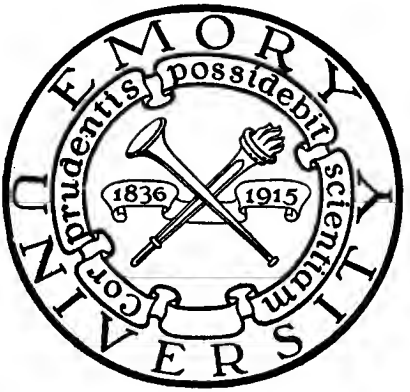
EMORY UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



NOVELS;

HISTORICAL, LEGENDAR'

AND

ROMANTIC.

BY MRS. BRAY.

"Fierce war and faithful love
And truth severe by fairy fiction drest."
GRAY.

VOL IX.

THE PROTESTANT.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1833.

THE

PROTESTANT;

A TALE OF

THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY

BY MRS. BRAY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL.

1833.

THE PROTESTANT.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER having committed Arabella to the care of Friar John, with a strict charge that she should be confined within her own chamber, Sir Richard Southwell parted from his daughter in a state of mind truly pitiable. His affections clung as strongly as ever to his child; but, convinced as he was, by the circumstances that had been brought to light, of the impropriety of her conduct, the artful turn given by Morgan to his interview with Arabella, supported by the cunning of the Friar, had so far succeeded to prejudice the mind of her bigoted father, that he

now remembered he was a father with a bitterness of soul which rendered life itself almost insupportable.

His affection for Arabella was not of that blinded nature which determines not to see the imperfections of a child. His love for his daughter had been founded on the highest esteem for her principles and her character, and, above all, (though he formerly condemned her for weakness and irresolution,) on the artless and innocent temper of her mind. Now, therefore, to discover (as he firmly believed he had discovered) that she was guilty of the most refined falsehood and deceit, was a conviction so keenly painful, so overpowering, that it came as a dagger to his heart. "She is lost, she is worthless," thought Sir Richard; "but even now I will not forsake her; I will try to rescue her from ruin. She may possibly repent hereafter, and then I may die in peace; but never, never can I taste of happiness again in this world, since my darling child has proved worthless.

I will exert my authority to save her; I will consult Friar John as to the surest means.—But now for the prison."

With these reflections Sir Richard endeavoured to compose his mind as he set forward on his way to Canterbury Castle, where he soon arrived without its gates. The Sheriff of Kent could at all times command admission to any prisoner, and Sir Richard now desired the keeper to show him into the apartment where Rose Wilford was confined.

"She is in a dungeon of the east tower," said the man: "Archdeacon Harpsfield desired that she should be placed there; and we are so full of prisoners just now, that I have been obliged to give her a companion; so that, for this night, I have turned into her cell an old woman accused of witchcraft, thinking a heretic and a witch would make good company."

"Show me the way thither," said Sir Richard, "and tell two or three of your men to be in readiness if I should happen to need them. I

must speak with the head-keeper before I leave the prison."

The turnkey now led Sir Richard through several dark and damp avenues, and down more than one flight of stone steps, ere they reached the cell of misery. As the man attempted to turn the key of the heavy iron lock, he found some difficulty; and, in order to assist him, Sir Richard took the torch from him, that he might have both hands free to do his office. The door was opened, and Sir Richard Southwell entered the dungeon, still bearing the flaming torch.

Sir Richard was a bigot, but not cruel; and though, whilst seated within his own closet and listening to the discourse of Friar John on the lawfulness and necessity of bringing back to the true Church of Rome its wandering flock by any means, however violent, he had silently assented to such discourses, and had not felt any particular aversion to the means so recommended for conversion; yet *now*, when but a solitary

instance of these cruelties was presented before his sight, he sickened with horror at the view, and, forgetting all his bigotry in the warm feelings nature had planted so forcibly within his bosom, his first exclamation was one of the tenderest concern, for the young, the innocent sufferer, that he now beheld extended on a bed of straw, and enduring all the accumulated miseries of a dungeon and the effects of an inhuman torture.

The countenance of poor Rose was of a deadly whiteness; not the least appearance of blood seemed to remain even in her lips, they were as wan and livid as her cheek, whilst her whole frame looked attenuated with suffering; yet her eye, though hollow and sunk in her head, retained an expression of mildness and benignity that formed a striking contrast to the circumstances which had placed her where she was. In the countenance of an aged woman, confined in the same cell, Sir Richard remarked that indignation was imprinted in strong characters

upon every line of the hard features which composed it. He instantly recognised in this woman Gammer Plaise, who, at the moment he entered, appeared to have just concluded the charitable office of dressing the wound in the withered hand of Rose with those remedies contained in the packet that Arabella had committed to the care of Tommy, when she set out with him from Wellminster, and which packet the acuteness of Tommy had contrived to slip into his grandmother's hand, under her cloak, when the boy learnt that his granny was also to be sent to Canterbury gaol, as he thought she might possibly have an opportunity of seeing Mistress Rose, and of applying them to her relief. In this the goodness of Heaven assisted the boy's hopes, and the old Gammer lost not a moment in doing the good deed.

Sir Richard dismissed the turnkey, and desired him to obey the orders he had given, as they entered the cell. He now turned to Rose, and said to her in the kindest manner, "I

came to afford you whatever aid it might be within my power to offer; I grieve to see you thus,—my heart bleeds for you. For though we have not met for many a day, yet I remember you, Mistress Rose, when you were a child, and I loved you for the sweetness and the gentleness of your disposition. I then little thought where we should next meet."

"I thank you, Sir Richard," said Rose with great mildness; "and though I cannot rise to receive you as I would do, yet I trust you will not hold me wanting in respect; for I know you to be a good man, and as such I honour you."

"You rise to receive me!" exclaimed Sir Richard: "poor girl, why you can scarcely support yourself against this cold and reeking wall. Good God! and upon straw too, and in your condition. Oh, what must be the heart that could reduce you to this pass!"

"I will tell you, Sir Richard," cried the old Gammer; "the heart that could inflict such torture on the poor little hand of this dear

maiden, is one fit for murder and for fiends; nay worse,—for were he but in that place, for which he is so fitted, the common herd of the damned would shun his spirit. It would wander, solitary and alone, as the serpent did, when he glided through Paradise to tempt our first mother to sin, with nothing so accursed as himself.—Harpsfield is a wretch that pollutes the very ground on which he steps. He acts tortures, murders on the innocent, and, Great God! all under the pretended sanction of Thy name!—Is this religion? Can this be truth?—And can you, Sir Richard Southwell, look upon this innocent, as she now lies on a bed of straw, maimed and tortured by such a faith, and then credit its authority?"

"It is terrible; the sight is too much,—too much to be endured," said Sir Richard. "Could I save this poor creature,—could I but bring her into the right path, by the loss of my own life to do it, I would freely cast it down as a thing of nought. But I must not, I dare not scruti-

nize the mysterious will of God. These sufferings may be necessary, though they seem dreadful.—And remember, woman, the fearful doctrine even of your own people; that terrible decree of fate which Calvin teaches, by which, as he says, even babes and sucklings may be doomed to eternal misery for the glory of God."

"For the glory of the devil is such a doctrine!" exclaimed old Gammer Plaise vehemently; "that is not my faith; I know nothing of Calvin, or of his teaching. But I know the doctrine of God himself, in His revealed Word, which teaches charity and mercy to all men."

"I will not argue a point of faith with you, woman," said Sir Richard; "you are ignorant and obstinate, though your act of charity to this poor sufferer makes me lament you are so. I came to visit the afflicted child of my once dear friend, to relieve her misery, to look to her wants, and, if it might be, to soften her obdurate spirit, to save her in soul and body."

"You are kind, Sir," replied Rose, "very

kind, and I hope that I am not ungrateful. But I will not deceive you. If the kindness you would extend to me must be given only in the hope to change my principles, it will prove unavailing."

"Do not say so," cried Sir Richard; "I have power to alleviate your present hard condition, and I will use it, whatever may be the consequence. But, unless you relent, I have no power to ward off the fate that must ultimately overtake you. Think what you *have* suffered, and let that move you."

"Never to deny my God," said Rose; "with my last breath I will honour truth.—Look, Sir Richard," she continued, as she placed her left hand upon the arm that was bound up, resting in a kerchief tied about her neck,—"look upon me! I have not yet seen eighteen years of life, and I have already been deprived of the use of this hand; it is lost to me for ever. Cast into a prison, whilst suffering agonies,—without one human being near me, to give me but the aid

even a brute creature might have hoped to find, —when, so maimed, so suffering, my limbs are weak and numbed with pain, so that in my dawn of life I already feel the misery of the decay of years,—yet here would I rest till years and anguish end my day of trial, rather than I would consent with my tongue to acknowledge what my heart abhors."

"How excellent," said Sir Richard, "is such a noble constancy of mind! How deeply do I revere such sincerity as this which appears in you! Yet when I think that virtues like yours are lost for ever, even to yourself, I shudder; for, however great virtue itself may be, it is hateful to God when it does not acknowledge His holy Church here on earth. My heart bleeds for you—I would save you if I could,—I would render that faith which you profess as perfect as your own ingenuous nature."

"Alas! alas!" replied Rose, "you sadly misconceive me. I am a sinful being like my fellows; and God, in His mercy, may make this

trial necessary to purify my soul in this world, to render it fit for a better."

"If it be so," said Sir Richard, "then in that world you and I must never meet, since one of us must be in error."

"I hope otherwise," replied Rose;—"I hope we may meet. That God may turn your heart, and that He may forgive all the persecutions of your Church against our afflicted people; since I would fain think that indeed you know not what you do."

"I cannot leave you in this opinion," said Sir Richard; "I feel so deep an interest in your fate, that, in spite of yourself, I will try to save you. Think what a death may be yours, should you fall under the sentence of heresy?"

"If I should," replied Rose, "I hope that Heaven will give me strength to bear it, even as He did the burning taper that withered my hand as a shred of parchment in the fire. It is gone; and God, I trust, will again be strong in my weakness, if He demands my body at the stake:

that body is the work of His own power, let Him do with it as He lists."

"He has formed it," said Sir Richard, "for the tenement of a mind so noble, that He will not suffer it to be cast away by the doctrines of the wicked."

"The doctrines I profess," answered Rose, "were taught me by my father. He is a good man, and I will never cast into his cup the bitterness of a child's disobedience."

"That is bitterness indeed!" exclaimed Southwell; and, greatly agitated by the remembrance of his daughter's supposed want of duty, he paced the cell in extreme distress of mind. Again he drew near Rose. "I came," continued Sir Richard, "to serve you. Do not let me leave you with the thought that my efforts are all vain. What can I do for you? I know not how it is, but you have inspired me with feelings of tenderness, of pity, even of reverence, that I never thought I could have felt for one of your mistaken faith. Let me serve you; and

to do so will afford a comfort to my own mind that I have not known since these evil times began."

"You are kind indeed, Sir Richard," said Rose: "and I would entreat you to use your influence with Thornton, the Suffragan of Dover, in behalf of my poor mother. I have not heard of her since I was brought hither two days ago. But when I left her, she was lingering on the bed of sickness, perhaps of death."

"I will do so," replied Sir Richard: "I will see that she has every necessary succour, if I can so far influence Thornton to show some indulgence to her."

"I thank you," said Rose. "May God reward you tenfold for this goodness! And do extend it, if you may, to my father. I am ignorant of his fate, since the hour in which he was dragged back to these walls, on refusing to sign his recantation. He is a very old man, and has not the strength that I have to endure hardships. I will be content to forego all your

intended charity to me, so that my poor father might but have some share in your bounty."

"He shall, he shall," replied the kind-hearted Sir Richard, as he wrung the cold hand of Rose with a generous sympathy of feeling, whilst the tears that ran fast from his eyes dropped upon that hand he held within his own. Rose looked thankfully up in his face; and, struck by the humane expression which there appeared for her sufferings, she said to him mildly, "Forgive me if I say, that your heart is more charitable than your faith; and, though we differ in opinion, I cannot but think you are not far from being a good Christian, since you are so good a man."

"And can you say this," exclaimed Sir Richard, "and at the very moment you are suffering from the severities that have been awarded to you by a member of my religion? What must be your feelings towards that man who could use you thus. Do you not hate him?"

"No!" answered Rose; "but I hate his

sin, and I am sorry that he has laid it upon his own soul; yet I forgive him, and may God do so too!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Sir Richard; "can such benignity dwell within the bosom of heresy? Can you lie there, and in this condition, and look so calm, and speak thus mildly, and pardon the very man who has dealt with you in a manner that chills my blood within me when I but think upon it?"

"There is no merit," said Rose, "in forgiving the wrongs we suffer from our fellow-creatures, since God has made it the condition upon which we shall ourselves be forgiven. It is but a duty of self-interest to gain the inheritance of the promise."

"I must, I will save you," cried Sir Richard; "at least, I will attempt it. You are young, very young. You have a mind full of sense and feeling; you are not one of those who adopt a belief in any doctrine merely because your father has done so before you. You

will hear reason, and that may open your mind to conviction. You have not yet been examined at the Bishop of Dover's with other heretics. I will risk my own safety to attempt your conversion. I shall give orders to have you removed to my own house. Under my roof you shall receive every care; and though one member of your family has but lately meditated to injure me in the dearest point, you are wholly innocent of that offence, nor shall you suffer for the guilty. I shall go and give orders, for your careful removal, to the keeper of this prison."

On hearing Sir Richard declare his humane intentions towards Rose, old Gammer Plaise threw herself upon her knees before him, and fervently exclaimed,—" May God Almighty bless you! You are like a blessed spirit sent from Him to throw abroad the doors of the prison to the innocent. I'll not believe that you are one of the Pope's religion, though you should swear it."

"There may be, I am convinced," said Rose, "merciful and good men even in that religion; my father taught me to believe as much, and that we are bound to do so in charity; yet there can be but one true faith, even the faith revealed to us by God himself in His holy Word."

"I must leave you," said Sir Richard. "I will instantly order your removal."

"Do not," cried Rose,—"do not, if you would remove me with a hope to work upon my mind to think as you do. I have embraced the Reformed Faith on a conviction of its truth; and one chief point of it is, never to deceive our neighbour. Leave me here; but do not show me mercy on the assumption of a hope that I can never suffer you to admit:—I can never change."

"I will not hear you say so," replied Sir Richard; "I will do what I purpose. If I succeed, it will be the worthiest act of my life; if I fail,—but I will hope I shall not.

Would you wish to see your father before you quit the prison?"

"Would I wish to see my father!" repeated Rose; "there is no sight so dear to these eyes as the venerable countenance and the white hairs of my father's honoured age; but I must not be selfish. I would wish to see him, if I could give him comfort by the sight of me. The man who has brought me water to drink since I came here, told me that my father did not know of what had befallen me: I am thankful that he is ignorant of it, since it would but render his own sufferings more grievous, if he knew of mine. In this condition I should shock his feelings; I long to receive his blessing, but I must forego even that comfort. I will not see him now."

"I shall return instantly," said Sir Richard; "you shall be removed in a litter to my house, —in such a one as is used for the sick. I will order it to be prepared."

"Stay, Sir Richard," cried Rose; "this

poor aged woman, for whose honesty and kindness I would answer with my life, is committed here, with her blind grandson, on a cruel charge. I would implore you to extend your mercy towards them."

"I fear I can do little for them," said Sir Richard, "since the woman has been arrested by the order of the Bishop of Dover. But what I can do, I will: she shall be better lodged than in this damp vault, and I will take care that she is allowed to see her grandson, though a heavy charge is brought against her."

"I thank you for that," said old Gammer Plaise; "for I have but one comfort, but one care in this world, and that is the poor boy; and if the thanks, the good wishes, and the prayers of an old woman like me could do you good, Sir Richard, I would pray for you whilst I have life and sense remaining,—but more for your kindness to this poor maiden, than for all the pity you would show to me and to my blind boy."

Sir Richard left the dungeon, and Rose took a kind and grateful leave of the poor woman, who had shown so earnest a desire to be useful to her at the hour of her necessity. Mutually did they encourage each other to trust in God, and to bear every evil for His name's sake, in the sure and certain hope, that when this brief life should be no more, God would reward His faithful servants in that kingdom where sorrow never cometh, and where all that now seems dark and obscure shall be revealed in light and in truth.

In less than half an hour Sir Richard returned, attended by two or three persons, to assist in the removal of Rose. Her arrest had been the consequence of an exercise of mere tyranny on the part of Harpsfield; not even a warrant had been issued for her committal, consequently there was no obstacle in law to occasion her detention. She appeared to suffer great agony on first being raised from the ground, and her limbs were so stiffened and numbed that she could not stand. On pass-

ing through one of the passages, a turnkey, who was assisting in carrying her to the litter, pointed to a door, and told her that in that chamber her father was confined.

On learning this, Rose implored the men to pause a moment. She cast her eyes wistfully on the door, then raised them to Heaven, and seemed to be engaged in mental prayer. She then motioned to the men to go on, and once more looked upon the door, but without a tear: yet it appeared that, even in this instance, the firmness of her mind had obtained a victory over her feelings, since she said to Sir Richard Southwell, a little while after, as they passed forward with her, "Thank God, I did not disturb him with the sight of me; perhaps his mind was composed; he might be praying for me."

Rose was placed in the litter, and Sir Richard walked by her side, as it moved slowly forward from the Castle, to Wellminster Hall. In thus causing her to be removed,

Southwell had been governed by those strong feelings of commiseration, which the sight of her sufferings, and the patience with which she endured them, had excited in his breast. Whilst actually engaged in an act so benevolent, he had not thought of its consequences, or of the opinion of Friar John respecting this extraordinary kindness to a heretic. But Sir Richard, during his return home, had sufficient leisure and composure of mind to think upon these things, and he now put to himself the doubtful question, with no small degree of anxiety, what would Friar John say, on learning the truth? And, so contradictory is human conduct and human feelings, so much was the prejudiced mind of Southwell enslaved by habits of submission to his confessor, that, on arriving at his princely mansion, he actually ordered Rose, who was in the litter, to be carried round to a side-door, where he sneaked into his own house, more like a truant schoolboy than as its master, and cast a fearful

glance around, lest he should be surprised by the Friar in the act of showing his humane attentions to Rose Wilford.

Deborah was instantly summoned, and what with Sir Richard's desire to provide for the relief of Rose, and his ridiculous fears at encountering Friar John, he found no opportunity to upbraid his old housekeeper for her dereliction of duty in suffering Arabella to stray, as she had done, beyond bounds during his absence. Weak men, though they may be loved for their virtues by their inferiors, are seldom respected by them; and so it was with Sir Richard Southwell, since the same passive and yielding spirit that had allowed the Friar to become his master, was also the cause of the little comparative deference that was paid to him even by his own servants; many of whom, from motives of fear, were far more observant of the Friar than of Sir Richard himself; and Deborah, who certainly held his orders very little in consideration, could, in addition to his

usual indulgence, add the claims of age, honesty, and long service, so that she frequently did not scruple to contradict him even before his face.

Deborah also was not without observation, and knew exactly how things stood between her master and the Friar; and, now that her long cherished dislike for the Spanish priest was heightened by the sight of Rose in so deplorable a condition, she gave vent to her feelings by some very sharp, though indirect, allusions to Spanish cruelties being acted in England from the admission of Spanish people into this country; and giving likewise a shrewd guess as to the motive of Sir Richard's return by the postern of his own house, she asked him, with almost an open expression of her sarcastic meaning, "If she should call Friar John, to bid him welcome home, since he had returned not long since, with her young lady, and had come in by the great door of the hall."

Sir Richard, whose conscience often con-

demned him for a too great submission to his ghostly confessor, felt some degree of shame from this peevish reproach of an old and indulged servant; and giving a strict charge that every care should be taken of Rose Wilford, and that she was to hold no communication with his daughter Arabella, he wished the unfortunate girl a good night, and hastened to be clear of Mistress Deborah.

Extremely nettled by the few words that had fallen from the lips of his housekeeper, Sir Richard now determined to sum up courage, and at once to be master in his own house: he would go direct to the apartment where he knew the confessor was likely to be found; he would boldly say what he had done, and would allow of no comment upon it. With this purpose, he actually did reach the very threshold of the door, nay his hand was upon the latch. The weak are ever irresolute: some awkward and timid fears, in spite of his better judgment, still held him back; and he once more changed

his mind, and retired with that uncomfortable and awkward feeling (the constant attendant of being desirous to do what we dare not do) of indecision to his own chamber; having come to no other resolve, than that he would leave his interview with the Friar, and his communication to him, as to the act of kindness he had done to Rose Wilford, to be brought about by chance, or by any accident that might lead to the occasion.

Whilst Sir Richard remained thus wavering and crestfallen in his own house, a very different spirit was busy in the breast of Friar John. The domestic of that holy Father, a creature entirely subservient to his purposes, had not lost a moment in informing him *who* it was Sir Richard had brought with him, and in what manner he had returned home. John instantly suspected the motive of so much caution. He knew well enough that the moment to gain a point to his own interest, or to exact an extraordinary confession from Sir

Richard, was the one in which his timid superior was eager to make terms of peace, and to ward off an expected attack upon himself. In such a moment, the artful Friar knew that he should stand on the 'vantage ground; and that it needed but a little adroit management on his part, by keeping alive the fears, and suspending the hopes of Sir Richard, completely to carry the day.

The Friar therefore instantly sought him; and acting upon his patron's mind, according to this system,—in less than half-an-hour, what with affected suppressed displeasure, feelings of attachment and regard expressed for the honour of Sir Richard and his family; hints respecting the duties of sincerity, dictated by conscience, in reprehending his master's errors; many insidious arguments and sophistical counsels, the Friar so completely succeeded in his aim, that Sir Richard sat before him, like a man caught in a trap, with no power to move from the spot, till the springs that held him fast

should be loosened by the hand that had set them; so entirely was the freedom of his mind enthralled by the artful ascendancy of his confessor.

As a great concession, the Friar, at last, gave a reluctant consent that Rose should be suffered to remain at the Hall, till she was in a condition once more to be removed with safety to herself; and, after granting this indulgence, the Friar so turned the discourse, in the most cunning manner, upon Edward Wilford, and painted in such vivid colours the transactions of the day, which had so recently been made known to him, that as he pictured them forth before the eyes of Sir Richard, Edward Wilford appeared in all the dark obscurity of an assassin who lurks near, to deal a fatal blow unseen. He portrayed Arabella, on the other hand, as weak, deceitful, and misguided, on the very brink of a fatal gulph; where, to extend a hand and to save her from its abyss, would be but an act of common charity. And Morgan he

placed in the very foreground of the piece; where Sir Francis shone all radiant with light and beneficence.

This picture, thus artfully painted by the Friar, so astonished, so distracted Sir Richard, so alarmed his fears as a father, that he started from his seat; and, in an agony of feeling, implored the Friar to tell him in what manner he would have him act to save Arabella.

"Insist upon her compliance; carry her to the church, or to your own chapel; marry her at once to Morgan, and she is safe; else, rely upon it, and mark my words as prophetic, should Edward Wilford escape from the charges brought against him, she will become his wife. She will become a heretic, and is lost to you for ever in this world, and to herself in a better."

"But, I fear," replied Sir Richard—"I fear, that she detests Morgan; that she will never consent to be his."

"She must, if you are firm," said Friar John.

"But then, her happiness," cried her anxious father; "think if I should be the means to render her for ever miserable in life."

"If you hesitate, she will be miserable in death," answered the Confessor. "I leave you to determine between your child and your God."

"It is decided, then!" exclaimed Sir Richard. "Whatever may be the consequence, I *will* secure her happiness hereafter, and in doing so—"

"You act as a man—as a father," replied John. "And, believe me, Sir Richard, I know well the temper of women, and especially of the Lady Arabella. When once it is done,—when Edward Wilford dares no longer to influence her mind, she will return to her duty, and with it to her peace of mind. She will be thankful to *us* for having preserved her from the danger of being tempted to desert the true faith."

"She will, she will!" exclaimed Sir Richard.

"I see it all. How can I ever thank you enough for teaching me how I ought to act to preserve my child?"

"There is only one thing I fear," said Friar John; "and as you see the force and the truth of my arguments,—as you consent to follow my advice, I would also conjure you to be ruled by me on one point in particular."

"I will do any thing,—I will consent to whatever you may direct," replied Sir Richard; "tell me what it is?"

"You must not see your child till the moment you are about to lead her to the altar," said the Friar.

Sir Richard looked surprised, and grieved to the very soul. "Why should this be so?" he replied. "Surely I might persuade her—I might induce her to hear reason. I might overcome—"

"No;" said the Friar; "she would overcome you. I fear nothing but her meetings with you. You have not firmness of mind suffi-

cient to resist her tears. A few watery drops in her eyes will wash out all the record of the past. You will be undone. You will not dare to save her from perdition. You must *not* see her."

"Well then, I will not see her," replied Sir Richard. "I promise that till the hour arrives in which I am to lead her to the church, I will not see her."

"Nay, but you must swear you will not," said the Friar. "I cannot trust even your promise, where the feelings of a father might interpose to render it void. Swear upon the cross;" and the Friar took up that which hung from his girdle.

Sir Richard looked for a moment at his confessor, and then devoutly kissed the cross; whilst, with an air of the deepest sorrow, he said, "I do swear to follow your injunctions; by this blessed emblem, I swear it."

"Give up your daughter to my rule," continued John; "till the hour comes to trans-

fer that rule to one who I doubt not will make her a dear husband. Then shall she have my blessing as I resign her once more to your care."

"But you will be kind to her," said Sir Richard. "You will lead her mind to fulfil her duty in this instance by gentle arguments, by persuasive means, by a sense of what she owes to God, to herself, and to me."

"I mean to do so," replied Friar John. "Do you think that I would injure the happiness of the Lady Arabella, when, in taking upon me this part, I do violence to my own feelings in the hope to save her?—Farewell; I will see you to-morrow, and we will then hold farther conference on what must be done."

"I will attend you," said Sir Richard with much gravity.

"And remember all I have enjoined," continued the Friar.

"I will obey you," answered Sir Richard

with a deep sigh; and, sinking into a chair, he rested his head upon his hand, and seemed lost in a deep and fixed melancholy train of reflections. The Friar left him to himself, and retired for the night.

CHAPTER II.

THE day upon which Owen Wilford was to take his trial before the Commissioners at length arrived. Every thing had been prepared for the occasion in a manner to render it at once solemn and imposing. The Spiritual Court was to be held in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, in the Cathedral of Canterbury, on account of the Chief Commissioner acting under the authority of Cardinal Pole, whose person he was to represent, not only as Primate of all England, but as Legate *à latere* from the Pope.

Whoever has visited the Chapel of the Holy Trinity at Canterbury, cannot but remember the extraordinary beauty of its architecture, which presents, in its combinations of Gothic

columns, superincumbent arches, carved capitals, and windows sparkling with the brilliancy of the deep and rich hues of their stained glass, the most striking effects; the whole being characteristic at once of stability, solemnity, and magnificence.

And here too the mind, amidst that sense of devotional veneration such a scene cannot fail to excite, turns with a moral, as well as national, feeling, to dwell for a moment upon the memory of the mighty dead. It contemplates the spot where their ashes have reposed in unbroken silence during so many ages, whilst the acts or glories of their lives stirred even the emulation of empires. This last thought naturally contrasts itself with their present nothingness; so that it is with a mingled sense of admiration and humility that we now think upon the deeds of Edward, the hero of Poictiers and Cressy, as we behold the trophied monument and the brazen effigy consecrated to his fame. And a sigh escapes us for the vanity

of human glory, when we pause to view the magnificent tomb and sculptured figures of Henry the Fourth, King of England, and of his beauteous Queen, Joan of Navarre.

In this chapel, also, the bones of St. Thomas à Beckett had been enshrined: and though, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, the gorgeous shrine which contained them was pillaged, whilst the bones were committed to the flames, yet, in Mary's days, a small altar, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, was again erected in a side part of the same chapel, where the devotees attached to the memory of this old and favoured saint, once more set up their lighted tapers to his memory. Many other lateral altars stood likewise in this chapel, which were richly adorned with splendid images, paintings, and offerings even of gold and jewels; but the chief altar stood at the east end, immediately before that part of the chapel which gives entrance from the circular aisle to the beautiful little building called Beckett's

Crown. This chief altar was dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

On this occasion of holding the Spiritual Court, a temporary platform was erected in front of it, about ten feet in height, so that the Commissioner who was to represent the Pope's person might sit under the sacrament of the high altar of the Trinity. Various seats were arranged below and about this platform, and a table was placed to accommodate the officers of the law, and the scriveners, who were to take down the process in writing.

At an early hour the Commissioners assembled. Those of the Church were attired in the sacred habits of their functions, wearing upon this occasion the same costly albes, copes, &c. that they were used to do on days of the highest ceremonials in the calendar. The law officers were likewise in their respective robes of office. Amongst the latter was Sir Richard Southwell, who attended the meeting in the capacity of High Sheriff for the county of Kent. Sir John

Baker, already known to the reader as a civil magistrate, also acting under the Special Commission, attended, in company with the Mayor of the city and several of the aldermen and chief burgesses of Canterbury. Two doctors of the civil law took their seats before the table; the one as the Queen's, and the other as the King's proctor. Thomas Cluny, attorney-at-law, was also seated as chief clerk, or notary, of the ordinance.

These having taken their respective stations, now stood up in readiness to receive the head of the Commission. In a few minutes, Thornton, Suffragan Bishop of Dover, (and next in the diocese to the Archbishop himself,) entered the chapel with great pomp and attendance; for, on this occasion, as the deputy of the Legate, who represented the Pope in England, Thornton appeared as the Pontiff of Rome. His cross-bearer marched before him, bearing a high triple cross of silver, attended by two priests,—the one bearing a silver pillar upon a cushion of red velvet;

and the other, two gold keys, as the emblem of the charge of St. Peter.

Several children holding lighted tapers next approached, and immediately after walked Thornton, attired *in pontificalibus*, glittering with splendid ornaments, the long train of his cope upheld by a priest; whilst Friar John de Villa Garcina, and Harpsfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury, walked the one on his right, and the other on his left hand, and with much ceremony attended him to the chair, or throne, that was raised before the altar. As the Suffragan Bishop approached, every one rose up; nor did they presume to move from the attitude of silent respect in which they stood till the delegate of the Pope's delegate had taken his seat. Harpsfield and Friar John also took their seat on either side of the throne.

The prisoner, it was known, was ready, and held apart till it should be the pleasure of the Court to order him before it. Some preliminaries being settled, the order was given, and

the footsteps of people were soon heard advancing up the lengthened aisles of the cathedral, whilst their halberts and bills were seen here and there to glitter between the columns as they caught the light in passing on, and presently after Owen Wilford stood just within the entrance of the chapel.

The crier of the court arose, and said in a loud and distinct voice, "Owen Wilford, sometime clerk of Wellminster, in the County of Kent, come into the Court, there to make such answer as you may to that with which you are charged withal."

Owen immediately obeyed the summons, and with a steady step, a dignified and raised mien, his countenance neither joyful nor sad, but full of gravity and reverence, he advanced towards the assembly, and stopped within a few paces of the table, immediately facing his judges. He now cast a quick glance about him, when, on seeing the King and Queen's proctors, he respectfully doffed the black silk cap that he wore

upon his head, and made obeisance, first to the one, and then to the other, on his bended knee, and, rising up, looked Thornton full in the face, and covered his head again.

A murmur ran through the court; and Sir John Baker, who sat near to where he stood, said to him, "What! man, will you not doff your cap to the Suffragan Bishop of Dover, when he sits there to represent the Pope?"

"I acknowledge no such authority in England," replied Owen calmly.

The Bishop of Dover now spoke: "Though inasmuch as it respects my own person," said he, "I demand from you, Owen Wilford, neither deference nor respect; yet, when it is considered that I sit here as the deputy of Cardinal Pole, the Legate of Rome, in the name of that authority I do demand it. Cardinal Pole, besides his holy commission from the head of the Universal Church on earth, is also one of great and high qualities, in whose veins the royal blood of Kings flows right nobly, being, as you well wot

of, descended from Edward the Fourth, sometime sovereign of these realms."

"God forbid," said Owen, "that a mean man, like myself, should seem to be wanting in that respect which I acknowledge to be most justly due to the Cardinal Pole,—due to him as a man of great learning, excellent parts, and many virtues,—due to him for the princely blood whereof he is descended,—and especially due to him as Primate of all England. To him therefore, in these qualities, I pay my obeisance;" and Wilford took off his cap and held it in his hand as he spoke, and meekly bowed his head upon his bosom. He then continued, as he replaced his cap upon his head: "But to the same Cardinal Pole, as Legate from the See of Rome in these realms, I make no such reverence, since I never did, and never will, acknowledge such authority as lawful."

"You will not take off your cap then to the Legate?" said Thornton.

"I will not," replied Owen Wilford firmly.

"Then some one must do it for you," said Thornton.

Sir John Baker heard this, and getting up as fast as his unwieldy bulk would let him, he waddled to the side of Owen Wilford, and knocked the cap off his head. One standing by, snatched it up, and Owen remained bare-headed, without taking the least notice of the circumstance.

Thornton proceeded: "Master Wilford," said he, "you shall understand that I and many of these honourable persons here assembled, having received a special commission from the aforesaid Cardinal Pole, as Legate *à latere*, to proceed against, examine, and chastise all members of the Church suspected of heresy, and also a more general commission from the Queen and Council, with the broad seal of England affixed thereto, we have and do possess full power for that which we are now about to do, to examine you on certain points articulated against you, under the law of the Spiritual

Court, as shall presently appear.—Clerk, read the commission."

Cluny arose, and did so. This Commission was much of the same nature as others of the period, in which a most unlimited authority was afforded to the meaner instruments of arbitrary power to assist the cruel tyranny of their superiors. Under a similar Commission, those glorious martyrs of the Protestant cause, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Bradford, and others, had already perished.

When Cluny had finished reading, Thornton asked Wilford if he had any objections to offer on the ground of their authority.

"I have but one," replied Owen, "and that includes all the rest; since I deny that you can have any authority which builds itself on the See of Rome."

"That objection cannot be admitted," said Thornton, "since all Christendom allows his Holiness, the Bishop of Rome, to be supreme head of the Universal Church.—Clerk, proceed, rehearse the indictment."

The indictment was of considerable length. It set forth, in a long and tedious preamble, a variety of charges, both in general and specific terms, against Owen Wilford, and chiefly for the crimes of blasphemy and heresy; a turning of God's word into a vile abuse; and leading astray, and into everlasting damnation, many of her Majesty's liege subjects of her realm of England. The preamble concluded with these words: "You, Owen Wilford, are now called to answer for the same; and as you shall make your innocence or your guilt appear therein, may God give you a good deliverance, or a just condemnation!"

Thornton now addressed the prisoner. "You have had, Master Wilford, rehearsed to you both the commission of our authority, and the heavy charges whereof you are accused; and though, from the power of the one, and the offensiveness of the other, we might instantly proceed against you according to the articles, yet, remembering the great duty of charity which is laid upon the conscience of all men,

and especially of those that stand in the place of God's vicar here on earth, we, being moved by the same, would first desire earnestly to exhort you to return to the true path; to reconcile yourself to that universal Church from which you are now become as a stray sheep from the fold,—as one whom the wolf watcheth to devour; to persuade you to make yourself fitting to receive the Queen's great mercy, which most gladly she will extend to you; to conjure you to render yourself back to us, your sorrowing brothers for those your great iniquities, that we may rejoice over you, even as the father rejoiced for the return of his prodigal son. Do this, Master Wilford, and then will we gladly strip from you those filthy and ill-savoured rags wherein you have dressed your soul in the abominations of heresy, of arrogant lying, and lying arrogancy. Then will we leave you no longer to wallow amongst the swine of these your fellows in such filthiness, but washing you clean by the cleansing waters of his Holiness's

absolution, your muddy and bemired thoughts shall be no more; you shall shine as a light that is set up to lighten your brethren, and we will rise up and rejoice, and kill the fatted calf, and make merry with you after our heart's desire, seeing that he which was lost is now found, and cometh back to the obedience of the Pope and the Queen; and, in order to further this most charitable purpose, I shall somewhat discourse to you at large in this oration, trusting that you will not take my talk as vain talk, but for the good of your soul. I shall divide my discourse into three parts, after the solemn custom of the schools;—reminding you, in my first division, whence you have fallen; secondly, of the vanity of those letts and hindrances which may keep you from your turning; thirdly, and lastly, on the nature of your danger if you still stand stiff-necked, and blind as the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears.—Shall I say on?"

"May I have leave to speak anon, in answer, if I hear you?" inquired Owen Wilford.

"You shall have leave to speak all your heart, Master Wilford," replied Thornton; "since, following the gracious designs of our most godly, meek, and excellent Queen; and furthermore being desirous to step after the steps of that most zealous, tender, and charitable prelate, Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, we will gladly hear all you say, that we may do as they do, showing nothing but justice tempered with charity, mercy, and patience.—And now, Master Wilford, to touch upon the first head of my discourse, let me say unto you, remember from whence thou art fallen—from the Universal Church, and that by open heresy. You have fallen from your faith and your very oath of allegiance, and that by abominable preachings, marriage, and adultery. You have fallen from your Sovereign Princes, the King's and Queen's Majesties, by a non-compliance with their wills, whereby you are in some sort guilty of open treason; and, like a fling-brains and a light-head as you are,

you have set up your own savings, contrary to all the received doctrines and usages of the Church, as they have stood (and still stand) these many hundred years in Christendom. And most chiefest and greatest of all, you have fallen from him, whose most sacred, holy, supreme, and immaculate person and office I do now represent in my own unworthy person—unworthy in respect to myself; but most worthy as representing the worthiest—the worthiest in the sight of Heaven, in the sight of all the saints, his Holiness the Pope; the Peter, the head, the binder, the looser, the ruler, and lawgiver; the judge of all the world on earth, the convoy of the same to Heaven, the consigner of sinners to the devil, the ruler over earthly kings, the setter-up of kingdoms, and the setter-down of the same; yea, the only and true vicar of the only and true Church; yea, it is from *him* you have fallen! and very great, grievous, and terrible, is your fall. So that you do now hang, but as it were, over the

gulph of hell, which lies, with open jaws, ready to receive you, unless *he*, from whom you have fallen, and clean gone astray, should take you up again by the hand on your repentance, and with one kick of his foot shall cast back the gates over that horrible pit, and bid you rejoice, and leap, and dance with him, over the same, as safe as in a bed of flowers and roses; for in nothing can you stumble or tumble, when once you are his own again.—And now, I come to the second part of my discourse, having something abridged the first, lest I should seem wearisome; though, did we sinful men but feel as saints and angels do, we should never tire nor weary in hearing of the greatness and the excellence of his Holiness the Pope. Mayhap you will make answer that you have not fallen away from the Catholic Church that the Pope is the head of, since you may say there is another Church. But, as touching that, I make answer unto you, that if you say so, you are as the Donatists were, who said there was no true

Church but in Africa; and as you would say, so did Novatus. But hear what says St. Cyprian in his argument for Cornelius against Novatus: '*Ecclesia una est, quæ cum sit una, intus et foris esse non potest.*' Mayhap you will advise that you do not fall by heresy: so said the Arians, and so did the Marcians, going about by a twisting and a turning of Scripture to make the true seem the false, and the false seem the true. Peradventure you will deny that you have fallen by apostasy, by the breaking or beating down of your oath: so did Vigilantius, in so great wise, that he, forsooth, would have no one called to the ministry but those who had their wives laden with children.—Oh! what shameful and abominable fallings are these!—Mayhap you will say, you have not introduced new doctrines, but rather have cleared up the old: so said Berengarius before his turning back again; so said Luther, when he opened his throat, like a bull of Basan, to bellow out heresies throughout the world; so

said Zuinglius; so said Melancthon; so said Carolostadius; so said Œcolampadius; so said Calvin and Knox; so said Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and all the refuse and heretics that ever yet bawled and babbled upon earth. Mayhap you will say that you have gone too far to turn. But to this I answer, that the shame thereof shall be no shame at all, seeing those in whose eyes your turning should seem shame, are shamed themselves beyond all that is shameful by their open, wicked, and abominable heresies. And if you should want ensamples to encourage your turning, you shall find very many in Holy Writ. Did not David turn, after Nathan thundered in his ears that most striking warning of his conscience, saying unto him, 'Thou art the man?' And even as Nathan said unto David, so say I unto you. Speak of a heretic, I say 'Thou art the man!' Tell of a foul liver; again I say, 'Thou art the man!' Talk of a blasphemer; lo! I cry, 'Thou art the man!' Talk of a chum of the

devil, and behold! I lift up my voice, and loudly cry, Thou art, indeed, the man! And yet again I cry, Turn you, turn you, and save your soul alive. David did turn. And did not Peter turn? did not Paul turn, after he had gone about to slay God's people? did not St. Cyprian turn, when afore he was a wizard? did not St. Augustine turn, after he had been out of the Church nine years? did not Berengarius turn?—yea, and repented, and flogged and flapped his own bare back, to make his turning good and sound,—whipping out the foul spirit, to whip in the pure spirit. And in our days, did not Cranmer turn?—though, I grieve and shame to say it, that he did turn back again to the devil. And after such examples, shall *you* shame to turn? Yea, I say unto you, shame not at all; for in this your shame shall be glory, as your glory afore was your shame.—And now I come to the third and last part of this my solemn discourse, which toucheth the bodily danger wherein you do now

stand. Mayhap, if you die for your stiff-necked and obstinate opinions, you will say that you die a martyr. But, I say, you shall be no martyr at all,—seeing that it is the *cause* of a man's death, and not the *manner* of it, that maketh the martyr. Even in the old and heathen world they did so; as I may tell you did Regulus; as I may tell you did Scipio Tettus, who, whilst burning for setting up a school of atheism, rejoiced and clapped his hands in the midst of the flames. Thus falsehood itself will pretend to be a martyr. Yea, the devil has his martyrs, for did he not persuade Judas to become *his* martyr? And of many others could I tell you, even in the heathen times, which you well wot of, being, as you are, a man of much learning and of the schools. But if you die for these opinions, you shall but become as a stinking sacrifice before God; and both your body and your soul shall help but as the coals of the pit to fill up that pit to burn for the devil's mess. And so you are no martyr

at all. Turn you; once more I exhort you to turn you. Let not vainglory set you up; but let humility cast you down. Do not force us to turn you out, but rather force us to turn you in. Do not cry out against the Pope, to wash him out; but rather cry out to the Pope to wash you clean. Yield; humble you; submit yourself unto the Church; and then shall the Church submit herself to you. Yea, we your brothers shall rejoice, and the Queen's Highness, and the King's Grace, and the Pope's Holiness, and all the priests and the bishops, shall rise up and dance, and sing, and make them glad, seeing that which was lost is now found, and is their own again, and for ever. Amen."

Here the Suffragan Bishop of Dover stopped, something out of breath, and, having ended his oration, he sat down, whilst Friar John rose up and opened his discourse. But we really have some mercy upon the reader, and shall not therefore impose upon him the

task of perusing Friar John's sermon, which was divided into ten solemn parts, instead of three. We thought it right, however, to give Thornton's address at full length, as a specimen of those learned, eloquent, and long-winded speeches so frequently addressed to the unhappy and persecuted Protestants, before their examination, in the hope to procure a recantation of their opinions.

Friar John concluded his oration in these words:—"Mayhap, you will urge before this assembly, Master Wilford, that your conscience will not let you turn. But there is a good conscience, and an evil conscience, either of the which may be known by his mark. The good is humble, honest, obedient, and willing. The bad is high-minded, dissembling, obstinate, and rebellious. What then, I ask, is yours, if you stand, as you have done, in opposition to all the received doctrines of the Church, and the Fathers of the Church? if your opinions, and those of a few proud and self-willed men,

be to be preferred to all Christendom besides? Oh, what blindness, what presumption were this! By pride fell Lucifer, and by pride you shall fall. And if you offer up your life for these opinions, your offering shall be of none effect, since the sacrifice that is offered without the Church of Rome profiteth nothing. These things therefore considered, I say *memor esto unde excideris, et age pœnitentiam, et prima opera fac.* Cast you not away, spare your body, spare your soul, and stand not upon your own will, but bow down to the will of him who hath the power on earth to direct the wills of men, even as God hath to direct the wills of the angels in Heaven. Bow down to the Pope, and his will shall be your absolution. And if you start up against the royal will of your most gracious and merciful Queen, know, that she is more humble than you, and hath no will but that of the Roman Pontiff, in whose righteous behalf, she, notwithstanding the natural bowels of her com-

passion, must give you up as a castaway, to be dealt with according to the laws, unless you turn again to the Truth. And that you may do so, is my earnest exhortation; and I conclude my oration with the hearty prayer, that you, and all of us here with you, may be *in uno domino, uno baptismate, et una fide.*—Amen."

Here the Friar ended; and Nicholas Harpsfield, the Archdeacon, arose, and took up his discourse, which lasted a full hour and a half. He concluded in these words:—"Having shown you, Master Wilford, in my discourse, the greatness and enormity of your offences, I shall now proceed to show you how lawful and fitting it is, such offences should receive their reward. The Church of Rome doth now hold over you the rule spiritual; the laws of this realm do hold over you the rule temporal. Thus these two work together for the glory of Heaven and the written Word: for in all ages we find that it was so: so was it in the days of Josias and Hezekiah; so was it with the King of Nineveh, when he did

compel his people to keep the fast that was ordained for the glory of God; so was it with Nebuchadnezzar, when he did enact his laws against the wicked blasphemers of the true God; so did Constantine, by the powers secular, assist the powers spiritual, when he rose up to put down the Arians; and so did Theodosius against the Nestorians.—And now come we to greater matters. Did not Moses command the children of Levi to slay the idolaters; and did not they smite three thousand men, showing thereby that it is lawful and just to take away life for the glory of God? Yea, did not God himself destroy those raging cities of Sodom and Gomorrah because of their sins? Yea, did He not send the flood to wash off from the face of the earth all His outrageous, wicked, and rebellious people at once, saving only the godly Noah in the ark, with seven souls more? And even as the God of Heaven and of earth, in the old times, did cleanse at once this world of its iniquity by water, even so now doth his Vicar here on earth

rise up to cleanse the same by fire; for, he in his great holiness, and in his high place, shall come forth for justice. He shall burn the blasphemer; he shall burn the unbeliever; he shall burn the heretic; yea, he shall burn them all in you, unless you turn again to the Truth: for great and very grievous are your sins, more in number than the hairs on your head. And I say unto you, that not only in the Old Testament, but even in the New, there shall be found warrant for these things. For, look you to the parable of the Supper, when those that were bidden would not come in, did not the command go forth to the servants of the lord of the supper, that they should gather them people from the city, and from the highways, and *compel* them to come in? And how compel them, think you?—even as the lord of that supper pleased. And our lord on earth, his Holiness of Rome, pleased to compel men to come in even by the sword and by fire. And who shall say him nay, seeing he hath the authority from God himself,

being the binder and looser of all things here on earth, or, as I may say, the very ladder of holiness, which, like the ladder of Jacob, reacheth up to heaven? And thus his Holiness becomes the rock, the head, the everlasting basis of the Universal Church here on earth; for, remember what was said unto Peter: '*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam.*' And seeing that it is so, and that Peter remaineth to this day by his successors at Rome, I do exhort and beseech you to come into his flock; but if you lack to do so, and still hold out, then most justly and righteously, and charitably, shall your body be given to be burnt, and your soul to the devil.—Amen."

Here the Archdeacon ended, and sat down. Owen Wilford remained silent for a moment, and seeing that no one again rose up to speak, he looked at Thornton, and said, "Shall I now have leave to make answer?"

"Yea, Master Wilford," replied the Suffragan, "you shall have leave to say your mind,

and that freely; since, if you declare an honest mind, we shall gladly hear you."

"I am an old man," continued Wilford. "I have long been cast into a prison, where I have suffered, God knoweth, full many a hard condition; and of late I have been suffered to lie in a dungeon, with no company but that of God and my own thoughts. I have been denied my books, even my Bible was taken from me; so that being old, feeble by the natural decay of years, sick in body from my sad necessity, and something amazed in mind by the sense of my afflictions, I am not come here now at all prepared to answer the great learning which appears in those discourses you have addressed to me this day. I fear, therefore, that I shall seem but as a weak old man, who can but ill do the service of his master, when I take upon me to reply to your orations; and in nothing can I hope to match that flow of eloquence which has been exercised against me. Thus much for my apology. But what I can

do I will, and that for the Truth's sake, well remembering that the foolish things of this world are sometimes made to confound the wise. I begin then my discourse with once more avowing that, so long as I have breath, I never will admit the authority of the See of Rome as lawful in these realms."

"Clerk, make a note of that," said Thornton.

"And I now proceed," continued Wilford, "to show on what grounds I refuse the same. Is not Master Doctor there, that sitteth on the right-hand, the Queen's Proctor?"

"You speak a verity," answered Thornton.

"And is not the other Master Doctor, that sitteth on the left-hand, the King's Proctor?"

"He is," replied Thornton.

"Then," said Wilford, "whilst these learned Doctors of the Civil Law sit there to represent in this land of England the persons and the authorities of the rulers of the land, it is to *them* I must make answer, if against them I have offended, and not before a foreign power.

And even by the laws of this kingdom, though I confess that I am nothing skilful in the Civil Law, yet will I show that I cannot acknowledge that foreign power, without the commission of an act of treason. Mary, Queen of England, in that august ceremony, whereby she became wedded to this land, in the solemn oath of her espousals, did swear upon the altar of God, and in the sight of all her people, to observe the laws and liberties of England; and we her people (I being one among the meanest of them) are by our oath of allegiance bound to respect the same. Now, one chief law of this land is, that the King or Queen of England is supreme ruler of their dominions, and that the crown sits upon the sovereign's head, by the laws, and the descent of kings, and from no other power, save that of God. And there is another law made to uphold this, which is, that whosoever shall offer lett or hindrance to the observance of the first law, (or acknowledge any foreign power in England, either spiritual or

temporal,) shall be in danger of a Premunire. How then, I ask, can I, or any other subject of this realm, receive and consent to the See of Rome, without being guilty of perjury, and falling within the danger of the Premunire?—I would beseech you to answer this."

Here the Queen's Proctor took up the matter, and said: "But you well wot, Master Wilford, that when her Majesty took the oath of her coronation, she also took another oath to his Holiness the Pontiff of Rome, in the which she did make a solemn vow to maintain the See of Rome."

"That her Majesty did so, I grieve to think upon," replied Wilford; "but that last vow must be invalid, inasmuch as it was a manifest contradiction to her coronation oath; and though a Sovereign lady be guilty of perjury, I see not how it can follow that a subject ought to do the like, or may therefore be excused from his obedience to the laws of the land."

"The Queen perjured! her Grace guilty of

perjury!" was now the murmur that ran through the court.

"I say not that she is perjured," replied Wilford. "But this I say, if she abides by her oath unto the Pope, to the injury of her oath of coronation, she becomes perjured to her people."

"You cannot make that appear, with all your foul-mouthed railing," said Thornton.

"That will I now show," answered Wilford; "and, in doing so, I shall put this assembly in remembrance of what they did know of as well as I did. There is no one here present but must recollect, that when the Protestant men of Suffolk and of Norfolk rose up loyally and zealously to place Queen Mary on the throne, after the attempt that was made to give the crown to the Lady Jane Dudley, they first demanded of the Princess Mary that, during her reign, she would molest no man for the sake of conscience; and that the laws and the religion of this land should be suffered to remain unaltered, as they were established during the sovereignty of her

brother, Edward the Sixth; and she did solemnly vow, on the word of a Queen, that if these Suffolkmen restored her to her right, she would sacredly observe this demand they made upon her for the freedom of their conscience.—Can any one here present deny the same?"

"Our gracious Queen," replied Thornton, "did not make that oath upon any sacrament of the altar; and, even had she done so, seeing that it would have been made to brutal heretics, she was not bound to observe the same. An absolution from his Holiness might have cleared her from a vow she could not make without his authority. Since his Holiness being once more declared supreme head of the Church of England, all affairs touching the conscience of her Majesty and of her subjects become his: the Queen can no longer act contrary to his pleasure."

"Then, by the matter of your argument," answered Wilford, "an oath is no oath at all; and even her Grace's coronation oath is nothing,

if it may be dispensed with at the pleasure of the Pope; since at her coronation her Majesty swore to uphold the laws and liberties of this country, as they stood in the time of King Edward the Sixth. These we all know to be contrary to the Pope's pleasure, inasmuch as they maintain the reformed faith,—the only sure foundation of civil as well as spiritual liberty."

"Rather say of licence to do evil," said Thornton.

"And farther I would urge," continued Wilford, "that with the constitution of the laws of this realm the assumption of the See of Rome cannot stand good. For, look you, the law of England is, that the King or Queen is such by no foreign power; and the Pope says, that all sovereign rulers hold the sceptre from him, he having authority to raise up or to put down their sway."

"Marry," cried Harpsfield, "I thought that we came here to have to debate with a divinity priest; but, lo! he turns out to be a notable

lawyer, and talks more like a bencher than a minister.—We came to examine you, Master Wilford, in spiritual matters, and not to hear you talk about the law."

"But I would show," replied Wilford with spirit, "that no law exists on which you can ground an authority to try me, seeing that your commission is under the Cardinal as Legate *à latere*. If I prove the Pope has no authority in England, it follows that his Legate can have none. You say that I am to be examined in spiritual matters as a priest. Now, the law of England is, that all priests offending against the laws either spiritual or temporal, are to be tried after the laws of the realm. But the See of Rome declares that no secular power can judge in matters spiritual.—How make you these two things agree?"

A confusion of voices was now heard, and all spoke and railed together in the same disorderly manner as they had often done before at Oxford, to confound, rather than to answer,

the arguments of their opponents. "The Queen, all the land has again acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope: the Parliament has revived the statute against heresy; the proclamation of the Queen and Council is our warrant," and many other such-like sentences were uttered, but no positive reply.

When Wilford could again be heard, he continued:—"The law of England is, that whosoever shall consent to a foreign power, to the injury of the Constitutional laws and ordinances of this country, are to be held guilty of treason, and subject to Premunire. The Pope says, that whosoever, in any country, England or elsewhere, hindereth the sway of his laws, shall be accursed — the sovereign accursed, the council accursed, and all the people accursed. Why, what falsehood, what contradiction is there here!—and who that is born in England can receive the Pope, without lending his aid to destroy the ancient laws

and liberties of his country? I will never be a traitor to the land that gave me birth."

"Hear no more of this babbling talk about laws, I beseech you," said Harpsfield to Thornton: "the Pope is the Pope, and the Queen is the Queen, and that is enough for us to know about the matter, seeing we have the authority of both. We come not here to listen to pleadings of law; we come to do our duty; and it seemeth as if this fellow came to examine us, and not we to examine him. Let us on to the business. The Queen and the King, as pertaining to themselves, because of the law (if this man will have about the law), cannot here personally appear, *Quia sunt illustrissimæ personæ;* they have therefore here sent their proctors, over whom the Bishop of Dover hath authority, being the delegate of the Pope's Legate *à latere:* proceed, therefore, to the matter; and let Master Wilford, if he must talk, say his mind as to the articles brought against

him, and not go wandering thus up and down clean from the matter."

"You will not admit my appeal then," said Wilford, "as to the illegality of your commission?"

"We will hear no more of that matter," said Thornton; "we have heard too much already; we do but lose time: finish your talk, and then we proceed to the examination."

"I go, then, to the charges brought against me," replied Wilford. "First, I am accused of heresy: this, I utterly deny; having set forth my opinions some years since, even in Cranmer's time, in a little book you well wot of, '*The Touchstone of Truth, or the Gospel credited before Traditions.*'"

"I know it," said Thornton; "a copy of it was burned by the hangman at Paul's Cross, with much other filthy matter, since you have been in prison."

"That book," continued Wilford, "will prove that I am no heretic. But if you will say,

that my refusal to consent to the Pope is heresy; then, I say, that all the Fathers of the Primitive Church, the Apostles, yea, our blessed Lord himself, taught heresy; since the vainglorious and arrogant assumption of the Pope is in direct opposition to the tenets of the Gospel;—nay, more, for if you will admit that by its fruits a tree shall be known, be it a good or a bad tree; even so say I, that by its works the See of Rome shall be known for the very Antichrist!"

Here a great murmur ran through the Court. At length Wilford was suffered to continue: "I have been denied my books," said he, "and, being an old man, my memory is something infirm; but I will show you certain passages in the Revelation of St. John, touching the Antichrist; 'And I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet-colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls, hav-

ing a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornications; and upon her forehead was written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and of the Earth. And I saw a woman drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the Martyrs.' And again, the same prophet says, when speaking of the kings of the earth, 'These have one mind, and shall give their power and their strength unto the Beast.' Now let any man consider these and the like prophecies, and then say if they do not point with the finger of God himself to the pride and the assumption of the See of Rome. Doth not the Pope adorn himself in purple, and in scarlet, and precious stones? And who sitteth but he on the Seven Hills, to put his foot on the necks of kings and princes, declaring that to be verified in him, which was only spoken of the Son of God, *Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem?* And doth not he, in his pride, that is more daring than

that of Lucifer, take to himself the highest place on earth, casting down kings and empires at his foot? Doth not he declare that he holds the place of God himself, ruling and judging even the conscience of men, holding possession of the same, and avowing sins to be everlastingly forgiven or retained, even as *he* listeth? He hath brought in idols, and false gods, making the Virgin to be worshipped as God; yea, turning the grace of God into lasciviousness; selling it for filthy lucre, even as Judas sold his master for a price; making a common traffic for the redemption of sins, like a merchant of the earth; setting up sinners as saints in the eyes of poor simple creatures; teaching false miracles, and bidding the multitude make payment for them. Here, in this very chapel, even on this very spot where I now stand, even here was *this* done! Here once stood the shrine of Beckett, who was made little less than God himself. For here did thousands, and tens of thousands, bow the knee before that shrine, till the hard nature of

the stones themselves wore away, showing to this hour the hollow print of such idolatry. Here the deceived multitude made vows, set up lights, whilst some of them gave their last coin to procure a blessing from a shrine of mouldering and senseless bones. Are not these things true? Were they not done in the face of all the world, and that by the authority of your Pontiff of Rome? Oh, blinded and benighted state of men! how do I thank God that these errors shall be made to pass away, though it be at the price of the blood of saints and martyrs! The pride of your Pope is alike intolerant and intolerable. What said Bishop Tonstall to it, when he preached against the supremacy of Rome, before King Henry the Eighth? 'I saw Pope Julius,' quoth the Bishop, 'more than thirty years agone, when one of his chamberlains raised for him his gown, because that he was too stately to do it for himself, and Julius did stretch forth his foot, that a venerable nobleman, who lay prostrate on the ground before

him, might kiss it with reverence as a duty. I then thought I saw Cornelius, the good centurion, submitting himself to Peter, and much honouring him; but I saw not Peter there to take him up, and to bid him rise, saying, *I am a man as thou art.* And this Pope is the man who often boasts in his bulls, and in his canons, that he can dispense *contra Petrum, contra Paulum, contra vetus et novum Testamentum*, and that he *plenitudine potestatis tantum potest quantum Deus.* Oh! vain and horrible presumption! If this be not the very spirit of Antichrist, show me where it may be found? And again, God willeth that every man should have understanding of His Word, and of His Law; that every man should pray unto Him with his heart and with his mind; and the Bishop of Rome willeth, that no man should understand his very prayers to God, ordaining the mass to be said in a dead tongue. God would, that men should confess their sins together, and should acknowledge their offences,

each to the other, when they have offended each other. But the Pope will have no confession but to his own priests. Talk of blood, and who is so bloody as he?—seeing that the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the simple, men, women, and even children, have perished at the stake for his decree. What is this but the death of those whose souls cry from beneath the altar? "The souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held." And they were bid to rest, "yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." And these are the martyrs for the truth of God's Word; and he that now sitteth upon the Seven Hills, in the pomp of the purples and the scarlets of this world, even he shall be cast down, and in his place shall be found "the blood of prophets and of saints; and never will I be amongst them who make an image of the Beast, or who fall down and worship the abominations of the

Beast; but I will, with my last breath, give all honour and glory to God; to Him who was, and is, and is to come. Thus have I declared to you all my mind in the great cause of Truth; not for any enmity, malice, or misliking, that I bear unto the man who is now the Pope, since I know him not; but I speak it in respect to the vainglory, the assumption, and the wickedness of his office. It may be, that my simplicity in thus openly speaking of the matter will cost me life; but I can take comfort even in that peril, well remembering the words of our holy Master: 'Fear not them that can kill the body, and after that, there is no more that they can do; but, rather fear Him who hath power to kill and to cast into hell.'"

"Have you done this railing talk," said Thornton, "or must we hear you farther? I promised you, afore you began to discourse, that you should have leave to speak your heart; and a foul and stinking heart it turns out to be, as ever hung upon the common shambles. Will

you say on, or will you that we now proceed to the examination?"

"I am ready to make answer to whatever questions you may address to me," said Wilford; seeing that it is my duty to have in my mouth a reason for the faith that is in my heart."

"First, then," continued Thornton, "you are accused of incontinency, in having, being a priest, married a woman, called Alice Mordaunt; and having lived with her, openly and shamefully in the sight of all men, as your wife, and having had by her two children, both now pronounced bastards."

"My wife! my children!" exclaimed Owen; and for some minutes he was unable to reply. He took a fair handkerchief from under his gown, and wiped his eyes and brows with it, and then he thus answered: "I did marry in early life, before I was in holy orders, a woman discreet and virtuous; and I have lived with her, after God's ordinance, for more than thirty

years: I never have, and never will desert her, with my own consent."

"Your offence is not in having married before you took holy orders," replied Thornton; "but in having lived with her after your ordination; that is your sin."

"It would have been a greater sin to have abandoned her," said Wilford, "and to have taken to myself the daughters or the wives of other men, as some in your Church have done, with little show of remorse."

"You allow, then, that you did live with such a woman, or wife?" said Friar John.

"I did live with my wife," answered Wilford; "and, in doing so, I did no wrong; seeing that marriage, from the foundation of the world, was a sacred ordinance of God. The first marriage being in Paradise, before the fall of Man; and the first miracle performed by our blessed Master being at Cana, at a marriage feast. King Edward's laws also allowed of marriage in the ministers of the Church; and I took upon

me holy orders in the first year of his reign. Thus, I did neither offend against the laws of my God nor of my king. And for my children, they were born in honourable wedlock, and they have been brought up in the love and the fear of God; so that they are no bastards, but, I trust, right and lawful heirs of the promise."

"And better had it been for them had they been strangled in the cradle, than have lived to learn your heresies," said Harpsfield.

Wilford looked sternly upon the Archdeacon as he spoke; a flush overspread his cheeks, and, for a moment, there was an expression of deep resentment in the countenance even of Owen as he answered: "There is no man who could have done such a deed but yourself. You, Harpsfield, are a fit instrument for the cruel acts of that power under which you act, more like a savage than a man. The hungry lion, or the fierce tiger, that preys on human blood, does it but to satisfy the necessities of his

daily food; but you do all in wantonness, and rejoice to witness the tortures you inflict. I have learned too, though but lately, your inhuman cruelty to my child,—to my poor, poor Rose!" He burst into an agony of tears as he spoke; and whilst his voice was rendered almost inarticulate from the contest of his feelings, he continued: "I could curse you; the heart of a father could pay the deed with a father's curse, but that, as a servant of my God, I dare not do it."

"Go on with the examination," said Harpsfield; "let us not waste our time. Proceed to the next article; that is the chiefest of all."

Wilford endeavoured to compose himself, and begged a cup of water. It was allowed him; and, as he appeared much spent, and nearly sinking, he was permitted to sit down, for a brief space, to rest himself in a chair. Soon after, the Commissioners commenced their examination on that point of faith which had hitherto proved fatal to almost all the Pro-

testants. It was the touchstone by which they were tried; and by it, Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Philpot, and indeed the whole of the noble army of martyrs who perished in Queen Mary's time, had been consigned to the stake; this point of doctrine, so formidable in its consequences, being no other than the argument respecting the real presence in the Sacrament. Owen Wilford replied to this dangerous question in a manner so similar to his late master, Thomas Cranmer, that he stood instantly convicted of heresy in the sight of all his judges.

This point settled and at rest, others were but slightly moved, since they wanted no more as necessary for their determination to convict him; yet, for form's sake, they did slightly go through the examination of what, in the Church of Rome, is called the Seven Sacraments. Wilford would not admit their number, far less their authority. In like manner he disclaimed all masses for the dead, the use of images and idols as objects of worship, pilgrimages, setting

up of lights at the altars of saints, the worship of angels, paying for absolutions, buying indulgences, acts of supererogation on the part of the saints for the relief of souls in purgatory, praying to the Virgin, and all other particulars upon which he was examined according to the received doctrine of the Roman creed; so that it plainly appeared, after the argument had closed, that he was really *the Protestant* his life and preaching had hitherto induced them to suspect.

These examinations were altogether long and tedious; and Wilford replied to each in a manner very similar to other enlightened men of his time, who had suffered for the Truth's sake. We shall not, therefore, give his answers to the reader; but should he feel desirous of making himself fully acquainted with these solid grounds of argument, upon which the supporters of the Reformed Church founded their objections to the faith of Rome, besides that excellent book, "Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs,"

we would recommend to his perusal Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiatical Biography;" a work truly worthy the attention of every lover of English history and of the Established Church.

To return from this digression. After the arguments had closed, the same being taken down in writing by the notaries there present, Friar John rose up, and thus addressed the prisoner:—"We have now, Master Wilford, fully, clearly, and entirely examined you respecting all those offences articulated against you in the indictment. Yet, as we would be loth to condemn you, even by your own words, though, by the tenor of our Commission, we might do so, we shall call in one or two witnesses, that will be examined as to the doctrines they have at sundry times heard delivered by you from the orations or homilies in your church; seeing also, that those heretical books and writings which were found in your house, some of which you admit to be your own doing, do also witness against you.—Crier! call in the evidence."

The crier of the court arose and said aloud, "Samuel Collins, come into the Court, there to make answer to such questions as shall be put to you respecting the prisoner."

The summons was instantly obeyed; and Samuel Collins, to the utter astonishment of Owen Wilford, appeared as a witness against him. Owen looked at him stedfastly for a moment, and then said, "I have never seen this man before in all my life."

"But I have seen you, and heard you too, Master Wilford," replied Collins; "and I heard you damn the Pope, and the Queen, and the Mass-book, in your homily, as I am come here to swear to; and am now ready to depose to the same."

"Swift and ready, indeed, to shed blood," said Wilford.

The witness was then sworn; and, in few but gross terms, delivered his evidence, which went to show that he had once, in company with Sir Francis Morgan, attended Divine service in the church of Wellminster, where the prayers were

said in English, and a homily preached by Owen, in which he inveighed against popery. The whole of his deposition being taken down in writing, he was dismissed; and the crier of the court summoned the appearance of a second witness, by the name of Sir Francis Morgan, Knight, who was duly bid to advance before the judges.

On hearing this, Owen Wilford started, and exclaimed, "Good God! What, my own nephew! the very man, who, when a child, was some time under my roof; and who, in maturer years, I endeavoured to reclaim from the error of his ways,—must *he* too be brought against me? But God's will be done!"

"No kindred is to be preferred to Truth," said Friar John; "since we are enjoined in Holy Writ to forsake father, mother, wife, children, and all for the Truth's sake. I know, this witness comes with bitter reluctance against you; but he comes, against his own natural feelings, to do his duty."

Sir Francis Morgan now entered the court with an affected air of concern in his countenance and demeanour; and, being sworn, he supported the part he had assumed with consummate hypocrisy, not stating one single article against Owen Wilford without its being drawn from him by the questions of Thornton and Friar John. But when he did reply, under an apparent desire to palliate his uncle's conduct and doctrines, he threw out such insidious attacks upon his principles, that, had all else been wanting, Morgan's evidence would alone have been sufficient to convict Wilford of heresy before such judges: and under an acknowledgment of a great obligation for the kind intentions of his uncle towards himself, he stated that Owen had zealously endeavoured to impress upon him a belief in the new doctrines of the Reformed Church. This was a thing above all others hateful to the Popish priests, since making converts they had long considered to be exclusively the property of their own Church.

When Wilford heard this, he turned suddenly towards Morgan, and asked him, in an indignant manner, if he could recollect the cause of his attempting to impress upon him a belief in those doctrines. Sir Francis bowed with mock gravity in reply; and Wilford, disgusted with his hypocrisy, exclaimed, "You were lost and abandoned to every sense of moral duty, and I made a last, a fruitless attempt, to impress upon your obdurate mind a sense of religious duty in the hope to save you—"

"From the dangerous doctrines of the Church of Rome, as you termed them," replied Sir Francis. "I remember it well; and, though I declined receiving your opinion, I retain a grateful sense of the kindness which inspired your zeal for me; for certainly you thought to do me a service, though you were yourself mistaken."

"Ungrateful, wretched man!" said Owen, "you are beneath my resentment! May God forgive you this last act of baseness, as I forgive it!"

Sir Francis Morgan was dismissed, and the prosecution for the Crown (or, perhaps, we should say, for the Pope) being here closed, the prisoner was called upon for his defence.

"I know," said Owen Wilford, in reply to this appeal, "that my defence will nothing avail me, and therefore I shall not enlarge upon it; since the man who is already condemned in the opinion of his judge, can hope but little to work upon his mercy, or to look for any at his hands. Yet, as I should be loth that those who are here present should depart, and, by my silence, think my cause so weak, that I could offer no answer, I will but say a sentence or two, and then rest me from the labour, and leave judgment to my God. That I am guilty of heresy, I deny; since I do most devoutly and reverently believe whatever I am enjoined to believe by the written Word of God; and as far as the Fathers of the Church agree with the same, I believe in their doctrines, and no farther. That I am guilty of treason or disloyalty to the Queen, as once or twice in the course of

this day's argument you have charged me withal, I also deny; since I have ever, both in my preaching and living, taught the duty to that sovereign ruler, whom it may please God, in His providence, to set over this nation. And I do daily recommend her Majesty in my prayers to Him, who hath the hearts of princes in His keeping, fervently beseeching Him that He, in His great mercy, may so enlighten the mind of her Grace, that she may no longer suffer these persecutions against her people, but know God even as He is, a God of truth and of great pity. I deny also all guilt in respect of my wife; and I profess, till my last breath, to believe her to be my dear and honoured wife, hoping to meet her hereafter where sorrow and separation shall be no more. And having said this, I shall conclude with a few remarks upon the matter of your examination, and the evidence brought against me."

Owen Wilford then attempted to reply once more to some points that had come under dis-

cussion; but Harpsfield, Thornton, Friar John, and others, following the common custom of the time, in drowning by an outcry the arguments they would not hear, set up their voices together, even in shoutings and tumult, crying, "Blasphemy! blasphemy! heresy! Hear no more; away with him! excommunicate him! proceed to judgment." So that, in very despair of being heard, Wilford gave over the attempt. And when some degree of order was at length restored, he looked at them with a countenance full of firmness and dignity, as he said, "I will not stoop to answer railings with railing, for this day's tumult does but remind me of that outcry which was made against St. Paul, when he would have put down the idols of silver amongst the Greeks, when nothing could be heard, saving that cry, '*Great is Diana of the Ephesians!*' I commit myself wholly to God, who, in the greatness of His power and of His mercy, will sustain me, though the whole earth itself should rise up against me, so long as I

maintain the Truth, for the glory of His name. He will not deny me, if I do not deny Him. *Fidelis est Deus qui non sinit nos tentari supra id quod possumus;* and I thank God most heartily that I have been thus long spared to end my life as a witness of His truth.—Now do as you list, for I am ready. Life or death you may decree me; but to happiness or misery, God alone can lead me."

For a few minutes, the Commissioners whispered together. Thornton then arose, and thus addressed the prisoner:—" Owen Wilford, you have this day been proved, before the Spiritual Court here assembled, guilty of the charges whereof you have been indicted. You have been most charitably, learnedly, and kindly entreated to accept of the Queen's mercy, which has been held out to you, so that you would but renounce your manifold errors and return into the true Church. But all has been in vain, and we are utterly void of hope of you. You are clean become a castaway, a blasphemer, a

reviler; a devil-worshipper; a creature-seeker; a puffer-up; a fling-brains; a setter-up of new things, a caster-down of old ones; a heretic; first denying the Pope's Holiness, and saying he hath turned the word of God into a lie; and in this you are as the Pharisees, pretending only to hold for the truth, having always in your mouth *verbum Domini*, but having in your heart the falsehood of the devil. Many other wicked sinners did the same; for so cried Basilides, so cried Photinus, so Nestorius, so Macedonius, and so Pelagius, and so do all heretics; yea, and so did Lucifer himself, being the father of heretics; for did not he say, *Scriptum est*, when he would have used his worst temptation? and now so he says with you, and with you all when you cry out, Down with the Pope, down with images, down with altars, yea, down with all that is godly, and set up me, the devil, in their stead. Thus, you being convicted, as a rotten and offensive member of the Church, we shall do our duty, and proceed first to excom-

municate you, having full commission so to do, and then to degrade you; and this ended, you being no longer a member of the spiritual power, we give you over to the secular arm, to suffer the penalty of the laws for your offences. And they will deal with you wisely and justly, giving your filthy body to be burned for the heresy of your more filthy soul; acting in this according to the law of Holy Writ, which commanded the death of the priests of Baal for worshipping a false God. I, and these my fellows in Commission, do now proceed to make an end of our part with you; leaving what remains to the flames on earth, and to the fiercer flames of hell."

Thornton now descended from his seat, and he and all the priests assembled took a lighted waxen taper in their hands, and, standing around Wilford, the Suffragan of Dover proceeded to read aloud, as follows,

The Sentence of Excommunication.

"By the authority of God, the Almighty Father, and of his Son, and of the Holy Spirit;

of Mary, the Mother of God, and of all heavenly spirits; of the blessed Peter, chief of the Apostles, to whom God hath given power of binding and loosing; and of the other Apostles, and of all the Saints of God, we excommunicate, and anathematize, and curse, and banish, and expel, from the children of the holy Mother Church, and from all Christian society, Owen Wilford, and all consenting to him; whose wicked rage and violence directed against us and the Church of God, we have so often sustained. Let him be accursed in the town and in the field, in entering and going out; let him be accursed in his house, eating or drinking, sleeping or waking; let him be accursed in sitting or standing, in working or reposing; let him be accursed in every place, in all his works; in his outward limbs, and in his entrails; from the sole of his foot, to the crown of his head, let there be no soundness in him; let his way be dark and slippery, his children orphans, and his wife a widow, the Angel of the Lord

chastening them; let their fate and their portion be with Dathan and Abiram, who went down into hell alive; and with Judas, the betrayer of God, and with those who said to God, depart from us, we have not known thy ways. Let their bodies be as leprous as King Uzziah, and Miriam the sister of Moses; be they also, on account of their demerits, struck with St. Anthony's Fire.—And for this man, Owen Wilford, and for his multiplied misdeeds and impenitent heart, let him be consumed by the judgment of Heaven: as these candles are extinguished—(here all the churchmen threw down upon the pavement the lighted tapers they bore in their hands)—so may his soul be extinguished: let him be delivered over from the help of God to the eternal company of the devils whom he served on earth; so be it, so be it.—Amen!"*

* For the form of the sentence of excommunication here given, the Author is indebted to a most interesting work of considerable talent and research, entitled

When the Bishop of Dover had concluded this dreadful malediction, Owen Wilford raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed aloud—"From this your impious sentence I appeal to God the Almighty Father, for whose sake I am thus condemned by the tongues of men."

"Proceed to the degradation," said Thornton. "Bring forth the Mass apparel."

A person in attendance now brought forward the mock garments of a Popish priest; a surplice, albe, cope, &c. But whereas, in the dress of a priest who is to perform mass, every thing is costly and magnificent, in these garments all was wretched, mean, and old. The cope was of the coarsest canvass, and the surplice of common serge. Owen Wilford, knowing how vain had been the resistance of Ridley in a like case,

"Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church of St. Martin-le-Grand, with observations on the different kinds of Sanctuary, by Alfred John Kempe, F.S.A." Published by Messrs. Longman and Co.

patiently submitted, and suffered them to do with him as they pleased, and only remarked, that it was his duty to submit to insult; well remembering the cruel mockery that had been shown to his heavenly Master, when his enemies hailed him in scorn as the King of the Jews.

Whilst this was doing, Thornton and Harpsfield gave him bitter taunts; but Friar John was silent. Perhaps the presence of Sir Richard Southwell, who turned away his head, that he might not witness what was going forward, caused this forbearance on the part of the Friar. They now came to enact that ceremony of the degradation, which, in fact, like all the rest, was a libel on their own Church, since they obliged Wilford to hold in his hands the chalice, and the wafer-cake, (called the singing-bread,) as Thornton read a preamble in Latin, from the law of the Pope, on the degradation of spiritual persons. This concluded, they took away the chalice, and put a book into his hands, (but of what nature that book might be, we

have not been able to ascertain by any authority,) and then Thornton made an end of the ceremony, by repeating the Latin form of turning Owen Wilford for ever out of the Church, according to the law of the Bishop of Rome.

Thornton and Harpsfield now proceeded to strip the Protestant of the mock garments in which they had dressed him; and as they did so, they continued to revile him, first the one, and then the other, like two persons who take up the words of each other in a duet. "This is the man who cursed, and who swore, and who reviled his Holiness the Pope," said Harpsfield.

"The Pope now reviles, and degrades, and tramples upon this man," answered Thornton.

"This man tore down God's images and cast them out," chimed in Harpsfield.

"And now he is cast out to the devil and to hell," rejoined Thornton.

"And hell and the devil shall rejoice over this man," sang Harpsfield; and so they went on

abusing and reviling Owen Wilford all the time they were removing the wretched apparel of the mass; and when all was completed, forgetful of the sanctity of the place, forgetful of their own self-respect, and even of common decency, (as it had repeatedly happened before in similar cases,) they fairly set to hooting and shouting, as they gave over the excommunicated and degraded heretic to the secular power, represented in the person of the Mayor of Canterbury, whose prisoner the Protestant had now become.

The venerable Owen Wilford bore these repeated mocks and insults with a composure and a patience that might have moved any heart, but one of stone, to pity. Worn out by long suffering, and the exertions he had made that day in defence of his opinions, his countenance now appeared white as death; and, deeply dejected, the image of perfect sorrow was in him. He once more attempted to speak, but his voice seemed to fail him; and the Mayor of Canterbury, who probably felt for the sufferer

some little motion of compassion, out of charity, was hastening him from the enraged Court to his prison, as a far more desirable place, when a cry, so shrill and piercing that it startled the ears of every one assembled, burst from the crowd, which stood near the chapel-door, and a woman rushed through the press, regardless of every thing but her own feelings, darted forward, and fell nearly senseless at the feet of Owen. She was instantly raised by the citizens who were in attendance upon the Mayor; and on looking upon her, (as some friendly hand threw in her face the water that remained in the cup that had been allowed to Wilford,) Owen recognized his maimed and tortured child.

"It is Rose! It is my daughter! Let her come to me; let me clasp her in my arms. Do not keep an old man, and a father, from his dear, dear child."

Owen was suffered to advance. The Mayor hung down his head upon his bosom, the citizens wept, and even the railers were silent,

overawed, in spite of themselves, by a sight that nature made too powerful for resistance. Wilford embraced, kissed Rose, took her in his arms, fixed his eyes upon her face, gazed in silence, and then casting them upon her arm, which was still bound up and hung in a sling that was about her neck, he uttered a fearful exclamation, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. "Oh! my poor Rose, my child!" said he, "my dear child, this is dreadful—this is too much. Good God! how could that wretch live and use you thus?" Owen's patience forsook him; and, turning suddenly towards Harpsfield, he exclaimed, whilst a look of almost frenzied agony seemed to animate his features, "I do curse thee, thou blood-thirsty and cruel man! A father's curse be on thy head for this deed! May God requite thee!"

A murmur arose in the Court, but no one answered; for the sight of a man, so moved by deep passion and despair, produced a stunning effect upon every calmer mind.

"Rose, dear Rose, kiss me, my child," said Owen, "kiss your poor old father. You will remember him, you will think of him sometimes when he is in his grave. May God Almighty shower down blessings on this innocent head!"

"And will they, can they be so cruel?" sobbed Rose. "Can they—can they take you from us, and burn so good a man as you are, my dear father?" She looked at Thornton and Harpsfield. "But I know *who* are your judges," continued Rose; "and you will perish, for they are fiends and not men who have dealt with you. There stands the wretch who would have destroyed my body; and there stands Thornton, a wretch even worse than he, who would have destroyed my soul."

Thornton caught these last words as they fell from the lips of Rose Wilford; and, fearing what would follow, and that his shameless conduct towards her might thus become publicly exposed, he resolved at all hazards to put

an end to the scene, and hastily interrupted Rose by an exertion of his power; so that, without pity or remorse, he caused the unhappy girl to be torn from her father's embrace, and instantly turned out of the church, whilst Owen Wilford was hurried back to prison.

Sir Richard Southwell witnessed this scene of cruelty with a degree of sympathy it would be impossible to describe; and the instant he could clear the throng about him, he also quitted the church, not only to ascertain by what means Rose had contrived to enter the Court during the trial, but likewise to afford whatever assistance it might be in his power to give, to soothe the distressed state of her mind, and to shelter her from any farther injuries on the part of Harpsfield and Thornton.

After the removal of Owen Wilford from the Court, three prisoners of inferior degree were brought forward to take their trials, also on a charge of heresy. The first of these was old Abel Allen, whose affair of accidentally knocking down the pyx was not forgotten,

and, indeed, it was now made one of the principal charges against him. Abel was of less consequence in point of learning, station, and public repute, than his master, the unhappy Owen Wilford. The Commissioners, therefore, made short work of it with him, since they did not think it worth their while to address to him any long orations for the benefit of his soul; and they proceeded at once, after a few necessary forms being observed, to put Abel to the touchstone, by which all the Reformers were proved to be such.

Abel Allen stood firm to his faith; and though he endeavoured at first, by two or three ingenious shifts, to evade the subject, still, when brought to the point, he would not deny the truth. A few other questions, besides this one of so much import, were also put to him; and his answer to that which required him to declare his mind respecting the authority of the Pope, was too characteristic of the old man to be here omitted.

"Please your Worships," said Allen, "as

to my mind about the Pope, I am much of the same mind about the matter of his Holiness of Rome, as the Earl of Wiltshire's dog was when he was brought before him."

"The Earl of Wiltshire's dog!" said Thornton; "what do you mean by that, fellow?"

"Please your Worship," replied old Abel, "I will tell you the story, and specially as some people have thought it is a sign, or an omen, or some such thing, that bodes no good to his Reverence the Pope's rule in England. You must know, then, that King Henry the Eighth sent the Earl of Wiltshire to Rome, to do something for him in the matter of turning off his old Queen Catherine, to take a new queen. And my Lord of Wilts had a fine spaniel dog that he was very fond of, and it used to go after his heels, as my dog Pincher did after mine;—poor thing! it grieves my heart when I think of Pincher, and that, perhaps, he and I shall never meet more.—Now, when my Lord of Wilts went before the Pope, he wanted him to kiss his great toe, as the way of it is at Rome. But

my Lord did not like to do it; since, mayhap, he thought the Pope's toe no better than any other man's. And so his Greatness ordered one of his priests to lift up his petticoats to make the Earl do his duty, and so it was done by the priest, and out he stuck his foot, just as I do mine. And my Lord of Wilt's dog, being close beside his master, not liking the business, stepped forward, and did so seize and handle the Pope's toe between his jaws, growling and grumbling all the while, that his Holiness was fain to cry out to my Lord to take off his dog, or that he should have no toe left to be kissed by the kings and emperors of Christendom. And so my Lord did as he was begged to do, but the Pope never asked him to kiss his foot again, for the Earl of Wiltshire took special care always to bring the spaniel along with him when he went to pay his respects to the Pope. And now, I say, that just as much as my Lord's dog reverenced his Holiness, so do I, and I hope no offence in saying so."

Abel Allen, of course, was sharply reproved for

thus irreverently delivering his opinion. And when he was also reproved, during another part of the examination, for insisting on understanding some phrase in the New Testament *literally*, whilst they insisted it should be looked upon as figurative, his judges asked him if he really knew what was the meaning of a parable.

Abel replied, "Yes; he knew that very well; for a parable was the sign of a thing without the thing itself being expressed. For your Worship must know," continued old Abel, "that I once heard Master Latimer, who now is dead,—the more the shame to them that killed him,—preach about parables, and he gave the congregation such a notable example about one, that I shall never forget it. 'For look you, brethren,' (quoth Master Latimer,) 'when ye shall see a goodly painting of a fox preaching out of a friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth; but every body knows well enough the meaning of the matter, which is, to paint out unto us, what hypocrisy,

craft, and subtle dissimulation lieth hid many times under these friars' cowls, willing us to beware of them. But if ye see a devil be painted peeping near the preaching fox, then may you know all the world over that he is a Spanish fox.' Now that is what I call a parable of Queen Mary's days," continued Abel: "no offence, I hope, to Friar John de Villa Garcina, though he seems to take it to himself by being in such a fume about my words."

The Court had now quite enough of Abel's stories and explanations to show that he understood the signification of a parable. He was instantly fully convicted of heresy, and turned over to the secular power to be dealt with according to the laws.

Allen dismissed, the Crier of the Court now called aloud for Martha Plaise, and her grandson, Thomas Plaise, to come before their judges. They both obeyed the summons. The poor old woman, whose infirmities had increased upon her by her confinement in prison, came

forward leaning upon a staff. She was clean and decently dressed, and in her aged and worn features there was a character of firmness and composure that was by no means habitual to her. She led on poor Tommy, who, notwithstanding his loss of sight, was a very pretty, innocent-looking youth, scarcely more than twelve years of age, with a head of hair as light and as curly as that of a cherub in a picture.

It had been at first intended to indict the poor woman for witchcraft, under the statute of the thirty-third of Henry the Eighth; but, on previously examining the evidence on this point, it was found, that all Gammer Plaise's supposed charms proved to be nothing more than the result of some skilful and useful knowledge in the herbs common to the county of Kent; and that the whole of her fortune-telling amounted to this,—that she foretold to light, froward, and giddy damsels, that they would turn out ill, and be unhappy, unless they amended their ways; whereas, to the indus-

trious, prudent, and modest country maidens, she promised good husbands, a quiet house, and a hopeful offspring. The Commissioners, therefore, thought it would be as well to leave the charge of witchcraft out of the indictment, and to proceed against her upon that of heresy, which was a much more tangible matter. To this the accused now pleaded firmly that she was not guilty; and the Commissioners, in order to contradict her, at least in their own view of the subject, went immediately to work, and asked at once that fearful question, which we have before noticed as the usual touchstone to detect a Protestant.

Gammer Plaise answered clearly, openly, and firmly, to the point, with a degree of sense and acuteness, and with so much of sound argument in her discourse, that it would have baffled the sophistry of her adversaries to reply to her, had they attempted any reply at all. But this they did not condescend to do, but instantly proceeded to pronounce her guilty of heresy on the

clearest possible evidence, viz. that of her own confession.

These judges of spiritual truth next proceeded to examine the boy. Tommy said little, but what he did say was to the purpose; since he declared that he believed in the faith taught him by his granny, being the same faith for which his father had been burnt at Smithfield, and that he would stand to that, and King Edward's Catechism, to the last hour of his life.

"Then you must burn with your granny, boy," said Thornton; "though, of the two, I grant, she is the worst,—she who has taught you things that will bring you to the stake. How dare you, old beldame! sacrifice such a young lad as that by your wickedness? To do this, you cannot care for him at all."

"I not care for my poor boy Tommy?" exclaimed the Gammer; "and he the son of my only son, who is dead; though he does not lie in a grave, for your people scattered abroad

even his very ashes!—I will tell you, Thornton, how I care for him; even as a mother careth for the suckling that hangs upon her breast. So much for natural affection! But if you ask me why I dare sacrifice him, I will answer you by the spirit. The boy is God's, and not mine. And even as Abraham did of old, when the Lord called his son Isaac to the sacrifice, even so will I offer up my boy for the faith of the true God; and rather than see him turn to your worship, I would, with these aged hands, bind him myself to the stake, even as Abraham bound Isaac to the altar."

"And would you do this, woman?" said Friar John; "would you have that boy die thus?"

"Ay, that I would," replied Gammer Plaise; "though, if I could save him safe in soul as well as body, you should have my leave to rack these old limbs piecemeal. But God will not desert him. Tommy shall join his poor father in Heaven, seeing that God is not the God of the

dead, but of the living,—all things live in Him."

"And you, young wretch!" said Harpsfield; "you hear what this old witch of a grandmother would do by you?"

"Yes," cried Gammer Plaise; "she would do by him as did the mother in the Maccabees by her seven sons;—give herself, and her nearest and dearest, to preserve their souls alive. But if I were the witch that you call me, Harpsfield, I will tell you what I would do for *you*."

"For me? you old beldame!" said Harpsfield; "why, what would you do for me?"

"I would do as the Witch of Endor did for Saul, call up the dead to denounce a fearful vengeance upon you for all your cruelty. The spirits of those, who you without remorse have committed to the flames, should stand before your eyes, like sheeted spectres, in fearful array; they should chill that fierce blood, and stir the slumberer conscience, even in its den of sloth

and sin; and a hand, one poor little withered hand, should flit before your sight, and never, never leave it!"

"I will hear no more!" said Thornton; "this is insult and blasphemy. Let us proceed to judgment."

"Ay! ay!" cried Gammer Plaise, vehemently; "sit there, Thornton, and pronounce judgment, as Caiaphas did of old, to swell thy pride, and to purchase, by the blood of the guiltless, the favour of the multitude!"

"Silence, woman!" said Thornton; "and hear the sentence that I am about to pass on you and that blind boy."

Thornton proceeded. He first pronounced judgment on Tommy, giving him the precedency on account of his sex. He then denounced it against Gammer Plaise; and concluded in these words, according to the presumptuous and impious authority under which he acted from Rome:—"And after your body shall have been devoured by the flames, I sum-

mon you, Martha Plaise, in the name of Almighty God, to a fearful judgment, there to answer for all the sins, blasphemies, and iniquities of your life!—Amen."

Gammer Plaise stood as erect as her infirmities would let her, to receive the sentence; and when it was concluded, she fixed her eye stedfastly upon the face of Thornton, and extending her arm, as she raised it towards him, she said in a firm voice, and with a manner of peculiar solemnity: "And I, Thornton, summon you to appear before the judgment-seat of Almighty God, upon the day and the hour of my burning: there to answer for the unjust sentence you have dared to pass on me and mine!" She did not speak another word, but took Tommy, who was weeping bitterly, by the hand, and turning about, motioned to the men, who stood ready to lead her back to prison, that they should pass on.

Thornton turned white as death at hearing her words, and trembled in every nerve of his

body. He descended from his seat, but seemed so abstracted and confused, that twice did Sir John Baker pull him by the sleeve, before he could gain the attention he solicited.

Sir John at length succeeded, and now earnestly invited Thornton (having already engaged Harpsfield) to go home to sup with him off a glorious haunch of venison cooked by the famous mother Garnish, the heretic, who had been spared by Thornton on account of her skill in fricaseed cocks-combs, and who was now promoted to the service of this worthy justice of the peace.

CHAPTER III.

We have before stated to the reader the humane manner in which Sir Richard Southwell had caused Rose to be removed from the prison to his own house, where she was attended with so much skill and care, that in less than three weeks she was able to leave her chamber; and her hand that had been burnt, although useless to her for ever, no longer gave her severe pain. Nevertheless, she was still weak and delicate from her late sufferings both of body and mind; and as she stedfastly resisted every attempt that was made either by Sir Richard or the Friar to change her faith, the latter insisted that the presence of such an ob-

stinate heretic should no longer be tolerated in the house of his superior.

Still Sir Richard was unwilling to give her up entirely, hoping that time, as she was very young, with good counsel, might induce her to recant her opinions: yet the Friar must be obeyed. He therefore steered a middle course, and hit upon a plan intended at once to satisfy the will of his confessor, and in some measure to gratify the feelings of his own benevolent mind.

Sir Richard Southwell, from his situation as High Sheriff for the county of Kent, possessed considerable influence with Thornton; and he had already used it to mitigate the sufferings of the unhappy Alice, the wife of his ancient friend, Owen Wilford. So that, under a promise, (which had been given by Alice herself, when Sir Richard exerted his influence in her behalf,) that she would not abscond, but be forthcoming to perform her penance in public at the time specified, Alice was removed to the

house of Mother Littlewit, in Canterbury, where Southwell took care she should not want for comforts; though he supplied them in the most cautious manner, lest his kindness to a family so notorious for heresies might bring his own principles into suspicion. When, therefore, Friar John insisted that Rose must be removed from Wellminster Hall, Sir Richard placed her with her mother, to the great comfort of both, as Alice was still gradually sinking under the accumulated weight of years, sickness, and sorrow.

Soon after this removal from Wellminster, Rose was permitted by Sir Richard's intercession to visit her father in prison. Owen was greatly shocked when he learned from her own lips the torture she had suffered from Harpsfield; and, out of mercy to his daughter's feelings, he had forborne to make her acquainted with the day on which he was to take his trial for heresy before the Spiritual Court, and that day was but a brief space after Rose's removal to Widow Littlewit's house.

Rose, who spent all her time in the sick-room of her mother, knew nothing more of the purposed trial, than that it was one day to take place; till, upon the very morning when the trial was actually going forward, she accidentally learned the truth from the heedless gossip of the widow. It is unnecessary to say what were her feelings on this occasion: still, desirous to avoid communicating so sudden a shock to the feelings of her mother, she did not repeat to Alice what she had herself heard, and cautioned Widow Littlewit to remain silent. But in agony to know the result, and what would be the doom of her father, Rose instantly set off for the cathedral, forced her way through the crowd, and entered the court, as the reader has already seen, at the very moment Owen Wilford was about to be carried back to prison. Thence she was violently thrust out by order of Thornton; and, when followed by Sir Richard Southwell, he found her, with distraction in her looks, returning to her lodgings, to break to

her mother, as gently as she could, the fatal news respecting the sentence passed upon her father.

Sir Richard saw her safe home, and there endeavoured to calm her agitated feelings; but finding all his attempts vain, he soon after left her, evincing a deep sympathy both for her sorrows, and for those of her family, whom, notwithstanding all his prejudices, he could not help esteeming; though he condemned himself for so doing, when he recollected their obstinate persistance in heresy. This esteem, however, did not extend itself to Edward Wilford; since Sir Richard had been taught to believe that young man was both the cause and the instigator of his daughter's unhappiness and disobedience.

Nothing could be more contradictory than were the feelings and the actions of Sir Richard to each other. He loved his child, whilst he was pursuing a purpose to render her miserable. He was open and candid in his own nature,

yet he had taken the most cunning of men for his bosom friend. He sometimes felt that Friar John tyrannised over him, yet he submitted. He abhorred the cruelties daily practised against the Reformers, yet rejoiced that Mary wore the crown. He hated hypocrisy, whilst he received Morgan into absolute favour. He greatly esteemed Rose, but believed her an outcast from Heaven. He would have given all that he possessed on earth, if such a person as Edward Wilford were not in existence; yet he was very careful in proceeding to act upon the charges brought against him, for he would often say to Friar John, "Before I prosecute that business brought to light at Dover, I will sift it to the bottom. Edward Wilford is my greatest enemy; and, therefore, I must set a watch upon myself, lest private feelings interfere with public justice." The whole of this conduct, so contradictory in Sir Richard, may be easily accounted for. His mind, naturally good, generous, and benevolent, was fettered

and trammeled by the gross bigotry and superstition of his faith, which, like the unhealthy blight, destroyed those kindly fruits that Nature had planted in him with a profuse and liberal hand.

Edward Wilford, indeed, stood in much danger; the very circumstances and spirit of the times being against him. Some months before his arrest, a person named John Stafford, an exile, had carried on a correspondence with certain of the discontented parties in England; and, assisted by the French, who had lately retaken Calais from the English, Stafford effected a landing in Yorkshire, where he surprised and took Scarborough Castle. But his success was transient; since this attempt at rebellion was soon put down by the Earl of Westmorland, and Stafford lost his head. From that time, however, the fears of Mary and of her council became seriously alarmed, as it was evident that many of the discontented parties in England were disposed to unite against her with the French.

Various were the rumours of plots against the Queen; and now it was pretended that a real conspiracy had actually been discovered. By what means Edward Wilford's name became implicated in this affair will presently appear to the reader, since,—though he had engaged to convey supplies from the merchants (who secretly favoured the Reformers) in London, to their distressed brethren at Frankfort,—to join in any attempt against the Queen, or her government, was wholly foreign to his purpose. Still, Edward was arrested, as has been seen, on suspicion; and the unlucky correspondence into which he had been drawn with Sir Thomas Wyatt (afterwards executed for rebellion) certainly assisted in heightening the probability of those suspicious circumstances under which he now laboured. To Sir Richard Southwell's determination not to act till he could obtain the clearest evidence of his guilt, Edward was probably indebted for being still alive; for, had he fallen into the hands of any other person, equally zealous for the Roman faith in Mary's

time, it is to be feared suspicions would have been turned into facts, and he might have been sacrificed at once, to appease the jealousy of the Queen and her council.

Having said thus much respecting some events so connected with our narrative, we must now conduct the reader to the apartments of Lawyer Cluny, who, upon an evening not long after Owen Wilford's trial, was pacing up and down his chamber with some impatience, as if greatly disturbed in thought; and "ever and anon he drew a dial from his poke," looked at the hour, and once or twice stepped to the door to listen.

At length his impatience was relieved by hearing steps upon the stairs. The door opened, and Sir Francis Morgan, followed by Samuel Collins, burst into the room. Morgan threw himself into a seat, cast his cap upon the table, and cursed the lawyer in terms we cannot repeat. Cluny stood the attack with unmoved effrontery, and only said, "You have used me

ill, Sir Francis Morgan,—very ill; and henceforth you may do your own work. What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct? Here have I been waiting for you, on your own appointment, during the last three hours,—a great loss of my time, for which, I do assure you, I shall expect compensation,—a demand quite legal; and, now you are come, your only business seems to be that of cursing and swearing,—a thing punishable by the law."

"Curse you, and your law too!" exclaimed Morgan, with great ill-humour. "You have acted like an ass-head and a fool. Jenkyns has escaped."

"Escaped! what do you mean?" said Cluny. "Why, did not I, to please you, get the fellow out of prison, by making Timothy Cutt swear to an alibi?—and so Jenkyns got off the charge brought against him. Did not I do this on purpose that the old rogue might be at liberty, in order to serve you and Friar John in that affair at Dover? I tell you, there never was

a conspiracy drawn up, discovered, and supported by more probable evidence and facts, since detecting conspiracies became a favourite subject with the Star Chamber. Upon the honour of a professional man, the whole thing was got up so cleverly, that I could hardly persuade myself but that the discovery was that of a real plot."

"And you, and all of us, will be like to be hanged for the discovery of it," said Collins, "unless you can lay your hands on Jenkyns; for the fellow is off, that is sure, and the devil knows where he is gone."

"That 's a bad business, I grant," replied Cluny, "but not a hopeless one; since, if Jenkyns should peach, he is such a known scoundrel that his oath will go for nothing. I chose the fellow on purpose for his character, knowing it was too bad to injure any one but a heretic."

"But that is not the worst," said Morgan; "Timothy Cutt is laid up in Canterbury

Castle for some dirty business of his own, and I fear that, to clear himself, he will turn King's evidence, and betray us all."

"Then, before he can do so, we must manage to get him indicted for heresy," answered Cluny, "and so burn the rascal out of the way. Sam Collins can swear he heard Cutt damn the Pope and the Queen. And if once he is indicted for heresy, you know, the fellow's oath, accusation, or any thing else, goes for nothing."

"You are a fool, with all your law-shifts," said Morgan; "for I will tell you of one person that neither you nor I can get out of the way, and who, I take it, is like to blow up the whole train of your plots by a single spark, and that is Sir Richard Southwell."

"Sir Richard Southwell!" cried Cluny; "why, he is Edward Wilford's greatest enemy, frightened out of his wits lest the young Protestant rebel should run away with his daughter, your wife elect, Sir Francis. Surely, he

would be glad to get Edward Wilford hanged out of the way, and we have brought matter enough against him in this conspiracy to do that."

"You judge all men by yourself, Master Attorney," replied Morgan; "Jenkins having absconded (a thing for which you alone are to blame,) that circumstance has made Sir Richard resolve to sift all the evidence and the whole affair to the bottom, before he proceeds against Edward Wilford. Now you know what you and all of us have to fear."

"Then, why don't you get married as fast as you can?" said Cluny; "do that and you secure Sir Richard, and our necks will be safe too, for he will then not dare to suspect that his son-in-law can have had any thing to do with planning and discovering a conspiracy."

"He has no suspicion of me at present, I grant," replied Morgan; "and I am to be married on the nineteenth day of this month of November. If we can but keep all things

hushed till then, I care not a rush for Sir Richard, or the devil himself. The damsel will be mine, her fortune must be mine, and we will then find some measures to put the heir of the Mordaunt estates out of my way.—Now, Cluny, hear me and what I have to propose; and if you do not consent to do it, I will not spare you; for, if your schemes fail of bringing you to the gallows, Sam Collins and I join together, heart and hand, to hang you between us.'

"I have no fear whatever of Master Collins," said Cluny; "for, I think, he knows that I have him already pretty well in my power. The robbing of the jewels in the Bishop of Winchester's house, when the mob broke into it in Southwark, is a business of which I *could* produce some evidence; besides, Master Collins's affair of knocking down the cross, at Cranbrook, and stealing the silver image of the Virgin out of the church,—things very likely to obtain Master Collins the mercy of our gracious Queen."

"You be hanged!" said Collins, something

doggedly; "what I did, I did to serve my friend, Sir Francis Morgan, when he lost every groat he had in the world, in the match of Rooper against Captain Spurcrop's black crower. I never desert a friend."

"What's the use of upbraiding one another," said Morgan; "we are all in the same boat, and we must float or sink together. Let us, then, rather see how we can act to trim her against foul weather, than thus turn to brawling and ruffling among ourselves."

"You began it, I am sure," cried Cluny, "by charging me with letting Jemmy Jenkyns abscond,—a thing I will be cleared from before I find one point more in the law to help you. I will tell you the whole affair; and you shall hear me, or not a thing will I do more to serve you."

"Then, make short work of it," said Morgan, "and do spare me those cursed long preambles you are so fond of larding into your discourse, just as a cook lards a capon."

"I copied the letters you know of, that were to seem as if they were addressed to Edward Wilford," continued the Attorney.

"You forged them, you mean, Cluny," cried Morgan.

"Forged or copied, it was by your own order, Sir Francis," replied Cluny; "and how could I have done it, had not you and Friar John managed to lay hands on some real letters addressed to Edward Wilford from Frankfort? The Friar stopped them, because they were going to the son of an old heretic, under pretext that they might contain some information about the father's friends. I did not do it."

"It was the Friar's sole act," said Morgan.

"All one to me," continued Cluny; "you, however, brought me the letters, and told me your plot and the Friar's, to hatch a conspiracy that should involve Edward Wilford, and certain other obnoxious persons, hated by you both; and we were to send Sir Richard Southwell

down to Dover on the scent to discover the plot, and secure the conspirators."

"Well, who the devil wants to know that?" cried Collins impatiently.

"I will be heard, to clear myself," replied Cluny.

"You clear yourself!" said Morgan. "Why, you were well paid by the Friar for your part in the business. You never move, Master Attorney, without the angels lend you wings; that you know well enough."

"It is quite reasonable and legal," replied Cluny, "that I should receive a proper compensation for my time; else, how is a man to live by an honourable and gentlemanly profession? I make no charge but what is usual in the law."

"To get men hanged that we wanted out of the way, I grant it," said Morgan; "but do finish this, or we shall never get to the business for which we met this evening."

"Well then," continued Cluny, "I wrote,

by your order,—observe that,—certain letters (in part founded on the true letters aforenamed detained by Friar John) addressed to Edward Wilford, as from the discontented and suffering Reformers at Frankfort, hinting a vile intent to take away the life of the Queen,—a plot to unite with the French to land on our Kentish coasts, as Stafford did at Scarborough,—to raise rebellion in England, and once more to bring in King Edward's religion. Well, it was necessary that these letters should be found on somebody, who was to seem as the person employed to convey them to Edward Wilford, and the right men for the plot after their arrival in England. I did choose a man for the purpose. What could I do?—you would not have had me the bearer myself?"

"No," replied Morgan; "but you might have got a better man than Jenkyns."

"That I could not," cried Cluny. "There's not a better man for turning evidence against a heretic in the kingdom than Jemmy Jenkyns.

He will swear to any thing to support the Pope, or a plot, that you will have him swear to."

"Why, you said just now that nobody would take his oath," observed Morgan.

"Ay, in *common* cases," replied Cluny; "but when it comes to be against a heretic, or the son of a heretic, that is quite a different thing. Thornton and Harpsfield, or even the Star Chamber itself, would take the oath of a Javell * in such a case. Do let me go on. I got Jenkyns down to Dover, where he was to suffer himself and the letters to be taken. This he did. And, at the same time, certain other persons obnoxious to the Friar were arrested on the suspicion of being concerned in this conspiracy. Some of these have since been put to the rack, as you know well enough."

"But why did you let Jenkyns abscond?" inquired Morgan.

"I did not let him abscond," replied Cluny.

* A Javell was a common term of reproach; it implied the executioner of the law.

"Jenkyns, of course, was to be free; else, do you suppose he would have undertaken the business? His neck was to be safe. Jenkyns was to turn crown evidence, and to be well paid by the Friar for so doing. He did all that was required of him. He did turn crown evidence; he did accuse Edward Wilford, and got him and the rest of the Friar's enemies laid up in prison."

"And he did finish the whole affair, before the trial of these persons comes on in a court of law, by absconding," said Morgan.

"And how am I to blame for that?" cried Cluny. "Was I to lay violent hands upon such an evidence as this man,—upon a person of so much consequence as Jenkyns? I will tell you who was in fault,—Friar John, and nobody else. He was to blame. The Friar let the scoundrel have too much money; so Jemmy Jenkyns, a sly old dog as he is, thought it better to make sure work with what he had, and to run no risk of being blown up with his

own gunpowder, and so to make off at once with a good round sum. The Friar would not trust the money to my management, forsooth; and see how he has managed it himself! He should have given the fish line enough just to nibble the bait, but not to run away with bait, hook, and all. But the Friar thought a good dose of gold given at once would make the fellow his own; and see what too much anxiety about the business has done! I am not to blame."

"This matter against Edward Wilford about the conspiracy will certainly fall to the ground," said Morgan, "now that Jenkins is off. And Sir Richard is so nice in doing what he calls impartial justice to his enemy, that we must stir, or all is over. Hear my plan. Edward Wilford must be got rid of somehow or other."

"The best way to silence Sir Richard would be by your marrying his daughter," cried Cluny. "I say it for your own sake. I do not conceive that I am in any danger, since I mere-

ly acted as a professional person in your affairs; I was not to be supposed to know if the letters I wrote were other than mere copies."

"Pshaw!" cried Morgan; "such a paltry quibble as that will never save your neck, Cluny, if it comes to the worst. If I am in danger, you are, and Friar John, and Sam Collins, as well as ourselves. Hear my plan to get us all out of it; for I see that you are but a fool, with all your law, at a pinch like this. Edward Wilford must die; else we are ruined, and no Mordaunt estates are mine hereafter.—Now, Cluny, if I promise to pay you one thousand marks, (I shall have plenty of money when I am married,) will you do as I would have you?"

"I make no blind bargains," said Cluny; "and I must have security for such a promise; since I know your present means are not great, whatever they may be hereafter."

"Well, you shall have all you ask," replied Morgan. "You have before now, Thomas Cluny, conducted some dark affairs with certain

members of the Star Chamber, acting as go-between with them and Friar John?"

"What is that to the purpose?" inquired Cluny.

"Why, you must enter upon a new negotiation," said Morgan. "I am quite certain, this business about the conspiracy will come to nothing. And you know that the use we intended to make of the Wyatt Correspondence was chiefly to give an air of probability to Edward Wilford's being concerned in this new plot. For, as Edward never took up arms with Wyatt, those letters, of themselves, would not be sufficient to hang him."

"But they are sufficient to procure a writ of detainer from the Star Chamber, if Sir Richard should ultimately dismiss the Dover business for want of proper evidence. I fancy, that is what you are driving at, Sir Francis."

"You have exactly guessed my meaning, most sagacious Cluny," said Sir Francis. "If we can but keep the fellow in gaol, I do not at

all despair, by your assistance, and that of Friar John, to rake up some matter against him, to get him executed even yet. You can be an industrious attorney, if you like it, Cluny. Evidence may be found, though Jimmy Jenkyns has escaped. There are accommodating people in this world, who will remember things that may be useful at a proper time, on receiving a compensation for the trouble of brushing up their memory."

"Sir Francis Morgan," said Cluny, "there needs no more words. I apprehend the whole of this matter, and what you would have me to do in it; and I will be plain with you. You are a man who understands perfectly well the fashions of a court; you may follow them. I can conceive you might make me a useful instrument. But on any unexpected discovery or so, you, if needed, to clear yourself, would sacrifice me. And so the principal escapes, whilst the agent is given up to the hangman. Your father, Judge Morgan, is a fitter person than myself to help

you through this affair. He has great weight in the Star Chamber, and might procure the writ of detainer by a word."

"My father?" cried Morgan; "why, have you not heard that he has run mad about some crazy notions that he took into his head concerning the affair of the Lady Jane Dudley? continually fancying that he saw her ghost before his eyes, and crying out, 'Take away the Lady Jane.' My father, I tell you, can do nothing. He is as mad as a March hare."

"Then, why don't you act upon the statute of lunacy against him?" said Cluny; "you might easily come into the charge of all his property, both real and personal. And I shall most willingly offer you my services, in a legal way, to assist in managing his affairs."

"I dare say you would," replied Morgan; "but I have too much business on my hands just now to attend to any other matters; and so my father must rave on till I can find leisure to look after him. I dare say he will

rave himself to the devil fast enough, without my assistance; for he is desperately bad, I do assure you."

"It is rather unlucky for you," said Cluny, "that he should have gone mad before he procured this writ from the Star Chamber. And, I must say, the business is a ticklish one, and that I do not much like to meddle with it."

"What! not for a thousand marks?" exclaimed Sir Francis; "why, I thought you would have run to the Evil One himself to get a writ of detainer for half that sum; come, think better of it. And as for the evidence you may chance to muster, I will promise you five angels per head for every witness you procure; and Sam Collins, here, shall be my warrant that I stand to the bargain."

"Excuse me," replied Cluny; "I have a very particular respect for you, Sir Francis Morgan, and a sufficient respect for the merits of Master Samuel Collins; but in a matter where my neck must run some hazard of a

hempen collar, I neither trust to your promise, nor to that of Master Collins. If you fail, you may make me scape-goat; throw all the blame on me, and get clear off yourselves."

"Why, do you take me for such a rascal as to act in that manner by you, Lawyer Cluny?" said Morgan indignantly.

"Pardon me, Sir Francis!" cried Cluny, "I do not pretend to take you for any thing. I only wish to take you for what you are, not for what you may be. You are a young gentleman who loves life, pleasure, and money,—these are dear things to part with; and rather than betray them in your own person, if it came to the question, you might, perhaps, in mine. I will do nothing without a written agreement, witnessed by Master Collins, which will make him a party concerned, stating all you would have done respecting the writ of detainer, and the evidence, as well as the promise of a thousand marks. Then you dare not betray me, nor dare Master Collins do it either; since, happen

what may, if you betrayed me, you would both swing for the same business yourselves."

"You will not do what I want, without such a paper?" said Morgan.

"I will not, that is positive," answered Cluny; "no, though you offered me ten thousand marks instead of one."

"You are a devil, a most cunning devil, after all, Cluny:" said Morgan. "But I am so beset in your toils, and in those of Friar John, that I cannot choose. But remember this one point, Cluny: when the business *is* done, you must give me back the paper you require of me now; I will not trust it in your hands after you receive the payment of the money."

"I consent to that; the demand is strictly equitable," replied Cluny; "and, more than that, when the said sum of one thousand marks is safe in my possession, the paper shall be burnt before your eyes."

"It shall," cried Morgan; "the thing is a bargain. Draw out the deed, and I will sign it,

and Sam Collins shall put his hand as a witness to it. You will then set instantly to work?"

"I will," answered Cluny; "and when I have procured the writ of detainer, I will hold it ready to serve it upon Edward Wilford, the moment Sir Richard Southwell sets him free from prison, in case such should be his ultimate determination."

Cluny then drew up the paper, and Sir Francis Morgan, who was often heedless even in villany, instantly signed it. Cluny next desired Collins to put his hand as a witness to the instrument. Collins objected: "The business is none of mine," said he, "and why am I to be mixed up in such an affair as this is? I don't mind doing a good turn for Sir Francis Morgan, by taking an oath or so, as a witness, when I can be useful to him; or by standing to a round dozen of lies, to give him a help in a friendly way; but when you come to black and white, that is quite a different thing. I don't like it at all, for it always ends in making or marring; so, I won't sign that paper."

"You will not sign that paper, when I command it, Sammy?" said Morgan. "Why, you beggarly rascal! if I ordered you to sign your own death-warrant, you ought to do it without a word. Have not I taken you up, rogue as you are, out of the dirt, from the very scum of the cock-pit, and made you to be the companion of a gentleman? You ungrateful scoundrel! sign that paper this moment, or you shall feel my sword over your back."

Collins grumbled, but, used to servility and submission, he did put his name as a witness to the instrument; and soon after, he and Morgan departed, leaving Cluny to commence his negotiation about procuring the writ of detainer, &c. in order that a fresh attack might be commenced against Edward Wilford, seeing that the nicely concerted discovery of their pretended conspiracy was like to come to nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

THE nineteenth day of November had been appointed by the Commissioners for the execution of that cruel sentence which they had passed on Owen Wilford, and the other unhappy Protestants destined to perish in the flames. By a system of wanton cruelty, common in those fearful times, they had also appointed that Alice was to do her penance on the same day, and that she was to parade from the church to the public cross in Canterbury, barefooted, through the market-place, at an hour when, by such an arrangement, she must necessarily witness the burning of her husband.

Alice received the intelligence with more composure than Rose had expected; for her

miserable mother felt so assured that her own life was fast drawing to its close, that the very consciousness of so desired a termination of her afflictions, appeared to afford her a comfort she had hitherto derived from no other consideration. Owen Wilford received the information of his appointed time with the firmness of a man, and the humility of a Christian. Casting aside all worldly hopes and fears, even, as much as possible, the feelings of natural affection, he gave up his soul to his God, in fervent prayer and devout meditation, that he might be ready, as a faithful and chosen servant, to die with unbending confidence—with that exalted trust in the mercy of his Maker, so glorious to the cause for which he gave his life; a confidence that could alone confer upon the sufferer of a death so awful, the noble name of a martyr.

During the latter part of his confinement, he had some few interviews with his son Edward Wilford, and with his daughter Rose. In all of these interviews he preserved a collectedness,

and a composure of mind, that could alone be the result of that support, so strongly and evidently afforded by God himself to His persecuted people. Owen talked to his children, even of their temporal affairs, with the same prudence, kindness, and honesty, as he had done in the happiest hours of his life; and joined with them in prayer to Almighty God; with a piety and fervour which appeared to raise him far above that world he was so soon to quit for ever.

Since his condemnation, Owen had been a prisoner under the charge of the Mayor of Canterbury; and he found in this civil officer a sympathy and indulgence wholly different from the conduct and wanton cruelty of Thornton and Harpsfield. He was allowed to have a room in the keeper's apartments during the day, where, on the evening previous to that destined for his sufferings, he supped, in company with the Mayor, his own son Edward, and one or two other persons who had taken a sincere interest in his fate.

On this evening, Edward Wilford was deeply affected, so as to be nearly incapable of supporting the conversation which his father addressed to him with so much composure; and he now declared to Owen, that he should have no relish for the liberty he had been given to understand he was to receive on the morrow; the person who had charged him as a party concerned in the Dover conspiracy having absconded, no real ground of accusation could be maintained, and to this he owed the promise of his liberation.

Owen Wilford returned thanks most devoutly at hearing his son was likely to be so soon set free, and he counselled him to take the first opportunity that should offer, to leave the kingdom for Frankfort, in company with his mother and sister; as there was a friend who had promised Owen, on parting with him for ever, that his family should be supplied with the present means of exiling themselves from the dangers that surrounded them in their native country. Edward promised to fulfil his

father's commands to the utmost of his power; and soon after they parted, with a solemnity and resignation that deeply affected every one present on this melancholy occasion.

Notwithstanding the indulgence of the Mayor, Owen Wilford was obliged by the laws, under which he was to suffer, to submit to pass the night in his ordinary cell, strongly secured by bars and bolts of iron. When he retired to it, he begged the indulgence of a lamp, as he said that he purposed to pass the night, previous to his death, in reading and devotion; having recovered the Bible that was taken from him by the kindness of his new keeper.

For some time, Owen consoled and fortified his mind by reading such chapters and portions of the sacred Volume as were applicable to his condition; and whilst he read that sublime chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, on the Resurrection of the Dead, he was so exalted, by the lively and noble images of a final victory over death, that he rose from his seat,

raised his eyes, and exclaimed, "I thank thee, O my God, that even by this fiery trial I shall be made incorruptible. Accept the sacrifice of my body, and show mercy to my soul." He then threw himself upon his knees, and long and fervently did he pray for support in the approaching hour of his sufferings. He prayed also for his wife, for his children, for his country, and lastly, for his enemies; till, spent by the fervour of his feelings, and the great exertions he had made during the whole of the day, he at length sunk down upon his straw; and Providence, who ever watches over His afflicted and faithful servants, afforded him that relief, in a calm and profound sleep, which was so necessary to the infirmities of his body and the sorrows of his mind.

So sound, indeed, were the slumbers of Owen Wilford, on this memorable night, that he was not awakened from them by the harsh grating of his prison-door, as some one, about an hour after, opened it upon him, and gently stole

into his dungeon. The man who entered was wrapped in a large cloak, and wore upon his head a broad and black hat, that shaded his features. He stood gazing with mingled feelings of surprise and sympathy, as he contemplated the Protestant lying in tranquil slumbers upon his bed of straw. The countenance of the venerable Owen Wilford looked composed, though emaciated; and his present quiet state, compared with the horrors, the excruciating agonies, he was destined to suffer on the morrow, so forcibly presented itself in contrast to the mind of his midnight visitor, that a deep sigh burst from his bosom, as he stood, with clasped hands, looking upon the sleeping man, and exclaimed, "Wilford! Wilford! awake and speak to me!"

Owen, thus suddenly disturbed from rest, started, and opening his eyes, at first gazed about him in a confused manner; at length, he fixed his attention upon the stranger. The latter threw his hat upon the ground, and the

light of the lamp now distinctly showed his features to the prisoner, who instantly exclaimed aloud, "Southwell!"

"Ay, it is Southwell, Owen," replied the visitor; "your earliest, once your dearest friend. Good God! do we meet, must we part here?"

"You are come to me at last, then," said Wilford; "this is kind, and I have the melancholy satisfaction to see you once more before we part for ever: our opinions parted us in life; but the bond of charity, I trust, will unite us in death. It is some relief to my mind to see that you feel for me."

"That I feel for you!" cried Southwell; "my heart, my very soul bleeds for you. Oh, Wilford! why have we ever been parted in life? Had you but remained what you once were, our friendship had never known decay, our children might have been happy, and I should not now have to lament, that the son of my earliest, my dearest friend, has caused the dis-

obedience, and, I fear, the sorrow, of my daughter."

"My son is good, honourable, and brave," said Owen; "I must, therefore, think you are deceived, since he could not act, as you say he has acted, basely, being such as I know him to be in mind."

"It is not my purpose," replied Sir Richard, "to come here to embitter the last hours of your life, with any reproaches that regard your son. He has injured me, but I forgive him; and I hope that I have done him justice. To-morrow morning he will be set at liberty."

"Thank God!" cried Owen; "then he will follow me to the stake. I wish to leave him the example of my death, that he may be ready, should it please God to call him to the like trial of his faith. To you, Sir Richard—nay, I will not call you so,—to you, my dear friend, I owe a debt of gratitude, that I can only pay with thanks and prayers. You have saved, by a timely interference, my poor Rose from perish-

ing by neglect in a dungeon; you have shown mercy and justice to my son; you have done what you had the power to do for my dear wife;—how can I ever bless you enough for these generous acts to a family the doctrines of whose creed you hold accursed?"

"Do not talk of gratitude to me," said Sir Richard. "Remember how I am bound to you. Thirty years have passed away, but the remembrance that I owe to you both life and happiness, has not passed away, and never will, to the last moments of my existence."

"I remember that I acted as it became me," replied Owen; "and you have now repaid the services I did you, by a tenfold obligation."

"Oh, let me do more!" said Sir Richard; "let me try to save you. I have a heart capable of friendship,—capable, I trust, of gratitude. And how can I endure the thought that Owen Wilford, who in the prime of manhood, to render me and another happy, generously gave up to me the object of his first affection, my dear,

my deceased wife;—that Owen, who, at the peril of his life, when I was by accident cast into the Rhine, struggled with the rapid flood, and saved me from a watery grave, must himself perish miserably?—Must I now live to see the man to whom I am thus bound, perish by fire?" Sir Richard burst into tears, and covered his face with his hands, as Owen stood before him, melted into sorrow by the feelings which these recollections of early times had aroused within his breast.

"You shall not die;—I must, I will save you!" continued Sir Richard: "you shall not cast away a life so dear, that might be made so noble, would you but listen to the truth."

"I have listened to truth," said Wilford, "and I shall seal the witness of it with my blood."

"Oh, do not say so," cried his friend; "this is worse than all. If you die thus, you are lost for ever. Think, think how dreadful is the

eternal wrath of Heaven. Who shall abide the everlasting burnings?"

"If the spirit of Christianity were like the spirit of your Church," replied Wilford, "those fires would be terrible indeed. But know, Southwell, that Providence, who gave us life and being, delights in mercy. Read, examine His truth, as I have done, and you will find that the penitent Christian need not expire in despair."

"Can nothing move you to renounce these errors?" said Southwell.

"Nothing," replied Wilford! "here is my rock! (and he put his hand on his Bible as he spoke)—and here will I cling for support, as the waters of strife rage around me. They may rage, but they shall never overwhelm that rock of my refuge and my hope."

"Think upon your wife," said Sir Richard; "upon your children. You have a daughter, whose mind would render her the glory of her

kind, but for one fatal error, the same that drags you to the stake. Live; and should God touch your heart, and dispel this darkness that shrouds the nobler qualities of your soul, even as the night veils every beauty of creation, you may save her from perdition."

"Rather say, could I do so," answered Wilford, "that I should lead her to it. Southwell, you have a generous sympathy, that I have rarely seen in one of your persuasion, for the unhappy members of our Church. You lament my case; and I grieve to see a heart so good as yours by nature, a charity so universal, thus prejudiced and narrowed by the bigotry of a faith wholly unworthy of you. We can never agree in our opinions; let us, therefore, no longer urge them. I thank you for the kindness of the intention; but my time is short, let me beg of you one favour, and then I would beseech you to leave me to God. In this world we part for ever."

"Ay, for ever indeed!" said Southwell;

" for your faith and mine must sunder us here and hereafter!"

"I would beseech you, Sir Richard," continued Wilford, "as you have so much influence in this country, that you would use it to assist my unhappy family after my death, that they may depart in safety, and become exiles in a land that offers them safety to their lives. If they stay here, sooner or later, they will perish at the stake; and I know you are not a friend to these persecutions, though they are instituted by your own Church."

"I will do what you ask of me," replied Sir Richard. "They shall depart in safety; and I will see that they do not depart in want. Now, then, we part for ever;—you will not let me save you?"

"You could not save me," said Wilford; "unless I laid upon my soul the guilt of perjury. You will witness my death?"

"No;" said Southwell; "that I can never do. It is my duty, as Sheriff of the County, to

be present at the execution of the dreadful sentence passed upon you; but I could not see you die—and such a death! Sir John Baker will act, by my authority, as my deputy on this dreadful occasion.—Is there aught else you would ask of me?"

"No; nothing more than I have already asked," replied Owen. "I thank you for all your kind acts to me and mine."

"We differ in faith," said Southwell; "but I abhor persecution. Had there been but a chance that I could have saved you, I would have thrown myself at the feet of the Queen, and implored mercy for your life, as I would for my own; but she is inflexible. It may be necessary, but it is terrible. Wilford! the remembrance of this hour will embitter my cup of life to the last dregs, when I shall think how we parted, and for ever!" Sir Richard grasped the hand of his friend as he spoke, whilst the tears, that he did not attempt to restrain, flowed fast down his cheeks. He embraced Owen

again and again, and made a last and desperate attempt to procure his recantation; till, finding all his efforts hopeless, overcome by sorrow, affection, and pity, he wrung Wilford by the hand, and said—"Farewell for ever! and, if it can be so, may God have mercy on you!"

"And on you," replied Wilford; "may He bless and reward you for all the many worthy acts of your life; may your errors be forgiven! Farewell, farewell!"

Sir Richard tore himself from the prisoner, and, in a state of mind the most distressing, returned to his own house at Wellminster.

CHAPTER V.

It now becomes necessary that we should revert to some circumstances that occurred both previous to, and during the painful events, that it has been our task to record in the last three chapters. The reader will remember the artful means by which Friar John induced Sir Richard Southwell to make a solemn promise that he would not see his daughter Arabella till the day should arrive on which she was to be given as the wife of Morgan; he will also remember that, till the day so appointed might arrive, the Friar was to be the sole director and counsellor of Arabella.

The first thing he did, after having extorted a consent to his plan from her father, was to

forbid her having any communication with the faithful old housekeeper, Mistress Deborah; whilst a furious Catholic bigot, a woman at once artful and ill-natured, was substituted by the Friar as the particular attendant of the young lady; and so much did Arabella abhor the manners and conversation of this woman, that for days together she would shut herself up in her own chamber, where she beguiled many of her solitary and wretched hours in turning her thoughts to the contents of the little cabinet bequeathed to her by her mother, and which had been removed into her chamber (unknown either to Sir Richard or the Friar) by Lady Southwell's orders before her death.

Arabella diligently perused "Tindal's Christian Obedience," and all the other good books which had been selected for her by her deceased parent. For a time, she led a life of tolerable tranquillity; though at certain hours each day she was compelled to leave her chamber to give attendance on the Friar: since she was informed

it was her father's will, as a daughter she dared not disobey it. By the management of the Friar, Sir Francis Morgan was sometimes present at these interviews,—a circumstance peculiarly painful to Arabella, but she was obliged to submit. Thus far we can with confidence relate of the Friar's conduct towards this unhappy lady; but there are parts of it wholly unknown to us, and of which we only speak by conjecture; for Friar John was too artful to leave any document of his worst schemes; and the destruction and misery he caused by his influence, might, not inaptly, be compared to the power of lightning in its most fatal flash. It was often sudden, rapid, deadly, and yet left no trace behind it of its course, except the withering and blackened ruin it had caused.

By what positive means the Friar now acted on the mind of Arabella, it is beyond our ability to state; but, whatever were those means, they were fearful and effective, and most probably had been increased during the latter part of the

time in which she was under his rule, since the miserable girl became so hopelessly wretched, that she could no longer compose her mind to consult the contents of the little cabinet in her solitary hours. And, indeed, few solitary hours were now allowed to her by her ghostly persecutor, as he insisted that her female tormentor should be constantly with her, and should even sleep in her apartment at night. Indeed, (though we cannot positively affirm it, yet such a suspicion is not wholly without foundation,) it has been said, that the Friar carried his villany so far, as to cause to be administered to the unhappy Arabella certain powerful drugs, that were supposed to act upon the feelings, and certainly did affect the senses, being calculated to stupify and bewilder the mind.

This part of our narrative is involved in great mystery; and in stating these particulars, we rather detail things rendered probable by the known character of the Friar, than from

the evidence of positive facts. One thing, however, is certain, that he completely succeeded in breaking the spirit, and in bowing down before him the mind of Arabella, so that he wrung from her a consent to become the wife of Sir Francis Morgan. The reader will be startled at hearing this, and perhaps may ask, Could it be possible or true? We answer, that if he should read the Life of Cranmer, as given by the most authentic authors, he will there see the infamous means and the arts by which Friar John de Villa Garcina became a very principal agent in procuring the recantation of that pillar of the Reformed Church; and having seen this, he will no longer be surprised to find that a man who could, though but for a time, subdue such a mind as Cranmer's, should succeed in completely overpowering the understanding of a young and timid woman.

Such was the state of the wretched Arabella, when Friar John, apprehending that the single fact of Jenkyns' having absconded, might produce a complete exposure of Sir Francis Mor-

gan, determined to prevent this, by securing to Morgan the interest of Sir Richard Southwell in the marriage of his daughter. Morgan once becoming the husband of Arabella, the Friar thought, would be a circumstance that must for ever silence both the scruples and the inquisitiveness of her father, relative to the conduct of his son-in-law. Then all would be safe, whatever might come out hereafter.

We have before stated the vile and interested motives that made the Friar so warmly advocate the cause of Morgan. In addition to which, his own *personal* safety now made him eager for the marriage. Villains never feel a confidence in each other. The Friar and Sir Francis had acted in concert in many of those dark and nefarious plots and schemes that disgrace the annals of English history during the arbitrary reign of Queen Mary. If, therefore, by means of Jenkyns, (and the officers of justice were on the alert to apprehend him,) Morgan's plot to involve and destroy Edward Wilford should be discovered before he was the hus-

band of Arabella, John rightly apprehended Sir Richard would bring the whole affair into a legal court, where, possibly, Morgan, to save himself, might impeach the Friar. The toils of villany are like the web of the spider; there is no end to their intricacies. There was but one way left for safety, and that the Friar determined should be instantly adopted. No time was to be lost; a day, nay, even an hour (if Jenkyns were taken), might ruin all. And to avoid this ruin, he now set to work with the utmost activity.

The Friar, accordingly, appointed the very day destined for the burning of the Protestants, as that on which Sir Francis Morgan was to lead to the altar Arabella. And as John, by virtue of his office as a Commissioner, must be present at the execution, (Sir Richard having determined not to witness it,) he appointed a priest of his own choosing to perform the ceremony of marriage. He resolved, therefore, to introduce Arabella to the presence of her father

at an early hour, when Morgan and the priest should also be in attendance; so that, at the very moment the Friar set off to witness the execution at Canterbury, these parties should set forward to the little private chapel at Wellminster Hall, in order to solemnize the nuptials.

Having thus made the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances, we now take up our narrative on the morning of the nineteenth of November,—a day destined by tyranny, bigotry, and cunning, to give an old man and three other Protestants to the stake, and the daughter of a Roman Catholic to be sacrificed at the altar. On that dreadful morning, Arabella was arrayed by her female tormentor in a dress of the purest white, ornamented by a few jewels of considerable value. She submitted to being thus arrayed like one who was almost unconscious of what was being done to her. The attentions of her tiring woman might be compared to the task observed by a hardened at-

tendant upon the dead, who decks out the senseless corpse in its white shroud, and scatters flowers upon the dust. Like a corpse, indeed, was the countenance of Arabella, but there was a restlessness, a bright sparkling, and a wildness about her eye, that did not indicate a perfect possession of her senses.

When the business of tiring was completed, the woman proceeded (according to the usual custom) to wish her joy on her happiness. Whoever has received in the course of their lives the congratulations of joy when their heart has been sinking under the dead burthen of secret sorrow, may possibly conceive in what manner such congratulations fall upon the ear, whilst the soul sickens at the thought. It seemed as if this compliment struck, like the steel upon the flint, on the mind of Arabella, and aroused her by a single spark from the torpor of her feelings; for she suddenly raised her hands, and exclaimed aloud, "Joy to me! Do

not mock me! I know nothing but despair!" And rushing forward, she pushed aside the woman with great violence, who endeavoured to intercept her passage to the door, passed the long gallery like an arrow in its flight, descended the stairs, burst open the entrance of the chamber where her father was awaiting the arrival of the Friar, and ran at once into his arms.

Arabella now wept, sobbed, looked around, and seeing no one present but Sir Richard, she said in a hurried manner, "Don't let them come in! Don't let them part us again! They have not killed me, but they have driven me mad. But you will save me; are you not my father? or is Friar John my father? Who is it that is to make me a merry bride in these fine trappings?"—and she burst into a wild and hysterical laugh.

"Great God!" exclaimed Sir Richard, "she is beside herself. Arabella! look at me," he

continued: "Do you know me? How her eye wanders! Do you know me, Arabella? I am your father."

"No, that you are not!" said Arabella distractedly;—"my father was a good man, and he would never give up his child to such wretches. But I am not mad; only look at me,—see how gay I am. I could dance on a grave if it lay at my feet, so that I thought it was my own."

"She has lost her senses!" cried Sir Richard. "How cruelly, how madly have I acted in thus giving up my only child to the rule of another, to such a tyrant as the Friar. But he shall dearly answer this. Oh! my poor, my dear, my lost child! look at your father! Look upon him; know him as your father. You shall not wed Morgan; only be calm, be composed. Do but return to reason. You shall not wed Morgan; I swear, you shall not."

"Oh, yes, yes! but I must," said Arabella; "I will, if the Friar orders me. He is a fearful man. My head is very light; they would

make me drink last night, though I told them that I was not thirsty. If I had a father, he would have snatched away the cup; he would have taken my part. But my father is dead, dead, dead; and so they torture his child, and make her dress herself fine, and do what they list; yet, it is no matter, she has a merry heart and a full one, for a coffin and the worms."

"This is insupportable!" exclaimed Sir Richard. "She must have instant aid. Help, there! who waits? Bring instant help!" And he left Arabella for a moment, and ran to procure for her some assistance. On hearing the voice of Southwell, Friar John hastily entered the apartment. Sir Richard burst out into a torrent of reproaches, with which he overwhelmed his infamous confessor. But when the Friar fixed his eye stedfastly on Arabella, her manner instantly changed. She seemed to be withered by his very look, and stood immovable. Every limb trembled, like a leaf before the deadly blight, and not a word escaped her

lips; she was as quiet and as passive as a lamb that is to be led to the sacrifice.

"You have driven my child to madness!" said Sir Richard; "yes, *you* have done this. You made me vow not to see her, not to hear her, but to resign her to your management, your care; and see how you have used her! You have tyrannised over her feelings, tortured every finer sensation of her mind, and never left your cruel purpose till her reason was destroyed—"

"Hear me, I beseech you, Sir Richard," said the Friar, interrupting him, and evidently perplexed at this unexpected rupture; "I will prove to you, that all I have done has been alone to save her. I am sorry you should force me to say so by your unjust reproaches, but her present conduct is but artifice; I beseech you to hear my vindication."

"I will not hear you!" replied Sir Richard, with the utmost warmth. "Artifice! look at her wan cheek, her wild and disordered glance;

see her trembling limbs, and her spirit broken and distracted—I will no longer endure this. Leave my sight! I do suspect that you have practised some wicked and accursed arts upon my child. You have dealt darkly and unjustly in this matter, I do suspect it, for some vile purpose of your own."

"I could have no purpose," said the Friar; "I—"

"I will hear no more!" exclaimed Sir Richard; "this dreadful hour has flashed conviction on my mind, and I will have full satisfaction: your accusation of one man, whom I now believe to be entirely innocent, has fallen to the ground, though you most artfully urged me to deal foully by him. The man upon whose evidence you so much insisted has absconded; I will search out the truth hereafter; and if you have, as I suspect, played the villain's part,—a thing, which the very condition of this dear child renders more than probable,—be sure of it, you shall answer for the offence before a tri-

bunal of justice in this world, and before a still more awful tribunal hereafter.—Leave me!"

"I will leave you, Sir Richard," replied Friar John haughtily, "but look to yourself, and do not dare to threaten me. I answer to your accusations! you shall first answer to mine.—You have shamefully and openly become the supporter and partizan of heretics. Dare but to move one step to injure me, and I will cite you to answer for this conduct before the Queen and Council; even Rome itself shall hear my complaint. Mark my words, and tremble; you are ruined, if I but point you out to justice." The insolent and haughty Friar, seeing that his scheme to marry Arabella to Sir Francis Morgan was wholly frustrated by his having overstrained the bow in attempting to bend it, instantly left the house, for the double purpose of communicating this intelligence to Morgan, and of attending the execution of Owen Wilford,—a sight that promised to satisfy the savage

spirit of malice and revenge which he cherished towards that unoffending and persecuted man.

To describe the state of Sir Richard Southwell's feelings would be impossible; he was like a madman. He reproached himself, in all the agony of remorse, heightened by parental affection, for having given up Arabella to the management of the Friar;—he ran to and fro to procure for her what assistance he could. Deborah was summoned instantly to take care of her, and a messenger sent off express to Canterbury, who was charged not to return till he had procured the attendance of the most skilful men of the faculty in that city.

Sir Richard then caused Arabella to be gently removed back to her apartment, where she was immediately put to bed; for it seemed, by the distracted account which she gave of herself, that she had not found any sleep or repose during the night preceding her expected marriage.

Deborah was nalf frantic with rage at learn-

ing these things, and encouraged to act boldly by the anger expressed by Sir Richard against the Friar, she took upon herself the office of turning out, neck and shoulders, the unfeeling woman whom Friar John had placed about her young mistress. Sir Richard scrupled not to blame himself as the author of all this misery, by having been prevailed with to resign his rights, as a father, to another. His self-reproaches made him humble, so that he actually bore with quietness and submission those twits and angry taunts which Mistress Deborah, from time to time, threw out against him,—a liberty that, for the moment, placed the master in the situation of an inferior before his own servant.

But Sir Richard freely forgave this liberty in the old housekeeper, and could have forgiven her much more, in consideration of the tenderness, care, and unremitting attention she paid to his poor bewildered daughter,—placing herself by the bed-side, and vowing she would never quit it till her dear young lady was restored, or

till she should die with her. This dreadful scene had one particular effect on the mind of Southwell, which, perhaps, no other circumstance in the world could produce; since he entertained so great a horror for the conduct of Friar John, that he now thought that man worse in the sight of God, than were even the heretics who, on this fatal morning, were destined to die at the stake. Yet, in the midst of all his distraction on account of Arabella, Sir Richard remembered that Owen Wilford was to suffer, with a sorrow that, combined with his present distress of mind, made him sick of life itself.

The medical men who had been sent for, soon arrived from Canterbury. They were instantly conducted into the apartment of their patient, whilst Sir Richard, who waited to learn their decision in a small ante-room, might be justly compared to the criminal who attends in silent and awful suspense the decision of his jury for life or death.

Doctors, in the reign of Queen Mary, were quite as mysterious and prolix as they are sometimes found to be in the present age. The two members of the learned faculty, who now entered the little ante-room to make their report to the agonized father, began first by shaking their heads; and secondly, by positively contradicting each other; since one maintained that she would live, and his companion that she must die; each recommending a totally different mode of treatment, as absolutely necessary to secure the only probable chance of life. Sir Richard Southwell was now most truly an object of pity: he was just as ignorant of the real state of his beloved child's case, as he was before the arrival of the doctors. Indeed, he was in a worse condition; since, distracted by the contradiction and variety of their opinions, he knew not which of their directions to follow.

In this emergency, the plain sense of Mistress Deborah helped him through the diffi-

culty; since she held for the doctor who had declared perfect quiet, and a composed sleep, if it could be procured, as above all things necessary for the recovery of his patient. And as wrangling so near the sick-chamber was not the way to procure either, the housekeeper very civilly opened the door, and turned both the doctors down-stairs; telling them, the oak-parlour was quite at liberty, and that, if they disputed there all the day long, it could not be heard above-stairs. A composing medicine, however, was instantly administered to the sufferer. Deborah took her station on one side the bed, and Sir Richard Southwell on the other; whilst Arabella lay, like a corpse, with her eyes fixed and open, breathing short and heavy, her hands and temples burning with heat, and her mind as wandering and distracted as it had been in the morning.

Sir Richard watched, wept, prayed, and wiped the tears from his eyes by turns, and resolutely refused to leave the chamber of his

beloved child, even for an instant, to take the least refreshment or repose. At length a domestic stole into the room without shoes, for fear of making the least noise, and beckoned to Mistress Deborah. She glided softly to the door, heard what the servant had to say in a whisper, and immediately motioned to Sir Richard to advance. He likewise stole to the door, as Deborah glided back again to her station by the bed-side.

The domestic put a packet into the hands of his master; Sir Richard looked at the seal, and, without farther inquiry, instantly quitted the sick-chamber. He descended to his closet, hastily opened the packet, and read the contents. No sooner had he done so, than he rushed to the door, where the domestic was still waiting in attendance. "Does the person who brought this yet remain below?" said Southwell.

"He does," was the answer.

"Get me a horse this moment," cried Sir Richard. "Away! no delay."

He was obeyed; in a few minutes the animal was brought to the hall-door. Sir Richard mounted, dashed the spur up to the rowel-head into its sides, and rode off, as if for life or death, attended by the person who had brought to him the sealed packet.

Deborah heard the trampling of the horse's feet in the court-yard; she stole to the window, and thought within herself, as she saw Southwell depart with so much speed, "What can this be, that could take Sir Richard from his darling child, at a moment when that child, perhaps, lies on the bed of death?"

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY upon the morning of the nineteenth day of November, Owen Wilford was brought out of his cell into the keeper's apartment, in order to prepare him to set forward on his way to the place of execution. Here he was speedily joined by his son Edward, who entered the room with a countenance that bespoke the de spair of his mind. He could not speak to his father; he wrung his hand in silence, walked to the window, wiped away the tears from his eyes, came forward, and then looking Owen in the face, burst out into an agony of grief.

At this moment the door opened, and Rose (who had obtained permission) came in. She looked very pale, and her arm still rested in the

sling. She was wrapped in a large cloak of black silk, her head covered only with a handkerchief bound about the temples. She entered the room with a firm step, and in her whole demeanour there was an air of quiet submission, a firmness of purpose in the few but expressive words which she addressed to the keeper, who stood near the door, that, to a common observer, might have appeared as the result of a want of feeling, rather than the effort of a high mind which resolves to hold feeling in subjection, from some great and generous motive.

On seeing the passionate sorrow of her brother, Rose went up to him, and took him by the hand, at the same time glancing her eye towards their father, she seemed to say, "Spare him the sight of this;" and then leading her brother to Owen, they both fell down before him on their knees, as Rose exclaimed, "My dearest father! bless your children."

Owen laid a hand upon the head of each, and

in a manner deeply impressive, implored Almighty God to bless them in this life, and to consummate that blessing in the life to come. He then tenderly embraced his children, whilst they were melted into tears. But a still more painful trial was reserved for him, when his miserable wife entered the apartment, arrayed for the shocking spectacle of that penance which she was this day to perform. She was bare-footed, though sinking under age and sickness; and her body was covered with a white sheet, that hung like a shroud upon her back. Alice was also to bear a lighted taper in one hand, and a faggot in the other; and in this manner she was to be paraded from the prison to the church, through the streets of Canterbury.

At the sight of his wife in such a deplorable condition, the firmness and patience of Owen for a moment forsook him. He clasped her in his arms, weeping bitterly, and calling upon God to become her deliverer. Alice was so wholly

subdued at the thought of the dreadful approaching death of her husband, that the few words she uttered, broken and unconnected, could scarcely be understood.

"My mother," said Rose, "to walk barefooted through Canterbury in this condition! She can never support it. It will be her death. Who ordered this?"

"The Suffragan Bishop of Dover," replied the keeper.

"Then, I beseech you," said Rose, "let me give her my shoes. I know Sir Richard Southwell, and I will take upon me to say, that if you will but suffer this indulgence to be shown to my poor mother, Sir Richard will take care that no harm shall come to you from it."

Without awaiting the keeper's reply, Rose instantly gave her own shoes to her mother, and herself remained barefooted. "I do not mind it," she said; "I have known a greater pain than that of walking upon the hard stones.

And what are the sufferings of my body this day, when compared to those of my mind?"

"You are a good, considerate child," said Owen, "and God will reward you, Rose, for every act of duty to your mother.—Now, Alice; now, my children; remember, this is the moment to try your trust in God. Be firm; recollect the promise, and bow down in silence before the inscrutable will of Heaven. Join with me in prayer.—And will you, Master Keeper, suffer my fellow-prisoners, who are this day to die with me, to come hither, that they may unite their petitions with ours to the Father of Mercy?"

The keeper gave orders that this request should be granted; and the first person who, soon after, entered the apartment, was old Abel Allen. He came clad in a shroud, a dress often worn by those who were going to the stake; and upon his head appeared that very red worsted nightcap which had been sent to him in prison by his own desire. Abel leaned upon a

staff, and the furrows of his aged cheek were rendered yet more deep by the hardships he had suffered in the Castle. He stopped facing his old master, looked at him affectionately, shook his head, and then wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, he said, "I did not think ever to cry again in this world. I had made up my mind to be a man, that the scoundrel friars and mass-singing priests should not see that they could overcome the heart of old Abel Allen, as they have done his body, in a prison; but I can't hold to it when I see my dear master;—God bless you, dear Master Owen! I was ten years old when you were born. I was then in the service of your honour's father, and I didn't think I should live to see you come to this end. But I 'm glad I shan't live to see it, though I am not worthy to die at the same stake with you."

"You are more worthy than I am, Abel," replied Owen Wilford; "seeing that a poor man like yourself, who, without having been so well

instructed in the Truth as I have been, is willing to die as a witness of it, must be of great acceptance in the sight of God. I hope, Abel, we shall, ere this day be spent, meet in a happier place than where we part."

"I can't part—I can't say good-bye to my old master," continued Allen; "I could not say so to my dog; how far less then to you?" And the good old servant wept like a child as he spoke.

"God will wipe away the tears from all eyes!" exclaimed a person who entered the room just as Allen finished the last sentence. Owen looked up, and saw Gammer Plaise, as she advanced, neatly and carefully apparelled, her whole dress being covered with a white shroud. She was followed by Tommy, who held her fast by the hand. Every one seemed surprised; for Gammer Plaise, who had hitherto appeared as if bent almost double with age, this day stood upright, her eye sparkling, her countenance full of animation, and with so much

dignity of feeling in her mind, that it gave even a commanding air to the person of an old, poor, and infirm woman.

"Miriam danced and played upon the harp, and rejoiced in the name of the Lord," said Gammer Plaise; "and so will I go before the stake, singing songs of gladness, and worshipping, and glorifying His name.—Who weeps? No tears, no sorrow should be ours to-day; for this is the feast of the marriage, and my wedding-garment is already on my back;" (and she pointed to the shroud that hung as a mantle over the rest of her attire;) "and here is my blind child, who, though dark in this world, shall have sight in a better, for God gave to him on earth the light of His Word; and this day shall the flames that consume his body be but as a chariot of fire, to bear him on the wings of the wind to the court of the King of Kings, where the scales shall fall from his eyes, as they did from those of blind Bartimeus, and he shall see God, and know darkness no more."

"Are we to be burnt here, granny?" said Tommy: "where are we?"

"We are still in the den of lions, my child," replied his grandmother: "but never heed it, for God will deliver thee, as He did faithful Daniel, from the rage of those fierce monsters who cry aloud to destroy thee. The fire of a multitude is kindled against a few, but it shall not prevail."

"Join with me, my fellow-sufferers," said Owen; "let us supplicate God to give us His strength in our weakness, to abide the fury of the flames; for certain am I that He will either quench the rage of those fires, or give us, if we ask it, the strength to meet them."

The Protestant fell on his knees, his wife and children followed his example, and the sufferers condemned for heresy did the same, whilst Owen distinctly, and with a firm voice, went through a considerable portion of the morning prayers of the Reformed Church. He then read aloud such parts of the Sacred Writings as were pecu-

liarly adapted to encourage his hearers to rejoice in the endeavour to win the crown of martyrdom by the sacrifice of the body, and the sure faith of the soul; and, finally, the good man concluded his pious office with delivering an extempore and emphatic prayer for support in their coming hour of tribulation. He prayed for the friends and kindred of the sufferers, and for England; invoking Heaven to be pleased to remove from His people the rod of persecution that was now raised against the Church, and that the heart of the Queen might be turned to mercy and to truth; and, lastly, he prayed God to preserve the Princess Elizabeth, that she might become in His hand the instrument of once more restoring the light of the Gospel to this afflicted kingdom.

Owen concluded this petition to the Divine Mercy; and on rising from the ground, once more embraced his wife and children. To the former he spoke patience and resignation; to the latter, charity and brotherly love. Wilford then

turned to the keeper of the prison, thanked him for this indulgence, and bade him a farewell. He next grasped old Abel Allen by the hand, and spoke to him many words of kindness. He did the same by Gammer Plaise, and laid his hand upon the head of poor Tommy, as he bestowed on the boy his fatherly blessing.

Rose stood near him, and, unable to restrain her tears, begged Wilford to look upon her, and that if ever in the course of her life she had offended him, he would forgive her. Edward did the same; and Wilford answered their request with assuring them, "That, in the midst of all his afflictions, he had still to thank God for the unremitting duty of his children."

"And I hope granny will forgive me too," said Tommy; "for I know that I used sometimes to be a naughty boy, and didn't work so hard as I ought to do to make the baskets that we sold to help to keep us.—Do, granny, forgive me?"

"Forgive thee, my dear boy?" cried Gammer

Plaise; "I have nothing to forgive thee;—kiss me, Tommy!"

The boy threw his arms round her neck, and repeatedly and affectionately kissed the withered cheek of his venerable grandmother. She fixed her eyes upon him; and, in spite of all her high feelings and resolves, nature prevailed—for some moments she could not utter a word. "A tear!" she at length said; "I did not think to shed one tear at the marriage-feast. Yet, when I look at this blind, innocent, and helpless creature, about to be murdered by the hands of cruel men, I can scarcely bear the sight. But this dear child shall be as the lamb without spot, that was sacrificed at the Passover, in remembrance of that great deliverance which God vouchsafed to His people from the bonds of the Egyptians. Even so has He in our days delivered the truth of His Word from those mighty errors of bigotry and superstition, that had so long held it in bondage. The death of His faithful servants seems necessary to confirm

the witness of that truth in the sight of common men. The more innocent the victims, therefore, the more honourable is their testimony.—I will not sorrow for this child."

"Woman!" said Owen Wilford, "God is pleased to do by you as he did by the poor and despised of old, to give you that wisdom which He denies even to those who sit in the place of kings. I am astonished at hearing what I have this day heard from your lips. Let us glorify that Divine Majesty which makes His truth to be spread abroad by the lips of the unlearned and the contemned of the world, even by those of babes and sucklings.—And you, my poor boy, what are your thoughts of dying in the flame?"

"I only think," replied Tommy, sobbing, "that they are going to burn granny. I am so sorry for her, that I don't so much mind about myself. But if I do think of myself, it is to remember what I learned in King Edward's Catechism,—that God made me, and

that I belong to Him, and so He ought to do what He likes with me; and I know that the naughty men could not burn me nor granny either, without He lets them."

"Poor boy! it is true," said Wilford. "Many an older head could not reason thus plainly or sincerely."

"The Mayor is in attendance, Master Wilford," said the keeper, "to conduct you to the place of execution."

"I am ready," replied Owen. "I will not delay him."

The Mayor of Canterbury now entered the apartment; and, seeing the distressed state of Wilford's family, who, unable to suppress their feelings, were all weeping around him, whilst the sufferer himself exhibited a humble, composed, and pious demeanour, he was so much overcome, that instead of saluting Owen, he joined in the sympathy which filled the hearts of those around him, and could not speak for his tears. The Mayor was attended by a few

of the Aldermen of Canterbury; and, to their honour be it spoken, there was not one of them but shared the general sorrow; not one but would have rejoiced, had it been possible by their interference, to spare this sacrifice of blood.

"It grieves me," said the Mayor, "that my duty obliges me—I assure you that nothing but my duty.—I hope you will pardon me my part in this day's execution. Is there any thing which I can do for you, or for these unhappy people, when you shall be no more?"

"I thank you, worthy Master Mayor," replied Wilford, "for all your kindness. I have already received much from you. I have nothing to ask for my family, since some humane friends have already undertaken to provide for them. But these poor people may have some requests to make, that I am sure, if you can, you will not deny them."

"I have but one request," said Gammer Plaise, "and that is, that you, Master Mayor,

will take this paper; it tells the way in which I used to prepare the stuff to cure children of the croup, when the leeches could not help them. It may do some good when I shall be but as a withered parchment in the fire."

"I will take care of it," replied the Mayor; "it shall be well employed."

"But take heed that you do not give it to Doctor Argentine," said Gammer Plaise; "for if you do, he will sell it as dear as gold, and so the poor will get no good by it."

"I will take care of it," said the Mayor, "and give it to a humane physician that I know in this city,—one who was suddenly called off but this morning to attend the daughter of Sir Richard Southwell, at Wellminster, who, I hear, is dying."

"Arabella dying!" exclaimed Edward Wilford; "Great God! can there be another agony in store for me, to add to all the horrors of this day!—Oh, Arabella! Arabella!—Tell me, I

beseech you, is this really the case? Can she—can she be dying, and I not near her! Must I never see her more?"

"I heard only what I have told you," said the Mayor; "the physician left Canterbury even as I came hither. But I hope, as far as the young lady's danger is concerned, report may have exaggerated the truth."

"And why am I spared to witness all this misery?" cried Edward Wilford; "of what worth is my life? I have been shut up in a prison, when, by liberty, I might have employed it to have done some good to my father; and now liberty is restored to me, only to witness his death,—the death of all I love on earth! Oh, that I were doomed this day to perish with you at the stake; for surely God has cast me from Him!"

"Silence, my son," said Owen; "you speak the words of despair, and this new trouble has made you forget yourself. Is your life of no

value? Oh, Edward, do not embitter my last hours by saying so. Look at your poor old mother, sinking under age and calamity; look at your innocent sister, maimed and helpless, the wide world before her, with no friend to whom she can turn for help but a brother, in whose manly support she might find comfort. Think of these dear objects of your duty and affection, and do not let me believe, that I must die, and leave them abandoned even by my own son."

"Pardon me, my father; forgive me, I spoke wildly. I will live:—yes, from this hour I will live only for them. I will hug the miserable chain that ties me down to life, in the hope to give them comfort. I am nothing to myself, for all hope has fled from me for ever; but I will remember the call of nature, and prove myself a son and a brother." Edward wept bitterly as he spoke; but turned to Alice and Rose, affectionately embracing them. Owen wrung his hand in silence.

The Mayor now addressed Abel Allen, and asked, if there was any thing he could do for him.

"I thank your Worship," said old Abel, "there be nothing you can do for me, seeing that your Worship can neither set aside Queen Mary's way of burning people who don't think as she would have them, nor can your Worship make the fire not to burn, and the body not to feel the flame. But I have a sister, one Widow Littlewit, and she has got a young child, too; and if you would but be so good as to give her a help now and then, to recommend her an honest lodger, it might do her good, seeing that she lives mostly by letting out her lodgings. And if your Worship would be so kind as to give her this red worsted nightcap, seeing it is the only token of remembrance that I have to send her, I shall be bound to you for the favour; and if Justice Baker should lay hands on my poor dog Pincher, for that matter about the broken pyx, I would beg your Worship to save

the poor thing's life, because he can't come under the statute of heresy. And, as I shall be burnt for his offence, I hope that will satisfy Friar John."

The good-natured Mayor did promise to do all that old Abel Allen willed him, and even to take charge of the red worsted nightcap, as a token to the poor fellow's sister, Widow Littlewit, which Abel said he would pull off from his head when he was about to be fastened to the stake.—Tommy now asked, if he might be allowed to speak to Master Mayor; and on being assured he might do so freely, the boy said, "There's a thing on my mind, that your Worship, perhaps, would set at rest. I had a poor little linnet in a cage, that I used to be very fond of, and it used to sing to me; and I can't bear to think that my little linnet may be starved when I am burnt. Gaffer Turf, of Wellminster, has it now, but he is not a kind man; and I will give my bird to your Worship, cage and all, if you will take care of it, and

feed it when I am dead. And you must give it fresh water and crumbs of bread every day."

The Mayor accepted Tommy's legacy with perfect good-will, and promised the boy to be kind to his linnet.

Tommy was sensibly moved by his goodness, for the child was of a very grateful disposition. And he said, "God bless your Worship! you are so kind, that I wonder Master Harpsfield and Thornton don't burn you too; for they burn Master Owen Wilford, who is just as kind as you are to poor folks."

Many other affectionate adieus passed between the sufferers and their friends. To do justice to such a scene, is far beyond the ability of our pen. In this instance, we feel something like the painter of old, who, knowing how inadequate were his powers to depict the grief of Agamemnon for the loss of his daughter, painted the father with a veil before his face. We are assured, therefore, that we shall best do our part, by passing over in silence

a scene scarcely capable of description. Leaving, then, to the imagination of the reader the last farewell between Owen, Alice, Edward, and Rose, we shall at once conduct him from the prison to the Chapel of the Holy Trinity in Canterbury Cathedral, where all the Protestants condemned to suffer were to hear a sermon preached by Thornton on their punishment; and, indeed, all the other parties above-named were also to attend it.

When the Mayor set forward from the prison, the melancholy procession was marshalled in the manner we shall now relate. First walked the Mayor himself, dressed in his robes of office, and bearing the keys of the city of Canterbury. He was attended by the Mace-bearer, and several Aldermen in their attire of state. Friar John de Villa Garcina, who had joined the procession just as it set out, in company with another Spanish friar, next followed, each bearing a silver cross in his hand. Owen Wilford walked between

them, and after him came Gammer Plaise, still leading Tommy by the hand, with old Abel Allen by her side.

Alice next appeared, in her long white sheet, carrying in one hand a lighted taper, and in the other a faggot, her countenance of such a livid whiteness, that she seemed like a spectre of the dead. Rose followed, as near as she could, the steps of her mother, her large black cloak wrapped close about her, and leaning upon the arm of her brother, in whose countenance there was so fixed an expression of despair, that a by-stander would have believed he also was going to meet his death. The procession was closed by the guard of halberts, glaives, and bills. As soon as it set forward, the Friars began to chaunt a Latin service, which they continued till they reached the chapel; and as these holy men entered within the door, the whole assembled choir took up the service, singing the song of Simeon, *Nunc Dimittis.*

Here the procession was joined by Harpsfield and Thornton, both arrayed in the same manner as at the trial. They now led the way into the chapel, where Sir John Baker, acting to-day as deputy for the High Sheriff of the county, had already taken his station, attended by those worthy satellites, Thomas Cluny, a rascally attorney, and Ralph Miller, a common catchpole. Sir Francis Morgan and Samuel Collins were also present.

The chapel was crowded to excess; for, besides the different members of the Romish Church, the populace had thronged in, so as scarcely to leave room in the aisles for the passage of the procession. At the sight of Owen Wilford, a man so venerable, so universally known and beloved, and who now appeared supported by conscious rectitude, with a manner full of dignity and firmness, prepared to meet his fate, all hearts were moved; neither fear nor prejudice could silence the expression of their feelings, many wept, all

were interested, and some cried out for God to bless him, as he passed along.

Old Abel Allen, Gammer Plaise, and poor little Tommy, had also their share of public sympathy; but when the death-like figure of Alice appeared to do penance for living with her own husband, a degree of indignation seemed to fill men's minds, and a murmur ran through the assembly; one or two persons present were even bold enough to cry, "Shame! shame!"

A temporary platform had been erected facing the pulpit, where the prisoners were to take their stand during the sermon, so that they might be conspicuous objects in the eyes of all men present. Thornton now ascended the pulpit; he looked pale and much disordered: for, by the conduct of the populace, it was evident that, though this persecution was supported by the Court and the exercise of arbitrary power, it was not at all agreeable to the people of Canterbury.

Thornton now began his sermon, having chosen this extraordinary text; "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." This discourse he divided into three parts; showing in the first, that the death the prisoners were about to die could profit them not at all, since they died for obstinate heresy, being entirely wanting in the only true charity to be found within the pale of the Universal, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church: he then dressed his discourse with sundry tropes and figures, full of the rhetoric of the day, likening Owen Wilford to Judas, who betrayed his Master, and the other poor sufferers to the thieves and money-changers that were driven out of the Temple. He next descanted on the virtues of the Queen, and on the clemency of the Pope, who, to save other persons from falling into the like damnable heresies, willed, full charitably, that the examples of the death of these wicked people should be especially for their benefit and comfort.

Thirdly, and lastly, Thornton directed no man to pray for them, since there was a sin, for which, in Holy Writ, it was declared, no man should pray, and that sin the Suffragan Bishop ingeniously defined to be no other than heresy against the Pope. He concluded his discourse with saying, that still, as a merciful man is merciful even to his beast, in like manner even the guilty wretches who now stood before him might find mercy at his hands, and the benefit of the law of the land, a security for life, so they would but recant, and turn from the works of the devil to receive the absolution of the Church. But if, still blinded by their obstinate heresy, they refused to do this, then he willed his auditory to witness their deaths, and to sing praises to God around the burning pile that should consume their bodies, for the honour of His name. He encouraged all men to give what assistance they could in the destruction of these people, and, by the authority of his most mighty Holiness of Rome, promised

forty days' indulgence to any who should bear a faggot to help to feed the fire, recommending parents to make even their little children do the same, to procure the blessings of Heaven upon their youthful heads. Thornton then wound up his discourse with a peroration, in which he introduced a compliment to the Pope, to the Queen and Council, to Bonner, Harpsfield, himself, and to all those pious, zealous, charitable, and exemplary persons who laboured to compel men to come into the feast of their Lord; and concluded with a prayer, that these labours might be so abundant in their fruits, that the day should shortly arrive, when every heretic in existence should be given to the flames, in the like manner with those children of the devil who were now about to suffer for their unpardonable sins.

Thornton having concluded this unchristian sermon, so perfectly in character with those generally preached before the burning of any noted heretic of the time, now descended from

the pulpit, and Owen Wilford prepared to make an answer to the Suffragan Bishop's discourse; but he and Harpsfield, perceiving such to be the intention of Owen, instantly followed the example that had been set them by Doctor Smith and Doctor Marshall, who joined together, and stopped the mouth of Ridley, Bishop of London, *even with their hands*, when he would have replied to the merciless sermons which they preached to him in the church of St. Mary, before his execution at Oxford.

Having thus rudely and violently silenced Wilford, Thornton said to him, "If you will recant, I will give up the pulpit to you, and you shall discourse as long as you list; but if you will not, you must go hence to suffer the reward of your deserts."

"Then," cried Wilford, in a voice full of energy, "I give up my cause to Almighty God; and if nothing else is left to me, I can die fearlessly as a witness to His truth."

"But you shall not silence me, Thornton,"

exclaimed old Gammer Plaise; "for I will tell you here, in the face of all men, that you and your fellows in blood are but as the priests of Nebuchadnezzar, who commanded the people to fall down, and to worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar, the king had set up. And we, whom ye cast into the burning fiery furnace, as they did those servants of the true God, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, we shall pass through the flame, and not a hair of our head shall perish in the sight of the Lord; for we shall behold, in the midst of those raging fires, a spirit walking, even the Spirit of peace, and he shall sustain us, and show us to be, in the sight of Heaven and of earth, the worshippers of the only true God of Israel."

"Silence that raving woman!" cried Harpsfield. "Away with them all to the stake. Let not heretics bawl in the temple of the true Church."

"Bear them instantly to the stake," said

Thornton. "The flame shall quench the fury of that woman's tongue."

All the officers present now prepared to lead the sufferers forward to the place of execution. Sir John Baker headed the procession as deputy of the Sheriff of the county, and a lighted torch was placed in the hand of Thornton for him to set fire to the pile. When the sufferers arrived without the church, Owen Wilford turned to Rose, and said to her, "My child, leave me here—your brother will go on with me; you had better not proceed to witness my death. Spare yourself that pain, and give me your prayers."

"I must, I will go forward," replied Rose. "Oh, my father! there is something that I have yet to do for you, though it is a dreadful office. I dare not speak it till the last moment, for your sake."

"Well, do your own will," said Owen. "But, gracious God! see how they are dragging forward your poor mother; she cannot sup-

port herself; see, she lets fall the taper that is in her hand!"

"She has caught a sight of the stake," cried Edward Wilford; "no wonder she cannot support the horror of such a preparation. Oh, my father! how gladly would I perish at that fatal spot in your stead."

"God's will be done!" said Owen. "It is better as it is. Lead on! I wish it over."

It was now with considerable difficulty that the guard and officers attending the execution made way through the throng to lead the Protestant and his fellow-sufferers up to the fatal stake. The streets, the market-place were thronged by thousands of all ages, sexes, and degrees; the very windows were alive with moving heads; the tops of houses, walls, and even chimneys, were crowded with people; and one deep, heartfelt, and general exclamation of sympathy burst from a thousand tongues, as Owen Wilford stood before the accursed stake.

This was succeeded by another burst of uni-

versal feeling, when the wretched Alice, unable to support the scene before her, ended her penance by falling down senseless within a few yards of the stake. The Mayor was near her, and, without asking permission of any present, he took upon himself to order some of his people to carry the woman into his own house, which stood immediately facing the place of execution, directing that every necessary attention should be paid to restore her to animation. The mob greeted this act of mercy, on the part of the Mayor, by a loud cheer; and strangely indeed did sounds of rejoicing, though from a generous motive, mingle themselves at this moment with the terrific preparations of death. Thornton and Harpsfield, seeing the temper of the populace, judged it best not to interrupt the Mayor in doing this act of mercy; though it might be that each nourished in his mind a feeling of resentment towards the civil officer of their city, for what they deemed a scandalous indulgence to a criminal. They now proceeded to

surround the fatal spot with the strong guard which they had brought with them for their own security, as well as that of the prisoners.

"Rose," said Wilford to his daughter, "follow your poor mother, and comfort her."

"No," replied Rose: "she will be cared for, since she is in the hands of men, not of monsters, as you are. My part is not yet done with you, my father."

Owen here once more attempted to address the people, but Thornton and Harpsfield were positive in allowing no discourse of his to meet the ears of the crowd, and they bade both Owen and his companions to make themselves ready. "When the bell of yonder tower tolls," said Thornton, "the fire must be kindled, and that will be in less than twenty minutes; so you know your time. Call forward the smith who is to bind them to the stake!"

The smith approached, dragging after him a ponderous chain of iron, that was to be passed about the middle of the unfortunate sufferers at

the stake. Owen and his fellow martyrs now proceeded to take off their upper garments; and though Owen was not allowed to address the multitude, yet his countenance full of majesty, the perfect composure of his manner, from a deep sense of the august part he had to sustain, in dying as a witness to the truth of God's Word, impressed every heart with an agony of sympathy; whilst the high tone of feeling in which Gammer Plaise continued to recite passages from the Psalms, together with the stern and unbending demeanour of old Abel Allen, and the weeping innocence of pretty Tommy, so acted on the minds of all men present, that, but for the strong guard of halberts, glaives, and bills, they would have torn the prisoners from their tormentors, and have given them instant liberty.

A few individuals, besides the priests, chief officers, and Edward and Rose, still stood within the ring formed by the guard about the stake, and happy were any of them if they could but

obtain the least token of remembrance from the hand of Owen Wilford. To one he gave a fair handkerchief, to another a ring, and amongst the rest he distributed a few small coins that he had about him; even a race or two of ginger that chanced to be in the pocket of his gown were considered as legacies of inestimable value. To his son Edward he gave his Bible, from his bosom, with these remarkable words: "I give you, my son, all that I have on earth to bequeath to you; but that is the inheritance of life."

Owen now turned to Rose, clasped her in his arms, and, as if nature, in the father's heart, could never find enough of that last embrace, he continued to press her in his bosom for some minutes in silent agony. The multitude, who witnessed the venerable form of Owen Wilford thus clasping the delicate figure of Rose, were so melted by the sight, that nothing but sobs, groans, and exclamations of pity could be heard around. Owen at length removed her arms

gently from his neck, and drawing out his dial from his pocket, he said, "Rose, my child, be this for thee; for what have I to do with time, seeing that, with me, this day eternity begins!"

"Rose kissed his hand, together with the dial which he gave her, and placed it under her cloak; then looking affectionately up in his face, she said in a firm voice, "I will learn of you, my father, so to use time, that I, too, may purchase with it eternity;—then, by God's mercy, we may meet again."

"Amen! to that, my beloved daughter," replied Owen. "Be kind to your mother.—Edward, you will now become as a husband, a father, a brother, to those dear and helpless beings I must leave for ever."

"I will, my father!" said Edward Wilford; "and so may God deal with me, as I fulfil your dying hopes."

"God bless you both, my children!" cried Owen.

"Are you ready, Master Wilford?" said an officer standing near; "the time draws on."

"Stay a moment," exclaimed Rose, and turning to the officer, she added, "good friend, give place to me and to my brother, only for a moment—give place to us, we would speak to my father. If you are yourself a father, feel for our parent, and let his children come to him."

"I am indeed a father," replied the officer. "In God's name, draw nigh; I will walk apart; I will not interrupt you."

"Edward," said Rose, addressing her brother with an expression of countenance that defies all attempts at description,—"Edward, put your hands under my cloak, for I have but one hand I can use, and cannot do it readily; untie my girdle, and take from it the bags you will find hanging there under my cloak; be quick."

Edward obeyed, for he instantly guessed her purpose.

"Great God!" said Rose, as he produced the bags, "to think that a child should thus offer to a father, as the kindest act she can do for him, this horrid, but sudden, means of death!"

"What are you about to do, Rose?" inquired Wilford.

"It is gunpowder!" she continued, in the most agitated manner; "hang the largest bag about your neck, and it will as speedily release you from your torments, as the like did Latimer at Oxford. But, oh! to think that I—that I should be the bearer of it to a father!"

"You have shown by such an act the constancy and the firmness of your mind," replied Owen. "Be comforted, my child; I receive it as a merciful intervention of Providence to shorten my torments. Have you some for my fellow sufferers?"

"Yes, there is a bag for each," said Rose; "they hang at my girdle."

"Give them quickly, Edward," said Owen to his son, "or you may be interrupted."

"No," said Rose, "do not fear that. The Mayor consented that they might be used, as the prisoners were under his control; but no one dared to incur the vengeance of Harpsfield and Thornton by becoming the bearer of them."

"Make ready; forward to the stake," was the word now given and received.—Owen was first led on, after one last solemn farewell to his children. When he reached the fatal spot, Edward and Rose threw themselves upon their knees before him, and fervently prayed God to support their parent in death, and to receive his soul to mercy.—Gammer Plaise now led on her grandson with an air of triumph. She raised her arm, and beckoning Abel Allen to follow her, she said to him, "Remember, brother Abel, the last words of Latimer to Ridley, I speak the same now to you, 'Be of good comfort, brother, and play the man; for we by

our deaths shall this day light up such a candle in England, as, with God's grace, shall never be put out.'—Merciful God! into Thy hands I commend my spirit! forgive the sins of my life, and take this poor innocent child to Thy bosom." She clasped Tommy in her arms, and gave him a kiss of such warm affection, that it seemed as if her aged lips would never part from his.

"The time expires," said the officer; "the bell is about to sound."

"Granny," cried Tommy, as he stood next to her at the stake, "I am not frightened now; I feel my heart much lighter ever since I came out of prison. I am sure God will take us. Where is Master Wilford? and where is Abel Allen?"

"I am by your side, child," said Owen; "may God receive us all this day into Paradise!"

"And may He take from the land," cried old Abel, "the curse of this cruel Queen, though

I forgive her my death, as I hope God will forgive me!"

"The time is spent," said the officer.—"Smith, make an end of your business. You have driven in that staple fast enough; the chain will not break.—Hark! the bell is about to sound."

"Do you hear that, Thornton?" said Gammer Plaise; and turning to the smith, who was passing the chain about her body, she added, "Ay, drive it in hard and firm, fellow; for the flesh will cry out,—it will resist, though the spirit never quails."

"The bell sounds indeed," said Harpsfield, as the deep peal, that told the solemn note for the dying, fell upon the ear of every one present with a chill and harrowing effect. Harpsfield and Thornton were alone unmoved. "That bell," said the latter, "tolls to the time of the Queen's justice.—Oh! sweet Mary, how melodiously dost thou sound in my ears!"

"Thornton!" cried Gammer Plaise, "do you hear that bell?"

"Woman I do hear it," answered the Suffragan of Dover; "in another minute your time is gone."

"And yours too, Thornton," said Gammer Plaise; "in another minute you must obey my summons, for the day and the hour of my burning are both come. They stand before you like the handwriting on the wall, that summoned the wicked Belshazzar from his impious feast to the tribunal of God. Remember your own guilt; and tremble."

"I will hear no more of this," cried Thornton; "give me the brand, I will fire the faggots myself." He advanced to do so, with the utmost fury, although his cheek was livid, and every nerve in the body of the strong bad man shook with the terror of his mind. He raised the torch, he uttered horrid imprecations upon the heretic who, even at the stake itself, could thus agonize his conscience, when suddenly he staggered, and fell backwards on the ground.

Gammer Plaise saw him fall, and exclaimed

aloud; "God has heard me, His judgment is upon thee. Repent, if thou hast sense enough left for repentance. The arrow of death is in thy heart."

Harpsfield instantly ran to the assistance of Thornton, as did Friar John, and many others who stood near. They raised him from the ground, and tore open the upper part of his dress, so as to give relief to his throat. He still breathed, but was senseless. His eyes were closed, and his hand convulsively yet grasped the lighted torch; it could only be wrested from him by force. Friar John now ordered him to be removed from the spot, and, leaving the conduct of the execution to the care of Harpsfield, set forward to attend the dying Bishop.

This circumstance occasioned a short delay in the execution. But Harpsfield, whose whole soul was a compound of bigotry, cruelty, and malice, eagerly prepared to fire the pile without farther delay. When Rose saw him advancing

to do so, she screamed fearfully, and starting up from the ground, where she had been kneeling, exclaimed, "Wretched man! would you murder the innocent? But you are a villain accursed in the sight of Heaven."

Harpsfield turned to look upon her, and said with a malicious smile, "Nay, then, if you are so insolent, you shall fire the pile yourself. Take the torch and do as I command you, or I will commit you to prison, and the next burning shall be your own. You are not the first woman who has been made to set fire to her father's stake."

"Monster!" cried Rose, "you shall tear me piecemeal before I would do it."

Edward Wilford felt so incensed at this act of hardened insult and cruelty on the part of Harpsfield, towards his sister, that he raised his arm to knock him down upon the spot. An officer who stood near saw his purpose, and prevented it, but in the scuffle the torch fell and was extinguished; another flaming brand was

speedily procured, and once more the Archdeacon was preparing to fire the pile.

The condemned Protestants saw what he was about to do. They all lifted up their hands together and cried with a loud voice, "Lord have mercy upon us!" and so they continued to cry and to beat their breasts, and to call upon the name of God.

Harpsfield now deliberately walked up to the pile of faggots. He was in the act of stooping down to kindle into a blaze the dry straw and brushwood that lay beneath them, when he was induced for a moment to raise his head by a loud and tumultuous burst from the populace, as the crowd were in motion and making way for two persons mounted on horseback, who rode towards the place of execution with the utmost speed.

The foremost rider was Sir Richard Southwell. He dashed on into the very centre of the market-place within a few yards of the stake, reined up his gallant steed, and snatching the

cap off his head, waved it to and fro in the air, as he cried aloud in a voice of exultation, "God save Queen Elizabeth!"

The cry was taken up by the multitude; for in a moment all men understood that Mary was dead, and that the High-sheriff for Kent had now hastened to proclaim her successor; and "God save Queen Elizabeth!" was shouted, echoed, and shouted again and again, by a thousand and a thousand tongues.

Sir Richard Southwell leaped from his horse, passed within the line of halberts, and tearing asunder, with the help of his sword, the staple that confined the chain to the stake, he again exclaimed aloud, "I give liberty to these people in the name of our new Queen, in the name of Elizabeth!" The scene that followed baffles all description, so sudden, so exhilarating, nay, almost so maddening, was the transition from the deepest agonies of grief to the transports of perfect joy. The multitude hailed, greeted, cheered Sir Richard Southwell as an angel sent from

Heaven to deliver His faithful servants. The rescued Protestants fell on their knees, whilst tears burst from their eyes, as they poured forth their souls in thanksgiving to God for their deliverance; and next they turned to Southwell, as their earthly deliverer, clinging to him by the cloak, sobbing, embracing, and shaking him by the hand, forgetful of all personal distinction in the remembrance of the act of mercy he had so lately shown to them.

Harpsfield and his party alone looked displeased; and the former asked Sir Richard Southwell by what authority he took place of him in an affair that belonged to the Church?

"You ought not now to ask me that question," said Sir Richard, "since your authority is no more. Cardinal Pole, your master, died but a few hours after Queen Mary. She expired the day before yesterday, being the 17th instant: and not half an hour since, I received my warrant from the Council to proclaim Elizabeth her successor, with directions to displace

all the authorities acting under the Commission of the late Queen and Cardinal against heresy."

"Then I suppose I am turned out too," said Sir John Baker, who had hastened to the side of Southwell in order to learn a full account of this sudden news, "for I belonged to the Commission against heretics; but I always entertained a great respect for the Princess Elizabeth, and I am glad, right glad, she has come to the crown; and so I doff my cap, and say with all my heart, God save Queen Elizabeth!"

Again the multitude joined the cry, and once more the name of Elizabeth made the old walls of Canterbury ring with reiterated greetings.

Rose and Edward Wilford, during this sudden deliverance of their father, had stood almost stupified with the surprise of a joy so great, so overpowering. They now sufficiently recovered themselves to be capable of returning thanks to God, and of embracing their parent on his safety.

Whilst they did so, one among the crowd had

observed that Harpsfield had not joined in the greeting of the proclamation of the new Queen, and a proposal was made to fall upon him for this offence. The Mayor saw that a general tumult, if not a riot, would follow, and begged Harpsfield to take shelter in his house, which, as we before stated, stood facing the place of execution. The Archdeacon slunk into it, and the Mayor now also invited the rescued Protestants there to repose themselves, and to endeavour to recover their composure after the astonishing vicissitudes of the day.

Owen Wilford, leaning on the arm of Rose, immediately passed in. Sir Richard Southwell promised that he would follow as soon as he should have read aloud the Royal proclamation. Edward Wilford was about to join his father when Lawyer Cluny, who had been in attendance on this day's ceremony of the purposed execution of the Protestants, fearing what might be the consequence to himself and his associates, if Edward Wilford remained at liberty at so

critical a juncture, resolved to make a desperate effort to throw upon him a public odium, to secure his person, and convey him at once to prison. In order to accomplish this, he now cried aloud that it was his business, as a faithful servant of the State, to secure a traitor; and instantly producing a writ of the Star Chamber, to warrant the arrest of the man he had so denounced, Cluny, followed by some of the officers, surrounded Edward Wilford, and secured him by main force.

Gammer Plaise saw his danger, and assisted by old Abel Allen, she now called vehemently upon the multitude, as well as upon Sir Richard Southwell, not to suffer a subject of Queen Elizabeth to be detained under a warrant issued by the Council of bloody Queen Mary. Sir Richard, who, before this appeal was made to him, had formed a resolution in what manner he would act to save Edward Wilford from the malice of his enemies, instantly resisted the execution of the warrant, and forbade that the pri-

soner should be conveyed to the castle, saying he would inquire into his conduct, and take the charge of him himself.

On hearing this, the halberts immediately drew back, and the crowd, no longer in fear of the guard, determined to take their revenge upon the attorney. The various events of the morning, the previous feelings of detestation that had been inspired by the cruelty of the papists, added to the excitement of popular clamour, so that the multitude were ripe for mischief to wreak it on the first object of offence that came within their way. Falling, therefore, with fury upon the lawyer, they dragged the miserable Cluny to a pump in the market-place, swearing that they would make him eat the writ before they ducked him under the pump.

The mob shouted, the boys hooted, dogs barked, and even the women pelted Cluny during his perilous dragging to the pump, whilst Gammer Plaise and Abel Allen kept alive the spirit of the multitude in setting before them

the sins and evil practices of the lawyer. Sir Richard Southwell vainly attempted to restore order, which could not have been done unless he had commanded the halberts to attack the people. However, he so far succeeded in his endeavours, that he saved Cluny from having the writ crammed down his throat. It was torn and trampled in the mud, and the delinquent got off with having his clothes nearly torn from his back, and a good ducking under the pump.

As Abel Allen was returning in triumph, accompanied by Gammer Plaise and little Tommy, who still kept close to his granny's side, with the intent to join his old master and Edward Wilford at the house of the Mayor, a dog who had taken a most active part in worrying the attorney, and in tearing his clothes, now came to old Abel's feet, and there let drop from his mouth (according to his thievish custom) the spoils of victory.

"That 's Pincher," said Tommy; "I know

his whine or his growl from any other dog in Canterbury.

"It is Pincher indeed!" cried old Abel; "and I know the wag of his tail half a mile off. My own Pincher, my dear Pincher, how glad I am to see you once again! And what have you dropped at my feet, my fine fellow?—again I see thieving Pincher. Will you never learn to be an honest dog, and to behave yourself like a gentleman? But, mayhap, it is a spoil from the attorney, and if it be so, it's no thieving at all, seeing that the old proverb goes, set a thief to catch a thief, and from what better than thieving comes the goods of Lawyer Cluny? And so you have brought me a paper, Pincher; but I have not got my barnicles with me, so I can't see to read a word of it.—Here, blind Tommy, you are younger than I am, and your legs can run faster than mine, boy. Do you mind now; run straight on, follow your nose, and catch hold of the tail of the first

person's cloak you come near, for that person is Sir Richard Southwell: he is going straight to the Mayor's house, give him this paper, mayhap it may be of consequence to some one."

Tommy immediately obeyed these directions, and plucking Sir Richard by the cloak, he said, "Sir, I say, Sir Richard, if you are Sir Richard, be pleased to take this paper that old Abel Allen's dog has brought to his master's feet."

Sir Richard Southwell, (whose mind was intent upon his daughter, and who, now that he had saved Owen Wilford from a dreadful fate, was most anxious to get back to Wellminster, in order to attend her sick-bed,) scarcely heeding what the blind boy said to him, nevertheless took the paper, opened it, and casually ran his eye over the contents; but no sooner had a few words fixed his attention than he stopped, and without moving from the spot where he stood, read the contents to the end. Southwell then exclaimed, "Holy Mary! how

wonderful are the ways of Heaven! How have I been deceived?"—and calling to the officer, who had the command of the halberts, still waiting the orders of Sir Richard or the Mayor, Southwell drew him aside, and spoke a few words in an earnest manner. The officer bowed, and, turning to his men, immediately gave the word for the halberts to follow him. They left the market-place without delay.

Sir Richard now entered the Mayor's house, at the very moment old Abel Allen, Tommy, and his granny, were about going in there also in compliance with the invitation of that worthy civic officer, who had desired that the poor people should refresh themselves at his house, and endeavour to recover their composure after the fearful events of the morning. They were all ushered into a large chamber, where the humane Mayor of Canterbury, who most truly rejoiced that the unhappy Protestants had been rescued from so horrid a fate, was kindly endeavouring to sooth the agitated

feelings of poor Alice, (now recovered from her swoon,) as her husband, her son, and daughter, stood affectionately around, giving her the assurance, which her confused senses could scarcely credit, that they were really alive and free; that Mary Queen of England was no more, and Elizabeth reigned in her stead; so that the known principles of Elizabeth, in favour of the Reformed Church, gave the hope of perfect security for all of that persuasion.

Sir John Baker was also present; but Harpsfield (who, be it remembered, had taken shelter in the Mayor's house to escape the fury of the populace) was not in this chamber. His hatred of all Protestants, and, in particular, of Owen Wilford and his daughter, who had both so boldly withstood, whilst they experienced, the exercise of his tyranny, made him now detest the very sight of them, since he could no longer inflict upon either the tortures he deemed due to heretics. Boiling with savage

rage and disappointed fury, his bosom tortured him with the same indignant feelings he had formerly inflicted upon others, and, unable to bend his spirit to the times, he was now pondering in his own mind, on the readiest means to effect his escape into Spain, where he was sure his talents and disposition would make him a welcome adjunct to the power of the Inquisition. Certain it is, he possessed learning, since some works, said to be the production of his pen, are still in existence; but Fuller, in his Church History, has done ample justice to the character of Nicholas Harpsfield, by classing him in the same page with Bonner, as one amongst the most cruel men of his time.

Whilst Harpsfield sat alone in an obscure ante-room in the Mayor's house, Sir John Baker, as we before noticed, remained in the apartment with the rejoicing Protestants; and, by this time, Sir Richard Southwell had also joined them, accompanied by Abel Allen, Tommy, and Gammer Plaise. Sir Richard

now spoke apart to Sir John Baker, and concluded in these words, with an audible voice: "I doubt not, you would desire to see justice done to the subjects of Queen Elizabeth; I must therefore now beg of you to act with me in bringing forward some notorious delinquents, whom I have this day detected in practices of the most infamous nature. I have sent an officer and a body of men to arrest them; they will be brought here anon; and I trust you will support me in doing an acceptable service to our new Queen, by examining and punishing these villains as they deserve.

This was just such a service as Sir John Baker most earnestly desired should be required of him, since, above all things, he was now most eager to be in favour with, and to get into place under, the new Sovereign and Government. Sir John was, in fact, one of those wise and happy tempered men who love nothing so much as their own interest, and who have so completely the rule over their own principles

and feelings that they can, without any twinge of conscience, be equally conformable under all governments, and at all times.

Sir John had been one of the first in the reign of Henry the Eighth to take the oath acknowledging the supremacy of that king, an assumption of authority that formed the first step towards the downfal of Popery in this kingdom. And not many years after, the complaisant Sir John had been alike acquiescent in subscribing the Six Articles, so likely to re-establish that very power which Henry had taken such bold steps to overturn. When Edward the Sixth mounted the throne, Sir John's compliant temper never forsook him, since he then became a joyful follower of the Reformation, the newly established Church, and laws in its support. On the death of that young king, when the prudent Sir John learned that by his last will, Edward had bequeathed the crown to the Lady Jane Dudley, the worthy magistrate posted off for London, expressly for the pur-

pose of presenting himself before the Lady Jane, to congratulate her upon her accession to the crown. But when he arrived in London, and there found that the Lady Jane's short-lived rule was no more, and that Mary was proclaimed in her stead, he, like a loyal and dutiful subject, turned his steps another way, posting forward to congratulate Queen Mary. But his zeal for the Reformed Church during the time of King Edward, procured for him a frown from the swarthy brows of his new Mistress, and Sir John was at first a little disconcerted. But the ingenious and complying never need despair; so that the worthy Knight soon completely regained all his lost favour, by the extraordinary zeal with which he joined, as a co-operator, her Majesty's inquisitors in routing out, and helping to bring forward, the unlucky Protestants, who were playing at hide and seek about Canterbury. These exertions at length procured for him a nomination under the special commission as above stated. But Mary

was now dead, and Elizabeth proclaimed Queen; so that all things were certain once more to take a change. And who now rejoiced more for her accession to the crown than did Sir John Baker? Who felt more kindly hearted to the rescued Protestants than this humane and worshipful Justice of the Peace? And he who, in Queen Mary's time, would have kissed the Pope's toe, or that of his Holiness's puppy dog at her command,—now that Elizabeth ruled, would have hanged the Pope, and his bulls, and his priests, all in one string, to pleasure the new Queen.

Sir John expressed his hearty desire to concur with Sir Richard Southwell to do justice to any of the subjects of the blessed and righteous Princess who had ascended the throne; and whilst these professions were streaming in a full torrent from his lips, the door opened, as Friar John, Sir Francis Morgan, Samuel Collins, and Lawyer Cluny entered the room under the strong guard that had been dispatched to arrest them. Cluny was dripping from the plentiful

fountain of the pump, the few clothes he had left upon his back hanging tattered and bespattered with mud. Friar John was a bold villain; for now, instead of suing for mercy, he asked, in the most haughty manner, for what cause Sir Richard Southwell had ordered him to be torn from the death-bed of Thornton, even at the very moment the Suffragan Bishop had breathed his last?

"Is Thornton dead?" inquired Sir Richard.

"He is dead," said Friar John; "and that infamous woman who stands there," (pointing with his hand to Gammer Plaise,) "I have no doubt, by her diabolical arts, procured his death. She has been often suspected of witchcraft; and her shameful threats to Thornton, on the day of her condemnation, he confessed in his last moments had preyed upon his mind. There can be no doubt, therefore, that this circumstance, aided by her arts, hastened his death. She stands accused by me of murder."

"And I, stand," replied Gammer Plaise,

" acquitted in the sight of God of so wicked a charge. I did not slay Thornton; but I will tell you what did slay him,—the worm that never dies—his own conscience. I called up his sins before him; I denounced the wrath of Heaven upon the wicked; I struck the arrow of God's word into his heart, and Death struck his own arrow without my aid. This is the cause, and no other, why Thornton gave up the ghost so fearfully."

" But you shall not escape," said the Friar; " for I will be your accuser, and Thornton shall be avenged."

" Your accusation will now be of little moment," said Sir Richard Southwell, " since it has pleased Providence to bring your guilt to light in a manner the most extraordinary, and by the humblest means. This poor blind child has put into my hands a paper that will convict you all."

" That was Pincher's doings, your Honour," said Tommy, " and not mine. And I dare say

Pincher got the paper when he tore Master Cluny's gown and doublet off his back, for every body knows Pincher is a great thief."

"But as honest a dog for all that," cried old Abel, "as ever took a rogue by the skirts; and, I'll warrant me, that this is the best day's work he ever did in his life, if it turns out to show how wicked men's deeds against innocent people can be confounded, even by a dumb thing."

"You speak the truth indeed, old man," said Sir Richard, "since this paper promises a large reward from Sir Francis Morgan to this wretched attorney, on condition that he should procure the means of convicting Edward Wilford in a supposed conspiracy against the State,—a conspiracy, as it here appears, solely planned and pretended to be discovered by Friar John, in order to destroy sundry innocent persons, many of whom, I lament to say it, have already suffered the torture under his accusation. Here, also, is an injunction given by Sir Francis Morgan to

Thomas Cluny, that he should procure, on another malicious charge, a writ of detainer from the Star Chamber, to hold Edward Wilford still as a prisoner, in the event of his acquittal from the first ground of offence. The name of Samuel Collins also appears as a witness to this disgraceful transaction,—a thing that involves him as a party concerned in the crime.—Sir John Baker! I must instantly leave you, since I declare,—and in doing so, I publish my own shame,—that I was prevailed upon by this artful friar to give up to him the management, the care of my dear child, in order to induce her to become the wife of that villain, Sir Francis Morgan. I was made to believe that Arabella would desert her duty, and leave her father's roof, to abscond to a foreign land in company with Edward Wilford, and on this account I dealt harshly with the dearest thing I hold on earth."

"Sir Richard," said Edward Wilford, "I told you candidly that I considered Arabella as bound to me by her own free affections, and by

that contract which she had given me by her own consent; but I pledge you my word that whatever I designed to do beyond this, I purposed it should be honourably and openly. Your daughter would never have forgotten the affection which she owes to you."

"I believe it, young man," replied Sir Richard: "and this wretch made me his dupe. For, under a pretext of acting for the preservation of her peace, by preventing her becoming the wife of a heretic, Friar John has so exercised his dark purposes against my child, that (how can I speak it and live?) he has driven her, I fear, to distraction. Such is the issue of his cruelty.—I must return to her, since I can no longer bear this uncertainty as to her danger. Suspense is the worst of all sufferings.—Sir John Baker, what remains to be done I leave to you. You will commit these men to prison. If they can bring forward any thing to palliate their offences, they must do it in a court of justice."

Sir Richard Southwell now prepared to leave the room, and Edward Wilford implored so earnestly to be allowed to accompany him, that his request was at length granted, and the more readily, as Alice, Owen, and Rose, also expressed their desire to follow their benefactor, in the hope to afford him such service and comfort as might be within their power, in this most anxious time of trial. They departed, therefore, without awaiting the result of Sir John Baker's examination of the prisoners.

Friar John preserved the haughty and resolute insolence of his character. He would not stoop to answer the least interrogatory, but stood silent and sullen, looking with an air of ineffable contempt upon the Justice. Sir Francis Morgan, who had much of the spaniel in his disposition, now attempted to soften the Magistrate by a fawning and cringing address, calculated to render him propitious to some apology Sir Francis seemed desirous to make to him.

But little did Morgan know the character of the zealous representative of justice before whom he now stood. Sir John Baker cut him as short as he would slice up a pancake upon his dish. "Don't talk to me, fellow!" exclaimed the worthy Magistrate; "what do you take me for, I trow? Do you think that I will hear your palavering when, the Lord help us! it has come to light that you, and that proud rascal of a friar there, have been plotting together against one of the most faithful, loyal, and zealous subjects that our blessed Queen Elizabeth has in all these realms? Never join against the Queen's friends, as my Right Reverend Friend, Bonner—no, I mean my Right Reverend Friend, Cranmer, used to say; for as for Bonner, he will now be sent to the Tower, no doubt, as the bloody rogue deserves! so hold your tongue, Sir Francis Morgan, or I will have you gagged; and learn to know, that, as a Justice of the Peace, I do nothing but for peace and justice, without favour

or affection to any man; though, if I were inclined to favour, it would be to see rewarded such a young man as Edward Wilford, who, we all know, swore to Wyatt, that if Mary, or any one, did but attempt to injure a hair of the Lady Elizabeth's head, he would spend the last drop of his blood in her defence. Our royal dame will make a knight of him for that, I warrant, whenever he goes to Court."

Whilst the eloquent Justice had blustered out this speech, as fast as he could between puffing and blowing to take breath, Lawyer Cluny managed to slip up to the table, and bowing very civilly to Sir John Baker, he said, "Sir John, as a loyal subject to the new Queen, I am sure your Worship will be glad of the opportunity of laying before her Majesty some particulars that nearly touch herself. Promise me security for my life, and I will bring forward proofs to show her those who are her greatest enemies, and who joined with Gardiner, in Queen Mary's time, to get that warrant for

her death, which was only *not* executed in consequence of the brave resistance to it made by the Lieutenant of the Tower."

"What, fellow! what's that you say?" cried Sir John; "that will be nuts indeed to be cracked by the Privy Council, and no bad thing for the Justice that carries up the news either. I'll promise you life; I'll get you saved, if you turn Crown evidence. And I'll do more than that for you, if I can. You sha'n't lose your place as my clerk neither; for you have been a bustling fellow, Cluny, that I will say for you, and know the law about parish paupers, and binding 'prentices, as well as any clerk in the county of Kent. So, let's hear all you have to say."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Friar John, as he looked indignantly on Cluny; "speak another word, and not all the powers upon earth shall save you from destruction."

"Make that Spanish rascal hold his tongue, Catchpole Miller," cried Sir John Baker.—

"Cluny, speak on; I'll be warrant for your safety."

"I can state all in one sentence," replied Cluny; "send some of your halberts with me to my lodgings, and I will bring you written documents to prove, that it was in concert with Friar John that Gardiner planned the scheme to obtain that warrant from certain members of the Queen's Council, in order to procure the death of Elizabeth."

"Then, if this work is to go on," said Samuel Collins, who had hitherto stood quite chop-fallen in a corner of the room, "why, curse me, if I don't peach too; for, look you, I say, and I swear, that Sir Francis Morgan made me sign that paper against my will. I'll swear that he held his sword to my throat while I did it. And if Friar John helped Bishop Gardiner to procure that warrant for the Princess Elizabeth's death, I can tell you who carried it down to the Tower to hasten the Lieutenant to execute it; for that man was no other than Sir

Francis Morgan, and I was with him; and I 'll swear to all I heard him say, to get the Lieutenant to chop off her Grace's head, with no more remorse than if it had been a lark's for the spit.—So, set me down, if you please, Sir John, as a Crown evidence, as well as Master Attorney."

"That I will, my honest fellow," cried the Justice.—"Oh! what a horrible business is this! to think to cut off our blessed Lady Elizabeth's head, like that of a lark's for the spit! And if she had lost her head, all the world would have said she was a good woman; but certainly, she would never have lived to be reckoned a gracious Queen. What a discovery is here! how are her enemies brought to light! —Here, Catchpole Miller, stop that fellow's mouth—don't let Morgan speak. To think of cutting off such a head! I scarcely know if my own stands upon my shoulders at the hearing of it.—Have them both to Canterbury Castle. This is a Crown matter, I must see to it; and, do you

hear, throw the Friar and Morgan into separate dungeons,—iron them well, for they are great rogues; and to-morrow I will myself post up to Court, to congratulate our blessed Queen on her accession, and to get an order to have these villains sent up to the Tower.—To cut off a Princess's head! what a discovery! Oh, you monstrous monsters, you cruel villains, where will your heads be for this?"

Sir John instantly dispatched both Friar John and Morgan to prison. The zealous Justice then busied himself in preparations for his journey to London, to wait upon the new Queen. He so far succeeded in his purpose, as to obtain an order to see the prisoners, Friar John and Sir Francis Morgan, removed to the Tower. Jenkyns, their accomplice, had been taken, and joined with Cluny and Collins as evidence against them. It was clearly proved that the pretended conspiracy against the life of Queen Mary, as well as the discovery of it, had been entirely a plot of their own, in order to

destroy Edward Wilford and many other persons obnoxious to the Friar, some of whom, as we before stated, had been put to the torture on account of his false accusations.

John and Morgan were condemned to suffer death; and it is with great pleasure we can record that the first warrant for the execution of judgment signed by our glorious Queen Elizabeth, was one to do an act of perfect justice. Every circumstance of the former misdeeds of these criminals was also industriously laid before her by Sir John Baker; and she generously declared, that though she could forgive Friar John and Morgan the part they took with Gardiner to bring about her own destruction, yet she never would pardon their design against Edward Wilford's life, and especially as they had caused so many of her good and innocent subjects to be put to the rack; since it was by guarding the lives, as well as the laws of her people, that she wished to rule in their hearts.

All this was very gratifying to Sir John

Baker, who now thought his bulky vessel was fairly set to catch the full breeze of Court favour; but he was disappointed; no preferment fell to his lot, nor was he invited to return again to Court. After long doubts and hesitation, Sir John at last ventured to open his mind on the subject of his disappointment to an old courtier, who smiled, nodded, winked, and looked mysterious, according to the usual preface of a courtly confidential communication; when, with an air that was to seem consolatory to Sir John's feelings, but really intended to mortify them, the sage communicator whispered in his ear, that all the fault lay in himself; for when he had waited upon Elizabeth, his breath savoured so strong of canary and old sack, that it had given much offence to the royal nose; which, as was universally known, was remarkably nice in its olfactory nerves, and could never pardon any ill odour of any kind or description.

We have told this part of our story somewhat out of place, wishing at once to be rid of

the rogues to whom it relates; and we shall only add, that Lawyer Cluny was afterwards struck off the roll as an attorney, for some disgraceful practices, and that he died a beggar in the Sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand. Collins, we believe, was hanged, but cannot positively affirm it as a fact.

We must now return from this digression to speak of the other personages connected with our narrative, resuming it at that time when Sir John Baker busied himself in bringing to justice those notorious offenders whom he afterwards helped to the block.

Gammer Plaise, Abel Allen, and Tommy, quitted the Mayor's house at Canterbury, and set forward to Wellminster Hall; since each of them felt desirous to learn the condition of Mistress Arabella, who was much beloved by the neighbouring poor; and old Abel was never so happy as when near his master, Owen Wilford. Pincher, once more restored to this honest serving man, now followed close at his heels.

We shall not here dwell upon the scene that awaited Sir Richard when he returned to the Hall. Mistress Deborah met him in the chamber adjoining that of his daughter; she shook her head mournfully, and said, that she feared there was no hope, for her young lady remained quite in a senseless state, and she apprehended death would speedily ensue. Sir Richard instantly sent again to command the presence of Doctor Argentine of Canterbury, and rushing into the chamber of his beloved daughter, was followed there by Owen Wilford and his family, who deeply sympathized in the present affliction of their generous deliverer.

When they looked upon Arabella, who lay extended like a corpse, their hearts were melted with sorrow at the sight of one so young, so good, and beautiful, now sinking into an early grave, by the cruel machinations of a villain. Edward Wilford's grief was of that deep, silent nature which defies all worldly consolation. But who shall speak the agonies of the father—

the self-accused Sir Richard Southwell? He went to the bed, as Rose and Deborah raised his unhappy child, and chafed her hands and temples; he knelt down, kissed her lips, her cheeks, and hands, calling upon God to restore her, or to take her father with her to the tomb. He begged his child to live, as if she had been sensible of his distress, or could have relieved it; called upon her to look up in his face, and then accused himself as her murderer. He now started away from the bed, as if he could not bear the sight of the object of his anxiety, and again hung over her in all the agony of lingering hope, placing his hand upon her heart to feel if it still beat, and then a feather on her lips to watch the least motion of her breath; straining his eyes in fixed attention, and not daring to move, scarcely to breathe, lest the least sign that might give hope should escape him.

Whilst Sir Richard Southwell knelt thus, and watched by the bed of his senseless child,

Gammer Plaise, who had learned her condition, softly stole into the room, and, speaking in a low but distinct voice, she said to the wretched father, "Rise, Sir Richard; rise, and leave this vain care. You can do her no good, for you are but a man, and have not the power as Elisha, the man of God, had, to restore the dead or the dying, by breathing upon cold and senseless lips the breath of life. Let me do my part."

"What can you do to save my child?" cried Sir Richard.

"Nothing but what God wills," replied the venerable woman: "but whilst I use such means as my simple skill may dictate, do you, and all of you, retire, and pray to God to bless those means; for, unless He blesses the cup, the medicine shall profit nothing:—and do not let me be disturbed by that Doctor Argentine you have sent for. He will give his feed attendance, like the follower of a coffin, to see the last rites done decently, but without benefit to the body he attends Leave me with this fading flower;

and who knows but God may make me his instrument of succour, even as he showed the well of water to Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, when she had laid her child down to die? All the earth failed her; but the Lord took him up, and the child was saved. So may it be with your child. And now let all quit the room but Rose Wilford."

There was an energy of character, of expression, about old Gammer Plaise, that generally prevailed, and especially in moments of trial. Sir Richard Southwell caught every word that fell from her lips, as drowning men catch at the least branch within their reach, in the hope to rescue them from death. He thought, he believed, she might be sent as an instrument in the hand of Heaven to restore to him his beloved daughter. Owen saw the state of his mind, and, kindly interfering, led both the distracted father and his own afflicted son from the chamber, after they had each affectionately imprinted a warm kiss on the cold hand of Ara-

bella; and, retiring into an adjoining chamber, fervently besought Almighty Providence to give a blessing to the means about to be used for the restoration of the sufferer.

Sir Richard, in these moments of bitter distress, forgot that his friend differed from him in faith,—forgot that he was a heretic; and, falling on his knees, he joined Owen most heartily in the prayer the good pastor offered up for his child to the throne of Mercy; so completely does a deep sense of misery suppress the rancour of bigoted and obstinate opinions, in a mind capable of true feeling.

This ended, Sir Richard awaited the issue of his daughter's dangerous condition in a state of agonised suspense no tongue could describe.

That night the family of Wilford remained at the Hall, where indeed they continued till it pleased Heaven to grant their hearts' desire, by restoring Arabella once more to their hopes. In a few days, by the skill and attention of Gammer Plaise, she so far recovered as to be

able to sit up in a chair in the little anteroom, where, with many cautions not to say a word to agitate her feelings, the Gammer allowed an interview between Sir Richard and his daughter.

Arabella tenderly took his hand, and, with tears in her eyes, thanked him for again restoring her to his affections, his care, as a child. One thing, she said, preyed on her spirits, and that was, if she had died, her father, in one point, would have been deceived. He would never have known that the merciless persecution of the Protestants, the cruelty of Harpsfield and Thornton, with the tyranny of Friar John, had at first caused her to doubt the truth of that Church which could shelter such men under the sanction of religion, and which could consider human victims as an acceptable sacrifice to the Almighty. She then stated the circumstance of the books bequeathed to her by her late mother; and concluded with saying, "I am now, my dear father, convinced of the truth of that faith which my mother acknow-

ledged to be hers in her dying hour, and in support of whose truth so many have become witnesses even to death."

Sir Richard Southwell was greatly shocked at hearing this declaration from his daughter; he seemed about to reply, but Gammer Plaise, who was present, looked stedfastly at him, and then glanced her eye upon his child. He understood her meaning, and said nothing, but embraced Arabella, as the tears fell from his eyes; and finding she had really become of the same faith with Edward Wilford on her own conviction, and not by his means, some months after, Sir Richard ceased to oppose their union, though his daughter's abjuration of the Church of Rome was a circumstance that sunk deep into his heart, embittered the remainder of his days, and, we fear, hastened his progress to the tomb. He lived, however, to see his child happy in the choice of her affections, and died sincerely lamented, as well by the Protestants, as the Roman Catholics; so much can the con-

duct of a really beneficent mind impress with honour and esteem those who in opinion entirely differ from it.

A few days after the recovery of Arabella, Owen Wilford, his beloved wife Alice, Rose, and Edward, returned to the village of Wellminster, where Gammer Plaise and Abel Allen had gone on before to see all things prepared to receive them in their old house once more,—for Wilford was again appointed to fill his favourite Cure. As the good man advanced up the little green lane that led into the village street, all his old parishioners came out to meet him. Tears of joy, hearty congratulations, and blessings invoked upon his head, spoke the honest and hearty greetings of his simple flock. They followed him in a crowd to the church, where the first act he did amongst them, was to ascend his pulpit, and, having returned public thanks to God for the great deliverance vouchsafed to him and his fellows in affliction, he gave them a sermon suited to the occasion; and

then, before he dismissed his congregation, with all simplicity and kindness, the good man invited them to follow him to his house, there to partake of the worldly blessings still spared to him, and to rejoice their hearts in innocent mirth; seeing, as he said, that it was a custom, even in the times of the patriarchs, to sing and give praises, and to make glad the heart of man, in grateful acknowledgment for the mercies of God.

The congregation eagerly followed their pastor from the church; and plentiful that day was the good cheer of Old English roast-beef and pudding freely distributed to all. But what tongue can speak the joy of old Abel Allen, when he found that, during the short time Friar John held the Cure, he had been so little at the parsonage-house, that the butt of ale, brewed by Abel's own hands, had escaped being tapped, to wash the Friar's throat, as he expressed it. It was this day set a-broach, and fairly emptied before the conclusion of the

festivities. Even Pincher shared the general joy, by having a good slice of beef bestowed upon him from the hand of his master, whose heels he closely followed throughout the day.

During the feast, two persons were missing, Gammer Plaise and little Tommy; and Rose, who loved them both, good-naturedly ran to the cottage of the former, to bid her come to the dinner. She found the poor old woman sitting under the shade of a venerable yew-tree, that grew at the end of her little garden, reading aloud the Bible to blind Tommy, who sat attentively listening by her side, having put down near him, upon the bench where they sat, a cage containing his favourite linnet.

"Tommy," said Rose, "why don't you make your granny come to our feast? The roast-beef is on the table, and the plumb-puddings too; and all the village is rejoicing for my dear father's return; and the first cup of ale after dinner, from Abel Allen's store, is to be quaffed to the health of Queen Elizabeth. Do

come and join us, for every body is rejoicing on account of my father."

"I do rejoice for your father's return, dear Mistress Rose," replied the old Gammer, "for he is a good man; but I rejoice with the Lord, in my soul and in my spirit. As for worldly mirth, what have the infirm and the blind to do with that? *This*, too, is a day when mirth neither suits with me nor mine. It is the anniversary of my son's death, or rather, let me say, of his birth; since he was on this day born to God in Heaven. The wicked priests of Baal burned this child's father on this very day two years past in Smithfield;—there was no Queen Elizabeth then to save him."

"I did not know it was so," said Rose—"I mean, I did not remember the day; I am sure, if I had, I would not——But do keep up your spirits, Gammer Plaise; for we must all submit to God's will, and we will all of us be kind to you and Tommy."

"I know you will," replied the poor woman,

" and I do bow down—in silence I bow down before the will of God: but to hear the song of mirth, to see glad faces and gay minds, when the staff of my old age has been torn from my hand; when my hopes are withered, and my heart nearly broken: this, dear young lady, is what I can never witness more;—it would strike on my soul, like ill-timed music on a nice ear, with jarring discord. The boy may go with you, if he lists; for he is young, and troubles ought not to wither young hearts as they do old ones."

" No," said Tommy; " I could not go, granny; I will not leave you alone, but stay and comfort you.—And indeed, Mistress Rose, I could not be merry upon the day the wicked people burnt my poor father in Smithfield. I was listening to my linnet when granny called to me, to tell me what day it was; and I put down the bird when I heard it, for then it made no music to me; and I sat down and cried, for I have no father."

"Yes, you have a father, boy," said Gammer Plaise, "and I have a son,—for God is both to us."

"Then, don't cry so, as you do sometimes, granny," replied Tommy; "for, whenever you cry, it makes me do so too. And I will love,—and do all I can for you; so, pray be comforted. And Sir Richard Southwell says that he will buy all the baskets I make for his household, and he has promised to give me a new cage too for my linnet, if I am a good boy."

Rose bade a kind farewell to these simple and afflicted inmates of the cottage; and, though they did not personally attend the feast, old Abel took care that a portion of it should be sent to them; since, on this occasion, Abel acted as chief-steward and almoner, as well as butler, to the village-flock assembled on the green lawn before the pastor's door. And as the old parish-clerk was lately dead, Wilford promoted Abel Allen to fill that office: a thing, for which Abel considered him-

self particularly well qualified, having as good a voice, he declared, to sing psalms and repeat the responses, as any man in the parish, to say nothing of his gifts of reading and writing.

Owen Wilford, Alice, Edward, and Rose, on this day, partook with genuine kindness in the universal joy that was exhibited in every face to greet the return of the Protestant to his flock; and often was the name of Sir Richard Southwell gratefully repeated this day, by those who, under Providence, were indebted to his active and timely interference, for the preservation of their pastor's life. Sir Richard's health and that of his daughter was drunk with enthusiasm; and after dinner, when Abel proceeded to tap the noble and particular butt of ale of his own brewing, he first filled out a family silver cup, and respectfully presented it to his master.

Owen Wilford held the cup extended in his hand, and, ere it reached his lips, he looked at his assembled guests, and said, "God bless

Queen Elizabeth! and may England for ever preserve that liberty gained for Englishmen by the Reformation of the Church!"

"Amen!" said old Abel Allen, in a most sonorous voice, by way of hanseling his new office of Parish Clerk of Wellminster.

THE END.

A NEW AND UNIFORM EDITION

OF

MRS. BRAY'S WORKS.

LIST OF NOVELS;

HISTORICAL, LEGENDARY, AND ROMANTIC;

Now Publishing in Monthly Volumes, beautifully printed in post 8vo.

PRICE ONLY FOUR SHILLINGS EACH,

Elegantly and uniformly bound in maroon morocco and gilt.

EACH WORK TO BE COMPRISED IN THREE VOLS. WHICH MAY BE PURCHASED TOGETHER OR SEPARATELY.

THE WHOLE TO BE COMPLETED IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

———ooo———

Testimonies to the superior character of these works.

De Foix; or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century; AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

Comprised in 3 vols.

"Mrs. Bray stands alone amongst our Female Writers of Romance; she aims at a high standard, and accomplishes her object with masculine energy."—*Atlas.*

"*De Foix* professes only to be an historical romance, yet it is a *faithful* and *vivid* picture of the warlike character, manners and customs of that chivalrous age, the fourteenth century.—The readers of *De Foix* will be at once reminded of Sir Walter Scott.—The story of this work may be considered as the thread on which gems of great value and great beauty are strung; it is sufficiently connected to engage the attention of the reader, unless, indeed, the charms of description should make him view the work as a series of distinct pictures, rather than as parts of the same group.—We shall be glad again to meet her in the regions of historical romance.—Mrs. Bray is a highly-gifted woman."—*Literary Chronicle.*

The White Hoods; AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

Comprised in 3 vols.

"*De Foix*, and *The White Hoods*, may be consulted as very faithful and very pleasing chronicles of the elder day." — *Quarterly Review.*

——"On the events connected with these circumstances (of the *White Hoods*,) Mrs. Bray has framed a most amusing and spirited romance; strictly adhering to the material and even the minor details of real history, describing, with no small antiquarian knowledge and precision, the manners of the time; interspersing her work with sound moral reflections, with lively poetical images, and exhibiting in the progress of her story a great variety of characters, drawn with much truth to nature, distinctness of definition, and knowledge of the human heart. All the result of a lively, well-informed, and well-directed imagination." — *Gentleman's Magazine.*

"*The White Hoods* will, we think, stand very high in its class. There is a most interesting story, some spirited sketches of character, and most faithful pictures of the times." — *Literary Gazette.*

"The genius of Mrs. Bray has been so justly appreciated by an admiring public; and we ourselves entered so fully into the peculiar excellences which characterize it, in the 361st number of the *Literary Chronicle*, when reviewing her chivalrous story of *De Foix*, that it will be no slight recommendation of *The White Hoods* to say that, as an historical romance, it is not less distinguished by the pomp and circumstance of chivalry, by accurate delineations of every variety of ancient manners, by an interesting narrative, and a flowing, vigorous and graceful style." — *Literary Chronicle.*

——"We are well pleased to see another production from the author of *De Foix*. — That work showed Mrs. Bray possessed talents of no common class. The story of the rebellion of the citizens of Ghent against the Earl of Flanders, and of their proceedings after they distinguished themselves by wearing *White Hoods* is one of great interest and curiosity. It must also be acknowledged that Mrs. Bray has done full justice to its most prominent scenes, by the lively and dramatic manner in which she has represented them. — Two or three scenes in this way exhibit great strength of imagination. — In general Mrs. Bray's style is fluent and clear; she seldom aims at fine writing, but whenever she does aim at it she is successful. Her best attempt at humour is Sir Simon de Bête, a goodhearted vain burgomaster, who makes a conspicuous and always an agreeable figure in these volumes." — *Monthly Review.*

The Protestant; A TALE OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY. To be comprised in 3 vols.

—— "Such scenes as these form the staple of Mrs. Bray's novel of *The Protestant.* — The incidents of the tale follow one another in breathless rapidity, according to the hurried and fearful nature of the times they illustrate. The great agitators, Bonner, Gardiner, Thornton, Harpsfield, Friar John of Spain, and others, are brought on the stage; and the imaginary characters group admirably well with the historical. The heroine, Rose, is a beautiful creation; her sufferings are many, and her constancy under them is heroical, We regret that we have not space to lay before our readers some of the many fine things in a book which, if we mistake not, is destined to exert much influence, not only on account of its subject, but of its talent." — *New Monthly Magazine.*

"*The Protestant* is fairly entitled to the appellation of an historical romance. Its author has not merely mingled names and events known and recorded with those created by imagination, to give verisimilitude to the narrative, but has interwoven the silver thread of fancy with a substantial tissue of facts, curious, interesting and important. *The Protestant* contains a lively description of the sufferings which a virtuous minister of the reformed church, with his children and dependents, endured, when "bloody Queen Mary" played second to Philip of Spain and his Holiness the Pope. Much dramatic vigour is exhibited in the delineation and development of the different characters; the style is luminous, and the story increasing in excitement to the very close. — The details borrowed from historic records, and the relics of antiquity, are given with force and effect, and entirely without exaggeration." — *Morning Journal.*

"*The Protestant.* — There are in this work some exquisite touches of nature, which we shall point out. The following is worthy to be ranked with very high flights of poetry. It relates to one of the intended protestant sufferers at the place of execution, a village doctress, oracle, &c. whose character is admirably drawn. — With them were to be burned an old family servant, and an unfortunate blind boy; when they were asked by the mayor if there was any thing that he could do for them, they made replies, which demonstrate a beautiful simplicity that goes to the very heart. — The great merit of the fair authoress is strong delineation of character; she paints anatomically and finely, and is singularly successful in her representations of humble life. Old Abel and his dog Pincher, Gammer Plaise, the housekeeper, and the blind boy Tommy,

are beautifully dramatic; nor are there wanting very fine descriptive reflections, such as that on church-yards (vol. 2, p. 139), and on the chapel of the Holy Trinity at Canterbury (vol. 3, p. 37). The moral of the novel is exposure of the horrid effects of bigotry, productive as it is of the worst passions, and generative of villany as horrible as that of Judas."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

——0000——

Fitz of Fitz-ford; A LEGEND OF DEVON.

To be comprised in 3 vols.

"We conclude with expressing our hearty approbation of 'Fitz of Fitz-ford,' whether for the sound principles of religion and morality which it everywhere incidentally inculcates—its lively delineation of character—or the simplicity of style with which it is penned; and we will venture to predict, that when the numerous works now portraying the intrigues and follies of the present age, shall sleep in oblivion, Mrs. Bray's Romances will survive, an example of the permanence, secured by an adherence to the simplicity, of nature."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Fitz of Fitzford is wrought up with exquisite skill. The characters are finely discriminated, the descriptive parts admirable, and the narrative never flags. Mrs. Bray's knowledge is more varied and extensive than that of any other female writer; she merits to be ranked with those illustrious females who have deserved well of their country."

Family Magazine.

——00000——

The Talba; or The Fortunes of Ines de Castro. AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. To be comprised in 3 vols.

"These volumes are indeed an addition to the high literary character of the fair and popular writer."—*Literary Gazette.*

"It is but justice to say that there are very few beauties in the dramatic or the epic of our first poets, which Mrs. Bray has not most successfully rivalled."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Mrs. Bray is well, and deserves to be yet better known for her Historical Novels."—*Quarterly Review.*

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., CORNHILL, LONDON.