former, who carried the information thus obtained to Pym. One of Waller’s relations, who lived in his family, left be­hind him a manuscript, in which it is stated that “ he was betrayed by his sister Price,@@1 and her presbyterian chaplain Mr Good, who stole some of his papers ; and if he had not strangely dreamed, the night before he was seized, that his sister had betrayed him, and therefore burnt the rest of his papers by the fire left in his chimney, he had certainly lost his life for it.” Whether discovered by the unnatural per­fidy of a sister, or the ordinary rascality of a domestic, the plot was published, with every embellishment that could excite surprise and terror. On Wednesday the 3lst of May 1643, when a solemn fast was held in St Margaret’s church, Westminster, a breathless messenger rushed among the congregation, and delivered a letter to Pym, who read it, looked aghast, whispered to some of the members of the congregation, and left the church, accompanied by those to whom the awful secret was divulged. On the night of that day Waller and Tomkyns were apprehended. Nature had withheld from these associates one quality, without which a detected conspirator cuts a figure truly despicable. Per­haps the old adage, that the greatest rogue is the first to turn king’s evidence, is susceptible of some amendment. Experience has proved that in desperate coalitions the blood of his comrades is more frequently sold by the greatest coward, than by the greatest villain of the gang. In the hope of meriting a pardon, Tomkyns was willing to sacrifice the life of Sir Nicholas Crispe, that famous London mer­chant, who raised a hundred thousand pounds for the king at his utmost need, and fought at the head of a regiment which his own indefatigable loyalty had embodied. The commission of array Tomkyns had been sent with the ap­pointed token to receive from Lady Aubigney, who knew nothing of the nature of the document with which she had been intrusted. He had buried it in his garden, where, in consequence of his information, it was found, and thus was the daring enterprise of Crispe identified with the tame cabal of Waller. As for him, he was seized with the most acute paroxysms of terror, under the influence of which he blabbed out all, and perhaps more than he knew. No ma­lapert urchin in a dark room, the chosen residence of ghosts and goblins, ever petitioned with more frantic importunity for enlargement. He confessed not only his own delin­quencies in thought, word, and deed, but all that he had seen, heard, or suspected of others ; he divulged even the confidential prattle of women ; and, for the privilege of pass­ing the remainder of his days in penury and shame, would doubtless have consigned the whole of his associates to per­dition. Lord Conway and the earl of Portland were his con­federates in this disastrous scheme ; and, to complete the sum of his degradation, he wrote a letter to the carl, imploring him, with all the eloquence of fear, to secure their mutual safety by becoming as mean a traitor as himself. To the ho­nour of the peerage, his lordship treated this proposal with cool contempt. Being unable to find a partner in ignominy, Waller now endeavoured to excite compassion and gain time by counterfeiting madness, as Clarendon says, or, according to May the historian of the parliament, the deepest remorse of conscience. To the ghostly counsel of the ministers he listened with every appearance of edification, and rewarded their spiritual services with profuse liberality. No corrup­tible person who had the smallest influence on his fate went without a bribe. These desperate struggles were at length successful. In the pitiful palinode which he spoke before his expulsion from the house, among many other moving things, he said, “ I am of a stock which hath born you better fruit.” But this touching appeal made little impression on his hearers, and he owed his deliverance, not to his eloquence, but to his purse. Nor could he reasonably expect much favour at the hands of the commons. He had remained in parliament against his own inclination, by the express com­mand of the king, and was in the habitual practice of ex­asperating the members by venting the most distasteful sentiments. Clarendon and Whitlocke are at issue on the mode of his deliverance; the former stating that he was tried by the parliament, according to the earnest prayer of a speech contained in his works, and the other that he was delivered over to the council of war, by which he was con­demned to death, but reprieved by Essex, the leader of the parliamentary forces, and was suffered, after one year’s impri­sonment, to depart into another country, upon paying a fine of ten thousand pounds. However his release was effected, it cost him the whole of his honour, and more than a moiety of his estate.

Waller now proceeded to France ; and, judging that the best way to stop the mouth of ridicule was to fill it full of dainties, he kept open house, and gave sumptuous en­tertainments. His favourite daughter Margaret, who af­terwards acted as his amanuensis, was born at Rouen in Normandy. Soon after his exile commenced, he received a letter from an English lady, whose name has not been disco­vered, desiring him to collect his poems and send them to her from France. With this request he complied, and they were published in London in 1648. The splendid ostentation in which he lived terminated in humiliating embarrassments, to which he had been very little accustomed. He was com­pelled to part with his wife’s jewels ; and having nothing left, as he said, but the rump-jewel, he desired his brother-in- law, Colonel Scroope, to solicit permission from Cromwell to return. This boon was granted ; and when he arrived in England, he went to live upon the remains of his fortune at Hallbarn, a place near Beaconsfield, where his mother resid­ed. The protector recognised him as a relation, and, accord­ing to Waller’s own account, used to lay aside the mask of hypocrisy in his society. His condescension was not thrown away, for Waller testified his gratitude by producing in 1654 the celebrated “ Panegyric to the Lord Protector,” which has always been considered his masterpiece.@@2 The panegyric was followed by a poem on the war with Spain, in which he advises the nation to decorate the head of Crom­well with a crown made of Spanish gold. When that crafty- head was laid low, Waller was ready with an epicedium. Cromwell could now neither benefit nor injure him ; but the verses were probably produced before his son Richard with­drew into that obscurity which was his natural element. If this poem is a labour of love, it is valuable on that ac­count alone; it is very short, begins with common-place, and ends with hyperbole. Nature is always supposed by poets to be convulsed when great spirits pass away, and it happened to be rough weather when Oliver died, a cir­cumstance of which Waller has taken a very feeble ad­vantage ; but that the goddess should heave one tremen­dous sigh, that should despatch the waves as messengers of woe to distant climes, is the conception of frigid extra­vagance. When Charles appeared, Waller’s song of tri­umph was not withheld. The verses “ to the King upon his Majesty’s happy Return,” Charles told Waller that he thought inferior to the panegyric upon Cromwell. “ Poets, Sir,” replied he, “ succeed better in fiction than in truth.” During the whole of this reign, Waller repre­sented different places in parliament, and bis moments of relaxation were passed in the most brilliant society. His colloquial powers must have been great ; for although he never tasted wine, his approach was hailed with delight by the most debauched wits of the court. Saville said that no man in England should keep him company without drinking

@@@, This is probably thc woman whom Cromwell appointed to stand sentry over her mother.

@@@2 The panegyric on Cromwell is partly translated into French verse in IIennet's *Poetique Anglaise,* tom. iii.