

**HERBERT TRESHAM:
A TALE OF THE
GREAT REBELLION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649510788

Herbert Tresham: A Tale of the Great Rebellion by J. M. Neale

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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J. M. NEALE

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A TALE

OF

The Great Rebellion.

BY THE

REV. J. M. NEALE, B.A.

LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

"It is but fit that the memory of these sufferings should be revived, that they may not be repeated."

WALKER'S SUFFERINGS, p. vi.

LONDON:

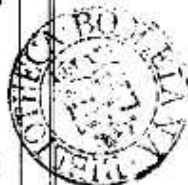
PRINTED FOR J. G. F. & J. RIVINGTON,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND WATERLOO PLACE;

AND SOLD BY

T. STEVENSON, CAMBRIDGE.

1843.



LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

PREFACE.

It may be well to observe, that the arguments and railings against the Church, which are put into the mouths of the Puritans in the following pages, are, without an exception, taken from contemporary pamphlets put forth by that party. I refer more particularly to the works of Lewis Hews, from which many of the speeches in Chapter VI. are extracted almost *verbatim*. To those who are but partially acquainted with the writings of that faction, it might appear incredible that such arguments could ever have been brought forward, or have produced, as they undeniably did, so much effect; and they might, without this notice, accuse me of wilfully drawing a caricature, instead of a likeness.

I may also mention that it is doubtful whether

White, the infamous author of the "*Century*," lived to the time of which the following tale treats; and the probability appears to be on the opposite side. The reader will therefore pardon the anachronism, if it be one.

PENANCE,

The Feast of All Saints, 1842.

HERBERT TRESHAM.

CHAPTER I.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion ;
And many a cloud sweeps by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down among us now,
And lightly is death mourned—the worse for us !
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.

PHILIP VAN ARTIVELDE.

THE little village of Scaldwell, in Northamptonshire, the scene of the following story, lies about midway between the towns of Northampton and Kettering ; and presents, even now, when commerce and manufactures have opened one of their greatest lines of communication in its neighbourhood, the beau idéal of an English hamlet. It is, indeed, but little altered, in outward appearance at least, from the time at which our tale commences,—the summer of the eventful year, 1645. The cottages may have been succes-

sively rebuilt, as one by one they yielded to the silent influence of the weather, or were enlarged and modernised to suit the tastes of successive lords and tenants: the parsonage, with its fair oriel, projecting porch, and high gables, has given way to an humbler, if more commodious, structure: yet these occupy the same places; and the village church, girded in with a lovely circle of elms, stands unaltered amidst surrounding changes: no bad type of that spiritual Church, immutable amidst a world of mutability, which summons Her children of to-day to the same prayers, comforts them with the same promises, and instructs them in the same lessons, as She set before their fathers and forefathers, long since departed in Her communion, and now at rest.

It was at the time when, more than at any other, earth seems to put on something of the calmness and holiness of Heaven,—a bright evening in the beginning of June, that Mr. Tresham, the rector of the parish we have just named, was returning with his daughter from a parochial visit to one of the more distant cottages. At a season, when with that remarkable presentiment of future events, so constantly occurring, and so difficult to explain, men's minds were filled with the expectation that some great and decisive event was about to take place, that some crisis was about to terminate the fearful struggle then devastating England, it is no wonder that after a few remarks on the inmates of the cottage they had just left, the conversation of the father and daughter

should turn on the state of political affairs, and the probable fate of the royal cause. Indeed, it was evident that a crisis was at hand; the unfortunate issue of the treaty of Uxbridge, in the preceding spring, had shown clearly that no terms of compromise could be expected; yet matters appeared so evenly poised, that human foresight could hardly guess on which side the scale would eventually incline. In the west, Taunton was hard pressed by the royal arms; the four associated counties, Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire, were actively bestirring themselves to raise supplies of men and money for the King; the presence of the Prince at Bridgewater served admirably to consolidate the interests of those who supported the good cause, and his little court was the rallying point for the western royalists. It was hoped, that before the end of the month Taunton would be invested with an army of ten thousand men; and as it was known to be but indifferently garrisoned, its speedy surrender was confidently expected. In the north, the successes of Montross had been the subject of much exaggerated report. It was, moreover, well known that the self-denying ordinance, passed in the previous spring, had disgusted many active partisans of the parliament: that the displacement of the Earl of Manchester from the dignity of commander-in-chief, in order to make way for Sir Thomas Fairfax, was viewed with suspicion: the new-modelling of the army was made the theme of much animadversion; and the resignations of the Earl