

# THE PATRIOT.

VOL. 17

GREENSBOROUGH N. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24 1826.

[NO. 9.]

## THE PATRIOT,

Is printed and published weekly by  
T. EARLY STRANGE,

At Two Dollars per annum, payable within three months from the receipt of the first number, or Three Dollars after the expiration of that time.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding 16 lines, neatly inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for every succeeding publication; those of greater length in the same proportion.—Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

## WOODSTOCK.

The following extract from the new novel of the Waverley series under the above title, we presume may be amusing to a portion of our readers.

The scene of his novel is laid at Woodstock, the seat of the Lee family, steady and fearless adherents to the Stuarts, in the day when the cloud was over and the scourge upon them. A collateral branch of the family, however, the brother of Sir Henry Lee, and his son Markham have declared on the side of the Commonwealth, and between Markham and his cousin Alice, Sir Henry's daughter, an attachment has existed for some time. The scene opens with the performance of divine service in the church of Woodstock, by Mr. Holdenough, a pastor of the Church of England, who is arrested in his ascent to the pulpit by a soldier belonging to Cromwell's army, named Tomkins, and who, privileged by his military habit, and the unsettled character of the times, mounted the pulpit in the room of the pastor of the flock and held forth in that ranting strain which was peculiar to the age. It appears that Tomkins is one of the followers of the three Commissioners—Desborough, Blenheim and Harrison, who were sent by Cromwell to seize and qustrate the manor and valuable at Woodstock Lodge. Sir Henry Lee and his daughter Alice voluntarily quit the Lodge, on hearing of the arrival of the Commissioners at Woodstock, and take up their abode in the house of one of the domestics of the family, Jocelyne Joliffe. Markham Everard the nephew of Sir Henry, undertakes the arduous task of inducing Cromwell to retract his intent on of confiscating the property of the Lodge. With this view, he sends a packet to the Lord General, by the hands of a wild, careless, college-chum, whose heart is with the King, but who is compelled, in consequence of his life having been saved by Everard, to act under his superintendence. This Roger Wildrake has an interview with Cromwell, who gives an order to Everard to remove the Commissioners from the Lodge and suffer the Lee family to return to it. To this boon, he appends a condition delivered verbally to Roger, that, should Charles Stuart (Charles II.) seek a refuge there, as he was then flying from the disastrous field of Worcester, he should be surrendered to Cromwell. Roger, however, contents himself with giving the order and keeps the dishonorable condition in his pocket. The abode of the Commissioners at the Lodge, has been rendered peculiarly unpleasant, by strange noises, appearances and tricks, which they very readily, in that superstitious age, attributed to supernatural agency, but which are effected by human means. How all these things are managed, is not ex-

plained with sufficient distinctness. After the restoration of the family, Albert Lee, the son of Sir Henry, who was supposed to have been killed at the battle of Worcester, suddenly returns, accompanied by a youth who attends him in the capacity of a page, called Louis Kerneguy, but who is no other than Charles Stewart himself, who in this disguise remains in the lodge.

After the removal of the Commissioners, Tomkins still lingers at the Lodge under the pretext of removing the baggage of the Commissioners, but in fact, as a spy on the family. He has art enough, however, to conceal his treachery, and is trusted by Dr. Rotehecliffe, an old clergyman who directs the movements of the royal refugee, with secrets which enable him to communicate to Cromwell the fact of Charles Stewart being concealed in the Lodge, and to arrange a plan by which Cromwell is to be met at Woodstock by Tomkins, and conducted by him through a secret postern and placed at the bedside of Charles, without any alarm being given. On the very day however, when this plan was to be carried into effect, Jocelyne Joliffe discovers the hypocritical Tomkins endeavouring to commit an outrage on Phoebe Mayflower, between whom and Joliffe there exists an attachment. Tomkins, on being detected, fires at Joliffe but misses him and Joliffe returns the assault with a blow from his quarter staff on the temple of the soldier which was an end to the existence of the trooper. Cromwell in the meantime arrives at the inn at Woodstock with a party of soldiers, and waits there for several hours, expecting the arrival of Tomkins. In the meantime, Roger Wildrake, who, with Markham Everard is tarrying at the same inn, put his little page out at the window, and desires him to speed to Alice with a feather and a communication that he had won his wager. The boy reaches the Lodge, and gives his message. Alice reads the riddle, questions the boy, learns the arrival of Cromwell, and by this timely discovery, Charles is enabled to make his escape before the troops arrive at the Lodge. The attack on the Lodge is full of interest. All the family, save Alice who has conducted the King to the dwelling of one of the underkeepers, whence he is conveyed to the coast, and embarks for France—are sentenced by Cromwell to death: but the sentence is not executed, and is subsequently revoked by the General. Here, in fact, ends the novel. The concluding chapter tells us of the marriage of Markham and Alice, the restoration of Charles, and the grateful recollection which he cherished of the services rendered to him by the family at Woodstock.

The great skill of the novelist, however, is exhibited in the tracing and filling up of the characters in his drama. The character of Cromwell is accurately and strongly sketched in the following extracts—taken from that part of the novel to which we have referred, where Roger Wildrake bears to him the request of his friend Markham for the removal of the Commissioners of the Lodge.

In the midst of the floor stood an officer, as he seemed by his embroidered shoulder-belt, and scarf round his waist, otherwise very plainly attired, who was engaged in drilling a stout bumpkin, lately enlisted, to the mandal, as it was then used. The motions and words of command were twenty at the very least; and until they were regularly brought to an end, the corporal did not permit Wildrake either to sit down or move forward beyond the threshold of the

guard-house. So he had to listen in succession to—Poize your musket—Rest your musket—Cock your musket—Handle your primers—and many other forgotten words of discipline, until at length the words, "Order your musket," ended the drill for the time.

"Thy name, friend?" said the officer to the recruit, when the lesson was over.

"Ephraim," answered the fellow, with an affected twang through the nose.

"And what besides Ephraim?"

"Ephraim Cobb, from the Godly city of Gloucester, where I have dwelt for seven years, serving apprentice to a praise worthy cord wagner."

"It is a goodly craft, answered the officer; but casting in thy lot with ours, doubt not that thou shalt be set beyond thine awl, and thy last to boot."

A grim smile of the speaker accompanied this poor attempt at a pun: and then turning round to the corporal, who stood two paces off, with the face of one who seemed desirous of speaking, said, "How, now, corporal, what tidings?"

"Here is one with a packet, and please your Excellency," said the corporal—"Surely my spirit does not rejoice in him, seeing I esteem him as a wolf in sheep's clothing."

By these words Wildrake learned that he was in the actual presence of the remarkable person to whom he had been summoned, and he paused to consider in what manner he ought to address him.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strongly and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were gray and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasion put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been long since said by the historian, that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added, that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell that though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding come to with such an advantage; the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it

did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humor, which displayed itself by fits was broad; and of low and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic, and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated by the same fanaticism which influenced so many persons of the time. On the other hand, there were periods, during his political career, when, we certainly do him no injustice in charging him with hypocritical affectation. We shall, probably, judge him and others of the same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly influential in their own breast, partly assumed, in compliance to their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart, in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself, nor those distinguished piety, could exactly have fixed the point at which their enthusiasm terminated, or their hypocrisy commenced, or, rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, of good or bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

Such was the celebrated person who, turning round on Wildrake, and scanning his countenance closely, seemed so little satisfied with what he beheld that he instinctively hitched forward his belt, so as to bring the handle of his tuck sword within his reach. But yet, folding his arms in his cloak, as it, upon second thoughts, laying aside suspicion, or thinking precaution beneath him, he asked the cavalier what he was, and whence he came.

The character of Charles is placed in a correct, but not a very favorable light, in the scene between him and Alice Lee, of which we give the following extract. Loose in his moral principles, ever thoughtless, ever ready to plunge into pleasures the most criminal, without reflecting on the consequences, ever the slave of impulse, whether good or evil in its nature, he exhibits, in this attempt on the virtue of the daughter of his guest, a fair specimen of the character he sustained, at the more mature age, when he was called to the throne of his father.

"I wish, Mistress Alice, you would but intimate your slightest desire to me, and you should see how I have practised obedience.

"You never brought me word what o'clock it was this morning," replied the young lady, "and there I sat questioning of the wings of time, when I should have remembered that gentlemen's gallantry can be quite as fugitive as time himself. How do you know what your disobedience may have cost me and others? Pudding and dumpling may have been burned to cinder, for, sir, I practice the old domestic rule of visiting the kitchen; I may have missed prayers or I may have been too late for an appointment, simply by the negligence of Master Lewis Kerneguy failing to let me know the hour of the day."