivered up to us; item, that the train-bands should lay down their arms; item, that the Lord Mayor should come out and drink the King's health upon his knees, and then resign his office to Sir John Gayer; upon consideration of all which matters there is a very general shuffling to get within doors, together with a whispered command from above to point the drakes and discharge them on us. One of these we thereupon violently seize, but, lo! it is nailed.\* But "Fall on" is our cry—the train-bands retreat into the house, firing random shots as they go—not to protect my Lord Mayor and the Commissioners of the City Militia, who had fled to the Tower by a back way—but themselves. Whereupon, having seized the other drake, we wheel it round and let fly at the door of his lordship's house. This silencing any further bravadoes they might have made, we deck the said drake with colours, and in triumph roll it away to post it at the city gates, for we were not without thought of an assault from Whitehall in the night. Away we rattle it, down Cheapside, and past Old Paul's, which looked as black as pitch, and while windows did gleam with the reflections of our flambeaux, methought that holy fane seemed, as it were,

\* *i.e.*, spiked.

somewhat scared at the wildness of our attempt. Nevertheless, we proceeded to do what we could. The drake was loaded, and posted at Ludgate, for to receive Hewson Berkstead, or Rich his men; and the Gatehouse guarded by such force as we could muster. The same at other gates. Newgate prison and other prisons, we did also force open, wherein were divers Cavaliers, who, amazed at our successes, were urgent for the city to join. At their instance we seized the drums of the trainbands and beat them from end to end of the city, and also at the water stairs on the river; and the cry that night, all through London city, lately called "The Rebellious," was for "God and King Charles!"\*

\* All the incidents in this chapter are recorded facts. Clement Walker would have us believe that Cromwell, knowing there would be a general Royalist rising before long, devised the plan of provoking a riot in order to obtain more complete military control of the city.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GLORIOUS TENTH OF APRIL.\*

WORTHY anniversary to be noted with red letters in the calendar. Poor prentice boys shot and slashed to death by the heroes of Naseby and Long Marston! You shall now hear the end of the business.

We had but one drake and a matter of 500 muskets to fight the flower of Fairfax his army. What could the hands of poor prentice boys accomplish at such unequal terms?

If I have said more about the part my companions acted in yesterday's affairs, than what I did myself, it is because I have more important adventures to describe. I shall now briefly communicate the conclusion of what, if properly seconded, might have led to greater results.

But first I must not forget to mention that Cornelius Evans came in among us, and, with renewed tears for former shortcomings, declared he would give up his evil courses and evermore heartily fight for the King; whereupon, Jack Gayer took him away to help to assault the Tower

\* This day was also memorable 200 years later, viz., for the great Chartist fiasco.

of London, assuring him that he should have every opportunity for amendment; for when the ladder should be planted to scale that fortress (where Sir John Gayer did lodge) he should be permitted to mount first, be the peril what it might.

But now to proceed with my relation. I, being experienced in the matter of ordnance, readily took the command to watch and ward at Ludgate with our drake, which I did without adventure, till a little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 10th of April. Being relieved by another, I immediately fell into a very sound sleep on the floor of the upper chamber of the Gatehouse, overcome with fatigue, and not yet recovered from my late illness. Notwithstanding that some noises did mingle in my dreams, I was not awaked by them; and it was not till I was shaken for a third time by some hand unknown, that I was aware of the dangerous situation I was in.

Looking forth from the window I perceived, not fifty yards off, my Lord Fairfax\* and a great body of horse, riding leisurely up to the gate. I gave myself up for dead, but yet thought of one last shot on behalf of his imprisoned Majesty.

“Let fly, let fly!” cried I, thinking that the drake was where I left it the night before, with its

\* Heath says that Sir Thomas Fairfax entered *himself* by Aldersgate with horse and foot and fell to scouring the streets.—*Heath Chron.* fol., p. 171.

muzzle peeping through the chained and partly open gates, and stifling any compassion I might have had, from the consideration that he had shown none to my poor brother Burley. As soon as I had called out to let fly, I ran down the stairs, wondering at the good discipline of the boys to be so silent, and expecting every moment to hear the noise of a large case of slugs roaring forth a discharge—when, lo ! I found not a living soul there ! not a prentice boy was left ; and the drake was gone with them ! The truth was that at seven of the clock Moorgate had been forced, and word being brought, it was determined by those at Ludgate to forsake it, and to run with the drake to the heart of the city.

Fortunately they had not unchained or unbarred Ludgate before they went, and so, while Fairfax his men did thunder there for admission I was enabled to escape, taking one of the narrow turns towards the river, which I had not been free to do a moment later, for the zealots were now beginning to turn out, finding their friends knocking, and would have seized me without doubt.

I ran down to the water stairs, near Barnard's Castle, and there found a boat with a yellow clout for a flag, wherein were half a score prentices bawling honestly for the King, and beating a drum, all pretty tired—for they had been at that exercise all night, only supported by two small cans of beer. Begging them to take me on board,

which they did, I damped their ardour by telling them what I had just seen, and persuaded them to drop down the river, the tide then favouring us. This they were ready enough to do, for we perceived half a dozen of barges full of soldiers from Whitehall stairs, scouring the Thames. Seeing our clout, one of them, skirting the bank side, made at us. Fearing to be overtaken, we pull for our lives, shoot the second arch of London Bridge; then, kicking a hole in that drum, and, throwing both it and the yellow clout into the Thames, we make for Billingsgate, and there, jumping ashore, all shift for ourselves. For myself, I knew not whither to go. I was now in no small alarm. Cross the bridge I dared not. Some signal gun shot off from the Tower turned me back as I thought of seeking Jack Gayer in that quarter. To return to Queen Street, with Fairfax interposing, seemed impossible. To get by Bishopsgate into the open country was my last thought, and concluded to be the wisest course. But our own prudence sometimes leads us worse than carelessness. Of a sudden, I found myself in the midst of the greatest danger possible, for I accidentally got in front of Leadenhall Market, just as all the poor mutineers were like to be trapped. For you must know that while some of Fairfax his men were entering at Newgate and Ludgate, under Hewson, and also at Moorgate—Rich's horse were already come in at Aldersgate and Bishopsgate, which was

advertised by the signal-piece I had heard and seen discharged from the top of the White Tower. So that when I go where I said, both horse and foot were coming both ways!

I perceived at the same instant the drake from Ludgate being pulled up in front of the Leadenhall Market—Cornelius Evans labouring hard at that service, which gave me an improved opinion of him. He had however quitted Jack Gayer and his party of mariners, whom, he informed me, had all been taken prisoners.

Seeing now what was coming to enclose them, the poor prentices let go the drake in a panic. But having again considered the posture of affairs, and being also encouraged by women at the windows crying “Shoot! Shoot!” they made an attempt to serve it. But though they poured their fine powder into the touch-hole more than once, when they had laid it somewhat high for a long shot at Berkstead his men—it but flashed at the breech without discharging the slugs it was loaded with, which was fortunate, for there were many in front of it, so confused by the approach of the enemy, that they knew not what they did. The horse from Aldersgate, drawing on faster than Berkstead’s foot, we wheel the drake about to give fire on them.

“Oh!” cried I, remembering a lesson I had learnt aboard of the Reformation, “you have moved your drake loaded, you must unload—or



hold—give me the rammer and look you put your thumb on the vent there !”

I now forcibly and quickly ram home. This done, the drake is primed again, and at my instance they stand in front of it to screen it. But now we were put in desperate fear, for Rich his troopers, not a hundred yards off, came rushing up pell-mell with their long swords ready for us !

“Shame ! shame ! shame !” cry all the women from the windows.

Then I shouted, “Stand aside, and give fire !”

Men all step aside from in front of the drake, and run in rear thereof. Rich’s horse, coming on at a furious pace, perceive the danger, and pull up, closing to one side of the street, out of the line of fire. The drake is discharged ; but, being pointed too high, what pellets went near them did pass over their heads. At the moment the drake is shot off we are peppered from another quarter, for Berkstead’s foot, running up the other way, halt on the same side of the street as Rich’s horse. Many of us were wounded, among whom was a poor woman, who, touched by the tired condition of some of those youths, and not seeing the near approach of the soldiers, had run across the street with some drink for them. I caught her falling, and carried her into a neighbouring house, but, being pierced by three bullets in a vital part, she presently expired, deluging with blood the bed she was laid on.

She was very far gone towards maternity at the time. Surely a glorious exploit for the Parliament party to finish their undertaking against the liberties of the citizen which had begun with the slaughter of an innocent of eleven years.

To conclude this notable affair, the horse now capturing the drake, those of the prentices who could not get into houses in time were ridden down and furiously hacked and slashed by Rich his men. Many were captured; but happily the greater number got through Lendenhall and the neighbouring dwellings, assisted by the people, among which number was I, for which deliverance I can never sufficiently thank Heaven; for, having doubtless been seen to be active with the drake, besides the discovery of former delinquencies, I had doubtless been made a terrible example of.\*

\* A Parliamentarian account of this morning's business is as follows:— . . . "Colonel Rich was sent to for some horse from the Mews, and Colonel Baxter" (*i.e.* Berkstead) "for some foot from Whitehall. About seven a clock Major Husbands, with some horse, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbett with foot entered Aldersgate, &c., and a party of those that had passed through Cornhill, and overtook them at Leadenhall when they charged them. The mutineers let fly at them again, and discharged their drake, which was loaden with small shot, besides other shot made at them. But gallant Major Husbands and Captain Merriman and Lieutenant Lisle, with the horse, and Captain Poole of foot, with the rest of the officers and souldiers, fell on with courage violently, they killed the gunner and another. A woman (which stood at the breech of the ordnance) was slain, and divers hurt. And they seized the drake, which they turned over into the channel, and took their colours with the ensign and divers prisoners. Some shot at the soldiers through windows, but being answered with shot again, that was soon over."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CONCERNING MARGARET GRAY.

RUNNING divers risks of capture, but happily escaping all, I enter unperceived Master Gray's garden door at the back of Queen Street, and wondering what had become of Jack Gayer, and also as to what adventures I shall next go through, I once more thank Heaven for a place of security and shelter, and without striking a light peel off my doublet to go to rest—for having fled all day from one place to another, I am glad to go supperless to bed, though it was but eight of the clock.

But the noise of a cough, as it were forced, and then the calling of my name in a faint tone, arrests me before I have well got one arm out of my doublet sleeve. Again I am called—and, yes, it was as I did suspect, Master Gray, who lay in the next chamber; and now I recognise his voice desiring me to go to him. Groping my way out, I knock at his door, where light shines through the chinks; and there entering perceive poor little Master Gray lying in his bed with every appearance of being ill—a wax light floating in a pewter basin standing not far from him.

“Rupert Lendall,” says he, “sit down beside

my bed—I thought I did hear thee stirring. Thou art now, I hope, in a fair way of recovery.”

I told him I was nearly well, and that I was sorry to see him in the state he was then. I was obliged to him, I said, for the shelter I had; but, indeed, had thought he was ignorant of my presence. I also hoped he found himself better.

He replied that he had slept the whole of that day nearly, and he hoped it might do him a world of good.

“Perchance,” said he, “I knew you were here, and perchance I did not. Hast thou been forth to-day to take the air?” (this in a tone that shews he knows not if I have).

“Yes, Master Gray,” said I, in a somewhat hesitating voice, doubting whether it were prudent to confess, considering the dangerous part I had played.

“Margaret is kind to thee,” says he, after a minute or two of hard breathing.

“That is true, sir,” said I, thinking of the good attendance of her serving maid.

My master coughs and says nothing. I sitting beside the bed, cast my eyes upon the floor. Gray turns in his bed, and fixes a searching glance upon me.

“Rupert Lendall,” says he presently, “tell me truly—did you plan the abduction of my daughter or no?”

“No,” said I, “Master Gray—though since you

first charged me with this I have received a letter signed by you accusing me of the same, and also alleging you had proof."

"And so I thought I had," returned he; "nor am I even now sure about it. Come, sirrah! look me in the face. Have you not been keeping company with her this some time?"

"In this house?" said I, looking boldly at him.

"In this house," says he; "ay, and in many another house, too. Come, sirrah, no evasion! Look not so plaguey innocent."

"Nay, I swear to you, Master Gray, I know not what you mean."

"I will have an answer out of you, sirrah," says Gray. "Who have you been consorting with lately?"

I, supposing that he is about to tax me for joining in the rebellion in the city, began to make confession that I had met Jack Gayer, and had been down into the commotion which began in the Moorfields.

"It is not a question of Jack Gayer," says he. "Answer me, who have been thy companions in Kent, in the Isle of Wight, and at Winton?"

"Sir," said I, "I can tell them on my fingers. Firstly, my friend Master Edward Hales; secondly, my poor brother Burley; and, thirdly"—

"Thirdly—who?" says he, observing that I rather hesitated.

“Faithful,” says I, “your daughter’s intimate friend.”

Master Gray struggles to a sitting posture, and looks at me with a strange expression of countenance.

“I trust,” said I, meeting boldly his inquisitive gaze, “that he will prove true to Mistress Margaret.”

“That who will prove true?” says he.

“Master Faithful,” said I.

“Come, sirrah,” says Gray sharply, “confess you have agreed with Margaret to blind me with talk about Faithful.”

“No, sir, o’ my word!”

“What, think you,” says Master Gray, “does a young man deserve who secretly gaining the affection of a young girl, decoys her away from her father’s house?”

“What, think you,” said I, returning Master Gray’s stedfast gaze, “does a man of mature years deserve who would decoy a young girl from her father’s roof against her wish?”

This I said, putting in a word for Faithful, while I reflected against Sir Michael Livesey.

With a sigh, and turning away his eyes from mine, Master Gray sinks down again on his pillow.

“Rupert Lendall,” says he, after a long pause, “I perceive you strike at Sir Michael Livesey. He is, I believe, indeed, to blame. As for my child, her youth and good bringing up have saved

her, notwithstanding that appearances be against her. If I thought otherwise, I would slay the youth, how dear soever to her heart, that had played her false. Rupert Lendall, I believe thou art as innocent as she is. I will excuse thee if persuaded by her, as I suspect, your desire to maintain secrecy to save appearances for her sake. I thought she favoured Sir Michael, and, perhaps, I am somewhat to blame myself for all that has happened. Give me thy hand. I have been ill—very ill—of a cold, a fever, or what not, anxieties, public and private, have helped to aggravate matters, for I am not satisfied with the aspect of State affairs. But no matter—I am ill, and may not get better.”

“Nay, sir,” said I interrupting.

Master Gray coughed a little, and continued—

“If it should please Heaven to take me away,” said he, “I would have thee know that I am well to do. There are some broad pieces and other things of value in my strong box, in the room where thou art sheltered. Margaret will be my heiress, and has even now some considerable fortune of her own inherited from her mother.”

“I am glad for Faithful’s sake,” said I.

“Pooh! *Faithful!*” says he, with some irritation. “We have heard quite enough of him. In Heaven’s name have done with such talk.”

But I—perceiving that whether he knew Faithful

had got somewhat tired of Margaret, or that his objecting for some reason or other to Faithful's pretensions, did prefer me as a protector to his daughter—was determined to tell him the plain truth as politely as I could.

“Sir,” said I, “I am extremely obliged to you. I perceive that you are possibly thinking of fulfilling the contract which was signed with my lamented father by you—that is, of taking me into partnership, and that in case of your death—which Heaven preserve you from—you would desire some one to look after Mistress Margaret's interests in your business. I assure you, sir, if you will please to take me into the said partnership, I will do all in my power to preserve whatever share in the said business Margaret—I mean Mistress Gray—may have a right to. But as regards the alliance you promise me, I am already otherwise bestowed.”

“What mean you?—speak, sir!” says Gray, almost fiercely.

“I mean,” said I, “that the only fair I can ever love is the Lady Anne Wotton.”

“The Lady Anne Wotton!” says old Gray, lying back and covering his eyes with his hand. “The Lady Anne Wotton!”

“Yes,” said I, “however hopeless my suit may be, it is to her, and her only, that I have pledged myself.”

“The Lady Anne Wotton!” says Gray again to



himself, as if it was somewhat he had dreamt of and been reminded waking.

Then starting up again, he cries—

“And what the plague, sirrah—that is to say, how darest thou—a poor runaway prentice, pretend to the hand of a titled lady? Thou, thou!—why the poorest wench in all the city were good enough match for such as thou art!”

“Sir,” said I proudly, “I had rather be slave to the Lady Anne than mate to the richest lady in all London.”

“Lendall,” says Gray, after a pause, “I understand thee not—under an innocent exterior I fear there may be depths of dissimulation unfathomable. By this hand, I tell thee, ill as I am, I would span a pistol and shoot thee like a dog did I think—did I think—that is to say did I believe that—that you—or rather were I fully persuaded”—

“Oh, sir,” said I, interrupting, “I see you are at your old talk again. I have not forgotten how you pinned me by the throat against the wall, making accusations against me of having persuaded your daughter to elope with me. I told you then I was not without opportunities; and, sir, I must confess that in forcing her, or rather in trying to force, Mistress Margaret into a match with Sir Michael Livesey against her inclination, you did place her in a perilous position”—

“Knave and rascal!” said Gray, “cease this talk of Sir Michael! What think you a father’s

feelings should be when he sees his child wax more and more pensive daily—peaking and pining after the ungrateful swain that is not worthy to—to—wretch!” cries Gray suddenly, as if he were going out of his wits, and snatching at the same time a pistol from behind his pillow, which he always kept there for fear of thieves—“you have abused my child: promise to marry her directly, or I will shoot you into the head with this pistol!”

I considered the poor little man to be raving. I saw at the same time that his hand shook in such a manner that he could not take aim. I was not afraid either of him or of being shot. I looked steadfastly on him, and said—

“Put your pistol away, Master Gray. I am sorry you should entertain such suspicions of me. I denied your accusation before, and I do so again”—

Here there came a tap at the door, and with it enter Sarah Skelhorn; and Gray puts away his pistol again, seeming something ashamed to be caught meditating a silly murder. Sarah Skelhorn marches straight into the room, looking scared—not, I think, at what she saw, but at what she is meditating on.

“Ah, I had hoped, sir,” says she, “but alas!” and she puts her hand to her side as though she were about to faint. “Oh, Lord!” she continues, “Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!”—

“What ails you, Sarah?” said I.

This question revives her.

“What ails me?” says she, glaring at me now like a wild cat. “How canst thou stand quietly there, base fellow, and make such a demand? I had hoped to find Mistress Margaret here, and you of all others, Master Lendall, should be concerned to know that she is not.”

Various thoughts course through my brain on observing the manner of Sarah, and considering what she said.

“Ho!” says I, to myself, “this is a plot to trepann me into a marriage—Master Faithful having proved untrue to Margaret.”

While I was waxing wrath, Sarah proceeded—

“Oh thou wicked, wicked youth! Upon thee must the blame of the disaster fall!”

“What disaster, woman?” here calls out Gray, “and what in Heaven’s name art thou prating about?”

“Sir,” says Sarah, “your daughter Margaret is gone out, and I know not where to find her!”

“Gone out now?—in the night?—in the darkness?” says Gray.

“Yes, master,” replies Sarah, “all on account of this brave youth—who little concerned can make his way back here without her. Sir, these two—that is, Master Gayer and Master Lendall—appeared to be in bed and sound asleep late this morning. Whereupon I, supposing they had been

in this prentice riot that began o' the Lord's Day—more shame to them—believe the two to be tired out and in need of rest, and so let them lie. But about the middle of to-day Mistress Margaret, being troubled for this brave youth, thinking him to be ill, goes into his chamber, and lo!—it is his bolster decked with a night-cap and not Master Lendall. Anon comes reports of prentices slain and slashed in the city by the Parliament horse. Mistress Margaret turns as pale as death, and by-and-bye she is missed; and, oh Lord, sir! she is gone—in short, I know not where. I have been far into the city myself, and can find no trace of her."

"I am concerned to hear this," said I; "but I think, Mistress Sarah, you overrate the young lady's anxiety on my account. Mayhap, Jack Gayer can claim as great an interest with her as I."

"Jack Gayer!" says Sarah with much contempt.

What Gray thought, or what he would have now said, I know not. There came another diversion, namely, a prodigious clatter of pike staves, sword hilts, and what not, at the street door just at that very instant.

I guessed at once that it was Parliament soldiers come to inquire for me. I said as much to Gray, and making a short relation of the combustion I had assisted in, desired him, if he liked, to deliver

me up to them. As for poor Gayer, I feared he was already in their hands or slain. But notwithstanding Gray's suspicions, the generous little fellow declined to take advantage of my offer.

"Begone," says he, "ensconce thyself in the chamber where thou hast been concealed by my poor Margaret. Hence! lose not an instant; and above all things take heed that being there you make no noise, while I parley with these men."

Thereupon I withdrew into the chamber mentioned, and two or three officers, as I guess, after some altercation or inquiry with Sarah Skelhorn, are admitted into Master Gray's sleeping chamber. Yes, it was as I thought—they had come to look for me. I had heard enough to convince me of that.

I concluded at once what to do. I did not choose to be under further obligation to Gray; and I felt that it was a great peril for him to run, thus to harbour an outlaw—for such the Parliament now held me. The secret door was at my command, and the way of escape, as I hoped, free to me through the little garden into Holborn. To Kent, to Kent—no matter what the danger—to Kent I was determined to go.

Without another thought I left my secret and secure asylum, just as Gray had baffled the inquiries of my pursuers; and very cunningly, as I thought, noiselessly quitted it by the secret

door just as their heavy heels descended the stairs. I gained the garden house and the back postern, and was proceeding through the little lane that leads into Holborn when of a sudden I was challenged by a—"Stand, ho! who are you for?"

I regret to say I had not the courage to say "For the King" nor the wisdom to say "For the Parliament"—but it was, I daresay, of little consequence.

I was instantly clutched on either side by a trooper. A third clapped his harquebus to the side of my head, and thus guarded I was brought before one whom I believe to have been Major Husbands, afterwards killed at Maidstone fight. I told them my name was Squires. They accused me of coming from Gray's house. I stoutly denied it.

"Whether or no," said Husbands, or whoever the commander was, "you are my prisoner, and to jail you shall go at once."

## CHAPTER IX.

### TO THE COMPTERS.

You may well imagine I was in no small trouble at being thus suddenly seized, when I did flatter myself upon my prudence in attending to an honourable punctilio. I think, however, that I felt a little comforted by finding I was not quite alone in my misfortunes. At least seventy prentice youths were my companions in misery. These were the sweepings after the prentice mutiny, which these valiant soldiers had collected. A line of pikemen guarded them on either hand, and outside all on either hand was a double line of troopers. "March!" says the commander and off we go, and a long jaunt we had of it—for "the Compters" is our destination. A thousand times in the course of that jaunt, I did curse my hot-headed folly in despising the security of poor old Gray's chamber. And poor Margaret! Was it really true that she was traversing of the dark streets in search of me? I could not believe it. Though, on one occasion, a long time ago, I had kissed the said Margaret, and she had seemed to receive my caress with pleasure. I know not whether I have made this confession before or no,

nevertheless it is a true confession. I have not time to turn over the leaves of this MS. to discover. I pray you pardon me, I have many things to say, and so do not accuse me of artifice; I will reveal all in its proper time and place, and I give you the true relation both of the events that happened, and also of my thoughts in the order as they came. Suffice it to say that I earnestly hoped that poor Margaret would find her way back to her house.

Most of you know where the Compters lie, and I will not waste time by describing our silent march thither. But it is as well to tell you I was glad and sorry to observe Jack Gayer not far from me. A fellow with a lantern not far from him revealed his presence. I was glad to see Jack Gayer for I thought he had been killed, but sorry that like myself he had been caught. I tried to hail him, but received a blow on the head from a pike near for breaking silence, which besides vexing me, confused my wits. There was moonlight when we got in front of the Compters—one of those wild and melancholy moons low in the sky—orange tawny, and lying on her back. She illuminated sufficiently those poor haggard boys, my companions, who, having been without food or rest these forty hours or so, were fain to lie on the ground like poor tired-out dogs, upon some straw which a charitable Presbyterian minister living hard by did provide for our refreshment, while a



den within was being cleared of other prisoners for our reception. So tired were many of those poor prentices that scarce had they laid their carcasses on the ground, ere they were so sound asleep that they had to be pricked up by the pikes. For there was no long delay; ere a few minutes, room was made for us; and we were turned into a dark and noisesome dungeon of some extent. When I got in then I learnt from Jack Gayer that we were not all boys, for Mitchell the boatswain of the "Reformation" was there, also the gunner and mate and the rest of those who had tried to rescue poor Burley at Winton. Jack Gayer was ever full of devices wild and humourous. I found he already had planned an undertaking, for scarce had we made ourselves acquainted with our den, when a bundle tossed in by an accomplice through the narrow window—or rather crenell which, without glass and guarded by iron bars, admitted the only air we could have, and also a slim ray of the moon—afforded Jack Gayer an opportunity of carrying out a plan for our deliverance.

Andrew Mitchell and those mariners who had assisted in the attempt to rescue Captain Burley, were now greeted by me, and acting upon the advice of Jack Gayer, we kept near the door of our dungeon, and waited to see what he intended to do.

Of a sudden a pale blue flame appeared mingling with the dim moonlight, and a fearful cry of terror

was heard ringing through our den. For lo, there was the exact figure of the great enemy of mankind amongst us. I confess I was not without alarm myself being at first deceived into the idea of the reality of the spectre, which with long snout, horns erect, hoof and long swinging pointed tail, admirably answered the best description we have of that mighty Evil Spirit whose machinations occasioned the fall of our first parents, and will continue to the end of time to harass and persecute to the uttermost their descendants. This being the case not only I, but Andrew Mitchell and those hardy mariners, set up a wail of horror and dismay with the rest—which quickly brought our jailers to the door to see what was the matter. But now, remembering the adventure of Jack Gayer in the Common Council chamber of the City and how Lord Mayor Warner had been frightened by a similar apparition, I began to understand a previous hint of Jack Gayer. So also did Mitchell and his fellows. As for the rest of the prisoners as they had had no hint they remained paralyzed with the remembrance of that awful vision, which no longer appeared, for the blue flame going out left the place we were in more obscure than before.

No sooner was the key turned in the lock of the dungeon door, the bolts and bars drawn back, and the door pushed open—than not very far from it the same blue flame began to appear again, revealing

again the horned and dreadful figure, while again the same woeful exclamations burst from many present. I have little doubt but that the jailers were completely taken by surprise. At all events they were immediately attacked by me and also by Mitchell and his mariners. The figure of the Evil One darted past carrying his blue flame with him. Of course that figure was no other than Jack Gayer in his divel skin, and as for the blue flame I must tell you plainly, 'twas nothing more than a common sulphur match lighted up by some burning tinder that Jack Gayer had dropped a spark into from a flint and steel a little before.

Whether many of the prisoners escaped I know not, but I can answer for a good round dozen—namely, the divel, myself and Mitchell, and the other mariners, for we all ran out of the Compters—the divel going first at a most surprising pace. The foot without though standing there with their arms, were so amazed at the apparition that they did not attempt either to fire on us, or pursue until it was too late; and fortunately for us, the horse had a little while before marched away. We still kept in a body and ran and ran till I thought I should have fallen. However as I hinted, we made good our escape. What further adventures we had I will immediately relate.



**Eighth Inscription.**



To

**THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLEY.**



## CHAPTER X.

### TO KENT ONCE MORE.

“To Kent, to Kent!” was our cry. It was raised by me. “The Lady Anne Wotton will shelter us all if she can,” said I to myself, as the same mad desire of seeing her at all hazards took possession of me once more. Mitchell and the rest, not knowing where to turn, and Jack Gayer not caring, fell readily in with my proposition to make for Bocton Malherbe.

At dawn of day we found ourselves in a secluded part of the forest, which lies on the farther side of Shooter’s Hill, and making our couch amongst the clusters of yellow primroses, under the budding trees and the greener underwood, we slept a few hours with some refreshment, to be awakened by the wood-songsters whose cheerful season of carolling had now commenced. Though hungry, and not knowing when or how we should break our fasts, still we were free, and that was something to thank Heaven for. And I thought to myself, how gladly could I spend my life in the greenwood, feasting upon the King’s deer, like Robin Hood, if only the Lady Anne would come there to lord it over us as Maid Marian the queen

of our sports and revels. This thought roused me to urge my companions to continue our march towards the loadstone which still commanded and directed my hopes and thoughts. But we were all impressed with the danger of taking to the roads, for fear pursuit of us—which was, indeed, likely enough—should be attempted. That day, keeping to the woods, we made a fair beginning of our journey, but I soon discovered I was far more exhausted than I had supposed, and also—whether from sleeping in the cold with no other cover than the yet leafless trees, or from having run so far and so hard several times the previous day—felt stiff and sore at every joint. The charity of some gentry, to whom we frankly told the whole story of our escape, provided us with sustenance for that day, and something to carry away for the next.

If you would like to know where it was, I must tell you it was near Wrotham when we were thus relieved. The house had formerly been occupied by Archbishop Cranmer, but the inhabitants were not his descendants. The kind lady who entertained us had three daughters whereof all were as kind as she, but one was so passing fair that excepting the Lady Anne I have seen none to equal her.

Skilled in all manner of good housewifery were they, but that fairest one was also an exquisite painter, and did me the favour to show me



some attention, and also to afford me a sight of her paintings. Her hair was of a golden brown, her eyes were like violets as to hue and sweetness, and her graceful figure truly that of a queen of fairies. I can never forget that hospitable mansion,\* nor the kindness I received from that generous lady and her daughters. And I hope when this shall meet their eyes, as I doubt not it shall, they will perceive that I have a lively remembrance of their goodness and of their accomplishments. We had there not only food and shelter, but feast and song. Their free charities in that neighbourhood left them unmolested, though they were all for the King and for the Church. And here I think I may make bold to say that in troubled times those who take a fearless and open course come off usually the best.

That morning, bidding a grateful farewell to those noble friends, we proceeded across a heath and through woods till we came to the Medway, which we crossed by Lower Farleigh Bridge, and soon got into the Weald of Kent. I could say something of the neighbourhood of Bedgebury, the mansion of the Colepeppers,† and of the delightful seclusion of Horsemonden, Goudhurst, and other places to which we strayed, partly losing

\* Now, I think, a barn.

† Mr. Beresford Hope gave me the curious piece of information that the old residence of the Colepeppers is now at the bottom of a pond in his park.

our way, and partly enticed by the charm of those well-wooded districts, which afforded us a safer progress than the high road towards the abode of the lovely and ever-beloved Lady Anne.

Emboldened by our good fortune, which had hitherto preserved us from danger, nothing will serve but we must adventure the town of Cranbrook. Here are manufactures of woollen cloths carried on; for the clothworkers\* of Cranbrook, inheriting their art from the Flemish settlers of the reign of Edward III., are renowned throughout all England. We bought some bread and cheese, but finding suspicious glances cast upon us in the street, we were about to quit the place, when who should I see but Sir Michael Livesey, with his pot helmet, cuirass, and sword, walking with some officers of his troop of horse; for he had come here to recruit, the place being full of those of his persuasion. Hereupon we turn into the churchyard, but finding ourselves followed, there was no help for it but to go into the church, where an evening sermon—this being, I think, the monthly fast everywhere, or at least here—was being preached, or rather roared, for we could hear the preacher's voice in the very entrance of the churchyard.

The church of Cranbrook is a large and noble edifice. It was at this time possessed by some

\* A very interesting lecture was delivered here upon "The Clothworkers of Cranbrook" by an inhabitant of the town, 1873.

zealots who as elders could choose their preacher. And lo ! it was Master Boreman, whom I had already heard at Canterbury last Christmas. It so happened that he was treating his hearers to a discourse on the power of Satan, and enlarging much upon the miseries which would overtake the Cavaliers in the dark realm to which they were appointed. As his sermon proceeded, the shades of evening began to close. Towards the end a strange noise was heard between roaring and grunting outside the place, and then an alarm was raised of a dreadful apparition which it was thought that minister's sermon had conjured up. Need I explain that Jack Gayer, having observed Sir Michael's troopers as well as the town constable and others dropping into the church in a menacing manner, was tempted to try the effect of a diabolical appearance at what he considered a safe distance beyond the churchyard wall. His tight-fitting divel-skin, being carried by him ever since he had peeled it off when we fled from the Compters, he donned now in peace and quietness, but fancying that his roarings and gruntings had escaped notice—which at first they did—he advanced to the edge of the churchyard and looked over the wall, hoping to be observed through the east window of the church. About this time all came out, and a black head and horns appearing very fearfully in the dusk against the sky over the churchyard wall before mentioned, all the spectators, except we

who were in the secret, were exceeding troubled thereat, and set up a noise far exceeding the gruntings and roarings of the supposed evil spirit. As is customary, all at first either stood stock-still, puzzled at what they saw, or drew back to run away. But I and my mates, having another cue, at once rushing towards the wall, scrambled over it with shouts, while away went the dreadful apparition towards the woods about the town, over a large field covered with gorse, quite as fast as he had done at the retreat from the Compters. Well was it that we ran so fast, for ere long I am pretty sure we were followed not only by the most of the congregation, but also by at least half the town, with staves and pitchforks, or anything hurtful they could lay hold on, who were so wild with fear they would have killed anything. The darkness of the wood increasing these terrors, favoured our retreat, which we would have found difficult to have made good but for Jack Gayer's madcap venture. He, however, had little fear on his own account, being one of the fastest runners I ever saw in my life, though of course his risk of being fired upon was considerable, but as on a former occasion he got too far away before they thought of spanning their matchlocks. There was no further adventure happened to us worth relating, except that we found a diurnal in an ale-house some miles further on, describing that the

divel had appeared to aid the escape of some of his own peculiar imps from the Compters, and the hands of certain officers of the army were affixed to the relation. One afternoon we reached Bocton Malherbe—whether it was Thursday or Friday I cannot now remember.

## CHAPTER XI.

### AT BOCTON MALHERBE.

I WILL not waste your time by enlarging upon the beauty of Bocton Malherbe, with its noble park, where so many pollard oaks do flourish, and its fine prospect southward, lying as it does on the crest of a hill.\* It was agreed that Mitchell and the rest, with Jack Gayer, should lie perdu in the woods while I did cautiously approach Bocton Hall and obtain an interview with the Lady Anne. Chance favoured me. The Lady Anne was working in her garden, it being then four of the clock in the afternoon. Guided by I know not what instinct, I came upon that dear presence by breaking through a hedge of beech. She was raking a bed of pansies and other flowers, in a garden dress, with a pair of garden gloves upon her fair hands.

\* "But this house and church are not more remarkable," says old Isaak Walton, "for anything so much as for that the memorable family of the Wottons have so long inhabited the one, and now lie buried in the other, as appears by their many monuments in that church—the Wottons being a family that hath brought forth divers persons eminent for wisdom and valour, whose heroic acts and noble employments, both in England and in foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation.' See Nash's *Mansions of England* for a description of this place. I share his regrets that the drawing-room (*vide* Plate xv.) no longer exists, having been improved away.

When I think upon my very abrupt and sudden appearance before her I cannot but admire the bravery of that fairest of creatures. Instead of uttering cries for help, or running away, she did but stand there still transfixed rather with wonder than fear. Knowing, I suppose, that she never had harmed any, she doubtless could not believe that any would desire to harm her.

“Oh, Lady Anne,” said I, falling on my knees before her, “forgive me for thus rudely presenting myself to you, but knowing your kind and generous heart, I have come to entreat your favour.”

I saw by her face that she supposed I was renewing my overtures of love, and a certain expression of reserve did then chasten her beauty into something that inspired me with awe.

“Alas, Rupert Lendall, is this you?” says she. “How pale you do look. Alas! alas! I know not how I can help you.”

“You shall *not* adventure it, lovely Lady Anne,” said I, “unless it can be done with safety to yourself.”

On hearing this she looks at me curiously, at the same time fast opening and closing her eyelids, which were fringed with those long eyelashes I loved so to look upon.

“Oh, Lady Anne, I am in peril, or at least I have been, and with me some brave fellows who tried to rescue my brother Burley at Winton. Our latest flight is from the Compters in London.”

And hereupon I detailed to her briefly my adventures. When I came to the description of Jack Gayer personating the Evil One, and securing our escape—first from London, and secondly from Sir Michael Livesey and his myrmidons at Cranbrook—she listened with increasing interest, and at last, when it came to the appearance of the horns and head over the churchyard wall, and the great consternation consequent thereupon, the lovely Lady Anne threw down her rake on the bed, leant against a cherry tree with her hand to her side, and laughed till the tears rolled down her damask cheeks.

“Oh!” says she, in a faint voice at last; “this I have heard before from—from Sir Michael Livesey”—

Here she begins to laugh again.

“Oh, had you but seen the doleful countenance he had!”—

Here, being infected with her merriment, and imagining how that knight would look, I began to echo her laughter.

“While he related that part of the story” continued the Lady Anne. “Oh! I shall die—I am sure I shall”—

Here she slipped from the cherry tree, against which I told you she was leaning, and I had the great felicity of having a fair opportunity to support her for an instant. But this put an end to her merriment, and she began to inquire what had become of my companions.



I told her they were about a third of a mile off, concealed in a place where the underwood of the park was very thick. She then made many particular inquiries about myself; and at last I told her the plain truth, that I would be in great danger if I were captured, having been engaged in more than one mutiny. But I added that I would rather be slain, than put her to any hazard.

“There is very little hazard for me,” says she, “for I have many powerful friends, and advisers too,” says she, “to wit, Sir Michael himself, though he now pays rather more court to another, I rejoice to say. But, Rupert, I am much alarmed for thee. Conceal thyself here, or at least stir not from hence, which is better, as there is no view of this place from the windows, and I possess the only key—so that this place is free from all chance of intrusion. Sir Michael I must tell thee is even now at the Hall, and as I think in my mother’s private apartments, she being indisposed at the present time. Remain thou quietly here until my return. I go to see what can be done, both for thy companions and thyself.”

“Oh, Lady Anne! thou art too kind, too generous!” said I, falling on one knee, and attempting dutifully to kiss her hand; but she drew it away, and darted from me down the high and winding walk of box trees.

Before long I heard a bell ring in the farm yard of the Hall; and by-and-bye, I hear the Lady

Anne's light foot and short steps, and there is the lovely creature again.

She brought with her a small basket of provisions, also a flask of Rhenish.

"Here," says that kind and noble young lady, "let me see thee refresh thyself first, and after I will tell thee what may be done."

"I will hence with it," said I, intending to add that I would share her gift with my hungry companions. But she anticipated me by saying—

"Do as thou art bid. I have prepared more for thy comrades."

I rendered due obedience, and plentifully refreshed myself.

"Now," says she, "I will send thee away, but promise punctually to return here at dusk. I will make shift to conceal thee in the Hall, but thy comrades must be distributed amongst our trusty tenants, who I am confident will sooner die than betray either them or me. Thy friend must cease his pranks a while, or he will ruin all. The worthy minister gives him lodging at the Vicarage which is a little way through the woods down the hill. Make him promise on no account to appear any more in his fiend's dress. Go through the hedge and over the wall beyond as quietly as you came. Now, fare thee well till about seven o' the clock."

Ceasing to speak, she sounded a call of silver gilt, which was answered by a whistle from be-

yond the garden. I went through the hedge and over the wall, and there found two men with great plenty of provisions, and a reasonable quantity of liquor. They told me they were commanded by the Lady Anne to accompany me; and before long I rejoined my companions, who were much pleased to see both me and the good cheer, and to hear that a safe lodging was to be provided for all. Jack Gayer promised faithfully to be circumspect and we sat quietly talking of the goodness of the charming Lady Anne, and discussing the provisions and the drink for some time, and those two men presently producing their instructions, which were written. One man being sent to each of the several farms in the neighbourhood, and Jack Gayer allotted to the Vicarage—all were content. One of the Lady Anne's men returned to the Hall with the basket of empty bottles and broken meats, the other remained to shew my comrades, one by one to their several lodgings. At seven, I left by myself, and got safely into the Lady Anne's private pleasaunce.

“Here is your servant again Lady Anne,” said I, “and 'tis needless to tell you how grateful my companions are for your great kindness—as for myself”—

“Peace good Rupert,” says the Lady Anne, “do I not know all that thy good heart would prompt thee to say. Come, follow me, the coast is clear—and be circumspect! You go to my own

private apartments where there is none just now but ladies of my acquaintance."

We enter the house which is large, and built with wings. The wing wherein her apartments were situate was the same that Queen Elizabeth of famous memory did once occupy for a brief space. You will know the Lady Anne's chambers if they still exist, by a grape pattern on the panels of the walls, and also by the other device of the letter W double, being the initial of the Wotton family. Here I was presented to the Lady Aucher, daughter of Sir Robert Hatton; and also to her sister Mistress Hatton, a pair of ladies both very young and very fair, whom I at first thought somewhat demure. They were pleased, however to find some interest in the relation of my adventures. They kept diligent watch and ward for fear that I might be surprised, and ever and anon quitted the chamber to see whether Sir Michael Livesey was returned or no; for he had left Bocton that evening to go to some Committee meeting. I am so ignorant of those ladies, that I cannot even now tell you which was the elder of the twain. But I think Mistress Hatton was more active than the Lady Aucher (and maids are usually more sprightly than matrons), and did generally rise first to observe whether he had returned. At about ten of the clock, Mistress Hatton ran in with speed, and locked the door behind her, saying Sir Michael had returned an

hour before, but they had concealed the fact from her.

“It is only for one night,” says the Lady Anne, “to-morrow we shall be rid of his presence.”

At this moment a footstep was heard approaching the door.

“Get into hiding, Rupert,” says the Lady Anne, “I fear it is my mother.”

Whereupon I went behind the hangings. And sure enough it was the Lady Mary Wotton, and no one else. Having tried the latch of the door, and having found the door to be locked, she raps impatiently and desires it shall be instantly opened. The Lady Anne, seeing I was in hiding and safe opens the door.

“Wherefore are you locked up so fast?” says the Lady Mary Wotton, “I am half persuaded to search these chambers, to know whether some miscreant be not here concealed.”

This sent a cold tremor all over my body; more on Lady Anne’s account than mine own.

“What is the matter, madam?” asks the Lady Anne.

“Everything is the matter,” says the Lady Mary, “Sir Michael cannot rest in his bed—it is full of gorse and the Lord knows what prickly things besides.”

“Surely you do not suspect me, madam?” says the Lady Aucher.

“Or me?” says Mistress Hatton.

“I know not whom to suspect,” says the Lady Mary—and anon she taxes her daughter with having employed one of the servants to do it.

“No, madam,” says the Lady Anne, “I can assure you I am innocent of all complicity.”

“It was very mean of Sir Michael to disturb your ladyship,” says Mistress Hatton, “for so paltry a matter as a bit of gorse in his bed.”

Out goes my Lady Mary without another word. But there is some laughter between the Lady Aucher and her sister at the expense of Sir Michael.

I too, curiously watching those two ladies received a reproof.

“Take care that your couch be not prepared for you in the same fashion, Master Lendall.”

“So it were made by fair hands,” said I, “I should not care.”

“There is a gallant speech for you,” says Mistress Hatton.

Shortly after, I was shewn to my couch with some jesting on the part of the ladies, for it was an inner chamber. Providing me with a candle, they did lock the door on me, and then I find myself in two sumptuous apartments. Never was bachelor better lodged; and there was no gorse in the bed—only a little sweet-smelling lavender. There I slept securely till the lark carolling high in the twilight sky, awaked me. I dreamt of the Lady Anne, and woke to think of her with gratitude as well as love.

I woke, but could not sleep again though 'twas not yet five of the clock, for soon my thoughts were full of care; I remembered the parting scene at Canterbury, and could not flatter myself that I had any real chance of gaining the Lady Anne's favour; though from her not mentioning Esquire Hales, I concluded her engagement to him had not been renewed. I found that one of my apartments opened into the Lady Anne's private pleasance; and the morning being clear, mild, and lovely, I was fain to take a stroll among her flowers to calm my spirits. One thing only perplexed me, and that was, that I could not be sure which was the window of the chamber where that dear beauty lay sleeping. I will not weary you with my love-sick thoughts, but will endeavour to find things better worth dwelling upon. Beard I had not yet any, so required no barber, my suit somewhat rusty with service I made as clean as I could, and found my morning draught outside my door, so that I ventured not till somewhat late to intrude upon the society of Lady Anne, and her two friends—or rather upon the two friends—for when I entered she was not there.

“Say nothing to the Lady Anne about what I and my sister are doing,” says the Lady Aucher.

While I promised to attend to the injunction, I felt somewhat puzzled by their occupation.

They had a gentleman's doublet upon their lap between them, and were sewing upon it in divers

places knots of blue and red ribbons, which they took care to fasten so very tightly, that without tearing of the doublet, they could not be removed. Over their task they whispered frequently, and oftener did laugh.

I observed when the Lady Anne appeared they shuffled the doublet out of sight, producing it again when she was gone.

“Mind you say nothing to her or to any one else, about this doublet,” said they, and once more I promise.

“What is the signification of those favours of blue and red my lady?” said I to the Lady Aucher.

“They are for a very loyal person to wear,” says Mistress Hatton.

“At a gala meeting of loyalists,” says the Lady Aucher, laughing.

“There are indeed a great many loyal favours on the doublet,” said I.

“Yes,” said Mistress Hatton, “and before you came in here, we fastened as many more to his hose in all places.”

By this they meant that they had sewed them on all parts of the breeches of some person whose name they would not reveal, and I must confess he would be strangely attired if his breeches did match his doublet. So indeed also thought those two young ladies, to judge by the laughter they indulged in over their task. Peal upon peal they



gave from time to time, nor could the Lady Anne discover the subject of their mirth.

I inquired of the Lady Anne if Sir Michael had gone, and she told me, no; but he was certainly leaving to attend a meeting of Kentish Committee—when, I know not, but he would certainly leave Bocton Hall early that afternoon not to return.

“Which will grieve him very much,” says the Lady Aucher, “for he is fondly attached to you, Lady Anne.”

“Nay!” says Mistress Hatton, “say rather to the Lady Mary, her mother.”

“It is but a blind,” quoth the Lady Aucher.

“Fie!” cries the Lady Anne, “I am very sure he doth affect my mother—though I hope he shall never be my step-father. Hark! there is his horse—now he will mount, and I hope we shall be rid of him for at least a month.”

“Whither is he going, Lady Anne?” I asked.

“To London—to a committee meeting at Maidstone and after to the Parliament,” says she.

Cautiously I approach the window and peer out between Mistress Hatton and the Lady Aucher, for they did go into fits of laughter, and I desired to know the cause.

The Lady Anne’s speech would have discovered it to me without the help of my eyes.

“Why,” cries she, “he is all over Royalist favours from top to toe. Forbear to laugh so loud,

Mistress Hatton, or we shall have presently another visit from my mother."

But nothing will stop Mistress Hatton. She puts forth her head from the casement and cries—

"Good-morrow, Sir Michael, good-morrow! good-morrow! I do admire the dainty taste with which your doublet and hose are decked, but I fear you will now be ta'en up for a malignant, ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" echoes the Lady Aucher. Oh, those ladies whom I did think to be of a reserved and demure temper! Sometimes our first notions of folks are wholly mistaken. Here was the mystery of the doublet cleared up; but the Lady Anne did not know as I did, who had so facetiously adorned it.

"Wherefore did you call his attention to it?" says the Lady Aucher, "he was so full of trouble at the Lady Anne's refusal to see him ere he went, that he would have doubtless appeared amongst the Committee of Kent ere he had discovered what a motley fool he did look."

"Did you sew those favours on his doublet and hose?" says the Lady Anne, seriously.

"I?" said each of those sportive ladies in the same breath. "Do you think Lady Anne would touch his garments with a pair of tongs?"

This satisfied the Lady Anne.

"I wonder which of the maids was bold enough to play this trick," says she, "'tis more ingenious

than the gorse in his bed. His room is very dark which I imagine prevented him from discovering what had been done ere he donned his garments to depart."

Now fresh peals of laughter burst from those ladies, for two of the grooms there, by Sir Michael's direction, attempting to pull off those favours, tore Sir Michael's clothes so grievously that he commences to rail at them.

"What aileth thee, Sir Michael! oh! what aileth thee!" cries another voice from the window of another chamber. But ere the Lady Mary could learn anything, Sir Michael still complaining, dolefully enters the house.

"Here Lendall!" cries the Lady Anne, "go through thy chamber into the garden and lock the door behind thee."

I obeyed the Lady Anne's injunction, and about an hour afterwards was joined by her and the two sportive ladies, who had been forced to confess that they had played this prank on Sir Michael, who had changed his clothes and departed.

The Lady Anne promised not to tell her mother on their giving their solemn assurance that they would "never play the same trick again." But this form of promise left them free, they privately assured me, to play some other if a convenient opportunity should ever offer.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MORE PERILS AND MORE PRANKS.

THE very next day the rumour came, that a party of Parliament horse were on their way to Bocton, to search for some malignants said to be concealed there. A letter also reached the Lady Mary Wotton in Sir Michael's handwriting, and as his bed was ordered to be warmed and made ready for him, we had reason to fear he was coming back to prolong his visit, and embarrass us all by the presence of his detested carcass. The Lady Anne would not believe that any of her servants would betray her, but whoever the informant might be 'twas very certain we were all—I mean Jack Gayer, Mitchell, and the rest—in great danger once more. Upon receiving this alarm I was for instant flight, but the Lady Anne would by no means permit it. Woman's wit—ever the best in an emergency, however grave—was set to work; and the Lady Anne and her friends, viewing me attentively, came to the conclusion that as I was of a fair skin with regular and somewhat delicate features, soft and silken hair—but as yet none upon my face—I might pass very well for a maiden, though I should be somewhat tall. I readily fell in with their idea;

and when I proved that I could alter my voice to a very woman-like treble, they at once decided to put their plan into execution. The Lady Anne found a dress of her own, which was soon lengthened and altered to fit me—all three ladies working hard at it. It was one that I remembered to have seen her wear, and to have admired her in above all things, being of a rose-coloured silk. I felt it a profanation to wear the same. Nevertheless, they fitted it on with much merriment, and at last with much admiration, for, as I had overheard their conversations about me the night I did arrive, praising my appearance as a most well-favoured and handsome boy—they now declared I made a very exquisite woman. Amidst great laughter—though subdued for fear of being overheard—I did call for more and more kerchiefs to fill out the bosom of my pink silk gown, to save further alterations which otherwise had been necessary there. After which I was pronounced complete, and it was only requisite to frame some explanation as to my appearance in the house. It was then decided by the Lady Anne to take me by screened paths through the garden, and so out by a postern, and round by myself to the entrance door of the house; where, after much palaver and asking for the Lady Aucher (my kinswoman) I should be received by her and her sister, and brought to the presence of the Lady Mary Wotton as a visitor to the house, with the further expla-

nation that I had come from Norfolk or Cambridgeshire, I forget which, and my coach had broken down or been overturned some miles from Bocton Malherbe. All this was accomplished. I was taken by the screened path, and put forth of the postern. I made a sufficiently troublesome announcement of myself at the door; naming, first persons who were not known, and after, as in a kind of surprise, discovering that I had a kinswoman there. Then the Lady Aucher did upon seeing me call for her sister in feigned delight, who also came to the door. In fine, as soon as the Lady Mary had been very well advertised of the new arrival, I was brought into her presence, when, with many embellishments of my own, I told the tale of disaster upon the road which had been before concluded upon, and received an apology from the Lady Mary for not being able to receive me!

But here the Lady Aucher in merriment, which had deeper cause than the Lady Mary wot of, did propose to offer me half her bed. But the Lady Anne now ended the matter by reminding her mother that the chambers within hers—namely, those I had been occupying—were at that moment vacant; whereupon I received a half-gracious permission to remain as a guest in that house—protesting at the same time that it would be a great pleasure to me to walk along and seek a lodging elsewhere, sooner than incommode the Lady Mary.

“Do not dream of it,” says she, now ashamed of her want of hospitality, “if you will let me know where your coach was overturned, my knaves shall bring your trunks hither.”

“Oh,” says the Lady Aucher, “I am obliged to your ladyship; but the Lady Anne hath already considered that matter,” which was a fortunate mode of parrying further questions.

The Lady Anne, fearful of any renewal of troublesome inquiries, desired leave of the Lady Mary to retire to those private apartments, which this suddenly arrived guest was already well acquainted with.

About this time a servant appeared before the Lady Anne with a nosegay of a prodigious size, entirely composed of cowslips and yellow primroses.

“Ah,” said the Lady Anne, “this is no doubt an offering from the young folk of the neighbourhood.”

For this was the season of the year when boys and girls will frisk it into the meadows and woods, and gather these simple flowers in quantities—which methinks is ever a pretty sight to witness.

But indeed it was no such company that had gathered this prodigiously large nosegay; for it soon appeared that it came from no other hands than those of Mitchell and his fellows; and within the heart of the nosegay was a slip of paper with Mitchell’s handwriting on it—“Our duty and

thanks to your ladyship"—which was indeed a pretty tribute of respect and esteem from rough mariners. It had been first presented by mistake to Lady Mary, who rejected it as a worthless gift, and desired that those who had gathered it should be censured for wasting of their time, and trampling down her meadows.

But the Lady Anne prized that offering, and had it immediately placed in her own chamber.

Before long came a part of a troop of Parliament horse to the house to make inquiries for the concealed Royalists. The Lady Mary fortunately was very little pleased to see them; for being very parsimonious in her temper, and though very rich, keeping down her household expenses to the very lowest, she thought the addition of these men—though they were all of the godly party which she favoured—more costly than was worth, should they be quartered upon her as was likely. So when they had ferreted all over the house and found nothing to raise their suspicions, except the statement they had received from Sir Michael of the tricks played upon him, and especially of the Royalist favours secretly attached to his doublet and hose—the Lady Mary prayed them to fill their bellies and depart in peace. This however they refused to do, saying it was now their business to search the neighbouring hamlets and farm-houses.

Upon this we are put in great fear for Jack



Gayer, Mitchell, and the rest. But word was presently brought to the Lady Anne that all had made their escape. Upon consideration of this we did not know whether to be glad or sorry. But the Lady Anne shed tears in considering of the nosegay of primroses and cowslips which was now perceived to be a parting gift from those she had so kindly sheltered. They had been advertised of the approach of the soldiers, and I think—to judge by the account the parson afterwards gave—had feared to bring the Lady Anne into trouble, and so had incontinently departed. Jack Gayer had betaken himself to his old tricks, and had scared Sir Michael Livesey, who arrived pale and trembling with a story of having seen the devil on the road, just after the troopers had gone to ransack the neighbourhood.

The Lady Mary having forgotten her ailments in her displeasure at the visit she had received, and the cost she was likely to be put to by those troopers, came from her private chambers and stormed and raged in the great parlour, and was there found by Sir Michael in the worst of humours.

The Lady Aucher, Mistress Hatton and I, sitting there with her, did as far as we could, foment her rage, the Lady Anne saying nothing one way or other.

Sir Michael telling his tale, received from us a mock sympathy. But Lady Mary said—

“ I think, Sir Michael, having been allowed to see this manifestation of the Evil One—who is no doubt the instigator of all these wicked malignant plots which now seem daily to increase—you should be reasonable enough to ascribe to other than ordinary influences the disturbed slumbers you have had, and the other plagues you have suffered here. Sir, would it not be better by prayer and fasting to attempt to purify yourself from the wicked company of spirits thus haunting you, than to bring ravenous and thirsty troopers into a godly and religious household, who are more skilful at emptying cellars and pantries than in ferreting out Satan and his devices? I desire you will send Master Boreman back to pray with me ; and though I shall be glad of *your* company, I cannot say that I desire for even an hour longer to have any of your regiment quartered upon me or my tenants. At a time when the whole country is full of complaints at the burthen of free-quarter, methinks the faithful servants of the Parliament might at least be exempted from it.”

I think Sir Michael had never before been addressed with such severity by the Lady Mary (that is my Lady Wotton). Very meekly he did plead for a guard for his person, saying that though the divel had certainly appeared unto him, yet he was persuaded that some mischievous Royalist gallant had been concealed in the house and played pranks upon him—unknown of course to the Lady Wotton.

“Perchance you imagine he was concealed in some of the lady’s chambers?” says the Lady Aucher scornfully.

“I am in hopes my Lady Anne would not permit such a thing,” says Sir Michael.

“Here be five fair ladies to watch, to tend, and to guard you, Sir Michael,” cries pretty Mistress Hatton. “Surely a brave gallant like you and a colonel to boot might consider such a sufficient protection.”

“Or take *one* for better for worse,” said I, assuming the coquetry of a maid in my tone and looks. “I have already heard talk of Sir Michael’s gallantry to young and fair maids; and, indeed, the example of King David and Abishag”—

“For shame, mistress!” cries the Lady Mary (that is Lady Wotton) interrupting. “Sir Michael, I doubt not, when he marries will choose a partner more suitable to his years.”

By this remark I perceived that the Lady Mary had either never seriously intended to bestow her daughter Lady Anne upon this wretch, or that she had come to a more sensible determination upon mature reflection. But there are those who will tell you she did encourage Sir Michael’s addresses to herself.

Sir Michael, somewhat embarrassed, preserved a silence which gave no countenance to any of our suppositions. But that evening, after the Lady Wotton retired—which she generally did early—

he prayed to be permitted to wait upon the Lady Anne alone. The Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton entreated her to oblige Sir Michael, but the Lady Anne said that somebody should be present at the interview. Whereupon I declared my hearty desire to be the person; and this being agreed to, suited the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton equally well; for they promised themselves the pleasures of preparing a delectable surprise for that knight and baronet in his own private chamber in the meantime.

The Lady Anne warnel me to be a little less lively in my behaviour, and to abstain from too much conversation, for fear that by some inadvertency I might rouse his suspicions as to my sex.

I must confess that Sir Michael's conduct that evening was sufficiently discreet, but I think he stood in awe of me as a very arch young lady who might make game of him.

When it was nearly time to retire to rest, the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton came into the Lady Anne's apartments in their most demure and chastened mood, and when Sir Michael departed wished him a good night's rest, and hoped he would find himself free from any annoyance that night.

But such was not Sir Michael's fate, for he did spend the livelong night in trying to get into his bed without effect, those two sportive ladies having

taken extreme pains to sew his holland sheets together, and them also to the coverlet and blankets in so many places and so firmly, that the maids next morning, who were kept in ignorance of what was done, declared that it was the work of the fairies, for no human hand could have had the skill.

The Lady Mary during the night had heard the miserable Sir Michael making sad moan, and was in great fear for herself, believing that the Evil One was visiting of that knight and baronet. She persuaded him the next morning to go look for some pious parson to resolve his doubts, for Sir Michael would still have it that an earthly hand might do all this work. However, having taken off his old bedgown of yellow satin, which he wore of a morning, he was proceeding to put on a very spruce doublet, as, I suspect, to go visit the Lady Anne again, when lo! it was tailored like the holland sheets—scilicet, the sleeves were sewn across and across at every two inches, and the armholes even sealed up; so that it was impossible for him to put it on, and the rest of his wardrobe he could not find, for it was all locked in a closet, the key whereof had been taken away.

The Lady Anne, in whom no malice was to be found, however she might relish a joke, expostulated with her two friends, who promised in the same evasive terms “never to do that thing

again ;” and finding that the dejected Sir Michael was in a strait for clothes to put on, for the Royalist favours had again appeared upon his best and now only pair of hose, did (with some compunction it must be admitted) take forth a rare old jerkin and hose from a secret wardrobe, which had been worn by the late excellent Sir Henry Wotton, and lend it to Sir Michael to depart in. But when it came to that, the key of the closet was found again, and his own proper garments restored to him. The next night cocks did crow above his head, and a small pail of water also streamed over him thrice during the night. So, fearing worse things, that sorry knight and baronet departed from Bocton for a space.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### OF THREE GALLANTS IN LOVE.

THE water streaming on his person and the crowing and flapping of the cock above his head had put Sir Michael in such fear that I think he did persuade himself that his tormentors were unearthly. At all events, we were not troubled by his presence for some time, and he had sent all his troopers away long before. I still, however, retained my woman's dress, for it was pretty certain that something was suspected from letters which came to the Lady Mary, who did very closely question her daughter as to what persons might have been harboured by her in those private apartments.

“If,” she says, “you ever admitted young Esquire Hales there, even for an hour, I will disown you for my daughter.”

But this the Lady Anne was able to answer satisfactorily; and I perceived that the Lady Wotton was so full of animosity against Esquire Hales that she did not make inquiries as to whether any other young man had been entertained.

By this was my fancy lulled in an agreeable sleep, for though I dared not to hope favourably for myself, yet did I conclude—very falsely as it afterwards did prove—that the Lady Anne had become fancy-free.

When boys will be—not boys—but girls, they will meet with embarrassments never before so much as dreamt of; and so you will see I proved in mine own case. But it is a somewhat long story.

I had a most happy time after Sir Michael Livesey had removed his carcase from Bocton Hall; for I was continually with the Lady Anne, and being in the dress of one of her sex she did sometimes seem as it were to forget some differences, and to permit me to share more of her confidence—so much so, that I was sometimes able to detain her soft hand in mine, and to verge upon those caresses and endearments which all lovers so ardently long to indulge in.

In order to prolong those exquisite moments, I did persuade her that for the furtherance of her benevolent schemes for my concealment it was desirable that I should cultivate the ordinary pursuits of women. Degenerating from what is manly and masculine, I began to learn how to do sampler work and other accomplishments of the sex, which afforded me the convenience of sitting very close to her. And it is to be noticed that propinquity is delightful to lovers—nay, it is the



privilege which they chiefly long for, and to which all their thoughts and desires everlastingly tend. Then how would I exert myself to oblige her! Ofttimes forgetting my assumed sex, in the garden or elsewhere, I would with most unwomanly strides—which moved her laughter—hasten to anticipate her wants or wishes.

The Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton at last began to leave us to ourselves, and even to make merry at our expense—accusing not only me of a desperate fondness for Lady Anne, but even the Lady Anne of some partiality to me. That accusation at times brought half a blush into her cheek, while it raised me to the seventh heaven of delight; inasmuch as it greatly encouraged the ambitious hopes which, in spite of my better reason, I sometimes entertained. Alas! whenever I did venture upon tenderness I was presently forced to perceive that my aspirations were rather more hardy than rational. At times I was painfully reminded that my preference for her was not earnestly thought of, especially when she took me to task for coldness to Margaret Gray. But she at length spared me the trial, and ceased to talk upon a subject which she perceived was plainly distasteful to me.

I had passed some time most delectably when it was reported that three young and courtly gallants had suddenly appeared in the neighbourhood of Bocton. They had all the air of Cavaliers,

and how they came to be allowed to lodge unmolested at an alehouse hard by, I cannot explain—except upon the supposition that the Committee of Kent were aware that they had no loyal or religious motive in their taking up their abode, but only an idle ambition to secure the favour of a lovely lady. But it must be told and remembered here, that the hand of that lady—besides her personal attractions—was a thing to be sought, seeing that she would at her mother's decease, if not before, become possessed of considerable wealth.

Scarce were these three gallants lodged in their alehouse ere they began to lay siege to the peerless Lady Anne, who was one morning awakened out of her sleep by the harmony of voices and the accompaniment of a lute, which, echoing amongst the buildings of Bocton, sounded through my open window wherein the fresh spring air had entrance. I perceived that the ditty was Italian, and that the voices were those of men. Not long afterwards I had a particular description of their persons and dress from fair Lady Aucher and charming Mistress Hatton—for both of whom I had now a very warm friendship.

As the persons of those knights are well known by their portraits, I will spare you the repetition of the account of those fair ladies, and briefly tell you that one was a foreigner knight, Sir Bernard Gascoigne—according to his English title; of the

other two, one was a man of Kent, Sir John Mayney; the other a noble lord, and son to the late lamented Earl of Northampton, who, scorning quarter at the hands of rebels, fell lamentably but gloriously at Hopton Heath. As to their dress, they were in peaceful weeds, as costly as their impoverished purses could buy—for at least two of them had been brought low enough by fine and sequestration for fighting for the Crown and refusing to take the covenant. Sir Bernard Gascoigne did rather eclipse his English companions by the bravery of velvet, Flanders lace, and gold broidery. Nor was he much behind the rest in comeliness of face and figure.

“There is a lover apiece for you, fair Mistress Hatton,” said I.

“Nay,” says she, arousing my jealousy, “they are all three for the Lady Anne. Her name was the burden of their song.”

And this account proved correct; for later in the day came a nosegay offered to the Lady Anne by those three knights, who sent with it their names and offered their duty.

It pleased me entirely to find that all the encouragement the Lady Anne would give those three gallants was her thanks; for though they parleyed with the lacqueys for admittance, they were not permitted to enter Bocton Hall. So that day they did retire discomfited. But on the morrow, at the same hour, there they were again,

with another song, a verse of which was as follows :

Cara Cara Imperatrice  
 Graziosa e felice  
 Tuo stendardo  
 Che ne guardo  
 Guardarai ognor, ognor !  
 Nobile e maestosa  
 Gentil, buona, preziosa  
 Oh ti vedo  
 E gia credo  
 La Regina del amor !

—————  
 Cara Carissima,  
 Tu sei buonissima !  
 Solo per te son i miei sospir—  
 Sia felice  
 Imperatrice !  
 Senza di te bramo morir !

Later in the day they return with another nosegay and renewed offers of their duty. Finding their reception no better than on the previous day, they now endeavoured to gain the favour of the Lady Wotton ; but she was already not prepossessed in their favour, and by way of answer sends them a small volume written by a godly minister noted for his zeal, wherein the sin of prophane songs and idle love ditties was fully exposed. But the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton, principally to thwart the Lady Wotton, whom they did not much love, desired me to look forth from the casement, and by slightly waving my kerchief to draw their attention. This I did, and observed Sir William Compton to look upon me earnestly. After conversing a

moment with the other two he retired with them, turning round thrice as he went to doff his cap at me, for I still sat at the window. By the advice of the young ladies I again waved my kerchief.

The next day the musicians came again, but at a distance more remote and from whence they were not visible. The song was still about "Anna." But when it was concluded a messenger is sent by them with a nosegay—this time not for the Lady Anne or my Lady Wotton, but for the "lady in the gown of pink silk." Nothing would now serve but I must give Sir William Compton a rendezvous; and those sportive ladies did command me to appoint a window on the ground floor which was accessible from the Lady Aucher's apartment. Though the hour named was late, that is to say nine of the clock in the evening, there was little danger in the interview as the window was barred in the Spanish fashion, so that no more than a hand could be passed through.

The Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton made me promise not to acquaint the Lady Anne with these proceedings, and when the time came they secured privacy by locking the door.

I am heartily ashamed of the part I played; and I hope, should this meet the eye of any of that noble family of Compton, they will forgive me for my conduct on that occasion.

Sir William was so far bewitched by the sad

cheat that he declared that he almost thought I was equal to the Lady Anne for beauty ; and that though he was pledged to pay serious court to her, he would brave all and transfer his affections to me, leaving her to his two rivals, if I would there and then consent to depart at once with him and seek a secure asylum elsewhere. These proffers and protestations he accompanied by fervently kissing my hand, which for its brown colour as well as roughness had to be encased in a glove, which had been put near a sweet bag a short time before.

I told him with demure countenance that I was sure he would very soon be disenchanted if I were to yield to his entreaties. But this only made him call heaven and earth to witness that nothing could alter his desperate admiration of me.

On hearing our conversation, which was protracted by my ingenuity to some length, the Lady Aucher and fair Mistress Hatton had much ado to avoid laughing outright, which would perhaps have put an end to the jest.

Finding that he could not obtain any distinct promise from me of eloping with him, he began to make particular inquiries about the other members of the household ; but when he asked if he could not be secretly admitted within, I told him the doleful experiences of Sir Michael, exaggerating them by supporting the notion of

their being occasioned by other agencies than natural ones. This supposition he did not think worth much, and said, looking at me very attentively, that he would rather suspect me of being the author of Sir Michael's troubles, for he thought me quite capable of such mischief.

At last, after amusing him with the idea that I might be brought to return his admiration, he gave me two poetical epistles—one in English from Sir John Mayney, and the other in Italian from Sir Bernard Gascoigne, which I promised to deliver to the Lady Anne. He had prepared something on his own account, but he should not present it, he said, until he was quite sure that I could not be induced to favour his suit. Whereupon I told him that if the Lady Anne were made aware of that speech she would feel highly flattered.

The next morning the song was not heard, and we soon learnt that those gallants had departed, having given notice, however, that ere long they would return to the same lodging.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OF A DUEL TO BE FOUGHT.

A MORE strict inquiry after malignants, caused by the growing discontents of the kingdom—which was now threatening to break out in a universal mutiny against the tyrants who had enslaved a once free people—had caused these two gentlemen and their foreign companion to depart to more secure quarters than a little ale-house in Kent afforded. And though it was rumoured daily that their return would speedily take place, we heard nothing of them. The news of the Welsh Royalists under Langhorne, Poyer, Powell, Sir Nicholas Kemish, &c., and how Pembroke Castle, Chepstow, and other places were holding out, having revolted to the King, were now the things most talked of, and the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton were little behind the Lady Anne in the interest they took. We all did hope, that the King's deliverance from imprisonment would shortly be accomplished; and again and again did the conversation turn upon what I had witnessed at Carisbroke. But the more sympathy the Lady Anne did betray



towards Majesty in misery, the more did I long to be able to perform some signal action for his advantage. The escape of the Duke of York from St. James's in maid's clothes, led me to think painfully upon my state of inaction in those moments when I perceived how hard a matter it would be to gain the lasting favours of the Lady Anne; and yet at times I counted myself truly happy, especially in the seclusion of the private pleasance when I was helping her to cherish her flowers.

For now May had brought its delights; and the beauty and grace of the Lady Anne seemed to me as it were to increase with the opening flowers, the warmer air, and the carol of cuckoo and nightingale, which was a fancy natural enough in a boy.

The Lady Mary was by no means as happy as that joyful season of the year ought to have made the mistress of a noble residence in so delightful a situation. She knew that the commonalty were now no longer favourable either to her party or herself. She was besides in the closest bonds of friendship with the usurping powers—more particularly with the chief men of the Committee of Kent. Thus the re-establishment of Church and Crown was by her a thing to be dreaded, as not only her importance would be diminished, but her estate she thought might be perilled.

The usurping powers were however determined that if possible Kent at all events should not be allowed to relapse into loyalty ; and early in May it came to be known that a special commission of oyer and terminer would be sent down to Canterbury to try the Christmas rioters for their lives. This was a thing that had been long talked of, but as the aforesaid Christmas riot had been wholly provoked by the tyranny of the Committee and their friends, it had been supposed that they were ashamed of the whole business, and did desire to let it be forgotten.

The indignation of the whole county on hearing that the day was actually fixed for the carrying out of those bloody intentions, was, you may well believe, shared by the Lady Anne. And when she began to express her opinion of the wickedness of the proceeding, I told her that I could not see my friends placed in peril while I was in security, and that I would forthwith surrender myself up to take my chance with the rest. But the Lady Anne very vehemently dissuaded me from the idea, and would on no account suffer me to quit my disguise. I however was so impressed with the desire of doing something, that I declared I would be present at the trial no matter what the danger might be, so as to be able to furnish her with an account of that diabolical pageant. Finding I was obstinately determined, the Lady Anne yielded, being at the same time fully persuaded that as I promised to

attend the proceedings in my woman's dress I should run very little risk.

Very early in the morning of the 11th of May I took my departure from Bocton Hall. How can I ever forget that morning! The kind and noble Lady Anne came forth upon the steps to see me mount the pillion which in woman-like fashion I was to ride on. She also provided me with some provender for the journey in a wallet, which when afterwards opened was found to contain several broad pieces, though I know very well she expected my instant return, whereas some have laboured to persuade me it was my dismissal. Beloved Bocton Hall! Little did I think I was destined to see it no more. I left it in all the freshness of early summer. I saw but the flowering tops of the fruit trees and the lilac and laburnum that did so flourish in the Lady Anne's private parterre; but I remembered well the haunts within. I went past the church and churchyard—with the cross in front which somehow had survived the fury of fanatics. The grey old house \* with the large bay window of the great parlour, split into many lights, slowly disappeared. The last prospect I had of it showed me the Lady Aucher and fair Mistress Hatton their kerchiefs flying from their casement. These remembrances affect me now, but at that time I felt little regret at my departure, being persuaded that I should return ere many hours

\* Bocton Hall is built of Kentish rag-stone.

elapsed. Wherefore I went along the road very cheerfully, passing the yew tree which Queen Elizabeth of famous memory had planted with her own hand. I was not satisfied with my progress. The fellow who did accompany me was so plaguey cautious on my account, supposing I imagine that I would fall out of the pillion—or else so lazy for his own convenience—that I could not urge him forward.

Some have tried to persuade me that that boorish fellow was a knave who had a design in lingering on the road. Certain it is that we were overtaken by-and-bye, by the grand cavalcade of the Kentish Committee, who I presume had been at Leeds Castle or Aylesford discussing privately the weighty business they were on. I heard the sound of a doleful psalm behind, and guessing that no friends of mine could be there, prayed my companion, who rode before, to apply his cudgel to the ribs of his jennet, but he paid no attention; and I had a strong inclination to unseat him, and in my pink gown to get straddle legs on that jennet which I was sure could move at a smarter pace if required. The character I represented, however, prevented me from vehemently urging the point, and in short we were overtaken by a string of coaches preceded by some of the county horse (Sir Michael's troop), and divers chaplains on pad-nags, who gave out the psalm with full lungs. Then came the Committee disposed in

their several coaches in mighty state, some of whose faces I knew, such as that great tyrant Sir Anthony Weldon, Thatcher, clerk to the Committee, Beales, Bix, and there were also other of them I believe such as Sedley, Rivers, Blount Heyman, &c. I felt it a base part to ride in my then disguise past those enemies of the liberties of Kent and of the kingdom, but the feeling gave me perchance an air of modesty; at all events I was not molested in any way by that parcel of zealots.

Anon the psalm was stopped, and both coaches and riders broke into a jog, and so got in front of me, incommoding me with their dust though they rid me of their presence. After a while the road winds through a wood. I hear the sound of horse's feet, and looking back perceive a gay gallant approaching. Of all people on earth who should it be but Sir William Compton. He did not tell me that he had left Sir Bernard Gascoigne and Sir Walter Mayney at the little alehouse not far from Bocton, but I believe he had thought they soon followed. I believe this young man had come in pursuit of me. He was no whit dismayed when he drew rein beside me, but his cheeks were scarlet red.

“So, fair maiden,” he said, “I perceive you are on a journey, might I ask whither you are bound?”

“I am for Canterbury, sir,” said I, wishing

heartily to divulge my sex to avoid further trouble.

“I am bound for that city,” said he, “and will have much pleasure in accompanying you that far, if you will permit me.”

“I prefer to travel unattended,” I replied.

Thereupon he would seize my hand, but I withdrew it.

“Have you considered the professions I made to you?” says he, “or must I sigh in vain for your favours?”

“Sir,” said I, looking him full in the face, “if you knew whom you were addressing, you would recoil from the design you are on, and go your way.”

“Never!” says he. “No knowledge of aught to your disadvantage would ever alter my opinion of you, or my fervent desire to be your slave to the end of my days.”

“You will find the Lady Anne Wotton, however hostile to your advances,” said I, “more accessible than I.”

“I will not believe that,” says he, “though your pretty red lips utter it.”

I perceived that I should never be rid of him, my foolish overtures had so bewitched the young man.

“Will you lay a wager on it?” says I.

“Yes,” says he, after a moment’s hesitation.

“And will you pay me honourably?” I added,

slackening my pace, so as to get out of hearing of that clown my guide, who I feared was cocking his ear to know what was going on.

“Name your sum,” says he, “and I will pay it, if a half-empty purse will suffice to meet the demand.”

“Three Jacobuses,” said I.

“Three Jacobuses—a bargain!” says he.

“A bargain!” said I, “provided you promise on the word of a knight not to reveal either to man or woman the secret I have to tell you, without my consent.”

“I promise,” he replied.

“Keep away, sir,” said I, “touch me not. Do you hear?”

This I said because the unfortunate young knight, becoming more desperate than ever, had begun seriously to incommode me with attentions which, under the circumstances, were very ludicrous.

“I repeat,” says he, “nothing can change my good opinion of you; reveal your secret, however, and I am ready with the sum wagered if it be lost.”

“*I am a woman only in dress,*” said I, looking hard at him, and speaking deliberately in my natural voice.

I thought he would have died, so intense was the astonishment and disgust expressed by his countenance.

“I was charitably concealed by the Lady Anne,” continued I, “in this disguise; as it would have been, and still would be, very dangerous if my real identity were discovered.”

“In Heaven’s name who and what are you?” says he, now as pale as he was red before.

I knew he was a very noble and honourable young man, and having trusted him with a secret which might have proved fatal to me if divulged, I felt I might safely tell him everything, and thereupon I did so in a few brief words.

He said at first nothing whatever in reply—only, feeling in his pouch, produced three Jacobuses, and placed them in my hand with a wry face.

“Nay, keep your money, Sir William,” said I “I deserve to lose it.”

“Not a penny,” says he “but know that I desire revenge, and will have the same. Call back your attendant to hold your nag and mine, and accompany me at once into this wood.”

“Sir,” said I, “I was to blame, and I ask your pardon for the deceit I put upon you.”

“It is too late, sirrah,” says he, “to talk of pardon. I desire reparation for an insult and an injury; think you I am to be made the laughing-stock of my acquaintance for nought?”

“Sir,” said I, very ill at ease, perceiving what a tragical ending my personation of a lady was likely to have, “if I must meet you in a hostile



way, I demand time till I quit me of my damsel's dress, settle my affairs in this world, and make some preparation for the next."

"I will give you five minutes to do that—which will be quite sufficient for a scapegrace like you," returns Sir William.

"But, sir, I pray you further to consider," I objected, "that I shall be incommoded in the fight you propose by these clothes. You have besides forgotten that I am unarmed, while you wear a sword, a pistol, and a bodkin."

"We shall throw for weapons," says he, quickly, "one shall have the poniard and the loaded pistol, the other the sword. As for your farthingale, you may take it off if you like, and put on my breeches, but fight you must. I will not give you an hour—no not a minute—beyond the five I promised."

I should have laughed at some of this at another time; but the scarlet wrath of Sir William had in it something calculated to subdue all mirthful inclinations.

While I was embarrassed with the contemplation of the dismal posture of my affairs, Sir William himself hails my attendant, and gives him the order which he had desired me to convey to him.

There was nothing for it but to jump off my pillion, which I did with very little grace, and to follow Sir William as he strode into a thick part of the wood. I am not sure whether that clown,

my attendant, knew what purpose Sir William had in leading me towards the concealment of a dense thicket or no; but I am very sure that he was diverted at the incident, for he grinned a sly grin which I very well perceived on looking back to see what he thought.

In a short time I was out of the reach of all human help. Sir William lost no time; he measured out fifteen paces in a place concealed from view, where the wood was, however, something sparse. I elected to retain my farthingale, which I reflected might have the effect of saving my legs from a bullet or even from a sword thrust. Sir William threw up a piece of money and down came St. George and the Dragon. He had won the pistol, and the privilege of shooting at me as I rushed towards him with the rapier.

As I stood calmly a mark for his fire, I imagine something feminine in my very natural apprehension of instant death made him hesitate. Having spanned his pistol he suddenly lowers it.

“Plague on it,” says he, “you are so like a fair woman that I cannot persuade myself of the cheat. Once more, are you sure you have told me the truth?”

“I am no woman,” said I, “as I will presently prove to you if I survive your shot.”

For now I began to pluck up my spirit, and to contemplate the chances of spitting the gallant if his aim should fail.

“Nay,” says he, “brave lad, it is murder, and I will not be guilty of it. I am a fool,” says he, “to take the jest so seriously; come, let’s shake hands instead.”

So saying, he knocks back his flint and shakes out the priming of his pistol.

I was not very anxious to continue that combat, so I at once closed with his offer, and not to be outdone in generosity, addressed him thus:—

“I will agree to shake hands with you, Sir William, provided you will take back your three broad pieces.”

“Well,” says he, a little sheepishly, “I will take them; for, to tell you the truth, I can ill spare them.”

Whereupon I handed them back to him, and shook hands.

“I’ faith,” says he, pulling up my farthingale, and perceiving the very trim order of my silk stockings and garters, and my feet which were small for my size, and were cased in a pair of the Lady Mary’s sandals, “I’ faith, ’tis the most perfect cheat that e’er was conceived. Master Lendall, if you have a sister near about your own age, I should like to see her, for doubtless she must be a handsome girl.”

This remark made me reflect upon singular consequences which might happen from our present proceeding.

“Please to consider now, Sir William,” said I,

“how a maiden’s character is to be saved, for you may well believe this clown here will make a fine story out of this trip of ours amongst the blue bells and primroses.”

Just then we came in sight of the clown who had all this time been quietly holding our steeds in the middle of the road. I know not what construction he put upon our now appearance, and the somewhat humourous expression which must have lighted up our countenances.

**Ninth Inscription.**



To

**THE COUNTESS OF RAVENSWORTH.**



## CHAPTER XV.

### CANTERBURY TRIAL.

I HOPE you will forgive the narration of so idle an incident as my last. Sir William Compton soon parted with me and left me to pursue my journey to Canterbury by myself. I may therefore now recall your attention to those serious affairs of state which it is the business of this history to chronicle from time to time. To prepare you then for the Canterbury trial, I must remind you of the events which succeeded to the Christmas riot in that city, though being myself engaged in other troubles in the Isle of Wight and at Winton, I speak only from what I heard. I have told you the matter before, but as many will have forgotten, I may be pardoned for repeating some particulars. To begin then—the city was quieted after the riot by the loyal party, who had not been actively engaged endeavouring to obtain terms for the city, which were actually agreed to by the Mayor and the Committee.\* There were, in fine, to be no reprisals, provided the insurrection should subside quietly. But as Ned Hales' letter will inform you

\* Carter, *True Relation*.

if you turn back to it, scarce had the city been quieted, before the Committee marches in in great state with great force to make strict inquiry as to the disturbances, which being actively pursued by the Mayor and Committee, whom do they select for vengeance but those very men who had pacified the people! Sir William Man, Master Lovelace, Mr. Sabine, and a great many others are sent away prisoners to Leeds Castle.

As very important consequences did ensue, I think it proper here to lay before you certain extracts of the correspondence which I got from Thatcher (Clerk to the Committee). In the first place you will perceive what popularity the Committee could boast of by the force they assemble, and also what gross insults they do offer to the ancient city of Canterbury.

“We are enforced to keep,” saith my first extract from a letter of the Committee of Kent to the Speaker, dated Canterbury, 5th Jan., 1647, “a very considerable strength, consisting of 3,000 horse and foot; and do perceive such a confidence in them of their strength that we cannot think it safe either for the city or county that our present forces should be lessened, much less withdrawn, until such time as their gates and walls be demolished.”

In the next you will see what prejudice they have and would excite against the loyal people of Kent, and how this Committee—whereof the Mayor



was one—did observe the treaty the loyal gentry did for the sake of peace contrive.

“Mr. Speaker,” so begins this letter, “in obedience to the command of the honourable House by their order of the 30th December last, and by your letters of the same date, and also of the 7th inst., we are to give you this further account of our proceedings concerning the Canterbury insurrection both as to an examination and the matter of fact. As likewise unto what we have done in order of your command of putting the city in a safe condition, and towards the prevention of future tumults and disorders by which the peace of that city and this county may be preserved. In reference, we are likewise humbly bold, in obedience to the said order of the honourable House herewith to return our opinions of what is further fit to be done in this business, humbly suggesting the same to the wisdom of the honourable House.

“As to the matter of fact upon the informations and examinations hitherto taken before us, that although the first hint of the insurrection seems to be taken from that darling of rude persons called Christmas, which was made the ground of the first day’s tumult upon the day so named, yet the scene was quickly changed; the appearance upon the Monday following being with divers hundreds in a martial posture crying up King Charles and down the Parliament and excise, and

accordingly using outrage against those whom, by a continued opposite term to the King's party they call Roundheads, assaulting them in the streets and in their houses by day and by night, spoiling their goods, beating some others to the great danger of their lives; imprisoning others, and laying them in irons, and keeping them in prison till the very day of our entrance—chasing the Mayor, and the well-affected magistrates, and ministers out of the city—some of them, amongst whom the Mayor, were forced to fly for their lives, others to obscure and conceal themselves, not desiring to be seen till our entrance into the city. And an absolute mastery of the city and magazine thereof, gained by and maintained in a martial way; by courts of guard by them set, and kept at their own cost. And upon apprehensions of forces coming against them encouraging themselves with the confidence of a very great party from the country from whom, at several times, numbers did flock in unto them, and the like fire beginning since to kindle in the Isle of Thanet.

“All which shows that they were not merely accident, but had a premeditated rise. We are induced to believe this both from sundry dangerous speeches proved unto us to be uttered beforehand, some plainly expressing, others somewhat darkly implying threats against the Parliament, and a course to be taken with the Roundheads about

Christmas, and the like. Besides, the manner of their very first entrance into their first day's work and method, &c., afterwards, gives us a character of a preappointment of their business, and of a designation thereof to another purpose than Christmas.

“The first beginning being upon Christmas day by hurling up several footballs in the street; which kind of pastime, as we know not the season or the weather, gave any initiation to it, so the superstitious idolizing of that day is known to all men to be such even with the blindest and rudest observers of it, as it would be a matter of great conscience and religion with them to receive the sacrament and be very demure that day at home whatever be their carriage afterwards. And as the unusual pastime upon that day, so the persons thereby and thereunto congregated, gives us cause to judge it a contrived design; those footballs drawing together on a sudden great numbers of persons not only of the city, but of the country-fellows, strangers from the parts adjacent, whereby they speedily grow unto a tumult; which, having gotten strength, their next appearance upon the Monday following became more formidable and warlike, the King cried up, and the Parliament and excise cried down; and themselves, in such a posture, being become masters of the city, divers of the gentry then began to show themselves amongst them, animating and encouraging them in the King's cause with

words, and rewards, and promises of assistance. And now matters being come to this pass, we cannot but here give you a special account of some special persons, some of them being of public trust and others of rank and quality, who—upon what grounds and principles is only privy to themselves—without considerable endeavours of opposition or assistance used by them, in assistance sought for from others, for the suppression of this insurrection—for aught hath yet appeared unto us—hastily closed in with the rebels, being then at the height (as they say), to appease them by propounding and signing to them certain articles of indemnity for what they had done, and also for the imprisonment of some of those who had resisted the rebels to the hazard of their lives in assistance of the Mayor; and by causing the Mayor and Recorder afterwards to sign the same, having found out the Mayor when, for fear of his life, he had concealed himself in a private house in the city. And by condescending to the rebels themselves to place a guard at the several gates that night, and for that end likewise commanding powder and bullet to be delivered to such of the rebels as by their consent were to keep the night's guard, and the next morning rewarding them with money for their pains and care in keeping that night's watch, and engaging themselves to the rebels to send countermands to any forces which they should understand to be sent for

or raised against them; which accordingly was done by those gentlemen, who forthwith sent abroad several letters to that purpose to some of the deputy-lieutenants and others of their county, whom they had heard, or feared, were or would be active in raising forces. In which letters they represent the city to be in a peaceable, quiet condition, and all to be well, and the tumult to be appeased upon very reasonable propositions of theirs; and yet notwithstanding the Mayor and well-affected aldermen and godly ministers and people still fled or hid; those whom the rebels had demanded to be delivered up unto them still kept in prison; the rebels still masters of the town, and keeping their courts of guard at their own pleasure, and appearing again in a warlike posture and formidable body at the news of our levying forces against them. In all which interim, and to the very day of our entrance, we hear of nothing from those gentlemen, the traitors, in all their letters but their earnest obtestations against the approach of our forces, notwithstanding notice given unto them of the aforesaid order of the House by a copy thereof sent unto them by us at our first coming to our rendezvous, and advising their publication thereof unto the rebels. Yet did they not only neglect the same, but did (the rebels being then up in arms) positively declare unto us that they would not give their consent to admit us with our forces

without the consent of the Corporation, although some of them in the same letters confess themselves to be now members thereof. And yet, immediately before, in a former letter did offer to admit us and to procure for us such attendance as they should think fitting for our service and safety. Whereas the rebels themselves were masters of the city, of which fact and offence, by virtue of the said order of the House, we were come to inquire. And for our effectual and safe performance of which order we could obtain no other consent unto our entrance from those gentlemen who thus were pleased to interpose themselves, than such as the terror of that force we came with, did at last extort; which strength we were enforced, to the very great charge of the county, to continue until we had in some measure weakened the hands of such an enraged party, by securing some of the heads thereof, and of the chief actors in the insurrection as we could meet with, divers being fled; and until we had made some progress in that and other parts of the service required by the honourable House in the said order and letter for the putting of the city into a safe condition, and the preventing like future insurrections.

“In order whereunto we have in some part dismantled the city, by taking off the gates, making a convenient breach in the walls, and drawing off the great guns, &c.—all which in inland and un-

garrisoned towns are only invitations to insurrections and rebellions. We have likewise disarmed the malignants of this city, settled and drawn in a body of militia both trained and auxiliary, and put it, we hope, into trusty hands, so that God being good to us herein, they and we may be more serviceable to you, and more readily helpful to each other.

“And now having given you this account of the matter in fact, and what hath been done by us thereupon in obedience to your commands, we submit the whole to the consideration of the honourable House that there may be a speedy trial of the offenders in such manner whereby to bring them to condign punishment, as to their wisdom shall see fit, &c.” \*

Behold the conclusion of the whole matter. Vengeance! They pray the Parliament to bring the peacemakers to *condign punishment!*

What charity this Committee had towards their imprisoned King will appear from the following pious sentences in a letter to the Speaker, wherein they plead for further powers to oppress the King's subjects—dated Maidstone, 7th March, 1647:—

“Mr. Speaker,” so commences their letter, “we received from the knights of our shire votes tendering no further addresses to the King, with your declaration thereupon, expressing the reasons

\* Dated Sittingbourne, 21st January, 1647.

of those resolutions. Our hearty desires and prayers unto the God of yours and all our mercies and deliverances are, that He may be with you in all your counsels and endeavours for the peace and welfare of these poor kingdoms, and carry you through and above all streights and difficulties in the way, &c.”

Some of the poorer sort confined in Leeds Castle for the Christmas affair had been nearly starved to death ; but at length all got bail. The Committee and Parliament had scotched their snake ; but that they also did intend to kill the same did appear when a special commission of Oyer and Terminer was sent down to Canterbury to try the Christmas delinquents for their lives.

On the 11th of May, at the Castle, the cushions were laid, and a great concourse of the county—which I told you was extremely agitated on learning what was to be done— assembled to witness the proceeding. The Committee came in in many coaches, and with much ceremony and many attendants. Having before kept 3,000 soldiers in the city, and treated it with great contempt by pulling off the gates thereof and making “convenient breaches in the walls,” they imagined it to be sufficiently overcrowded.

Having taken my place amongst the spectators who crowded into the court, I saw the bench filled. Sir Anthony Weldon made his appearance with much dare-divel haughtiness ; some of the other



leaders of the Committee were with him. Among them, Sir Michael Livesey, who was overheard to chuckle and say that "he doubted not he would be able to send some of the loyal gentlemen packing to the other world"—meaning those who had succeeded in quieting the people at Christmas as aforesaid.

But oh! what were my feelings to observe what judges the Parliament had sent down—for lo! I beheld a wicked mask staring through a quickset hedge, and a cold hard face marked with gunpowder, and remembered Wild and Steel,\* the cruel murderers of my brother Burley! With them was Cresswell, but the Committee of Kent, or at least one or two of them, were allowed, as I told you, to sit on the bench also. When I considered this tribunal I began to think what justice the thirty accused persons would receive, and whether hempen cords, sharp cleavers, and hot fires would not be all they should get.

And there soon was the grand jury empaneled; but with the exception of my dear friend Ned Hales—who had been put on it by the interest of his Parliamentary grandfather—the Sheriffs had pricked none but such as were thought would serve the turn of their party. I could see that Ned Hales did not recognise me, but was put in some doubt as to whether Livesey, Weldon, Steel, and Wild did not see through my disguise—for they

\* Wild and Steel are so described in a Royalist tract, 1648.

very frequently turned their inquisitive eyes towards the pretended maiden in the pink silk gown.

Then did the business begin, and like an echo of the former dreadful one at Winton I did hear Wild and Steel going into the particulars of the accusation, and then press with all malice and fierceness once more the statute of the 25th Edward III., and instruct the grand jury that there was no escape in that the prisoners at the bar, coming under that statute, were guilty of high treason, and that the consequent penalties must follow their crime. Whereupon the people there who did hear those legal blasphemies were so filled with fury and amazement that they were ready to do to those desperate tyrants and mock judges what they did to the statutes of the kingdom, *i.e.*, rend them and tear them in pieces. But Mr. Justice Cresswell had more honesty and did dispute that application and reading of the 25th Edward III., and did plainly shew that levying war against the King was treason, and not the levying of war only. Then did that other most corrupt and abominable judge, instead of repenting of his murderous and lying arguments, bring up the case of my poor brother Burley as a precedent! But Cresswell ended by calling for three cheers for his Majesty, which were given with such heartiness, the people without catching them up, that not only the wicked judge but the equally

wicked Committee of Kent seemed smitten with a panic fear—insomuch that even Sir Anthony Weldon, the boldest knave amongst them, was fain to send a messenger forthwith for guards to come and protect himself and his friends.

But I must shorten this narrative, having so many other things to relate, and briefly inform you that they adjourned till the following day, when, having reduced the number of those who were to be tried for their lives to six, the jury retired to debate in private; and to the wonder of most, who thought it would be *billa vera*, brought in an *ignoramus!* Then was a second cheer taken up by those without. Whereupon those bloodhounds set up another charge, getting what fresh evidence they can. The jury again retire, and again return, and again the answer is the same—*ignoramus*. They would not find the bill!

“Alas!” thought I, “had my poor brother Burley had as honest a jury to try him he had not been cruelly butchered at Winton!” But, indeed, that unjust sentence had, I believe, its due effect upon the Grand Jury of Kent, and they would not load their souls with the guilt of blood as the Hants jury had done.

The bench and the Committee of Kent had now to sit and listen to a roar of triumph far louder than before, and their cheeks did blanch proportionately. Only as before, Sir Anthony Weldon was equal to the occasion, and maintained a bold

front. For Sir Michael Livesey having at that instant received from Lenthall, the Speaker—with whom he was on familiar terms—a despatch announcing a victory over the Welsh loyalists by the Parliament forces under Colonel Horton at St. Fagans' in Glamorganshire, Sir Anthony took the letter out of Sir Michael's hands, and in a loud voice read it out, adding the following insolent speech to the grand jury—

“Had we received this intelligence before, we had forced you to give quite another verdict.”

“Sir,” said Ned Hales, “neither your news nor your threats should have forced us to other than an honest verdict where men's lives are concerned.”

Wild now adjourned the Court, and both the judges, and also some of the Committee, left the city—which now, by its manifestations of delight, shewed itself malignant at heart. It was, indeed, hoped that the reign of the usurpers was drawing to an end, notwithstanding this Welsh victory. But the Grand Jury of Kent now met together in another place, and one of their number said—

“Gentlemen, we must go further now or fare worse. I would remind you that when the Grand Jury of Hants did find the bill against the late Captain John Burley—who was also found guilty of high treason, and hanged, drawn and quartered, at Winton—that Grand Jury did at the time frame an address to the Parliament approving of the

vote of 'No more addresses to the King.' I do propose," continued that gallant gentleman, "that the Grand Jury of Kent take no such course, but on the contrary forthwith petition the Houses for a redress of grievances."

All the rest of the gentlemen were now inspired with resolution, and did there and then after a short debate frame a petition to the honourable Houses of Parliament, praying—

1st. That our Sovereign Lord King Charles should be brought out of prison in the Isle of Wight and admitted to treat with his Parliament.

2nd. That the army of Fairfax should be paid off and disbanded.

3rd. That the men of Kent should be governed by the known laws, and illegal burdens and taxes should be taken off.\*

It was proposed that the petitioners should assemble at Rochester on the 29th May, and carry their petition to Blackheath, and thence to London, to present it in Westminster Hall.†

What the Committee and the Parliament did upon careful consideration of these matters, you shall presently learn.

\* These contain the substance of the famous petition of Kent, 11th May, 1648. It is given entire by Carter, and I have quoted it also in my lecture upon the *Royalist Rising in Kent*.—See Arch. Cant., 1873.

† Lendall's description of this remarkable affair agrees exactly with recorded accounts.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### TO TUNSTALL.

I HAD gone to a very private lodging near Lady Wotton's Green, to which the Lady Anne had directed me, which, though rather near where the Committee sometimes sat, was safer than some other. After the trial I have described, I was wending my way along the High Street, intending to get mounted and depart; when, near the same spot where I had met him just before Christmas, I perceived Ned Hales coming towards me with his eyes fixed upon me in such a way that I felt certain he knew me in spite of the disguise. So making a slight gesture of recognition I turned down a side street, and was instantly followed by him. When we got to a more private place, he accosts me, and telling me he had been to my lodging to look for me, delivered into my hand a letter which he said contained some news of importance. I began to express the pleasure I felt in seeing him, but he cut me short, bidding me see if there was anything in the letter. I felt rather confused, for the handwriting of the letter showed me it could have come from no other than the Lady Anne.

It contained sad intelligence. She told me it would be dangerous to return, for that the Committee had, it was feared, some clue to me. Ned Hales, I think, regarded me very attentively while I read the letter. With a very blank face I told him the substance of it. He said—

“There is nothing for it but to come with me to Tunstall.”

And with a sad heart I thanked him, and accepted his invitation. It was plain to me that I must not attempt to go to beloved Bocton Hall; for though I would have adventured it myself, I perceived that the Lady Anne might be prejudiced by it. Hales gave no other explanation to me than that the letter had been sent to him by a messenger to give to me. He did not allude to his former relations with the Lady Anne, and I had an aversion to touch upon that matter myself. He directed me to another place, where I remained a few days without stirring. Late one night he brought me in a coach to Tunstall. Though he took pains to make my entry into the house as private as possible, one of his lacqueys unfortunately caught sight of me, which put Hales in some trouble. We were having some private talk in the chamber where I was to sleep, when this lacquey, contrary to orders, came in upon us. I had, however, fortunately thrown off no part of my disguise; so that when Ned Hales had sworn at the fellow he departed like a flash of lightning,

supposing he had interrupted his master in some delicate affair. Hales, presently directing me to lock my chamber door on the inside and to open to none but himself, leaves me to myself. We had supped at a gentleman's house on my way from Canterbury, whither also resorted a good many others; and but that I was placed between Hales and a friend of his who was then on a visit—no other than Master L'Estrange—I should have been much incommoded by the attentions of some of them when they were warmed with liquor. As it was they toasted me more than once, but I imagine they did not think much of my virtue, for I did not decline the wine, which was good, and Ned Hales as well as Master L'Estrange for sport pretended to take liberties with me, which I bore more philosophically than maids commonly do.

When I awoke, which I did with the lark—though I lay mighty luxuriously in a great chamber, I remember I was not quite happy, and for two reasons; first, I was far from Bocton Malherbe, and, second, I knew I had had more liquor than I was accustomed to; for, as I told you, I had helped to drink many toasts, one whereof of “Confusion to the Committee” was repeated oft. Lazily gazing from my bed out of the window, I perceive a crow flapping through the clear air on an easterly course.

“Would I were that crow,” thought I, “I



would continue that course till I came to Bocton, that virtuous and peaceful abode !”

And so I fell into a reverie of the ever-admired Lady Anne. From that I am led to think about Ned Hales ; and how, though he had talked to me somewhat mysteriously last night, ere the lacquey disturbed us, of Margaret Gray—who had returned to her father’s house shortly after I left, none the worse, and whom he declared he should invite with my sister to Tunstall—alluded not at all to the Lady Anne Wotton ; and I would fain persuade myself that he perseveres not in his suit. But to myself I said, “ Would I were lord of Tunstall, or would I were Ned Hales, if he is to be her choice !” Then my head reminds me of last night at supper, and divers words of the wise man are remembered.

“ Who hath redness of the eyes ?” &c. ; “ Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging,” &c. But still the lark carols high in the east wind ; and hawthorn bloom and laburnum and lilac and what not reveal themselves in the growing light, specking the woody landscape which opened out afar from view of my window, for I could indeed see as far as Sir Michael Livesey his house of Shurland in the Isle of Sheppey—yea, and across the estuary of the Thames into Essex.

By-and-bye comes a knock at the door, and it is Ned Hales—whom I admit. He laughs at my women’s garments lying about the chamber floor.

Upon complaining of my head, he hoped my morning draught would cure it.

“And did you sleep well?” says he.

“But poorly in the first part of the night, Master Hales,” says I, “for Master, Master—what call you the tall gentleman who doth talk so constantly?”

“Roger L’Estrange,” says Hales.

“Ay, Master L’Estrange did play on the fiddle far into the night,” says I, “nor would have stopped but for Colonel Colepepper in the next chamber, whom I heard after some time very vehemently beseeching him for the love of Heaven to forbear.”

“Colonel Colepepper?” says Hales, “I thought he had drunk himself too insensible for that.”

“Nay,” said I, “his manner was also violent; slamming the door when he had spoken, and floundering on to his couch with a thump that shakes all the house.”

After this Ned Hales and I talk of many things, amongst the rest of Burley’s business, of the prentice rising, and, lastly, of the petition of Kent, and of the alacrity displayed by the people in signing it being almost greater than that of the gentry.

“What will your grandfather Sir Edward Hales think of it?” said I.

“I know not,” says Hales, “but I doubt if it pleases him. He is more ready to oblige the

Parliament party and the Committee than others. But in these times men like him who will still be on the strongest side must trim their sails. I am not beholden to him much; for were it not for good Crisp, and, latterly, for your friend old Gray—from both of whom I have got sums of money at a high rate of interest—I should not have enough to carry on with. And besides, this house is neither half finished nor half furnished, which is all to be laid to my grandsire's account, for when the Committee began to get unpopular, he deserted the country for his lodgings in the Whitefriars, London, where he mostly remains."

Hales then broaches the subject of Margaret Gray, and says she will be a good prize for some one. All this time he is in my bed, having got in there to converse more commodiously. Anon he lies on his back ruminating, and turning again on his side considers me attentively.

"Rupert," says he, "I pretended to be vastly displeased with yon lacquey for disturbing my private converse with a fair damsel last night. I have ordered that none shall appear till I send for them. And now we must have recourse to strata-gem, which, indeed, I always intended. The lady must disappear, and a trim gallant shall appear in her stead. I will be your artizan myself."

Hereupon he rises from the bed to go forth of the room, adding—

"I will bring you a complete suit of clothes

both new and handsome, after which, when you are fitted, your woman's weeds shall be hidden away. So now lock the door behind me until my return."

Anon Hales comes back with a fine taffety bedgown trimmed with sables, also a suit of velvet folded up, showing at the foldings that it was richly laced, a fine linen shirt and bands, also a large napkin, a comb, and a pair of scissors.

"Oh!" said I, turning open the doublet, "what fine clothes, Master Hales."

"Leave them there for the present," says Hales, "and don this bedgown, and sit you suddenly down upon this chair, for your hair must be trimmed, and I myself am your barber, and hope to transform you into such a figure as neither you nor any one else has seen before."

Ned Hales though so young was a clever artizan in all things, no less than a valiant hunter, and good both with rod and birding-piece. I came out of his hands as he had prophesied, quite other than I had been. When he had trimmed my over-luxuriant locks to a fine model, in which the love lock was not forgotten, he combed my hair over my forehead, and cut it two inches above my eyebrows.

"There," says he, "Sir Anthony Vandyck himself could not have done it better. All you want now are the *bigotes*,\* as the Spaniards call them, to

\* Moustache.

make you as fine a gallant as you were before a lady. But now dress yourself. Hold, I have yet to bring boots for you; they will be a trifle large, but they must pass for the nonce."

I put on the fine velvet suit, and turning down the broad bands of that fine-laced shirt ran to the mirror to look at myself, and was seized with a wonderful admiration of myself.

"Oh, Master Hales!" cried I, as he entered the chamber with the boots he had promised, "these be the most beauteous clothes I ever set eyes on, and had they been made for me they could not have fitted better. My headache is cured with the sight of them."

"Did I not promise as much?" says he. "They are a suit I never could wear, being oversmall for me. Sit you down again till I comb your hair and perfect you."

So saying he combed my hair, which I believe I have told you was very fine and glossy, and curled naturally. But the *bigotes*, stuck on with a little cobbler's wax, made the most wondrous change of all, and made Hales so proud of his work that he afterwards did often boast of it.

"Now," said he, "gather up your woman's weeds and I will stow them away in some secret closet, and now let's consider how to account for the flight of the lady."

"A cord from the window?" said I.

"Good," said he, "and think you that you

could descend by it, and appear at the door as a new arrival?"

"Easily," said I, "if there be no one looking."

"It is yet early," says Hales, "and no one stirring; it can be managed. Leave all to me, but on entering demand to be presently shown to my chamber."

All was done as we wished. Hales procured a strong cord and suspended it from the window. I descended by it. I gained the door of Tunstall House with a riding whip in my hand. I knocked and demanded to be shown to Hales his chamber. This done, he presently orders up the lacquey who had disturbed us the night before.

"Now sirrah," says Hales, "a pretty business you have made of it by your blundering. Here is a gentleman come to inquire after the lady who was with me last night. She was so frightened by you, sirrah, that she hath fled. Go to the yellow chamber, sirrah, and please to look at the window with the cord hanging from it, and when you have done that, take yourself off and walk three miles on every road from this house, and having described the lady and her clothes, ask if she has been seen."

The servant is much troubled, and the word soon flies through the house, and more servants are called up.

"Until we hear further tidings of the poor lady," says Hales to me before each of them, "'twere as well, sir, that you should remain my guest."

“Sir,” said I, as I had previously agreed to do, “’twas but an idle fancy I had for her, having a slight acquaintanceship. She may go to—— for aught I care; nevertheless I am obliged for your hospitable offers, and will remain your guest.”

“She shall be pursued notwithstanding,” says Hales in reply. “I am exceedingly displeased that she should have been scared from my house.”

When all the servants were gone we went back to the chamber where I had slept, and while we were there pretending to examine the window and the cord, our morning draught is brought; also a letter and a huge parcel of papers, which Hales no sooner sees than he runs at it and opens it, while the servant, saying that Geoffry the under-steward would speak with his master, goes out.

“Let him wait,” says Hales, and then, putting forth his head from the chamber, cries out, “What ho! Roger! Roger, I say, come hither!”

After which Master L’Estrange presently comes into my chamber in a bedgown, and as all the servants had done takes me for a new-comer, and so stops short at the door. Master Hales presents me as Master such an one. L’Estrange, looking at the bed and then at me again, is fairly puzzled. He privately asks whether “the young gallant has good principles?”

“Yes,” said Hales, “except that he has been inquiring after the lady who slept here, and has departed by a rope from the window.”

L'Estrange is more puzzled than ever, but being full of the package of papers, seizes it and plumps himself upon the bed, and begins to read aloud in a high and lofty manner natural to him his own "Letter Declaratory." \* This document Royston, who was just then driven out of London by fears of fine and whipping, had printed for Hales in Rochester.

"It reads well," quoth L'Estrange, "and Royston hath done his work well. This will, I hope, help forward the petition."

And hereupon they fall to discussing the means of dispersing it abroad, † so that the Committee may not intercept it.

"I presume, Hales," quoth L'Estrange, looking once more at me, "that this young gentleman is favourable to the petition of Kent?"

The gravity and innocence of Master L'Estrange his face as he made this observation set Hales a-laughing, and he reveals the secret, begging L'Estrange to preserve it, and then goes and brings in Colepepper, who is as much deceived as the other. Hales, who had until this time overlooked the letter the servant had brought, now opening it, is in some amazement.

\* One of L'Estrange's anonymous addresses to Kent. The petition is "so innocent," it says, "that we dare deliver it up to Heaven with our souls."

† "Copies of this" (*i.e.*, the Letter Declaratory) "I delivered to you, to post up in all your mercate townes."—*Roger L'Estrange*.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### A MENACE AND A RETORT.

“WHEW! hearken to this!” says Hales, and reads as follows:—

“TO EDWARD HALES, OF TUNSTALL, ESQ.,—

“You are hereby summoned before the Grand Committee at Maidstone to-morrow, at three of the clock in the afternoon.

“Maidstone, 16th May, 1848.

“Signed,

“ANTHONY WELDON,

“MICHAEL LIVESEY,

“RICHARD BEALES.”

“By your leave,” says L’Estrange, catching it from Hales his hand—and he reads it aloud again.

“What think you does this mean?”

“I know not,” says Hales, “and I am in a strait whether to obey it or not.”

“’Twere best to scorn it,” says Colepepper.

“Under favour,” says L’Estrange, “I think ’twere better to make a show of compliance; but take us with you, and such of your servants as you can reckon upon. Should a seizure of your

person be intended, Colepepper and I will raise the town ere we suffer it, and I think you have many friends in Maidstone."

"I hope I have," says Hales.

Colepepper was still for scorning it utterly, but would do his part if another course were taken.

Here a knock was heard, and Geoffry, the under-steward, comes in.

"I would speak to your honour privately," says Geoffry, who, I may as well mention here, was a fleshy man, of middle age, and of a good countenance.

"Say on," says Hales.

"But it is indeed a very private matter," says Geoffry.

"Say on man—what the plague ails thee? These are all my very good friends."

"Sir, I saw Thatcher, that is chief clerk to the Committee, late last night, and after I had expended half a dozen of ale on him"—

"Where was this?" says Hales.

"At the little blind alehouse close upon the bridge at Aylesford."

"What did you there?"

"I was calling in of your honour's rents that were overdue."

"Well, what said Thatcher?"

"He did tell me privately that he was very much beholden to you and your grandfather."

"Get you on to the matter."

“ Well, sir—in short—at my insinuation and so forth—”

“ Come, be brief.”

“ This then,” says Geoffry, “ I was to warn you that a commanded party of soldiers will come here at something after three in the afternoon to search the house for a notorious mutineer called Rupert Lendall, who, being captured—if he be here, will be sent on board the Swallow, now off Queenburgh, where are some other notorious mutineers, who are bound for the Isle of Wight for to be there hanged—and also, peradventure, to seize such arms as you have, and to search for papers.”

“ Rupert Lendall, Rupert Lendall,” says Hales, “ sure he cannot be here? Are you certain Thatcher said all this?”

“ Yes, sir; he repeated it to me several times, and did advise that Master Lendall should contrive his escape elsewhere in time.”

“ Sure yon lady who fled out of the window could not be he?” says L’Estrange, desiring to serve me.

“ I think not,” says Hales, “ if he were ’twas the best imitation of a maid I have seen.”

“ So please you, sir,” quoth Geoffry, “ Thatcher told me the young man was in maid’s clothes.”

Hales jumps at this idea.

“ Go, Geoffry,” says he, “ and send after the fellow who is gone to inquire for the lady who

went secretly forth this morning or last night, and tell him to return at once."

And away goes Geoffry, without, I think, in the least suspecting me, which he might otherwise have done but for the excellent devices of Ned Hales.

"Oh, Master Hales," said I, seizing his hand, "you have saved me; but if there be any risk for you"—

"Hold," says he, "'tis but half done—what ho! Geoffry!"

And Geoffry is called back.

"Geoffry, bid them make ready as many horse as we can to accompany me to Maidstone at one of the clock—and, Geoffry, put all the arms on the table in the hall—and, Geoffry, you are the most faithful servant I have, therefore I shall leave you behind to receive the soldiers. This rascally Committee, Geoffry, have required me to appear before them at three of the clock, so 'tis plain Thatcher speaks the truth. The crafty knaves would take me at a disadvantage. But, Geoffry, you will lead them a dance I doubt not."—

"I warrant, your honour," says Geoffry, and departs.

"I would swear to that fellow's honesty," says L'Estrange.

"Gold would not buy him," says Hales, "he is indeed a trusty knave. I would confide Lendall's

secret to him, but that I see no necessity at present."

"Master Hales," said I, "when the soldiers come I can render myself up to them."

"And by so doing expose me to the malice of the Committee for having harboured a delinquent?" says Hales. "You shall do nought of the kind. Colepepper and Roger, I request your attendance upon me. Lendall, you must come too. Though the arms are ordered to be laid out in the hall the Committee shall not have them. My lacqueys shall carry them to Maidstone. By this hand, gentlemen, we will teach this Committee manners ere we are done."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### BEFORE THE COMMITTEE.

THE brave determination of Ned Hales was carried out as he designed. We enter Maidstone at three of the clock in the afternoon in very gallant style. Several other gentlemen overtook us on the road. Hales led the way, deciding to have no lacquey before him; and L'Estrange, soldierlike, and with a manner haughty, triumphing, and yet gracious, rode with Colonel Colepepper immediately behind him. Next came I between the two Newmans, who had also been sent for by the Committee. They came armed, but without servants, and were not sorry to fall in with Ned Hales and his fifteen servants with sword, pistol, and carabine. No sooner did we pass up the High Street of Maidstone, than the people who were there in considerable numbers, recognising Hales, commenced to cheer. I believe his bold answer to Weldon's haughty speech at Canterbury had got circulated. But whether or no Ned Hales had always been popular.

At the "Star,"\* where we refreshed our horses

\* Mentioned in Roger Twisden's *Journal*, date *circa*, 1641. The "Star" is still in existence.

with a little ale only, we met divers gentlemen who had come to Maidstone at the imperious summons of the Committee, but knew not wherefore, though they shrewdly guessed it would be about the petition. The thanksgiving for the victory over the Welsh had been celebrated with a long sermon in the church, which few beside the Committee attended. As for the Committee, we were told it was sitting in great state at the Palace. It was their wont to pitch upon many of the finest habitations in the county for their debating house and lodging.

Before the Palace at Maidstone they had drawn up a considerable body of county forces, both horse and foot, among whom, though there were many of the fanatical sort that could be depended upon for arbitrary proceedings, there were a good many who, seeing such open detestation of the Committee, and general forwardness in promoting the Petition, began to be ashamed of their employment; as was plain by the downcast looks of many that did sit on horseback in ill-fitted armour—backs and breasts too large or too small, and pots that did half extinguish the wearers. It being agreed amongst the gentry we met to ride down in front of the Palace all together, with such armed servants as they had with them to hold their horses—we did so. With us were some old acquaintances—to wit Sir Thomas Godfrey, of Heppington, Sir Richard Hardress, of Great

Hardress, Darrell, Hugessen, Colonel Washington, and others—who, as we came up, were severally greeted with huzzas and cries of “Bully for Sir Richard Hardress!” “Three cheers for Sir Thomas Godfrey!” “Here’s to Aucher! to Hatton!” &c.

Livesey’s troop of harquebusiers and some companies of county foot seemed a little alarmed at the approach of so many gentlemen and their attendants with pistol and rapier, &c., and I almost thought there would have been some combustion, when gallant Colonel Washington—that rode up the breach at Bristol with his Highness Prince Rupert, and was also governor of faithful Worcester—did appear to view. For sundry old troopers of his—natives of Kent, who had returned to Maidstone after the first war was over—some of them disabled by wounds—of a sudden called out—

“Away with it! quoth Washington”;\* this being a saying of his when any desperate business was to be attempted—and this being followed by huzzas from those who understood it—Captain Porter, of Livesey’s troop, was near giving the word to fall on, which his men in a panic would have suddenly done, for it seemed as it were a signal to away with the guard of the Committee. Sir Richard Hardress saved all by calling out,

\* See *Heath’s Chronicle*, p. 109. Colonel Washington was a “man of Kent,” and possibly an ancestor of the American hero.



“Three cheers for the county forces,” which were given.

Sir Michael Livesey then appeared at a window, and begins to ask in his cracked voice, what the tumult is about; but his speech being interrupted by the groans of the multitude he presently withdraws.

No sooner are all the gentlemen arrived at the Palace door, than a messenger comes down the stairs from Sir Anthony Weldon to say, that not more than six at a time were to appear before the Committee—the rest waiting below, the order of appearance, to be according to the alphabet.

“Alphabet be hanged!” says Sir Richard Hardress. “Stand by! we were summoned together, and together we will come.”

And this being instantly approved by the rest—L’Estrange and I, not unwillingly borne in by the tide—we burst in upon the rulers of Kent, whom by your leave we will take a look at.\* Bold and relentless Weldon with cunning and cruel Livesey beside him, sat at the head of the table, desperately to oppose the release of their Prince from prison—the one deriving his principal estate from the bounty of the late—the other his honours from the present King. Dark Sir Henry Heyman

\* The descriptions of the characters of all these persons, coming from the pen of the Royalist Lendall will of course be taken for what they are worth. But the list will be found tolerably exact.

—that determined rebel sat next to Weldon, and next to Weldon was the overbearing Beales. Opposite him Augustine Garland, who did afterwards spit in the King's face at his trial. Plummer the enriched treasurer; Lambarde Godfrey, that solemn schismatic—Solicitor-general to the Committee, Hectoring Kenrick, Governor of Dover. Plausible Selyard, crafty Rivers, blustering Blount, headstrong Broadnax, with Bix, that busy but doleful little saint—make up the conclave. All were birds of the same feather; several did dip their hands in the King's blood, and all did help to ruin both him and his friends; but yet had texts of Scripture ready at all times to justify all that they did. Thatcher and Vaughan, clerks to the Committee, were in attendance, and divers messengers stood by, as did also those base informers Abell and Bullfinch.

It was the first time I had seen this notable crew together, who so long lorded it over fair Kent, “making themselves seraglios at Knowle, Aylesford, and other places, maintaining their state, and princely economy at the sad charge of the county, living in the height of pride and luxury.”\*

Mighty dismal they looked as they sat in their high-crowned hats, and sad-coloured clothes, having cast aside the rich suits which they—or at least some of them—usually wore, and which

\* Lendall is here quoting a *Letter from a Gentleman* (1648).

had caused them latterly to be mocked by the people.

There was a shade of fear over all their faces on seeing how many armed persons had forced their way into the chamber. Even the baboon with the lion's mane, though he was equal to the occasion, was not without a reflexion of that feeling.

"How now, gentlemen?" cries he; "are you come here in a hostile way, crossbelted thus, with your pistols and your swords?"

"That's as you please to take it Sir Anthony," answers the blustering Sir Richard Hardress. "We did but prepare ourselves against highway robbers, of which there are enough about."

"A pretty example for a deputy-lieutenant to set," says Sir Anthony, "and worthy of your proceeding, Sir Richard Hardress, in sitting with us upon the Christmas riot at Canterbury, and then joining the rabble afterwards."\*

"Do you dare to call the gentlemen of this county rabble?" cries Washington.

"Rabble forsooth!" echoes Sir Thomas Godfrey.

"If we are a rabble," says Sir Anthony Aucher, "what shall be said for the Committee?"

"*'Away with it!'* quoth *Washington!*" cries Colepepper—who had I think refreshed himself with three parts of a bottle of Smyrna at "The Star."

\* The Committee documents show that this was the case.

“Come,” said Hardress in a bantering tone, “we will forgive the Committee if they will here all incontinently sign the petition of Kent.”

“Sir Richard Hardress,” says Sir Anthony Weldon, “mayhap you shall find in the long run that this is no matter for jest. The pretended petition I have seen, and do from my soul abhor and detest it. Nay, I tell you all,” says he, “that so far am I from countenancing it in the least, I would not walk across the street of Rochester to save one of the petitioners’ souls.”

“And I,” quoth Beales, “am for hanging\* two of the petitioners in every parish.”

And Kenrick, Selyard, Broadnax, and Bix were then heard to express their wonderment that we dared oppose the good providence of God, whose favour unto the godly party had been manifested by so many signs and great wonders.

At this there were divers scornful observations from some of the gentlemen of our party.

Quoth Sir Anthony Weldon—

“Sir Michael, this chamber is overnoisy for business, if quiet be not kept, I shall demand in the name of the Committee that this room be cleared and all these gentlemen secured.”

“Tush!” cries Hales, “you jest.”

\* “SIR ANTHONY WELDON vowed he would not cross the street of Rochester to save from ruin one soul who subscribed to the petition: it was also a proposition of BEALES to hang two of the petitioners of every parish.” See *The Remonstrance*, by Roger L’Estrange.

“What?” says Weldon, putting his hand to his ear.

Hales repeats in a louder tone.

“You shall find it earnest notwithstanding if you do not take heed,” says Sir Anthony, “and now that I am reminded of it, I may as well tell you, Master Edward Hales, that your grandfather has been apprised by the Committee of your conduct. I have summoned you here to tell you besides that if you continue to harbour dangerous malignants, you must abide the consequences. We are also assured that you are riding up and down forwarding this mutiny—as are most of the gentlemen we have summoned here. The Committee require you at your peril to discontinue to favour the said mutiny.”

“What mutiny?” says Hales.

“The petition.”

“The petition?” echoes Hales, “by your leave sir, the petition is such as a free Englishman may justly present. I understand that the county of Surrey were yesterday assembled in great numbers and, exercising their undoubted right, did proceed with a petition similar to that of Kent to present the same to the two Houses at Westminster.”

Here a smile passed round all the faces of the Committee.

“You may deride it if you like,” says Hales, “but you know very well it is true.”

“The Parliament will refuse the petition,” says

the sneaking Sir Michael. "Of a surety, Master Hales, they will refuse it. Nay, it is already rumoured they have done so."

"Would you favour me with some particulars of the rumour?" says L'Estrange. "I cannot for the life of me see on what grounds there can be any slighting of desires so just."

"Who are you?" says Weldon sharply, "that asks the question? If you are a Kentish man I know not your face."

"I am a free-born Englishman," says L'Estrange "and I do hope that you will know me the next time you see me."

"The Committee have received no special information on the question," replies Sir Anthony, "but as to the questioner I suspect him to be one of those malignants that harbour in Master Hales his house, because they cannot find shelter elsewhere; and who busy themselves," continues Sir Anthony with a peculiar emphasis, "in matters that do not exactly concern them."

Here Oxenden and Lee, members of Parliament who had entered while L'Estrange was speaking, and taking their places near Sir Anthony, were seen to whisper something to Livesey and Weldon. They also brought a packet of papers which produced a great effect on all the Committee, being perused by them with scarce concealed triumph. The real fact was that the Committee had received fresh powers, and the

Parliament also had evidently taken their resolution to persecute all loyal people to the uttermost, and had instead of receiving the modest petition of Surrey, of which Hales had spoken, sent horse and foot from the Mews and Whitehall, and falling furiously upon the petitioners, had hacked and slashed them desperately in Westminster Hall, at the very doors of the houses. The Committee who had seized all the letters and diurnals that came into the county that morning—kept this news to themselves, but it very soon after got abroad. While they were smiling over it, Sir Anthony seized a pen and commenced writing with great rapidity.

“I move,” says he, looking up from his writing for a moment, “that this Committee do adjourn till to-morrow morning at ten of the clock, and that the gentlemen summoned here be directed to withdraw.”

“I second that motion,” says Beales.

Ere we went, Thatcher, the Clerk to the Committee, found opportunity to put into Hales his hand, the following :

“SIR,

“Take care of yourself—you are aimed at. Please also to warn the other gentlemen that there is lately passed an ordinance of the Houses, as follows :

“‘Any three Committee-men shall have power

to imprison and sequester all such as shall actually adhere to any that shall raise or endeavour to raise tumults and insurrections, or shall speak or publish anything reproachful to the Parliament or their proceedings.' ” \*

Hales showed that monstrous paper to Colepepper.

“ ‘*Away with it, quoth Washington!*’ ” was his only comment for that rhyme would not out of his head.

Hales, Hardress and all the rest of those gentlemen who had been summoned, as well as those who had not, now departed, leaving the Committee to frame that famous counter-proclamation † to the petition of Kent, which being antedated, was posted everywhere the following day to the consternation of all. For being, as I believe, encouraged by the instructions, and especially by the news they had received of the Parliament, they had been emboldened to more desperate measures than they had at first contemplated. It is my belief that that counter-proclamation which termed the petition pretended and seditious, was the work and composition of the audacious Sir Anthony Weldon, who with the rest had been even less confident than we did suppose, when we appeared before them, which was the reason why I passed unnoticed.

\* Passed Friday, 21st April, 1648.

† See *Carter*.



When we got outside rumours were flying about, and a strange fury was noticeable in the looks of many. By the reception which the Surrey men had gotten, the men of Kent might see, as in a glass, what might be the fate of their similar moderate and just demands.

At about five of the clock we did ride home to Tunstall, leaving in the town of Maidstone—which appeared to be meditating some decided action against the Committee—many copies of “The Letter Declaratory,” to the foot of which L’Estrange had, by permission, added a MS. note, that on such a day Esquire Hales would see his friends at Tunstall in the Shooter’s meadow.



**Tenth Inscription.**



To

**THE COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.**



## CHAPTER XIX.

### L'ESTRANGE HIS ADVICE TO HALES.

THE next morning the counter-proclamation of the Committee of Kent concerning the petition was posted up in Maidstone, and also forwarded all over the shire. It was accompanied by an issue of warrants to the county forces, both horse and foot, to repair to their colours at their several rendezvous. The Committee had calculated that the cruel treatment of the petitioners of Surrey would have subdued the men of Kent; but such was not the case. The counter-proclamation was everywhere torn off church doors and walls, and so well had L'Estrange managed his business that his "Letter Declaratory" appeared very generally in its place, to the great sorrow of the Committee, who now began to feel that vast magazines of arms and chests of Jacobuses and silver crowns were of little avail when a people are resolved to free themselves from bondage.\* To Tunstall, as I told you Hales and his guests re-

\* Vice-Admiral Rainsborough about this time mourns over the loyalty of Kent. "The present distraction of this country," he writes, "is such as hath put as sad a face on things as England ever saw; and it hath begot a distemper in the fleet. . . . That which is the greatest motion to the disturbance is that these parts are wholly for the King."

turned when he was joined by Sir Gamaliel Dudley, a friend of Master L'Estrange, who brought full particulars of the "Surrey Welcome," as it was called, and told how a member did come into Westminster Hall, which was full of the Surrey men, and did promise that they should have an answer anon, and did thereupon despatch secretly a message to Colonel Cobbett, who did presently bring horse and foot and did commence a most furious and bloody massacre—and how Sir Harry Vane did himself thank the soldiers for the good service they had done.\*

You may suppose other matters were talked of besides, at Tunstall. Amongst the rest was, of course, the searching of the house. Geoffry, the corpulent under-steward, made large relation indeed how a madman, whose face he knew, did command the party, and was upon the whole very careless of what entertainment he got, and somewhat negligent in his search for papers—not appearing to be very learned in such matters, but most diligent to find traces of *a lady, or of a youth in maid's clothes*. Some of the rest of the party were, however, well contented with the good cheer, and the money which the politic Geoffry did bestow on them; and did by nods and winks, as far as was safe—for they feared their leader—intimate that the said leader was a dangerous and fanatical man, beside himself and out of his wits,

\* So says a *Letter of Intelligence*.—Clar. MSS., Bodl., Oxford.

who did require to be humoured. In short it was plain to me that I had had another of those narrow escapes which were not unusual to me. I was also very grateful to Hales for his excellent plans for my protection. The fellows went on the wrong scent, and did go divers miles on divers roads in search of a maid in a pink silk gown, who had not been on one of them.

In the meantime the excitement over public affairs increased everywhere ; and either the next day or the day after a very important discussion thereof at Tunstall House took place, of which I must render you some account.

After dinner we—that is to say Hales, L'Estrange, Colepepper, Sir Gamaliel Dudley, and myself—were sitting drinking a social glass, when L'Estrange spoke to the following effect—

“Ned Hales,” says he, “in the present posture of affairs, when the Committee do very plainly threaten, it behoves us to look well to ourselves. The recent advice of your grandfather to you hath somewhat damped our spirits, I think ; for it is very true that he may be able to do you a mischief, as he hath present control over what ought to descend to you ; but his desire that you should have nothing to do with the petition is, I take it, merely a shew of siding with the Committee, who have doubtless urged him to tender you wholesome advice. But, indeed, if I judge Sir Edward rightly, I opine that he is a waverer ;

and that he, like many other men at this juncture, desireth very passionately to keep in with that side which is likeliest to win."

"He is all for the Parliament and the Derby House," says Hales.

"Granted," quoth L'Estrange, "until the King comes home; but he will be the first to kneel to His Majesty, and to declare penitentially that he has ever been desirous of doing him some hearty service. But, indeed, Ned, it is a serious question for you and for him whether you will not at this juncture serve both him and yourself best by continuing the bold and open course you have begun."

"What mean you?" asks Hales.

"Why," says L'Estrange, "by adhering to the petition of Kent."

"I have no other alternative," says Hales.

"True," says L'Estrange, "but should the King by means of this petition be restored to his rights, how will Sir Edward Hales thank his stars that the loyalty of the grandson hath silvered o'er the rebellion of the grandsire!"

"Well said!" cries Sir Gamaliel Dudley.

"And who knows," continues L'Estrange, "how soon the wheel of fortune may turn and roll the Roundheads into the gutter. Perchance this desperate cruelty against the loyal petitioners of Surrey will have quite another effect both on city and country than the knaves of Westminster expect. Mercury water and files are gone secretly



down to the King to soften the bars of the dungeon of Carisbrooke—less hard and stubborn than his jailors—and if a sudden clap of thunder should burst among the Roundheads, and the King suddenly appear at the head of his Kentish subjects to lead the petition and march to London—where, my brave Ned, would thy grandsire stand as to favour? nay, where wouldst thou stand thyself? The King's restoration will be a day of reckoning; and all who have opposed him, or been cold in his service, must needs fear that day."

"I know not to what your discourse would lead, Roger," says Hales. "Have you seen me cold in the petition?"

"By no means, Ned," replies L'Estrange; "you have done all that you could. You have warmly espoused it; you have sent forth your 'Letter Declaratory' and 'Engagement'—which I, indeed, with your advice, composed. But now we must go farther or fare worse. Can we (I view myself now as a man of Kent), can we, I say, stomach the insolence of Parliament and Committee, and relinquish our declared desires that 'our Sovereign Lord King Charles be brought to London in freedom, honour, and safety to treat with his two Houses of Parliament for the settlement of the affairs of the nation?'"

"By no means," said I.

"Well spoken, youngster," quoth Colepepper, clapping me on the back.

“But when they proceed to violence—when they muster their power to oppose us by force,” adds L’Estrange, “what are we to do?”

“Take up arms,” says Gamaliel Dudley.

“Indeed, I think so,” replied L’Estrange. “Take up arms—not to attack our oppressors, but to defend ourselves against their tyranny; otherwise we shall find ourselves like the poor Surrey lambs, set upon by the pampered Parliament soldiers—ridden down and slashed by Fairfax his troopers: butchered, slaughtered, destroyed. Or if we keep our tempers, and tamely and timely submit—dismissed with contempt, and sent home to endure worse indignities than we are compelled at this present to suffer.”

“Armed we must be,” says Hales, “and I am glad to hear you advise it, Roger.”

“Pardon me, gentlemen,” says Gamaliel Dudley, “if armed, you must have officers; else you will become a disorderly rout.”

“Are there not enough of gentlemen in Kent?” says L’Estrange, “to officer all the forces you can bring?”

“You will want a leader if you be armed and officered,” says Dudley.

“And a leader, I reckon, can be found;” quoth L’Estrange promptly, “when Wales, both north and south, is up for the King—when Ireland is, as I suppose it ever will be, in high mutiny—when the Scots are marching toward the border—

when Northumberland, Cumberland and Yorkshire begin to shew a bold front—when such things are, I doubt not but that a leader may be found for Kent as good as Powell, Poyer, and Langhorn in Wales, Inchiquin in Munster, Duke Hamilton in Scotland, or Musgrave, Glenham, and Langdale in the north.”

“Good!” cries Gamaliel Dudley.

“Perchance you mean to offer yourself, Master L'Estrange,” says Colepepper.

“Nay,” replied L'Estrange, nevertheless drawing himself up somewhat haughtily, as if he did believe himself fully equal to the task, “I conceive that the Kentish men should be led by a man of Kent; and where,” he adds, “could you find one better fitted for the service than our excellent and gallant entertainer—Ned Hales?”

“Nowhere!” cried I, with heartiness.

“Nowhere!” affirms Gamaliel Dudley.

“Nowhere,” more feebly echoes Colepepper, “unless we could find some general of more experience. Ned Hales,” continues Colepepper, “you know you have few more hearty friends than I, but”—

“But what?” interrupts L'Estrange. “Prithee pardon me, Sir Thomas, too young you would say—but there you are in error. With your counsel and advice, Colonel, and that of Sir Gamaliel here, Ned Hales, young, active, hearty, honest, bold, heir to a great estate, popular with gentry, com-

monalty and all, would be worth a dozen of your experienced cavaliers; who, like myself, have taken part in a losing battle, or at the most, helped to gain a town, a garrison, a castle, or beat up an enemy's quarter in the night, capturing some dozen of rebel saints snoring in the hay beside their weary troop horses.”\*

At this last Sir Thomas Colepepper turns red, but says nothing. He was not yet in his cups, or he might have resented a description which chronicled one of the exploits he did chiefly boast of.

Hales, however, spoke to this effect.

He would cheerfully, he said, do what he could, and should the petitioners desire it he would have no objection to lead them in a peaceable way to London; and in such a fashion as should awe the tyrants into some respect.

I saw that both L'Estrange and Sir Gamaliel Dudley were exceedingly well pleased at Hales his observations, but were prevented from replying to them by a new arrival.

\* Lord Clarendon gives the substance of this speech of Roger L'Estrange.

## CHAPTER XX.

### OF A YOUNG PRESBYTERIAN LORD.

PARSON DIXON, a sequestered divine, formerly Vicar of Tunstall, but now a constant guest of Ned Hales, after his many fines and imprisonments for refusing to take the covenant,\* was the person who entered that parlour. As I mentioned him before at Heppington, I will spare you a description of him, except that his appearance was full of that honesty, gravity, and manliness which were his chief characteristics. He took his seat at the table, and having been informed of the subject matters of debate, began the following important relation:—

“I have heard strange news,” says he, “of which I would have your opinion, Master Hales, as well as that of these honourable persons present.

“You are perchance aware that Master Bix of the Committee came this morning very early to Sittingborne, and is there privately lodged at the Constable’s house for the better security of his person. He did secretly send to me offering to remove any prejudice I might have in favour of the

\* See account of in Walker’s *Sufferings of the Clergy*.

petition of Kent; being also anxious, he says, for my spiritual welfare, and to know whether upon reasonable hopes of preferment I might be induced to forsake the 'prelatical party,' as he calls it. I did attend upon Master Bix at his lodging, where he keepeth the company of a strange and desperate man, whom I understand to be a lieutenant of Parliament horse, and the very same who was lately here to search for arms and what not. This said Lieutenant hath been scouting as far as Queenborough, and sent back here to look for certain mariners, who, fearing some sudden vengeance which had been threatened, had made shift to land from their ship while the governor of Queenborough Castle was entertaining of the captain and officers of the said ship."

"What crime had they committed, sir?" said I, guessing that perchance poor Mitchell and his fellows, whom I feared had been retaken, might be this very party.

"I know not," said Parson Dixon, "but I understand they are in hiding at Sittingborne, drinking secretly in a back parlour at 'The George' to fortify their spirits. Their pursuers," continued Parson Dixon, "keep company as I told you with Master Bix. Bix is a pious man after a fashion, and between him and the Lieutenant there are chords of harmony, though the spirit of the Lieutenant cannot, as I said, be kept within bounds, when the King, the persecuted Church of Eng-

land, or the petition be so much as named. In short, the Lieutenant is a very violent fanatic. Master Bix is subservient to reason, and yet hath certain wild and desperate notions also. He is possessed with the opinion that carnal wisdom, as he calls it, is now the undoing of the nation, and that no less a person than the great enemy of mankind is the chief promoter of the petition of Kent. He looks upon his sacred Majesty as a lost person, doomed from all eternity to perdition; and upon all who adhere unto him as blinded by Satan. Master Bix, in his own words, hath come to Sittingborne, despising, as he says, 'the arm of flesh,' and trusting 'to the power of the word to convert the poor deceived souls of Sittingborne;' scilicet, he doth believe that the plain setting forth of Scripture (according to his reading thereof) will turn the men of Kent to fervent repentance of their sins—the chief of which is their resistance of the counsels of the Committee. The mad Lieutenant, I must tell you, would take a shorter way; but Bix doth believe that if, 'like newborn babes,' the people of Sittingborne should 'desire the milk of the word,' they will 'grow thereby,' and presently withdraw their hands from the 'idolatrous petition.'

“Master Hales and gentlemen, it is needless to tell you that in my poor judgment Master Bix is deceived in his. But that he is sincere is certain, for he doth propose, affectionately calling the people

together, to go into the pulpit of the church of Sittingborne, and then by wrestlings in prayer, and, as he says, by the foolishness of preaching, to quench what he calls the fiery darts of the wicked one—meaning the returning loyalty of the people,” &c.

“By your leave,” says Colepepper, “there is not much that is new in all this, Master Dixon; ’tis but the usual course those who call themselves saints have followed these seven years past.”

“Under favour,” quoth Parson Dixon, “I am coming to something new. After telling me that there was a design—which indeed I knew not of—to bring me by force to church, to use the forbidden Book of Common Prayer, Master Bix did point out to me the danger of such a course, both to me and to himself, and hoped that I would not prevent him from doing what he could to pacify the people from the pulpit. Then he did beg of me to join him in prayer. But enough, gentlemen. Without engaging myself to any particular course, I took leave of Master Bix, telling him plainly that I was by no means convinced of the desirableness of suppressing the petition—on the contrary, that I did believe that England would never be happy till the King should enjoy his own, the Church have her rights, and the old laws be substituted for the arbitrary government of Committees. However, to humour him I said he might—as far as I who had no authority could give such



a permission—hold forth in the pulpit at Sittingborne church”—

“You did ill, I think, Master Dixon, to say so,” says Colepepper. “He will fan up the flame of sedition again.”

“Nay,” quoth L’Estrange, “’tis altogether dead, and what sparks there be left such orations as these independents make will soon extinguish.”

“While we talked,” continued Parson Dixon, “I understand the Constable and some others had much ado in a neighbouring chamber to prevent the mad Lieutenant issuing forth to slay me upon the place. Now for my prime piece of news.

“I did leave Master Bix, and going along the street of Sittingborne to return hither by the fields, did perceive a multitude gathered opposite ‘The George’ listening to the harangues of a stripling from a window—some extraordinary passages of which I shall relate. This stripling, who was ill-dressed, was nevertheless listened to with some attention. But certain questions put to him shewed that both himself and his extraordinary mission were received with doubt. I found he had given himself out to be a young Presbyterian lord whom the Speaker had sent down to accommodate matters with the Kentish men”—

“A plague on accommodation, Master Dixon!” cries Colepepper. “We have had too much of it already.”

“So seemed the men of Sittingborne to think,” returned the parson, “for they did cry out—

“ ‘ Will you sign the petition ? ’ ”

“ The reply of this young Presbyterian lord was strange—

“ ‘ Sign the petition ? ’ quoth he, ‘ where is the necessity ? His Gracious Majesty hath been released from imprisonment by my friend Colonel Hammond, and is even now on his way by sea to Dover, where he will land and proceed gallantly to London, passing through your town of Sittingborne,’ says he, ‘ to delight the good people I see before me.’ ”

“ ‘ What ho ! hilloa ! Master ! ’ cries one of the people beneath the window, ‘ under favour I pray you to tell us all wherefore you be dressed like a lacquey, being a lord as you say ? ’ ”

“ The reply of the youth was as notable as before. Saith he—

“ ‘ I was abused by one of the Committee, who told me that the people of Sittingborne were so prejudiced against lords and gentlemen that I should find no reception there except in the garb of a poor and private person. I thereupon did deem it expedient to make one of my servants change clothes with me, and the fellow hath, I grieve to say, absconded. Oh ! the ingratitude of these evil times !—carrying off upon his back a tawny velvet suit nearly new, a beauteous Montero

cap—a good shirt of Flanders lace, a rapier mounted with diamonds at the hilt, worth (carriages considered) four score pounds sterling, a pair of breeches’—

“But enough. This youth was very circumstantial, and again bewailing the unkindness of a knave fed by his bounty, he prayed those present to keep a look-out for the rascal, and hand him over to the good constable of the town, if he should happen to come into Sittingborne, which he thought very unlikely, for (quoth this young Presbyterian lord) ‘I see you are all honest folk here.’

“Being now asked wherefore, if accommodation were intended, the Committee of Kent should daily post their notices on church doors of musters of men to make them serve against their will—threatening them desperately if they did not repair unto their colours at their several rendezvous?—this young Presbyterian lord did reply ‘that he wondered they would ask such questions. Was it not necessary for His Majesty to be royally attended by his dutiful militia in his progress through the loyal county of Kent?’

“In fine, so ready was he with his answers that all were persuaded that his story was true. Being desirous of coming to some absolute conclusion in the matter, I personally did visit the youth, and he did take some pains to satisfy my doubts, adding numerous particulars, and professing that no one was more astonished than himself at the

surprising intelligence he had communicated, but he put it down to the influence of his own father with Sir Harry Vane the younger and the independent party."

"And who," asks Ned Hales, "is the youth's father?"

"That he would not reveal," replies Parson Dixon. "It was, he said, a state secret, and he begged me earnestly not to press him to divulge it."

"It is some knavery of the Committee," says Master L'Estrange.

"Belike it may be," says Parson Dixon, "yet he did give most ready answers with wholly new matter in each."

Upon considering the Rev. Robert Dixon's relation, it seemed to be the general opinion amongst us that it was a very doubtful business, this mission of the Presbyterian noble; and Parson Dixon supported the notion by informing us that the young gentleman had been brought to Sittingborne in one of the coaches of the Committee of Kent—Sir Michael Livesey's it was averred—but of that he could not speak with certain knowledge. Whereupon Hales, reminded of another adventure, related to the company present the story of Cornelius Evans his attempted cozening of His Sacred Majesty.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### DIVERS STRANGE THINGS.

PARSON DIXON, in the course of further conversation, gave me some particulars relating to another matter which affected me very deeply. I had heard nothing of Mitchell and my messmates of the "Reformation" since the day they presented the posy to the beloved Lady Anne, and incontinently disappeared. Nor had I ever heard the smallest tidings of Jack Gayer. I could not come to any conclusion regarding the first; but as to the second, Parson Dixon had heard a rumour that the Committee, and many others had seen an incarnation of the divel in divers parts of Kent, and this was why the petition was supposed to have been of fiendish origin.

"His last appearance," says Parson Dixon, "was not far from Bocton Malherbe, where a party of soldiers did discharge their carabines upon him. And here, say the silly people, was shown the craft of the divel, for he did actually feign not only to shed human blood—drippings whereof were seen upon the bluebells, primroses, and grass of the thick woods there—but also to die and be carried off by accomplices."

“Oh Lord!” said I, seized with a panic, “then I fear Jack Gayer is shot to death!” which speech the good parson not at all understanding, I did enter into some explanations. They were scarce finished, when the scampering of horses, kicking up the gravel near the inner gate was heard, and after some guesses, as to who the new-comers might be, Sir William Brockman, Sir Henry Palmer, and Colonel Washington revealed themselves to view, and were admitted. They brought intelligence which did not well accord with the young Presbyterian lord’s promise of accommodation.

“What news? what news?” is our cry.

“From Maidstone, these”—says Brockman. “Livesey intending the forced arming of the people hath disarmed Maidstone, and is marching with his troop upon Sittingborne to do the like here—so at least it is reported.”

“Ho!” cries L’Estrange, “what will you take for your Presbyterian lord?”

“Hath any one heard,” says Hales, “that His Majesty is released from prison, and cometh presently to Dover?”

“Of a surety no,” says Palmer, “but I have been aboard of some of the ships in the Downs, and ’tis very patent that the seamen generally have espoused his cause; and if they can, will be instrumental to effect his restoration. East Kent also will rise to a man in his favour.”

Colonel Washington spoke of the loyal spirit of the people in all parts.

“Tell your story again, Master Dixon,” says Hales, “and let’s have the opinion of these gentlemen on it.”

When the gents had heard it, they all declared there was knavery at the bottom of it. Else, wherefore should the Committee continue to so violently oppose the people?

“Wherefore,” said they, “should they disarm Maidstone, threaten us all, and tell us we should be made delinquents and sequestered? Wherefore indeed?”

And now while we were on this debate, one cries out—

“Here be more arrivals I think!”

It was imagined to be a coach but proved only a waggon. On receiving a strange message, Hales and all his guests sallied forth to the gate which is reached by a flagged walk. Beyond the railings we perceived certain men with faces blackened to the number of about a dozen, did attend upon the cart. Some of the Sittingborne folk attended them.

“Master Hales, by your leave,” says one of those black-faces with a wave of his hand towards the other half-score who was with him, “here be certain seamen whom your honour hath before befriended, what time Captain John Burley was cruelly destroyed at Winton; for attempting whose rescue we have been in danger of death; having after divers escapes and adventures been captured at London, and again at Chatham (by a base

stratagem of our persecutors who pretended to promise us pardon, but instead had determined to make an end of us, and put us under hatches aboard of the "Swallow," to carry us to the Isle of Wight for execution). Having, however, again made our escape at Queenborough, we came to Sittingborne and there have been a short time concealed by the inhabitants from the pursuit of a lieutenant of horse which was on our track. Sir, we have endeavoured to return your good favours by seizing the said Lieutenant of horse, who is a dangerous and desperate man, and did not only meditate setting fire to the town of Sittingborne for to purge away the divel whom he believes to be there, but also to commit divers other crimes. Sir, I and my fellows are resolved to keep the weather gage. We are for the petition of Kent, and for the restoring of his Majesty."

I perceived with joy that it was no other than Boatswain Mitchell and my companions of the "Constant Reformation," who I had feared were all in bad case. I shook hands heartily with them all; but 'twas evident that they did not recognise the fine gallant into which Hales had transformed me, and as there were strangers there, I dared not to reveal myself to them.

"What?" quoth Hales, when Mitchell had ceased to speak, "is this your prisoner in the cart?"



“Yes, please your honour!” cried all those mariners.

“’Twere well,” says Mitchell, “if you could kindly give him accommodation in some cellar or other closet. We had given him over to the constable of Sittingborne, but as the Committee are coming to Sittingborne ’twas thought he would be presently released. We have knotted him securely with cords, so that he will not be able to do the mischief he intends—which is nothing less (as he hath sworn with a loud oath) than to kill both you and a former mate of mine, your honour’s friend Rupert Lendall. And, by your honour’s leave, we would fain know that the said Lendall is safe, for Rainsborough desireth to make an example of him.”

Hales did not reply to this last question, and more Sittingborne folk coming up to bear witness to the grievous violence intended by the Lieutenant, Hales undertook to keep him for the night. Whereupon he was lifted out of the cart—as were also his sword and pistols and belts, which had been torn off him in the struggle. I had no sooner examined him attentively than I recognised, under the coating of dust, which enveloped his person and besmirched his face, my old enemy Miriam May!

Though he spoke not, he seemed in a sort of stupor, and did somewhat tremble, and also did sweat grievously.

The boatswain and mariners warranting him secure, he was at the entreaty of Parson Dixon who found he knew the man, and felt some compassion for him—carried upstairs to an unused chamber, and laid as he was upon a bed.

The boatswain and mariners were then invited into the parlour, where standing respectfully, and being helped to a glass, they gave a relation of their adventures, without in the least recognising me, though of course I was several times mentioned in it. But upon being pressed to remain at Tunstall, they one and all for the present declined, saying they had friends at Sittingborne awaiting their return ; and so presently took their departure before I had any opportunity of privately revealing myself to them. An account they had given of having been obliged to leave Jack Gayer in his divel's dress, wounded, filled me full of apprehensions.

What Parson Dixon had before privately told me, viz., that there might be great danger of Satan revenging himself upon those who impersonated him, did not tend to diminish my anxiety.

The said parson remained some time in the upper and unused chamber endeavouring to pacify Miriam May, and if possible to convert him from his wicked designs. While poor Gayer had only feigned the outward aspect of the fiend, Miriam May, according to Parson Dixon's belief, was inwardly possessed by a divel. Master Dixon did,

however, hope that some good prayers and Scripture exhortations would serve to persuade the said divel to depart, or at least to moderate his harmful fury. And indeed he soon conceived that that desirable end had been obtained; for after about the space of twenty minutes he was able to leave Miriam May in what appeared to be a calm sleep.

At about ten of the clock that night, news came that the young Presbyterian lord's relation was but moonshine. Sir Michael Livesey had arrived in Sittingborne with a strong troop of horse and two cartloads of arms for to muster the auxiliary forces there by compulsion. It was also said that the people of Sittingborne were resolved to resist the said impressment, and adhere to the petition with all their might.

About the same time a letter from the Committee was handed to Ned Hales. The following is a copy thereof:—

“TO EDWARD HALES OF TUNSTALL, ESQ.

“SIR,

“You are hereby required to appear before the Committee of Kent, at Sittingborne on Monday next the 21st inst. at 11 of the clock in the forenoon; and to bring with you full particulars of your estate both real and personal, to lay

before the said Committee. Fail not at your peril.

“(Signed) ANTHONY WELDON.  
“MICHAEL LIVESEY.  
“RICHARD BEALES.”

Hales read this letter aloud, threw it on the table and then sent for Geoffrey the under-steward (Grove being all this time sick).

“You are not going to attend upon the pleasure of the Committee, I presume Ned?” says L’Estrange, in a tone that seemed as if he feared it.

“I intend,” quoth Hales, “to give orders for the better arming of my servants, and if the Committee want me, they will have to come hither to fetch me.”

“Bravo!” cry all the guests at the top of their voices.

Colonel Colepepper here starts up and claps his hand to his sword.

“’Twould be a fair opportunity to be beforehand with them,” says he, “and seize Livesey and Bix, and any more that can be found. Who will follow me into Sittingborne to attempt the same?”

“Nay, I charge you,” cries Hales, “do not hazard it. Let us still remember we are on the defensive. To go to Sittingborne in a hostile way might plunge the town in blood for no pur-

pose. If you will all remain with me till Monday morning, I shall be glad of your company, for as I said, I intend to prepare my house against an assault."

Geoffry here entering, was given directions, at the end of which Hales said—

"According to the invitations I have sent out, there will be many hundreds of stout men of Kent on the Shooter's meadow, not two hundred yards from this house by eleven of the clock on Monday forenoon."

Here L'Estrange with much ceremony rose from his chair, and called out with the voice of a stentor,

"I propose the health of General Hales, and success to the petition of Kent!"

The toast was drunk with great heartiness—hip, hip, hurrah, and one foot on the table.

"God save the King!" cries L'Estrange.

"Amen!" said Hales.

"Amen!" said all.

Scarce were the words spoken, when something flew in from one of the windows which was open. It fluttered like a bird in its swift passage. But indeed by its flash it promised to be something else. And lo! a gash is made in the canvas of a picture of His Majesty, by Van Dyck, and down falls a long knife on the floor having passed between me and Ned Hales.

There was a moment's pause and then most of

us sprang out of the window on to the grass-plot of the pleasaunce.

There was, however, no one to be seen there. Black shadows fell thick on the turf of the parterre from various shrubs and trees surrounded by beds of sweet-smelling flowers. The man, whose hand had thrown the weapon, had escaped over the wall which surrounded the house and pleasaunce. Nevertheless we made a vigilant search, penetrating as far as the churchyard and the bridle-path to Sittingborne on the one hand, and to Grove End on the other—beating up the woods, cherry orchards, and what not.

“Hola!” cries the voice of Parson Dixon from a high window, “the mad Lieutenant is gone—escaped! without doubt he is the delinquent.”

And so he was; I presume that his sleep was feigned. Possibly he had concealed about his person the weapon he had thrown, and by that skill and strength which madmen only possess, had not only gotten free of his cords, but had also been able to lower himself from a window of the third story.

**Eleventh Inscription.**



To

**THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON.**





## CHAPTER XXII.

### HOW SIR MICHAEL RETREATED.

THE servants fetching nags out to pursue were prevented by Ned Hales. But Sir Henry Palmer wishing to go, I was permitted to accompany him. We rode along the bridle-path to Sittingborne conceiving that May would probably run that way. But nought did we see of the mad Lieutenant. But I did imagine on the road to see an apparition, that recalled Parson Dixon's words concerning poor lost Jack Gayer—but of this more anon.

Does any one know what a tumult is like? If so he will guess that we heard strange and loud noises before we reached Sittingborne, and that on entering the long street thereof the said noises increased. In short we found the town mad. No sooner did we arrive, than we perceived as it were all the inhabitants in the street, some of whom on seeing us rushed at our horses, and seizing them by the bridle, demanded peremptorily whence we came, whither we were going, what our names were, and whether we would promise to live and die with the petition?

I shall never forget their eager and furious countenances. The name of Ned Hales did more

to quiet them than our repeated assurances that we were wholly for the petition. We gathered from them that the young Presbyterian lord was an absolute cheat. He had been chased out of the town, but (wonderful news) so had Sir Michael Livesey, and all his men. A little before we came he had driven away in his coach, preceded by the troop of horse, too cold to be depended upon, and somewhat overcrowded by the fury of the people, who had given them no better reception than they got at Maidstone and other places. Had it not been for some half-score chosen reformadoes who were his rear-guard, Sir Michael would indeed have been captured. A mile out of Sittingborne we overtook the retreat. A cloud of dust shewed where the retreating troop of horse did ride, Sir Michael in his coach, and his chosen guard following—the multitude after all, some on horses and some on foot running and shouting—and all this on a road through a hop field, and a yellow moon peacefully shining on rout and disorder.

As we approach, the coach stops—a horse falling lame, as we afterwards learnt. A trumpet sounds for the troop in front to stop—at first vainly, for they hear it not or pretend so. The multitude gain on the coach. The cries increase. Then there is a slackening of pace, for Sir Michael's rear-guard is observed drawn across the road to face the pursuers. Some now pick up stones, and cries are heard of "Death to the Committee!"

But a saddle-horse is brought to Sir Michael, and he is plain to be seen mounting it.

“Stone him! Stone him!” cried all the people, making a forward movement. But the troopers now spanning their pistols—some from the troop in front return to help them. The Sittingborne men perceive that they have cut the ropes of the coach, and the horses thereof are moving away.

Livesey, now feeling himself safe, orders the trumpet to sound, rises in his stirrups, and calls out to his enemies—

“Know, ye base scum, that I will presently return to harry ye all for this!”

Then half a dozen shots are heard, but do little harm, and off at a gallop go Sir Michael and all his men, leaving the coach standing in the midst of the road. There is a rush, and a roar, and a shower of stones, while troopers’ bullets fall far short of their mark. Now comes a shout of triumph, and Sir Michael’s coach is seized. My brethren of the “Constant Reformation” with their blackened faces are soon perceived drawing back the prize into Sittingborne, three or four of them mounting on the top and waving somewhat for a flag.

Young Sir Henry Palmer, remembering Canterbury Christmas accusations, did consider it wiser to refrain from mingling with the crowd, and decided that we had better return to Tunstall, and relate our experience, which we accordingly did.

A little way along the bridle-path from Sittingborne to Tunstall near some gorse bushes mentioned before, which line the first hop field, both our nags of a sudden started and swerved, and at the same moment both Palmer and I cried out, "Oh!" "Ah!" "Hilloa!" or some such thing. And no wonder, for out of the gorse bushes, between us and the yellow moon—low on the verge of the horizon—a horned head, garnished with hideous snout and fiery eyes, did start up, and, having apparently noted us well, ducked again into the bush and was lost to view. Somewhat inquisitive, if not alarmed, we tried to spur our horses up to the spot; but in vain—they could not be persuaded. Sir Henry Palmer had also seen the apparition, and both of us concluded by the fear our nags did betray that there was something more than natural about it.

Anon we perceived a fellow approaching the place and talking to himself—

"A pretty thing forsooth," says the fellow, "to change from a lord to a serving man, and then all to be naught. Oh! Cornelius, Cornelius, thou art basely used!"

I had no sooner heard these words than the mystery of the young Presbyterian lord was fully revealed to me. There could be no doubt as to the identity of the speaker and his correspondency with the supposed lord. I wondered that I had

not before guessed who had made the fuss in Sittingborne.

“Stir not!” whispered I to Palmer, “this is the very fellow that Ned Hales told you of who would have cozened his Majesty in the Isle of Wight.”

Forward goes Cornelius wrapt in thought, his eyes on the ground—his face plain to be seen in moonlight. When lo! the gorse begins to move, and of a sudden Cornelius starts and turns.

“Oh, oh, ah!” cries he, and darts in among the hop poles.

And good reason he had, for the apparition of the horned divel coming out of his concealment pursued him with great ferocity.

Cornelius ran, and as he ran he shouted “Murder!” so loud that had the folks of Sittingborne not been still in a tumult, raging against the Committee—for they believed Bix to be somewhere concealed—they had probably heard him. As it was this divel coursed Cornelius in and out of the rows of hops, and at last we perceived the latter carrying himself nimbly in the open towards the town; but not for long, for the divel overtook him and proceeded to cuff him in a very earthly fashion, finishing with a kick which sent the retreating impostor sprawling in the dust, after which he got up again, and ran into Sittingborne. Then this divel turns, and running past

us, Sir Henry Palmer, either amazed or curious, spans his pistol and points it at him.

“For the love of Heaven,” said I, seizing his hand, “forbear!” and began calling out, “Jack Gayer! if thou art still indeed alive, come hither!”

On this the divel stops and looks; but our horses foaming and sweating avoid him.

I was somewhat doubtful.

“For heaven’s sake, speak man,” cried I, “and at least tell us that thou art not Belphegor, Asmodeus, Beelzebub, or one of their imps.”

“Lendall?” cries a voice, which shows plainly ’tis Jack Gayer and none else.

“I beseech thee come out of thy skin,” cried I, “or our horses will mar all these hops.”

“Oh!” cries Palmer, “I understand neither what sort of invocation you have used, nor what this apparition meaneth. In the name of wonder, Master Lendall, explain to me if this be really a divel or no!”

But Jack Gayer answered by divesting himself of his disguise, and appearing as flesh and blood.

“Faith,” says he, “I was hiding for my life, “but seeing that rogue Cornelius pass, I could not forbear to take revenge upon him, for it was all owing to him that I got into peril. The base scum did promise to assist me in playing my old trick, but did play me false instead—but hold—by your leave, I fear I am mistaken, you look like

Rupert Lendall, and yet you are strangely altered."

"I am no other than Lendall," said I, "though beautified by a disguise which methinks serves me better than the hideous one which you have worn too oft, Jack Gayer. Were you not advised before that 'twas not safe to appear longer in it?"

"A truce to lecturing, Lendall," says he, "and tell me where a poor hunted divel of a runaway prentice can find a night's lodging in security."

"Rather hunter than hunted, I think," said Sir Henry Palmer, "but I am sure Master Hales will receive you, if you do not really belong to the lower world—or what is as bad—to the schismatical party."

"I am for King Charles," says Gayer, "as my father was before me, or rather is *now*, being a sufferer in his cause, and a close prisoner in the Tower of London."

"Come along, Jack Gayer," said I, "we are going back to Esquire Hales his house, and as we go I pray you tell us what happened to you since you departed so suddenly from Bocton Malherbe. I am also very anxious to hear the particulars of your last divelish appearance. 'Twas only an hour since that I mourned you as dead."\*

\* The following proves that the discomfiture of Livesey as described in this chapter is by no means a fiction:—"The Kentish men go on vigorously with their petition. Sir Michael Livesey, intending and endeavouring to quash them, went to Maidstone

with about 100 horse and disarmed that town; then rode to Sittingborne, where the county rose upon him and chased him divers miles." *Letter of Intelligence*, Clar. MSS., Bodl.

A diurnal about this time also reports, "Sir Michael Livesey's coach taken." Mrs. Cromwell also suffered:—"Cromwell's lady—the wife for Old Nick, if Oliver were dead—had some crumbs of comfort given her by the Kentish men. Going with Mr. Elsynge to her house in Kent, her coach and horses and money were disposed of for the public use of Kent—as in equity is reasonable, Kent having so oft, and so much, contributed unto their private."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### JACK GAYER HIS RELATION.

“THE news you heard of my having been slain,” says Jack Gayer, “was, I need not explain, not true. But I was indeed hurt, being shot into the hinder parts as I was on a retreat. Mitchell and our comrades were forced to leave me in a thicket and depart. When it grew dark I contrived, however, to drag myself to a labourer’s hut, who kindly protected me till I was able to depart. I have been concealed at the ‘George’ these two days in a garret, and have since discovered that Mitchell and our other comrades were then in hiding also, in a back parlour. This evening my host told me that the Committee of Kent were coming to the house, and that he did very much desire to know what business they were on. I told him I had in my budget a dress that had served me well in discovering the naughty deeds of the Committee of the City Militia, though it had not so well protected my last retreat from Parliament soldiers. The innkeeper was vastly amused when I told him all I had accomplished by my disguise, and prayed me to play the spy upon the Committee of Kent, promising me a secure lodg-

ing in a closet in the chamber where they would conduct their business. If by any chance I should be discovered, he made no doubt that I should inspire such terror by my aspect—for I put on the disguise to show him the effect thereof—that I should be sure to pass scot-free. He had told me of the Presbyterian lord, and was entirely deceived into the notion of his honesty and high rank. On the notice that a troop of horse approached with some of the Committee of Kent, I was shown into my closet. As ill-luck would have it, however, the deceived innkeeper takes the Presbyterian lord into confidence and leaves the key of the closet with him, informing him of what was stowed away there. What does this Presbyterian lord but open the closet the moment the innkeeper departed!

“‘Hilloa!’ says I, recognising, to my no small surprise, Cornelius Evans.

“‘Hush!’ says he; ‘keep close.’

“‘I know you,’ said I; ‘you are passing yourself off finely for a lord—but beware, Master Cornelius Evans—if you attempt to pass off any of your tricks upon me you shall smart for it.’

“‘Peace,’ says he, ‘here come the Committee of Kent,’ and he closes the door, and, rascal that he is, turns the key in the lock! This I did not bargain for; but found that a dagger I secretly carried would easily pick open the bolt.

“I remain, therefore, perfectly quiet, hoping

that Cornelius would not dare to betray me. Anon, in comes the Committee, who, I was warned before, would be Livesey and Bix. They seemed to have expected another who did not come. They fall to business, and, if I mistake not, 'twas a question of this very Esquire Hales and his being made a delinquent that they did discuss, although divers other gentlemen were talked of, and also the best mode of impressing the people of Sittingborne to bear arms to put down the petition by force—which was to be done on Monday morning after Bix had preached a sermon. Strange enough, it proved to be the very echo of my former experience. One was wanting to make up a quorum, and it would seem the person was Sir Anthony Weldon who ought to have been there. Upon hearing this I incontinently determined (as I did not know whether to trust Cornelius Evans) to come forth incontinently and lend them my divelish assistance. But commencing to pick the lock I was forced to desist for a moment, for Sir Michael said to Bix—

“ ‘ I think there be rats in this chamber ! Hola ! Cornelius, what is this noise we hear ? ’ ”

“ Cornelius, coming in soon, proves to me his unworthiness, for he at once explains that there is a rogue in the closet who is there to overhear their proceedings, and advises soldiers to be sent for to secure him. So was my game destroyed. However, I had no intention of waiting till the

soldiers came, and while the knaves were still amazed by Cornelius his intelligence, open flies the closet door, and out come I brandishing my bodkin.\* They all feared my corporeal presence, shouted 'Murder!' and ran into the three corners of the room. Bix fell to prayers, believing me to be what I represented. Cornelius knelt to *me*. Sir Michael, faint with fear, drew his hanger, but I wrenched it out of his hand and flourished it and my bodkin at each in turn. Whereupon I was somewhat amazed to hear a strange roaring outside, for not only was Sir Michael's troop of horse drawn up in the street waiting for some safe quarters—which it was supposed would be the church—as well as Sir Michael's coach doubtful where to go; but the street was also full of people waiting, perhaps, for another speech from the sham Presbyterian lord, and those people and troopers both could see very well into the chamber, the windows whereof were wide open. Seeing, I suppose, a divel dancing before the Committee, they were all smitten with a frenzy. 'Twas time for me to be off. Snatching up a couple of the books of the Committee I banged down the candles and rushed out of the door. The good innkeeper instantly received me and conducting me to a secure door of retreat, learnt from me some hurried particulars

\* "The devil himself," says a *Letter from a Gentleman* (1648), alluding to some occurrence like this, "came to appear amongst them as a committee-man."

which he declared, with indignation, he would instantly make known, viz., that the Presbyterian lord was a cheat, and that the townspeople were to be impressed to put down this petition.

“I found that Mitchell and our comrades without knowing who I was, had engaged to protect my retreat. I gave the innkeeper the two Committee books, and made good my escape, not knowing till after your discovery of me and my hiding place what was the result of my undertaking. I am of opinion,” said Jack Gayer, concluding his narrative, “that Cornelius may have had the support of Sir Michael Livesey in his assumption of the character of a mediator; but of that I am by no means certain, for I now perceive the rascal would rather tell a lie at any time than abstain from doing so.”

We afterwards discovered that the innkeeper fully revealed to the people the deception both of the apparition and of Cornelius Evans. Their whole fury was then turned upon Livesey, with what results we have seen.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### TO SITTINGBORNE CHURCH.

It will be easily credited that the news of Sittingborne having risen and driven Sir Michael Livesey and his myrmidons out of the town was cheerfully received at Tunstall; and that Ned Hales, who had in the meantime received divers other guests, did sit talking late into the night of the present posture of affairs. The innkeeper of Sittingborne brought the books that Jack Gayer had seized. One was an Information Book, and did contain a charge against Ned Hales, which was scarce dry, of enticing people to his house to drink the King's health, and putting his servants under arms, whereby he made himself a delinquent. There were also many other dirty attempts to undo loyal persons in that book. But Ned Hales' revenge was to determine to return those books to the Committee, if, indeed, the Committee could be found.

The next morning being Sunday, according to the wish of the people the Rev. Robert Dixon, M.A., was to be brought to the church of Sittingborne to hold a Prayer Book service, and openly pray for the King. But as it was not known

whether Livesey's troop or their forces might return it was agreed that he should be carried to church by an armed party of Hales his servants, L'Estrange\* proposing the same and cheerfully undertaking the command. Nel Hales, however, proposed to ride in first at about ten of the clock, to cause the bells to be rung (for the bells had never been removed from either Sittingborne or Tunstall).

We found the town pretty quiet, but the people seeing Hales all ran forth to cheer him vehemently. And finding him bound for the church, prepared at once to go there. But the church doors were found to be fast, and neither sexton nor constable were to be discovered. It was said they had fled during the night with some of the schismatics. It proved, however, that they had forsaken those principles, and had only got so insensibly drunk in drinking the King's health that they could not be made to understand anything, or say where the keys of the church might be. I climbed in through a window, and there found the key in the lock

\* The following piece of evidence extracted in after-inquiries into the great rising in Kent shows that Thatcher was among them taking notes:—"Henry Gardner Thatcher, sworn and examined (20th February, 1650), saith, that on Whitsunday, in the time of the late insurrection in Kent, in the year 1648, there came down into Sittingborne a party of horse from Tunstall, from Sir Edward Hales his house, of about 30 or 40, commanded by one STRANGE, and armed with swords and pistols, amongst whom this ex<sup>t</sup> did see John Mountain, of Milton, &c."—(MS. in State Paper Office.)

inside. It was a great puzzle to us how that did occur.

“Whoever he is,” says Hales, as soon as he had come in, “he is probably in the vestry” (which was locked).

Not so, however; the key being found, no one was there concealed. It was full of better treasure—even six score arms which the constable had placed there by order of Livesey, and had perchance forgotten, though he had seen them there placed.

“Ho, ho!” quoth Hales, “here are the arms which they brought hither to force the people of Sittingborne to fight against the King. They will be useful for quite another purpose. Lock up this vestry and give me the key, and if any people sober enough be found let them go ring the bell, for Parson Dixon is coming here presently.”

And so the bell was tolled, while Ned Hales retired with me to the inn to inquire into all the circumstances of the retreat of Sir Michael the evening before. It was all found very satisfactory, and Sir Michael’s coach being visited in the yard of the inn, was declared forfeited to His Majesty.

I must tell you that through the interest of Sir Edward Hales, Ned was a justice of the peace. And now, it being church time, all turned out to welcome the Rev. Robert Dixon and the very gallant little troop of fifty of Ned Hales his men riding into Sittingborne. He did exhort all to



peace as he passed. Entering the church he there was obliged to wait for his surplice, which Geoffry had promised to send. But Geoffry being much pressed by Master L'Estrange about less peaceable business had omitted to send the same; and the bell ceased, and the church was quite full of people before the said surplice did arrive. When lo!—as it had been an apparition—out of the pulpit rose the form of Bix! Bix indeed, and no other! He had retreated before the combustion which Gayer in his disguise had occasioned, and taking refuge in the church had locked himself safely therein. Perchance some will say—“What! a coward Master Bix?”

But that was not so. Bix had ever intended a discourse, and fearing that he might be supplanted by the more popular Parson Dixon, thought it a good opportunity to remain all night in the pulpit, and did so, very punctually sleeping therein, and also breaking his fast there from the pocket of his breeches, only with bread and cheese—which was even in a lump in his cheek when he arose, being awaked by the persistency of the bell. He had found the hour-glass in the church and now laid it beside the cushion before him; and he would preach perhaps two hours, perhaps three—according as he found the people attentive. Be it understood that Master Bix was wholly ignorant of what had occurred, and did believe that Sir Michael's troop had been quietly quartered

in the town. For he thought the noise he heard when he had hastily slipped into the church was wholly directed against the divel. Also, whether the said divel was feigned or not, I believe Bix did scarce know ; for the former appearances of Jack Gayer having been mentioned by divers diurnals, many besides Bix did believe that all was not right, and he did prepare himself for some desperate and dreadful spectacle.

But truly I do believe that Bix did imagine he had a not unfavourable audience. He was, however, soon undeceived—for a cry of amazement, not of pleasure, which was given with much spontaneity by the congregation there assembled upon seeing the apparition of Master Bix ; and some works of Master Bix were now revealed. One of the churchwardens, a malignant at heart, and a favourer of Episcopacy, peering somewhat curiously about the church, had discovered certain things. For Bix, when he found himself safe in the church the night before, being overcome with zeal, did consider how some good work of reformation might be carried on. He did very well know, and fervently believe, that there is no inherent holiness in any place made with hands. And not to be weary in well-doing, he did, before ascending to his rest in the pulpit for the night, search by the light of the moon—and, I believe, also, feel with his hands—for such relics of Popish superstition as had been allowed by negligent persons

to remain in the church of Sittingborne. And in truth Master Belcher, the poorly paid schismatical minister of Ulcombe, who had been entrusted by the Committee for plundered ministers to preach and to pray betimes both at Sittingborne and Tunstall also, had been somewhat slothful. So that in the night some new damage was done in Sittingborne Church to sundry monuments, to the baptismal font, and especially Master Bix did scratch, scribble, and deface the idolatrous scutcheon of the Royal arms, with the motto of "Fear God and Honour the King," which was suspended in the gallery, and had by sinful neglect been allowed to hang there notwithstanding divers ordinances of Parliament to the contrary.

Master Bix standing now in the pulpit, remembering himself to be the author of these attempts, and also perceiving, by I know not what signs, in the aspect of his congregation that those reformation were credited to him, but not approved, was somewhat troubled.

"Who is this fellow?" was the whisper that went round the church.

But the churchwarden before mentioned, knowing who the intruder was, and very indignant at his appearance there, rose from his pew and called out—

"Come out of the pulpit, Bix—you have no business there!"

But Bix, ever bold for the truth—thinking also that he had Sir Michael Livesey and his troop in the town to enforce respect—turned the hour-glass, and opening his Bible took out the text, which is still taken by his sect as an argument against kingly power.\*

But cries of “Forbear!” “Come down! come down!” “Dare not to speak a word!” and such-like warned him that he would not be heard—and the Rev. Robert Dixon, M.A., coming with his surplice on, certain persons did ascend the pulpit stairs for to pull Bix from his perch. Then did a zealot or two take the part of Bix, and the church was like to turn to Paris Garden (where the bears used to be kept) had not Parson Dixon reminded all that this was the house of God, where such combustions should by no means take place. Upon Bix reminding him of his promise to yield precedence to him he promised to do so, and said he would depart for Tunstall, and hold a service there—which he accordingly did, carrying most of the congregation with him—Hales and all his guests amongst the number.

These were no sooner gone than some rude persons, whom Bix had disobliged, mounting to the pulpit fetched him down sudden'y and handed him over as a prisoner in the King's name to the constable. The said constable having been watered by his friends, and recovered from his

\* 1. Samuel, viii., 8.

stupor, received his prisoner, and to the great grief of Bix—who conceived him to be wholly of his own way of thinking—locked him up with every mark of contempt.

That evening L'Estrange, by warrant from Hales, did arm the people of Sittingborne with the arms which I told you just now were left in the vestry.\*

\* Roger L'Estrange alludes more briefly to the arrival of the Committee and the seizure of Bix. It will be seen he does not estimate the mounted party from Tunstall at more than half Thatcher's computation (see note p. 569). L'Estrange writes thus—"In this very article of time comes the Kentish Committee with a troop of horse to Sittingborne. I was at Tunstall, two miles off, when upon consultation four or five of us concluded to make a party and fall into their quarters next night, in which resolution I was so far from involving Master Hales that when his house was proposed for a first rendezvous, and his person for the first attempt, I was the only soul dissenting . . . Next morning we heard that Rochester bridge was drawn . . . and the army quit the town, which put an end to that night's design, and MASTER BIX only (one of the Committee) left, and him the people seized, with about six score arms in the church. Upon this, with a matter of 18 horse, we marched to Sittingborne."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### OF MARGARET GRAY.

It would indeed be very profitable to give you the substance of the discourse of Parson Dixon\* at Tunstall Church on Whit Sunday in the year 1648, for I understand it was an exceedingly judicious, though very loyal discourse. But I was not there, nor did I attend the afternoon Prayer-book service at Sittingborne Church, where he did hold forth—in place of Bix in custody on a charge of being a Committee man, and of having usurped the King's authority. The reason I did not attend, was that I was partly taken up with military duties in attendance upon Master L'Estrange, and partly with other affairs.

I told you that Margaret Gray and her father, as well as my poor sister Mistress Burley, had been invited to Tunstall. My sister could not be prevailed upon to venture so far, being then kindly entertained by Mistress Trattle at Newport—but Gray and his daughter Mistress Margaret did adventure it; and arrived that morning from London. You will wonder that Master Gray, being a strict Presbyterian, should travel on the

\* Several of his sermons are in print.

Sabbath. But indeed divers considerations did force him to deviate from his customary strictness. He had found Kent in a great commotion, and his journey from London had not been so expeditious as he had conceived it would. By accident I did discover him at "The George," when Ned Hales went to view Livesey's coach. The poor little gentleman had altogether, contrary to his expectation, recovered from that sweating sickness which had so nearly brought him to his grave. He desired me to return and visit him and his daughter who was at that time resting after the fatigues or, I might say, perils of the journey; for they had found all Kent in a combustion. When Bix his very brief discourse had been concluded, and he had been securely lodged by his false friend, the constable, I did proceed to pay my respects to that old man, who upon the whole, I perceived, was well disposed towards me. As for Mistress Margaret Gray, I felt somewhat embarrassed at the idea of meeting one whom I had not seen for many years; but who—if I might trust the accounts of her own father and Sarah Skelhorn, was not unfriendly to me. I could now recall Margaret as a girl of some thirteen or fourteen years, slight of figure, of a brown hair and of medium height. She did never promise to have the beauty of the Lady Anne, though she was not wanting in comeliness. I sometimes do incline to believe that we are most partial to

those who resemble us most. And the very desperate affection of Faithful for Margaret (which did almost equal mine for the Lady Anne), seemed to me to fortify the doctrine. For I had oftentimes, though I have scarce mentioned it, noticed a likeness between Faithful and Margaret, that is as I remembered Margaret, which was quite as strong as you will ever find between man and woman, or rather between boy and girl. At times I did suppose, almost, that Faithful might be an elder brother of Margaret, though some great differences were observable. Sarah Skelhorn's explanation of cousinship was the most plausible. When I went into the chamber of "The George," which Gray had hired, I confess I felt rather strangely.

"This is Margaret, as you see," says Gray, "mighty tired with her long journey down hither."

But instead of the girl I remembered, I saw one much more grown, and bearing so marvellous a resemblance to Faithful, except for some differences, that I confess I was fairly perplexed.

At the same time Mistress Margaret was, or seemed to be very much abashed.

"Oh!" said I, "forgive me Mistress Margaret, but I scarce know what to think. Were it not that your hair is very dark, while that of Faithful's was exceeding fair, I should say you are one and the same person. I can now very well believe the truth of Sarah Skelhorn's asseveration who did very constantly affirm that you and Faithful are related—in fact that you are a cousin"—



Here I ceased to speak, for I saw old Gray regarding me with something of the same expression that he wore when he snatched the pistol from behind his pillow and commenced to span it.

Margaret Gray still hung her head. All of a sudden the whole truth flashed upon me. Oh! what an innocent I had been!

“Oh, Mistress Margaret!” I cried, “truly I am altogether amazed, oh! I see, I see, I ought to have seen before—that, that Margaret and Faithful are”—

Here I came to a dead stop.

“Good friends?” says Margaret, laughing. “You speak truly. Oh, Master Lendall what must you have thought of me?”

Yes! I saw it all; but oh how blind I had been! Her hair had been dyed a light colour. There was no such person as Faithful! To avoid Sir Michael Livesey, she had attired herself in gallant’s clothes! Again I thought of “The Golden Legend,” but I said to myself, “Rosalind attired herself in a masculine habit to follow Rosadder. But Margaret Gray hath done so only to avoid Sir Michael Livesey.”

Hereupon I con over the boyish days, when I was trusted to squire Margaret here and there; also I reflect upon my meeting with Faithful in the church precinct at Canterbury, and the somewhat long acquaintance we had. I had lost a friend and found what instead? I was puzzled, for so fully was I persuaded that Faithful and Margaret

were two distinct persons, that when I thought of former passages, I could scarce compress them into one. When I began to see all the obligations I had incurred, for did I not owe my life to Margaret? witness the affair at Winton and her changing clothes with Faithful—that is, I mean her remaining in the prison, while I escaped—I cannot say I felt altogether happy. Also the sums of money she had either given me or expended on my account! Oh, there was no disguising to myself the truth, which must be—not that she fled solely to avoid Sir Michael—but rather that she did desire to be my companion. I could now remember a thousand things that did prove it.

“It is all the fault of that Sarah Skelhorn,” said I to myself, “who put these notions into her head, and would to heaven she had not, for notwithstanding the great kindness I have received from poor Margaret, I cannot forget the Lady Anne on her account.”

These contemplations occupied far less time than you will take to read them. The pause, however, which I made was mistaken by Master Gray as an evidence of embarrassment caused by feelings which I did not experience.

“Two are company,” says he, “but three is none. I will leave thee Margaret to entertain Lendall. We stay here to-night and go to Tunstall early to-morrow.”

And though I would fain have prevented him, Gray departs; and there I am alone with his

daughter. Many another prentice would have given something for such a chance. Here was a fair girl, young, rich, and to be had almost without asking; and here was a pennyless swain who would not and could not think himself obliged by the opportunity! Margaret half perceives my thoughts and looks at me reproachfully. And now her flashing darkeyes and pouting lips would perchance have moved me in spite of myself, had I not shut out the view by calling up the sweet image of her whom I had last seen, amongst the May blossoms and sweet flowers and shrubs, at old Bocton Malherbe. I began presently to reflect once more upon all I owed her.

“Oh, Margaret!” said I, “how can I ever repay all your friendliness to me? As for the moneys you gave me I will most punctually pay you as soon as his Majesty enjoys his own. For no doubt when that takes place the sequestration of my estate in Herts will be reversed; but the risks you have run in my behalf, Margaret, are a debt that I know not how to cancel.”

“Oh, Rupert,” says she, “do not speak of that or of anything owing—truly all is nought. But why do you sit there so far away from me?”

On hearing this I carried my chair to within a yard and a half of her or thereabouts, at which she seemed disappointed and twirled a gold chain which was suspended round her neck in an uneasy manner, while I talked of the prospects of the King’s party being soon uppermost; which—

though I said a great deal thereon—did not seem to interest her very much.

On looking at a pocket dial which the beloved Lady Anne had given me a little before I left Bocton, I said—

“I must now leave you, Margaret. I am in attendance upon Master L’Estrange, a brave gentleman, who is now engaged in assisting to arm and marshal the household of Ned Hales against a surprise.”

“You will return to sup with us at least?” says Margaret. “I know my father expects you.”

“I fear it is wholly impossible,” I returned. “I must return to Tunstall, where, however, I understand I shall see you and your father to-morrow.”

And with this excuse which seemed not at all to raise Mistress Gray’s spirits, and which did not make me feel more comfortable, I departed hoping that I might not come across old Gray somewhere in the town, or elsewhere.

I soon forgot all about Margaret; for there was some commotion in the town consequent upon Master L’Estrange (greatly against the wish of some gentlemen, who came in to tell us of other parts of Kent having risen) releasing Bix on his parole, a thing however which Ned Hales did not disapprove of, though the people were violent, and said L’Estrange was a traitor! \*

\* See in L’Estrange’s own account.

**Twelfth Inscription.**



To

LADY ABERCROMBY.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### OF THE LADY ANNE.

“OLD Gray has been speaking to me of you,” says Ned Hales, “when I met him discussing with others the affairs of Bix’s release.”

“Oh, indeed!” said I, casting my eyes upon the ground.

“He says he will not come to us to-night, and that you will probably stay to sup with him.”

“Nay,” said I. “I have declined.”

“Declined?” says Hales, with a look of surprise.

“Yes,” said I, “I—I considered that they were fatigued after their journey, and that they might prefer being alone.”

“Well, if that be the case,” says Hales, “I will get you to do somewhat for me. There are but few servants in my house, for L’Estrange and I mean to remain here with some of them, and to keep a court of guard, and most of the people whom we have armed will have to go forth scouting. Go therefore to Tunstall, Rupert, where you will find some more guests of mine—ladies too, some of whom you are acquainted with. I will get you to command the

garrison in their defence. From all I can learn I do not think you will have to fight, for Sir Michael has gone over Rochester bridge and I cannot hear that the Committee are able to muster any of the forces they had expected.”

I readily undertook the task offered, and soon reached Tunstall. To my great amazement I found the Lady Aucher and fair Mistress Hatton in a parlour by themselves. I expressed great delight in seeing them, and found that until I spoke they had no idea who I might be, so much had Ned Hales his skill done to make me a new man.

I inquired after the Lady Anne, and they said she was in good health, but parried all particular questions that I put. In fine I could not help perceiving there was some mystery in their reserve which I could not fathom. And when I would have ordered refreshments for them, telling them that I was sent purposely I believed to entertain them, they told me that they had ordered something to eat in a more private chamber, at a later hour. They however would like to walk about the pleasaunce and other places with me in the meantime. They were full of the petition, and anxious for news. I told them all I knew. They were especially interested and amused at the discomfiture of Livesey, who had been at Bocton not long before, but had not slept there ; otherwise some agreeable nocturnal surprises of an altogether novel kind



had been contrived for his amusement. We had much laughter over the former pranks we had played, and when I informed them of the dangerous duel I had nearly fought, they had another laugh at my expense.

But before we had any of this talk, they told me that they were in some apprehension of being pursued, but though they inquired about the best method of baffling pursuers, they declined to name them. After I had spoken of my duel it flashed into my head that perchance the three gallants were those they feared, which, however, they denied, observing that 'twas a lady and not a gentleman who might be now in chase.

“A lady!” said I.

“Has Esquire Hales told you nothing?” they asked.

“Concerning what?” was my reply.

The Lady Aucher looked at Mistress Hatton, and Mistress Hatton looked at the Lady Aucher.

“We cannot tell you anything,” says Lady Aucher. “We are pledged to be secret—but here comes the Lady Anne.”

I cannot tell you what a jump my heart gave at this speech, or rather at the sight of the beloved beauty they named, for she at that moment came in view, and then, as if alarmed at the sight of me, turned about to retreat.

“Lady Anne! Lady Anne! 'tis”—

“Hold!” said I, “that is not my name here—

though indeed 'tis no longer necessary to conceal it, for there are no enemies now to fear."

The Lady Anne, upon looking back, seemed reassured, and returning put out her hand.

"Oh, I see who it is," she said, blushing a little, "at first I took you for a stranger."

"Oh, dear Lady Anne," said I, "I had no notion that you were here, for indeed the fair ladies here have been very mysterious. I presume you are for London"—

But here another blush creeps over the Lady Anne's lovely cheek, and the Lady Aucher and fair Mistress Hatton smile in a half-malicious manner.

"Master Edward Hales, your old friend, Lady Anne," said I, blushing in my turn rather with fear than shame, "is at Sittingborne, and told me, Lady Anne, to entertain some ladies to-night, as he must remain away from the house. He did not, however, tell me that he expected you."

Again those sportive ladies seemed inclined to mirth, and again the colour came into the Lady Anne's face.

A suspicion began to dawn upon me that she had fled from her mother's house, and that it was the Lady Wotton who might be the pursuer.

My heart sank within me.

I said, with a dejected countenance I am sure—

"Master Edward Hales is to be general of the petition of Kent. They are going to march to London with arms in their hands, for fear of being

set upon as the Surrey men were, and Master Hales” (I could not say Ned Hales) “is to ride at their head.”

I said this with my eyes on the ground ; at the end I raised them to scan her face. I read something there that pained me grievously.

It was a look of pride and triumph. Her words following felt like arrows piercing me to the heart, though they were but few and short.

“The petition,” she said, “was a noble design. It would be a great honour to the general who headed it if His Majesty should be thereby released from his cruel imprisonment, and freedom restored to the three kingdoms !”

She now begged me to excuse her, as she was fatigued, and taking the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton with her, she turned about to go into the house, leaving me fully impressed with the idea that she was now lost to me for ever. That night I did not sleep. I had made some dispositions of the small garrison of the house in case of any attack, which indeed was not expected. I preferred to keep guard without myself. There was a beautiful moon, and a wonderful calmness upon trees and flowers—except that the nightingales did sing all night long. But that night to me was inexpressibly sad. I perceived that Master Edward Hales had possession of the heart that I so coveted.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### TO THE CHURCH AT TUNSTALL.

AT dawn of day I returned to my chamber. One thing only shall I mention as to my solitary wanderings in grove and garden that night, and this was a strange sound in the churchyard, of which I could find no reasonable explanation, and in some terror I quitted the place. I lay on my couch without refreshment for a short time. I saw the sun rise red over the estuary of the Thames, brightening creation, but all was dark with me. I heard the lark singing at heaven's gate, but it only did remind me that I was thrust forth of celestial habitations. For doubt and dread had now gathered to certainty. 'Twas not for me the Lady Anne had come to Tunstall—that was clear. I would fain have persuaded myself that she was only on a journey, but what the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton had said—and their smiles and looks—ah! yes, those were commentaries that I could not forget. I could not rest, and so went forth again to rove about the dewy grass, inhaling scents from the new-mown bowling-green, viewing fresh blossoms of flowering shrubs, but receiving small refreshment from any of these things.

Sleep at last overtook me in a little arbour at that part of the pleasure which could only be viewed from the unfinished\* wing of Tunstall House.

I was awaked by the tolling of the bell, as I thought, of Tunstall Church. It reminded me of what I had heard there in the night. I went to my chamber to refresh myself, and, avoiding the company who by this time began to arrive, either in the house or the Shooter's meadow—for perchance you will remember that Hales had invited all who could come on this very morning—I made my way to the church of Tunstall. I saw on my road thither that great preparations were being made in the said Shooter's meadow for the reception of a multitude. Jack Gayer was there setting up what was requisite for sports of divers kinds, and Mitchell and those mariners of the "Reformation" returned from scouting were setting forth tables and forms—for a feast was to be prepared, as many persons would have to come long journeys to attend this meeting.

Strange delusion! What would you think? Upon inquiry I found that no bell had been ringing at Tunstall Church—*because the bell rope was found to be gone!* It was the bells at Sittingborne that I had heard!—either ringing for

\*The reading of this of course must be that the place called "The Ruins" marks the site of Tunstall House—though Mr. Mores the antiquary concluded it had never been completed—in which case the house near Tunstall Church must have been occupied by Hales at this time.

joy over the discomfiture of the Committee of Kent or for some other good cause. Nevertheless I found Tunstall Church open, and did admire the monument of the Cromers,\* wherein four daughters kneel, one of them being the mother of Ned Hales; also the windows with the painted squirrels eating nuts therein, and other things—such as Hales his crest of three arrows, and the motto, “*A solo ad cælum.*”

Then I remember the strange echo which I had heard with much alarm in the night when I had strolled into the churchyard, and I go forth of the church to that particular place where I had heard what surprised me—namely, a passage of the funeral service of the Church of England. But by daylight of ten of the clock or thereabouts there was no longer anything to fear.

But now with a sinking of heart I see some persons gaily dressed coming towards the church. Esquire Hales is one; Sir Anthony Aucher, Sir Gamaliel Dudley, Master L'Estrange, and some others are with him. All have white favours to their lovelocks, or in the breasts of their doublets. Which † you must know were the colours of the petition of Kent. I mustered up all my fortitude to congratulate Esquire Hales upon the day and occasion, and grasped his hand warmly. L'Estrange—who I perceived did busy himself

\* Since removed to Hales Place, Canterbury.

† *Sic*, according to Matthew Carter.

in all affairs—handed me a favour, and presented me also with a printed copy of an epithalamium he had composed, of which he desired an opinion. This was half-way between the church door and the entrance to the churchyard. We were joined by Sir William Brockman, Sir Thomas Peyton, the two Newmans, Courthope, and divers other gentlemen. I assumed an air of cheerfulness which I was far from feeling, though I believe it imposed upon all there. But now a sound startles all. It was the same which had affrighted me in the night—a voice muttering—

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!”

Not one there could tell what it was, or whence it came. While we were debating it, the bell of the church rang a short and dismal peal, or rather moaned once, and then ceased.

“Sure there is some one in the belfry!” says Hales, “but hold!” cries he, noticing something else. “What do I see? We had desired to be private here; but, methinks, folks come—nay, a concourse! Aucher! L’Estrange! Dudley! Brockman!—what is this? Something hath happened!”

And so his friends, and myself also, thought, for on all sides men came riding and running toward the churchyard.

“By this light!” cried L’Estrange, “the people turn on us. And, yet, how can it be so?”

“Nay,” says Hales, “I fear it is Livesey come back to take revenge.”

And he calls aloud to know the cause of the strange commotion.

But the snorting of horses, and the clatter of their heels, near the north corner of the churchyard, as well as the flashing of steel caps and breast-plates, for a moment throw all into amazement. Hales and the rest drew their rapiers. It seemed that we would be put to fight for it in that unprepared state at the church door.

But a little in front of the Parliament troops—for such you will see they proved to be—came Sir Robert Hatton, galloping up. He dismounted from his horse, and, entering the churchyard, walked up to Hales, and said coolly—

“This is Sir Anthony Weldon, who comes hither with force. He is from Scott’s Hall,\* where he passed Sunday. He hath not yet been into Sittingborne; and I believe knows nought of Sir Michael and his troop being chased thence. Sir Anthony hath but forty soldiers with him.”

Scarce had Colonel Hatton spoke, when I saw the monkey eyes and lion-like mane—or rather hair—of the bold baronet of Swanscombe. He was not armed like those after him; on the contrary, disdainful of pot and breast and back, he came in his ordinary doublet, with only a rapier to his

\* One of the magazines of arms in possession of the Committee. Colonel Boothby surrendered it, I think, next day.



side. He and his men drew up at the churchyard wall.

Quoth Hales to me—

“Prithee, good Rupert, go fetch the two books of the Committee, which the innkeeper brought here, and which thy madcap companion seized.”

Geoffry was there, and told me he would straight-way bring them.

Hales springs on to the churchyard wall, which is not very high, and, standing on the top, faces the prime mover of the schismatic party in Kent.

“Good-morning to you, Sir Anthony!” says he, “I am pleased to see you and your men at our wedding. We shall be glad to give entertainment to both you and them.”

By this time a considerable crowd had collected—chiefly of those who had come to join the festivities in the Shooter’s meadow, and to consult about the petition. Though armed only with clubs they seemed quite ready for any dispute that might occur. But what gave better security, was, perhaps, the determined appearance of Mitchell and his men of the “Reformation.” They had somewhere fished up some formidable cutlasses, and they came leaping over the churchyard wall in a style that showed they were ready for business.

“You will find the pretence of a wedding,” quoth Sir Anthony, in reply to Hales his challenge, “is too stale to serve your turn, Master Hales. And, if I mistake not, you have already had an

invitation to appear before the Committee at Sittingborne ? ”

“ Yes, Sir Anthony,” says Hales, “ but if you go there yourself you will not find any of your friends ; for Master Bix has been released from imprisonment on his parole, and Sir Michael and his troop have fled over Rochester bridge.”

And now scornful laughter bursts from the fast-gathering multitude round the churchyard.

I saw Sir Anthony’s face change. He whispered to the officer near him. ’Twas evident what Colonel Hatton had said was the case. The discomfiture of Livesey was wholly unknown to Weldon, till this moment, the people (as I conclude) having given him wrong intelligence for sport.

“ Once more,” says Hales, “ will you repent of your past misdeeds, Sir Anthony, and sign the petition of Kent ? ”

“ Once more, Master Edward Hales, will you withdraw your countenance from this mutiny against the Parliament ? ” says Sir Anthony Weldon, with much effrontery.

But, indeed, if he had not been able to command himself, he had never been able to lord it over the county as he did.

The multitude pressed nearer and nearer the soldiers ; but I saw they had their pistols spanned, and therefore Sir Anthony was not overawed.

“ I counsel you,” says he, “ to disarm your servants, and dismiss those who are assembling

here contrary to the ordinances of Parliament. And for yourself, I tell you this—that the stale pretence of a wedding \* will avail you nothing.”

“Pretence there is none either of wedding or petition,” replies Hales.

And very opportunely the cry, “Make room! make room!” is heard.

And the crowd opening, a bevy of fair ladies, wearing veils, was presently perceived, walking direct to the church as if no dispute at all were going on. My heart, which had been nothing, moved by the sudden appearance of the redcoats, now beat with violence.

Then did a dame, mounted on a pillion, who was apparently under the protection of Sir Anthony and his troop, touch the flank of her palfrey hastily, as if impelled by curiosity, and move up toward the advancing procession of ladies.

I knew her at once. It was the Lady (Mary) Wotton, mother to the Lady Anne.

“Hold,” says she, “I perceive, Sir Anthony, there is no pretence here at all. Do you see who comes here?”

Alas! I had seen only too plainly that the Lady Anne Wotton—the beloved Lady Anne—dressed, alas! as a bride, was the principal figure of this pageant.

\* A common pretext during the *interregnum*. Coursing matches, football, cudgel-playing, &c., also served for the assembly of Royalists. On this account Cromwell suppressed games and sports.

Says the Lady Wotton, in a voice trembling with passion—

“I did suspect somewhat from your friendship with malignants, like the Lady Aucher and her sister. But enough. I ban, I bar this marriage; and, the Lord helping me, I will undo both you and it.”

This speech was addressed to the Lady Anne, her daughter.

Ned Hales steps off the wall, and, taking Anne by the hand, doffs his hat to the Lady Wotton.

“Your daughter Anne,” says he “is now under my protection, good my lady. The wedding shall go on, and you can no more prevent it than Sir Anthony shall the petition of Kent for the restoration of the King.”

You may be sure there was another cheer for this, in which I joined, notwithstanding the strange trouble I felt.

“Mighty fine talk!” says the mother of the Lady Anne, when she could be heard. “I will say nought of what mine own feelings must be to see you now joined with the enemies of the State, who now make Kent no place of abode for the Lord’s people—but I warn you, mistress, that you shall touch no penny of your fortune—and when Master Hales has lost every penny of his, for his present rebellion, and his life becomes forfeit to the State, I will close my doors in your face.”

“Madam,” replied the lovely Lady Anne, in

silver tones, "the greater the danger Master Hales doth run in the cause of His Majesty, the more ready I am to share it with him."

But now, from our party, there arose whispers of "Let's fall on!" "We are the stronger," and such-like words. Which, Hales, overhearing, stepped forward, and, in a loud voice, said—

"What, ho! my friends, though some of us owe Sir Anthony a grudge, we will not pay it off now. All who come here are our guests, whether they join our feast or not. Sir Anthony, if you care not to stay for my wedding, I will offer you safe conduct to your nearest garrison."

"We are able to protect ourselves," says Sir Anthony Weldon, "and I do not think you will have many guards to spare, Master Hales, when the Parliament begins to make inquiry."

"When the Parliament do," says Hales, "I trust they will not send any more mad enthusiasts to do their work. I'll have you to understand, Sir Anthony, that Lieutenant Miriam May tried to assassinate one or more of us in a dastardly manner."

While Hales spoke a man, whom I at once recognised, walked from behind the great yew near the north-east end of the church, leapt the churchyard wall, and stood beside Weldon.

"The Lord do the same to Miriam May" (Miriam May it was) "and more also, if he be not ready to slay the enemies of the Lord at all times,

and in all places. Anathema and Maranatha, fall on! fall on! I say.”

“Peace! Miriam May,” shouts Sir Anthony. “Let not a man of you,” he adds, turning to the troopers, “stir a finger, if you value your lives. If you will bring a formal written charge against this officer, Master Hales, ’twill be attended to. I now summon you to appear before the Committee at Aylesford on Wednesday next, at eleven o’clock in the forenoon,” adds Sir Anthony, addressing Hales, as he turned to depart.

“At Aylesford? at eleven of the clock in the forenoon?” replies Hales, with a humourous expression, of which I afterwards found the explanation. “Good! I will attend punctually, Sir Anthony. Farewell!”

And away went Sir Anthony Weldon and those Parliament horse amid the jeers and groans of that assembly. The Lady (Mary) Wotton went away with Sir Anthony, bestowing a parting glance of scorn upon the Lady Anne, to whom she deigned not to address another word.

Fat Geoffry, returning from the house with the two books of the Committee, was just in time to present them to Sir Anthony ere he departed.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A WEDDING AND THREE LATE FOR'T.

ALL mystery concerning Miriam May was soon made plain. It was evident he had ascended the church tower by the bell rope; drawn it after him, and remained there unsuspected, descending in the same manner to join Sir Anthony Weldon. And as his hand on the rope had originated the discordant sounds of the bell, so had the echoes of his voice those muttered words of the burial service. What bloody mischief had not been intended by him 'twere hard to say; but a loaded pistol and a well-filled bandolier were found in the belfry, which looked as though he had proposed to himself to convert a wedding into a funeral.

Funeral it was for me, or at least for my desires, but I must give you some account of it.

When the troop had departed, I observed Ned Hales—who had drawn her a little apart—holding Anne by both hands. Their eyes were fixed on each other. I believe they saw nothing else; and from their moving lips, I concluded that they were exchanging congratulations and those dear vows which present events did render more

earnest than ordinary. Oh, maiden, so beloved!—in Ned Hales 'twas plain her sincere soul was wrapt. For him she had braved her friends' disapproval, and to him only it was plain she would cleave—death might part them, but penury and ill-fortune never!

All the ladies were veiled, but their veils were of the thinnest. There were some there that I knew, and some that I knew not. From the Lady Anne, my eyes turned upon Margaret. I could not tell whether she or Mistress Hatton was the fairer; but when I thought of all Margaret's wonderful kindness to me, I felt amazed that I had been so ungrateful, and half regretted that I had privately desired Jack Gayer—who a little before had appeared—to take her hand suddenly, and lead her into the church if he could, so that I might be free of her—a thing which he very heartily and thankfully promised to do.

She had, however, been noticed by Palmer, Dudley, and several others, and when it was known that she was rich old Gray's daughter, I understand many were vehemently desirous to pay attention to her. But old Gray—who was there in his blue worsted stockings and cloak with velvet cape—taps my shoulder hard—and though Jack Gayer, with all persistency imaginable, did try to have the honour of leading Margaret in she declined it; and I had the ill grace to say that I did intend to escort Mistress Hatton. Where-



upon Margaret is besieged by several, and is led away by Sir Gamaliel Dudley, while Mistress Hatton falls to Sir Henry Palmer—which, indeed, satisfies me very well, for being in no humour for company, I was glad to be alone.

All now went into the church, which was soon—though they had hoped to have kept things more quiet—full of people. The Rev. Robert Dixon read the disused marriage service from the forbidden Book of Common Prayer; and Anne, while some scattered flowers before her, walked forth of the church supremely happy, but lost for ever and for ever to me. Yet did I bravely at that very moment determine not to mourn for her, but to serve both her and Ned Hales, her now husband, in what way I could. Nevertheless, it was with much pains that I did avoid tears both then and after at the feast, when from some distance I saw her sitting, and her health was drank as the Lady Anne *Hales*.

The scent of flowers and the shimmer of May sunshine oft brings back to me that long-departed time; and while I rock old fancies in the cradle of remembrance, I wonder whether I was really as insensible then as I did suppose. For memory, regretful of youth, so gilds the past that shadows fall lightly; and, indeed, boyish tears are but as April showers which are presently followed by light as cheerful as before.

But to proceed to more lively matters, an incident

now occurred to remind me that I was not the only unfortunate there. For scarce had the company (which was feasting in the great hall—a room as yet unfurnished, and only suitable for summer hospitalities)—scarce had the company, I say, drank to the health of bride and bridegroom when three gallants, arriving unannounced, did make their way into the wedding feast where every place was filled. They were all in summer doublets and cloaks of the newest—one in murrey-coloured silk, another in sky-blue satin, the third in pearl gray; and all with feathers in their hats of a colour to correspond. Though they did walk up to Hales, it was apparent, by their making only an obeisance to him, and turning at once to the Lady Anne, that the latter was the object of their visit. When I began to regard them more attentively, I was not long in discovering that they were no other than the three identical gallants who had some time before been lodged in the alehouse near Bocton Malherbe—namely, Sir William Compton, Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and Sir John Mayney!

“Fair Lady Anne!” said they all in the same breath, at the same time bowing low, while they pressed their hats to their hearts in a graceful and courtly manner.

There they all stopped, while the Lady Anne turning round regarded them with a half-blush on her face; and the rest of the company, not know-

ing what this ceremonious proceeding meant, seemed not less surprised.

“I think, gentlemen,” says Sir William Compton to the other two, “it was by lot decided that I should speak first.”

The others bowed.

“Fair Lady Anne,” says Sir William Compton, “you see before you three gentlemen Cavaliers, who, in performance of a solemn vow, have desperately ventured into your presence in order that you may decide a matter which is of the last importance for each of us.”

“Unless it be a matter of life and death,” says Squire Hales good-humouredly, “please you to sit down all three of you and refresh yourselves.”

“I thank you, Master Hales,” says Sir William, twirling his moustache, “but for myself, circumstances prevent my doing so until we receive an answer from the Lady Anne. We have, however, presumed to come into your house on that general invitation so hospitably given on your published broadside.”

Then Sir William turns again to the Lady Anne.

“Lady Anne,” says he, “the matter is this: myself, Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and Sir John Mayney have long, as you are aware, been seeking for some opportunity to approach you. Sometime back we ventured to assail your fair hands with flowers and your windows with music. But all

attempts to gain an interview were defeated by servants and others."

"Oh, oh!" and "Forsooth!" and some such exclamations from the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton here perplexed some present.

"At length," continued Sir William, "we bound ourselves by an oath to take no refusal from any, but to gain an interview without loss of time."

"I thank you for your good music," says the Lady Anne, "also for your flowers; but this gentleman," she adds, laying her hand on Ned Hales' arm, and then stops, for Sir William proceeds—

"We have just arrived from Bocton Malherbe, where we learnt that you had left to attend this great loyal meeting, which Master Hales has so timely assembled. But now for our business. We desire to know, fair Lady Anne, whether you will allow us to dispute for the favour of your smiles in a fair passage of arms—either with lance, back-sword, small sword, rapier, or any other weapons—and promise some hope to the conqueror?"

Some consternation was observable in many countenances, but others perceiving plainly that the young gallants were in ignorance of what had taken place were moved to mirth. Especially the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton, who were beyond measure entertained.

But now Ned Hales thought it high time to speak.

“Sir,” says he, addressing Sir William, “I can answer the question you make in behalf of yourself and friends. The Lady Anne, I am sure, desires no fighting; for when any two of you are killed, the survivor will have to slay me ere he can be favoured as he desires, for she hath pledged her faith to me in church not an hour since, of which circumstance I am sure you are not aware.”

This speech, which caused an explosion of mirth from the company present, affected each of those gentlemen who were answered by it in a different manner. Sir William burst out a-laughing, carrying the company with him to a longer peal than they had otherwise ventured; Sir Bernard Gascoigne, turning red, seemed far more abashed than pleased; but Sir John Mayney blanched to a death-like hue—and I ought here to remind you that he was the only one of the three who had ever had the honour of speaking to her before.

“I think,” said Sir William Compton to the other two, “that we had best shake hands with each other—and, if allowed, with the bride and bridegroom also; for what was lately serious, now turns to a jest.”

“There is another fair lady here, Sir William,” says the Lady Aucher, “who is like to grow a beard in despair”—

“Peace! I pray you, Lady Aucher!” cried I, perceiving that she was about to revive unpleasant

memories for me; and so she ceased before any knew what she meant.

“Welcome to Tunstall, gentlemen!” says Hales. “Lady Anne drinks to you! The company drinks to Sir William Compton, Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and Sir John Mayney!”

And so was this curious incident happily ended.

“Here comes Master Lawes, who went with us on a goose errand to Bocton Malherbe,” says Sir William Compton. “Lady Anne, I do present Master Lawes to you, and Master Lawes his merry men to Esquire Hales—with whose permission I will now desire you, Master Lawes, to make us some sweet and cheerful music.”

Which Master Lawes (that celebrated master of the King’s musicians, who, with other loyal persons, had recently been chased from London) very obligingly did. I will give you the first verse of a song that was made in honour of the Lady Anne. It was called

#### LOYALTY.

By right divine my lady reigns,  
 My only law her sov’reign will;  
 Throughout love’s wide and fair domains  
 There’s none like her the throne to fill.  
 Proudly I’ll evermore serve as her vassal,  
 And faithful unto the death I’ll be,  
 Guarding the honour of her snow-white banner  
 With its golden legend of loyalty.

# Thirteenth Inscription.



To

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBER-  
LAND.





## CHAPTER XXIX.

### IN THE SHOOTER'S MEADOW.\*

ANON we all walk forth into the Shooter's meadow, where the younger folk of the commonalty pursue their sports, such as stool-ball, crickets, † &c., on the green grass, while their elders sat drinking at the tables, which were set up under the shade of the trees bordering it, as if no danger was menaced either by Committee or Parliament. Every hat was doffed, and loud cheers given, with cries of "Long live Squire Hales and Lady Anne!" as our now very considerable company (for the wives and daughters of many gentlemen came with them) went round that field.

Master L'Estrange—finding a stage, erected under the pretence of cudgel-playing, occupied by some who did belabour one another with skill and patience—did draw away those persons, and those attending to them, by starting running, wrestling, and jumping matches elsewhere; and took possession of the stage, where came many others by invitation, both ladies and gentlemen,

\* A large field at Tunstall still bears this name, highly suggestive of militia musters in olden days.

† I find one mention of "crickets" at an earlier period of the reign of Charles I.

which the people seeing, and also hearing a bell ring there, they all run towards that stage incontinently, knowing that the proposed debating of the petition is now about to commence. And anon Master L'Estrange, ready to begin speech, is perceived standing on the platform, for he was tall and overtopped most of them. He desires silence; and very soon there was so little noise that you might have heard the larks—which are always in great abundance about here—singing high in the air. Master L'Estrange his speech was to the following effect:

“My very good friends, by the permission of Esquire Hales, who is I think known and beloved—not only here but all over your noble county—I will speak a few words about the petition which you are unanimous to go on with. But as there may be, and I hope there are, men of piety here; it is expedient—if they have more reverence to the Parliament than to the Church or the King—that they should pray that the Parliament, when it comes to receive the petition of Kent may be guided to a right course. I will tell you all of a prayer made by a worthy minister not long since in mine own county of Norfolk. ‘Give us grace,’ says he ‘to pray for the Parliament, but grant that they may no longer *prey* upon us and eat us up like sheep as they have done these seven years past’” (here was loud laughter). “I hope, indeed, that this godly Parliament will give over preying

and eating us up like sheep. Oh! how they have fallen back from their promises! We were to have freedom such as England had never seen, but what have they done instead? They have organized more tyranny than any nation ever yet suffered from. They took away the Star Chamber and High Commission, but they sent them down into every county. Committee-men, excisemen, soldiers do everywhere swarm, and will take our lives if they cannot get our goods without trouble. But I hope we shall soon be rid of them, and that they will be chased out of every hole and corner—even as you put the gallant Sir Michael to it the other night, and made him shew a clean pair of heels. But do not think that you have won the battle because you have driven away a few county forces and their colonel. No, you have a vigilant, a revengeful and a numerous enemy, who I fear will be found deaf to the voice of reason and justice. You have a Parliament who began by scaring away their fellows who differed with them—a Parliament that broke their oaths of allegiance, made war upon their Sovereign, robbed the Church and persecuted all good subjects. When by the power of the money which they robbed, they had beaten the King's forces, they rested not till they had him fast in Carisbrooke. They have handed him over to the army their masters—and I could even bring those before you who know there is a plot in the army to murder

the King, which the covenant which begat them all, bound them to protect. They brand our petition as seditious; they slaughter the Surrey men for humbly presenting a similar one. But a little bird tells me they shall not find Kent so tame, or rather so incautious. No; you will be armed and led to the doors of Westminster—you will do no violence, but you will be prepared to resist it. His

Majesty, now miserably afflicted will provide that his fleet in the Downs—long usurped by rebels, but let me tell you, still hearty to the Crown—shall be at your service. Master Hales is your general. Is there a man who declines him? No; my friends, that shout was unanimous. And Master Hales hath as you know three arrows in his crest. You are not summoned to the Shooter's meadow for nought. With your assistance he will shoot you those three arrows. One for the King, one for the Church, and one for the people. So for a close gentlemen and friends, I will say—'God save the King! and God save Kent!'"

Here there were the very loudest of cheers, and hats flew up in the air by scores and hundreds. Hales then said a few words, accepting the command of the petition of Kent, which were received with acclamation.

After which, one called for three groans for the schismatics and three for the Committee of Kent—and these were also given. And now Master Lawes having gotten on to the stage with his men

was introduced by L'Estrange to the concourse, as having a song that was very suitable to the occasion; copies of the words whereof had been printed by Royston, and circulated amongst that crowd. The following (ascribed to Lovelace) is from one of those copies, and was given in mighty fine style by Master Lawes, under the title of

## INVICTA!\*

## 1.

Though Derby House † resisteth Fate,  
 And base Committees vex the realm  
 While darkly drives the ship of state,  
 With rogues and varlets at the helm;  
 Though liberty and laws be flown,  
 And treason works its wicked will,  
 The King shall yet enjoy his own,  
 For KENT is all unconquered still!  
 Our motto is INVICTA!  
 Since nought can heal the kingdom's rent,  
 We'll raise the cry of—"King and Kent!"

## 2.

What though the Royal standards all,  
 By treason torn at Naseby field,  
 Hang doleful in St. Stephen's Hall,  
 The rebels yet those spoils shall yield;  
 And Fairfax, and his Roundhead peers,  
 And all who work the kingdom's ill,  
 Shall thence be pulled forth by the ears—  
 For Kent is all unconquered still!  
 Our motto is INVICTA!  
 Confusion to the rogues be sent,  
 And let the cry be—"King and Kent!"

\* The motto of Kent.

† The Committee of both kingdoms sat at Derby House.

## 3.

At Carisbrooke, by fraud confined,  
 The Royal eagle fast they mew ;  
 While traitors turn it in their mind  
 How best the deed of blood to do.  
 But crafty Noll, and dreaming Vane,  
 Their deadly plots shall not fulfil ;  
 The King shall have his own again—  
 For Kent is all unconquered still !  
 Our motto is INVICTA !  
 And till our breaths and lives be spent,  
 We'll raise the cry of—" King and Kent !"

Whereat there was infinite clapping of hands,  
 and cries of—

" Well done, Master Lawes—we would gladly  
 hear that good song again."

After this the people were left free to divert  
 themselves, but by advice did depart to their  
 homes at a reasonable hour—not without some ad-  
 dresses on the part of others in favour of resist-  
 ing the schismatics to the uttermost. Meantime  
 Ned Hales with his friends did seriously consider  
 the posture they were in ; and with the advice of  
 L'Estrange, did make arrangements for organizing  
 of their forces. That evening, from all parts of  
 Kent, news did arrive of the agreement of the  
 people everywhere to the petition ; also that the  
 fleet in the Downs though kept down by their  
 officers, were full of loyalty to the King, and  
 wished well to the said petition.\*

\* Lord Clarendon gives a more brief description of the meet-  
 ing, and of Roger L'Estrange's speech on the occasion.

# Fourteenth Inscription

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(IN MEMORIAM)

THE COUNTESS OF CHARLEMONT.





## CHAPTER XXX.

### FURTHERING LOYAL DESIGNS.

STILL drawn by the loadstar, I could not see the Lady Anne making a circuit of the lawns, shrubberies and pleasaunce\* surrounding the new place of Tunstall without creeping after her. Many walks, beds, bosquets, and what not were at that time being laid out. With the Lady Anne were Lady Aucher, Mistress Hatton, Margaret, and others—I speak of the moment after the song I have mentioned to you had been sung, and some of the people departing, who had long journeys to go. Those three disappointed gallants did also follow in her wake. Sir Bernard Gascoigne, being a foreigner, was treated by her with a politeness which seemed half to console him for the chagrin he had felt. She did also name one of those new walks † after his name, calling it “the Gascoigne Walk,” a name which it bears to this day. The kind-hearted Lady Anne was I think

\* An ancient dame—the oldest inhabitant of the parish told me that as a child, she remembered what were thought to be traces of ornamental gardens, &c., about “the Ruins,” as they are called.

† A hundred years ago or so, this walk was remembered though the origin of the name is disputed.

sorely puzzled what to say to Sir John Mayney, for she perceived that he was in a miserably dejected state. As I was endeavouring to show some gratitude to Margaret Gray, she did not seem to trouble herself about me; but all she could do for Mayney was to present him to fair Mistress Hatton; who being a kind-hearted maiden, felt some sympathy for the disconsolate knight. But Sir William Compton, who required no consolation, was more highly honoured than any. She told him of a service that he might do for her and for the King, which I would gladly have myself performed, as I afterwards told her, but she could not suffer me on account of the peculiar danger to myself.

At Tunstall, ever since the time of the first owner John de Colombaris—who came\* over with the Conqueror—there were many doves kept. There were plenty at this time. Some of them being carrier pigeons, were I discovered, used by Ned Hales to carry on his correspondence with the beloved Anne. The commission she gave to Compton was neither more or less than to endeavour to plan an escape for His Majesty; and also to communicate to His Majesty what the Kentish men were about, and to pray His Majesty to come into Kent, and accept a guard which would be raised for his protection. Sir William

\* This is a mistake. His ancestor was however one of those who accompanied William I.

Compton like the rest of his family, was entirely devoted to the royal cause,\* and accepted the mission with alacrity. He undertook to carry a pair of messenger doves to Newport—and here the Lady Anne shewed that she did not forget me; for she commended Sir William to my sister—then a guest of Frances Trattle—as the most faithful agent he could employ. This project was communicated to no one but Compton and myself.

Before I proceed with my narrative, I must tell you something I omitted; and this was, that during Master L'Estrange his speech, I was not much pleased with the carriage of Master Gray, who did seem to throw cold water on the petition, and its promoters by divers contemptuous interjections, and he had even the boldness to speak to Master L'Estrange as follows on the subject of that loyal oration.

“Very well, Master L'Estrange,” said he, “you have stirred up the people finely against Parliament and army, but are you prepared to pay the cost of equipping them?”

“I thought Master Gray,” replies L'Estrange, “that you were by when Squire Hales said he would be answerable for the sum.”

“Truly, I was,” says Gray, “but you know very well it is you who suggests all.”

\* I have noted this circumstance in my story of “The Miller of Wandsworth.”

“Pardon me Master Gray, you are in error, I am but the mouthpiece of Kent, which is unanimous for the good work. What ho!” cries L’Estrange, “Brockman, Hales, Palmer, Peyton, Aucher, Courthope!—by your leave gentlemen, here is Master Gray retreating from his bargain.”

“What!” says Hales, coming up, “retreating from the bargain—I thought Master Gray, that you said you would oblige me in the matter?”

“So I did Master Hales,” says Gray, “and yet I would have you pause, as I do myself, in some consternation at the figure of the sum that will be required—

“*Imprimis*. So many men at so many days’ pay, comes to so much.

“*Item*. So many snaphaunces, at so much.

“*Item*. So many cases of pistols, at so much.

“*Item*. So many pots, breasts and backs, at so much.

“*Item*. So many swords, pikes, bodkins, at so much.

“*Item*. Horse and other furniture.”

“My worthy good friend,” replies Hales laying his hand on Gray’s shoulder, and interrupting his calculations, “did I not tell thee I would be answerable for the cost, how great soever it might be.”

“Ay, Master Hales, ’twere all very well if you were in possession. But the property that I have

to look to is in the hands of your grandfather who"—

"His grandfather be d——d!" says Colepepper, who had drank too much that morning.

"Fie, fie, sir," says Gray, "swearing will not further the business. Master Hales, to you I speak, 'twere well to consider in case the present affair succeeds not, how will you be able to pay your composition."

"Composition be d——d!" cries Colepepper.

"Peace, Colepepper in Heaven's name," says Hales. "Master Gray, I see you are unwilling to advance the money. Say the word and I will apply to Crisp."\*

"Faith," says Gray, "he will hardly be found more accommodating than I am. But come I will do what I can for you, provided some of these gentlemen will go security."

Master Gray very well knew that most of the gentlemen there had too far committed themselves to retire from their engagement. It was found they were ready to lend their support to Hales. Gray himself, did secretly wish, like all other Presbyterians to see the army party ruined, and therefore was disposed to run risks.

L'Estrange clinched the business by placing under the old man's nose a message from Sir Thomas Godfrey, to the following effect:

\* Sir Michael Crisp was an active Royalist, and lent large sums to the King and his supporters. He was at this time in Kent.

“We are looking to ourselves. Canterbury hath risen, and we are in possession of the magazine at the Castle.”

Upon reading this, Gray promised to procure £50,000 in a week, on being assured of 8 per cent.

“You are an honest man, sir,” says L’Estrange. “Ned Hales, we will march to Rochester when you please.”

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### SIR ANTHONY HIS SUMMONS ANSWERED.

It was indeed a very magnanimous proceeding on the part of Ned Hales to tear himself away from the beloved and beautiful Anne, at a very early hour on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, to march with us from Sittingborne to Rochester, while his fair remained at Tunstall with those ladies her friends, the Lady Aucher, Mistress Hatton, &c. Gray and his daughter left about the same time. It is believed by some that Gray did give the Lord Fairfax a very clear account of affairs in Kent. Indeed it is not unlikely that the said Lord Fairfax was at first somewhat undecided how to act towards the petition till Noll's beloved son, Ireton, having intangled him in the Independents' toils did urge him to the course he did eventually take. I have not time to say how the gates of Rochester being opened to us—Hales at the head of his troop, with a party of foot, numbering about 400 souls in all—rode in amid the acclamation of the people, and did proceed to seize the great old ruined Castle,\* wherein was a magazine of arms, which the trembling guards were ready enough

\* Upnor Castle was either at this time, or a little later, "taken in" (according to the phrase of the time) as the following

to surrender. Nor of how Lee and Westroe, members of Parliament, came from London to desire us to lay down our arms; but being presently confined, were compelled to make terms for themselves. Thence we marched to Maidstone. But Ned Hales, not unmindful of the summons of Sir Anthony Weldon, which was delivered at the door of Tunstall Church, did decide to appear before the Committee; but not in the manner Sir Anthony and his fellows anticipated. Upon the 23rd we came down upon Ricaut's house† with our colours flying (St. George's banner,‡ a red cross in a white field), trumpets sounding, our foot armed with pikes, our horse with swords and pistols. Also we had with us a small mortar-piece in a waggon, which Mitchell and his men did zealously guard. Sir Peter Ricaut's house is half a mile from Aylesford, and formerly a friary, was now used by the Committee of Kent as a magazine of arms, and secure fortress to sit in and do their dirty work. For with a good wall all round, and the river Medway defending one side

from informations sworn to some years afterwards shews:—"Mr. JOHN ROBERTS did carry away the Governor of Upnor Castle (Major Brown), and did take the Castle for the King." Whether Col. (Sir Thomas) Colepepper had a hand in this or not I do not know; but he applied to be made Governor of Upnor Castle at the Restoration.

† This very picturesque house on the Medway is visible from the railway between Rochester and Maidstone. It was the property formerly of Sir William Boteler.

‡ The motto was most appropriate.



of it, if properly held it could scarce be taken by surprise.

The fears of the Committee had instructed them to surround the house and gardens with a strong stoccade; also the outermost gate was flanked by a rampart of earth on either side. Ned Hales, who, with the other gentlemen, did not wish any blood to be shed, but at the same time was determined to do something, sent me with a trumpet, which I commanded to sound, and then went forward to the front of that outermost gate. And now I became aware of several ladies upon the top of the rampart, but safe behind the stoccade which was outside all. They were plainly visible over the said stoccade comfortably seated under flowering lilacs, and some of them plying their needles and thread, feigning to be quiet, good housewives. Conspicuous among them was Mistress Beales, whom you may remember at the Christmas feast at Heppington, and she did take upon herself to demand what I wanted blowing and making that music?—that if I wanted the Committee, they were abroad at present, and other excuses of a like nature.

I told her if it were so we must seize the place for the King, and she must cause the gate to be opened.

“A pretty thing,” quoth she, “to open the gates to a parcel of disorderly gallants and lacqueys! No, forsooth, we hold our honour too

dear," which decision the rest, though frightened, seemed to approve.

"Madam," said I, "your honour is safe enough"—(and for myself, I am sure I felt no desire to assault that great raw-boned woman. No, indeed!—nor any of my company, I daresay). "In short, madam," said I, "I cannot carry back such an answer to my general, and therefore I shall order the trumpet to blow until your husband returns from abroad."

"General!" says she. "What general?"

This further speech—though she raised her voice manfully—was drowned in the music. But the trumpeter (trained music was he of the auxiliary county forces), perceiving a man's beaver behind her, ceased.

"Come away, my heart!" whispers the voice of Beales—adding somewhat more that I could not catch.

"Oh! thou hast ruined all!" cries his wife, "this comes of not attending to my advice, to hang two of the petitioners in every parish—we are undone, ladies; let us hence. But ere they enter to touch me, I'll fire the magazine."

Beales retired not parleying with us, for Sir Anthony Weldon here appeared to do it himself. Looking at me for an instant with his monkey eyes, he remembered me in spite of my disguise.

"This is of a piece with the rest," says he, "to

send an outlawed boy here with a trumpet. Well, what would you?" he cries.

"Answer your summons to appear before the Committee of Kent," says Ned Hales, coming up—"and this is my answer—I pray you, Sir Anthony, surrender this place to the petitioners. We cannot leave this county with strongholds full of arms like this behind us for you to domineer over our poor brethren while we are to London with the petition."

"We hold it for the Parliament," says Weldon.

"You must deliver it up for the King," says Hales, "and you had best do it peaceably."

"Not to such tatter-rags as you bring with you," says Sir Anthony Weldon; and without another word he runs down the rampart out of sight.

Hales, I, and the music go back and consult with L'Estrange. It is decided to abstain, as far as possible, from violence; but it being the earnest desire of Mitchell and his fellows to shoot a grenadoe into that place—we so far agree that they may throw one over for to scare them into submission. But some are told to break the stoccade in some convenient place, while Hales his troopers are sent scouting round about to observe if a sally were intended. Meanwhile I get to the edge of the river under the trees below the house, and then perceive Mistress Beales—notwithstanding her bold speeches—embarking with other wives of the Committee in a boat—certain

schismatic soldiers helping them with their trunks and coffers.

“Hilloa! ho!” cried I, shouting, “look to the river! They are on a retreat!”

When clap goes Mitchell his piece, and his bullet, or rather grenadoe, whistling up through the air, clearing the house, falls with a splash into the calm river; and away run the wives of the Committee back into the house screaming like a parcel of wild fowl.

’Tis my belief that Weldon, not knowing we had artillery there, did think to amuse us with a defiance, or a defence, until all the living, as well as more precious baggage of the Committee, and also some of the good store of arms should be carried down the Medway as far as the landing-place on the other side, where they had provided wagons to carry all away to London.

So thought L’Estrange, I know—who had had some experience in wars, having served in Prince Rupert’s troop, and been at Newark and other places—and was encouraged to fall on. The stoccade was very stiff, and ere it could be chopped through with axes, Mitchell and his men broke through the outer gate, and pell mell we rushed in. I was of the number, but was rather disappointed to perceive that we were confined between the high walls of a passage, at the end whereof was a gate-house flanked by cross-shaped crenell windows on either side, and also guarded by casements above,

from all of which matchlocks were pointed. But presently all danger was at an end. The stoccade having been chopped through this gatehouse was like to have been taken in rere, and so incontinently all the matchlocks disappeared from window and crenell. A white sheet was hoisted from above; the door opened, and forth comes little Bix waving a white napkin to ask for terms. The fact was that Sir Anthony, who seemed so cocksure of holding out, had no more thought of it than Mistress Beales, for the place was not fit to stand a siege, and nearly all their men were on Pickenden Heath at that moment, where Sir Michael Livesey was mustering all the rebel schismatics he could. Conditions were soon signed. The Committee, or such of them as were there, with their wives and all their men, to be allowed to depart with such weapons as were necessary for their flight elsewhere; but the magazine to be delivered up without spoil or damage of the arms (or blowing up of the powder by Mistress Beales). All which was accomplished. Mistress Beales—having first seen all her own trunks embarked—valiantly conducted the rest, such as Mistress Kenwrick, Mistress Blount, Mistress Plummer, and Mistress Bix into the boat. We had not been able to perform such an exploit as to capture a strong place with five drakes and 4,000 muskets (powder and match proportionable) had we not been aided by some veterans who had

helped to defend Basing and famous Donnington Castle.

But I must not forget Mistress Beales her parting speech—

“Oh!” quoth she, “I had thought to be the last out of the house, but odds-boddikins I am as well pleased to be the first.”

I observed that she alone of all these ladies was cheerful and hearty. The rest had doubtless some apprehensions of the journey they were to make, having been screamed at and pelted by the women of Maidstone the day before as they had ridden fast through that town in their coaches to shelter in the house they were now leaving. Oh! had Ricaut’s house been taken by women, those fair ladies of the Committee had not got such favourable conditions! Their haughty demeanour and fine airs—albeit silvered o’er with pious grimaces—would I doubt have been visited upon them.\*

\* The capture of this “Friary” is more briefly described by Matthew Carter, who does not say that L’Estrange was there. A diurnal, however, of the 25th May says that “L’Estrange that had the pardon of the Parliament is now one of the chief actors” (*i.e.*, in the Kentish rising); “four or five hundred horse went last night to seize Aylesford, but the Committee had sent away most part of the magazine.”

**Fifteenth Inscription.**



To

VISCOUNT STRATHALLAN.





## CHAPTER XXXII.

### RIDING UP AND DOWN FOR THE PETITION.

THE general infection was such in Kent, that many of those zealots and fanatics who were most obnoxious to the petition—because indifferent to His Majesty's and the kingdom's sufferings—did begin to be favourable thereunto, and no wonder, for the tide of returning loyalty carried all before it. City, town, and hamlet rose. “King and Kent!” was the cry, and scorning the warrants of the Committee, the people readily took up arms at the invitation of the loyal part of the gentry. Magazines everywhere were seized; Ashford, Faversham, Tunbridge were taken in about the same time as Aylesford, and the prophecy of—

Scot's Hall  
Shall have a fall

was verified, when that fell in also. Master L'Estrange having described the affair of Pickenden Heath, I will say nothing thereof.

Orders having been given for the arming and equipping of the petitioners generally, L'Estrange spake as follows to the general :—

“Ned Hales, by your leave, I think you could not better employ the breathing time given you by

the treaty drawn up at Peckinden Heath than by visiting persons and places to stir all to zeal and forwardness, for indeed 'tis no child's play we are upon."

Oh, what a sore temptation to ease and pleasure had Ned Hales, with the lovely Anne waiting very patiently his return to Tunstall! He, however, swerved\* not from his determination, and from Maidstone we went on our travels immediately after the affairs of Aylesford and Picken-den Heath. We found the greatest alacrity everywhere, though some were cold and gave evasive answers, as for example the Rev. Master Belcher, minister of Ulcombe, to begin with, who, near dawn, we found leading a calf and a lamb into Leed's Castle, pretending the grazing of it there, but really—as we afterwards did discover—for to bribe the soldiers there to give him a secure lodging.† One we found had taken to bed (and

\* "Mr. Hales being of a more noble and virtuous gallantry than his years might speak him to be, had upon his first engagement made a resolution not to see home till he had seen the army in a formidable posture."—*True Relation*, p. 71.

† The following quotation from the examinations of witnesses (1650) during the often-repeated inquiry into the delinquencies of 1648 throws a curious light upon the state of Kent at this time:—"On Thursday night before the fight at Maidstone, a little before day, this exte. went with Mr. Belcher, minister of Ulcombe, to Leeds Castle, being then in possession of the State against the insurrection, and carried with them a lamb and a vealer—this vealer being this exte's, and ye lamb Mr. Belcher's, and when they came to the said Castle, the captain thereof, viz., Captain Franklin, saying he had no victual, the said Mr. Belcher proffered to send a pair of fat oxen, which afterwards were sold at between £28 and £30. And this exte. and the said Mr. Belcher gave unto

was thought to be very sick) on the first mention of marching with the petition to London, while another, with affected bluntness, swore a d—m—e that he disapproved of putting the county into a tumult, and was equally against the promoters of the petition and the opposers thereof—a kind of Squire Galleo that cared for none of these things. Against such instances I would set off the case of an ancient gent—who had flourished as far back as the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth of famous memory—who, sitting gouty and nearly blind in his chamber, in his old jerkin and yellow starched ruff, did say—

“ I owe somewhat to the Crown, and though I have long been too old to fight for His Majesty, I am ready to pay my composition. I have already put my hand to the petition, and am both ready and willing to be present at the hanging of one or all the Committee, provided I be carried thereto, for walk or ride I cannot.”

the souldiers at the Castle 5s. apiece, and afterwards business going so high, and hearing that the Committee had to fly for their lives, this exte. and the said Mr. Belcher thought it their best way to shift as well as they could for theirs.’—(Uncaledared), *MSS.* State Paper Office.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SANDWICH.

BEFORE we left Tunstall, I had told the beautiful Lady Anne that I had not forgot her good advice at Canterbury, and that I was very desirous of doing some good service for my king and country. She begged me not to venture overmuch, which entreaty did, however, incline me to an opposite course. (At this time I had determined, since I could not get her, to go to my grave a bachelor. But enough of such love thoughts) Mitchell the boatswain and his fellows put it into my thoughts to attempt somewhat with the fleet. Telling Hales I had a plan to communicate with Lieutenant Lisle at "The Bell" at Sandwich, where I secretly arranged an interview, I left Ned Hales somewhere about Ashford. Towards Sandwich I went, Jack Gayer having been my pioneer in the secret undertaking. I fell in with Sir Richard Hardress, Master Anthony Hammond, and Sir Anthony Aucher, and other gentlemen, with about two hundred men all mounted as dragoons, who had gotten arms out of Ashford magazine. Sir Anthony bade me ride with them. We arrived at Canterbury gate\* at dusk in a pelting rain,

\* No longer existing. Strand Street and Ash Road led to it. Traces of earthworks defending the ditch are still plainly to be seen.

somewhat fatigued with long marching. Here the marvellous intelligence surprised us that His Highness the Prince of Wales had come out of France and was lodged in the town, the gates whereof were shut and guarded.\*

“What!” saith Sir Richard Hardress, “the Prince of Wales in Sandwich? They shall not refuse me, by ——. I am a deputy-lieutenant, and I have a right to wait on His Highness.”

And he tells those who guarded that gate that he will have it open. Finding they refuse to do so on their own authority, he sends a summons to the Mayor, swearing much at the trouble they gave him. After a time comes one of the Jurates and looks over the wall with a hood over his head, who says that the Mayor dares not for his life risk the displeasure of the Prince, and that especially no armed parties can be admitted.

“What!” quoth Hardress, “I am not to be balked, by ——. Your walls are not so high but what we may suddenly hop over them if the gates be not set open. I mean to wait upon His Highness if he be really here, I will by ——, and my men shall guard him too!”

For having heard of such tricks, he did really suspect there was some waggery.

“Is that the voice of Sir Richard Hardress, Bart.?” says that jurate very respectfully.

“Ay, truly, and no one else,” says Hardress.

\* By order of Vice-Admiral Rainsborough, who reported the arrival of the Prince to the Speaker.

“I ask your pardon, Sir Richard; I did but parley,” says that jurate, “to be certain that you were here. ’Tis his worship the Mayor’s orders that if you came here in person you were to be admitted. Open the gates freely for Sir Richard Hardress!”

And with that the whole force marches into the town of Sandwich, very well pleased to have hopes of shelter from the rain.

Sir Richard Hardress and the other gents busied themselves in securing the town, changing the guards, seizing the magazine, and inquiring after monies of the Mayor. By permission I left them and went to “The Bell” to look for Lieutenant Lisle, the boatswain and his men attending upon me.

On our way we stood a short while under the windows of Captain Forstall’s house, where His Highness the Prince was said to be lodged. Here was a crowd of persons trying to catch a sight of His Highness, and listening to the speeches, proposing his health and other toasts, and to the pummelling of the table, and cries of “Here’s to your Highness!” “Mr. Prince, I drink to you heartily!” and such-like.

We did hear from that crowd many interesting particulars concerning His Highness—how he had arrived out of France in a forlorn condition, namely, in his pantoffles, both weary and dirty, in an old rusty black suit not worth sixpence, with sad complaints of ill-treatment from his papist mother Queen Henrietta Maria, who he said did not long since offer him a paper of ratsbane in a

glass of sack because he would not embrace her religion (which latter story we did believe to be an invention of the ignorant rabble). Further we were told the name of a tailor and sempstress who were appointed to prepare suits of rich apparel suitable to his high estate, till which he would make no public appearance at all in the town. Also how, before Captain Forstall did take him away from "The Bell," where he first had lodged, to his own house, Master Such-an-one did present His Highness with a hundred pounds and three bunches of sparrow-grass. The first night of his entertainment he had gone presently to sleep over a bottle of white wine, and indeed every night was carried to bed more or less insensible,\* which I was sorry to hear, as he was said to be managing the affairs † of the kingdom in behalf of his imprisoned father at that time.

It was esteemed a great honour unto Sandwich that he had come there. I stayed not long under His Highness's window, but hasted to "The Bell," and while Mitchell and his fellows did refresh themselves with ale and other matters—for they had had nothing to eat all day—made my way into a chamber by hazard, where, round a candle and bottle of wine, sat a party that I had not expected at all to see. True Lieutenant Lisle was there, and so was Jack Gayer, but with them hobbing and nobbing, to my surprise, appeared

\* These particulars are all historical facts.

† Before this period the Prince's Council was in Jersey.

that miserable rascal Sir Michael Livesey and old Gray jovial drunk! Jack Gayer, not being permitted to have a glass, nevertheless had been taking his share by deftly snatching and emptying the glasses of the rest as he found occasion. He was lively, but not intoxicated, but Lieutenant Lisle and the rest, as I said, were fuddled, or seemed so. Jack Gayer, who was the only one who knew me, accosted me with a wink, and beckoned me to his side, and when I assayed to speak, pressed my toe and leered viciously at Livesey. I felt that there was some strange business being considered.

“Sir Michael will drink to the Prince and the cause,” says Gray. “Hilloa, good youth, who may you be?” he adds hiccoughing, his eyes dancing upon me without sufficient intelligence to see.

“A friend to the engagement, sir,” says Gayer, and then whispers, “Pull your hat more over your brow, shake hands round, and feign to be drunk.”

I did as he told me. Sir Michael and Gray looked at me. I think the former had enough sense to be deceived into the idea—first, that I was some gentleman of the town; second, that I was drunk like the rest of them.

We drank what Gray proposed.

“What the divel is the meaning of that toast?” quoth I, in a whisper to Gayer.

Again he pressed my toe, and looked at Livesey, who I perceived was about to speak or rather to whine—



“ Oh, how timely is this accommodation ! ” says he, “ what a world of bloodshed it will save. There is no more need for Lieutenant Lisle to talk of the petition. We have our good Prince, our Presbyterian Prince. Worthy Rainsborough is for him. Fairfax will favour him. The men of Kent will declare for him. The Lord will help him. Let us seek the Lord for the Prince.”

I will spare you Livesey’s prayer, which was long enough, and ended with somewhat for the godly army, that it might not be disbanded, but maintain the execution of Parliament ordinances, and the suppression of mutineers and rebellious petitions.

“ Whence did his Highness come ? ” says Gayer, with a face of feigned interest, which changed very humourously when Livesey was not observing him. “ I did not hear whether he be a prisoner or otherwise.”

“ A prisoner ! nay,” returns Sir Michael, “ he came up from the westward with a fleet of ships,\* but he revealed not himself till he got here. ’Tis a good providence, a great providence, a mighty providence ! His Highness hath summoned the Deputy-Lieutenants of Kent, and the gentry generally to attend him at church on the next Lord’s day, by which time, I doubt not,” continues Livesey (who I begin to think is not drunk at all) “ some accommodation will be concluded upon by those at Westminster.”

\* *Sic*, in Rainsborough’s report to the Speaker.

“’Twill be well,” says Gray, “and better than the petition.”

“And you will keep the town guarded till they come,” says Gayer, in a half-mocking tone, which, amongst other things, seemed to me to shew that none of them there knew that the town had been entered.

Livesey made no answer.

“Come forth, I have somewhat to tell you,” whispered I to Gayer, and, suddenly rising to my feet, I walked from that chamber. Gayer followed. “What is all this,” I said, when we were without.

“Some roguery of Livesey’s,” replies Gayer. “I believe they have made the Prince of Wales a prisoner, and, imposing on his youth, are trepanning him into a new engagement to prejudice the petition of Kent, and secure the fleet. Livesey came hither from the port of London in the Black-a-moor Lady; the Prince, I know not from whence.”

“Do you not know that the armed forces of Sir Richard Hardress, with Sir Anthony Aucher and Master Anthony Hammond and others have seized this town for the King, and are even now changing the guards and securing the magazine?”

“What!” says Jack Gayer, amazed. I repeated and explained.

Jack Gayer cut a caper in the air, and rubbed his hands. He then said—

“Will you do me a favour, Rupert?”

“Readily,” said I, “if I can.”

“Then go to the chamber above this, and take care of Margaret Gray.”

“Margaret!—is she here?”

“Yes, and I fear she has given her promise to marry him.”

“To marry who?”

“Sir Michael Livesey. He owns half Kent. You know how he got his money—you also know that I desire Margaret for myself. Say a good word for me, for I know she detests Sir Michael. She will have good store of wealth. I mean to make a prisoner of Livesey.”

“Well, Jack Gayer, as you like,” said I, “but are you sure that His Highness the Prince of Wales will approve of restraint upon Livesey?”

“Faugh!” says Gayer, “the Prince is not his own master; I’ll wager you a shilling he is a prisoner in Forstall’s house, and the Committee of Kent are making a cat’s-paw of him to pull the chestnut out of the fire—I mean the petition. Go to Margaret,” says Jack Gayer, “I know you care not for her, for she told me so, but say a word for me.”

“Jack Gayer,” said I, “I will do what I can for you; but know that I desire a return. ’Tis my wish to serve the Lady Anne; for though I have lost her, I am still her faithful servant. You know the business I would negotiate.”

“Yes,” says Jack Gayer, “you desired to meet Lieutenant Lisle of the “Constant Reformation.” Have I not contrived that for you?”

“Yes,” said I, “but he is three parts drunk, and

can negotiate nothing. Jack Gayer you must do more for me than that if I am to speak to Margaret in your favour."

"Plague on it, man," says Gayer, "what can I do more?"

"You must make Sir Michael further my desires in the presenting of the petition to the fleet."

"How can I do that?" says Jack Gayer.

I thought how Bix did get away, and said—

"You must let Sir Michael away on his parole, provided he gives me and Mitchell and the rest a pass to go aboard of the 'Reformation.'"

"No, I'll be —— if he shall!" says Jack Gayer, "he shall go away on his feet if he goes at all."

I laughed, and explained the mystery of parole, which L'Estrange had instructed me in.

Jack Gayer then agreed to my terms, and said, moreover, that it would be an easy matter, for he knew that Rainsborough was on good terms with Livesey. He had some doubts, however, as to whether any such pass would serve me. Notwithstanding his doubts, I asked him to procure the said pass, which he promised to do if he could.

"You can, then," said I, "permit Livesey to escape out of your way. He will be glad enough to do so when he learns that the town is full of armed petitioners."

This was something which Jack Gayer had not calculated upon; but he soon saw that Sir Michael's detention might not be for his advantage, so our bargain was concluded.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### MARGARET IN TEARS.

“Ah, Margaret!” said I; “poor Margaret! what aileth thee?”

And the sight of her tears did move me to pity; and more did her desolate posture, for I find her with her head resting on the table, her arms stretched out before her, her hands clasped, sobbing and weeping after the manner of one who hath been at that sad exercise some hours together. My hand was gently laid on her shoulder—but no—she would not be caressed or comforted, though she was plainly strangely surprised to see me there.

“No, Master Lendall!” cries she, “begone; I may not entertain thee any more. Wherefore come you here now?”

“Oh, Margaret, I am truly thy friend. Do you not remember how—when you called yourself Faithful—we did promise to be true to each other.”

“Leave me,” says she, “I have fallen in thy estimation, and deservedly so, for putting on gallant’s clothes.”

“By no means,” said I; “Margaret were you not enticed thereunto by Sir Michael Livesey?”

“No,” says she, “I am without excuse. Nor did I believe at all that Sir Michael was he who indited the letter that caused me to quit my home.”

“Margaret,” said I, “is it true that you have promised yourself to Sir Michael?”

“Who told you of it?” quoth she, sitting up and looking at me with some curiosity.

“I know your father was ever favourable to his claims,” said I.

“Have you spoken to my father?” says she.

“He is in his cups with some others,” said I, “’twould be useless to speak to him at the present time.”

Margaret said nothing, but I was glad to observe that her tears seemed now assuaged.

I thought of the Lady Anne with a sad feeling.

“Margaret,” said I, “no one will persuade me to believe that superior devotion to me did cause you to desert your home and wear gallant’s clothes. No, I am not so vain as that; I believe that aversion to Sir Michael had a very great share in your act.”

“That is true,” says she.

“But, Margaret, is it not to be, indeed, lamented that you should cast yourself away as a pearl before a hog of a Committee-man, like Sir Michael Livesey, who will but turn and rend you, for he is a mean rascal, and altogether too old for you?”

“Alas, it is done!” says she.

“How?” said I, “are you irrevocably pledged to Sir Michael?”

“What could I do?” says she, looking at me reproachfully.

I took her hand in a respectful manner.

“Ah, Margaret, dear Margaret!” said I, “thou knowest that I have but a dead heart.”

“No, Rupert,” says she, “say not that!”

“Dead, dead!” said I, as the vision of Anne Wotton—lost Anne Wotton!—now the Lady Anne Hales came over my memory, “nothing can move me now. Friendship I may have, but love nevermore!”

She looked at me with I know not what in her face. Many mingled emotions were there.

“But if any one might be thought worthy of thy true affection, Margaret,” said I, “though he might not come up to thy fancy—oh, Margaret, couldst thou have pity?”

“What do you mean, Rupert Lendall? What would you say?” says she, eager, frantic, and—as it did appear to me—breathless.

“I mean,” said I, and I stopped because perplexed. “I mean,” said I, as with a violent effort I did collect my thoughts, which, being disturbed by her strange aspect, wandered—“I mean that Jack Gayer—my friend Jack Gayer—your father’s prentice, who was taken in—in—my place—is—is enamoured of you, Margaret; and is

desirous to know if you will break with Sir Michael on his account."

"Are you mocking me Rupert Lendall?" says she, rising to her feet, and speaking with a bitterness in her tone and aspect which I had never noticed before.

"No, indeed, Margaret," said I, "I speak the plain honest truth."

She stood regarding me with a fixed and sorrowful air.

"Ah, Margaret," cried I, "if it be true that you are really promised to Sir Michael, the pledge should be set aside, there would be power enough to do it. If your father will not relent, the Prince might command"—

"Prince!" says she, with a little painful laugh of scorn; and, so opening a door, she goes into an inner chamber which was her sleeping apartment.

"Margaret!" cried I, "Margaret!" and, after some further long pause, "Margaret, I have something more to say to thee, Margaret!"

But forth she would not come. I could not, as I had intended, inform her of Sir Michael's probable departure, nor of the town being in possession of the petitioners.

"How contemptuous she is of the Prince," thought I. "That is from her Geneva notions. The Covenant never did favour loyalty overmuch."



## CHAPTER XXXV.

### SIR MICHAEL ON PAROLE.

WHEN I retired from Margaret's chamber I found that Sir Michael's business and ours had been arranged. He had been made a prisoner without resistance by Jack Gayer, Gray having gone to sleep, and Lieutenant Lisle becoming more sober quitting the room, not to be afterwards accused of conniving at our plans. Jack Gayer was for handing Sir Michael over to justice, but I considered 'twas sufficient to accept the pass he had written for me and my companions, and to threaten the miserable rascal with certain vengeance if he attempted to interfere with us—a thing we thought he would not have the power to do. Sir Michael stipulated that we should see him safely forth of the gate next Deal. We knew he would go to Rainsborough, but we thought we should be round the fleet with the petition ere he could get to Deal Castle on his old shanks at that hour of the night. Mitchell had ascertained that the long boat\* of the "Reformation" was in the haven, not far from Quay Gate; and though it was said to have been brought thither by schismatics,

\* This long boat had brought "the Prince" to Sandwich.

Mitchell doubted not but he might seize it. Lieutenant Lisle advising us to make all the haste possible, proposed himself to go forth of Quay Gate, and see after the said long boat which he had not come in himself, having walked along the beach to Sandwich that same evening. He thought in the present disaffected condition of the fleet 'twould be sufficient to deliver a copy of the petition of Kent—which the fleet had not yet had for signature—to every ship in the Downs, and leave it to work effects, which he thought so loyal and reasonable a paper would do. All was now in good trim, as we thought. Jack Gayer and I conducted Sir Michael to the gate next Deal, and saw him put out of the town, much to his own gratification, for he was in mortal fear of discovery now that his enemies were in possession of Sandwich. Jack Gayer would have kicked him as he departed, but, as I considered it a thing too ridiculous and improper to be done, I prevented him. We then hurried back to the “Bell,” where we found Gray still asleep where we had left him; but we also found something that made me regret we had not handed Sir Michael over to justice. What think you 'twas? Nothing less than a memorandum book which the rascal had dropped accidentally—or perhaps by design, for fear of being searched—containing amongst other villainies proof not to be doubted that the invitation to meet his Highness at St. Peter's Church on Sunday was only a

desperate plot to seize the loyal gentlemen who were supporting the petition.

“You see,” cries Gayer, “my advice should have been taken. Now we must pursue and capture the rascal.”

We ran incontinently back to the gate, whence Sir Michael had been thrust forth. We went a little way; but, seeing nothing like a human being of any sort, agreed 'twas better to return, and report the matter to Sir Richard Hardress and organize a pursuit. We did so and roused that baronet from his sleep, who swore at us roundly, but gave orders to chase Sir Michael, Gayer to lead. I prayed to proceed on my attempt with the fleet, and at Aucher's intercession was permitted, though Sir Richard had a mind to secure both Gayer and myself for presuming to treat with one of the very chiefest of the rebels in Kent. You may imagine what impatience Mitchell and the rest—whom I ordered to remain at the “Bell” till I was free to accompany them—awaited my rejoining them. Lieutenant Lisle had not returned, but they concluded he would be found waiting for us in the long boat. With much pleasure at being at length free to go, we ran forth of Quay Gate without weapons—for we had no suspicions of danger—being armed with the peaceable petition of Kent to present to the ships. But we had not gone a hundred yards towards where we conceived we should find the

long boat of the "Reformation," when we fell into an ambuscade, contrived by the cunning Sir Michael, who had run round the town to a force of schismatics he had there (instead of going to Deal), and told them what we were going to do. Before we could say a word we were all laid by the heels, and being instantly bound hand and foot were thrown into the long boat which we had thought to obtain possession of. Lieutenant Lisle had beforehand been thrown there in the same manner.

**Sixteenth Inscription.**



To

ADMIRAL THE HON. P. P. CARY.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ABOARD OF THE VICE-ADMIRAL.

OH, the trim castles of the sea! How much would some of you who live in inland places marvel at their size and magnificence. Each ship is indeed a floating fortress, with her towering forecastle, her lofty armed poop, her banners flying bravely from the poles of main, mizen, and foremast.

You must imagine some dozen of these sailing citadels moored in the Downs in the form of a crescent, the Vice-Admiral in the centre between the two horns, apart from the rest.

The "Constant Reformation"—though not so large as that "Sovereign of the Seas," which cost His Majesty the affection of his subjects,\* though 'twas for the subjects' good that Britain might rule the waves of the high seas, and overawe what nation soever should desire to assault us either on sea or shore—this "Constant Reformation," I say, was a goodly ship with her divers quarter and half-decks rising one above the other, and towering into a noble elevation. She had of length

\* See Evelyn's diary under head of "Royal Sovereign" (built out of the proceeds of ship-money).

nigh 200 feet from fore-end of beak-head to after-end of stern, where were the two great lanterns of the Vice-Admiral, wherein several persons could stand nearly upright. Her greatest width was 35 feet. From the highest part of the poop to the bottom of the keel was 60 feet. Her lowest deck was furnished with demi-cannon throughout, with pieces proportionably lighter in decks above. She had also heavy pieces fore and aft for chase—all these cannons were of burnished brass. What though she could not vie with the gilded divel (as the Dutch did name "The Sovereign of the Seas"), yet was she a goodly ship and a great, and was ornamented at her beak with the figure of a fair woman hastening forward with an open Bible in her hand for to represent her title, "The Constant Reformation." Alas! too envious name, for how was our New-Light Reformation lost in the seething waters of popular discord, even as this fair ship was at last overwhelmed in the yeast of a tempestuous sea.

But, as you see from the heading of this chapter, I must go aboard—but, truly, in no bad temper—to admire this castle which I have described, for it was to be no other than a prison to me and my mates, till the pleasure of Colonel Admiral Rainsborough should be made known. Truly a fine culmination of my ambitious desires to serve my king and to shine in the eyes of my lost fair. But as we speed in the long boat



through the darkness of the night, we are not without faint hopes that we might be recognised, and that those hearty mariners who we knew favoured but little the schismatical party, would create for us some opportunity to escape. But the obscurity of the night prevented all discovery, and we were thrown, all except Lieutenant Lisle, into the hold of the ship, there to be secluded under charge of watchful zealots, who took care to prevent all communication with us. Biscuit and foul water was now our fare, and darkness our companion; and with day and night of one colour we soon lost count of time. The usual noises of a ship were here faintly heard, and some unusual, to wit the rough voice of Vice-Admiral Rainsborough holding forth and preaching—an exercise he was very partial to. His discourse we could not catch, but that it was hostile to the King we could well believe. For it is a chief point of religion with their sect to contemn, vilify and dispute all tenets which seem to favour loyalty. One of this Vice-Admiral's sermons did us better service than he could have desired. For our schismatical sentinel, who did affect to be very partial to this Colonel Admiral's preaching—perhaps with an eye to his own advancement—left a more moderate Christian in his place. This man, finding who the prisoners were, and what their crime, the intelligence soon spread through the ship; and in spite of all opposition, we were presently visited by a considerable

number of the crew, who revived our hopes by their hearty sympathy, not only of escaping the vengeance of Rainsborough but of doing the King service.

The men of this fleet were now no longer deceived by that false\* shibboleth of "King and Parliament" which had indeed been dropped, but were as full of simple loyalty to the Crown as they were of hostility to the Government they were under. Upon hearing our expectation of being suddenly and violently dealt with, they declared they would stand by us; and that with the exception of some amphibious men, our captors, who had been brought in by Rainsborough out of the army, there were not three men in the ship whom he could depend upon. So that if the worst should come we should run no danger. It is true that the captain and a lieutenant did interrupt our conferences, and ordering all men forth of the hold clapped us up again. But this did not avail much, for a great impression had been made. By my addresses to them concerning His Majesty's treatment at their hands—the horrible fate of the loyal Captain Burley, as well as a description of the heroic efforts of the gentlemen of Kent, some of whom were well known on board for hospitable

\* "We have long been pressed in the King's name, though against his will and interest," says *Declaration of Officers and Seamen*; "let us do him some real service in the time of his great affliction." See *Penn's Memoirs* i., 272.

and liberal entertainments—they were so much moved that they declared that if a convenient opportunity could be found they would not only sign the petition of Kent, but cast off all allegiance to the usurping powers, and apply to the Prince Admiral\* (next brother to the Prince of Wales) to take the supreme command of the fleet.

These assurances filled me with delight. When we were alone, Mitchell spoke thus:—

“By your leave, Master Lendall,” says he, “you are a friend of Esquire Hales, the General of Kent, and though you have had but small experience of the sea, yet have you much knowledge of many matters that common seamen are ignorant of. I think you could not do better than lead the mutiny, which, you see, the men of this ship are ready for. I will second you to the best of my power, and to begin with will mention, when the opportunity may occur, that you are ready to go foremost in the business.”

Said I, “My good friend Mitchell, I am at your disposal, and that of the men of this good ship for the furtherance of His Majesty’s interests. But it seems to me that our friend Lieutenant Lisle would be a person more desirable for the duty you mention.”

\* “The Duke having made his escape at this time, the seamen talked aloud that they would go to their Admiral.”—*Clar. Hist.*, Book xi.

“Sir,” says Mitchell, “officers be even more fearful than men in these matters. Lieutenant Lisle is brave enough, but not venturesome; and he has a wife and several children to suffer if aught miscarried. ’Twere best to exclude him from the business.”

Said I to Mitchell, “If indeed I could get a following, nothing would please me more than to take a bold part.”

Not long after this we heard much shouting. It was to Parson\* Kem, who, playing Rainsborough false, came on board with the petition of Kent, which he secretly distributed copies of, not only to this ship, but every other in the Downs.

Nothing could have been more unwise than Rainsborough’s whole carriage at this time. Fearing the disaffection of the fleet would only increase, he determined to diminish their supplies of food, and so did commence to shift the stores † into the castles on shore, which are here within half a mile of each other, viz., Walmer, Deal, and Sandown—Deal being more particularly favoured, since it was his own private command, where his family was lodged with him.‡ And his purser—not that loyal man whom I mentioned at Winton, but a peevish melancholic landsman—did second

\* See *Matthew Carter’s True Relation*, p. 34.

† See letter of four gentlemen of Kent to Lord Culpepper. *Clar. State Papers*.

‡ *Matthew Carter’s True Relation*, &c.

him in a manner still more foolish, for he chose on this very morning to serve out all the most rotten stuff that his store contained. This we plainly heard giving rise to talk like the following.

The men of divers messes were coming for their necessary supplies of food and what not for that day.

“Good pork, mate ?” says the purser to his man when he had served it out by weight.

“Good pork,” says the purser’s mate.

“Confirm all, and say—good pork !” says the purser.

“It is villainous bad,” says one of the crew.

“’Tis measly,” says another. “And stinks,” quoth a third.

“Ye should be content with what things ye have,” says the purser, and weighs out the beef.

“Good beef, mate ?” says he as before.

“Good beef,” says his mate.

“Confirm all, and say—good beef,” cries the purser.

“The beef is as hard as boards,” says one of the men.

“And as dry as an old bone,” says another.

But this the purser disputes, and goes on in like fashion to praise and distribute mouldy biscuit, musty flour, and beer that had come out of an old fish-cask, and smelt vilely—adding ever his “Confirm all,” and also some more admonitions that forsooth “they should be thankful to get

anything whatsoever in troubled times like the present, when the godly Admiral scarce knew whom to trust." At all which those mariners mocked with laughters and howlings, and jeering cries of "Confirm all," and end by not only refusing the viands offered, but fling it up and down also—much of it going about the heads of the purser and his mate, while the beer flowed even into the hold being all let run.

Hereupon the captain is forced to signal to Rainsborough, who was plying to and fro to the shore as I mentioned. He coming aboard, fears to make matters worse, and after some reproaches to the men who raised the combustion, orders the purser to serve out some better provision, which quieted them for a time; and the Admiral hastes again towards the shore, where matters, you will soon perceive, did not go according to his wishes.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### A COURT OF WAR ON MUTINEERS.

So here we are upon deck in the soft summer air; the sea with scarce a ripple, and the noble ship riding at anchor a mile or so from the shore in the order I told you of in my last chapter. Deal, and its castle and beach of shingles, spotted with smocks\* drying thereon, is in front—away stretcheth the low strand of Kent to the eastward, Sandown Castle and Sandwich town, and so on. To the west the land riseth from wooded Walmer to the cliffs of the S. Foreland. How green are the downs, as yet unburnt with summer heat! The prospect is fair. But another is before us—that of being tried for mutiny and other crimes.

Captain Penrose, and two other captains of ships then in the Downs, came on board the “Reformation,” and applied themselves to the execution of orders they had received from the Vice-Admiral. It was plain from their countenances that none of them were easy in their minds; and, indeed, the news they had gathered of the progress of the Kentish petitioners was calculated to cause them some apprehension.

\* Tonge in his *Diary* (*temp.* Charles II.) notices this custom.

However they went forward with the business they had come for. Lieutenant Lisle—whom we now perceived for the first time since our coming aboard—was arraigned with the rest of us. The trial, which was held in the round-house, lasted but a few minutes. The captains having written a very brief account of their decision left it with the captain of the “Constant Reformation” to deliver to the Admiral, and getting into their several long boats departed—not without being saluted by a strange murmur of voices which increased to a storm, the burden whereof was the word “Petition!”

They had not been long gone when the Vice-Admiral comes alongside in his pinnace, wherein was his small body-guard of land crabs; who, having like himself served an apprenticeship under Fairfax and Cromwell in the first war, had received a sea-baptism and become mariners—being, however, handier with pike, firelock, cutlas, and dagger than with ship tackle; though some, it is true, were as smart sailors as you might find. Out of the pinnace stepped Rainsborough; and mounting the poop, from that high elevation commands the prisoners to be ranged upon the quarter-deck in his sight. Then, putting on a pair of spectacles, he opens the letter of the council of war; cons it over, and then in a voice rude as Boreas, spoke as follows—

“I have called ye together for to tell ye what



my court of war have done for justice. I have borne with mutineers too long. I swear before the Lord I will no longer tolerate such. Parson Kem hath basely betrayed his trust, and come aboard this ship with a scandalous feigned petition. But I would have ye to know that I have sent after him. I have commanded every copy of the said petition which is found aboard of any of the Parliament ships to be cut in pieces, and by this hand, I will cut Parson Kem in pieces when I catch him. And now I tell ye, once for all, that the Parliament will not hear the petition so much as named; so let that suffice. Stand forth Lieutenant Lisle!"

Lieutenant Lisle, who was not far from me, makes one step forward.

"Take off your hat, sirrah!"

Lieutenant Lisle did so.

"You are found guilty of conniving to promote the petition of Kent. Thank your stars that the court of war are merciful, and do only require you to be censured. Go, repent, and try to perform better your duty to the Lord and to the Parliament, and to me." "Stand forth, Rupert Lendall!"

He did not tell me to take off my hat, for I had none, nor hands to lift it off, for I wore heavy fetters on my hands and feet, which jangled as I shuffled forward.

"Thou art a desperate and incorrigible villain,"

cries Rainsborough, shaking his fist at me. "Aha! have I caught thee? By the Lord, I will not let thee loose. My court of war has found thee guilty of divers great crimes. First, of high treason in raising a bloody mutiny at Winton" (he dared not mention Captain Burley's name for he knew not how the crew would take it); "secondly, deserting of this ship; thirdly, of using horrid threats against one of the honourable Committee of the county, if he would not help you to carry the scandalous feigned petition of Kent on board the ships. Know, therefore, that for these abominable and wicked acts, you are sentenced to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. As for you, Andrew Mitchell, boatswain, and the rest of you, your sentence is the same; but I will change it, in my mercy, to your being keel-hauled\* this ship in sight of the fleet. But to you, Lendall, being the chief mutineer, and a rascally fellow, scarce gotten into the ship ere you left it—I will shew no further favour than to advise you to repent of your crimes between this and five of the clock in the afternoon; for as sure as you stand there you shall suffer execution at that time, and I will myself come here to be witness thereof. Captain —, you will cause Lieutenant Lisle to see the yards squared and the

† *i.e.*, hauled from yard-arm to yard-arm under the keel of the ship—a barbarous punishment of ancient date in the navy. —See *Monson's Tracts*.

tackle reeved, and all other things needful by the hour named. What ho! man the pinnace again; and Captain —, I am for the Castle; and Captain —, the fleet is to prepare for sea—and send round to order all the ships' crews to be mustered upon deck at the time of the execution."

All on board remained with gaping mouths listening to this oration. At the end of it, a voice calls out the name of the Vice-Admiral.

"Who challenges me?" says Rainsborough, looking over.

"Andrew Mitchell, by your leave," says the boatswain, bowing.

"Well, sirrah?"

"I desire not to be keel-hauled, but to be hanged outright; and so likewise do my mates."

"Do you, forsooth?" says Rainsborough; "then by the Lord you shall, and Lieutenant Lisle shall see to this also."

And down into the pinnace goes Rainsborough.

The crew of the "Reformation" had been quiet while the Vice-Admiral had been speaking, and remained quiet when he had finished and while he departed. But the calm which is supposed ever to follow a storm, doth sometimes precede the same.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### SOMEONE TO BE HANGED.

THE silence which the crew maintained, according ill with the protestations they had so lately made, somewhat chilled our hearts.

The habit of obedience derived from discipline is a tight-fitting garment, which it is not easy all of a sudden to throw off.

For myself, though I did not altogether believe that we should suffer as ordered by Rainsborough yet was I disappointed, for it seemed as if his asserting of his authority had cowed the mariners into obedience. One of my fellow-prisoners did surrender himself to despair.

“ ’Twere well,” says he with whitened cheek, “ that some godly minister were sent to prepare us for the change! It wanteth but one hour of the time!”

“ Nay,” says the boatswain—“ if indeed we are let to die, which I do not believe, ’tis the Vice-Admiral who sends us hence. He must be answerable, not we. ’Tis our business to die like men, if die we must. Think upon Captain Burley; steel yourself, mate.”

The crew were still agape, irresolute what to do.

Then the captain something white, says, looking over from the poop :

“ I am sorry for these men, but you must prepare for their execution, Lieutenant Lisle ; after which we must weigh and make sail to stand in shore, for it is the design of the Vice-Admiral to punish the town for mutiny.”

“ Do you hear that, Mitchell ? ” says I.

But Mitchell steadfastly regarding of the captain and Lieutenant Lisle answered not.

The captain repeated his command.

“ Sir,” replied Lieutenant Lisle, as white as the captain, “ I cannot give the orders ; and more than that,” says he much agitated, “ I confess before the whole crew that my heart is not with the Parliament, and has not been this some time,” he paused, “ nor with the Admiral at all. This sword, sir—take it ! and put me in the bilboes if you like.”

“ Lieutenant Lisle,” says the captain, “ do your duty, I cannot accept your sword.”

“ Then the sea shall have it,” says Lisle, “ for I cannot serve either Colonel Rainsborough or the Parliament any longer.”

And with that, he flings his sword over the side of the ship, and of course, it presently sunk in the sea and vanished.

No sooner had Lieutenant Lisle behaved after this fashion, than the general spirit of mutiny became apparent. Though an order given by the captain himself to reeve divers ugly loops at the yard-

arms were obeyed by a few zealots, it was evident from the dogged air of the rest, that little service could be got out of them. And scarce had he given the command for to carry us back into the hold, than we were surrounded and our hands and feet made free. This the captain, much perplexed thinks proper to take no notice of, and begins to give the necessary directions with his own voice for weighing anchor, and getting under sail.

I employed my first moment of liberty to procure a perspective glass and look at the town. I perceived Rainsborough disembarking and going towards the castle; also that the town of Deal was all in a combustion—a great sheet of white linen being carried about, with the word “Petition” thereon, so large that it could be read from the fleet, and there was Palmer,\* being carried about on the shoulders of the people with waving of hats.

I shut up the glass; and while a fifer did play, “When the King shall enjoy his own again,” I added my weight to turn the capstan; and began to revolve at the same time a plan for a great deed.

“Hold,” said I to the rest who were turning of the capstan, “and please to stop your tune, Master

\* The father of one of the Palmers who fought in the “great rising in Kent for King Charles, 1648,” appears to have served on board one of the ships under Drake against the Spanish Armada. He commanded the “Antelope,” afterwards poor Captain Burley’s ship. He was an ancestor of the late Lord Fitzwalter.

Fifer, for it agrees not with 'King and Parliament.' We are going to weigh anchor and make sail for no other purpose than to approach the town of Deal, and thunder the great guns upon our friends, and upon the wives and families of our comrades."

"Hear him!" says Mitchell, "speak it aloud Master Lendall. Here are at least twenty who will stand by you whatsoever happens."

Then I did repeat what I said. Whereupon they ceased to work and commenced to grumble instead, and being questioned by the captain and some of the officers, informed them "that they would none of the bombarding of the town."\*

Said I to Andrew Mitchell.

"The time is now come, I will speak to the ship's company."

Getting up on the capstan, from the height of the forecastle, I then spoke as follows, plainly throwing into great consternation and trouble the captain and schismatic officers of the "Constant Reformation."

Said I, "We very well know how the fleet, beguiled by the promises of the Parliament, was seduced into serving *against* the King, under the pretext of declaring for 'King and Parliament'" (I remarked that my martyred brother-in-law, Captain John Burley, had more plainly perceived

\* It will be perceived that this account agrees in the most important particulars with that given in *Clarendon's History*, *Clarke's Life of James II.*, and *Matthew Carter's True Relation*, &c.

the designs of the Parliament at that time, and thenceforth had declined to serve).

“His Majesty,” said I, “is now in prison barbarously treated; his life imperilled; his person insulted. Let us do some effectual service unto him now, in the time of his great affliction. The Parliament subdued by the army is no longer a Parliament, but the tool of an armed faction. Will you make a stand for the ancient liberties of the kingdom, and oppose the cruel and deceitful enemies of our sovereign lord the King? Will you join the petitioners of Kent, and have him brought to London in freedom, honour, and safety for to treat with his Parliament?”

I was about to quote the other clauses of the Kentish petition about *the disbanding of the army of the sectaries, and being governed by the known laws and by no others,\** when my eye suddenly caught sight of something upon the shore. Along the green slope which descends continually from the South Foreland to Walmer and Deal, one thousand petitioners, coming from Dover, were marching—and some distance in advance rode about forty Kentish gentlemen, carrying at their head the ancient white banner of the Cross of St. George.

“See!” said I pointing, while all eyes were turned in the same direction, “the petitioners!” Said I, “They are coming to seize Walmer, Deal,

\* See “Kentish Petition,” already mentioned. The declaration of the navy was in the same terms.



and Sandown; they are coming," said I, raising my voice, and growing mad with excitement (as I perceived did also the rest) "to desire the fleet to declare" (here I fairly roared it out), "for the King, *against* the usurping Parliament!"

Then like a clap of thunder the whole crew burst into fierce huzzas, and ran up the shrouds and out upon the yards, and calling out for "King and Kent!" waved their hats, and gave another cheer more tremendous than before.

Then we did hear what we thought to be an echo of our own voices—but it was rather that of our hearts. The whole fleet had followed our example, and was cheering for King Charles.

When the men were tired of shouting, but not till then, they came down upon the deck, and it was perceived that the captain did desire to make some address to them. After a while he was permitted to speak.

"Gentlemen," says he very respectful now, for he could not choose to be otherwise, "the Vice-Admiral will come aboard presently, and he will doubtless desire to know what the signification of all this is"—

He was interrupted with groans for Rainsborough, and with cries that they did disown him as their admiral—and certain mariners surrounding me did hoist me up upon their shoulders, and with shouts proclaimed me as Vice-Admiral of the fleet. When they were quiet I addressed them, and told them that I would accept the office, but

only until such time as we should be able to communicate with the gentlemen of Kent, who would appoint Rainsborough's successor. I then directed them to arm themselves.

The captain seeing this done said—

“What, gentlemen are you going to cast off allegiance to the Parliament?”

“One and all,” cried the crew of the “Constant Reformation.”

After this, the captain and all other schismatical officers and men were seized and secured. This put them in great fear; but I assured them that no violence would be done to their persons, and that their property would be respected. The seamen now shewing an obstinate determination to pursue the design they had taken in hand, loaded some culvers, and armed the forecastle and other places, so as to sweep the decks of an enemy. I summoned Lisle to my assistance, and he consented to act as first lieutenant of the ship. We were now prepared for Rainsborough, who was seen approaching. He had been for some time watched by many in the fleet, and had indeed been deporting himself as if he had lost his wits; for seeing force coming towards the Castle, about the time we had observed it, he had posted himself on the leads of the roof, and swinging his sword about and cutting the air, did pretend defiance to those friends of the King.\* But suddenly hearing a noise from his own ship, and observing

\* *Matthew Carter*, p. 43.

the men running out upon the yards, waving their hats—with the huzzas I have described becoming general throughout the fleet—he became desirous of inquiring into that matter. The hour had also arrived that was to hang me and the other mutineers. Also, perhaps he deemed that the fleet must now put to sea for fear of further infection. At all events as I said, he was now seen approaching in the pinnace.

I was at this article of time standing alone upon the poop, wearing the baldric and sword of the captain of the “Constant Reformation.” Lieutenant Lisle being given to understand that it was the general wish of the crew to let Rainsborough know that the common seamen had originated this mutiny, had withdrawn himself from view.

I could see by Rainsborough’s countenance, which was turned upon me, that he was in great trouble and amazement to observe who was lording it upon the elevation of the poop. Nevertheless, he was suffered to approach very near without any manifestation against him, and so was perhaps emboldened to suppose that a mutinous design was at the last moment repented of. So a spectator might also have thought.

“Loose the foretopsail!” cries this Colonel-Admiral, who, perceiving a blue ripple on the sea, belike intended\* to weigh anchor and sail with

\* See *Letter from four gentlemen of Kent* (to the Lord Colepepper), which says, amongst other things, that “as soon as the seamen saw but one troop of horse on shore, they rose instantly and secured their commanders.”

the fleet into some region less infected with loyalty.

“Aloof! aloof!” cry a score of voices from the fore-castle.

“Lower the ladder,” says Rainsborough.

“Away water-rat!” is the answer, and then a general groan and mingled salutes of “Begone, Rainsborough! your reign is over!” “Pack to Westminster, and tell them we desire your company no more!”

And now Rainsborough calls on his captain and his lieutenants, but they, being secured and out of hearing, make no reply.

He is mad, furious, and at the same time very fearful, and there he remains looking wistfully at the ship as if meditating how he can scale the side thereof.

About this time I perceived another boat pulling in all haste towards the ship. It contained Rainsborough’s wife and children.

“Lower the ladder!” cries a voice, and “Lower the ladder,” is the cry.

“What?” said I to Lieutenant Lisle, who was within hearing of me, “are they going to let him aboard after all?”

“So it would seem,” replies Lieutenant Lisle, “but only to hang him I think.”

The ladder was lowered. Rainsborough took hold of it.

“Mount, mount, Colonel!” cry some in a jeer,

“all is prepared; the promotion you designed for others is reserved for yourself.”

Rainsborough, looking up and seeing the ugly running loops dangling from the yard-arm above his head, catches the meaning and scope of that invitation, and lets go the ladder suddenly.

It seemed not unlikely that the triumphing seamen might proceed to extremities.

I now approached the side of the poop, and said in a loud voice—

“Colonel Rainsborough, I have accepted the post of Vice-Admiral in your place until the Commissioners for His Majesty shall appoint your successor. I advise you to be gone quietly. The men of this ship and of the fleet will have nothing more to do with you. We are on a different design from you, and are for the King, and do intend to join the gentlemen of Kent in their just petition.”

This speech, which was accompanied by the shouts of those on board, put an end to Rainsborough's command at sea. He perceived the same, and fixed a half-fearful, half-vindictive look upon me.

His wife, who had been forced to fly from Deal Castle, coming up in her boat, now addressed him—

“Oh, Tom!” says she, “they say they will shoot upon the Castle if it be not instantly surrendered for King Charles, and Sandown is already betrayed.”

But indeed the case was worse than she made out, for shouts from the shore answering the ships were now heard, and it was perceived that the cross of St. George was flying not only upon Sandown Castle, but also upon that of Deal.

Vice-Admiral Rainsborough had neither fort nor ship to fly to for safety.

His wife perceived the posture of affairs.

“Oh, Tom,” says she, “why do you stand there saying nothing? If your men will not let you aboard, why do you not ask them to provide you with a ship for to go to London in? You know that General\* Cromwell will take care of you when you get there.”

But I did anticipate his request.

“Colonel Rainsborough,” said I, “we cannot spare you even the pinnace you are in, nor even the smallest cock-boat in the fleet; all are engaged to be employed only in the King’s service. Nevertheless the long boat is ordered to convey to the shore the late captain and some others from this ship. It shall also land you and your goods and servants.”

“There is a Dutch pink yonder,” says another in a jeer, “which is bound for London. You can get a passage in her for sixpence if you like.”

Others more hostile, climbing down into some boats that were in tow, alarmed Mistress Rainsborough, who perceived that they did probably resume their design to hang her husband. She

\* Rainsborough was much favoured by Cromwell.

went upon her knees and screamed out for mercy for him.\*

“Mind not her cries,” says one, who had been with me at Winton, “but bring the old thief aboard, and string him up as he did poor Captain Burley.”

Some cried “No,” and some cried “Yes,” and others said, “We will leave it to Lendall; Lendall shall decide.”

I remembered my poor sister’s tears flowing in vain, and how Rainsborough did actively pursue Burley to his death.

I said to Lieutenant Lisle—

“This villain was fierce against my brother-in-law.”

“Mercy is best,” says Lieutenant Lisle.

“True,” said I, thinking of Burley’s last moments. So I spoke—

“Put Colonel Rainsborough on shore with his wife and children, and hurt him not. Go, sir,” said I, “and in retirement repent of your crimes and treasons against our persecuted King. You owe your life, not to me, but to the martyred Captain Burley, who when about to die prayed that his enemies might be forgiven.”

Thus was this violent schismatic dismissed the navy, to be reserved for a sudden and bloody death a few months later. He went out of the pinnace

\* “They” (*i.e.*, the revolted seamen) “have sent up Rainsborough, whom they would have hanged but for the tears and entreaties of his wife.”—*Clar. MSS.*, 2791, Bodl. Lib., Oxford.

into a boat, and that night in a hired ship sailed away to Landguard Fort with his wife and family.\*

When the Admiral was gone, an ancient was put into the fore shrouds for to call a council of war. Captain Penrose tried to resist, but was forced to give way, and was, with other schismatic officers, set on shore.† The famous "*Declaration of the*

\* See reports from this place concerning his arrival there after the revolt.—*Tanner MS.*

† The following is a "Parliamentarian" version of the revolt :— "June 1st, . . . On Friday last Vice-Admiral Rainsborough came ashore at his own castle at Deale; the occasion was because some of the Kentish men had endeavoured to get possession of the Earl of Warwick's castle of Sandown, the Castle of Warborough" (*i.e.*, Walmer) "and this castle, which are all within a mile and a half of each other. And when the Vice-Admiral had done his endeavour to secure them, he went in a small pinnace to his command again at sea. And when he came to the ship which was under his immediate command, those which were in her forbade him to come aboard, saying they would obey him no longer, but would have the King brought to London, &c., and told him if he came on board it was at his peril, but if he pleased he might depart in the vessel he was in, and after many threats and other uncivil carriage towards him he came for London. When he was gone, they hung forth a flag which signified that there would be a council held, and the respective captains in all the ships were to appear aboard the Vice-Admiral, and divers of them met accordingly, but Captain Penrose came not. Wherefore they sent him three or four cannon shot, and afterwards sent a message to him commanding him in the name of the Vice-Admiral to come to the council, whereupon he returned answer that he knew the Vice-Admiral was not there, and therefore conceived they had not power to call a council or command him to come thither; therefore he was resolved not to go. This message was carried back, and upon the receipt thereof, about forty men with their swords drawn, and other weapons of war, came in another ship and told him that they were sent by the Admiral to fetch him. Captain Penrose asked who was the Vice-Admiral; they replied that his name was LENDALL. Then Captain Penrose said *he knew such a man was a boson's mate, but no otherwise*, and was resolved not to go with them. They said, 'We must force you.' The captain now addressed his speech to his own men in the ship, saying, 'Gentlemen, will you stick to me, and we will defend ourselves, and not obey this illegal order.' But contrary to his expectation,



*Navy*” was then made, and was signed by some of those who had been active in the business. It was afterwards printed. You will not see my name to that paper because I did always intend to vacate the post I had been forced into by circumstances.

The white ensign and cross \* of St. George was

he found a division amongst his own men, and many of them cried out, ‘Go, go!’ This being so, Captain Penrose being afraid of further mischief, and when he came aboard the Vice-Admiral he was forced to sign a petition, which he refused to do, and finding him whom they for the present had chosen Vice-Admiral to be the inferior man, which was but a boson’s mate, Captain Penrose said, ‘I will not join with you in this petition, nor approve of your course in refusing to be commanded by the Vice-Admiral which was put in by the Parliament, and I pray you, do you quite cast off all subjection to them?’ to which they generally replied, ‘they were for King and Parliament,’ &c.—See *A Letter from Kent (King’s Pamphlets)*, June 1st, 1648.

A Royalist diurnal about the same date is facetious about the matter. “We have excellent news brought to town,” it says, “how that the mariners have made shipwreck of that chosen vessel Mr. Rainsborough, and truly the son of the prophet whined hard for his life, or else they had made another Jonas of him, and sent him to take up his quarters among the whales and had-docks, there being no less than a whole squadron of ships in the conspiracy. But in pity to the divine water-rat they were so courteous as to set him ashore to beat the hoof home again, without coach and six horses, to make his moan at Westminster. O lamentable! The members cannot follow their mammon.”

\* The white flag, “with St. George his cross in it,” was the ancient flag of England at sea. Charles I., by proclamation 5th May, 1634, orders the Union flag (Jack) to be carried only by ships of war; merchant ships (English) to carry St. George’s Cross; Scotch, St. Andrew’s. The Government of the Commonwealth, by order 22nd February, 1648-9 decreed that “the ships at sea in the service of the State shall only bear the red cross in a white flag.” They appear, however, to have tacked on to it the Irish harp (yellow) on a blue ground. Cromwell’s hatred of the Scotch, and a desire to efface all edicts of Charles, probably dictated this regulation. “Cross and harp” on the copper coinage answered to “head and tail.” Pepys in his diary notices the aversion of Charles II. to the harp, no doubt because the emblem had been in favour during the usurpation.

now displayed on the foretop of every ship in the Downs, with the Royal Standard at the main, which very well informed the petitioners on shore what had been done. The leaders also, receiving a letter from us, were soon seen coming aboard of us in great force. I leave all loyal subjects to imagine the joyful reception we accorded to the gentlemen of Kent. Shouts, cheers, mutual congratulations, and shaking of hands kept us busy for some minutes; and though we were so strong for monarchy, we seemed a republic, for all ranks and degrees were confounded in the general gaiety.

Ned Hales stepped up on the poop in great amazement to find who was become the new Vice-Admiral of the fleet. L'Estrange could not be brought to understand it at all.

"Come, Roger," says Ned Hales, "remember where you are, and make a leg to the commander of the fleet."

Whereupon L'Estrange makes me a very profound salutation, as do Sir William Brockman, Sir Thomas Peyton, Sir Henry Palmer, Sir Anthony Aucher, Captain Hammond, the two Bargraves, and all the other gentlemen. I was told that Sir John Mennes was coming, and that he would probably assume the command.\* The pinnace being

\* Sir J. Mennes became captain of the "Swallow," a ship which he had before commanded.—*Clar. Hist.*, Book xi.

Colonel Richard Fielding was made captain of the "Constant Reformation," and Lord Willoughby Vice-Admiral of the revolted fleet. He was superseded by Prince Rupert, *ib.* Captain Ham-

sent back for him and some others, there came with them several ladies, amongst the rest the lovely Lady Anne, who, in too great excitement about the petition and the cause of the imprisoned King to remain at home, had followed in the wake of her husband to a friend's house not far from Deal, accompanied by the Lady Aucher and Mistress Hatton. (Colonel Hatton was at Dover with Sir Richard Hardress, and we heard the noise they were making there, thundering great guns upon the Castle to force Sir Harry Hayman to surrender for the King.)

I had the honour of assisting the beauteous Lady Anne on board, the ship being first dressed with waist clothes, and of first giving orders to man the yards and give the general's wife a hearty cheer. Her beauty did charm those sea-royalists as her forethought and bounty did enforce their gratitude, for she had bought some dainty provision and some choice wines on board, which were all bestowed upon the seamen, and more was coming; and a table was spread in the poop for the Commissioners of Kent. And there I made a throne for the Lady Anne, and she herself, with a silver cup in her small, dainty white hands, did propose a health to the poor imprisoned King, with a half-prayer that, with the help of the good and

mond and the two Bargraves (relatives, I suppose, of the Dean of Canterbury, not long dead) appear with Palmer to have remained on board.—See *Lord's Journals*.

true men at sea and on shore, he might be restored again to reign in peace over the three kingdoms. And I did give the signal, which had been before arranged upon, for to fire a salvo of small shot all over the fleet, which was nobly done with great triumph.

Then was the following song (which hath been ascribed, like other of the like loyal kind, to Lovelace) sung with some applause by one on board. It bears for title—

### The Revolt of the Fleet (1648).

#### 1.

When Warwick did persuade  
Himself to be a saint,  
And all the fleet betrayed  
To serve the Parliament—  
Oh then what fools were we !  
For I hear a small bird sing  
That the castles on the sea  
Should have sided with the King.

#### 2.

But a lady brave and fair  
Hath unrolled the banner gay,  
And each sword shall flash in air,  
And each sheath be thrown away !  
And of tyrants we'll be free—  
So I hear a small bird sing—  
For the castles on the sea  
Have revolted to the King !

#### 3.

Sea-loyalty ne'er fails,  
Fill high each cup and can,  
Here's a health to Edward Hales !  
Here's a health to Lady Anne !  
Once more we'll merry be—  
So I hear a small bird sing—  
For the castles on the sea  
Now are faithful to the King !

“Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !” once more rang through all the fleet, as we drained crowned cups to the toast. After which I conducted the Lady Anne into the pinnace, and she was conveyed to the shore with the other fair ladies. And it was near twilight, and there was a golden calm on the sea, when she slowly retreated from my view, as I well remember, and a mild and balmy air. But what I remember best of all was that the noble Lady Anne, with grateful tears in her eyes, had commended my attempt to help the King’s cause. At the very article of time that the salvo for the King’s health was fired, I did resign my command into the hands of the gentlemen commissioners ; and Ned Hales and the other gentlemen of Kent, leaving the gallant seamen to enjoy by themselves the good cheer provided for them, did quit the ship about an hour after the departure of the ladies. I did accompany them round the fleet and then on shore. This had been a day of great moment to the nation, and of strange adventure for me. Never before had such a thing been heard of as a boatswain’s mate (when expecting to be hanged instead) being suddenly promoted to Vice-Admiral of the fleet.\*

\* The following is given (in *The King’s Pamphlets*) as “*a perfect list of the ships that lately revolted from the Parliament* : (1) *Constant Reformation*, 56 guns ; (2) *Convertine*, 46 ; (3) *Swallow*, 40 ; (4) *Antelope*, 40 ; (5) *Satisfaction*, 38 ; (6) *Hynd*, 36 ; (7) *Roebuck*, 40 ; (8) *Crescent*, 40 ; (9) *Lelecan*, 40 ; (10) *Rainbow*, 40 ; (11) *Garland*, 40 ; (12) *Revenge*, 32.” The *Antelope*, however, was not in the Downs, as the following quotation

from a diurnal proves :—"At Portsmouth the *Antelope*, being summoned by the Earl of Warwick, Captain Bowen came on shore, and while he was seducing him, sailed off for the Downs and declared for the King." Some other ships joined the revolvers; for instance *The Constant Warwick* (see *Clar. Hist.*) "was brought to Holland by Batten, who was made Rear-Admiral." The *Black-a-more Lady* was another.

*The Declaration of the Navy*, alluded to in this chapter, is signed by Lieutenant Lisle, Andrew Mitchell, boatswain; James Allen, gunner; Thomas Best, carpenter, &c. It is to be seen as a broadside in *King's Pamphlets* (fol. sheets vi.), and like other manifestoes connected with "the Rising in Kent," is a beautiful piece of printing. The terms of the *Declaration* are nearly the same as those of the *Petition of Kent*, viz., the King must be brought in freedom and honour to London to treat with his Parliament, the army of Fairfax disbanded and their arrears paid, &c., &c. The "reasons for revolting from the Parliament" are preserved elsewhere in *Thomason's* collection as follows :—

"I. The Parliament of late grant commissions to the sea commanders, leaving out the name of the King.

"II. Several landmen made sea commanders.

"III. The insufferable pride, ignorance, and insolency of Colonel Rainsborough alienates the hearts of the seamen.

"(The seamen intend to send a message to the city of London for their concurrence in a petition to the Parliament for a personal treaty with the King's Majesty, otherwise they will block up the Thames and keep them from provisions and all commerce.)"

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### MORE OF THE PRINCE.

WHEN I had got over in some measure the violent excitement of the events related in my last chapter, it may be supposed that I was desirous to know what had become of Margaret, Jack Gayer, and old Gray; and also to learn something of His Highness's movements. We had not forgotten to talk of these subjects on board the "Reformation," though I have not mentioned them. But, indeed, the strange appearance of the heir-apparent to the throne had puzzled every one; and the most conflicting rumours on the subject were circulated everywhere. Very early on Sunday morning, Sir Richard Hardress, Sir Anthony Aucher, Master Anthony Hammond, and other gentlemen, marching back with some of their forces and settling the garrisons of Deal, Walmer, and Sandown, made for Sandwich on their way to Canterbury. Not being able to find Hales or the Lady Anne, I joined Hardress his forces, and being welcomed with much friendly banter as "the Admiral," rode on one side of Sir Richard's led horses in the midst of the gentlemen who accompanied him. But as for Margaret, and her

father, all I could learn was that they had departed for London. I suspected also that Jack Gayer had gone with them, for I could hear nothing of him. Sir Michael had not been seen anywhere of course. Sir Richard Hardress was very fully determined to unravel the mystery of the Prince of Wales coming to that town; and no sooner did we arrive there than we made very particular inquiries respecting him. It appeared that he had been to church, his new suits of clothes being now ready, thus making his first public appearance. He was dressed in a rich suit, lined with crimson satin, and laced with both silver and gold. All the jurates (uncovered) with the Mayor and other principal inhabitants, had attended on him, and a fellow of extraordinary stature did precede him in a slow and stately posture, commanding the people to bear back, crying, "Room for the Prince!" We did not arrive in Sandwich till after sermon time, when many excuses were made by Captain Forstall, in whose house he was for refusing to allow Sir Richard Hardress and the other gentlemen to pay their respects to the eldest son of their lawful sovereign, in whose interest the petition was being promoted. Such as: that his Highness was in need of rest after his devotions—that he did not wish to be troubled just then—or at all upon the Sabbath; and other paltry pretences of a like



nature, which some of us thought were not really made by his Highness, but only by Captain Forstall and others about him, whom we did suspect to be schismatics. We were somewhat amazed to hear, notwithstanding all these excuses, that they had shortly after the assurance to conduct him forth privately into the haven to recreate himself there with no better assembly of attendants than a few of those jurates, and some schismatic mariners in a boat. Sir Richard Hardress, and the rest of the gentlemen, accordingly proceeded to the haven; and not far from Fish Gate, we found his Highness superintending a duck hunt with the persons before mentioned, all bare about him—paying great respect to his observations and movements.

I looked upon his Highness steadfastly, and all of a sudden saw that this Prince of Wales, or rather of *Whales*, was no other than that whey-faced counterfeit rogue, Cornelius Evans! A gentleman there, who was quite familiar with the Prince of Wales, having come there from France that very day, loudly published the cheat, and requested permission of the Mayor to kick the impostor. But so great was the effrontery of Cornelius, and the faith real or pretended of his attendants that some of the gentlemen with Hardress were still doubtful about a matter that was as clear as the noonday sun.

In short there came about an immediate combustion.

“Let me return to my lodgings,” cries Cornelius. “Give o’er the sport! Oh, that I should live to see this day! Oh, miserable afflicted kingdom, when every rascal may freely insult the King’s son!”

“If you call me a rascal,” said I, “I will pursue you into the boat and crack your cock’s comb for you, Cornelius. What ho, my friends,” I cried, raising my voice, “this fellow that pretends to be the Prince of Wales was once a purser’s clerk in the “Reformation.” His father was the astrologer that lived in Gunpowder Alley.”

But no one would listen to me, though I shouted out a small catalogue of the crimes of Cornelius Evans, nay, the disorderly multitude threatening me, Sir Richard bid me forbear.

Cornelius, again imploring to be conducted back to his lodging, they conveyed him to the landing place, and he proceeds back to Forstall’s house, complaining of his treatment; the schismatical party and many of the deluded people accompanying him.

It being now plain that this was but a continuation of the game Cornelius had played at Sittingborne, we had strong suspicions that Rainsborough and the Committee—or at least Livesey for one of them—had employed Cornelius in this

way to amuse the people and divert them from their loyal designs. The town of Sandwich being a walled town, and containing many mutinous inhabitants, would have been useful both to Rainsborough and the Committee, if Hardress, as I told you before, had not forced an entry.

Sir Richard Hardress abstained from swearing or making any combustion at the haven, seeing that the people were all infatuated concerning this counterfeit Prince of Wales. But as soon as it was safe to speak he requested those gentlemen with him to muster their forces—for indeed it was also time to march—and also declared his politic intention of seizing the rascal Cornelius on the plea of his being under too much restraint.

“By —,” says Sir Richard, “I will have that sky-blue riband off his shoulders before fifteen minutes from this time.”

For the rogue had assumed that high decoration. And now Sir Richard having his soldiers in readiness in case of accidents, causes his own coach to be drawn up in front of Forstall’s house, and calls out for Captain Forstall—whereupon nobody appears except a crowd of people, who desire to know what Sir Richard would do. Sir Richard quieting them with a few oaths and other observations, tells his lacqueys to knock at the door, which they had to continue very violently to do for some time. Thereupon appears at the window

Captain Forstall and other chief inhabitants of the town, who desire that they will forbear to vex his Highness with that great noise.

“I desire,” says Sir Richard, “you will inform your Prince that as he appears to be under some restraint my coach is now at his service.”

“Sir,” replies Captain Forstall, “I am commanded by the Prince to refuse your offer, and that he desires you will leave him where he is and depart.”

“By —,” says Sir Richard, determined to mince the matter no longer, “if he will not come quietly I will pull him out by the ears.”

For now, by agreement of the other gentlemen with him, a company of matchlocks were perceived marching up to the front of Forstall’s house. Then not a word is said for a short space; but the town appears to wear an air of disturbance; those outside beginning to collect with enraged or anxious countenances. Presently to the window comes this sham Prince of Wales, thrusts forth his whey face (now somewhat tanned with the sun), his flaxen hair flying in the breeze, and waving his plumed hat, calls out—

“Raise the town! raise the town! seamen! seamen! Stand to me, seamen!”

Which showed where his strength lay—namely, in a few fanatical fellows (landsmen, for the most part, who were Rainsborough’s body guard), and

who had brought him there. It, however, required all the persuasion of the gentlemen with Hardress to quiet the foolish people, who really believed this base scum was the Prince. But I finished his career, for suspecting he would try to escape by the back of the house, I went there and seized him in a disguise which I compelled him to keep on, and marched him through Canterbury gate, when Sir Hardress' whole party and the empty coach presently followed. At about 100 yards further I politely handed Cornelius into the coach, and, having obtained permission from Sir Richard Hardress, addressed the counterfeit rascal as follows:—

“I will now have your hands and feet made fast, Cornelius; and mean to be your guard myself, until you can be committed to some place of security, where you can no longer play these tricks, the last of which has been too abominable to think on.”

But there being now no further prospect of his being able to personate young gentlemen of high estate, the wretch lost all his effrontery, and commenced to blubber and continued to do so plentifully nearly the whole way to Rochester, especially when he was made to dismount from the coach to walk thither on his legs. He was brought before Newman, Justice of Peace at Rochester, to whom he confessed that Rainsborough had bribed him

to pretend he was the Prince.\* He was after brought up to London and committed to prison.

\* This account is with some additional particulars nearly that of Carter. Carter, however, says that he escaped from Sandwich and imposed upon a Mr. Crisp. Sir Richard Hardress claimed the merit of having seized him, as a document in the State Paper Office shews. The deposition made before George Newman, of Rochester, by Cornelius Evans implicates Vice-Admiral Rainsborough. A diurnal states that "he was known all over the city as an impostor," also that when brought up to Westminster, "he wept before the Lords in acknowledgment of his fault, and was committed to Newgate to be an example of terror to all hereafter that shall attempt the like."

Seventeenth Inscription.



To

THE LADY PETRE.





## CHAPTER XL.

### GRAVE DELIBERATIONS.

AND now by your leave, you must come with me to Rochester, where Ned Hales, our general, and the greater part of the Commissioners and petitioners arrived upon Monday.

So rapidly had events gone forward, that we scarce had time to reflect upon what had been doing, or indeed what we were going to do. But a fortnight had passed since the petition had been first mooted, and lo! what a change had passed over Kent! The Committee vanished—all Kent in arms—the castles ours, and twelve great ships gone from the Parliament to the King! Our council, which indeed consisted of all those gentlemen who had favoured or approved the petition, met at “The Crown,” at Rochester; and then indeed did we at once perceive what want of order there was in it. Every one had somewhat to propose! L’Estrange did seriously urge that the number of the said council which was then full sixty, should be reduced to at most ten. Afterwards, alas! we learnt to our cost how some who had pretended to forsake the Committee of Kent and the Parliament, did only join us for to add perplexity to our deliberations.\*

\* So Carter insinuates.

The posture of affairs was indeed grave. The Derby House gave us no satisfaction, through the Earl of Thanet; but rather menaces. We had reverted to the Houses. Sir Thomas Peyton had gone up from Canterbury accompanied only by a servant, carrying a letter to desire that twenty gentlemen might carry the petition to the Houses—the rest to lie at a distance. But we had as yet received no answer, and in the meantime great multitudes of armed petitioners viz.: those who marched on foot were already as far as Dartford, and those in Rochester and elsewhere were engaged to follow. We had taken up arms not to assault the Parliament, but to defend ourselves from the Committee and the army. Yet we could not avoid the conclusion that we had more to hope from the fears than the favour of those who sat at Westminster. While we were discoursing whether to wait for Sir T. Peyton's return, or to give orders for continuing the march, three strangers entered and sat down amongst us.

One was of a bold and surly aspect, another a young man of manly form and bearing, yet of a countenance of extreme sweetness; the third—head and shoulders over the other two—of a noble and commanding presence. Him I presently recognised, for he was of my native county, and my father's friend and patron, being no other than that paragon of honour, virtue, and fidelity, Arthur Algernon Lord Capell. His companions were Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, and these

were presently joined by yet another, the Lord Petre; they had all come privately across the Thames \* to learn more accurately what Kent was doing for the King. There came also Commissioners out of Surrey and Sussex, who at that time did assure us of co-operation. Captain Cogan next did relate the seizure of the pinnace "Mary" at Greenwich, and how the falcons were taken out of her to guard Deptford bridge, the occupation of New Cross and Blackheath, and the skirmishing with Rich his horse, where the Kentish men had the best of it, and forced Rich—who with some troops from the Mews did violently assault the petitioners—to return back to London.

When this story was done, up rose the Lord Capell, and mentioning his own name and those of his companions, did explain his mission, and having taken the oath of secrecy † with the rest, requested to know if it were true that the fleet in the Downs had indeed declared for the King?

"There," quoth Ned Hales, pointing to me, "is one who can give you the best information, for he hath played a great part in the business."

\* That night (? 29th) came several gentlemen out of Essex to treat with the Commissioners at Rochester (who were there met from all parts of the county) about the association of both counties in the general engagement, assuring them that the whole county of Essex would unanimously rise to join them . . . others came also from Surrey, &c.—*True Relation*, p. 63.

† "On the faith of Christians and honour of gentlemen, not to discover, or betray any debate, or conclusion, concluded, or resolved upon by the subscriber hereof; and further freely and resolutely to deliver our judgments, and endeavour in effectuating these results" (following) &c.—*Copy of Oaths* found on prisoners afterwards taken.

The Lord Capell looked at me steadfastly, but not having seen me for many years did not at first recognise me, till going up to him, I reminded him that I had been oft at Hadham, and had a lively recollection of his kindness, and that of his excellent lady, both to my father and to me. Whereupon he shook hands and presented me to Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas.

When I had given the Lord Capell full satisfaction about the subject of his inquiry, he rose and said—

“Truly I think, gentlemen, the relation I have heard from Master Lendall here, and the other gentlemen who have spoken, shews that you are in a very likely way to restore the King. I had indeed feared that your exertions were somewhat premature, and would have been better delayed till the Scots coming across the Border, should draw Fairfax and his forces northwards. But this sudden and most wonderful revolt of the fleet in the Downs—no less than the unanimous loyalty of your noble county of Kent—seems as it were a special interposition of Providence in his Majesty’s behalf; and, if so, will be found a surer harbinger of triumph than cautious politicians would admit. ’Tis said the Lord Fairfax is uncertain what to do. ’Tis not impossible the Parliament and army may feel the danger of attempting further to trample upon a people determined to be free; and that their schismatical designs will fall into such a cataclysm that reason,

justice and moderation may once more have place in their counsels. That His Majesty may be admitted to a personal treaty is the demand of your petitioners, as it hath been of Essex and Surrey; and I cannot conceive it possible that any honest man can believe that any harm can come of such a thing. I would fain know what the City means to do"—

The Lord Capell was here interrupted by some noise which followed the entry of the very person who could best enlighten him. For it was Colepepper full of favourable intelligence. His description of the general panic which prevailed amongst the friends of the schismatical Parliament, and of the hearty loyalty of the freemen of London, led us to believe that though Skippon had control over the city forces, and the Tower, and other magazines, he would hardly be able to keep London from a combustion in our favour.\*

\* The following is one of the satirical ballads of this particular moment:—

## 1.

Now, now the saints must shortly fly,  
 Their reign draws near an end;  
 They see there is no way but die,  
 Unless the army stand.

## 2.

And truly all the saints are sad,  
 Now that the Lord forsakes 'em;  
 And vow He sleeps, and are stark mad,  
 That Peters cannot wake Him.

## 3.

Skippon doth mount his long-crowned hats,  
 And Warner finds 'em horses;  
 They howl, and catterwaul like cats,  
 And chide God for their losses.

All this was considered exceeding good news, and was no sooner delivered than amid some applause Sir William Compton comes into that chamber. It was known by many what errand he had been on, and there was a loud clamour for a relation of his doings. He looked to Hales—for secrecy had been imposed. Hales thought his news should not be published; L'Estrange was of the same opinion; but others objected that all had taken the oath to divulge nothing that was debated there. So, after some discussion, Sir William Compton with much prudence confined himself to saying that he had authority to state "that an eminent person would endeavour to appear at the head of the petitioners of Kent, and that plans were laid which promised good success in that design."

Augustine Skinner who had forsaken\* the Committee of Kent to join the petitioners, expressing great abhorrence of their proceedings, hereupon makes a congratulatory speech—yet were some not quite satisfied that he did press Sir William Compton to disclose further particulars—a thing which was afterwards remembered. But to con-

\* The only colouring I can find for this assertion is that Augustine Skinner's signature does not appear to be attached to any of the proclamations and manifestoes of the Committee against the petitioners. Nor can I find any support for Lendall's subsequent insinuations of his treachery except Carter's general accusation against his brethren.

N.B.—Roger Twisden, however, in his journal (Arch. Cant. *q.v.*), says that Augustine Skinner stole his watch, and sold it in France; Skinner said, however, that the Committee, *i.e.*, Sir A. Weldon and the rest, gave it to him.

clude, all were pleased that our mighty undertaking prospered so well. We seemed to be in full sail toward the haven of our hopes.

But, as a galleon, sliding through calm seas before a light but favourable wind, is suddenly threatened by the apparition of a dark arch in the sky rising rapidly ahead of her, while the horizon heaves into black waves; and there begins to be heard the moan of the coming hurricane which will suddenly take her aback!—so was our smooth progression suddenly disturbed by omens of danger and disaster; while the rainbow of peace vanished into an halo of storm!

Colonel Thornhill, who had been one of the London Commissioners for His Majesty's business in the county at all times, but who had left us to ourselves, not knowing indeed what a turn things were taking in Kent, appeared as unexpectedly as Sir William Compton and the three persons mentioned had done, but with quite another countenance. Theirs had been at least serene; but his was clouded with dismay and apprehension. The disorder he was in, his face bedewed with the heat of exertion, his clothes covered with the dust of the roads, shewed with what speed he had travelled.

"Alas! gentlemen," he cried, "it is as I feared!" and then he stopped for breath.

All eyes were fixed upon him.

"*You have risen too soon!*" he cried. "These accursed regicides will neither pause nor repent.

On receiving the reports of the loss of the castles and the revolt of the fleet, the Houses voted:—*That they do leave the whole business to the General!*\* Instead of marching against the Scots, the Parliament General had a rendezvous at Hounslow, and passed through London this morning. All the disposable forces of the Parliament to the number of 10,000 men—Rich's, Barkstead's, Hewson's, and other regiments, besides, are coming down against the petitioners of Kent! I beheld the van which had marched over London bridge—

“‘Bring home our King! Bring home our King!’ cried the dames and lasses of Southwark.

“‘So we will—*upon our pikes!*’ † was the answer of Fairfax his men.”

“The freemen of the City will rise,” says Colepepper, “and fall upon their rear.”

“Nay,” says Thornhill, “the City—that is Warner, Allen, Fowkes, Gibbs, and that crew—has voted £6,000 to suppress the insurrection, as they call your petition; and have armed enough of fanatics to keep the Tower and other magazines while the army is away.”

\* *i.e.* to Fairfax. See *Journals of House of Commons*.

† Recorded by Hollis. Colonel Thornhill's statements correspond with the entries in the *Journals of the House of Commons*:—“26th May—The forces from the Mews, Whitehall, and Tower to be taken to suppress risings in Kent. 27th May—£6,000 granted by Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council for suppressing the mutiny in Kent—to be paid next morning, May 28th, to Committee, of the army, &c., &c.”



Ah! poor ship! the prosperous wind is lulled about you; the storm is roaring up to shiver your sails to ribbons—tear away your tackle, and, perhaps, send your masts by the board; you can neither go about, tack, wear, nor heave to!

Rocked in a sea of doubt, was it wonderful that after a pause of amazement there should be a very general cry to reef topsails? Our debates were long and anxious. It was finally agreed to call back those petitioners who—under young Sir John Mayney—had gone as far as Dartford, and to send a letter direct to Fairfax, with a flag of truce, to request that ten gentlemen from our body should be permitted to present the petition to the Houses. But it was at the same time decided to put no reliance upon words, and neither to give up castles, ships, nor our armed posture till our loyal objects were accomplished—viz., a personal treaty secured between King and Parliament for the composurè of differences.\*

“The hanging of Burley and the slaughter of the Surrey petitioners shews us what to expect,” says Hales; “if fight we must—fight we will. Let us instantly strengthen our defences behind the Medway, and then make a stand for unconquered

\* The following was amongst the papers found on the prisoners taken in the Great Rising in Kent (1648):—(1.) “No credit to be given to words.” (2.) “The contry cannot be subject to their power and others subject to the same.” (3.) “Treaties only to deceive and get the mastery over you.” (4.) “*The slaughter of the Surrey men and Captain Burley* shews what is to be expected.”

Kent. If this Parliament army continue to advance we have as many men as Fairfax, and a better cause."

"And be assured," says the Lord Capell, "that being put to it thus, Herts will second you, if I can raise it; and I will instantly away to do so."

"Essex shall not be behind," says Lucas, "I promise you!"

"God be with you, gentlemen!" says Lisle. "I go to support Sir Charles. It will be strange if the *pretended* engagement, as our enemies term it, of the associated counties doth not prove real enough to occupy the army of the Parliament while Wales is up, and Langdale, Musgrave, and Duke Hamilton draw the whole loyal north after the King's banner."

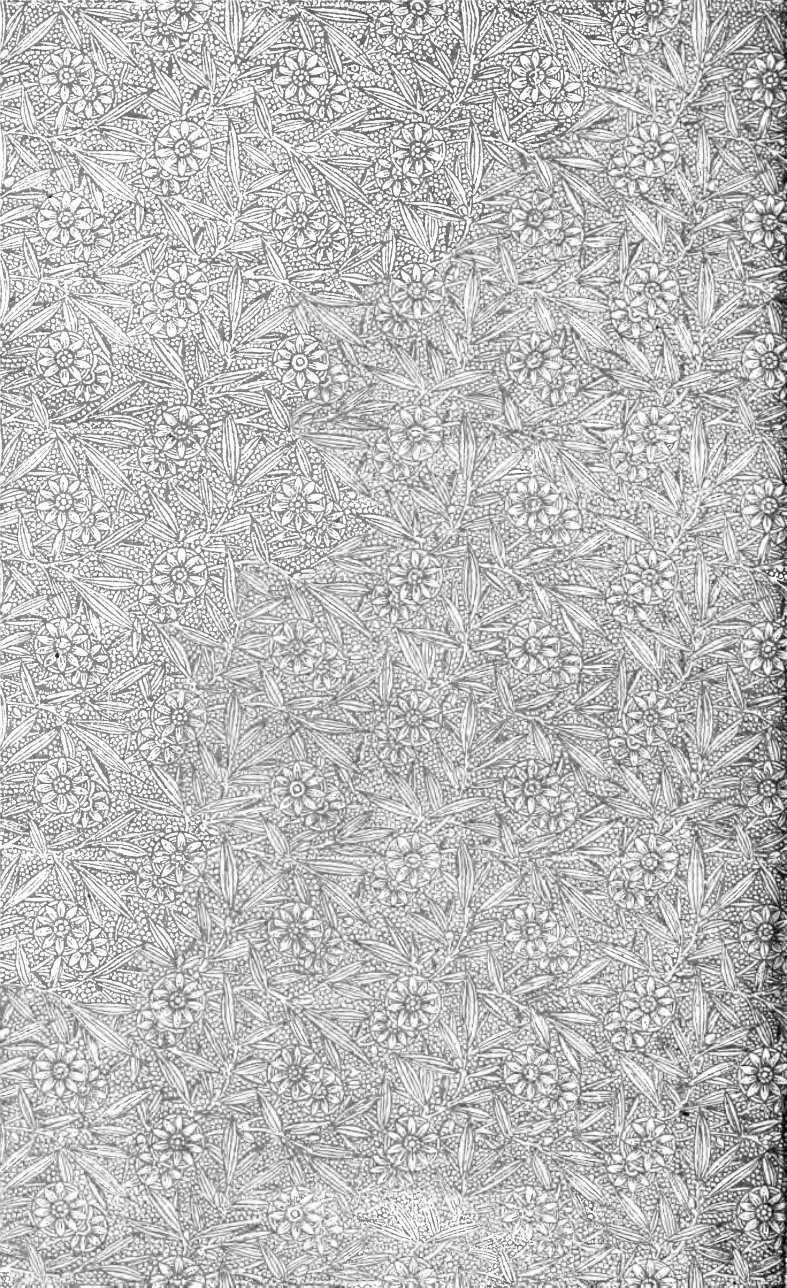
"I am ready to go again to the City at the hazard of my life," says Colepepper.

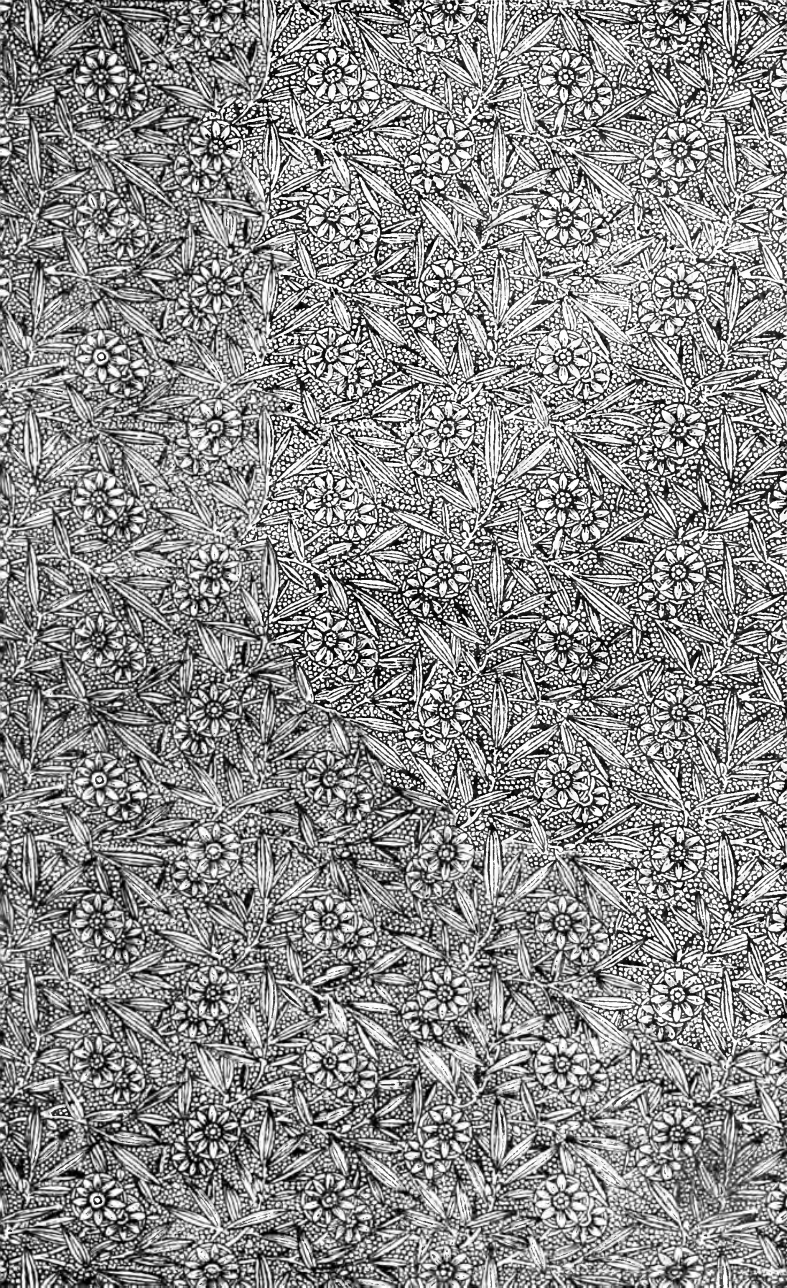
At midnight Peyton brought back the message\* that if we would treat it must be with the general of the forces of the Parliament.

\* "29th May—Sir Thomas Peyton brought a letter from the gentlemen of Kent to the Derby House. 30th May—Skippon added to Committee of Derby House. . . . Josselin Gates, servant to Sir Anthony Ancher, to be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, &c."—*Journals of the House of Commons*.

END OF VOL. II.







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