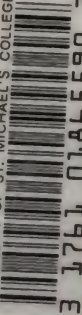


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A POPULAR
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES

TO THE ACCESSION OF VICTORIA.

BY

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT,

AUTHOR OF "A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE," "THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION,"
"HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND," ETC.

Translated

BY M. M. RIPLEY.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS,

AMONG WHOM ARE

A. DE NEUVILLE, SIR JOHN GILBERT, P. LEYENDECKER,
G. STAAL, EMILE BAYARD, T. WEBER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

“HISTORY,” says Schlegel, “if not in itself the most brilliant, is yet the most indispensable link in the beautiful chain which encompasses man’s higher intellectual culture.”

Of the pre-eminent importance of English history there can be no doubt when we consider that it is the story of the growth of free institutions; that it exhibits, as no other can, the gradual development and practical working out of those great principles of representative government which underlie all genuine and durable national prosperity. “Here,” — to quote the words of M. Guizot himself, when, in 1821, he selected the history of the political institutions of England as the subject of that course of lectures before the Sorbonne which laid the foundation of his great fame, — “history presents itself with the utmost simplicity and richness. Nowhere have the primitive manners of modern peoples been preserved for a longer period, or exercised an influence so decisive upon the institutions of a country. Nowhere do great philosophical considerations spring in greater abundance from the contemplation of events and men. Here, in fine, representative government has developed itself, has received into its bosom and fertilized by its alliance,

the religious movement imparted to Europe in the sixteenth century, and has thus become the starting-point of the political reformation which is now beginning on the Continent."

By this title, the history of England would be most precious to every American, though it were the story of an alien race, with whom we shared nothing but these common principles and the destiny which follows from their acceptance. But it is no foreign story that we read on those pages, brilliant with gallant adventure, or strong with sturdy adherence to the right; the barons who won Magna Charta are of our own race; Shakspeare and Milton are our poets; we have a share in all English victories won on whatever fields. No view of American history could be more unphilosophic than that which should regard it as commencing at Jamestown or Plymouth. We can by no possibility understand our life on this continent, or forecast our future, until we thoroughly know the story of our forefathers in the old ancestral home.

But this is a point which needs no urging. Rather may we be required to say why a new English History should be added to the number already in existence. We have Hume, it may be said, and Lord Macaulay; we have Lingard, Mahon, Froude, Turner, Palgrave, and Freeman, names of high and well-established repute. But a moment's reflection will recall the fact that every one of these historians deals with a period only, not with the whole of the long and splendid story. We have Turner's "Anglo-Saxons," and his "England from 1066 to the Accession of Edward III.;" we have Palgrave's and Freeman's histories of the Norman period; we have Froude's "England, from the Fall of Wolsey

to the Death of Elizabeth," and Lord Mahon's, from 1713 to 1783: the magnificent work of Macaulay covers the space only from the accession of James II. to the year 1702; and Hume and Lingard, who begin with the Roman Invasion, bring the story down no further than to the Revolution of 1688. A full and complete History of England, the work of one great writer, has been lacking upon our library shelves until now.

It may, too, for the moment seem strange that this much-needed English History should be the work of a French author. But M. Guizot's claims upon our confidence, as a man sure to deal in a wise and fair-minded way with whatever subject he might select, have been well proven, and are attested by the verdict of his peers. Says Sir Archibald Alison, in a paragraph whose very moderation adds to its weight: "As a historian and a philosopher, we place M. Guizot in the very highest rank among the writers of modern Europe. It must be understood, however, in what his greatness consists; he is neither imaginative nor pictorial, he seldom aims at the pathetic, and has little eloquence. Nature has not given him either dramatic or descriptive powers. He is a man of the highest genius, but it consists not in narrating particular events, or describing individual achievements. It is in the discovery of general causes, in tracing the operation of changes in society which escape ordinary observation, in seeing whence man has come and whither he is going, that his greatness consists; and in that loftiest of the regions of history he is unrivalled. The style of this great author is in every respect suited to his subject. . . . He is uniformly lucid, sagacious, and discriminating, deduces his

conclusions with admirable clearness from his premises, and occasionally warms, from the innate grandeur of his subject, into a glow of fervent eloquence."

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1858, after an appreciative mention of "the parliamentary statesmen" of Louis Philippe's reign, men "equally distinguished by literary ability and political eloquence," pays a brilliant tribute to the late minister. "Among this band of great and honorable men, we think that M. Guizot will retain in history, as he has occupied in life, the first and highest place. Other writers, gifted with livelier powers of imagination and appealing more directly to the sentiment of their contemporaries, may, like M. de Chateaubriand, have exercised for a time a more powerful influence on the literature of France. Other orators may have kindled fiercer passions in the audiences they addressed, and may leave on some memories the impression of more intense dramatic power. Other statesmen have enjoyed more of popular sympathy in their day, for they fought under a banner to which M. Guizot was steadily opposed; while they spoke with the energy of assailants, his public life has been for the most part spent in the service of the crown, and in the discharge of the positive duties of government. But in the depth and variety of his literary labors, which have enlarged the philosophy of history, and extended our knowledge of the laws that manifest themselves in all human affairs; in the force and precision of his oratory, which at one swoop could bend an assembly or crush a foe; and in the systematic consistency of his whole political life, which realized in action the opinions of his closet, and gave the authority of a minister to the principles of a philosopher,

M. Guizot has had no equal, either in his own country, or, so far as we know, in any other. The wisdom of some of his writings and the felicity of some of his orations may not improperly be compared to the productions of Burke; the ascendancy he enjoyed in the executive government and the Parliament of France, was probably greater than any minister has possessed in a constitutional state since the death of Mr. Pitt. But in M. Guizot, the speculative genius of the one was united to the practical authority of the other; and though each of these great Englishmen may have possessed his own peculiar qualifications in a still higher degree, M. Guizot stands before them both in the rare union of the contemplative and active faculties. To have written the History of Civilization in France, and to have occupied the most important position in the government of France for a longer period than any minister since the Duke de Choiseul, are joint achievements in literature and in politics which no other man has performed.

.
“To the energy and even passion of a southern nature, M. Guizot has throughout life applied the self-knowledge and the self-control of a cool and powerful intellect. Born for public life, and ambitious of the great prizes of political power, no man ever took less account of the external advantages of success. He walked looking to higher things; intent on the extension of freedom, the consolidation of authority, and the work of government, his life has been spent alternately in defending freedom against absolutism, and order against revolution.

“It has been acutely remarked that some men are eminent

in public life by the possession, in a high degree, of the characteristic qualities of their nation — as, for example, the Duke of Wellington was superlatively an Englishman; but that other men rise to equal eminence by the possession of qualities very remote from those of the people they have to govern. In French history, more especially, examples are not rare of great statesmen, great writers, and great soldiers, wanting in the popular elements of the French character, but framed in a stronger mould, who have exercised a preponderating authority over their countrymen. To this class of thinkers and rulers M. Guizot belongs: a student and a liberal under the military rule of the First Empire; a Protestant and a man of the people in the presence of the clerical and aristocratic reaction of the Restoration; a professor and a journalist when the crown began to wage war on the rights of intelligence; a minister, when it became necessary to allay the tempest of the Revolution of 1830, and to protect liberty from the excesses threatened in her name.

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“His views of government were based on the idea of a constitutional monarchy, whilst France was still struggling with the unsettled elements of an unparalleled revolution. The idea of such a monarchy, whether inspired by the example of the British constitution, or by philosophical deduction of a more abstract nature, did the highest honor to the minds that conceived it, and to the men who practised it. The same profound spirit of analysis may be traced in all M. Guizot's historical writings. Nowhere can he be accused of superficial observation, or of an undue regard for the accidents of history.”

The assertion of this reviewer, that M. Guizot's was a character and a mind differing from the usual French type, has been repeated in many forms, and by foes as well as friends. To what national type he bore a resemblance could not for a moment be doubted. His Protestant faith, his intense love for constitutional liberty, his familiarity with English history, English politics, and English literature, all contributed to strengthen whatever natural bias may have existed, and drew upon him unmerited reproach from his political opponents, as too warm a friend to the traditional enemy of his country.

It is needless to say that France had never a more loyal son than M. Guizot, but we gladly dwell upon his sympathy with England, and his instinctive comprehension of English motives and methods, because it explains how a Frenchman has been able to write upon England with, in some respects, greater ability than any Englishman has yet done. His History of the English Revolution, and other English papers, published between the years 1826 and 1856, have received the warmest commendation from the most distinguished men. Sir James Mackintosh says of the first of these works: "It is actually the best which has been written on the subject." In 1844, John Stuart Mill writes: "It is M. Guizot to whom we owe the best history, both in thought and in composition, of the times of Charles I. Of all Continental historians of whom we are aware, he is the one best adapted to this country, and a familiarity with whose writings would do most to train and ripen among us the growing spirit of historical speculation."

There is perhaps but one Frenchman whose opinion of M. Guizot's works on English history has a critical value enti-

ting it to be mentioned on the same page with that of Mackintosh and Mill. We refer to M. Taine; and it is fitting to add his testimony to the skill and wisdom of his great countryman.

“Let us consider him,” says M. Taine, “in his true vocation, that of the political historian. He gives you precisely what you require, striking details, fragments of conversation, the very words used on the occasion. He has not, like Hume and Robertson, stopped at general explanations and the indirect narrative. He has represented dramatic scenes, austere possibly, but as interesting as a session of Parliament or of the council. Nothing is more amusing in a serious way than the solemn comedy wherein Cromwell asks for and refuses the crown. . . . To art, M. Guizot adds science. To interest, he adds truth. Here he is a specialist, and one perceives it. To write the history of Chemistry, a man should have handled chemical substances. To write a political history, a man should have had the management of public affairs. These are distinct matters which require a special training. The man of letters, the psychologist, the artist, finds himself at a loss when he must pass judgment on a treaty, an embassy, a parliamentary stratagem, the opportuneness of a convocation, the effects of a law. He can only decide blindly, by rash conjecture, or on the opinion of others; if his judgment be original, it has no weight; if it have weight, it cannot be original. But in this case we have confidence, and we feel at once that we ought to have it. There is nothing more clearly explained and more correctly judged than the relations of Cromwell and Mazarin. M. Guizot has taken pleasure in gathering up all the details of this

correspondence. Like a great chess-player, he explains and admires the game of two famous players. . . . This taste and talent for political history gives him a dominant tone and a unique style. Master of himself, he advances with firm, measured, even step, adapting his style to his subject, a statesman in the construction of sentences, as in the selection of events.

“M. Guizot is a philosopher. The philosophy of history was his first preference and his first work. He now brings to narrative history the same talent which he brought to speculative history. This talent does not consist, after the German manner, in the rash improvising of sublime theories, but in the slow and complete collection of innumerable details, in wise and incessant classification, in the methodical elimination of great and well-proved ideas, in the assiduous verifying of all generalizations. This art of grouping facts, and drawing general conclusions from them, has built up this History of the English Revolution. It has given his style a wonderful vigor, and, when the opportunity offers, as in the recital of Charles I.'s despotic acts, in the trial of Stafford, of the king, of Lord Hamilton, of Lord Cappel, it has produced passages of admirable eloquence, the more impressive because so restrained, and because the historian stands back to let the events speak. We have to-day neither style nor mind of this temper. To find its like, we must go back to Thucydides or to Macchiavelli.

“Neither a man given to minute research, nor yet an artist, do they say? It may be so. But he is a statesman and a philosopher, and in a political and a philosophic history we need no more than that.”

We conclude with a few words from a review of M. Guizot's France, in the British Quarterly for January, 1877, from the pen of Edward A. Freeman.

“His historic merits are great; his services to historical literature are deep and lasting. . . . Calm, observant, fair, clear, commonly accurate, going for history to its true sources, he was one of the founders of the modern school of historical research. . . . The great mass of the story is as vigorous as it is clear, moderate, and high-toned. M. Guizot might not have taken it as praise, but we mean it as no slight praise, when we say that we have scarcely ever seen a book written by a Frenchman on a French subject, which was so little French in its spirit. . . . The book is a noble one; it would be well if the history of every nation could be told in the same calm and judicial spirit, with the same loftiness of moral tone, with which the history of France has been told in these volumes by M. Guizot.”

The wish here expressed by Mr. Freeman has been fulfilled, in so far as England is concerned; and our sincerest gratitude is due to Madame Guizot de Witt, by whose pious care this last work of her illustrious father has been “gathered up,” to use her own expressive words, and is now given to a public who so well know how to value it.

BOSTON, May, 1877.

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A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT POPULATIONS OF BRITAIN.—ROMAN DOMINION.
55 B. C. TO 411 A. D.

THE earliest periods of English History are obscure, and even the origin of its inhabitants is still a subject of discussion. The first authentic information which we possess with regard to them is derived from their conqueror. Julius Cæsar remarked their resemblance to the Gauls, and modern researches have confirmed his testimony. Everything seems to show that the inhabitants of Britain were Celts, or Gaels, a name which the population of the highlands of Scotland retain to this day. On the southern coasts, an invasion of Cymry, or Belgians, appears to have mingled with the Celtic population, and to have brought with it some elements of civilization. Long before the advent of Cæsar, the Phœnicians and Greeks established at Marseilles had entered into relations of commerce with the Scilly Isles, which they called the Cassiterides, and also with the extremity of the County of Cornwall, where the tin mines were situated. Pytheas, who lived at Marseilles at the commencement of the fourth century B. C., has related his voyage along the coast of Britain; but it is with the invasion of the Romans that the history of England

commences. It is here that we penetrate for the first time into those islands which, though separated from the rest of the world, sent to the Gauls, who were struggling for their independence, succor, which furnished Cæsar with a pretext for the attempt to conquer them. After his fourth campaign in Gaul, about the year 55 B. C., the great Roman general set sail on the 26th of August for Britain. He had brought with him the infantry of two legions, — about twelve thousand men, and he disembarked near the point where the town of Deal is now situated. The Britons had gathered in a mass upon the shore. A great number were on horseback, urging their horses into the waves, and insulting and defying the foreigners. They were almost entirely naked, having cast off the clothing of skins with which they were ordinarily covered, in order to prepare for the combat. Their war chariots were driven rapidly along the shore. For a moment the Roman soldiers hesitated, troubled by the unaccustomed sight, perhaps from a dread of offending the unknown gods of people celebrated among their Gaulish brethren for the devotion with which they clung to the Druidical faith. The standard-bearer of the tenth legion was the first to precipitate himself into the sea. “Follow me, my fellow-soldiers,” said he, “unless you will give up your eagle to the enemy. I at least will do my duty to the republic and to our general.” His comrades followed his example, and the savage inhabitants of Britain retired in disorder, driven back, in spite of their bravery, after a short engagement.

On the morrow, ambassadors from the Britons came to solicit peace. At the first rumor of the projected invasion they had sent emissaries into Gaul to offer their submission to the Romans, in the hope of turning them from their enterprise. Cæsar had listened to them with kindness, and had had them conducted by his own envoy Comius, king of the Belgian

Atrebatæ; but he did not relinquish his intentions, and the Britons in their irritation had put the delegate of Cæsar in irons. This was the first matter with which the conqueror reproached them, at the same time demanding hostages for their future good behavior. Some hostages were immediately given. The British chiefs asked for time to send others, and Cæsar entered into separate negotiations with the chiefs who came one after the other to treat with the conqueror.

During these negotiations the sea rendered aid to the Britons. Great part of the Roman fleet was destroyed. The barbarians perceived their advantage, and were dilatory in sending the hostages. Meanwhile Cæsar had promptly set his soldiers to the task of repairing the vessels, and making requisitions upon the Gauls for the materials which were required. The vessels were beginning to be in a state to take the sea, when the seventh legion, detached on a foraging expedition in the country, was surprised in the only field of grain then standing, by a number of Britons who were lying in ambush, concealed by the long stalks of the corn. Horsemen and war chariots issued forth from the surrounding forests. The Romans ran the risk of being crushed, when Cæsar came to their assistance with the remainder of his forces, and defeated the barbarians, who sued for peace. The equinox was approaching. The general did not even wait for the hostages, but set sail for Gaul in the middle of September, sending at the same time news to Rome which induced the senate to decree twenty days of public thanksgivings to the Immortal Gods. In his *Commentaries*, however, Cæsar modestly describes this first campaign in Britain as a reconnoitring expedition. He cherished the design of returning thither later.

Accordingly in the following year (54 B. C.), Cæsar embarked at the same point upon the coast of Gaul, in order to land at the same spot, though with very different forces.

He carried with him the infantry of five legions (about thirty thousand men) and two thousand cavalry. Eight hundred transport vessels covered the sea.

From the summits of their cliffs the Britons had perceived this formidable expedition, and had sought refuge in the vast forests which cover their shores. Cæsar marched forward to drive them back into their retreats, when a violent tempest destroyed forty of his ships and drove a great number ashore. The first care of the conqueror was to protect his fleet against the fury of the sea and the hostility of the islanders. He caused all his vessels to be hauled ashore, in order to surround them afterwards by a strong intrenchment. His largest galleys were diminutive in comparison with our vessels of war. His transport ships were hardly more than barges. The Roman soldiers labored without intermission ten days and ten nights before they had rendered their fleet secure.

They then resumed their march against the Britons, whose army was still increasing. All the chiefs had united their forces under the orders of a commander-in-chief, Cassivellanus, king of the Cassii, renowned for his bravery and skill. The Britons avoided a general engagement. Assailing the Romans incessantly with their cavalry and their war chariots, which they conducted with the ease of habit even along the edge of precipices, they retired again into the forests from the moment that the advantage was no longer on their side. But this barbarian intrepidity was not accompanied by experience. Cæsar's cavalry, supported by three legions, having scoured the country in quest of forage, the enemy had remained concealed all day, when suddenly they issued in a mass from the neighboring forests, and swept down upon the Romans, who were scattered about the country. Already the Britons imagined themselves victors; but the well-disciplined Roman detachments formed again as if by enchantment, the

horsemen rallied, and the Britons, enclosed in a formidable circle, sustained losses so great that on the morrow the allies of Cassivellanus nearly all deserted him and returned into their territories, leaving him to face the Romans unsupported. The king in his turn fell back upon his kingdom, which was situated on the left bank of the Thames.

In their pursuit the Romans had traversed the fertile country which now forms the counties of Kent and Surrey, while this skirmishing species of warfare continued, often with results favorable to the Britons. But the fatal want of union common to barbarous tribes lent aid to the Romans. Cassivellanus was deserted by his neighbors the Trinobantes, who sent ambassadors to Cæsar, asking the restoration of their king Mandubratius, a fugitive in Gaul, where he had implored the protection of the Romans against this same Cassivellanus, who had conquered and put to death the father of his rival. On this condition the Trinobantes offered their submission. Some other tribes followed their example. These seceders acquainted the Romans with the road to Cassivellanus's capital, situated on the environs of the spot now occupied by the town of St. Alban's. This was a collection of huts, reminding beholders of the dwellings of the Gauls. They rested on a foundation made of stones, from which arose the walls composed of timber, earth, and reeds, and surmounted by a conical roof, which served at once to admit daylight and to allow smoke to escape through a hole in the top. Fens and woods, surrounded by a ditch and earthworks, protected this primitive capital, which soon fell into the hands of the Romans.

Cassivellanus had only one hope left. He had given orders to the four chiefs who had the command in Kent to attack the Roman vessels. They obeyed, but the detachment charged with the protection of the fleet was on its guard. The Britons

were repulsed. Cassivellanus, beaten and discouraged, humbled himself so far as to sue for peace. Nevertheless, when Cæsar, at the commencement of September, retired once more to Gaul, he left in Britain neither a soldier nor a fortress. The second campaign, longer and more fortunate than the first, had not produced any greater results.

Ninety-six years elapsed: the Roman Republic had become the Roman Empire; but the Britons had been troubled by no new invasion. The Belgian population of the sea-coast had continued to cultivate their fields, to which they already knew how to apply marl for manure. They had woven in peace their long brogues, or checkered breeches, their square mantles, and their tunics. The Celts, more savage, had seen their flocks multiply around them. Even this, the only kind of wealth among barbarous tribes, did not exist in the northern part of Britain. The rude inhabitants of Scotland depended only on the products of the chase, and found a shelter for their almost naked state in the hollow of rocks, or in the obscurity of caverns; but no invader had come to trouble their wild liberty up to the day when the Emperor Claudius, in the year 45 of the Christian Era, conceived the project of marching in the footsteps of Cæsar, and subduing the savage land of Britain. One of the most experienced of his generals, Aulus Plautius, sent forward with a force of fifty thousand men, obtained at first some successes, notwithstanding the resistance of the chief of the Silures, Caractacus. When the Emperor arrived, the capital of this people was captured, and several tribes had submitted almost without a struggle. Claudius returned to Rome to enjoy there the honors of an easy triumph.

Thirty battles fought by Aulus Plautius were insufficient to reduce Caractacus. Ostorius Scapula was the first to succeed in establishing on the Severn a line of forts separating from

the rest of the island the country, now become Roman, which comprised nearly all the southern tribes. The Britons, who appeared to be subdued, were disarmed. But a new insurrection soon broke forth. The Iceni, who occupied the country now known as the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, were the first to rise. The Cangi followed their example; and in order to reduce them the prætor was compelled to pursue them as far as to within one day's march of the sea which separates England from Ireland. From the territory of the Brigantes, which embraced a portion of the present counties of Lancashire and York, Ostorius hastened to invade the Silures, who inhabited the southern portion of Wales, and who were always the most indomitable opponents of a foreign domination. "Behold the day which is to decide the fate of Britain!" exclaimed Caractacus at the sight of the Romans. "To-day begins the era either of liberty or eternal slavery. Remember that your ancestors were able to drive back the great Cæsar, and to save their liberty, their life, and their honor!" He spoke in vain. The naked breasts and bare heads of the Britons could not resist the broad swords of the Roman soldiers. The massacre was horrible. The wife and the daughter of Caractacus were captured, but the chief himself had disappeared. Hoping to renew the struggle, he had taken refuge with his mother-in-law, Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes. She delivered him up to the Romans. Caractacus was sent to Rome with his family. "How can men who possess such palaces make such efforts to conquer our miserable hovels?" exclaimed the British hero, while traversing the streets of Rome. He appeared before the tribunal of the emperor. Agrippina was there by the side of her husband. The wife of Caractacus threw herself at her feet, imploring her pity; but the conquered chief asked for nothing, and exhibited no sign of fear. This greatness in defeat penetrated

to the heart and to the sluggish mind of Claudius. He gave the order to set the captives free. Tradition states that he even restored to his prisoner a portion of his territory, but Tacitus does not mention this; he leaves the story of the vanquished chief at the point where the fetters fall from his hands.

For a moment Nero, who had become emperor, thought of abandoning the conquest of Britain, so difficult to secure. It was not until the year 59 A. D. that Paulinus Suetonius, at that time prætor, resolved to crush the resistance of the Britons in their innermost retreat. The island of Mona (now Anglesey) was consecrated to the Druid worship; the priests had nearly all taken refuge there, and there the defeated chiefs found an asylum. Religion even then exercised a considerable power over the minds of the inhabitants of Britain. In no part were the Druids more numerous and powerful; nowhere had they a greater number of disciples diligently occupied during long years in engraving upon their memory the regulations of their worship, the sacred maxims, the ancient poems, which the priests did not allow to be committed to writing. Great, therefore, was the emotion in Britain when the Romans were seen to attack the holy isle.

On the shore a great crowd awaited the advance of the enemy, "savage and diversified" in appearance, says Tacitus. The armed men were assembled in a mass; the women, attired in sombre dress, running about with dishevelled hair, like furies brandishing their torches; and the Druids were standing, clothed in their long white robes, as if about to sacrifice to their gods, their heads shaved, their beards long, their hands raised to heaven, while they pronounced the terrible maledictions of the Celtic races against the enemies of their people and their divinities. The Roman soldiers hesitated; their limbs seemed paralyzed by fear, and they exposed them-

selves, without resisting, to the blows of their enemies. Their general urged them to advance. At length, each encouraging the other to despise the infuriated cries of a band of priests and women, they rushed upon the Britons, and precipitated them upon the stakes which they had prepared in order to sacrifice the Roman prisoners to their gods. A garrison was placed on the island; the sacred grove was cut down; and the fugitive Druids disappeared, to seek an asylum among the tribes which still offered a resistance.

The number of these tribes had increased in the absence of the prætor. The infamous treatment inflicted upon Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, and her children, by order of the procurator Catus, had aroused the indignation of her neighbors as well as of her own subjects. By secret intrigues the malcontents from all quarters were invited to strike a great blow for the recovery of their liberty. The colony of Camalodunum was first attacked and put to fire and sword. Suetonius hastened from the Isle of Mona, and marched first towards London, already an important and populous city. Defence was impossible. The prætor withdrew the garrison to protect the rest of the provinces, and all the citizens who had not been able to retire under the shelter of the Roman eagles were massacred. The Roman colony of Verulam suffered the same fate. It is said that more than seventy thousand Romans and their allies had already perished under the blows of the insurgents, when the two armies found themselves confronted. Queen Boadicea rode along the ranks of the Britons, clothed in a robe of various colors, with a golden zone around her waist. She reminded her countrymen that she was not the first woman who had led them to battle, since the custom of the country often called to the throne the widow of a sovereign, passing over his children. She spoke of the irreparable insults which she had under-

gone, of the misfortunes of the nation, and she exhorted the warriors to immolate all the Romans to Andrasta, the goddess of victory. The Romans remained motionless; they were awaiting the attack of the Britons.

The barbarians, excited by the glowing words of the queen, rushed upon the legions; the Romans bestirred themselves at length; and their broad swords opened for them a passage through the midst of the mass of Britons. The latter fell without flinching; but their enemy advanced to the line of chariots, and put to the sword women and children. It is said, though, no doubt, with the usual exaggeration of the time, that eighty thousand Britons perished on that day. Boadicea, resolved not to survive her hopes of vengeance, poisoned herself upon the battle-field.

Successive prætors had failed to establish tranquillity in Britain, or to obtain the submission of the people, when Agricola, father-in-law of the celebrated historian Tacitus, arrived in his turn in this indomitable island. His brilliant exploits soon caused him to be respected; but, while pursuing year by year the course of his conquests, he endeavored to found the Roman rule upon the most durable basis. In his hands the civil administration became milder; the Britons, governed with justice, became gradually less estranged from their conquerors. A taste for luxury and Roman civilization began to distinguish the chiefs admitted to the prætorian court; the Roman toga took the place of the British mantle; buildings arose upon the model of the Roman constructions; children began to speak Latin; and at the same time the spirit of liberty and resistance diminished among the inhabitants of the south of Britain. "The Britons willingly furnish recruits to our armies," wrote Tacitus; "they pay the taxes without murmuring, and they perform with zeal their duties towards the government, provided they have not to complain

of oppression. When they are offended, their resentment is prompt and violent; they may be conquered, but not tamed; they may be led to obedience, but not to servitude."

The military progress of the Roman general was no less important than his moral conquests. He had reached the Firth of Forth and the narrow isthmus which separates this river from the mouth of the Clyde. After every new victory he protected the subjected territory with forts. He even constructed a wall, the ruins of which, crossing the north of England from the Solway to the mouth of the Tyne, bear to this day his name. In the eighth and ninth year of his government he passed the line of the forts and penetrated into Scotland, the country of the Caledonians, savage tribes who had not yet beheld the Roman eagles. Scarcely had the conquerors invaded this new territory when the Caledonians, under the command of their chief, Galgacus, descended from the Grampian Hills, and fell upon the invader. On Ardoch Moor traces of the combat still exist, together with the lines of the Roman encampment. The struggle lasted all day, and the barbarians were defeated; but on the morrow at sunrise they had disappeared, and the Romans found themselves alone in the midst of a wild country. In their flight the Caledonians had set fire to their habitations, and with their own hands had slain their wives and children, to prevent their falling victims to the vengeance of the conqueror. The savage tribes had returned into their mountains, leaving, according to the chronicles, ten thousand dead upon the field of battle. Agricola made no effort to pursue them. Falling back towards the south, he dispatched his vessels to make a voyage of exploration all round the island, the northern shores of which had not yet been visited. The mariners returned, reporting that no tongue of land connected Britain with the continent, that they had seen in the distance Thule (Iceland), enveloped

in mists and eternal snow, and that the seas which they had traversed were of a sluggish kind, heavy under the oar, and never agitated by wind or storms. Agricola was recalled to Rome through the jealousy of the Emperor Domitian, but his wise government had appeased the passions of the Britons, and for thirty years afterwards the Roman annals contain no mention of British affairs — an evidence that peace reigned in the island.

An invasion of the Caledonians brought the Emperor Hadrian to Britain (120 A. D.). Having driven them back beyond the forts which connected the mouth of the Solway on the west with that of the Tyne on the eastern coast, he caused to be raised behind this rampart an enormous wall, fortified by a wide fosse, and provided with towers which received a garrison. This redoubt is still partly in existence, as is the wall of Antoninus, constructed some years later across the isthmus of the Forth, after a fresh invasion of the barbarians.

No rampart, however, could resist the warlike ardor of these savage populations; and the disorganization which had attacked the vast body of the Empire began to make itself felt among the legions established in Britain. The soldiers often murmured; the general, Albinus, after having refused the title of Cæsar from the hands of the Emperor Commodus, accepted it upon the offer of Septimius Severus, and, suddenly throwing off his allegiance, was proclaimed emperor by his troops. Crossing immediately into Gaul, to sustain his pretensions by force of arms, he was defeated near Revoux, and paid for his ambition by the loss of his head; but he had brought with him and had sacrificed the best of the troops in Britain, both Roman and native. The Caledonians took advantage of this opportunity to redouble their efforts, and the case became so grave that the emperor left Rome to oppose them (207 A. D.).

Septimius Severus was old and infirm, but his spirit was still unsubdued. When he entered into Caledonia with his son Caracalla, he brought in his train enormous armaments. His enemies were badly armed; they carried only the short sword and the target, which their descendants in the Highlands still employed during the wars of the last century. But they were skilled to take advantage of the natural defences of their country; and without being able to meet the Caledonians in a fixed battle, the emperor had lost, it is said, fifty thousand men before abandoning his expedition. He had carried the name and arms of the Romans so far that he had no intention of retaining the territory which he had traversed. He left there neither fortress nor garrison; but when he had returned into the subjected territory, he separated it from Caledonia by a new rampart, more imposing than all those of his predecessors. For two years the legions were employed in constructing it in stone, fortifying it with towers, and surrounding it with roads. The remains of this gigantic work attest to this day the power of those who raised it. The Caledonians, however, had just attempted another invasion, when the emperor, who was marching against them, died at York (211 A. D.); and his son Caracalla, compelled to hasten back to Rome to protect the safety of the empire, hurriedly concluded with the rude tribes a peace which lasted for some years.

It was not until the year 228, under the reign of Diocletian and Maximian, that the dangers which threatened Britain again disturbed the repose of the emperors. Her shores were threatened by Saxon and Scandinavian pirates. A commander of Belgian origin named Carausius was sent against them, who crowned his success by causing himself to be proclaimed emperor by his legions. Diocletian conferred on him the title of Cæsar. This new sovereign was assassinated at York,

and succeeded in the year 297 by his minister Allectus, who himself fell soon after before the power of Constantius Chlorus. When this prince died at York, his son Constantine, proclaimed emperor by his troops, carried with him, on leaving Britain, a great number of the young men of the country eager to serve in his armies.

The Roman empire no longer existed. The distant seat of power had been transferred to Constantinople. The province of Britain escaped from the imperial watchfulness. It was at the same time ill defended. The Caledonians at this period had yielded their place, either in fact or in name, to the Picts, so called perhaps by the Romans on account of the colors with which they painted their bodies. Side by side with them, and often driving them back upon their own territory, were the Scots, originally from Ireland, from which country they crossed over in so great a number in their little flat-bottomed boats that they finally gave their own name to the country they invaded. Under the Emperor Valentinian we find them pursuing their depredations as far as London, and driven back to their own country with great difficulty by Theodosius, father of Theodosius the Great. Before him, and after his death, in the year 393, Britain presented a similar spectacle to that of the other Roman provinces. The generals who were in command there, were proclaimed emperors by their legions, assassinated by their rivals, or decapitated by order of the sovereign rulers of Rome or Constantinople, from the moment that they attempted to leave the island to extend their conquests. Every one of these attempts cost Britain a number of soldiers, and contributed to weaken a race already deteriorated by foreign domination. In 420, under the Emperor Honorius, when the Empire was expiring under the attacks of the barbarians, the Britons, deposing their Roman magistrates, proclaimed their independence, which was imme-

diately recognized by the emperor. But the Britons were not in a condition to struggle against the invaders who were pressing them on all sides. Like the Roman Empire, their country was fated to fall into the hands of the barbarians.

Like the Roman Empire, however, Britain had already received the principle which was destined to save her from complete desolation. In the midst of political disorganization, and of power distributed among a hundred petty chiefs, all enemies and rivals, she had already heard the only name which has been given to men for their salvation. The gospel of Jesus Christ had been proclaimed upon her shores. At what epoch, or by whom, is not known. Probably Rome brought with her arms the Christian faith to the British people; the Christians were numerous in the imperial armies, and their zeal often won to Jesus Christ the souls of the vanquished. Up to the reign of Diocletian the progress of Christianity in Britain was not impeded by any severity. At that epoch (303-305) the great persecution which was raging throughout the Empire extended itself to Britain. Constantius Chlorus, who was then governor, favorable though he was to the gospel, was nevertheless unable to avoid calling around him the officers of his household, and announcing to them the necessity of either relinquishing their trusts or abjuring the name of Christ. Those who were cowardly enough to prefer earthly greatness to Christian fidelity found themselves disappointed in their ambitious hopes. The general immediately deprived them of office, remarking that men faithless to their God would be equally wanting in fidelity to their emperor. But the moderation of Constantius Chlorus was insufficient to extinguish the persecuting zeal of the inferior magistrates; and the British Church soon counted its martyrs. The Christians took refuge in the forests and the hills. They were able to find brethren among the rude tribes of the north;

for Tertullian tells us that, in the portion of Britain where the arms of the Romans had failed to penetrate, Jesus Christ had conquered souls. With the power of Constantine Christianity ascended the throne; the British Church was organized; she had sent three bishops to the Council of Arles in 314; but Britain was about to undergo a new yoke; and her dawning Christianity was destined to encounter other enemies.

CHAPTER II.

THE RULE OF THE SAXONS TO THE INVASION OF THE DANES. 449-832.

DISCORD prevailed in Britain. The petty rival chiefs, sometimes triumphant, sometimes defeated, united in vain against the Picts and Scots, whom the Roman walls no longer impeded now that the Roman power had disappeared. In this disorder, the Britons were dwindling in numbers day by day, when Vortigern, chief of Kent, conceived the project of calling to his assistance the Saxons, a famous people who inhabited the northern coasts of Germany and Denmark, and extended their power even to a portion of the territory now known as Holland. Several tribes were descended from a common origin. The Jutes, the Angles, the Saxons (properly so called) all led the life of pirates, and many a time had they suddenly appeared upon the coasts of Britain or of Gaul, scattering terror among the inhabitants, whose houses they pillaged and burned, killing all who resisted them. For a long time they risked their lives and sported with the dangers of the sea in mere skiffs; but in 449, when Vortigern called to his aid two celebrated pirates among the Jutes, named Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon vessels were long, strongly built, and capable of carrying a considerable number of men, and of wrestling with the fury of the waves. The pirates responded promptly to the appeal, and for some time they faithfully observed their engagements, driving the Picts and Scots back into their territory, and fighting for Vortigern

against his British enemies. It is related that the Saxon Hengist, having fortified himself at Thong-Caster, situated in the county of Lincoln, gave there a feast to King Vortigern. Hengist had sent for his daughter, the beautiful Rowena, who, bending the knee before the British sovereign, offered him the cup of welcome. Her beauty enchanted Vortigern, and he could not rest until he had obtained her hand.

Whether from a weakness for the father of his wife, or from gratitude for services, or from the impossibility of ridding himself of the allies whom he had sent for, Vortigern permitted Hengist to establish himself in the Isle of Thanet; and gradually fresh vessels arrived, bringing reinforcements for the foreign colony. Angles followed Jutes; and the Britons began to be anxious about these powerful neighbors. At the first quarrel swords were drawn from their scabbards. Their blades were equally good and keen; for the Britons had derived their military equipments from the Romans, and the Saxons, passionately fond of iron, attached more importance to their arms than to any other possession. But the Britons had been weakened by their old dissensions; the Saxons allied themselves with the Piets and Scots, against whom they had been originally called to fight, and several indecisive battles ended in a truce. It is even related that the two parties being assembled at a banquet at Stonehenge, on the 1st of May, Hengist cried out to the Saxons in their language, "Draw your swords!" and, at the same moment, the long knives concealed under the garments of the Saxons were plunged into the hearts of their entertainers. Vortigern alone was spared, no doubt at the intercession of Rowena. The war began; the Britons were defeated, and Eric, son of Hengist, became in 457 the first Saxon king of the county of Kent, the Isle of Wight, and that part of the coast of Hampshire which faces that island.

The success of Hengist and Horsa naturally attracted new hordes. In the year 477 the Saxons, under the command of Ella, founded the kingdom of Sussex (South Sax), which comprised only the present county of Sussex. In the year 519 other Saxons, under the orders of Cerdic, completed the invasion of South Britain, and extended themselves from the county of Surrey, bordering upon Sussex and Kent, to the eastern extremity of England; they occupied also Surrey and all that portion of Hampshire not in the possession of the Jutes, together with Hampshire, Wiltshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, not even leaving to the Britons the whole of the county of Cornwall. This new kingdom took the name of Wessex (West Sax).

The invaders grew bolder. In 530 a new body of Saxons, the name of whose leader is not recorded in history, arrived, and established themselves upon the northern border of the kingdoms of Kent and Wessex, founding there the kingdom of Essex (East Sax), the importance of which was due to the Thames and London, since it comprised only the county of Essex, the small territory of Middlesex, and the southern part of the county of Herts.

“Thus,” says M. Guillaume Guizot, in his *History of Alfred the Great*, “the Saxons originally rested their power upon the first state founded by the Jutes at the south-eastern extremity of England. They surrounded it by their own settlements, and all established themselves in the southern part of the island.” They had scarcely completed their migrations when the Angles, who had then arrived only in small numbers, and were mingled with the Jutes, began on their own account to invade the eastern coast. About the year 527 several bands of Angles arrived under different chiefs; but it was not until some years later that they united to form the kingdom of East Anglia, which comprised the counties of Norfolk,

Suffolk, Cambridge, the Isle of Ely, and probably a portion of Bedfordshire. The territories of Norfolk and Suffolk owe even their names to two tribes of Angles, the North folk and the South folk, while the entire race have given their name to England. This new kingdom, still isolated as well as defended by the sea, was fortified by fens and by many rivers. Where natural defences were wanting, the Angles raised earthworks, long known as the Giant's Dyke, then as the Devil's Dyke. In spite of the draining of the fen, the line of these works can be traced to this day.

In the year 547, new bands of Angles, led by a chief named Ida, landed upon the north-east coast, and founded there the kingdom of Bernicia, which comprised Northumberland and the south of Pentland, between the Tweed and the Firth of Forth. Some years later, in 560, other Angles, no less enterprising than their predecessors, established themselves from the southern limit of Bernicia as far as the Humber, and from one sea to the other, occupying all the territory of the counties of Lancaster, York, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Durham. This was the kingdom of Deira. These two colonies were united under the same sceptre in 617, and took the name of Northumbria.

The Angles began to advance from the coasts. In the year 586 they occupied all the country bounded on the north by the river Humber and the kingdom of Deira; on the west, by Wales, which alone remained in the hands of the Britons; on the south, by the Saxon kingdoms; and on the south-east, by the Angles of East Anglia. Mercia, as the new kingdom was called, comprised then, on the south-east, the northern part of the counties of Hertford and Bedford; on the east, all the counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, and Rutland; on the north, the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, and Chester; on the west, Staffordshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, and

Herefordshire; in the centre of the island, Warwickshire and Leicestershire; on the south, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and the county of Buckingham. In this kingdom, the most extensive of all, the British population had not been destroyed or driven back, as they had in the greater portion of other parts; they continued to inhabit their ancient country, mingled with and subject to the Angles.

Such was the division of Britain among the conquerors, and the constitution of the Saxon kingdoms. This is what is known as the Heptarchy, or Octarchy, according to whether we place the denomination before or after the union of the kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia in a single kingdom of Northumbria. Such was the new scene of the wars which were destined to break out again and deluge Britain, now become England, with blood.

A more gentle influence was soon to exercise its effect upon the sanguinary passions of the barbarous races. The British Christians, though vanquished and driven back into the narrow territory of Cambria or Wales, do not seem to have attempted to convert their conquerors. For a moment they had themselves run the risk of falling into the heresies of Pelagius, an Irish monk, who denied the doctrine of original sin; but the missionaries from Gaul, Saint Germain and Saint Loup, had succeeded in 429 and 446 in uprooting among them these disastrous tendencies. One day Saint Germain, who had been a soldier before being a bishop, found himself in the presence of a band of Picts and Saxons who were laying waste the coast. Putting himself at the head of his flock, he marched against the enemy amid loud cries of "Alleluia!" These cries, taken up by the neighboring echoes, terrified the pirates, who fled; hence this peaceful victory became known by the name of "The Battle of the Alleluias."

The Britons were not heretics, but, with the independence

which always characterized their race, they differed from Rome and from the Eastern Church upon various points of little importance in themselves, though they had often created divisions in Christendom. For no reason that has come down to us, the Britons celebrated Easter in accordance with the customs of the Eastern Church, — that is to say, at the fourteenth day of the moon, whatever might be the day on which that event fell, in imitation of the Jews, who on that day offered up the Paschal lamb. The Western Church, on the contrary, postponed the celebration of Easter till the Sunday following. Nothing more was needed to breed dissensions between the British bishops and the missionaries dispatched from Rome by Pope Gregory the Great. For some years previously, Gregory, not yet become a bishop, and being in fact only a simple priest, passing through the slave-market in Rome, had been struck by the handsome appearance of some young persons offered there for sale. Learning that they belonged to the race of Angles, or Saxons, “They would not be Angles but angels,” he exclaimed, “if they were Christians;” and he conceived the project of going himself to preach the faith of Jesus Christ to a people so well endowed by nature. His friends were only able to prevail on him to renounce his intention by inducing the Pope to forbid his departure from Rome. When in his turn he was elevated to the episcopal dignity in the most important see of the Western Church, he did not forget the Saxons, whose conversion had previously occupied his thoughts. He endeavored first to inflame with his zeal the young slaves whom he had caused to be placed in convents; but the Saxons were apparently not disposed to become missionaries, for in the year 595 the Pope dispatched to Britain a young monk named Augustine, prior of the Convent of St. Andrew at Rome, accompanied by forty friars. They took the road towards

Gaul; but they had scarcely arrived at Aix, when they heard such terrible accounts of the ferocity of the Anglo-Saxons that they were alarmed and wrote to the Pope to ask his leave to retrace their footsteps. Gregory, on the contrary, encouraged them to persevere in their enterprise, and, furnished with interpreters by the good offices of Brunehaut, who was reigning over Austrasia in the name of her grandsons, they arrived in 597 in the Isle of Thanet. Augustine sent immediately one of his monks to Ethelbert, king of Kent, announcing his intention of coming to preach Christianity to his court.

The place could not have been better chosen. A powerful prince in his domains, Ethelbert was their Bretwalda, or general chief of all the heptarchy. This title, which was in no way well defined, but which conferred a certain influence in the councils of the seven Saxon states, seems to have been accorded to a kind of merit understood by all. Two chiefs had already borne it before Ethelbert—Ella, first king of Sussex, and Ceawlin, king of Wessex. The new Bretwalda was a pagan, but he had married a Christian wife, Bertha, daughter of Charibert, king of Paris: she had reserved to herself the free exercise of her religion; a French bishop had even accompanied her. Ethelbert had no repugnance towards Christianity, and he consented to receive the Roman missionaries. "Be careful to grant them an audience in the open air," said the pagan priests, however; "their maledictions will be less powerful there than under a roof." It was therefore in the open field that the Saxon Bretwalda awaited the approach of the Christian priests. They advanced bearing a crucifix and a banner on which was painted the image of the Saviour. They made the air resound with their grave canticles. The imagination of the barbarians was no doubt struck by these ceremonies; and when Augustine, by the aid

of an interpreter, had explained to the king the leading doctrines of the Christian faith, and asked permission to preach to his subjects the religion which they had come to proclaim to him, Ethelbert mildly replied, "I am not disposed to abandon the gods of my fathers for an unknown and uncertain faith; but since your intentions are good and your words full of gentleness, you can speak freely to my people. I will prevent any one interfering with you, and will furnish food to you and your monks." Augustine, overjoyed, directed his steps towards the neighboring city of Canterbury, which he entered chanting, "O Eternal Father, we supplicate Thee according to Thy mercy, turn Thy anger from this city and from Thy sacred place, for we have sinned. Alleluia!"

The preaching of Augustine and the sanctity of his life exercised a powerful influence over the Saxons. Numerous converts already pressed around him when King Ethelbert decided to embrace the Christian religion. His conversion attracted his subjects in a mass to the new Faith, and Pope Gregory, delighted with the success of the mission, sent to Augustine the episcopal pallium,* with the title of Archbishop of Canterbury. At the same time Gregory advised the new prelate not to destroy the pagan temples to which the people had been accustomed, but to consecrate them to the worship of Jesus Christ, and to transform the pagan festivals into joyful family meetings, at which the Christian Saxons could eat their oxen instead of sacrificing them to false gods.

With these sage counsels Gregory sent a reinforcement of missionaries; but they did not suffice for the zeal or the views of Augustine, who resolved to address himself to the British bishops in Wales, asking their assistance in the work of evangelization. The Britons were jealous and anxious. They con-

* An ornament of woollen texture, sprinkled with black crosses, which the Pope sends to the archbishops and sometimes to bishops.



"SINCE YOUR INTENTIONS ARE GOOD, YOU CAN SPEAK FREELY TO MY PEOPLE."



sulted a hermit of great reputation for sanctity upon the claims of Augustine to their trust and obedience. "If the stranger comes from God, follow him," said the hermit. "But how shall we know if he is from God?" asked the Britons. "By his humility." . . . The reply still appeared to the envoys to be vague. "If he rises at your approach, know that he is the leader sent by God to direct his people," continued the hermit. "If he remains seated, reject him because of his pride." Fortified with this precise instruction, the British priests, with seven bishops and the Abbot of Bangor, presented themselves at the conference. Augustine was seated, and did not rise to receive them. The question was already settled in their minds when the Archbishop of Canterbury stated his demands. He desired that the British priests should henceforth celebrate the festival of Easter on the same day as the Western Church; that they should employ the Roman forms in the ceremony of baptism, and that they should join their efforts with his for the conversion of the Saxons. All these proposals were rejected. Then Augustine rose, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "You refuse to labor to convert the Saxons! You will perish by the swords of the Saxons." This prediction was remembered some years later, when all the monks of Bangor were massacred by the Northumbrians in a Saxon expedition into Cambria.

In spite of the coolness of the British bishops, the work of conversion went on. The zeal of Ethelbert had already engaged his nephew Sebert, king of Essex, to receive baptism. A church had been founded in London which possessed a bishop. Another prelate had his seat at Rochester. Ethelbert had also gained over to the Christian faith the chief of East Anglia, Redwald, who became after him Bretwalda of the heptarchy. But the wife of Redwald was still a pagan, and his subjects were attached to the religion of their ancestors. The

king set up two altars in the same temple, one dedicated to Odin and the other to the God of the Christians; but the new faith soon prevailed over its rival, and East Anglia took its place among the Christian kingdoms of the heptarchy.

Christianity had not yet penetrated into Northumbria when the king Edwin married a daughter of Ethelbert, a Christian like her father. The queen came accompanied by a Roman bishop named Paulinus; but the king remained faithful to the worship of his forefathers in spite of the solicitations of his wife, of Paulinus, and even of the Pope. He had, however, consented to the child of Ethelburga being baptized; and the day was at hand when his scruples were destined to be overcome. In his youth, during a long exile and in the midst of serious perils, there had appeared before him, doubtless in a dream, a person of venerable aspect, who asked him, "What wouldst thou give to one who should deliver thee to-day?" "All that I possess," replied the Saxon. "If he asked thee only to follow his counsels, wouldst thou obey?" "Unto death," was the answer. "It is well," said the apparition, at the same time placing his hand softly upon his head; "when one shall return and make thee this sign, follow him." Edwin had escaped from the dangers which threatened him, and his dream had remained deeply engraved upon his memory.

One day when he was alone, the door of his apartment opened, and Paulinus entering, softly placed his hand upon his head. "Dost thou remember?" he asked, and the Saxon, falling on his knees, promised to do whatever he should desire. Still thoughtful and prudent, however, while accepting baptism for himself, he reserved the right of his subjects to act as might seem well to them. The Council of Wise Men, or Aldermen, was called together, and the king having informed them of his change of faith as the basis of a new doctrine,

asked them what they thought of it. The chief of the priests was there, and spoke first. "Our gods are powerless," he said; "I have served them with more zeal and fidelity than all the people, yet I am neither richer nor more honored. I am weary of the gods."

An ancient warrior near the king rose at this speech. "O king," he said, "thou rememberest perhaps in the winter days when thou art seated with thy captains near a good fire, lighted in a warm apartment, while it is raining and snowing out of doors, that a little bird has entered by one door and gone out by another with fluttering wings. He has passed a moment of happiness, sheltered from the rain and the storm; but the bird vanishes with the quickness of a glance, and from winter he returns again to winter. Such it appears to me is the life of man upon this earth. The unknown time is dark and sad to us. It perplexes us because we know nothing of it. If thy new faith teaches us something, it is worthy of our adherence."

The whole assembly took the side of the two chiefs; but when Paulinus proposed, as a token of renunciation to false gods, that their idols should be cast down, all hesitated except the high-priest. He demanded a horse and a javelin in the place of the mare and the white rod which pertained to his old office, and galloping towards the temple, he struck the images with his weapon. The people, trembling, awaited some token of the wrath of the gods; but the heavens and the earth remained silent, and the king was baptized with all the most distinguished of his people, who were accompanied by a crowd of warriors. Edwin soon became Bretwalda, and his reign was an epoch of repose and happiness for his subjects.

During the struggles which recommenced after the death of Edwin, three kingdoms fortified themselves, and took the lead

over the others. These were Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex. These three divisions of the heptarchy were predominant in the year 800, when Egbert, prince of Wessex, returned to his country after a long exile. He had passed a considerable portion of the time at the court of Charlemagne, and had thus acquired a development of intellect and of knowledge rare at that time among the Saxon princes. The first part of his reign was peaceful; but from the year 809 forward the sword of Egbert was drawn from the scabbard, and for many years he pursued his conquests from kingdom to kingdom. He had already extended his dominion over the British people of Cornwall, who had consented to pay him tribute, when he subjugated Mercia and the kingdoms of Kent, Essex, and East Anglia. He had carried his victorious arms up to the frontiers of Northumbria. The chiefs, anxious and already beaten in anticipation, came to meet him, recognizing him for their sovereign, and promising him obedience. Egbert accepted their homage, and retired without fighting a battle. Nearly the whole heptarchy had accepted his laws, and the title of Bretwalda had conferred upon him an authority more considerable than in the case of any of his predecessors. He continued, however, to assume the simple title of King of Wessex. He reigned until the year 836, happy and powerful; but the last years of his reign were troubled by the first invasions of the Danes. Egbert repulsed them with glory; but if he had possessed a spark of the almost prophetic foresight of Charlemagne, he would have wept, like the Frankish hero, over the infinite woes with which these men from the North menaced his country.

CHAPTER III.

THE DANES. — ALFRED THE GREAT. 836-901.

FOR nearly four centuries the Saxons had been established in Britain; they had become the sole masters of the country, and had there forgotten the original source of their wealth. But the nation from which they had sprung was still prolific in warriors, vigorous, enterprising, and possessed of nothing in the world but their arms and their ships, for all the property of the family belonged by right to the eldest son: warriors, too, ardent in conquering and in obtaining wealth at the point of the sword. The peninsula of Jutland and the provinces still further north of Scandinavia sent year by year to the French and English coasts a great number of ships, manned by the "Sea-kings," as they styled themselves. "The tempest is our friend," they would say; "it takes us wherever we wish to go." Repulsed three times from the coast of England by Egbert, these pirates soon reappeared under the reign of his son Ethelwulf; the whole island became surrounded by their light skiffs. The Saxons had been compelled to organize along the shores a continual resistance, and to appoint officers whose duty it was to call out the people in a body to repulse the enemy. Three serious contests took place in 839 — at Rochester, at Canterbury, and at London. King Ethelwulf himself was wounded in battle. But shortly after, the internal dissensions which were agitating the whole of France, attracted the pirates as the dead body attracts the vulture. During twelve years

the Danish fleets altered their course, and repaired to the French coasts; when they reappeared, in 831, in England, their successes were at first alarming; three hundred and fifty of their vessels ascended the Thames as far as London, and the town was sacked. But the king awaited the enemy at Oakly; they were defeated, and suffered great losses. After having met with severe reverses at several other parts of the Saxon territory, the Danes withdrew from there, and respected the English coasts during the remainder of the reign of Ethelwulf.

It is at this period that we see appear in the pages of history the name of the fourth son of Ethelwulf, him whom England was one day to call Alfred the Great, Alfred the Well-beloved. He had first seen the light of day at Wantage, in the heart of the forests of Berkshire, in 849, two years before the departure of the Danes. His mother, Osberga, a noble and pious woman, gave herself up entirely to the task of rearing her little son, who soon began to excite the hope and admiration of all who saw him. Doubtless the predilection which his father had for this little child, induced him to give a startling proof of his affection, for Alfred was scarcely four years of age when he was sent to Rome with a numerous suite of nobles and servants, to ask for himself, of Pope Leo IV., the title of king, and the holy unction. The pope was aware of the piety of the Saxon monarch, and he consecrated with his own hands the little king, and even administered to him the sacrament of confirmation. Alfred returned to England, and it was no doubt the recollection of what he had seen at Rome, which began thenceforward to instil into his soul the desire to gain knowledge, the pursuit of which was probably very rare among the young Saxons. His mother, one day, was holding a pretty manuscript in her hand, a collection of ancient Saxon poems, and was showing

it to her four sons who were playing beside her. "I will give this pretty book," she said, "to whichever of you shall learn it the soonest by heart." Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred eyed the book with indifference, and went on with their game; but little Alfred approached his mother. "Really," said he, "will you give this beautiful manuscript to whoever shall learn it by heart the quickest, and who shall come and repeat it all to you?" The large round eyes of the child were fixed upon his mother: she repeated her promise, and even gave up the manuscript into the keeping of the little prince. He quickly hurried away with it to his master, who was able to read aloud to him the verses which it contained, for, alas! Alfred could not read until he was twelve years of age. He soon returned, triumphant, repeated the lines, received the book from his mother, and preserved thenceforth throughout his life a taste for the old Saxon ballads of which he had thus first made the acquaintance.

Alfred was six years old and had lost his mother, when his father, wishing to make the pilgrimage to Rome in his turn, took his youngest son with him: the Saxon king spent a year with the pope, carrying from church to church his sumptuous devotion. On his return journey he stopped at the court of Charles the Bold, a court elegant and polite in comparison with the still rude customs of the Saxons; and, attracted by the beauty as well as the arts of Princess Judith, daughter of Charles, Ethelwulf married her, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, and brought her in triumph into his kingdom. But the two persons whom the old king loved best, his young wife and his youngest son, were distrusted by the rest of his family, as well as by his people; Judith claimed a share of the sovereign power, according to the old custom in Britain and Germany, which had become odious to the Saxons by reason of the crimes of several queens; the elder

sons of Ethelwulf feared that their young brother, so dear to their father, might be raised above themselves; the eldest, Ethelbald, revolted, and his father found a general rising against him when he returned to England. The old king did not resist; he ceded to his son the greater portion of his states, and died at the end of two years, having shared equally between his sons his kingdom of Wessex, previously enlarged by the addition of Kent and Sussex. The tributary states of Northumbria and Mercia had shaken off the feeble authority of Ethelwulf, and had recommenced their internal wars. The Danes profited by these disputes, and had taken up with renewed ardor their terrible incursions upon the English coasts.

In this alarming situation of affairs the sons of Ethelwulf foresaw that the division of Wessex would be their ruin; instead, therefore, of sharing it among themselves, they agreed that each should reign over the whole in turn, according to their ages. The reigns of the three eldest were short. Supported successively by their brothers, they fought against the Danes, and all died in the flower of their youth; the last, Ethelred, was still on the throne, when an invasion of the Danes, who penetrated as far as Reading, called all the men of Wessex to arms. The war had a short time before assumed a new aspect; the Danes did not content themselves with descending upon the most fertile portions of the coast with their long ships, or with taking possession of all the horses. Overrunning the country, they ravaged and sacked everything in their passage, and re-embarked in their vessels before the frightened inhabitants had had time to rise up to resist them. From pirates the Danes had become conquerors, and desired to establish themselves in that England which their predecessors, the Saxons, had formerly snatched from the Britons. Already possessed of East Anglia and a portion of Northumbria,

they were threatening Wessex, and had intrenched themselves at Reading. Alfred had recently been married to a princess of Mercia, but his new relations did not give him any support against the Danes, when, having beaten several detached corps of the pirates, Ethelred and Alfred attacked the citadel. The greater number of the Danes sprang outside the walls, "like veritable wolves," says Asser, the historian of Alfred, and the struggle recommenced.

The Danes were nearly all tall men; their wandering and adventurous life favored the development of their muscular powers; they did not fear death, for the Walhalla or paradise of their god Odin promised to the brave warriors who fell in battle all the pleasure which they esteemed most on earth. The figure of the raven, the confidant of their god, floated on the red flags of the Danes; if its dark wings fluttered on the long folds of silk, victory was certain; if they remained motionless, the Northmen feared defeat. The wings of the raven were fluttering triumphantly before Reading, for the Saxons were defeated and were obliged to retreat.

They had not lost courage, however, and four days later they returned to give battle once more to their enemies; the Danes had already issued forth from their intrenchments, but Ethelred was still in his tent, attending holy mass, and would not hurry to the scene of battle, in spite of urgent messages from Alfred. The latter, therefore, attacked their opponents single-handed, near to a little tree which the Danes had chosen as a rallying-spot. The Saxons fought with the fury of despair; Ethelred soon came to support his brother, and the Danes, beaten upon the great plain of Assendon, took to flight; but only to return a fortnight afterwards, their number swelled by the reinforcements which were continually arriving by sea. Wessex alone had sustained eight battles in one year; her resources were becoming exhausted in such an unequal struggle;

Ethelred, wounded, had just died, and Alfred found himself alone at the age of twenty-two years (871), subject to a peculiar illness which had succeeded to a slow fever of his boyhood, and of which the attacks would frequently bring him to the very verge of the grave. His men and his resources exhausted, a ninth and unfortunate battle completely disabled him; he was compelled to sue for peace. The Danes willingly consented to his proposal; there were other princes to vanquish, other territories to conquer, less valiantly defended than Wessex, on which they proposed to revenge themselves when it should stand alone in its resistance to them. In 875 they had finished their conquest. Wessex alone still preserved its independence, and three Danish kings, who had passed the winter at Cambridge, embarked secretly, by night, to attack the coast of Dorset. Vainly did Alfred strive to resist his enemies by sea; his ships were beaten, and soon the long line of incendiarism and murder which always marked the progress of the Danes extended as far as Wareham. This was past endurance, and Alfred, stricken down on a sick-bed, asked for and obtained peace at the price of gold. The Danes retired after having sworn friendship upon some relics brought by the Christian king, and on their sacred bracelets steeped in the blood of their victims, exchanging hostages whose fate they troubled themselves very little about. The very night after peace was concluded, the Saxon horsemen were attacked and cut to pieces by the Danes, who took possession of their horses in order to make a raid into the interior of the country. The remonstrances of Alfred were powerless to stop these disastrous expeditions, so easy for an enemy who threatened the country from all sides.

Alfred took to arms once more; and for a while the issue of the war seemed to incline in his favor; he had been the first to see the necessity for attacking the Danes on the ocean,

which was incessantly bringing them inexhaustible reinforcements, and his vessels having met the pirates during a storm had defeated and dispersed them, thus cutting off all hope of succor to the Danes whom Alfred was besieging in Exeter. This glimmering of success did not last, however; in 878 the enemy was once more invading Wessex in two formidable troops; one of them was stopped and even defeated by some faithful retainers of Alfred, but the second army, which had entered the kingdom by land, was advancing without opposition from town to town. The subjects of Alfred were weary and discouraged. The king, on whom they had founded such great hopes, had lost in their eyes his prestige; brave but uncertain, he had not profited by the advantages which his military genius had sometimes given him, and his people complained of his inflexibility, of his pride, of the severity which he manifested towards offenders, of the indifference which he displayed towards the unfortunate. They did not enter with any spirit into the struggle against the invaders, and the Saxon kings held no power but by the free will of their subjects. The clergy, who were especially hated by the pagan enemy, fled to France, carrying with them from their country its relics and the treasures from the churches. The agricultural population submitted to cultivate the land for the Danes. The latter were seeking Alfred; but the king had suddenly abandoned the cause, and in his turn weary of the struggle, sick and wounded to the heart by the defection of his subjects, he had disappeared, and no man knew or could guess the place of his retreat.

The fugitive king no longer knew whither he went. From forest to forest, from cave to cave, he proceeded on his way, trying to conceal his deep disgrace, learning in his cruel wanderings, as his historian and friend Asser says, "that there is one Lord alone, Master of all things and all men,

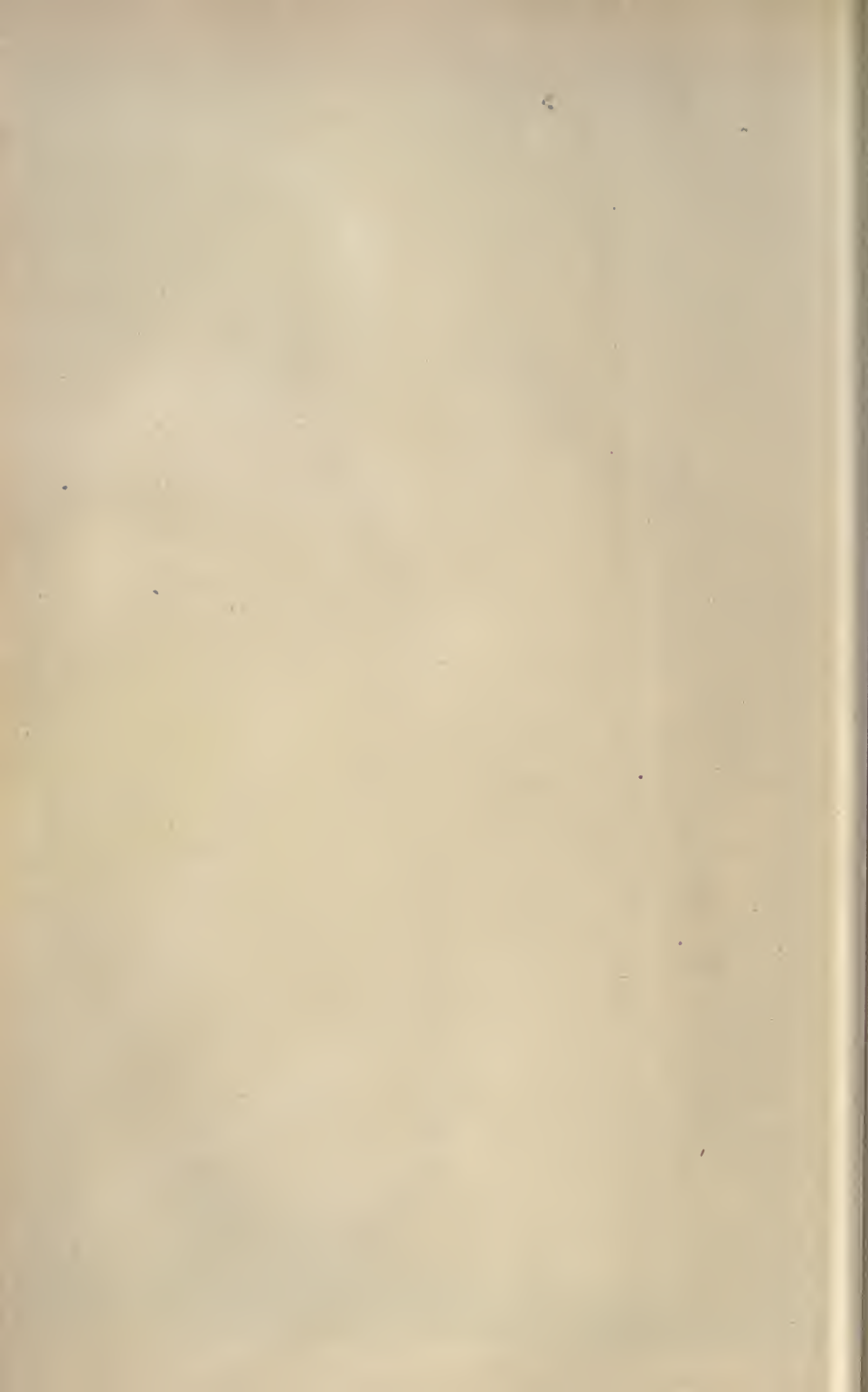
before whom every knee bends, who holds in His hand the hearts of kings, and who sometimes makes His happy servants feel the lash of adversity, to teach them, when they suffer, not to despair of the Divine mercy, and to be without pride when they prosper."

Alfred wanted confidence in God, when he arrived in the Island of the Nobles (Ethelingaia), now called Athelney, in order to hide himself there in the hovel of a cowherd, who received him at first as a traveller who had lost his way, and ended by learning in confidence from his guest that he was a Saxon noble of the court of King Alfred, flying from the vengeance of the Danes. The worthy Ulfoath was perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and allowed the fugitive to remain at his house.

His wife was not in the secret, and was annoyed, no doubt, to see her work increased by the presence of this unknown guest. She would ask him at times to perform little services, and would leave him in charge of some household duties. One Sunday, while the husband was gone to lead the beasts to the field, and the wife was busy with several little matters, she had left some loaves or thin cakes by the fire, which were baking slowly on the red stone of the hearth. Alfred had been commissioned to watch them, but, absorbed in his sad meditations, he had forgotten that the bread was burning; the smell warned the housewife; she sprang at a bound to the fireplace, and quickly turning her cakes, she called out angrily to the king, "Whoever you may be, are you too proud to turn the loaves? You will not take the slightest heed of them, but you will be very glad to eat some of them presently." Alfred did not lose his temper; he laughed, and helped the woman to finish her task. A few days later the cowherd's wife learned with dismay the name of the guest whom she had thus scolded.



ALFRED THE GREAT WATCHING THE PEASANT'S LOAVES.



Some of the faithful subjects of Alfred, pursued by the Danes, took refuge also in the Island of Nobles, where they discovered, to their great astonishment, their king. Secretly and by degrees the rumor that Alfred was living spread through his family, who came in search of him. The little band became greater day by day, and the king was beginning to gain courage. In his solitude and humiliation, God had taken charge of this great soul which had hitherto forgotten Him, and which regained through religious faith the necessary energy to struggle against the enemies of his country.

The Danes had not profited by their victory. They had established themselves in the conquered country as plunderers, and not as owners. The inhabitants of Wessex were writhing under their cruel and capricious rule. They had now forgotten the rigorous acts with which they had reproached Alfred, and regretted that the Christian king was no longer at their head. Exasperated by their sufferings, the Saxons were ripe for revolt.

Such were Alfred's prospects when he began with his companions the work of re-establishing himself in his country. A solid bridge, defended by two towers, enabled the king to issue out easily from his retreat in his fortress. He gathered around him all the malcontents before making anybody aware of his identity, and without announcing his great projects; each day he saw his little army swell in numbers, and he defeated the Danes in every skirmish which he chanced to have with them. He then went back to the Island of Nobles. It is even said that he went by day, disguised as a minstrel, into the very camp of the Danes, in order to ascertain their numerical strength. In the month of May, 878, he finally decided to attack them openly. Secret messengers were dispatched through the neighborhood, who said to the

Saxons: "King Alfred is alive. Assemble in the forest of Selwood, at Egbert's field; he will be there, and you shall all march together against the Danes." The Saxons, desperate, were rushing there in crowds, and soon Alfred's standard, bearing the golden dragon, was boldly unfurled before the Danish raven.

The secret had been well kept. The Danish king, Godrun, was vaguely aware that a number of Saxons were assembled in the neighborhood; but he knew neither how many they mustered, nor the name of their chief, when he found himself suddenly attacked on the plain of Ethandune. The Saxons were in high spirits. "It is for your own sakes that you are about to fight," Alfred had said to them. "Show that you are men, and deliver your country from the hands of these strangers." The Danes had not had time to recover from their surprise before Alfred was upon them, his whole army following him. The standard-bearer was pushing to the front, accomplishing prodigies of valor. "It is St. Neots himself," Alfred cried, designating a saint held in great reverence by the Saxons, and an ancestor of his own. His soldiers gained fresh courage at these words; the Danes were beaten and pursued, and they perished in great numbers. King Godrun, shut up with his court at the fortress of Chippenham, was compelled to surrender after a siege which lasted three weeks. He gave hostages, without taking any in exchange, a proceeding very humiliating to the Danes; and Alfred wisely imposed upon him an agreement useful in securing the definitive tranquillity of England, if not consistent with the spiritual welfare of the Danes: the conqueror exacted that the defeated enemy should embrace the Christian religion. Godrun and his son were baptized, and settled in the portion of land which Alfred conceded to them. Finding the impossibility of driving from the country the whole of the Danes, who were already mas-

ters of the land in Northumbria, in Mercia, and in East Anglia, Alfred hoped to accomplish, by the aid of Christianity and his right over part of the land, a fusion of the Danish and Saxon races, and to secure by that union a kind of rampart against any new Scandinavian invasions.

He was not mistaken. In the year following, a Danish fleet entered the Thames; but in vain did the warriors call for help to Godrun, who was established in the country. He remained deaf to their voices; and they, discouraged by his refusal, went away again, and pursued their ravages on the coast of Flanders.

For more than thirteen years peace reigned over all England. One or two little isolated invasions served to exercise the energy of Alfred's troops, and each day his forces were augmenting. But Godrun was dead, and a dangerous enemy now threatened the Saxon king. The famous pirate Hastings, already advanced in age, but still passionately fond of the "game of war," was encamped upon the coast of France, at Boulogne, in 892. Wherever he appeared, death and ruin followed in his wake. The black raven always unfurled its wings for him; he was always assured of victory before the fray began. He sailed forth in the spring of 893, and instead of descending upon the lands already held by the Danes, he disembarked in Kent, a country rich and fertile, inhabited entirely by Saxons; and, dividing his army into two corps, he lay awaiting Alfred, who was advancing in haste to resist him.

The Danish pirate had cleverly organized the attack. Already the Danish population of East Anglia were profiting by his presence to attack the Saxon towns; but Alfred had studied too well the art of war to disperse his army over the country; he led the whole of his available force against Hastings. There the greater portion of the enemy's army, pro-

tected by a forest and a river, were met by the Saxon king, who sent out at the same time several small bodies of men in pursuit of the Danish warriors who were pillaging the country, staying by these means the progress of the invasion, and opposing with exemplary patience the ruses of the barbarians. Hastings appeared to grow weary of this: he asked for peace, and sent his young sons as hostages. Alfred had just returned them to him after having baptized them, when the Danes, caring little for their plighted word, began to march towards Essex, which they intended to attack, passing by way of the Thames. The king hastened at once in pursuit of them and to the support of his eldest son, Edward, who was defending the frontier. They joined their forces; a great battle was fought near Farnham, in the county of Surrey; the Danes were vanquished and driven as far as the Isle of Mersey, which they fortified for their defence. The king attacked them at once; but while he had been away recruiting his forces, a Danish fleet threatened the coast of Devonshire. Alfred marched against the new invaders, while the forces which he left behind fought against Hastings, and in a sortie got possession of the wife and children of that chief. These were sent to Alfred; but the Christian warrior could not forget that he had presented the young barbarians at the baptismal font, and sent them back to their father loaded with presents.

The pirate, however, was not overcome by his foe's generosity. He attacked Mercia, sustained by the Danish hordes established in the country. Abandoning all thought of the conquests which he had originally intended, and the kingdom which he had wished to found, he once more took up the irregular invasions by which he had acquired so much wealth, and thought only of plundering the Saxon territory. But the subjects of Alfred had learned some useful lessons; they

rose with one accord against the foreign enemy, and when the king, returning in haste from Devonshire, arrived in the vicinity of the Severn, he found himself at the head of a numerous army, which allowed him to completely surround the trenches of Hastings. The Danes had been decimated by hunger: they had even eaten their horses. Making a last desperate effort, they opened up a passage straight through the ranks of their enemies, and took refuge in Chester, where they spent the winter.

In the spring-time, the long vessels, the "water-serpents," as the pirates would affectionately call them, invariably brought reinforcements to them. In 895, Hastings began by attacking Wales, finding the states of King Alfred too well defended. He ended, however, by retreating to the Isle of Mersey, from whence he set out in 896 to establish himself on the river Lea, in the north of London. He had raised a fortress and there defended himself valiantly, when King Alfred perceived that he could stop all the enemy's navigation by river. He accordingly constructed a canal, and reduced the Danes to despair: their fleet was on dry ground. They abandoned it, and marched in a northern direction. This time the old pirate was beaten. Wearied by this struggle against a man of energy equal to his own, and in the enjoyment of the youth and vigor which he no longer possessed, he assembled his vessels in the spring of 897, and leaving definitively the English coast, he ascended the Seine and extorted from Charles the Simple a donation of land in the vicinity of Chartres. He established himself there; and Rollo found him there fifteen years later, spending in peace the remainder of his stormy life.

The Danes who remained in England had reacquired a taste for adventurous expeditions. They assembled along the coast of Northumberland to organize an attack on the southern portion of the kingdom; but Alfred had long resolved

to fight his enemies with their own weapons. Having ridded himself of Hastings, he had had time to look to his navy, and the Danes found themselves opposed by vessels larger and more rapid than their own. The struggle began on all sides. Wherever the pirates advanced to the attack, they found Saxon vessels to check them. The contests were of frequent occurrence; they were not invariably favorable to the Saxons, but the Danes suffered great losses: their ships would often founder on the coast, and the cargo would be lost. In 897, the last Danish ships disappeared from England. Alfred had now only to heal his country of the wounds left on it after all its struggles, which had cemented the union of the several kingdoms, in calling them all to the common defence under a single chief placed above them by reason of his conspicuous ability. After the war with the Danes, Alfred, who had merely assumed the title of King of Wessex, had added to his states Mercia, Wales, and Kent.

It was a kingdom composed of incongruous elements; but Alfred understood the management of them by reason of his far-seeing wisdom. In Mercia, originally peopled by the English, he established a viceroy chosen from their royal family, the Ealderman, or Duke Ethelred, and gave him his own daughter in marriage. When Ethelred died, after having faithfully served his father-in-law, the Mercians themselves placed in the hands of his widow Ethelfleda the reins of government.

Kent already belonged to Alfred. Its unhappy inhabitants, subject more than any others to the Danish invasions, had displayed the most passionate affection and gratitude towards the prince who had effected their deliverance. The Welsh chiefs swore allegiance to him. Alfred established one of them, Amorant, as viceroy of Wales, leaving him thus all his prerogatives and full command over his subjects.

While he was thus organizing his Saxon kingdom, Alfred was maintaining firm and friendly relations with the Danish kingdom, which he had allowed to be established near to his own. The propagation of Christianity amongst the pagans was his principal means of effecting the fusion of the races, which he foresaw, and which he hoped ardently to see accomplished, but which he could not completely finish during his own lifetime. Some laws were already in force and respected by both races: the crime of murder was punished in the same manner in each state, and Alfred caused the people to rigorously respect the treaties which bound them together, the pirates of East Anglia, who came to pursue their ravages along the coasts, being hanged without mercy. The Danes established in England had already become Englishmen in the eyes of Alfred, and were compelled to observe the laws of the English population.

But, although thus providing for the future, Alfred felt completely safe for the present. The Saxon kings had never maintained a standing army. At the time of an invasion, when the necessity for defending himself or attacking was felt by the sovereign, he would send into the boroughs and through the country a messenger carrying his sword, unsheathed, who would cry aloud: "Whoever shall not wish to be held a worthless fellow, let him leave his house and come and join in the expedition." But the day after the battle the warriors would disperse, and if the enemy should recommence hostilities, the king and the country found themselves unprepared. Alfred divided into two great divisions all his subjects capable of bearing arms: one was always on a war footing, ready to march against the enemy; the other portion of them would work in the fields and cultivate the soil until the very day when they would be called out to follow the golden dragon, while their companions would

disperse and quietly retire to their cottages. The king made use of these soldiers in fortifying towns, in constructing castles, and in putting the whole country in a position to defend itself. It was thus that he was able to withstand the attacks of Hastings, the most severe which England had as yet encountered.

So much wisdom and foresight on the part of Alfred naturally increased his regal importance and authority. Until this time, the Saxon kings had been essentially warriors; each "ealderman," or chief proprietor, ruled supreme in his own district, without troubling his sovereign; the clergy were nearly upon an equality with the king, and the offences committed against a bishop were punished with the same penalties as those committed against the king himself. Alfred re-established the royal supremacy by the force of his own intellectual superiority; his ealdermen became his officers; and his profound piety, as well as his respect for the clergy, did not prevent his disengaging himself from any servile submission to the Church. The priests had suffered and trembled more than any other class under the rule of the pagan Danes; they obeyed without a murmur the orders of their liberator.

Justice was but badly administered in England, divided though it had been for a long time into tythings, hundredths, and counties, and provided with local assemblies which corresponded to these territorial denominations. During the troubles which the Danish invasion had caused, and in the miseries which had followed, the Saxon proprietors had ceased to attend to their internal affairs; they neglected to select the judges. The assessors, or free men, who should be present on the occasion of any trial, to help the judge with their advice, no longer answered when called upon to do so; only small numbers of witnesses would appear. The king under-

took to re-establish order; he himself nominated the judges, and punished them severely when they ventured to give any decision in a case without previously consulting the assessors, whom he re-established in their original form—the germ of the institution now known as the jury. He was not even satisfied with all these cares; it often happened that he would revise the sentences of the judges, so zealously did he occupy himself with the administration of justice in his kingdom.

The judges hitherto had been charged with the civil administration as well as that of justice; they were succumbing under the weight of such onerous functions. Alfred relieved them, however, by nominating dukes, earls, and viscounts, who were intrusted with the administration of justice in the counties, the tithings, and hundreds. He himself compiled for these magistrates a code of laws borrowed, some from the old mode of legislation in Kent, Wessex, and Mercia, and others from the Bible, from the books of Moses as well as from the New Testament; and they all unmistakably bore the imprint of, and were modified by, the real Christian spirit which animated the king.

All these laws, the fruits of revealed wisdom or of the ancient experience of the people, Alfred submitted for approval to his subjects. "I have shown these laws to my wise men," said he, in the preamble at the beginning of his code, "and the result was that they were unanimous in wishing that they should be observed." These wise men, or "witan," forming an assembly called a "Witenagemote" (an assembly of wise men), no longer represented, under Alfred, the entire nation, as in the time when the Saxons still preserved in their simplicity their Germanic institutions. At that period all the free men (cearls), whether proprietors or not, composed part of it. By degrees the free men disappeared from

it, and the "thanes," or proprietors, alone remained; but the lower class of "thanes," although invested with the same rights as the royal "thanes," were less wealthy; it was more difficult for them to leave their affairs in order to repair to the Witenagemote. In the time of Alfred, these great proprietors alone made up this assembly of wise men, whose functions were as vaguely defined as the number and the periods of their meetings were uncertain, but who thenceforth maintained in England the principle of a national representative assembly, or the institution whereby the country undertakes its own government, which is the foundation and key of English history.

While Alfred was drawing up laws of an equitable and merciful character, while he was rebuilding the ruined convents and churches, and erecting new ones, he did not forget the poorest and most unhappy of his subjects. Slaves were numerous in England, and suffering under a heavy yoke. The king provided for their protection, granting to them the right of enjoying and transmitting to their heirs whatever goods they might have acquired; he even applied in favor of Christian slaves the Biblical law, granting to them their freedom at the end of six years of servitude. In his will he ordered that all the serfs on his entire domain should be emancipated. His example was followed: the serfs and the emancipated slaves became day by day more numerous, and began thenceforth to form in England the lower middle class, which did not yet exist anywhere upon the Continent.

So many efforts and so much foresight must necessarily have proceeded from a great and enlightened mind. Alfred had neglected nothing that might add to his stock of knowledge. He had not studied during his childhood, in spite of his ardent desire to acquire knowledge, for there were no intellectual resources at the court of King Ethelwulf. The

ancient kind of erudition which had already been remarkable in England, where the means of study, at the beginning of the eighth century, were far superior to anything of the kind which could be found upon the Continent, had become extinct during the wars with the Danes. "When I began to reign," wrote Alfred the Great, in the preface to his translation of the Pastoral of Gregory I., "very few people on this side of the Humber could say their daily prayers in English, or could explain in English a Latin epistle, and I suspect that there was not a greater number on the other side of the Humber." It was thus that, notwithstanding his eagerness to instruct himself, Alfred had arrived at the age of thirty-five years without understanding Latin, and he only began the study of it in 884, after having made prodigious efforts to secure masters who were to instruct himself and his people. In the way of embassies, presents, negotiations, he spared no trouble in order to attract John, the old Saxon of the monastery of Corbie; Grimbald, monk at Saint-Omer; and Plecmund, a learned Mercian, who had taken refuge in a solitary island of the county of Chester during the Danish wars, and whom he made archbishop of Canterbury; finally, he invited the monk Asser, living at the extremity of Wales, in the convent of St. David, whom he soon secured, not only as a master, but as a friend. It is to Asser that we owe a biography of Alfred, so minute in its details that it proves beyond question the great intimacy which existed between the monarch and the historian.

Alfred was looking about in all parts for learned men, and was studying Latin like a schoolboy; but he understood that the period of purely classical education had passed away. His childish taste for Saxon poetry had not been obliterated, and his reverence for his native tongue stimulated him to spread education among those of his subjects who were not

in a position to devote themselves to the Greek and Latin languages. "It has appeared to me very useful," he wrote to Bishop Wulfsege, "to choose a certain number of books, those which it is most important to render easily accessible to all, and to translate them into the language which we all understand. We shall thus easily insure, with God's help, and if peace continues, that all the youth of this nation, and particularly the young men of rich and free families, shall apply themselves to the study of letters, and shall not sacrifice their time in any other exercise than that of learning the Anglo-Saxon writers. The masters shall then teach the Latin language to those who shall wish to know more, and to attain a higher standard of instruction. After having reflected upon the nature of this instruction, I have chosen the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and which we call *The Book of the Pastor*. The learned men whom I have around me explained it to me, and when I fully arrived at the precise meaning of it, I translated it into Anglo-Saxon, sometimes literally, sometimes taking only the thoughts, and writing them in the manner which appeared best in order to make them easily comprehensible, and I have sent a copy of the work to each bishop in the kingdom."

After having begun this great work of clothing in a scarcely formed language the beauties of classical literature, Alfred did not remain idle. Impossible labors have been attributed to him; a translation of the entire Bible; the revision of a portion of *The Saxon Chronicles*, &c. It is positively known, however, that he translated, besides *The Pastor*, long fragments of *The Soliloquies* of St. Augustine, which he called *Culled Flowers*; *The Ecclesiastical History* of Bede; the historian Orosius; and the book of Boëthius on *The Consolation of Philosophy*. There even exist of his, some poems, translations or rather imitations of the verses which Boëthius had scat-

tered throughout his book, and which Alfred often altered to suit his own taste and the tastes of the race of men for whom he was writing.

How can such great tasks, which would have sufficed to fill up the lifetime of an author, have been accomplished during that of a king whose reign was partly taken up by his wars against the Danes? The good order which prevailed in all the undertakings of Alfred can alone answer this problem. Subject to violent attacks of sickness, loaded with work and with cares, he had divided his time into three parts: the first belonged to his regal duties; the second to his religion, to prayer and study; the third was devoted to his repasts, to sleep, and to bodily exercise; but the portion allotted to sleep was very short. The king was often awake during a great portion of the night, and having neither a clock, nor a sand time-measurer, he was struck with the idea of having some tapers or candles made, which should burn for a certain time, and by means of which he should be enabled to count the hours. Unluckily, however, a gust of wind would sometimes penetrate into the royal tent and make the candles burn too rapidly, and then the king would suddenly lose all means of reckoning the time, until the sun came to give him its infallible direction.

His strength was quickly consumed in this struggle against human weakness. When scarcely fifty-two years of age, Alfred was dying. He sent for his son Edward. "Come and stand beside me," he said; "I feel that my last moment is near; we must part. I am going to another world, and you will be alone with all my riches. I beg you, for you are my beloved child, strive to be a good master and a father to your people. Relieve the poor, support the weak, and apply yourself with all your might to the redress of wrongs. And then, my son, govern yourself according to your own

laws ; then the Lord will help you and will grant you His supreme reward. Invoke Him that He may advise and direct you in your difficulties, and He will help you to accomplish as well as possible your designs." It was in the same manner that, three hundred and fifty years later, when dying upon the shore at Tunis, St. Louis recommended his son to France. Great kings and great Christians both, although very different in character and ideas, Alfred and St. Louis both deserved the name of "pastors" of their people, which the gratitude of Englishmen has accorded to Alfred.

He died on the 20th of October, 901, after having reigned twenty-nine years, and he was interred at Winchester, in the monastery which he had founded there. It is not there, but at Wantage,—at the spot where he was born,—that the grateful memory of England caused the celebration of the jubilee on the occasion of the thousandth anniversary of the birthday of Alfred the Great. On the 25th of October, 1849, a vast concourse of people went to Wantage to do honor to the memory of a king so much beloved. The assemblage decided on the publication of his complete works, a monument less durable than the gratitude graven by his deeds on the heart of his people.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAXON AND DANISH KINGS.—THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND BY THE NORMANS. 901-1066.

ONE hundred and sixty-five years elapsed between the death of Alfred and the invasion of England by William the Conqueror. Two dynasties reigned during that period in England: first, the Saxon, which numbered ten sovereigns, and secondly the Danish, which was represented by four princes. The first of the Saxon kings, Edward, the son of Alfred, did not enjoy a very brilliant reign, but contrived to make his authority recognized, with the help of his sister Ethelfleda, widow of Ethelred, the viceroy of Mercia. He drove back the Danes into their territory, a portion of which he conquered, and, at the death of his sister, he annexed Mercia to his states, which he left, thus augmented, to his son Athelstan, when he died, in 925.

This young prince was brave as well as able. He placed the Welsh tribes, always ripe for revolt, under subjection, and imposed upon them an annual tribute of gold, silver, and cattle; he repelled the people of Cornwall, who had never been thoroughly subjected by Alfred. But the Danes had not accepted their defeat. King Olaf, who was established in Northumbria, and who had recently pushed his conquests so far in Ireland as to capture the town of Dublin, ascended the Humber with more than six hundred vessels; the Scots at the same time attacked the frontiers, and the Britons from Wales once more revolted. So many enemies rising suddenly

did not daunt Athelstan. He triumphed over his opponents: five Danish kings remained on the soil, as well as the king of Scotland's son. They all retired into their territories, there to remain until the end of the reign of Athelstan, whose court attained a degree of luxury hitherto unknown to the Saxon kings. It was there that Louis d'Outre-Mer took refuge when driven from France; and it was thence that he was recalled to the throne at the death of Charles the Simple. All England recognized the laws of Athelstan, and he had taken the title of King of the Anglo-Saxons, instead of the less assuming one of King of Wessex, when he died in 940, at the age of forty-seven years, leaving the throne to his brother Edmund. The reign of the latter, like that of his brother Edred, presents nothing remarkable with the exception of a series of battles with the Danes, who were sometimes daring and victorious, and sometimes beaten and repulsed. At the death of Edred, in 955, the Danes of Northumbria were apparently almost entirely subjected; their chiefs had lost the title of kings, and their territory was governed by an earl chosen by the Saxons. The progress had been great since the time of Alfred.

Young Edwy, the son of Edmund, was only fifteen years of age when he succeeded to the throne. The Danes left him in peace; but he commenced a struggle against the clergy of his kingdom, enemies more powerful than the "Sea-Kings." He had married Elgiva, a young and beautiful princess whose family was related to his own within the degree of kinship prohibited by the Church, and he refused to abandon his wife, as also to submit to be reproved by the archbishop of Canterbury, Odo, who was supported by the famous abbot of Glastonbury, Dunstan, renowned throughout England for his austere mode of living. On the occasion of the coronation of the young king, Dunstan, being annoyed, retired during

the banquet. Edwy flew into a passion, and threats were so quickly followed by action, that Dunstan was obliged to make his escape, and was immediately pursued by the emissaries of the king, who were instructed to burn out his eyes.

Archbishop Odo, however, had remained in England at the head of the austere party of the Church. The disagreement between the king and the clergy was growing more and more serious, when a revolt of the Danes took place in Northumbria and extended into Mercia. Soon afterwards Edgar, a younger brother of Edwy, until then king of Mercia, was declared the independent sovereign of the two provinces. Family afflictions assailed the young king at the same time: his wife had been seized in one of his castles by a wandering band of soldiers, and carried to Ireland, where her beautiful face had been disfigured by red-hot irons. Dunstan had just reappeared in England after a short period of exile, at the time when the young queen, who had been tended and looked after by the friends whom she had made in Ireland, and had now recovered from the effects of her disfigurement, was returning to England to rejoin her husband. She was stopped, however, near Gloucester by her implacable enemies, who no doubt credited her with a fatal influence over her husband. She was so cruelly mutilated by them that she died a few days afterwards. Edwy survived her but a short time, and died at the age of nineteen in 958. The beauty of his personal appearance had gained him the title of Edwy the Fair.

When Edgar ascended the throne of his brother Edwy, Dunstan shared it with him; and whatever may have been the part played by him in the events of the last reign, the authority of the king bore, in the hands of the monk, the fruits of order and justice. The Danes, attached to young Edgar, who had been brought up amongst them, submitted

voluntarily to his authority. Their territory was divided and placed under the rule of several earls; the fleet, greatly augmented, kept the "Sea-Kings" in constant fear; and the young sovereign of England, assisted by his able minister, who had become archbishop of Canterbury, traversed his state every year, presiding at courts of justice, and gathering around him the principal chiefs of each province. Ardent and ambitious, Dunstan was at the same time of a firm disposition and character; his practical knowledge was as conspicuous as his religious zeal. He was one of that great race of priests whose influence, pre-eminent in the middle ages, was the source of much good and evil alike, until the period when the magnitude of their pretensions and the abuse of their power brought about the great revolt of the Reformation. It was under King Edgar that the Welshmen saw their annual tribute of gold and silver commuted for an annual presentation of three hundred wolves' heads, a measure which insured the destruction of these ferocious animals, who were very numerous in England.

King Edgar, who was under the authority of Dunstan, contrived, however, sometimes to escape from his influence and to indulge in all kinds of excesses; but the archbishop on such occasions would reprove him severely. He imposed upon him as a penance, for a serious transgression, the disuse of his golden crown during a period of seven years — a severe punishment for the vain Edgar, who dearly loved to bestow upon himself titles as pompous as those of the Oriental princes. Death soon put an end to this penance. Edgar died in 975, leaving two sons. The elder, Edward, who succeeded him, had been born of his first wife; the younger, Ethelred, was the son of the beautiful but treacherous Elfrida, for whom the king had conceived a violent passion, and whom he had married after the death of her husband. Edgar was even

accused of having wilfully killed the latter in the hunting-field.

Whatever crime may have been committed by the king in order to gain the hand of Elfrida, the expiation fell to the lot of his children. From the commencement of his reign, the young Edward, although supported by Archbishop Dunstan, sat very insecurely upon his throne, which was undermined by intrigues in favor of his brother Ethelred. Three years after his accession, Edward was hunting one day in Dorsetshire, when he conceived the fatal idea of paying a visit to his brother, who was then residing in Corfe Castle. It may be, that on his arrival he was struck with a terrible presentiment at the sight of his step-mother Elfrida, for he refused to dismount, and asked only for some refreshment in order to drink to the health of the queen. A goblet was brought to him; but while he was carrying it to his lips, a dagger was plunged in his back. His body quivered with agony, and the horse, alarmed, rushed away, carrying across the forest the body of the young king, held fast by the stirrups. When the body was found, it was disfigured by the shrubs and the stones of the roads, and the long fair hair of the murdered king was clotted by blood and dirt. Queen Elfrida had accomplished her object, but not without trouble; for the young Ethelred, grieved at the death of his brother, burst in tears, which irritated his mother to such a degree that he nearly fell a victim to her blows. There remained no other heir to the throne: Dunstan and his friends decided, not without some reluctance, to recognize the claims of the son of Elfrida; but in crowning him, Dunstan, it is said, gave utterance to some sinister predictions concerning the misfortunes which threatened his reign, and it was he who gave to this young king that title of "unready," which the latter seemed only too anxious to justify.

For several years the Danes who were established in England seemed to have identified themselves with the Saxon race; the invasions of the Norsemen had ceased, occupied as they were with devastating the coasts of France, which were but badly defended by the feeble Carolingians. But a new dynasty was about to be established in France, more powerful and more warlike than the descendants of Charlemagne. Already the Danes began to return to their old habits, and to turn their vessels towards the English coasts. The son of the king of Denmark, Prince Sweyn, resolved to seek his fortune in foreign lands. A band of bold adventurers gathered round him, and after several little preliminary expeditions, they landed in 991 on the coast of East Anglia, between Ipswich and Maldon. They hoped to find friends there among the Danes who had formerly settled in that territory; but Earl Brethnolte, who was in command there, although a Dane by birth, remained faithful to his new country and religion; he fought valiantly against his brothers from across the seas, and was killed in battle. King Ethelred became frightened; he sent offers of money to the Norsemen. The latter accepted ten thousand pounds of silver, which they stowed away in their long vessels; and carrying with them the head of Count Brethnolte, they started to return to their own country. But the plan of defence, so often resorted to by the Carolingian kings in France, was a sure means of bringing back the "Sea-Kings" the following year. Soon Ethelred found himself compelled to establish a regular tax which was known as "dane-geld" (Danish money), and which served to pay the ever-increasing tribute exacted by the pirates. In 993 the Danes of Northumbria and of East Anglia rose up to support their countrymen in invading the country. Sweyn had become king of Denmark, and had the whole forces of that country at his command. In 994 his ships appeared off the English

coasts, accompanied by the vessels of Olaf, king of Norway, his ally. The invaders encountered no resistance from the king, nor any serious opposition from his subjects. Silver was again offered; but this time, as though to lessen the humiliation of the treaty, the Saxons demanded the conversion of the Danes to Christianity. Sweyn did not hesitate to accede to this: he caused himself to be baptized, a ceremony which was considered very unimportant by the majority of the pirates, some of whom openly boasted that they had been washed twenty times in the baptismal water. But Sweyn's ally, King Olaf, who was sincerely touched, and moved, no doubt, by the grace of God, made a vow never to return to invade England, and kept his promise. Sweyn reappeared alone the following years. In 1001 the Danes overran the country, from the Isle of Wight to Bristol, without meeting with the slightest resistance. The price of their withdrawal that year amounted to twenty thousand pounds of silver.

The Danes had disappeared; but the unlucky king of England had become involved in fresh difficulties, through his quarrels with Richard, Duke of Normandy. A fleet was being raised against him on the Norman coast when Richard died, leaving to his son Richard II. the burden of carrying on the war. The interference of the Pope put an end to the quarrel, which was followed by the marriage of Ethelred with the Countess Emma, sister of Richard, who was called the "flower of Normandy." Ethelred already had six sons and four daughters by his first wife.

The young queen had just arrived in England, and the rejoicings were scarcely at an end, when a prolonged cry was heard throughout the country. Either by a spontaneous movement, or in consequence of secret orders, the Saxons had risen in every direction and had slaughtered the Danes who were established in their midst, and whose reiterated insults had

become unendurable. "A Norseman is equal to ten Saxons," the Danish lords haughtily said; but the ten Saxons united had triumphed over the Norsemen. Taken by surprise on the 13th of November, St. Brice's Day, "women, old men, and children, good and wicked, big and little, pagans and Christians," perished under the effects of the popular hate and revenge. The sister of King Sweyn, Gunhilda, who had embraced the Christian faith in order to marry Palric, Earl of Northumbria, a chief of Danish extraction, saw her husband and children murdered before her eyes, and afterwards encountered the general fate herself. "My brother will drown your country in blood when he avenges me," she exclaimed when dying.

Gunhilda had not been mistaken. Already the news of the crime which had been committed in England had spread to Denmark; an immense fleet was being prepared. The Norsemen, actuated this time by their thirst for revenge as well as by their natural love of plunder, were gathering eagerly round their king; not a serf, not a freedman, not an old soldier was admitted into this chosen band; the free-men, in the flower of their youth and strength, alone had the privilege of avenging their brothers slaughtered in a foreign land.

The ships of the Sea-Kings were resplendent with the golden and silver ornaments with which they were decked, from prow to stern, when the Great Dragon, with King Sweyn on board, came first to land, in the neighborhood of Exeter. The defence of the town had been intrusted to a Norman, Count Hugo, who had come from France with Queen Emma. He betrayed King Ethelred, and gave up the town to the invaders. Having pillaged and burnt down Exeter, the Danes spread throughout Wiltshire. On arriving at a farm, or at a house or a village, they would order the trem-

bling inmates to prepare a meal; then, having satiated their appetites with meat and mead, they would murder the inmates upon the threshold of their huts, which they would then burn down, and remount their horses to go forth and extend their fearful ravages.

The Saxon king meanwhile was organizing an army; but he had intrusted the command of it to the Mercian Elfric, the chief who had already upon a previous occasion betrayed him, and whose son's eyes had been put out in consequence as a punishment. Arrived before Sweyn and his army, Elfric declared that he was taken ill; and recalling his soldiers, who were prepared for the struggle, he allowed Sweyn to pass with the enormous booty that he was going to place on board his ships before descending upon the Eastern Counties, which all suffered in the same manner. When the Danes returned into their country, in 1004, they were escaping, not from the Saxon arms, but from the famine which their ravages had brought upon England.

In vain did King Ethelred solicit the help of his brother-in-law, Richard, the Norman duke; the disdain which he evinced towards his young wife had irritated the Normans to such a degree that their duke had caused to be thrown into prison all English subjects who happened to be within his dominion. Ethelred therefore found himself alone and a prey to the pirates, who reappeared in 1006 upon the English coasts. England was exhausted. Scarcely had the Danes left a house, after exacting a ransom for each member of the family and for each head of cattle, than the king's collectors would follow in their steps, demanding the sums necessary for paying off the invaders, and imposing a fresh penalty for the punishment of the unhappy wretches who had given money to the Danes.

While the Saxon king was plundering his subjects in order

to pay an ever-increasing "danegeld," while the people, exhausted, were writhing under the double extortion of the conquerors and of the legitimate sovereign, an old man was enabled, single-handed, to resist the demands of the proud Danes. The archbishop of Canterbury, Elphege, had for twenty days defended his town against the reiterated assaults of the enemy, when a traitor opened the gates to the Danes. They rushed into the place, mad with anger and thirsting for revenge. They sent for the old archbishop, who had not sought refuge in any hiding-place. He was brought forth, bound in chains, before their chief, Thurkill. "Buy your life," cried the chief, touched with compassion. "I have no money," the archbishop calmly replied. The Danes were beginning to close round him. "He is a servant of God," said Thurkill; "perhaps he is poor." And he suggested a small sum as ransom for the archbishop. "Prevail upon your king to collect together the value of all his property, so that we may leave England," he added. The old man looked at him impassively. "I have not the money which you ask for," he repeated, "and I shall not urge the king to further oppress his people in order to purchase your departure." The eyes of the Dane flashed with anger; he no longer endeavored to protect the archbishop against his soldiers. But the firmness of the old man had produced a wonderful effect upon them: he was led into prison without suffering the slightest injury. Towards dusk, when he was alone, his brother found a means of reaching him; he brought the sum fixed upon for the ransom of the archbishop. "No," the latter said, "I cannot consent to enrich the enemies of my country." The Danes came hourly, urging the old man to purchase his freedom. "You will urge me in vain," at last said Elphege; "I am not the man to provide Christian flesh for pagan teeth, by robbing my flock to enrich their

enemies." The pirates had lost all patience; it was late; they were already heated with drink; they dragged the old man out of prison. "Gold, bishop! Give us gold!" they all cried together, and they closed round him threateningly. The old man was silent; he was praying. Hustled, beaten, wounded, the archbishop fell upon a pile of bones, the remains of the rude banquet. His enemies seized these primitive weapons, and he fell under their blows. A Dane, to whom he was still preaching the gospel an hour before, and whom he had baptized with his own hands, at length took a hatchet and put an end to the old man's agony.

While Elphege was resisting and dying, Ethelred was submitting and paying an enormous sum of money, abandoning at the same time several counties to the Danes. Thurkill settled in England, after swearing fidelity to the Saxon monarch. His conquests excited the envy of Sweyn. In the following year a large fleet appeared in the Humber, and landed near York. This time the invaders planted their lances in the ground, or threw them into the rivers, to intimate that they took possession of the soil. The Saxons offered no resistance. Sweyn had overrun all the Midland and Northern Counties, and, leaving the fleet to the care of his son Canute, he marched towards the South. He was stopped near London, where the king had taken refuge, and where the brave citizens stood firm behind their massive walls. Sweyn did not attempt to conquer their town; he turned towards the West, and all Devonshire received him with open arms. He was proclaimed king at Bath. Ethelred was gradually losing the little power which he still retained. He suddenly left London, which surrendered soon afterwards, and he took refuge in the Isle of Wight. From thence he sent his wife Emma to Normandy with the two sons whom she had borne to him, Edward and Alfred. In spite of his disagreements

with his brother-in-law, the Duke Richard received his sister with so much kindness that Ethelred soon followed her, and arrived at Rouen while Sweyn was taking the title of King of England. (January, 1013.)

Titles are easily taken, but conquests are sometimes difficult to keep. Six weeks after the flight of the Saxon king the Danish king died suddenly at Gainsborough, and the power was slipping from the hands of his son Canute. The nobility and people of England had recalled Ethelred to the throne; they added, however, the words "providing that he will govern us better than heretofore." The king did not rely entirely upon the promises of his subjects. He sent his son Edward to negotiate with the principal chief. When he re-entered London, his first care was to declare that no Danish prince could have any pretensions to the throne; but Canute had already been proclaimed king by his army and by the Danes established in England, and the war had recommenced. Ethelred died in the year 1016, in the midst of all this confusion, and at the time when the Danes were preparing to lay siege to London.

Three sons by his first wife yet remained to Ethelred. One of them, Edmund, called "Ironsides" on account of his strength and prowess, had already commanded the armies during the lifetime of his father; he was proclaimed king. But the country was divided; the Danes established throughout the kingdom were powerful and numerous; treason crept even into the most intimate councils of the new king. Twice he delivered London when besieged; he fought five pitched battles, and repulsed on several occasions the Danes, driving them northwards. At length he proposed to Canute that they should decide their pretensions to the crown by the appeal to arms in single combat. Unlike the majority of his race, Canute was not tall, and he was quite unfitted to sustain

a struggle against the gigantic stature of Edmund. "Let us rather divide the kingdom, as our ancestors did before us," he said. The two armies received this proposition with acclamation. The North of England was allotted to Canute, and Edmund contented himself with the South, with a nominal right of sovereignty over the whole kingdom. One month afterwards, the Saxon king was dead, and Canute, convoking the "Wittenagemot" of the South, protested that the treaty contained no stipulation in favor of Edmund's heirs. The chiefs declared themselves of the same opinion; the Dane was proclaimed king of all England, and the children of Ironsides were placed in his hands.

Canute had proclaimed an amnesty; but on seizing power, he immediately proscribed all the partisans of Edmund whom he did not put to death. "Whoever brings me the head of an enemy shall be dearer to me than a brother," said he. Many heads were brought to him. The Wittenagemot which had until then excluded from the throne all the Danish princes, voted the same sentence against the Saxon princes. Canute, however, had not assassinated the children of Edmund; he sent them to his ally, the king of Sweden — no doubt, with sinister intentions; but the innocence and beauty of his victims touched the heart of the proud Scandinavian: he could not keep them by his side, and he therefore sent them to the court of the king of Hungary, St. Stephen, who received them kindly and brought them up carefully. One of them, Edmund, died early; the second, Edward, subsequently married Agatha, daughter of the emperor of Germany, and we shall see his children reappear in history.

The Duke Richard of Normandy did not protest, in the name of his nephews, against the elevation of Canute; on the contrary, he even offered his sister, widow of Ethelred, in marriage to the Dane. Canute accepted this offer, and

the Norman princess found herself placed for the second time on the throne of England, which was so dear to her heart that, in order to reach it, she stifled all her natural instincts. As soon as she had borne a son to Canute, she lost all affection for the children whom she had left in France, and who became more and more Normans by habit during their prolonged absence from England.

Power has different effects upon different men: it hardens and corrupts some, while it humanizes and exalts others. Canute made good use of his power, and when he was delivered from the enemies whom he dreaded most, his government became less severe and more regular than that of the recent Saxon kings. The English followed their new chief in all his wars, and fought valiantly at his side to secure to him the crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The viceroy of Wales refused to render homage to Canute, whom he treated as a usurper; Malcolm, king of Scotland, upheld the rights of the descendants of Ethelred to the throne of England. The Normans did not lend any help in these demonstrations, and Canute triumphed over the Welsh and the Scotch.

The influence of the Christian religion was slowly but surely producing a good effect on the fierce Danes. Sweyn had been baptized, but he had afterwards sunk again into pagan practices. His son constructed churches and monasteries, and made a solemn pilgrimage to Rome, on foot and with a wallet on his back, to obtain forgiveness for the crimes which he had committed. Already, in the midst of a warlike life, a sense of justice seemed to have developed itself in his soul: he had been guilty of killing a soldier in an outburst of passion; he descended from his throne, convoked his chiefs, and asked them to impose a penalty upon him. All remained silent. The king insisted, however, promising not to be offended.

The chiefs left it to his own discretion, and Canute condemned himself to pay a fine of three times as much as the sum fixed by the Danish law, as the penalty for murdering a soldier, adding at the same time nine golden talents as compensation.

Having returned to England after his pilgrimage to Rome and a journey to Denmark, Canute applied himself to the administration of the laws which he had promulgated. "I will have no money acquired by unjust means," he had said in a letter to Archbishop Elfric. The latter portion of the reign of the Dane was not characterized by any crime or act of oppression. Canute had learned that there was a tribunal above to which he owed respect and submission. One day, as his courtiers were over-rating his power, the king ordered that his throne should be placed upon the margin of the sea. The tide was rising. Canute, seated on the beach, ordered the waves to stop in their onward course. "Ocean," he said, "the earth upon which I sit is mine; you form a portion of my dominions; do not rise as far as my feet; I forbid you." The sea still continued rising; it was already bathing the king's mantle, when he turned to his flatterers. "You see," he said, "what human power is, compared to that of Him who says to the sea, 'Thou shalt go no further.'" And, depositing his golden crown in the cathedral of Winchester, he refused thereafter to wear that emblem of sovereignty.

Canute died in 1035, leaving three sons: Harold and Sweyn, born of a Danish mother; and Hardicanute, son of Princess Emma. He had divided his states among his children, leaving England to Harold, Denmark to Hardicanute, and Norway to Sweyn. These two last princes already, no doubt, exercised some authority in their dominions, for both were in the North when their father died. But England was wont to

have a voice in questions of succession; and Canute left behind him a powerful favorite, who was inclined to further the interests of Hardicanute. This favorite was Earl Godwin, a nobleman of Saxon extraction, formerly but a simple herdsman in the county of Warwick. During the struggle between Edmund and Canute, a Danish chieftain, named Ulf, had lost his way in a forest, in the evening after a battle. He had walked in vain all night, when, at daybreak, he met a young countryman who was driving a herd of cattle. "What is your name?" asked the Dane. "I am Godwin, son of Ulfuoth," said the young man; "and you are a Danish soldier." The warrior hesitated. "It is true," he said at length. "But could you tell me the way to my countrymen's ships, on the sea-coast?" Godwin shook his head. "He is a very foolish Dane," he said, "who expects a favor from a Saxon." And he hurried on his cattle. Ulf insisted. "There are many of my countrymen close to us," replied the herdsman; "they would spare neither me nor you if they should meet us." The chieftain silently offered him the heavy golden ring which he wore on his finger. Godwin looked at him. "I will accept nothing from you," he said; "but I will try and show you the way."

They came to Godwin's hut. He invited the Dane in. "Remember," said the herdsman's father to the Dane, "that he is my only son, and that he sacrifices his safety for you. Try and find employment for him at your king's court." Ulf promised to do so, and kept his word. Canute took a fancy to the young Saxon, who had attained the rank of governor of a province when the king died. He immediately declared himself in favor of the son of Emma, who was not so thoroughly Danish as his brothers. Leofric, governor of Mercia, took up the cause of Harold, in common with all the northern chiefs. The town of London followed their example. War



CANUTE AND HIS COURTIERS.



was about to break out; but the Wittenagemote convoked at Oxford allotted all the provinces north of the Thames to Harold, and those on the south to Hardicanute.

While Queen Emma and Godwin were thus striving to secure the power for the young king of Denmark, the latter lingered in his northern possessions, and had not yet set his foot in England. His Norman brothers, sons of Ethelred and Emma, had been more prompt. Scarcely had the news of the death of Canute reached Normandy, when the elder of the two princes, Edward, who subsequently became Edward the Confessor, landed at Southampton with a few ships. But Queen Emma's natural affection was confined to her son by Canute: she raised the country against her eldest child, who was obliged to retire precipitately. His ill-success did not discourage his brother Alfred; and, the following year (1037), the two princes received a letter, coming, it was said, from their mother, urging them to come secretly to England, where the people were anxious to have a king of Saxon origin to rule over them. Alfred immediately embarked for England, followed by some troops from Normandy and Boulogne. He landed in the neighborhood of Herne Bay. Godwin had come to meet him and appeared friendly; but, either from premeditated treason, or from annoyance at seeing the strangers who accompanied the prince, Godwin altered his mind, and took Alfred to Guildford, lodging the Normans in the houses of that town. In the dead of night, while the little band of soldiers were asleep, Harold's soldiers surrounded Guildford; the Normans were made prisoners, Godwin meanwhile not appearing on the scene to defend them, and a fearful massacre took place at daylight. Six hundred men, it is said, were slaughtered in cold blood, and the unhappy Alfred was dragged to London, from whence Harold sent him, bound hand and foot, to the Isle of Ely. He appeared before a

Danish council of war, and was condemned to have his eyes put out, as a disturber of the public peace. He died a few days afterwards. Harold soon sent Queen Emma into exile, and Godwin having sworn allegiance to him, he was proclaimed king of all England, not, however, without some dissatisfaction on the part of the Saxons. The archbishop of Canterbury, Ethelnoth, who was a Saxon, refused to crown him. Depositing on the altar the royal emblems, he exclaimed, "I will not give them to you. I do not forbid you to take them, but I refuse to bestow my benediction upon you, and no bishop shall consecrate your throne." It is said that, thereupon, Harold seized the crown, and placed it upon his head with his own hands. Some chroniclers state that he subsequently found favor with the archbishop; but the Dane was more than half pagan; he had abandoned the Christian Church. When divine service was being celebrated, when the bells were ringing, and the priests were mounting the altars, he would let loose his dogs, and start for the forest to enjoy the pleasure of hunting or racing; a fondness for which pastimes won him the name of "Harefoot." He died in 1040, at the time when his brother Hardicanute had just repaired to Flanders, where Queen Emma had taken refuge, to consult her preparatory to attempting an invasion of England. Soon afterwards an embassy of Danish chieftains and English counts came unsolicited and offered him his brother's throne. He thereupon came to England with his mother.

Hardicanute, like his predecessors, was thoroughly Danish by nature; he gave himself up to the pleasures of the table, surrounding himself at the same time by the chieftains whom he had brought over with him from the North; despising and oppressing the Saxons, from whom he still exacted danegeld, as in the old times of the invasions. He had attributed his brother's misfortunes to Godwin; but the count had been

able to justify himself before a council, in spite of public opinion which condemned him. The presents which he had offered to the king had had the effect of putting an end to the prosecution. Hardicanute had accepted from him a magnificent ship covered with burnished metal, ornamented with gold, and manned by eighty warriors furnished with every kind of weapon. By degrees power had returned entirely into the hands of Godwin and Emma, when, in 1042, Hardicanute, at a banquet, fell a victim to the excesses of every kind to which he was accustomed.

The Saxon earl had resolved to deliver his country from the Danish yoke. He immediately sent for Prince Edward, who was still in Normandy, and was more a monk than a prince. The popular feeling in his favor which enabled Edward to return to England, was shared and fostered by the very man to whom he attributed his brother's death; but the new king was powerless and a stranger in the country which recalled him after an exile which he had endured during nearly the whole of his lifetime. He dissembled and accepted the hand of Edith, daughter of Godwin, a good and gentle princess who "was born of Godwin as the rose is born in the midst of thorns," the chroniclers say. Edward was always cold towards her, and he manifested something more than coldness towards Queen Emma. He could not forget how she had repulsed him, and how she had failed to do anything to defend her son Alfred — even if she had not actually allured him to his ruin. He ordered her to remain within her domains, which had been greatly reduced, and refused to see her any more.

The power which Edward had regained was, however, scarcely more than nominal. The "Great Earl," as Godwin was called, had exacted the value of his services. He and his six sons held possession of nearly all the South of Eng-

land. Besides this, his rival, Earl Leofric, was all-powerful in Mercia. Siward held the whole of the North, from the Humber to the frontiers of Scotland. Happily for the king, all these chieftains were opposed to each other. Edward took advantage of their rivalries, trying from time to time to redress the wrongs of the people, who were oppressed and deprived of all power. But in vain did he suppress the danegeld; in vain did he inspire an almost superstitious veneration towards himself in his subjects by reason of the austerity of his life: the English never forgave him for the affection which he manifested towards the Normans and his preference for them, which induced him not only to surround himself with the friends of his younger days, but to lavish all the favors on them which he had at his disposal. The king's ordinary conversation was carried on in the Norman language; he dressed in Norman fashion; he raised to clerical dignities the Norman priests who had come over with him, and thus contrived to excite considerable jealousy in the people,—all which increased the influence of Godwin.

An event happened which caused their animosity to break out openly. Eustace of Boulogne, the brother-in-law of King Edward, who had married the latter's sister, the Lady Goda, landed in England with a numerous suite of troops from Boulogne and Normandy. He was received in a very friendly manner by the king, and loaded with presents. He was returning home, when, on arriving at Dover, some of the inhabitants resisted the action of the strangers in unceremoniously taking up their quarters in the town. Eustace's soldiers, greatly incensed, killed those who closed the gate at their approach. The whole town rose against them in consequence of this act; they were beaten and routed. They took refuge in Gloucester, where King Edward was staying, who ordered Earl Godwin to impose a punishment on the inhabitants of

Dover. Godwin told the king to inquire into the affair. Edward, however, summoned Godwin to appear before him. The earl was in no hurry to do so. Uneasy at the king's projects, he began to raise troops throughout his dominions, and his son Harold did likewise. Godwin soon found himself at the head of a considerable force. The king summoned to his aid Leofric, Count of Mercia, and Siward, Earl of Northumbria. These two great rivals of Godwin immediately advanced with an army; but the old hatred between the Danes and the Saxons had almost worn itself out. The soldiers from the North considered themselves English as well as those from the South, and they all murmured at the idea of coming to blows. It was agreed to lay the subject before the Wittenagemot; but, in the meanwhile, before the meeting of the assembly, Godwin's soldiers, who were nearly all volunteers, were slowly dispersing, while the king had collected together a numerous army. When the Wittenagemot began to sit, the earl and his sons were summoned to appear and establish their innocence. They hesitated, however, being unwilling to trust to the impartiality of the judges; and, in consequence of the decision which was come to in their absence, they were banished, driven from England within five days, and condemned to have all their goods confiscated. Godwin, his wife, and three of their sons sought refuge at the court of Flanders. Harold and his brother Leofwin fled to Ireland. Edward consigned to a convent the only person of Godwin's family remaining in England, Queen Edith. "It is not advisable," said the Norman courtiers, "that she should live in luxury and with wealth at her command, while her relations are suffering from such misfortunes."

Delivered from the ambitious and powerful Godwin, Edward was beginning to feel himself a king in reality. He took advantage of this to surround himself with those persons only

who were personally devoted to him. Among others whom he wished to see at his court was the Duke of Normandy, William the Bastard, as he was called, his mother being the daughter of a tanner at Falaise. Edward was still an exile in Normandy, when the Duke Robert, William's father, conceived the idea of making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to obtain forgiveness for his sins. These expeditions were of frequent occurrence among the Normans. The barons represented, however, to the duke that it would be inexpedient to thus leave his dominions without a ruler. "By my faith," answered Robert, "I will not leave you lordless! I have a little bastard son who will grow up, please God: accept him from this moment; I invest him with this duchy before you all." The Normans did as the duke proposed, "because it suited them to do so," the chronicle says, and all the chiefs came, one after the other, and placed their rough hands between those of the child, swearing allegiance to him.

But scarcely had the duke, his father, started than the murmuring began. The Normans were proud, restless, unmanageable; it was repugnant to their feelings to live under the dominion of a child and a bastard; a war soon broke out; the partisans of young William carried him off, but the king of France came to their aid. When the child had reached manhood, he soon manifested rare courage and a strong and ungovernable will, as well as that ambitious disposition which was destined to make the fortune of himself and his partisans. He was twenty-seven years old when he came to England in 1050 to the court of King Edward.

He might almost have imagined that he was not really out of his dominions: a Norman was in command of the fleet near Dover; Norman soldiers were in possession of a fort near Canterbury; and as he advanced into the country, other Normans, priests and laymen, gathered round him. King

Edward received him in a very friendly manner, and made him presents of arms, horses, dogs, and hawks; it is not known whether William was incited by any hint from Edward to claim the inheritance of this rich kingdom, which was to be without a master at the death of the king. Edward did not mention it, and the duke could keep his secrets.

He had just returned to Normandy, when Count Godwin appeared upon the coast of Kent with three ships; he had sent some emissaries to his numerous friends, and the entire population had risen in his favor. At the same time his sons Harold and Leofwin, coming from Ireland, joined him with a small army.

The father and his sons sailed round the coast, and everywhere met with followers. When they at length landed at Sandwich, nobody ventured to resist them. King Edward was in London, collecting together his warriors, who came forward very slowly. Godwin's vessels had ascended the Thames and found themselves under the very walls of London. They soon passed the bridge, and landed their troops. The king meanwhile did not stir.

Godwin had arrived at the capital without discharging an arrow or unsheathing a sword; he sent a message to the king in which he demanded the remission of the sentence which had been pronounced against him. Edward was aware of the desperate state of his affairs,* but he was incensed at the daring of the earl, and refused to listen to his demands. Several other messages were delivered. The king at this critical moment was still surrounded by his Norman favorites. He could not order his vessels to attack those of Godwin, for the crews had been gained over by the insurgents; but Edward remained inflexible. The Normans who were with him foresaw the issue of the conflict, and feared the vengeance of Godwin. They began to fly. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert, and the Bishop

of London, William, mounted their horses and fought their way to the sea-coast, where they embarked. The king at length surrendered; a Wittenagemot was convoked, and the sentence of banishment pronounced against Godwin and his sons was annulled and transferred to the Normans, who were in their turn expelled from England. Queen Edith reappeared in her husband's palace. Godwin and his family regained their honors and property. The younger of the sons and one of the grandsons of the great earl were the only hostages given to the king, who confided them to the keeping of the Duke of Normandy. Sweyn, in expiation of his former sins, gave up both his titles and his wealth to perform a pilgrimage barefooted to Jerusalem. He died long before reaching the Holy Land.

Peace seemed re-established in England, but the king still nourished the bitterest hatred against Godwin. The peace would probably not have been of long duration had not the death of the earl, which took place in 1053, put an end to their rivalry. The Norman chronicles relate that he was seated at the royal table, when a servant, accidentally losing his balance, supported himself by leaning against another. "There," said Godwin, laughing, "that is how brother helps brother." "Yes, certainly," said the king, "one brother requires the help of another, and I would to God that mine were still alive." "King," cried Godwin, "how comes it that at the slightest remembrance of your brother, you always look so fiercely at me? If I helped to cause his misfortune even indirectly, may the Lord of Heaven prevent my swallowing this piece of bread." At that moment, while carrying the bread to his mouth, the earl had a fit of choking, and fell back, "struck down by the hand of Providence." He died a few days afterwards, almost at the same moment as his old rival, Siward, Count of Northumbria. The latter was ill and bedridden, when

he said, "Lift me up, that I may die standing, like a soldier, and not lying down like a cow; give me my cuirass and helmet, that I may die armed." It is this old Siward whom Shakspeare represents in *Macbeth*, inquiring anxiously, before mourning the death of his son, about the situation of the fatal wounds, and consoling himself amid his grief with the thought that they had all been received in front, and that his son had died like a brave warrior.

The son whom Siward left was too young to succeed him in the government of his vast dominions, which were presented to Tostig, one of Godwin's sons. Harold had all the estates of his father left to him, and although very loath to do so, he gave up the command of the eastern territories which he had hitherto held, to Elfgar, son of Leofric of Mercia.

King Edward was much attached to Harold, the bravest and best of Godwin's sons; and the English people shared this affection with him. Tostig, on the contrary, soon caused himself to be detested in Northumbria. The people organized an insurrection in 1066, and he was driven from his territories. The king instructed Harold to quell the insurrection, but the latter knew his brother well, and understood the grievances of the people whom he had oppressed. He made proposals to the Northumbrians of a conference for peace, endeavoring at the same time to exonerate his brother, and promising that the latter's conduct should be more worthy in future. The insurgents refused haughtily. "A proud and overbearing chief is unendurable to us," they said; "we have learned from our ancestors to live free or die." Harold himself conveyed the message of the Northumbrians to the king, and Morcar, son of Elfgar, was elected in place of Tostig, who took refuge at the court of Flanders.

Edward was growing old, and he had no children. His devotion was becoming day by day more fervent. He thought

of making a pilgrimage to Rome, but the Wittenagemot opposed it. For the first time the king thought of his nephew Edward, son of Edmund Ironsides, who was still in Hungary, where he had been brought up. He sent for him. Edward Atheling, as he was called, immediately set out with his wife, daughter of the emperor of Germany, and also with his three children, Edward, Margaret, and Christiana. The English people were delighted. The memory of "Ironsides" had remained popular, and his son was received with acclamation. But this was only by the people, for the king, who had sent for his nephew with the evident intention of making him his heir, never saw his face. By reason of some intrigues, probably of Harold, the interview was delayed, and before it could take place the prince died in London, where he was buried, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Godwin's son was rapidly approaching the throne.

For more than ten years, Harold's brother, Wulfnoth, and his nephew Heaco had been in Normandy, intrusted to the care of the Duke William, as Godwin's hostages. The count conceived a desire to go and set them free. The old king tried to persuade Harold to abandon his project, either on account of his esteem for him, or because he had, as some chroniclers say, made a will in favor of the Duke of Normandy, and wished to keep this fact a secret from Harold. "I will not hinder you," said the king, "but if you go, it is not by my wish, for your journey will assuredly bring down some misfortune upon our country. I know the Duke William and his astute mind; he hates you, and will grant you nothing, unless he sees some advantage for himself in doing so; the way to make him give up the hostages would be to send somebody else."

Harold was young and presumptuous; he did not heed the advice of the old king, but embarked at a port in Sussex

near Bosham, with his companions. The wind was unfavorable, and the two little ships were dashed ashore at the mouth of the river Somme, in the dominions of Guy, count of Ponthieu. According to the usage of the time, the crew were taken to the count, who was entitled to claim them, and they were shut up in the citadel of Beaurain, near Montreuil.

Harold had declared himself to be the bearer of a message from the king of England to the duke of Normandy, and William claimed the prisoners; but the count of Ponthieu only parted with them for a ransom. Harold was taken to the duke at Rouen. The latter received the Englishmen magnificently, and at once gave up to them the hostages, only asking Harold to prolong his stay in Normandy. The Saxon consented to do so, finding ample amusement in observing the luxury and civilized customs which he met with for the first time among the Normans.

The Duke William had conferred upon his guests the spurs of knighthood, and he proposed that, in order to enable them to display their prowess, they should accompany him on an expedition into Brittany. As long as the war lasted, Harold and William lived under a single tent and dined at the same table. On one occasion, after the Saxons had distinguished themselves by their warlike feats, the two chiefs were returning home together on horseback. William was speaking of his old relations with King Edward. "When Edward and I lived like brothers, under the same roof," he said, "he promised me, that if ever he should become king of England, he would make me heir to his kingdom. Harold, help me to get this promise fulfilled. If by your help I should obtain the kingdom, rest assured that whatever you ask for, I will immediately grant." Harold, astounded, did not know what to answer. He stammered a few words. William was resolved to get his consent. "Since you consent to serve me,

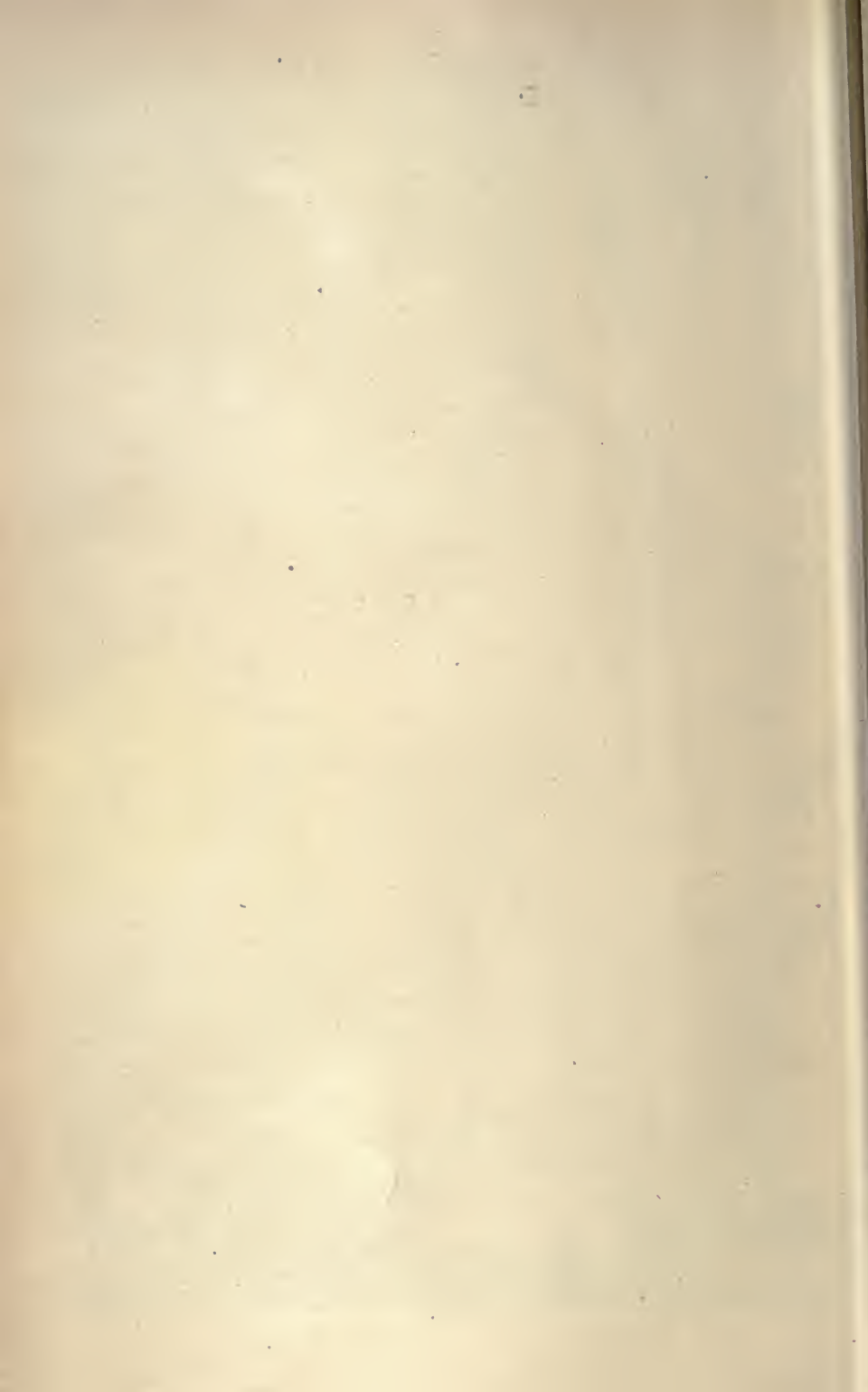
you must undertake to fortify Dover Castle," he said, "to construct a well there for obtaining a supply of spring water, and to surrender it up to my soldiers. You must give up your sister to me, whom I will give in marriage to one of my barons; and you shall marry my daughter Adela. I also wish that, when you go, you would leave one of the two hostages whom you have claimed; I will take him back to England when I go over there as king." Harold shuddered inwardly. He was at the duke's mercy, and he agreed to all that he desired, mentally resolving not to fulfil his promises. He did not know the Norman and his far-sighted schemes.

They were at Avranches (some say at Bayeux), and the Norman barons were convoked in a great assembly. The Saxon was there by the side of the duke; a mass-book was brought and placed upon a stool covered with a golden cloth. Suddenly William exclaimed, "Harold, I call upon you, before this noble assembly, to confirm on oath all that you have promised to do to help me to obtain the kingdom of England after the death of King Edward." The Englishman was again taken by surprise, and was in great peril. He advanced slowly, and swore, with his hand on the book, to perform the promises made to the Duke, provided that he were alive and that God should help him to do so. All the Normans cried out, "May the Lord help him!" Then, at a sign from William, the rich cloth was removed, and the Saxon discovered that he had sworn upon a receptacle filled with precious relics which had been brought, by order of the duke, from all the neighboring convents. William did not detain Harold any longer. He left the country, taking his nephew with him; but his brother remained in the power of the Normans.

"Did I not warn you that I knew William?" said the old King Edward when Harold related to him what had hap-



"THE ENGLISHMAN SWORE WITH HIS HAND ON THE BOOK."



pened; and he added sadly, "May none of these misfortunes happen in my lifetime!"

The death of the king was destined to be the signal for England's misfortunes to recommence, and he was becoming weaker every day. Sinister reports had been circulated. Old prophecies were recalled which threatened England with invasion and subjugation by a foreign people. The king himself, constantly occupied with his devotional practices, saw fearful visions in his dreams, and would cry out, with a vague remembrance of biblical imagery, "The Lord has stretched His bow; He has unsheathed His sword; He moves and brandishes it like a warrior; His wrath shall be manifested through fire and by sword." His servants shuddered at these threatening prophecies; but the archbishop of Canterbury, Stigand, only laughed. "Dreams of the sick old man," he would say.

It is said that, before dying, Edward designated Harold to the members of the Wittenagemot as his successor; other chroniclers (the Norman writers) maintain, on the contrary, that when Harold and his relations presented themselves in the king's chamber, the latter said in a feeble whisper, "You know, my thanes, that I have bequeathed my kingdom to the duke of Normandy; do I not here see men who have sworn to uphold his rights?" Whatever the dying man may have wished, the opinion of the English chiefs was not to be mistaken. Scarcely had Edward the Confessor been buried in Westminster Abbey, which he had built in place of performing the pilgrimage to Rome, when the Wittenagemot proclaimed as king of England Harold, the son of Godwin, and grandson of the herdsman Ulfuoth, overlooking in his favor the rights of Edgar Atheling, son of Edward Atheling, and grandson of Edmund Ironsides, as well as the more formidable pretensions of the duke of Normandy.

Harold's first care was to eradicate from the kingdom all

traces of the Norman innovations introduced by King Edward; the ancient Saxon signature replaced, in the acts, the seals introduced from Normandy, and the Norman favorites, whom Edward affectionately protected to the last, were deprived of their offices, though without being exiled or having their property confiscated. It was through them that the Duke William heard of the death of Edward and of the election of Harold. He was in a park, near Rouen, trying a new bow, when the important news reached him. He stopped immediately, gave his bow to his servants, and went back to Rouen. He walked up and down the great hall in his palace, sat and rose alternately, and was quite unable to remain still. His friends looked at him in silence without daring to accost him. At length one of them, who was on more familiar terms with him than most of the others, approached him. "My lord," he said, "of what use is it to keep your news from us? It is rumored in the town that the king of England is dead, and that Harold has taken possession of the kingdom, unfaithful to his plighted word to you." "That is true," answered the duke, "and my grief is caused as much by the death of Edward as by the wrong which Harold has done me." "There is no remedy for Edward's death," replied the Norman, "but there is for Harold's infidelity; yours is the just cause and yours are the willing soldiers; a thing well begun is half done."

William's courtiers were not the only persons to advise him to support his pretensions by force of arms. Harold's own brother, Tostig, who had been driven from Northumbria, and whom his brother had failed to re-establish in his government, came from Flanders to offer his help to the duke of Normandy in attempting the conquest of England. William was too prudent to undertake the invasion without premeditation; he presented ships to Tostig, who went to Denmark to seek the

support of King Sweyn. Upon meeting with a refusal from the Dane, Tostig repaired to Norway. The king of that country was Harold Hardrada, son of Sigurd, a great voyager and corsair, who had formerly extended his excursions as far as the seas of Sicily, and who on one occasion on his return had married a Russian princess. He was a poet, and would sing on board his black vessel, laden with his warriors, who were a source of great terror to all peaceful people. Tostig approached him with flattery. "The whole world knows," he said, "that there is not in the North a warrior who is your equal; you have only to wish it, and England is yours." The Norwegian allowed himself to be seduced, and promised to put to sea as soon as the ice should thaw and make the ocean navigable.

While Tostig was trying his strength on the coast of Northumbria with a band of adventurers, William, careful to have on his side all the appearances of right, sent a message to Harold as follows:—"William, Duke of Normandy, reminds you of the oath which you swore with your own lips and with your hand upon good and holy relics." "It is true," answered Harold, "but I swore under constraint, not being free, and I promised what did not belong to me; besides, my services belong to my country, and I could not give up my position to anybody else without its consent, nor marry a foreigner. As to my sister, whom the duke claims for one of his chiefs, she died during this year. Does he wish me to send her body to him?" A second message, still calm and moderate, urged Harold at least to marry the Norman princess; but the king answered that he would not do so, and soon afterwards he chose a Saxon wife, a sister of Edwin and Morcar, the two sons of Elfgar, count of Mercia. William's anger at length burst forth, and reproaching Harold bitterly for his perjury, he declared that he would come before

the end of the year to exact payment of the whole of his debt, and to pursue the perfidious Saxon even into the places wherein he considered his hold to be firmest. While awaiting the help of his allies from the North, William was aware of the importance of conciliating public opinion in Europe, or at least in that portion of Europe where the people were not altogether ignorant of what was happening in England and in Normandy. No influence was stronger than that of the Church for obtaining the good will of the people. The English were not in favor at Rome. They had refused to receive Robert of Jumièges, a Norman priest, raised to the see of Canterbury by Edward the Confessor, and the chapter had chosen in his stead the Saxon Stigand, who was still under excommunication from Rome under pretence that he had been guilty of simony. The Saxon Church had often shown itself to be somewhat insubordinate, and the clergy had been accused of laxity in performing their duties. William caused these facts to be represented at Rome, besides employing many other arguments. He had sent Lanfranc thither, a priest of Italian extraction, whom he had made abbot of St. Stephen's at Caen, and who by reason of his clever and prudent mind was enabled to render important services to his master. Harold had sent no ambassador to this tribunal, whose jurisdiction he did not recognize in temporal affairs; his perjury was strongly denounced there, and Pope Alexander II. declared that William of Normandy, cousin of King Edward, and consequently his heir, could legitimately style himself King of England, and seize upon the kingdom. The king received this permission sealed by the Pope, with a holy standard and a ring containing a hair of St. Peter inclosed in a diamond.

Strong in the support of the Pope, to whom he had promised to place England again under the authority of the Holy

See, and to cause the Peter's pence to be levied there annually, as Canute had done, William began his preparations for the conquest. The Normans were a free people; they were still conscious of their rude origin, but nevertheless accustomed to be consulted in their own affairs. The Duke called together all his most intimate friends, his two maternal brothers, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Count Mortaign, also the friend of his childhood, William Fitz-Osbern, the seneschal of Normandy. All encouraged him in his project. "But," they said, "you must ask help and advice of the majority of the inhabitants of this country, for it is right that whoever pays should be invited to consent to the expenditure."

William was hot-tempered and haughty, but prudent and sensible. He convoked at Lillebonne a great assembly of men from every state of Normandy, the richest and most esteemed of their class. He unfolded his plans to them, and they retired to discuss them at their ease, out of the presence of the Duke.

The excitement was great and the opinions various. William Fitz-Osbern appeared in the midst of the groups. "Why do you discuss together?" he exclaimed. "He is your lord, and he has need of your services; your duty would be to make offers to him, and not to wait until he asks for anything. If you fail him, and he attains his object by the will of God, he will not forget it; show, therefore, that you love him and support him with a will." Low murmurs were heard; the opposition was beginning to burst forth. "No doubt he is our lord," they said; "but is it not enough for him that we should pay his taxes? We do not owe him any assistance for his foreign excursions; he has already oppressed us too much by his wars; if his new enterprise should fail, our country would be ruined." The offers accordingly were few, when Fitz-Osbern was instructed to communicate them to William.

The assembly re-entered the room wherein the Duke sat. The seneschal advanced. "Sire," he said, "I do not think that there are in the world men more zealous than these. You know how many burdens they have already borne for you? Well, they propose to add another, and to follow you to the other side of the sea, as they do on this side. Push onward, then, and fear nothing; whoever has hitherto only supplied you with two good soldiers on horseback is willing to bear double the expense." The seneschal was interrupted by a hundred voices, crying, "We did not commission you to make such an answer as that. Let him remain in his own territory, and we will serve him as we should do; but we are not compelled to help him to conquer another people's country. Besides, if we were for once to do him this service, he would expect it as a right ever afterwards, and would thereby oppress our children; it shall not be." And the assembly dispersed in anger.

The Duke sent for the noblemen, one after the other, as well as the abbots and the merchants: he showed his plans to them, asked for their support as a personal favor which should not compromise their liberty in any way in future, and by degrees he obtained what he wanted. The merchants promised vessels and armed warriors, the priests gave money, and the barons placed themselves and their vassals at his disposition. The preparations began forthwith in all the Norman towns; adventurers were everywhere crowding round William, "who slighted nobody," according to the chronicles, "and was always ready to oblige people as far as he was able." He promised lands, castles, women, plunder; he even sold an English bishopric to a certain Rémi, of Fécamp, for a ship and twenty warriors.

While the noise of hammers was resounding throughout all the shipyards of Normandy, the ice had thawed in the

Baltic, and Harold Hardrada had set sail with his sea-serpents. He had been joined by Tostig, and had ascended the Humber and the Ouse, causing great destruction on his way. A certain number of Englishmen had rallied round the standard of Tostig. Edwin and Morcar marched to oppose the allies, but they were repulsed with loss. The citizens of York, fearing an assault, promised to surrender. The Norwegians were already celebrating the victory in their camp.

It was in the early morning, and Hardrada and Tostig, with a small body of troops, were advancing towards York to hold an interview with the chiefs of the town. Counting upon the terror which they inspired among the peaceful citizens, they were but half armed; Harold Hardrada had left his halbert in his tent, and wore a blue tunic embroidered with gold, and a helmet ornamented with precious stones. Suddenly a cloud of dust, which was rising in the horizon, cleared away and revealed a forest of lances. It was King Harold, whom the invaders believed to be in the South watching the movements of the Duke of Normandy, and who had come by forced marches to encounter them. The golden dragon of Wessex was displayed on his standard.

The position of the Norwegian, Hardrada, was critical, but his courage did not desert him. Planting in the ground his banner, the motto on which was "The despoiler of the world," he drew up around it all his forces at the foot of Stamford Bridge. Here he was riding back and forth in front of his soldiers, when his horse stumbled and he fell. "A good omen!" he cried, when he saw the faces of the pirates darken. His soldiers, resting their lances on the ground, with their points in the direction of the enemy, awaited the onslaught of the English. Hardrada rode between the ranks, singing an improvised "skald." "Let us fight," he said; "let us march, although without any breastplates be-

neath the edges of the blue steel; our helmets glisten in the sun; they are sufficient for brave warriors."

The English were contemplating these valiant preparations. A small band of men had detached themselves from the body of the army. "Where is Earl Tostig, son of Godwin?" asked one of the warriors clad in steel. "He is here!" cried Tostig himself, stepping out from the ranks. "Your brother salutes you," rejoined the Saxon; "he offers you peace, friendship, and your former honors." "This is a sensible offer," said Tostig; "and if my brother had made it a year ago, he would have spared the lives of many brave men. And what does he offer to my noble ally, King Harold, son of Sigurd?" "Seven feet of English soil," haughtily replied the warrior, contemplating the Norwegian's huge person; "a little more, perhaps, for he is taller than most men." "Then," cried Tostig, "my brother, King Harold, may prepare for the fray. It shall not be said that the son of Godwin abandoned the son of Sigurd."

The Saxons retired slowly. Tostig was still looking fixedly at his antagonist. "Who is the warrior with such a proud tongue?" asked Hardrada. "King Harold, son of Godwin," said Tostig. "Why did you not tell me so?" cried Hardrada; "he would not have lived to boast of having defeated us." He then added, "He is little, but he sits firmly in the saddle." At the same moment, King Harold was asking his companions whether this gigantic warrior clad in blue was really the formidable sovereign of the seas. It is the same, they told him. "He is a powerful man," replied Harold, thoughtfully, "but I think his good fortune has deserted him."

The battle began; Hardrada was killed almost immediately by an arrow which pierced his throat. Tostig took command of the army. Harold sent proposals for peace a second time

for Tostig and the Norwegians. "We will owe nothing to the Saxons," cried the Norwegians, and the struggle recommenced. Tostig was killed in his turn, and great havoc was made among his men. The "despoiler of the world" was now surrounded but by a small number of warriors. They at length pulled up their precious standard, and slowly, defending themselves step by step, they regained the road leading to their vessels. A stout Norwegian had taken up his stand upon Stamford Bridge, covering the retreat of his comrades. They had nearly all passed the bridge, taking with them young Olof, son of Hardrada, when an English soldier, pushing his lance through a crevice in the timber, killed the valiant defender. The Scandinavian vessels unfurled their sails, and returned to Norway to spread the sad news of a defeat, indicated beforehand by the gloomy predictions of the soldiers, who had seen in their dreams a woman of gigantic stature seated on a wolf, and rushing along their ranks, making at each step a fresh corpse for the ferocious animal to devour.

Harold did not attempt to pursue the Norwegians on sea; he was recalled southward by the near approach of his great peril. William had assembled all his forces on the coast of Normandy, almost without any foreign help. The king of France, Philip I., had refused to give him any assistance, although the Duke had proposed to do homage to him when he should obtain possession of England. "You know," the French barons had said to the king, "how little the Normans obey you now; they will obey you still less if they conquer England, and if they fail in their enterprise, having assisted them we shall make enemies of the English people for ever afterwards."

The fleet and the army had been lying together for more than a month at Dive; the wind was unfavorable, and it was impossible to sail out of port. The south wind at length

rose, and drove the vessels to Saint-Valéry-en-Caux, and then the bad weather began again. Several ships were dashed to pieces, and their crews perished. In the army the men were murmuring. "There has been no fighting," they said, "and yet there are already some men killed." The Duke caused the sands to be watched, in order that the dead bodies thrown up by the sea might be buried immediately; and he allowed good cheer to his soldiers to induce them to wait patiently. He sent for the relics from the church of Saint-Valéry, which were carried through the camp with great pomp. At length a propitious wind arose; all the sails were unfurled, and four hundred large ships and a thousand transport-vessels sped away from land. The Duke's ship was at the head of them, bearing on the foremast the banner sent by the Pope; the sails of various colors were flying in the wind. The Duke's vessel soon left all the others behind; at daybreak he found himself alone. He sent a sailor to the masthead. "I only see the sky and the sea," cried the sailor; but a short time afterwards he reported four vessels in sight, and the Duke had not taken his breakfast before a forest of masts and sails was discovered.

It was a fine morning, on the 28th of September, 1066; Harold's vessels, which had been cruising along the coast during a whole month, had put in to land on the previous evening, being short of provisions. The fleet of the Normans approached, therefore, without resistance, and landed in Sussex, at Bulverhithe, between Pevensey and Hastings. The archers landed first, then the horsemen, and lastly the pioneers carrying their tools and wood ready prepared for the fortification of their camp. The Duke was the last to set foot on English soil, after superintending the disembarkation of his men. Immediately upon stepping down, he stumbled and fell, smearing his hands with dirt. A shudder ran along

the ranks. "What ails you?" cried the Duke, who had instantly sprung to his feet. "I have seized the land with my hands, and by the splendor of God, throughout its length and breadth, it is yours." They were reassured at these words; a camp was at once planned and fortified with wooden castles, after the French fashion, and bands of soldiers overran the neighborhood, ravaging and laying waste the country.

Harold was still at Stamford, resting after the fatigues of the campaign against the Norwegians, when a messenger, in an exhausted and breathless condition, burst into the room where he was at supper. "The enemy," he cried, "the enemy has landed!" Harold rose, knowing the time had come; he knew William and the Normans sufficiently well to feel confident that the struggle would be fierce and prolonged.

Time was precious. Harold was accustomed to make forced marches, and he accordingly started for London, ordering on his road all the earls and freemen to rally round his standard. The whole country rose at his command, and large forces were being organized in different parts. "In four days the Saxon will have a hundred thousand men at his side," William was informed by one of those Normans formerly established in England during the reign of King Edward, who served him as spies. But some time was necessary to bring together these confused masses of men, and to assemble them at a given point. Harold, in his haste, had not given them time to do so. He had arrived in London; his mother Gytha found his army worn out, and very small for opposing so formidable an enemy. "Do not risk a battle, my son," she said; "let the Normans pursue their ravages in the country, and famine will rid you of them." Harold trembled with indignation. "Would you have me ruin my kingdom?" he said. "By my faith, it would be treason. I

prefer to put my trust in the strength of my arm and the justice of my cause." His young brother, Gurth, persisted, for the oath made to the Duke William weighed upon his conscience. "Either under constraint, or by your own free will," he said, "you swore, and your oath will paralyze your arm during the conflict. We have promised nothing; leave us to defend the kingdom. You shall avenge us if we should be killed." Harold smiled bitterly at the remembrance of the Duke's perfidy; but he was inflexible, and he started the same day for Hastings with a force very much less than that of William.

King Harold's first idea was to suddenly attack the enemy, who had been intrenched during a fortnight in their camp; but the Normans were well guarded; their defences had been skilfully constructed, and the Saxon therefore abandoned his project, and, selecting also a strong position upon a hill near Hastings, he fortified it in the fashion of his country with a triple line of palisades, and a rampart of interwoven branches which was to protect the bulk of his army when the first line should have passed outside the stakes to defend the approaches to the camp.

Harold was uneasy; very few troops had had time to join him, and the Norman army was as strong as it was well disciplined. He, however, laughed aloud when three Saxon spies, who had penetrated into William's camp, came and informed him that, having been recognized and taken over the camp by order of the Duke, they had seen more priests than warriors in the Norman army. They had mistaken for priests all the warriors who had closely-shaven faces and short hair, for the English at that time wore long flowing hair and long moustaches. "All those priests are good warriors," said the king, "and you will shortly see them at work."

William did not yet begin the attack. A Norman monk



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR REVIEWING HIS ARMY.



presented himself in Harold's camp. "The Duke William makes three proposals," said he: "first, that you give up your kingdom to him; secondly, that the matter be submitted to the Pope; or, lastly, to decide the quarrel by single combat." "I will not give up my kingdom, I will not put the matter in the hands of the Pope, and I refuse the challenge to fight," replied Harold curtly. The monk returned to the Norman camp; but he soon reappeared, bearing another message: "If you will be faithful to your compact with him, the Duke will allow you to keep possession of all the country north of the Humber, and will give to your brother Gurth the land which was formerly held by Godwin. If you refuse, you are a perjurer and a liar, and all who fight for you shall be excommunicated by the Pope."

The Saxon chiefs looked at each other; but the love of liberty was stronger than their religious fears. "The Norman has given away everything beforehand to his soldiers," they said, "both land and goods. Where should we go, if we should lose our country?" And they resolved to die fighting to the last.

The night of the 13th of October, 1066, was passed very differently in the two camps. William's strict discipline only allowed religious music or devotional practices. After the fashion of the ancient Saxons and of the Danes, whose blood had become mixed with theirs, the English soldiers were eating, laughing, and singing warlike songs. At daybreak, after holy mass had been celebrated, the Normans issued from their camp. They were divided into three bodies, all preceded by archers. The Duke was mounted on a Barbary horse which he had brought from Spain. He bore on his neck, in a golden casket, one of the relics upon which Harold had sworn the oath, as a silent witness of the latter's perfidy. By his side a young cavalier, Toustain le Blanc, was holding up

aloft the standard sent by the Pope. Odo, bishop of Bayeux, was marching through the ranks mounted upon his great white horse, and wearing a breastplate and helmet.

“See how well he rides,” said the Normans, looking at William. “He is a graceful duke, and will be a graceful king.” And they advanced joyfully behind him.

At seven o'clock the attack on the Saxon camp began. Taillefer, the knight-minstrel of the Norman army, was marching in front, singing the song of Roland. The Normans cried, “Our Lady, help us!” The monks who had come with them to the field of battle had retired to pray.

Three times the Normans were repulsed. It was noon. In spite of the arrows of the archers, which inflicted great losses on the Saxons, and one of which had destroyed Harold's left eye, the English camp held good at all points. The Duke's horse had been killed during an assault; a rumor had gone forth that William was dead; but, immediately taking off his helmet, and showing himself bareheaded to his wavering soldiers, he cried out, “Here I am! Look at me; I am living, and I will conquer, with God's help.” Some were already taking to flight; these he held back with his long lance, and reconducted to the attack on the enemy's camp. All the defenders of the rampart were killed, but the twig hurdles still protected the bulk of the Saxon army. The Normans pretended to fly; the Saxons rushed forth in pursuit of them, and were all killed. The reserve could no longer resist; the Normans therefore beat down the barrier, and entered sword in hand.

Around Harold's banner, his chosen warriors had formed themselves into a compact circle, the “ring of death” as the Danes called it. Harold was there with his two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin. The fight recommenced furiously between the Normans and these brave men: not one of them receded;

the heaps of bodies of the slain Normans formed a rampart for them, when twenty of their foes advanced together. They had sworn to cut a passage through the English or to perish to a man. Ten of them fell, but the ranks of the Saxons remained unbroken. William rushed to the attack, followed by his best warriors. The English soldiers were dying at their posts, immovable as the oaks in their forests. Gurth was dead, Leofwin was dying, bathed in blood, and Harold alone was still fighting at the foot of his banner. At sunset he fell, in his turn, and the standard of the Pope replaced the golden Dragon of Wessex. All the English earls were stretched upon the field of battle, and the few Saxons who still remained were slowly retreating; yet so dauntless were they, even in defeat, that the Normans did not dare to disperse while it was still dark. Eustace of Boulogne, speaking to Duke William, was struck down by an unexpected blow.

On the morrow, at daybreak, Godwin's widow, whom William's pretensions to the English crown had deprived of four sons, came and asked permission to take away the bodies of her relations. Gurth and Leofwin had fallen together at the foot of the banner. No one could find the body of Harold. His own mother could not distinguish him, but was obliged to send for "Swan-necked" Edith, whom her son had loved. Edith pointed to a body covered with wounds and disfigured by sword-thrusts. "That is Harold!" she said. He was borne with his brothers to Waltham Abbey, where he was buried beneath a stone bearing simply this inscription: "Infelix Harold."

CHAPTER V.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NORMANS IN ENGLAND.

1066-1087.

KING HAROLD was dead, but England was not subdued. The Wittenagemot had already reassembled in London to choose a new leader for resistance to the invasion. The sons of Harold were still children; and in accordance with a passion for hereditary right remarkable in a country which had often rejected that principle, the popular assembly chose Edgar Atheling, a grand-nephew of Edward the Confessor, to receive the perilous title of King of England. But Edgar was young, his intellect was feeble, and the chiefs who surrounded him were haughty and insubordinate. Stigand, the archbishop of Canterbury, was still endeavoring to organize the army, with the assistance of the earls Edwin and Morcar, when the approach of the Normans rendered it necessary to make an immediate effort. After leaving Hastings, near which town he afterwards built Battle Abbey, the Conqueror had begun his march upon London. The city was well defended: after a slight attack William set fire to Southwark, and spreading his troops over the country, pillaged the domains of all the thanes assembled at the Wittenagemot. He inclosed the capital in a circle of fire and plunder which raised fears of a famine. Edwin and Morcar, as well as the Saxon prelates, had already begun to lose courage. The reinforcements expected from the distant provinces were stopped by the Normans. William was at Berkhamstead, still threat-

ening London. An embassy was dispatched with a view to conciliate him. Soon afterwards the young king Edgar and all his counsellors, including Stigand, Edwin, and Morcar, presented themselves before the Norman—the king to renounce his empty title, the earls to swear fidelity to the conqueror. The Duke received them affably: he promised in his turn to govern with mildness, in accordance with the ancient laws; and raising his camp at Berkhamstead he advanced towards London. For a moment he had appeared to hesitate with regard to the opportuneness of his coronation; but his barons urged him to take the title which he had won at the point of the sword, and William voluntarily allowed himself to be guided by them, though only consenting to stay in London after he should have built a fortress for his residence.

He had need to defend himself; for at every step the hostility of the people over whom he sought to rule displayed itself energetically. On arriving at St. Alban's, the Normans found the way obstructed by a number of large trees thrown across the road. "Who has done this?" inquired William angrily. "I," replied the abbot of St. Alban's, presenting himself before him; "and if others of my rank and profession had done as much, you would not have advanced as far as this." The conqueror did no harm to the proud abbot; but on the day of his coronation he surrounded Westminster Abbey with battalions of his Normans before entering beneath its majestic roof, attended by his barons and by the Saxons who in a small number had rallied round him. Stigand had submitted; but he had refused to crown the usurper. This duty, therefore, fell upon the archbishop of York, Aldred, a prudent man, who was able to discern the signs of the times. At the moment when the Duke entered the church, the acclamations of the bystanders were so noisy that the Normans posted outside, believing that they were fighting in the sacred

edifice, rushed into the neighboring houses and set them afire. The cries of the inhabitants, the clatter of arms, frightened in their turn the spectators of the ceremony; they hurried in a crowd to the door, hastening to get out, and William soon found himself almost alone in the church with the priests and some devoted friends. The coronation ceremony, however, continued, and when the Duke of Normandy issued from the church to appease the tumult, he had become King of England. The Normans had dispersed to extinguish the fires or pillage the houses; the Saxons murmured among themselves gloomy forebodings of a reign thus inaugurated by fire and sword. William left London almost immediately, and his first measures, mild and conciliatory in their nature, attracted around him a considerable number of Saxon chiefs, to whom he confirmed the title to their domains. A great extent of territory had already fallen into his hands, but the time for dividing the spoil had not yet arrived. In the month of March, 1067, William crossed over into Normandy, having intrusted the government of England to his brother, the Bishop of Bayeux.

Was his object to place in security the treasures which he had acquired, or to give time for insurrections to break out in order to suppress them energetically? Whatever may have been his motives, he remained eight months in Normandy, enriching the churches and abbeys with the spoils gathered in England, and conducting through his hereditary states the dangerous subjects whom he had brought in his suite, Stigand, Edwin, Morcar, and the youthful Edgar Atheling.

Meanwhile the Saxons were groaning under the exactions of Odo of Bayeux, and did not confine themselves to groans. The risings became numerous; the inhabitants of Kent had called to their assistance Eustace of Boulogne, who had previously been the cause of the discontent of the English with

Edward the Confessor, and who was now at enmity with the Conqueror. He came; but Dover Castle opposed to his attacks an unexpected resistance, which allowed the Normans time to arrive and repulse him. William had returned to England, when, in 1068, the ill-feeling of the population of Devon drew upon that county the attention of the conquerors. The aged Githa, the mother of Harold, was living at Exeter, whither she had carried all her wealth. The fortress refused to receive William and his garrison, offering only to pay the taxes which were wont to be paid to the Saxon kings. "I desire subjects, and do not accept their conditions," said William, who ordered the assault to be commenced. The city was well defended; it resisted for eighteen days. At length the magistrates, less firm than the citizens, opened the gates, and the inhabitants paid cruelly for their obstinacy. Githa, and the ladies of her suite, succeeded in escaping, and in concealing themselves in the little islands at the mouth of the Severn, whence they set sail for Flanders. But scarcely was the outbreak extinguished in the South, when it broke forth in the North. Earl Edwin, to whom William had lately refused to give the hand of one of his daughters, as he had previously promised, had withdrawn himself from his court, and the vassals, as well as the friends of the earl, had already gathered around him in Northumbria. The Conqueror at once commenced his march, and entering York, took up his position there after expelling the Saxons. While he was pillaging and ravaging the environs, the old Archbishop Aldred, whose convoys had been seized, came to make complaint to the king, and reproaching him with the cruelties committed in his name. "Thou art a foreigner, King William," he exclaimed, "yet, Heaven desiring to punish our nation, thou hast obtained this kingdom of England at the price of much bloodshed, and I have anointed thee with my own hands. But I

now curse thee and thy race, because thou hast persecuted the Church of God and oppressed its servants." Several Normans had already grasped the hilts of their swords; but William restrained them, and permitted the priest to return in safety into his palace, where he fell sick and died soon afterwards.

The capture of York had not discouraged the Northumbrians; they attacked the Normans in Durham, and massacred them in numbers; they had also received important reinforcements. Sweyn, king of Denmark, at the solicitation of the sons of Harold, had sent assistance to the insurgents; two hundred and forty Danish vessels were approaching the coasts. Edgar Atheling, having sought refuge in Scotland with King Malcolm, who had married his sister Margaret, had lately joined the Saxon army, and promised the support of his brother-in-law. Before the Conqueror was apprised of this new danger, York was recaptured by the insurgents, and Edgar Atheling had assumed once more the title of King, which he had formerly laid at the feet of the Norman. But winter came, and William was already assembling his army. Settling hastily the affairs which had called him southward, he took once more the road towards the North, and entered into secret negotiations with the Danes, insomuch that at the moment that he appeared under the walls of York the pirates weighed anchor and sailed again down the coast, pillaging the Saxon villages which the king had abandoned to them before taking again the road towards their country.

Malcolm, the king of Scotland, had now come to the assistance of the insurgents. York was again taken and put to fire and sword. King William then carried his anger and his vengeance into all the counties of the North; not a village which was not burned, not a domain which was not confiscated. The churches, and even the monasteries, found no



AZELIN FORBIDDING THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



ARCHBISHOP ALDRED'S CURSE.



shelter against Norman rapacity. The inhabitants of Beverley had amassed their treasures in the church dedicated to St. John of Beverley, a Saxon like themselves, who owed them protection. This, however, had no effect upon the Normans, and Toutain, one of the battle chiefs of William, penetrated on horseback into the church of the monastery, in pursuit of the fugitives who had taken refuge there. His horse slipped upon the marble pavement of the sanctuary, and the horseman was killed. St. John of Beverley had protected his countrymen, and the Normans withdrew from his abbey. Edgar Atheling had taken refuge again in Scotland; but this time the insurrection had found a true chief. Hereward, lord of Born, a warrior celebrated by his adventures abroad, had intrenched himself in the Isle of Ely, which he called the Camp of Refuge, and from all sides the oppressed English gathered around him. William ordered the earls Edwin and Morcar, who had returned to his court, to be carefully watched. They were apprised of the fact, and secretly fled. Edwin was overtaken and slain by the soldiers who pursued him; but Morcar succeeded in reaching the Isle of Ely. Thence Hereward undertook expeditions into the surrounding country, and kept at bay all the troops which William sent against him. He even defied Yves Taillebois, one of the king's favorites, whom William had recently induced to marry Lucy, a sister to Edwin and Morcar, and whose intolerable tyranny contributed to maintain the insurrection in the eastern counties. But King William caused the little isle to be invested, cutting off from it provisions and reinforcements. The monks of the monastery grew weary of that compulsory fast, and indicated to the Normans the points of attack. The Saxons were beaten; the Bishop of Durham and Earl Morcar were taken and cast into prison for the remainder of their lives. Hereward succeeded in escaping, and in maintaining an irregular warfare;

but, won over at last by the proposals of William, who sincerely admired his indomitable courage, he consented to lay down his arms. He lived long afterwards upon his domains, which the Conqueror permitted him to enjoy.

The Camp of Refuge was destroyed, and the county of Northumberland was given by William to the Saxon Waltheof, a warrior esteemed by his countrymen, whom William had attached to him by giving him the hand of his niece Judith. Being called away into Normandy in consequence of a rising of the inhabitants of Maine, the king took with him an English army, which fought as valiantly for him as it had against him shortly before. During his sojourn on the Continent he received into favor Edgar Atheling, who had recently failed in a new attempt instigated by the king of France, Philippe I.; the descendant of King Alfred took up his abode at Rouen, where he passed eleven years of his life in amusing himself with his horses and dogs.

A fresh insurrection recalled William into England. On this occasion it was the Normans themselves who revolted against him. His faithful companion, William Fitz-Osbern, was dead, and his son Roger, Earl of Hereford like his father, had contracted a marriage with the sister of Ralph de Waher, or Guader, a Breton knight, who had accompanied William, and had been created Earl of Norfolk. This union was distasteful to the king, who had endeavored to prevent it, for he did not like the Bretons. After the nuptials the party was excited: Fitz-Osbern and Waher spoke of the tyranny of King William, and proposed his overthrow. Waltheof, who was present, had listened, but without taking part in the conspiracy. He had merely promised secrecy; but the secret was betrayed by his wife, who disliked him, and desired to rid herself of her husband. Lanfranc, who had become archbishop of Canterbury upon the deposition of Stigand, and who

was invested with power in the absence of his master, dispatched an army against the rebels. The latter had been obliged to declare themselves before their preparations were completed. When the king recrossed the sea, the insurrection was already almost suppressed. Waher was banished, together with a great number of Bretons; Fitz-Osbern was put in prison; the unfortunate Waltheof, who had not taken up arms, but who was a Saxon, son of the glorious Siward, and Earl of Northumbria, was executed, to the great indignation of his fellow-countrymen, who came in crowds to pray at his tomb, and attributed to him numerous miracles. William did not allow Judith to marry the man for whom she had sacrificed her husband. She, on her part, refused the marriage which he offered her; and the king having stripped her of all her possessions, this wicked woman was reduced to wander sometimes in England, sometimes on the Continent, bearing with her everywhere tokens of her misery and shame.

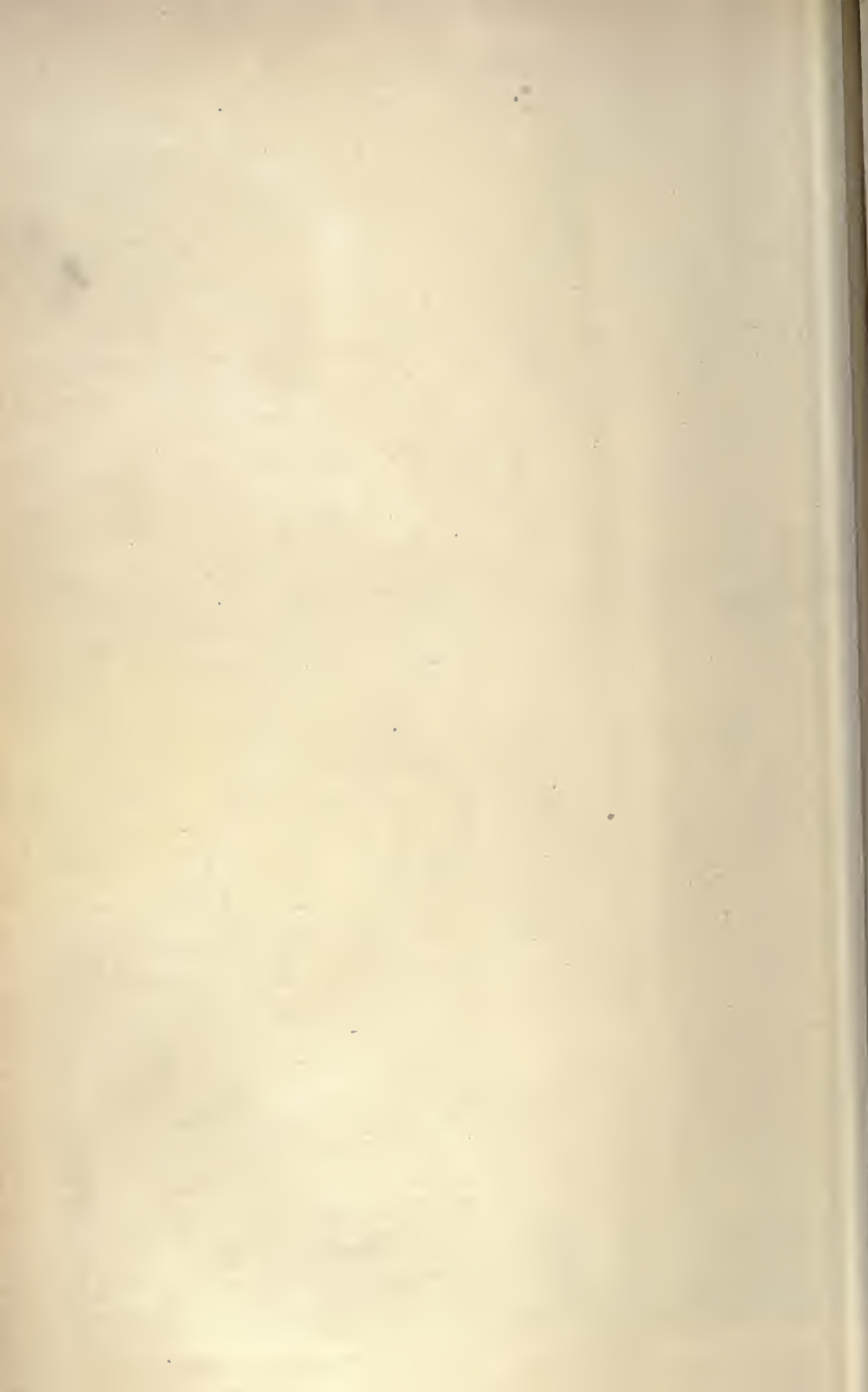
Thus ended the great insurrection in England. William was master of the country, and the harsh repressive measures which he had employed at length bore their fruits. The Saxons murmured under the weight of their misfortunes, but no longer dared to revolt. The king, frequently called into Normandy by his quarrels with his eldest son, Robert Curthose, was able now to leave England without anxiety. When he arrived at manhood, Robert had called on his father to divest himself in his favor of the duchy of Normandy, "I am not accustomed to throw off my clothing before going to bed," replied William; and Robert, irritated, had revolted against his father, and endeavored to arouse against him embarrassments and enemies on all sides. In vain had his mother Matilda, who loved him tenderly, endeavored many times to reconcile him with his father. Robert could not endure the yoke of paternal authority. He journeyed about the Con-

tenant, expatiating upon his grievances, and squandering the money which his mother sent to him secretly, to the great vexation of William. He received assistance from the king of France, Philip I., who detested his father, and who installed him in the fortress of Gerberoi, on the confines of Normandy, whence it was easy for him to pillage the neighboring territory. William besieged Gerberoi. During a sortie Robert found himself face to face with a knight of robust form, concealed by his armor, and having his visor lowered, with whom he contended for some time. At length he unseated him, and was on the point of dispatching his antagonist, when the wounded knight called his people to his aid, and Robert recognized the voice of his father. In spite of his vanity, Robert's heart was accessible to generous sentiments. He threw himself on his knees before his prostrate father, entreated his pardon, raised him with his own hands, and set him on his horse. A reconciliation followed, for Robert was softened and penitent. But a fresh quarrel soon hurried the son out of Normandy. He set forth bearing with him a malediction which his father never revoked.

While the rebellions of his eldest son detained the Conqueror in his Norman domains, his brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, whom he had created Earl of Kent, had made himself detested in England. A brave and able warrior, the bishop had often led to battle the soldiers of William; but he had taken advantage of his influence to oppress the poor Saxons, extorting from them enormous riches. His vast treasures, the grand position which his brother occupied, and the conquests of the Normans in Italy, had awakened in the heart of the Bishop of Bayeux the hope of becoming Pope. He had bought a palace in Rome, and had sent there a great deal of money, when he resolved to go himself into Italy, and began to make preparations for his journey, gathering around him a number



"ROBERT THREW HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES BEFORE HIS PROSTRATE FATHER."



of Norman pilgrims anxious to obtain pardon for their sins by that holy enterprise.

Scarcely, however, had William become cognizant of his brother's project, when he returned from Normandy, and meeting the prelate in the Isle of Wight, caused him to be immediately arrested. Then reassembling his council, he enumerated before the barons his grievances against the Bishop of Bayeux, his cruelties, his extortions, his secret manœuvres. "What does such a brother deserve?" he asked in conclusion. No one replied. "Let him be arrested," said the king, "and I will see to him." The barons hesitated: William himself advanced towards his brother. "Thou hast not the right to touch me," exclaimed Odo; "I am a priest and a bishop; the Pope alone is empowered to condemn me." "I am not judging the Bishop of Bayeux, but the Earl of Kent," replied William; and having sent him across the sea into Normandy, he imprisoned his brother in a dungeon, to the great satisfaction of the English, who detested him.

William had lost his wife, Queen Matilda, in 1083; the only softening influence which had tempered that imperious will had disappeared. His two remaining sons, William and Henry, quarrelled with each other: the Danes were again threatening the shores of England, where they could easily have found support; and the English, sullen and subjected, nourished in their hearts a deep hatred towards the sovereign who had despoiled them, not only to enrich his Norman adherents, but in favor of the stags and deer, "whom (says the chronicle) he loved like his children," and for whose sake he had created or enlarged forests, while he had destroyed towns, villages, and monasteries which interfered with the preservation of game, or the pleasures of the chase, the passion for which he transmitted to his descendants.

It was during these years of doubtful repose that William

caused to be compiled the Domesday Book, a complete record of the state of property in England, in repute to this day, and an indispensable labor after a conquest which had resulted in the transfer of nearly all the domains to other hands. William had divided the immense territories of which he had possessed himself into sixty thousand two hundred and fifteen fees of knights who had all sworn to him the oath of fidelity. Six hundred great vassals holding directly from the crown had also sworn to him faith and homage as their suzerain lord; and lest their united influence should become dangerous, the king had scattered their fiefs in different parts of the country, among their enemies the Saxons. Perhaps unconsciously William had thus obviated the greater part of the inconveniences of the conquest. This was not like the case of a feeble and effeminate people exhausted by oppression as were the Gauls at the moment of the invasion of the Germans. In England, two nations of the same origin and the same religion, equally brave and obstinate, had found themselves face to face. The Saxons were strong enough to resist their conquerors step by step. The Normans could not completely oppress a people always ready to revolt, who had long possessed institutions fitted for developing individual liberty.

Thus compelled to reckon with the conquered, the Normans necessarily acquired by degrees a greater respect for liberty than they had felt under the Norman feudal régime. The persecuted Saxons remained united in order to preserve some power of resistance: the Normans triumphant, but few in number among their enemies, were in their turn compelled to agree together, that they might not be crushed. Governed by the feudal law, they owed to the king their lord feudal service and certain gifts or dues under definite conditions; the Saxons, who by degrees allied themselves with William, accepted the same conditions on receiving their fiefs, without, however,

renouncing the laws peculiar to their race, or the rural institutions which the conquerors did not use themselves, and did not always permit to be freely exercised. It was, nevertheless, to this assemblage of confused regulations, requiring long years to bring them into accord, that the two nations owed the preservation of their strength and their liberties during the fusion which was slowly in progress. In England, as on the Continent, the feudal lords were grand justiciaries upon their lands, but they had acquired the habit of summoning eight or ten of the principal inhabitants of the neighborhood in testimony to the truth of the facts alleged, according to the ancient Saxon custom, which is the origin of juries. When the criminal could not be found, the parish remained responsible for fines and costs. Thus the Saxons and the Normans came to perform themselves the duties of police and of maintaining order. Instead of succumbing, the liberties of England developed and fortified themselves by the conquest. It was a struggle, but not an oppression.

Meanwhile William the Conqueror grew weary of his inaction. Gloomy and alone, he felt the need of the noise of combat and the excitement of war. Philip I. had refused to yield up to him the town of Mantes, and a portion of the French Vexin over which he claimed to have right as Duke of Normandy. Philip had even encouraged his barons to make incursions into William's territory. Uniting his Norman barons and his English vassals, whose valor he knew, against his enemies, he crossed the sea in the latter days of the year 1086, to seize by force of arms what the king of France refused to yield to negotiations. On arriving in France, William had been taken ill, and it was not till the month of June that he was at length able to march against Mantes, which he captured and cruelly pillaged. While in the midst of the burning town he was encouraging his soldiers,

his horse slipped. The king was an old man of heavy frame ; he fell and was seriously injured. They carried him to Rouen, where he languished six weeks. Remorse now seized him : all the cruelties of his life rose up before him ; he endeavored to expiate them by gifts to the poor and endowments of the churches. His two younger sons were there, anxious to know in what way the king was about to divide his heritage. In spite of his anger against Robert, the king would not deprive him of the duchy of Normandy, where he had been able to make friends. "I leave to no one the kingdom of England," he said ; "for I did not receive it as a heritage, but won it by my sword, at the price of much bloodshed. I confide it therefore to the good-will of God, desiring nevertheless that it should go to my son William, who has always obeyed and served me in all things ;" and he wrote to the Archbishop Lanfranc, to recommend him to crown his son.

Henry approached his father's bed. "And I," said he. "Do you leave me nothing ?" "Five thousand pounds' weight of silver from my treasury," replied the king, who was now dying. "And what shall I do with this silver if I have neither house nor land?" cried the young man. "Be patient, my son," said the king, "and thou shalt, perhaps, be greater than all." Henry immediately obtained payment of the money and went his way, while his brother William set out for England in order to accomplish his father's wishes by being crowned as soon as possible. The Conqueror was left alone upon his death-bed.

It was the 9th of September, 1087. William was sleeping heavily when he was awakened by the sound of bells. "What is that?" he inquired. "The bells of St. Mary sounding the prime," was the answer. "I commend my soul to Our Lady, the sainted Mary, and to God," said the king, raising his

hand towards heaven, and he expired. His sons had left him when dying : his attendants abandoned him when dead. A sudden stupor seized on the entire city upon the death of this powerful and terrible ruler. When the monks recovered themselves, and flocked into the royal palace to fulfil the duties of their office, they found the chamber stripped and the body of the Conqueror almost naked, stretched upon the ground. The king's sons troubled themselves no more with the funeral of their father than they had done with regard to his last moments. His body was conveyed to Caen, and it was a country gentleman named Herluin who undertook the expenses, from a kind disposition, and for the love of God. At the church of St. Stephen of Caen, which the king had built and endowed, the body of the monarch was on the point of being placed in a grave, when a citizen of Caen, named Azelin, advanced from among the crowd and exclaimed, " Bishop, the man whom you have praised was a robber. The ground on which we stand is mine ; it was the site of my father's house, which he took from me to build his church. I claim my right, and in the name of God I forbid you to inter him in my ground, or to cover his body with earth which is mine." It was necessary to pay to Azelin the just compensation which he claimed before the body was allowed to be deposited in the grave that awaited it. It was found to be too narrow, and they were compelled to place the coffin in it by force, to the great horror of the bystanders, and not till then was the Conqueror able to enjoy in peace the six feet of earth required for his last resting-place.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NORMAN KINGS. — WILLIAM RUFUS. — HENRY I. —
STEPHEN. 1087–1154.

WILLIAM RUFUS had not yet set sail from Wissant, near Calais, when he received intelligence of the death of his father. He kept the news secret; and obtained possession of several important places on the pretext of orders which he had received from the deceased king. It was not until he had helped himself freely to the treasure of the Conqueror at Winchester, and had made arrangements with the Archbishop Lanfranc, that he proclaimed the death of his father and his own claim to the crown. The bishop had been careful to administer to the king an oath binding him to observe the laws before consenting to give him his support, but oaths cost little to William. Scarcely had he been declared king by a council of barons and prelates, hurriedly assembled on the 26th of September, 1087, than he violated his original engagements, and cast the Saxon prisoners, whom his father had liberated on his death-bed, again into prisons, together with his Norman captives.

The new monarch would have acted more wisely if he had decided on a directly opposite course. Scarcely had the Bishop of Bayeux and his companions in captivity been set at liberty than they placed themselves at the head of the malcontents. The great barons all possessed fiefs in Normandy and in England: the separation of the two states, therefore, displeased them. Many of them resolved to depose

William in order to secure to Robert an undivided paternal inheritance. In consequence of their manœuvres a serious insurrection broke out simultaneously in several parts of England. Robert Curthose had promised to support his partisans with a Norman army, and already some small bodies of troops had put to sea, confident of meeting with no resistance from the king, who was without a fleet. William Rufus took his measures, and called round him that English nation which his father had scarcely subjected. "Let him who is not a man of nothing, either in the towns or in the country, leave his home and come." Such was the proclamation in all the counties according to the ancient Saxon custom. The Saxons obeyed: thirty thousand men assembled round King William, while the merchant ships, already numerous, were cruising in the Channel, and destroying, one after the other, the little flotillas which were bringing over the Normans. Bishop Odo had fortified himself in Rochester: the king attacked him there with his Saxon army, and would have compelled him to surrender at discretion, if the Normans who had remained faithful to William had not interceded on his behalf. "We assisted thee in the time of danger," said they; "we beg thee now to spare our fellow-countrymen; our relations, who are also thine, and who aided thy father to possess himself of England." The king consented to let the garrison march out with arms and baggage; but the arrogant prelate demanded that the trumpets should not celebrate his defeat. "I would not consent for a thousand marks of gold," exclaimed William angrily, and above the sound of the trumpets arose the cries of the Saxons: "Bring us a halter that we may hang this traitor bishop and his accomplices. O king, why do you allow him to retire thus safe and sound?"

Odo returned to Normandy, Duke Robert negotiated with

his brother, and the Saxons had already lost the advantages which William had accorded or promised to them in order to secure their co-operation. Lanfranc was dead: and the oppression had become more burdensome, the exactions more odious, since his influence had disappeared. The king delayed long to appoint his successor, taking himself possession of the rich domains and revenues of the diocese of Canterbury in contempt of ecclesiastical pretensions. He had for minister and confidant a Norman priest, Ralph Flambard, whom he had made Bishop of Lincoln, and whose tyranny was so great that the inhabitants of his diocese, says the chronicle, "desired death rather than to live under his power." The hereditary passion of King William for the chase, and the rigor of the forest laws, were among the most frequent causes of persecution. "The guardian of the forests and the pastor of the wild beasts," as the Saxons called him, took advantage of the least offence against his tyrannical ordinances to crush the thanes, who had preserved some remains of power. Fifty Saxons of considerable influence were accused of having taken, killed, and eaten deer. They denied the charge, and the Norman judges compelled them to undergo the ordeal of red-hot iron; but their hands were untouched. When the fact was announced to the king he burst into laughter. "What matters that?" said he; "God is no good judge of such matters; it is I who am most concerned in such affairs, and I will judge these fellows." The chronicle does not say what became of the poor Saxons.

Several times war had broken out between William and his brother Robert. Rufus had conceived the hope of expelling Curthose from Normandy. He had numerous partisans on the Continent, and but for the support of the King of France, and the alliance with his brother Henry, Curthose must soon have succumbed. But in 1096, after a great insurrection in

England, and at the moment when King William, triumphant over internal commotions, was probably about to renew his attacks upon Normandy, Duke Robert, seized with a passion for the Crusades, which were beginning then to agitate Christendom, suddenly proposed to his brother to mortgage his duchy for some years for a large sum of money, which would enable him to equip troops and to set out with *éclat* for the East. The coffers of the king were no better filled than were those of the duke, but he was more skilful in replenishing them at the expense of his subjects. The monasteries and the churches were taxed like the Saxons. "Have you not coffers of gold and silver filled with the bones of the dead?" exclaimed Rufus, and he laid his hand upon the shrines containing the reliques. Robert received the sums agreed upon and set out joyfully for Palestine, while William crossed into Normandy, and without meeting resistance, took possession of the duchy, where he already possessed numerous fortresses. Maine alone exhibited repugnance, and a revolt broke out there in 1100 while the Red King was enjoying the chase in England, in the hunting-grounds created by his father, which bear to this day the name of the New Forest. He set out instantly for the Continent. His nobles begged him to take time to assemble his forces. "No, no," replied Rufus; "I know the country and shall soon have men enough;" and he jumped aboard the first vessel which he met with, in spite of the violence of the wind. "Did you ever hear of a king being drowned?" he said to the sailors who were hesitating to set sail; and he arrived safe and sound at Barfleur. The rumor of his coming terrified the Lord of La Flèche, who was the leader of the insurrection; he abandoned the siege of Le Mans and took to flight. The domains of the enemy were soon ravaged, and Rufus returned to England.

Sinister rumors were circulating among the Saxons with

regard to the royal forests. One of the sons of William the Conqueror had wounded himself mortally in chasing the deer in the New Forest. In the month of May, 1100, the son of Duke Robert, on a visit to his uncle, was killed there by an arrow. People said that Satan appeared to the Normans and announced the sinister end which awaited them; but the Red King continued to devote himself to the chase.

It was the 1st of August. He had passed the night at Malwood Keep, a castle used as a hunting-seat in the very heart of the forest. His brother Henry, with whom he had become reconciled, was with him. A numerous suite accompanied him, among whom was one of the private friends of William, a great hunter like himself, one Walter Tyrrel, a French nobleman, who possessed large estates in Poix and Ponthieu. During the night the king had been agitated by terrible dreams: he had been heard to invoke "the name of Our Lady, which was not his custom;" but he seemed to have forgotten all this, and was preparing cheerfully for the fatigues and pleasures of the day. While he was putting on his buskins, a workman approached and presented him with six new arrows. He examined them, and taking four for himself, gave the two others to Walter Tyrrel, with the remark, "The good marksman should have the good weapons." As he was breakfasting with a good appetite, one of the monks of the abbey of St. Peter at Gloucester brought him letters from his abbot. During the night one of the brethren had been tormented with dismal visions. He had seen Jesus Christ seated upon His throne, and at His feet a woman supplicating Him on behalf of the human beings who were groaning under the yoke of William. The king laughed at the omen. "Do they take me for an Englishman," said he, "with their dreams? Do they think I am one of those idiots who abandon their course or their affairs because an

old woman chances to dream or sneeze? Come, Walter de Poix! To horse!"

The hunting party had dispersed over the forest: Walter Tyrrel alone remained with the king. Their dogs hunted in company. Both were in search of prey, when a great stag, disturbed by the commotion, unexpectedly passed between the king and his companion. William immediately drew his bow: the string of his weapon broke, and the arrow did not shoot. The stag had stopped, surprised by the noise, but not perceiving the hunters. The king had made a sign to Tyrrel, but he did not draw his bow. The king became angry. "Shoot, Walter!" he exclaimed; "shoot, in the devil's name!" An arrow flew, no doubt that of Tyrrel; but instead of striking the stag, it buried itself in the breast of the king. He fell without uttering a word. Walter ran to him and found him dead. Fear or remorse seized upon Tyrrel; he mounted his horse again, and galloping to the sea-coast, got aboard a vessel, passed into Normandy, and did not rest until he had taken refuge upon the territory of the King of France.

The news of this accident had become known in the forest; but no one gave a thought to the dead body of the king. Henry had hastened to Winchester, and had already put his hand upon the keys of the Royal Treasury, when William of Breteuil joined him out of breath. "We have all," he said, "thou as well as I and the barons, sworn fidelity and homage to Duke Robert thy brother if the king should die first. Absent or present, right is right." A quarrel ensued, and it was with sword in hand that Henry possessed himself of the treasure and the royal jewels. Meanwhile a charcoal-burner, who had found the corpse of the monarch in the forest, was bringing it to Winchester

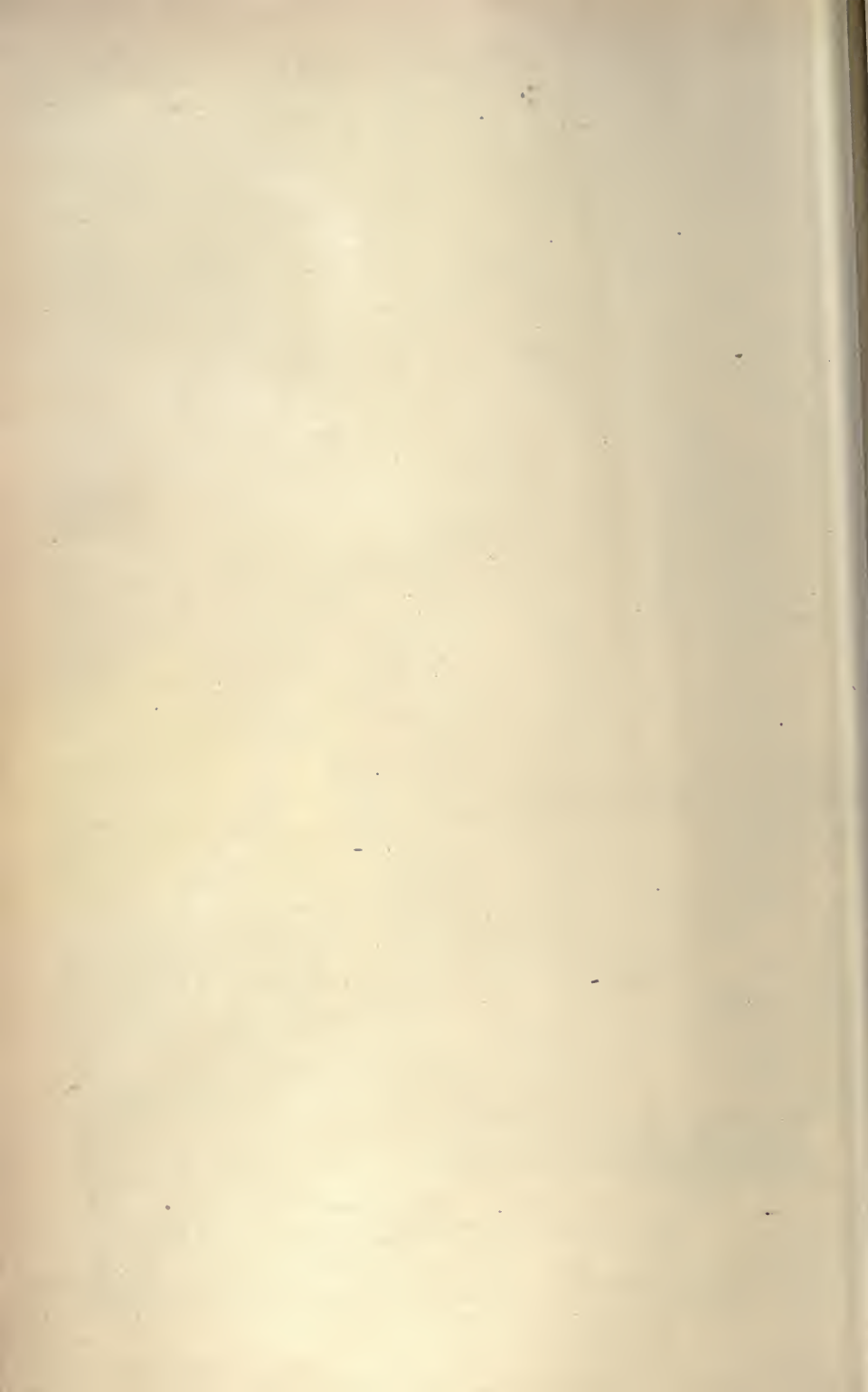
wrapped in old linen, and leaving on the road behind the cart a long trail of blood.

The partisans of Robert in England were not numerous: they had no leader. The duke was returning from Palestine, but he had stopped on the way with the hospitable Normans, sons of Robert Guiscard, established in Calabria and in Sicily. He had even married there. Henry meantime had taken his measures and had caused himself to be proclaimed there by the barons assembled in London. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Anselm, had been expelled from England three years previously; the archbishopric of York was vacant. It was the custom of Rufus to delay as long as possible appointing to the sees, in order that he might himself enjoy their revenues. The Bishop of London crowned the new monarch. Henry Beau-Clerc, as he was called, because he was fond of books and of churchmen, became king under the title of Henry the First.

Henry was more popular among the Saxons than his two brothers had been. Born and bred in England, he was regarded as an Englishman, and his first care was to address himself to the English, who were more powerful than is generally believed, and who after all still formed the mass of the people of the country. "Friends and vassals," said he, "natives of the country in which I was born, you know that my brother has designs upon my kingdom. He is a proud man, who cannot live in peace: his only wish is to trample you under his feet. On the other hand I, as a mild and pacific sovereign, intend to maintain your ancient liberties and to govern you according to your own wishes with wisdom and moderation. I will give you, if you wish it, a record in my own hand. Stand firm for me; for while I am seconded by the valor of the English, I have no fear of the foolish menaces of the Normans."



THE DEATH OF THE RED KING.



While the king was thus giving to the English a first charter, which proved of short duration, he determined to seal his promises by espousing a Saxon woman. He had cast his eyes on Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and of Margaret Atheling. Matilda had been reared in a convent in England by her aunt Christina Atheling, the abbess. The young girl hesitated: she had already been sought in marriage by several noblemen, and it was repugnant to her to unite herself with the enemy of her race and country. The Normans were irritated to see their king seeking support among their enemies, and they spread the report that Matilda had taken the vows as a nun in her infancy. It was necessary to convoke the bishops to decide the question. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury (afterwards St. Anselm), had returned to England. He had always been just towards the Saxons. When his patron and friend Lanfranc was ridiculing in his presence the Saxon devotion to St. Alphege, the archbishop who was massacred by the Danes, Anselm had said, "For myself I regard that man as a martyr, and a true martyr. He preferred to face death rather than to do a wrong to his countrymen. He died for justice, as John died for the truth, and each alike for Christ, who is truth and justice." At the head of his bishops and on the personal testimony of Matilda, Anselm declared that she had never been consecrated to God, and the marriage took place. The queen was beautiful, charitable, and virtuous; but she exercised little influence over her husband, and was not able to prevent his often oppressing the people.

Henry had banished the favorites of his brother, who were odious to the Saxons; and Ralph Flambard, who had been a prisoner in the Tower, had scarcely escaped from that fortress, when he heard that Duke Robert had arrived in Normandy with his young wife Sibylla, daughter of the Count of Conver-

sano. King Henry was greatly disquieted by the news. He had been careful to spread abroad the report that his brother had accepted the crown of Jerusalem, a worthy prize of his exploits in the Holy Land. The discontent of a certain number of Norman barons, and their disposition to offer their aid to Robert, compelled him more and more to depend upon the English as well as on the Church. He paid court to Anselm, and when Robert, encouraged by Ralph Flambard, published his declaration of war, the bishops and the common people of England were all on the side of King Henry. The Norman barons were divided, and the Saxon sailors, carried away no doubt by the fame which Robert had acquired in the Crusades, deserted with the fleet. It was in vessels constructed by his brother that Robert crossed with his army to English soil.

Duke Robert was undecided and wanting in settled character, but he was brave, and his affection for his family had resisted the disunion which had so long prevailed among these three brothers. Long before, when in company with William Rufus he was besieging their younger brother, now King Henry, but then only an adventurer without lands, who had seized upon Mont St. Michael, the supply of water had failed in the fortress, and the besieged prince sent to ask permission to obtain some. Robert consented, to the great vexation of William; he even sent to Henry wine for his table. "There is nothing now left to do but to send him provisions," said William moodily. "What!" exclaimed the duke, "ought I to let our brother die of thirst? and what other brother should we have if we lost him?"

Scarcely had Robert set foot in England when those among the Normans who were averse to war interposed between the two brothers. Once more Robert renounced his pretensions to the kingdom conquered by his father. Henry ceded to

him the fortresses which he still held in Normandy, and promised to pay him a pension of three thousand marks of silver. A general amnesty was agreed upon on both sides.

Treaties, however, were scarcely more effectual than charters in binding King Henry. By degrees the barons who had taken the side of Robert were expelled from their domains and banished from England. The chief of all, Robert of Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, had given ground of dissatisfaction by raising his standard when he had been called on to appear before the royal tribunal. Besieged in Bridgnorth, he had friends in the royal camp who sought to reconcile him with the king. "Do not listen to them, King Henry," cried the English infantry, "they are desirous of drawing you into a snare. We are here and will aid thee, and will assault the town for thee. Make no peace with the traitor till you secure him alive or dead." Henry pushed on with the siege; Bridgnorth was taken, and Robert of Belesme, an exile, passed over into Normandy, where he possessed thirty castles and vast domains, which Duke Robert, faithful to the treaty, had begun to ravage as soon as he saw the Earl of Shrewsbury in revolt against his sovereign. In his chagrin at seeing the amnesty promised in his name to the barons violated, Robert went himself to England, placing himself defenceless in the hands of his brother in order to intercede for his friends. He even made a present to Queen Matilda of one thousand marks of silver a year, part of the three thousand marks which her husband had engaged to pay him. He obtained only vague promises, and from the year 1104 the resolution of King Henry to possess himself of Normandy began again to show itself clearly.

Robert had lost his wife, and disorder reigned in his court. He was still in want of money; affairs were unsettled, and Normandy was suffering all the evils of a weak and capricious

government. Henry openly declared himself the protector of the duchy against the maladministration of his brother. "I will give thee money," he wrote to him, "but yield to me the land. Thou hast the title of chief, but in reality thou rulest no longer, for those who owe thee obedience ridicule thee." Robert refused this proposal with indignation, and Henry began his preparations for invading Normandy with an armed force.

The wars were always a cruel burden for the people; the levies of money necessary for the equipment of soldiers were ruinous to the poor citizens and the unfortunate peasants. Before the departure of Henry for Normandy, crowds of country people presented themselves on the road by which the king passed, casting at his feet their ploughshares in token of distress. Nevertheless the king set out and met his brother at Tinchebrai, not far from Mortagne. The struggle was fierce. The military talents of Robert were much superior to those of his brother, but his army was less considerable, and there were traitors in the camp. In the very heat of the contest Robert of Belesme took to flight with his division. The duke was made prisoner, and his forces were completely defeated. Henry at the same time seized Edgar Atheling, once the legitimate claimant of the crown, the uncle of Queen Matilda. In consideration of these facts he was allowed his liberty in England, and received from the king a small pension, which enabled him to end his days in such complete obscurity that we are even ignorant of the date of his death.

Duke Robert was not fated to enjoy a captivity so mild. He had suffered defeat on the 14th of October, 1106, the anniversary of the day when forty years previously his father had won the battle of Hastings. "God thus disposing," says the chronicle, "that Normandy became subject to England on the same day that England had become subject to Nor-

mandy." Ralph Flambard had regained his bishopric of Durham by giving up to the king the town and fortress of Lisieux; but Robert had been conveyed to England, and lodged in the castle of Cardiff, in Wales, which had recently been conquered by the Normans. He enjoyed there a certain amount of liberty, and hunted in the surrounding forest. One day he leaped on to his horse and took to flight. He was not well acquainted with the way; his horse sank into a bog. He was captured and taken back to his prison. When the king was acquainted with this attempt at escape, he ordered that the prisoner's eyes should be burned out by means of a bason of red-hot iron. The captivity of the unhappy duke became complete; but his robust constitution withstood all these misfortunes. He lived twenty-eight years in his prison, blind and alone, without news of the son whom he had left a child in Normandy, and preserving to the last the dignified pride of his race. One day some new clothes were brought to him from the king; Robert handled them and discovered that one of them was unripped at the seam. He was told that Henry had tried on the doublet and had found it too small for him. The duke threw all the clothes to a distance off, exclaiming, "So then my brother, or rather my traitor, that cowardly clerk who has disinherited and deprived me of sight, holds me now in such contempt—I who was once held in such honor and renown—that he makes me alms of his old clothes as to a valet!"

Robert was nearly eighty years of age when he died in 1135, some months before his brother, King Henry. He had survived in his captivity and suffering almost all the chief warriors with whom he had fought before Jerusalem.

Robert had, however, a son, William Cliton, or, as they soon afterwards called him, William of Normandy; but the boy was only seven years old when his uncle, finding himself in

possession of the whole of Normandy, began to besiege Falaise, where he was under guard. No one thought of declaring himself in favor of the little prince. He was taken and conducted to the king. The child cried and asked for mercy; he had reason to tremble, for his life was a great obstacle to the repose of his uncle. But making a violent effort to banish evil thoughts, the king desired to remove the little William from his presence, and he confided him to a faithful servant of his household, Helie de St. Saen. Some time afterwards the king had changed his mind, and desired to take back the little prince; but Helie carried him off secretly, and both took refuge at the court of the King of France, Louis the Fat. He was there growing up when King Henry was marrying his daughter Matilda, aged eight years, to Henry III., Emperor of Germany. The marriage of an eldest daughter was one of those occasions which gave the right to the feudal lord to levy taxes from his vassals, and King Henry used this right in such a way that the whole English people groaned under the burden. The splendor of the retinue which accompanied the little princess on her departure from England was soon forgotten; but when she returned to her native land, people still remembered the tears which her marriage had cost.

King Louis VI. had promised William Cliton the investiture of Normandy, when in 1113 war again broke out between France and England. It lasted for two years, and all the castles on the frontiers were captured from Henry. His able diplomacy procured him in 1115 an advantageous treaty, which assured to Prince William of England the hand of Matilda of Anjou, daughter of the Count Fulke. No one thought of reserving the rights of William Cliton over Normandy, and when the great Norman barons were convoked in 1117 to take the oath of allegiance to Prince William, no claim was advanced in favor of the exile. His uncle had made an

attempt to entice him into England, promising him the gift of three large counties; but the young man was not willing to trust himself to his father's jailer, and we meet with him again in 1119 at the head of a confederation formed on the Continent against King Henry. At the battle of Breuville, which preceded by some years the close of a war of mingled success and disaster, William Cliton, or Fitz-Robert as he was often called, penetrated into the presence of his uncle; but his knights were repulsed, and the marriage of Prince William with Matilda of Anjou, celebrated sumptuously in 1120, destroyed the hopes which his cousin had conceived. King Louis accepted the homage for Normandy from the son of the King of England, thus sparing the regal pride of Henry. The policy of this prince prevailed: he resolved to return in triumph to England, and on the 25th of November, 1120, he prepared to set sail from the little port of Barfleur, when a mariner well known upon that coast advanced towards him, presenting a mark of gold. "Stephen, son of Erard, my father, served yours on the sea," said he, "and it was he who steered the vessel aboard which your father sailed for the conquest. Sire king, I entreat you to grant me in fief the same office. I have a vessel called the *White Ship*, well fitted out." The king's ship was already prepared; he promised Stephen to give him as passengers the Prince William and his sister, Lady Mary, Countess of Perche. The *White Ship* was a large vessel. Three hundred persons went aboard her as he set sail. The king had preceded them on the sea, but Thomas Fitz-Stephen was proud of the fast sailing of his vessel, and made no haste to depart, thinking to overtake the squadron without difficulty. There was dancing and drinking upon the poop of the vessel: all the company were excited when at length they set out. Night had come on; the moon had risen; the wind was fresh.

They advanced rapidly, for the sailors lent aid with the oars. They were coasting, when suddenly the ship struck upon a rock at the level of the water, then called the *Raz de Catte*, now the *Raz de Catteville*. The *White Ship's* seams were opened by the shock, and she began to fill with water. The cry of terror which arose from those aboard reached the vessel of the king, sailing at a considerable distance; but no one understood the cause of the noise. Henry disembarked quietly. His children had launched a boat on the sea, and Prince William had entered it with some of his companions, but the cries of his sister, the Lady Mary, induced him to return to the foundering vessel. He had nearly rescued her, when the other passengers, driven wild with despair, sprang in a mass into the feeble skiff, which immediately disappeared with all occupants. The vessel sank almost at the same instant. Two men only clung to the mast, a butcher of Rouen and a young nobleman named Gilbert de Laigle. For a moment the head of Thomas Fitz-Stephen appeared above the waves. "What has become of the king's son?" he cried to the two survivors. "He has disappeared with his sister, and every one with him," they replied. "Unhappy me!" exclaimed the pilot, as he plunged again into the waves. Gilbert's hands were frozen; he relaxed his hold of the mast which supported him, and was drowned before the eyes of his companion, who was well wrapped in his sheepskin and hardened against the effect of rough weather. He held out until the morning, and was rescued by some fishermen on the coast. From his lips they learned the news of the disaster which had befallen the *White Ship*. In England they did not dare to apprise King Henry, who was awaiting the arrival of his children. At length a boy presented himself before him and fell weeping at his feet. Henry assisted him to rise, and the child related the story of the wreck of the Norman vessel. "And from that time

the king was never seen to smile," say the chroniclers, without, however, expending any more tenderness over the fate of Prince William, whose pride and harshness had caused apprehensions in England. "If I ever come to reign over these miserable Saxons," he was accustomed to say, "I will compel them to draw the plough like oxen." "So he perished on a quiet night and in calm weather," repeated the Saxons; "and it came to pass that his head, instead of being encircled by a crown of gold, was broken upon the rocks. It was God himself who decreed that the son of the Norman should not behold England again."

King Henry had no male heir, although he had married for a second wife the Duke of Louvain's daughter. Many of the barons seemed inclined to rally around William Fitz-Robert, who had lately excited another revolt. Henry resolved to settle the crown upon his daughter, the Empress Maud, who had lately become a widow. All the ability of the king could not prevent at first a feeling of repugnance among the great nobles; but the royal power had become very great, supported as it was by the antagonism of two hostile races between whom the king alone held the balance. The Normans yielded. On Christmas day, 1126, the Empress Maud was declared heiress to the kingdom; and six months later she married Geoffrey Plantagenet,* son of Fulke, Count of Anjou, whose father had transferred to him his domains on setting out for the Holy Land. Maud had for some time resisted the plans of her father for her marriage, which had been kept so secret that the barons protested, maintaining that the king had not the right to dispose, without their approval, of their future sovereign. The nuptial festivities lasted three weeks. Heralds, armed and in magnificent costume, traversed the

* So named because he was accustomed to wear in his hat a branch of genet or broom (*Planta genista*) in blossom.

streets and squares of Rouen, crying aloud, "In the name of King Henry, let no man here present, inhabitant or stranger, dare to absent himself from the royal rejoicings; for whosoever shall not take part in the amusements and games shall be deemed guilty of offence towards his lord the king."

Henry had obtained the oaths of all the barons, but he had too much sense and knowledge of human nature not to be aware how precarious the future situation of his daughter must be if his nephew, William Fitz-Robert, should live to dispute the throne. The young prince appeared, indeed, to be destined to a brilliant future. King Louis had brought about a marriage between him and the sister of his wife, a princess of Savoy, and he had given to her for a portion Pontoise, Chaumont, and the Vexin. Soon afterwards Charles the Good, Count of Flanders, was assassinated in the church at the foot of the altar. Louis entered Flanders for the purpose of punishing the murderers, and the count not having left any children, Louis conferred his domains upon William Fitz-Robert, great-grandson of the old Count Baldwin. The young count, who remained in his new territory, had soon a cause of quarrel with a certain number of his subjects, who called the King of England to their aid. The latter supported, as a rival to his nephew, the Landgrave Thierry of Alsace, who soon made himself master of Lille, of Ghent, and other important places. The son of Robert Curthose, however, had inherited the military talents of his father and grandfather: he completely defeated his adversary under the walls of Alost; but he had received a wound in the hand from a pike, and this injury, at first regarded as of little importance, turned to gangrene. William was carried to the monastery of St. Omer, where he died on the 27th of July, 1128. He was not yet twenty-six years of age, and he left no issue. His last care had been to recommend to the clemency of his uncle

the Norman barons who had served his cause. The king willingly pardoned them, so rejoiced was he to be delivered from the anxieties which his nephew caused him. Duke Robert was still living; but these successes had no more effect than the death of his son upon the dreary captivity of the unfortunate blind prisoner.

The Empress Maud and her husband often gave trouble to King Henry by their quarrels. The birth of their eldest son in 1133 for a moment appeased their dissensions. The child was christened Henry, after his grandfather, and the Normans called him Henry Fitz-Empress, to distinguish him from the king, whom they called Henry Fitz-William Conqueror. Two other sons were born to Count Geoffrey Plantagenet, and the quarrels recommenced. The count claimed Normandy, which the king had promised to relinquish in his favor; but Henry still refused. He was no more disposed than his father had been "to strip himself of his clothing before bedtime." His strength, however, was declining: he was dejected. On the 25th of November, 1135, anxious to dispel his low spirits, he set out for the forest of Lion-la-Forêt, in Normandy. When he returned he was hungry, and at supper he ate greedily of a dish of lampreys, which his physician regarded as unwholesome. His digestion was disordered: he fell ill and died on the 1st of December, at the age of sixty-six, leaving all his domains on both sides of the sea to his daughter Maud and her descendants. He had reigned thirty-five years; and, with the exception of some unimportant expeditions against the French, England had enjoyed peace under his sway. This great blessing had been sullied by many crimes. Neither plighted faith nor natural feeling had ever impeded Henry I. in his ambitious projects; but he had placed the dominion of the Norman race in England on such solid foundations that the troubles which followed upon his death could not shake

it; and if success were the test of moral worth, Henry Fitz-William Conqueror might be regarded as a great king.

All his efforts and all his precautions, however, had not enabled him to secure the succession to his daughter. Scarcely had he breathed his last when his nephew Stephen, son of the Count of Blois and of Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror, set sail immediately for England. The king had always treated his nephew with particular favor: he had given him vast fiefs in England. The Count Stephen was very popular among the Normans and the Saxons. His wife, Maud, niece of Matilda, first wife of Henry I., even belonged to the royal Saxon family. Stephen boldly laid claim to the throne, which could not, he said, belong to a woman. He was descended like her from William the Conqueror, and in the same degree. England was not a property which could be bequeathed at pleasure and without respect for the wishes of the people. Many barons were of Stephen's opinion, and the treasure of King Henry, which his brother the Bishop of Winchester yielded up to him, secured to him other adherents. The chief minister of the deceased king, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, whom Henry had originally remarked and attached to his person as "the readiest priest at saying a mass whom he had ever met with," allowed himself to be won by money. William Corbois, Archbishop of Canterbury, was more scrupulous, but was persuaded that the king, irritated by the conduct of his daughter, had adopted his nephew on his death-bed. Stephen was elected by the barons and prelates, who considered themselves absolved from their oath towards the empress because she had married without their consent; and the coronation took place at Westminster, on the 26th of December, St. Stephen's Day. The Pope confirmed the election with the more readiness because Stephen had accepted the oath of the clergy, under the condition imposed by the bishops,

of respect for the liberties and discipline of the Church. The barons had obtained new fiefs, with permission to fortify their castles and to construct new ones. Those who were greedy for gain received money, and King Stephen was in such high favor on both sides of the sea that when Geoffrey Plantagenet entered Normandy to claim the rights of his wife, the natural animosity of the Normans against the Angevins broke forth with violence. The count was compelled to retire, and to conclude with Stephen a truce for two years, in consideration of a pension of three thousand marks of silver. The king crossed over into Normandy, and received there the homage of the barons; and Louis VII., surnamed the Young, then King of France, betrothed his young sister Constance to the little Eustace, son of Stephen, granting to the child the investiture of Normandy.

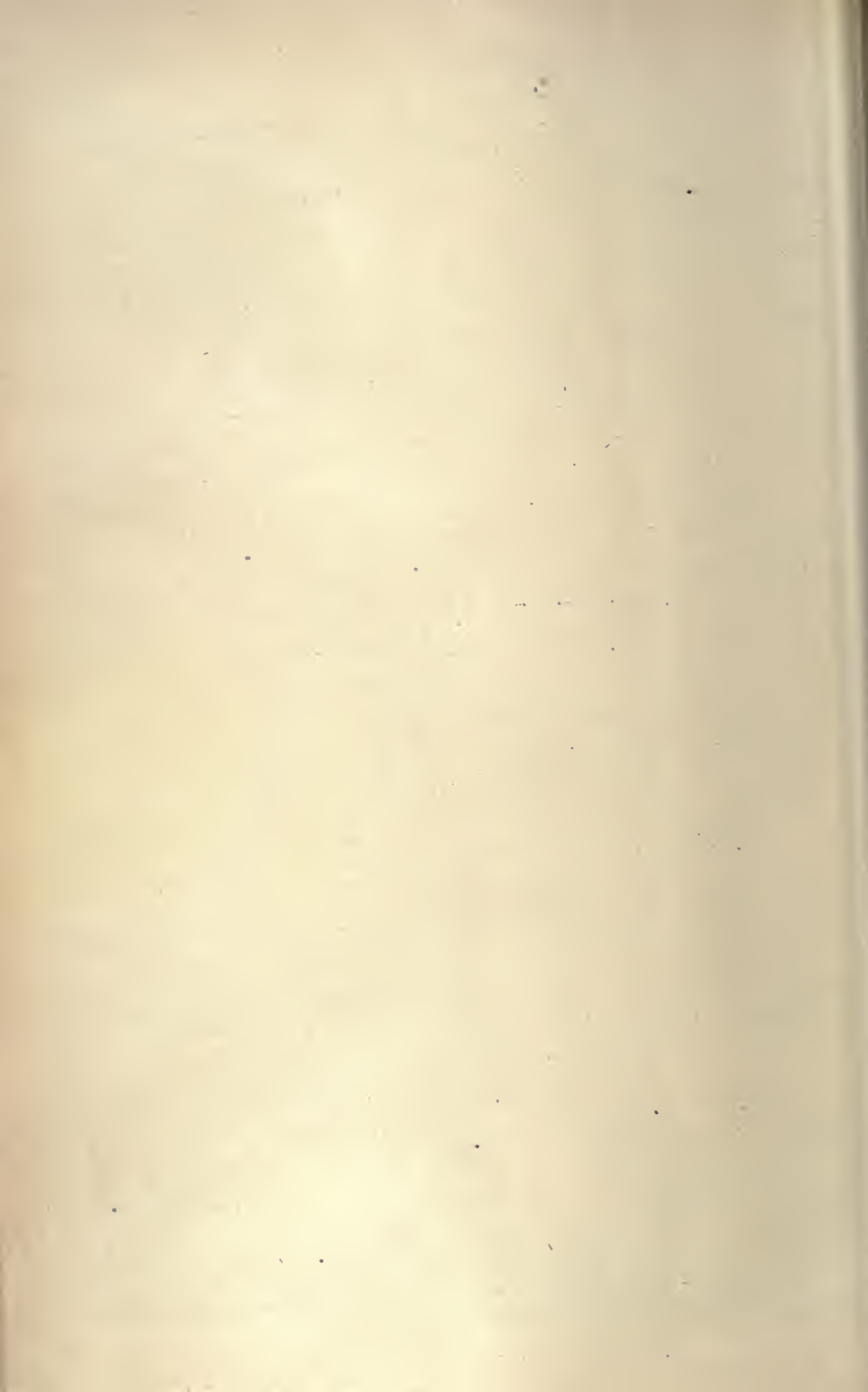
Among the barons who had taken the oath of allegiance to Stephen was Robert, Earl of Gloucester, a natural son of Henry I., who had renounced all rights to the throne in favor of his sister, the Empress Maud. Like her, he had pretended to yield, but like her he had not abandoned the cause. Maintained in the possession of his large domains through his oath of fidelity, he crossed from Normandy into England, and very soon the tranquillity which had reigned there gave place to a secret agitation. Several partial risings took place; but these were only the precursors of the great insurrection which Gloucester was preparing, and which David, King of Scotland, was about to support as protector of the rights of his sister, the Empress Maud.

The mine was dug. The Earl of Gloucester retired into Normandy, whence he wrote to Stephen, solemnly renouncing his allegiance. Other great barons followed his example, and, fortifying themselves in their castles, overwhelmed the king with reproaches, accusing him of having failed to keep his

oath towards them. "Ah!" exclaimed Stephen, "the traitors! they made me king, and now they desert me; but, by the Nativity of God! they shall never make me a deposed king!" In this perilous situation Stephen displayed great energy, laying siege to the rebel castles one after the other, and disposing largely of the domains of the crown in favor of the barons who were faithful or who became penitent. Meanwhile the King of Scotland had entered Northumberland at the head of a numerous army from the Highlands and Lowlands, isles and mountains, the regular troops and undisciplined savages, knights clad in iron, the best lances in Europe, and mountaineers half naked, constituting this army of "Scotch emmets," as the English expressed it, covered all the country extending from the Tweed to the north of the county of York, ravaging and pillaging on their way. The king was at a distance, detained by the insurrections of the barons in the South. The northern counties defended themselves. The Normans called to their aid the inhabitants of the country, those English who, though so often oppressed, possessed a vitality which resisted every form of tyranny. They united with their conquerors to defend the country against this attack. The Archbishop of York, Toustain, or Thurstan, a decrepid old man, sinking under age and infirmities, but full of energy and foresight, caused a search to be made in the churches for the standards of St. John of Beverley, St. Cuthbert of Durham, and St. Wilfred of Ripon, which had remained there since the Conquest. They raised aloft these consecrated banners upon a car similar to the *caroccio* which bore the standards of the Italian Republics. In the midst of the flags arose a pedestal bearing the tabernacle and the sacred host. The English surrounded the sacred car, with their longbows in their hands. They halted at Elfertun (now North Allerton), awaiting the arrival of the Scotch. There was a dense mist,



"THE ENGLISH AND NORMANS AROSE, EXCLAIMING 'AMEN.'"



and the enemy might have taken the English army by surprise, but for Robert Bruce and Bernard Baliol, who possessed domains in England and Scotland. The former of these two knights approached King David. "O king!" he exclaimed, "do you bear in mind against whom you are going to fight? It is against the Normans and the English, who have so often served you well with counsel and arms, and have succeeded in securing to you the obedience of your people of Celtic race. Remember that it is we who have placed these tribes in your hands, and thence arises the hatred with which they are animated towards our countrymen." "These are the words of a traitor," exclaimed William, nephew of the King of Scotland. At the same instant Malise, Earl of Strathern, was heard to exclaim, "What need have we of this stranger? I have no breastplate, and yet I will advance as far as any among them." The old Norman turned his horse's head. "I retract my oath of fidelity and homage, O king!" he cried, and, spurring his horse, he hastened towards the English, with Bernard Baliol, crying out that the Scotch were following them.

The Bishop of Durham was standing erect upon the sacred car, as representative of the old Archbishop of York. He pronounced absolution in a loud voice, and the English and Normans, who had been kneeling, arose, exclaiming, "Amen!" The Scotch were already charging, amidst cries of "Alban! Alban!" the historical name of their country. Their impetuous attack had broken the ranks of the English; but the Norman cavalry, in close order around the car, steadily repulsed the charge. The archers formed again, and began to harass the mountaineers with their shafts; the long pikes of the men of Galloway were broken upon the Norman bucklers; the claymores of the Highlanders could not pierce their breastplates. The fight lasted two hours, and the confusion was terrible.

Prince Henry, son of the King of Scotland, had succeeded in cleaving a way up to the standards, but he was repulsed. The lances and the swords were broken. The fury of the attack abated; the retreat soon became a rout, protected only by King David and his corps of knights, who had rallied around him. The Scotch took refuge in Carlisle, where the English did not attack them. The treaty of peace, which was concluded in the following year, even left Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland in the power of Scotland.

The defeat of the Scots at the battle of the Standard had cooled the ardor of the malcontents. The Empress Maud and the Earl of Gloucester had not yet appeared in England; but King Stephen committed a grave error. He alienated from himself the attachment of the clergy, who up to that time had been favorable to him, by suddenly casting into prison the Bishop of Salisbury, one of the partisans who had had the greatest share in his elevation, and whom he had up to then loaded with wealth and honors. "By the Nativity of God," he exclaimed to one of his attendants, "I would give him one half of England if he asked it. He should grow weary of asking before I would grow weary of giving, until the day when he should be dumb." That day had apparently arrived, for Roger of Salisbury and his two nephews, Bishops of Lincoln and Ely, were suddenly arrested. The Bishop of Ely succeeded in escaping and taking refuge in a fortress. He defended himself valiantly; but they threatened to starve to death his uncle and his brother if he did not yield. The manners of the time were such that there was reason to fear the execution of the threat. The Bishop of Ely surrendered, and the king took possession of the property of the three prelates; but he had irritated a dangerous enemy. His own brother, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Legate of the Pope in England, summoned him to appear before a

Synod of bishops to answer for this breach of the privileges of the Church. It was necessary to appeal to the Pope against the prelates, and to disperse the Synod by force. The Bishop of Salisbury died shortly afterwards — “of chagrin,” say the chronicles. His nephews embraced the cause of the Empress, and a great part of the clergy followed their example. The Synod had just been dissolved (September, 1139), when Maud at length disembarked in England with one hundred knights only. Some Normans went to meet her, but finding her so ill attended, they kept back. King Stephen swept down upon Arundel Castle, where resided Queen Adelais, widow of Henry I. He found her engaged in assisting her daughter-in-law, who had just arrived. A chivalrous sentiment restrained Stephen from insulting the two princesses. He left Adelais in peaceable possession of the castle, and the empress was able to proceed and meet her brother the Earl of Gloucester, who was endeavoring to revive the discontent in the counties of the West. Her partisans soon rallied round her, and raising her standard she attacked the king. Sometimes she was defeated, sometimes victorious; and for eighteen months England was afflicted by the horrors of civil war. At last a decisive combat near Lincoln resulted in King Stephen falling into the hands of the Earl of Gloucester. He was cast into confinement in Bristol Castle. The barons who had followed him hastened to the empress, made peace with her, and acknowledged her right to the crown, the Legate and the Bishop of Winchester being foremost. On the 7th of April a meeting of bishops, again presided over by the Legate, ratified the accession of Maud, absolving all the barons and the prelates from their oath towards Stephen; but the empress was obliged to allow some months to elapse before her coronation at Westminster, so attached were the citizens of London to the cause of the vanquished king.

Maud was haughty, and she lacked the tact and prudence so necessary to sovereigns whose throne is insecure. She harshly refused to give to the Bishop of Winchester the patrimonial lands of King Stephen, which he claimed on behalf of his nephew, Prince Eustace; and thus she mortally offended that proud prelate. On arriving in London, she demanded immediately an enormous tollage. "The king has left us nothing," said the citizens piteously. "I understand," replied the new queen, "you have given everything to my adversary, and you desire me to spare you." London ended the dispute by promising to pay, presenting at the same time an humble petition. "Restore to us (they implored) the good laws of King Edward, thy great uncle, in the place of those of thy father, King Henry I., which are bad and too harsh towards us." The queen rudely repulsed the petitioners, and she was awaiting the arrival of the promised gold when the bells of the city suddenly sounded the alarum. From each house issued a combatant armed with an axe, a bar of iron, or a bow, "like bees issuing from a hive," says the chronicle; all took the direction of the palace. At the same time a troop of armed men, carrying the banner of Queen Matilda, wife of Stephen, presented themselves on the banks of the Thames upon the Surrey side. The empress was at table; she sprang upon her horse and fled by the western gate, accompanied only by some servants, while the multitude pillaged the hall which she had just quitted. She was destined never to return to London.

The empress took refuge at Oxford. She had conceived some doubts with regard to the fidelity of the Bishop of Winchester, whom she sent for. "Say that I am preparing," replied the prelate. The queen had conceived the design of surprising him in his episcopal city; but at the moment when she entered by one gate she saw him go forth by another, on his way to place himself at the head of the partisans of

his brother. The queen gathered her adherents about her; but the bishop had returned, and he laid siege to Winchester, where the King of Scotland and the Earl of Gloucester had joined Queen Matilda. All military operations had been suspended for the festival of the Holy Cross (14th September, 1141), when at daybreak Maud mounted her horse, accompanied by a good escort, and silently departed from the royal castle. She passed without serious difficulties through the camp of the besiegers, who were occupied in the ceremonies of the day. When the pursuit commenced, Maud was already drawing near to the castle of Devizes; but she did not feel herself to be safe here, thoroughly as that place had been fortified by the Bishop of Salisbury, and she continued her course. The Earl of Hereford alone accompanied her as far as Gloucester. The King of Scotland had set out for his kingdom, but the Earl of Gloucester was taken prisoner. A great number of his adherents were disguised as peasants, but their Norman accent betrayed them, and the English hinds seizing this occasion to wreak vengeance on their oppressors, arrested them, and, whip in hand, conducted them into the enemy's camp.

The two parties were without leaders, for Matilda could do nothing without her brother. It was resolved to exchange the Earl of Gloucester for King Stephen, and in a grand council of bishops, convened on the 7th of December by the Legate, the latter hurled all the thunders of the Church against the partisans of the Countess of Anjou (by which name he described Maud), as he had done on the 7th of April against the adherents of the Count of Blois. The war continued in England and Normandy: the Count of Anjou had subjected that great province, but he refused to cross the sea to join his wife, and contented himself with sending his eldest son, Henry, into England with his uncle, the Earl of Gloucester. At the moment when the young prince landed in the country

where he was destined to establish his race, his mother was besieged in Oxford by King Stephen. The winter was one of great severity, and the sufferings of the nation were unparalleled. The barons fortified themselves each in his castle, "and even in the churches," say the chronicles, adding, that "they dug trenches in the churchyards, exposing to the daylight the bones of the dead. From thence armed men pillaged the towns and villages, the passers-by, and the lonely cottages. It was possible to walk all day without meeting a man upon the road, or seeing an acre of land in cultivation—for to till the earth was like tilling the sands of the sea-shore. Never had the pagan pirates inflicted worse evils."

The siege of Oxford lasted three months; the snow covered the ground. Maud found herself on the point of perishing by famine. She attired herself in white, as did three knights of her suite, and the four issued by a little postern, and traversed the deserted country as far as the town of Abingdon, where they obtained horses. The castle of Oxford surrendered on the morrow; but Stephen was soon afterwards defeated before Wilton by the Earl of Gloucester.

In the midst of these alternate successes and disasters, the burden of which weighed equally and constantly on the people, the Earl of Gloucester died (1147). His nephew, whom he had kept in Bristol Castle, in order to protect him against his enemies, returned into Normandy, and shortly afterwards the empress herself, deprived of all support, relinquished the part she had played with so much fortitude for eight years in order to return to France. King Stephen was now master of the situation; but his throne, shaken under him, was not destined to become firm again.

Pope Innocent II., the protector of the Bishop of Winchester, had just died. Celestine II. and Lucius II. had enjoyed the pontifical throne only for the briefest space. Anastasius II.

withdrew the title of Legate from the king's brother, and granted it to his adversary Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. Stephen had taken a part in the quarrel of his brother with the archbishop, whom he had exiled; and a part of the kingdom had been placed under an interdict. The Church was too strong for a sovereign so feeble; Stephen was compelled to cede great estates to the clergy, and to be reconciled with Theobald. But in vain he sought to obtain the recognition of his eldest son Eustace as his successor; the archbishop constantly refused his countenance; the quarrels broke out afresh, and the episcopal domains were confiscated in several places.

So long as King Stephen had to contend only against a woman, however divided England was, he had the best chances of success; but his new rival, Henry, was sixteen years of age: he had just been knighted in Scotland (1149) by his uncle, King David, and on his return he received from his uncle the investiture of Normandy. In 1150 Geoffrey of Anjou died, and his domains reverted to his eldest son, who two years later married Queen Eleanor, the divorced wife of King Louis the Young. She brought him as her portion the county of Poitou and the duchy of Aquitaine. He was nineteen years of age; his personal reputation, like his power, was growing daily. The party of the Plantagenets in England began to raise their heads, and when the prince landed in 1153, with an army small in number but strong in discipline, many adherents came to take service under his banner. King Stephen had also gathered together his forces, and the two rivals found themselves face to face at Wallingford, separated only by the Thames. They remained there two days without coming to blows. At length the Earl of Arundel had the courage to declare, that it was a folly to prolong the sufferings of an entire nation for the sake of the ambition of two princes. It was resolved to sign a truce with a view to negotiate a

permanent peace. About that time Eustace, the eldest son of Stephen, died in consequence of great excesses. The king had now only one son, who was still young and not ambitious. The two rival ecclesiastics, the Bishop of Winchester and the Archbishop of Canterbury, conducted the negotiations, and on the 7th of November, 1153, in a solemn council held at Winchester, King Stephen adopted Prince Henry as a son, giving the kingdom of England as an inheritance to him and his descendants forever. Henry took the oath of fidelity and homage, receiving in his turn the allegiance of Prince William, the son of Stephen, on whom he conferred all the patrimonial lands of his father. A year later, on the 25th of October, 1154, King Stephen expired at Dover in his fiftieth year. For a while, at least, civil war was to cease to desolate England.

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY II. 1154-1189.

WHEN King Henry II. ascended the throne in 1154, he was the most powerful monarch that had ever reigned in England, and one of the most powerful in Christendom. To his hereditary possessions, Anjou, Normandy, and Maine, and his beautiful kingdom of England, he had added by his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, Poitou and Aquitaine, which comprised Saintonge, Auvergne, Perigord, Limousin, Angoumois, and Guienne. He was ambitious and greedy of power. His father, who knew him well, had provided by his will that Anjou should return to his second son Geoffrey, if the eldest should become King of England, and in order to secure this arrangement he had forbidden his own interment before Henry should have sworn to conform to it. The prince hesitated long, then took the oath, and Count Geoffrey Plantagenet was consigned to the tomb. But Henry had become king, and his brother had claimed the execution of his promise. The monarch contrived to be relieved of his oath by Nicholas Breakspear, who had been raised to the pontifical dignity under the name of Adrian IV., the only Englishman who has ever become Pope. Henry Plantagenet retained Anjou, the cradle of that family which he was destined to render so powerful.

When the new king landed in England, six weeks after the death of Stephen, he found his kingdom a prey to horrible anarchy. In the intervals of their power, Maud and

Stephen had both endeavored to attach to themselves the great nobles by important grants of lands and castles: hence the royal domains were reduced to insignificance, and were surrounded on all sides by menacing fortresses guarded by resolute soldiers who recognized no authority but that of their chiefs. Many of these fortresses were in the hands of Flemish and Brabantine mercenaries whom each party in turn had summoned to their assistance. It was by dealing with these men that Henry began the reforms which he reckoned upon introducing into the condition of territorial property. On a given day, to the great joy of the Normans and Saxons, he ordered all foreigners to leave the kingdom. "We saw them (says a chronicler), we saw all those Brabantines and Flemings recross the sea to return to their plough-tails, and from being lords become serfs again."

The expulsion of the foreign mercenaries had been popular; but this was not the principal object of the king, who desired to reconstitute the royal domain, and with that object convoked a grand council, which admitted, though not without difficulty, that Henry was under the necessity of revoking the grants made by Stephen and Maud. The king was not more sparing of the partisans of his mother than of her enemies. From the moment that right was on his side he never stopped in his efforts: from castle to castle, from domain to domain, he triumphed over the malcontents, either by the sword or by negotiation. When he became master of one fortress he instantly had it razed to the ground. In this way eleven hundred castles disappeared from the face of England; they had been mere haunts of robbers who oppressed the country roundabout. The peasants and the townspeople applauded the work of destruction.

King Henry had already triumphed over his vassals, and defeated his brother Geoffrey, who had refused to acquiesce in

his spoliation. He had compelled him to take refuge at Nantes, the population of which town had offered him the government. In 1157 he came to the determination to bring to an end the struggle with the Welsh, who were still fighting proudly for their independence. But Henry did not know well that country of mountains and defiles. He became entangled in the environs of the forest of Coleshill, and the Welsh sallying forth in a mass from the obscure lurking-places where they had been lying in ambush, fell upon the English army. The massacre was great. The Earl of Essex, hereditary standard-bearer of the crown, let fall the royal banner, and took to flight. The rumor spread abroad at once that the king was killed, but he soon rallied his troops and effected his retreat to a more open country, where he pitched his camp, and thence inflicted so much annoyance on the Welsh, that, without venturing a second time upon a fixed battle, they consented to restore to Henry the territory which they had won back from Stephen, and to swear fidelity and homage to him for the lands which they retained. The struggles of King Henry with the Welsh were not ended. Repeated insurrections were destined to recall him into the mountains; but he succeeded nevertheless in securing and extending his dominion over that indomitable population, proud of the antiquity of their race, and convinced that all England belonged to them by right of birth.

Geoffrey had lately died at Nantes (1158), and his brother claimed that city as belonging to him by right of inheritance. In vain the citizens protested: in vain Conan, Duke of Brittany, and Earl of Richmond in England, maintained the rights of his vassals, King Henry confiscated the lands of the Earl of Richmond, and crossed the sea with so powerful an army that the inhabitants of Nantes were terrified and opened their gates to him. Henry immediately took possession of all the

territory between the Loire and the Vilaine, and proposed to the duke to terminate their differences by affiancing his daughter Constance to Geoffrey, the third of the English princes. In order to obtain the consent of the King of France, Louis VII., to this increase of his power upon French soil, Henry had sought the hand of Margaret of France on behalf of Henry, his eldest son.

This gleam of a good understanding between the great powers of the earth was very soon disturbed by new ambitious dreams of Henry Plantagenet. Eleanor of Aquitaine had, or believed herself to have, through her grandmother, claims to the countship of Toulouse. Her first husband, Louis VII., had relinquished those rights by treaty after an attempt to seize them by force of arms; but by virtue of the divorce, Eleanor had vested her pretensions in her second husband, Henry, King of England, who claimed the cession pure and simple of the countship by Raymond of St. Gilles, Count of Toulouse. The latter invoked the aid of his suzerain lord, the King of France. In the prospect of this distant struggle, Henry commuted the military service which his vassals were bound to render into a tax, and by means of this money he secured the services of an army of Brabantines. With these marched Malcolm, King of Scotland, and the King of Aragon, who, like the King of France and the Duke of Brittany, had lately affianced his daughter to one of the sons of Henry, — and the most warlike of the English barons. But Louis VII. had already entered Toulouse, when Henry advanced against that city. Louis had but few troops with him, and the King of England might easily have attempted an assault; scruples based upon his position of vassal of his lord, however, restrained him. When the French army had joined Louis VII. a few feats of arms of little importance soon brought the war to an end; but it had left indelible traces.

The inhabitants of the south of France had acquired the habit of calling to their aid sometimes the King of France, sometimes the King of England, and their independence was destined to succumb under these powerful protectors. It was so well known upon the banks of the Garonne that the southern provinces were at peace when their dangerous allies were quarrelling elsewhere, that people openly asked, in the form of a prayer, "When will the truce between the English and the Tournois come to an end?"

In the midst of these wars and negotiations, these invasions and these treaties, King Henry relied on all sides upon the advice and support of Thomas Becket, or à Becket, Chancellor of England, the son of Gilbert à Becket, a merchant of the city of London, of Norman origin. A romantic story attaches to the birth of Thomas Becket. It is related that the busy passers-by in the streets of London had, to their great surprise, observed one day a woman wearing Oriental costume, who was wandering about repeating the name of Gilbert. To questions put to her she gave no answer, and she knew no other English words than "Gilbert" and "London." A crowd had begun to gather around her, when she was recognized by a servant who had accompanied Gilbert Becket to the crusades. Both had been made prisoners and had succeeded in escaping: but the daughter of the Emir who had held them captive had conceived a passion for Gilbert; she had followed his traces to the shore, and had found means of going to England, and then to London, without any other guide to the whereabouts of him she loved than this name of Gilbert, at that time a very common name. Becket consulted his confessor; the Saracen princess was baptized under the name of Matilda, and Gilbert married her. Her husband made a great fortune, and his son Thomas, a handsome and intelligent youth, had been brought up with great care, then

sent into France and Italy to finish his education. He had been taken notice of from his childhood by Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who took him into his house as soon as he had completed his studies, and employed him in the most delicate diplomatic affairs, when, at the accession of King Henry II., he himself fulfilled the functions of prime minister. The king took a liking to the young archdeacon, and in 1156 appointed him chancellor, at the same time confiding to him the education of his eldest son. He also made him Constable of the Tower, with the custody of considerable domains. The ecclesiastical benefices often vacant, which the chancellor was in no haste to fill up, caused to flow into the treasury the rich revenues of the bishoprics and abbeys. Gilbert Becket was dead, and his son had inherited a great fortune. He was forty years of age, elegant in his person, magnificent in his attire, skilled in all bodily exercises, and at the same time learned, courageous, enterprising, and able. The king, who saw only through his eyes, kept him incessantly at his side, and could not endure his absence. Becket kept a splendid retinue remarkable even at that period of magnificent extravagance. His house was filled with knights and the sons of great lords, who designed to secure by this means the favor of the king, and to bring up their children in the manners of the court. His sumptuously furnished table was open to all comers, and when a diplomatic mission led the chancellor abroad, the retinue which accompanied him was so magnificent and so numerous that the spectators exclaimed, "What must the King of England be, when his servant travels with such pomp?" It was in this way that Thomas Becket presented himself at the French court to negotiate in the affair of Brittany and the alliance of Prince Henry with Margaret of France. With similar grand display, although of a different nature, he accompanied the king in his campaign through the countship of

Toulouse, of which he directed in person the greater part of the operations. He was at the head of seven hundred knights and men-of-arms, supported at his expense, when he attacked the town of Cahors and the castles which surrounded it. His sagacity, his good humor, his caustic and fertile wit, were to the king a continual source of amusement. He lived with his favorite in almost brotherly intimacy, and the administrative talents which the chancellor displayed in domestic affairs added to his popularity. "I will make thee Archbishop of Canterbury," Henry often said. Becket smiled and shook his head. When the prior of Leicester, a rigid ecclesiastic, reproached him with the worldliness and outward show of his mode of living, reminding him that he was destined to become primate of England, the chancellor exclaimed, "I know three poor priests more fitted than I for that dignity. If ever I attained it, I should either lose the king's favor, or forget my duty towards God."

The Archbishop Theobald was dead (1161). For thirteen months the king left the see vacant, in order to appropriate its revenues: but he did not lose sight of the choice on which he had resolved. Becket was devoted to him: he had always displayed great respect for the royal prerogative, exacting so rigorously what was due to the crown, even from the clergy, that the Bishop of London, Gilbert Folliot, accused him angrily of plunging a dagger into the maternal bosom of his Church. Henry believed himself sure of thus raising to the ecclesiastical supremacy a friend who would support him in the reforms which he was meditating. He sent for Thomas Becket at Toulouse, where he happened to be, and ordered him to set out immediately for England, where he would be elected Archbishop of Canterbury. Becket smiled as he pointed to the magnificent dress in which he was clothed. "You choose fine dresses to figure at the head of your monks at Canter-

bury," he said. "If you do as you say, sire, you will hate me very soon as much as you now love me; for you will meddle in the affairs of the Church more than I can consent to, and people will not be wanting to embroil us."

The king paid no heed to the views of the chancellor. The bishops and the chapter of Canterbury proclaimed Becket unanimously, with the exception of Gilbert Folliot, who had hoped to secure that promotion for himself. The new archbishop received the order of priesthood, for he was hitherto only a deacon, and he was consecrated by Henry of Winchester, brother of King Stephen. The pallium was brought from Rome, and Becket took possession of the archiepiscopal throne.

In placing his hand upon the pastoral crosier, Becket had completely changed his way of living. From the most ostentatious luxury he suddenly passed to the austere life. No more festivities; no more horses; no more sumptuous clothing. The rich revenues were expended in alms; the archbishop had resigned his position as chancellor, saying that he could not do justice to the affairs of the king as well as those of the Church. Henry was astonished at this transformation; but as yet it caused him no irritation. When the court returned to England, the archbishop conducted his royal pupil to his father, and the king exhibited towards him the affection and the confidence to which he had been accustomed.

Meanwhile the storm was approaching. Becket had resolved to restore to the see of Canterbury its primitive splendor, and to take back from the hands of the despoiler the property of which the chapter had been deprived by slow degrees. This measure, similar to that which Henry had long before applied to the crown property, seemed to the king objectionable when the matter in hand was the lands of the archbishopric. Becket even dared to demand a castle, and he

had excommunicated a vassal holding directly from the crown who had expelled a priest from his domains. It was with an ill will, and after much difficulty, that the archbishop withdrew his sentence in obedience to the king's orders.

While these clouds were gathering in the sky, Henry was preparing a measure fatal to the good understanding between himself and his favorite. The priests and all those who depended, directly or indirectly, on the Church, had the right of being judged exclusively by ecclesiastical tribunals; and clerical justice was accused of great partiality. Its very laws forbade the shedding of blood. Thus a servant of the Church could not be condemned to death even for murder, and this assurance often led to the most odious crimes, the repression of which was uncertain. The king had resolved to remedy this inconvenience by requiring that every priest degraded for his misdeeds should be given up to the civil tribunals, who should judge him in their turn. Becket maintained that it would be unjust to judge and punish twice the same culprit. The greater number of the bishops were of his opinion. The king shifted the question. "Will you," he asked the assembly of prelates, "swear to maintain the ancient customs of the realm?" "Save the honor of our order," replied all the bishops, with the exception of Hilary of Chichester. The king was furious. He convoked a great council at Clarendon (January 25, 1164), where he presented to the bishops a series of decrees and laws regulating the relations of the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals, which have since been known under the name of "The Constitutions of Clarendon." He had striven to intimidate the bishops by stripping Becket of the castles and the titles which he had given to him long before. Alternately threatening and yielding, the archbishop had arrived at Clarendon. He had consented to sign the Constitutions; the act was complete, and it only remained now to

affix the seals, when Becket was seized with remorse. "I will never affix my seal to this," he said, and without listening to the representations of his colleagues, or the counsels of the Grand Master of the Templars, or taking heed of the anger of the king, who had left the hall of council in a fit of rage, he remounted his horse and returned gloomily to Canterbury, lamenting over his sins as the cause of the enslavement of the Church in England. "I was taken from the court to become a bishop—vain and proud as I was; not' from the school of the Saviour, but from the palace of Cæsar. I was a feeder of birds, and I was suddenly called on to be the pastor of men; I was the patron of mummers, and took delight in following the hounds, I have become the keeper of many souls. I neglected my own vineyard, and now I am intrusted with the vineyard of others." He fasted and prayed, refusing to ascend the steps of the altar; and he found no rest until the Pope had sent him absolution for his failings. The pontiff had not ratified the Constitutions of Clarendon.

The king had not abandoned his project. His anger was directed against the archbishop, whom he rightly regarded as the only serious obstacle to his designs. He summoned him to appear before his council, which met at Southampton (October, 1164), under pretext of a denial of justice on the part of his archiepiscopal court. Becket excused himself, but was condemned to forfeit his personal property, a sentence which was commuted into a fine of five hundred pounds sterling. The charges against him were not yet exhausted. A demand was made for the rents which he had received from lands given to him by the king. The archbishop promised payment. Each day brought some new claim. The king, who was furious against his old favorite, demanded at length a sum of forty-four thousand marks of silver, on account of the ecclesiastical revenues which Becket had appropriated as chancellor during

the vacancies of the sees. This was absolute ruin, and war to the knife. The archbishop replied that it was not in his power to pay such a sum, and that he had been declared free from all such claims when he had resigned his place as chancellor in order to become Primate of England. At the same time he requested a conference with the bishops; but all had abandoned him. Henry of Winchester alone proposed to pay the sums demanded of the archbishop. The king would not listen to him. "What he desires is your resignation," said the bishops of London and Winchester to Becket. "The life of this man is in danger," exclaimed the Bishop of Lincoln. "He will lose his bishopric or his life; and I would like to know of what use his bishopric will be when he is dead."

Under the effects of so many violent emotions the archbishop had been taken ill; he sincerely believed himself to be bound to maintain the juridical rights of the Church, and in his mind this cause was absolutely identified with the cause of God. To allow the ecclesiastical privileges to be trammelled by the royal authority appeared to him "an act of treason against the Lord God who had elevated him, unworthy as he was, to the office of pastor of souls." Defeated and troubled, he at one time thought of throwing himself at the king's feet, and begging him to spare the Church for the sake of their old friendship; but Becket's was a proud and ungovernable spirit, and such humiliation appeared impossible to him; he therefore resolved to fight it out to the last. It was on the 18th of October, 1164, that he was to appear before the court to receive his final sentence. Clad in his episcopal robes, he celebrated mass in honor of Saint Stephen, the first martyr; then, laying aside his mitre, he advanced, the archbishop's cross in his hand, and followed by the priests into the council-chamber. As he was entering, the Bishop of Hereford came to him, with the intention of taking the cross from

him. "Allow me to keep it, my lord," he said; "it is the banner of the Prince whom I serve." The Bishop of London, Gilbert Folliot, was there, and also wished to take the cross from the hands of the prelate. "You defy the king," cried he, "by coming in this garb to his court; but the king holds a sword, the point of which is sharper than your cross." The archbishop had, however, entered the council-chamber, and on seeing him Henry blushed deeply and hastily retired. The archbishop sat down, but the bishops had been called away by the king; discord reigned in the royal chamber. Henry was furious, and railed bitterly first against the obstinacy of the archbishop, and then against the cowardice of his own advisers. The Archbishop of York retired, calling all his followers, in order, as he said, to avoid seeing bloodshed. The Bishop of Exeter went and threw himself at Becket's feet, imploring him to yield and to save his life. "Go," said the archbishop; "you do not understand those things which are of God." At length the bishops returned with Hilary of Chichester at their head. "You were our primate," he said, "but in putting yourself in opposition to the royal will you have broken your oath of allegiance; a perjured archbishop has no longer any claim upon our obedience; we will submit the affair to the Pope, and call upon you to answer before him for your conduct." "I understand," replied the archbishop coldly.

The noblemen had followed the bishops, and the Earl of Leicester approached Becket. "Hear your sentence," he began. "My sentence!" cried Becket. "My son, listen to me first: you know how faithfully I have served the king, and with what repugnance I accepted this duty to please him. You are my children in God; can a son sit in judgment on his father? I take exception to your tribunal, and appeal to the Pope. I place myself, as well as my Church,

under his protection, and summon the bishops who have obeyed the king rather than their God, to answer at that tribunal; it is under the protection of the Holy Catholic Church and of the apostolic see that I leave this court."

He had risen from his seat, and all the bishops had done likewise; followed by his priests, he strode slowly across the room; the courtiers insulted him and threw at him the bundles of straw which covered the floor. Somebody called out "traitor." "Were it not for the garments which I wear, that coward would repent his insolence," said the archbishop, who then mounted his horse, while he was saluted by the cries of the people who were prostrating themselves and asking his benediction. The prelate caused the doors of the monastery in which he resided to be opened, and the poor entered in crowds, the archbishop giving them a supper, and sitting down to table with them himself.

The Scriptures were being read, and Becket was struck by these words of the Lord: "If you are persecuted in one town, fly to another." He sent to the king for a passport. "You shall be answered to-morrow," was the message sent back from the palace. The friends of Becket were in great fear. "This night will be your last if you do not fly," said the clergy. The archbishop at length decided to leave England. Mounted on horseback, and accompanied by three priests, he set out in the direction of Kent, amidst torrents of rain that compelled him to cut off the skirts of his long mantle, which were wet and heavy and were irksome to him. He wandered about in the disguise of a monk, and under the name of Brother Christian, during twenty days in Kent, meeting with many adventures. At length he procured a little vessel, and landed, on the 2d of November, 1164, in the countship of Boulogne, near Gravelines, whence he repaired

on foot and in the same disguise, to the convent of Saint-Bertin, near Namur.

The fugitive's first thought was to ask shelter of the King of France and protection of Pope Alexander II., who was then residing at Sens; the anti-Pope Victor held possession of Rome. The ambassadors of Henry II. had preceded Becket at both courts; but Louis the Young, an enemy to the King of England and therefore unwilling to do the latter a service, haughtily declared that it was the ancient privilege of the French crown to succor the oppressed against their persecutors. The Pope at first received Becket's representative rather coldly; but he ended by deciding to brave the anger of Henry II., and received the fallen archbishop with great kindness. "If I had been willing to do the bidding of the king in all things," said Becket, "nobody in his kingdom would now be as great as I; but I know that I obtained through him the position which I occupy to the prejudice of the liberty of the Church; that is the reason that I throw myself at your Holiness's feet; your Holiness must appoint a new Primate of England." The Pope did not accept this resignation, and having caused the Constitutions of Clarendon to be read to the prelate, he condemned them, with the exception of six clauses; then raising the archbishop, whom he had reinvested with his ecclesiastical dignity, "Go," said he, "and learn in poverty to console the poor." The Pope assigned the abbey of Pontigny to him as his residence, and authorized him to excommunicate the enemies of the Church.

When Henry heard of the success of his adversary, his anger knew no bounds; not only did he confiscate both the goods and revenues of Becket and the priests who had followed him, but he included in his revenge all the members of the archbishop's family as well as all his friends. He proscribed more than four hundred persons, men, women, and children,

whom he sent, divested of everything, to Becket, to complain of the misfortune which he had brought upon them. Every day these unhappy people would present themselves at the convent of Pontigny, breaking the heart of the archbishop, who found no rest until the time when the combined charity of King Louis, the Pope, and the Queen of Sicily, provided for the necessities of the exiles.

Meanwhile King Henry had on hand grave affairs which would soon have made him forget his grievances against the archbishop, if he had been of a less vindictive disposition. The Welsh had revolted, and the war against them had been unfortunate in consequence of bad weather; the king had consoled himself for this by causing the noses of the hostages to be cut off and their eyes destroyed; but this was not sufficient to appease his anger. He found satisfaction in Brittany, where he profited by the rebellion against Conan. Henry took advantage of it to seize upon the country. He celebrated, in 1166, the marriage of his son Geoffrey with Constance. Brittany was pacified, but Becket had just excommunicated all those who held the property of the Church, and particularly several of the king's favorites, whom he mentioned by name.

When Henry heard this news, he was at Chinon, near Tours. His anger was so violent that he threw himself upon his bed, tearing the clothes, biting the straw of the mattress, and howling with rage. He immediately informed the Abbot of Pontigny that if the order of Cistercians wished to retain their property in the provinces dependent on the King of England, he must refuse the shelter of his house to the enemy who so haughtily defied his sovereign. The abbot went and saw Becket. "God forbid that upon such injunctions the chapter should think of sending you away," he said; "consider for yourself what you had better do." The archbishop immediately made preparation to leave the place, and went

to the convent of Saint Colomba near Sens, where King Louis had ordered that he should be received (1168).

Up to this period political considerations had created an ill-feeling between the King of France and the King of England, and in this lay Becket's security; in 1169 similar influences brought them to an understanding. They met at a solemn conference at Montmirail, and when the young princes, Henry's sons, had done homage to the King of France for Normandy, Aquitaine, and Brittany, the case of Becket was considered, and he was ordered to appear before the august assembly. The archbishop was growing weary of his exile, and his protectors were growing weary of defending him. It was therefore hoped that he would tender his submission, in order to end the struggle. Becket presented himself before King Henry with a grave and modest air: bending his knee, the archbishop said, "My liege, in all the disputes which have taken place between us, I submit to your judgment, as arbitrary sovereign in all points, except the honor of God." Immediately this restriction was uttered, the king burst into a passion, and turning towards King Louis, "Do you know," he cried, "what would happen if I were to accept this reservation? Everything that should displease him would be contrary to the honor of God, and I should lose all power. There have been archbishops at Canterbury much more pious than he, and there have been kings in England less powerful than I; let him only treat me as the most pious of his predecessors treated the smallest of mine, and I shall be satisfied." "Save the honor of God," repeated the archbishop. The assembly cried out aloud that it was past endurance, that the king could ask no less, and that Becket was too exacting. "Do you wish then to be more than a saint?" asked Louis angrily, but he got no further concession; and the two kings remounted their horses without taking leave of the archbishop,

whose fate was now very much harder by reason of the estrangement of the King of France. He was reduced to live by alms until the day when Louis again sent for him. "It is to banish us from his dominions," the clergy said in alarm; but scarcely had the king seen the archbishop when he threw himself into his arms. "Forgive me, father," he cried; "you are right, we were mistaken; we wished to subject the honor of God to the will of a man. Absolve me." Henry had failed to fulfil his contracts with King Louis, who had thereupon hastened to express his approval of Becket's conduct.

A fresh attempt at a reconciliation broke down in consequence of the king's firm decision never to give to the archbishop the kiss of peace, with which it was usual to ratify all oaths. Meanwhile Prince Henry had been crowned in England, his father wishing to secure the succession to him. Becket's office had been usurped, the young prince having received the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of York. The Pope had returned to Rome, after the death of the anti-Pope Victor, and the displeasure or favor of the King of England now had fewer attractions or horrors for him. Henry was afraid that he might authorize Becket to excommunicate him personally, and to place his kingdom under an interdict, and he at length yielded, under the advice of the King of France, with whom he had just effected a reconciliation. In the month of July, 1170, the two antagonists met within the confines of Touraine. As soon as the king perceived the archbishop, he came forward, helmet in hand, and accosted him. They conversed in a friendly manner, with a certain amount of their old familiarity, and when they parted from each other, the king said to his courtiers, "I found the archbishop most favorably disposed towards me, and if the feeling were not mutual I should be the worst of men." Within two days of this event the reconciliation took place.

Becket bent his knee to the king, who held the stirrup for the archbishop to remount his horse; but the kiss of peace was not given. However, the restitution of the archbishop's property was agreed upon. Henry promised to supply Becket with the money requisite to defray his travelling expenses to England, and the two enemies, apparently reconciled, took leave of each other. "I do not believe that I shall ever see you again," said the archbishop, looking fixedly at the king. "What! Do you take me for a traitor?" cried Henry angrily. The prelate only bowed in answer. He never saw the king again.

The archbishop had proceeded to Rouen, awaiting the money which had been promised to him; and during the sojourn which he was compelled to make in Normandy he received frequent warnings of the dangers which awaited him on the other side of the Channel. "They will not even allow Becket time enough to eat a whole loaf," said Ranulph de Broc, who had been excommunicated by him; but Becket did not take heed of any warnings. "Even," he said, "if I had to face the certainty of being cut to pieces on the other side of the Channel, I should not turn back on my way. Seven years of absence are sufficient for the pastor and for his flock."

After having waited for four months, he borrowed three hundred livres of the Archbishop of Rouen, and set sail in a small vessel which landed him in Sandwich Bay, whereby he avoided an ambush which had been prepared for him near Dover. A messenger preceded the prelate, bearing letters of excommunication from the Pope against the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Chichester, who had all taken part in the ceremony of the coronation of the young king. The letters were publicly delivered to the three bishops, who were enraged beyond measure. It

was on the 1st of December that Becket returned to England, to the great delight of the people, but not a single baron came to meet him. The first who passed were armed and drew their swords; one of the king's chaplains, who had accompanied the primate, was at great pains to quiet them, and to protect Becket on his re-entering his episcopal city. "He gathers serfs round him on his way," said the noblemen, "and leads them with him." The archbishop had come back to Canterbury, after having attempted to obtain an interview with the young king, his old pupil, but the latter had refused to see him; and Becket, confined to his diocese, surrounded himself with the poor and the peasants, who constituted a rustic guard round him. Excommunications were still being proclaimed; on Christmas-day, after having begun his sermon with these words, "*Venio ad vos, mori inter vos*" (I come to you to die among you), Becket, reminding his congregation that one of their archbishops had suffered martyrdom, added, "You will perhaps see another suffer in the same manner; but, before dying, I will avenge some of the wrongs done to the Church." He then excommunicated Ranulph and Robert de Broc, his bitter enemies.

Meanwhile the suspended bishops had crossed the sea, to go and lay their complaints before King Henry II., who was still in Normandy. "We throw ourselves at your mercy, in the name of the Church and State, for your peace and for ours. There is a man who is inflaming all England; he marches with troops of armed horsemen and foot-soldiers, prowling around the fortresses, trying to effect an entrance." Henry had never sincerely forgiven his old favorite, and he was very angry at these accounts of his conduct. "What!" cried he, "does this wretch, who has eaten my bread, who came to my court a beggar, upon a lame horse, with all he possessed behind him, insult me with impunity, while not one

of the cowards whom I feed at my table dares to deliver me from a priest who is so obnoxious to me."

Words like these are always caught up by willing ears. When the king convoked a council of his barons to decide what was to be done with Becket, four of their number were absent — Richard Brito, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracy, and Reginald Fitzurse. When the king observed that they were not there, he became uneasy, and hastened the departure of the Earl of Mandeville, who was commissioned to arrest Becket. The four conspirators preceded him.

On the 29th of December, in the morning, they arrived at Canterbury, followed by a troop of soldiers whom they had collected together on their way. They wished to secure the help of the mayor of the town, but the latter refused. The knights recommended him at least to keep the townsmen quiet, and they proceeded to the prelate's house with twelve of their friends.

The archbishop was in his room, and the knights sat down on the floor, without saluting him and in silence. No one dared begin. The archbishop asked their business. "We have come on behalf of the king," said Reginald Fitzurse, "in order that those you have excommunicated may be absolved, that the bishops who have been suspended may be re-established in their positions, and that you may justify your designs against the king." "It is not I who excommunicated the Archbishop of York," said Becket, "but the Pope himself. As to the others, I will re-establish them if they will tender their submission." "From whom do you hold your appointment as archbishop?" inquired Fitzurse, "from the Pope or from the king?" "My spiritual office I hold by the will of God and the Pope," said the primate, "and my temporal rights from the king." "It is not from the king, then, that you obtain everything?" "No". The

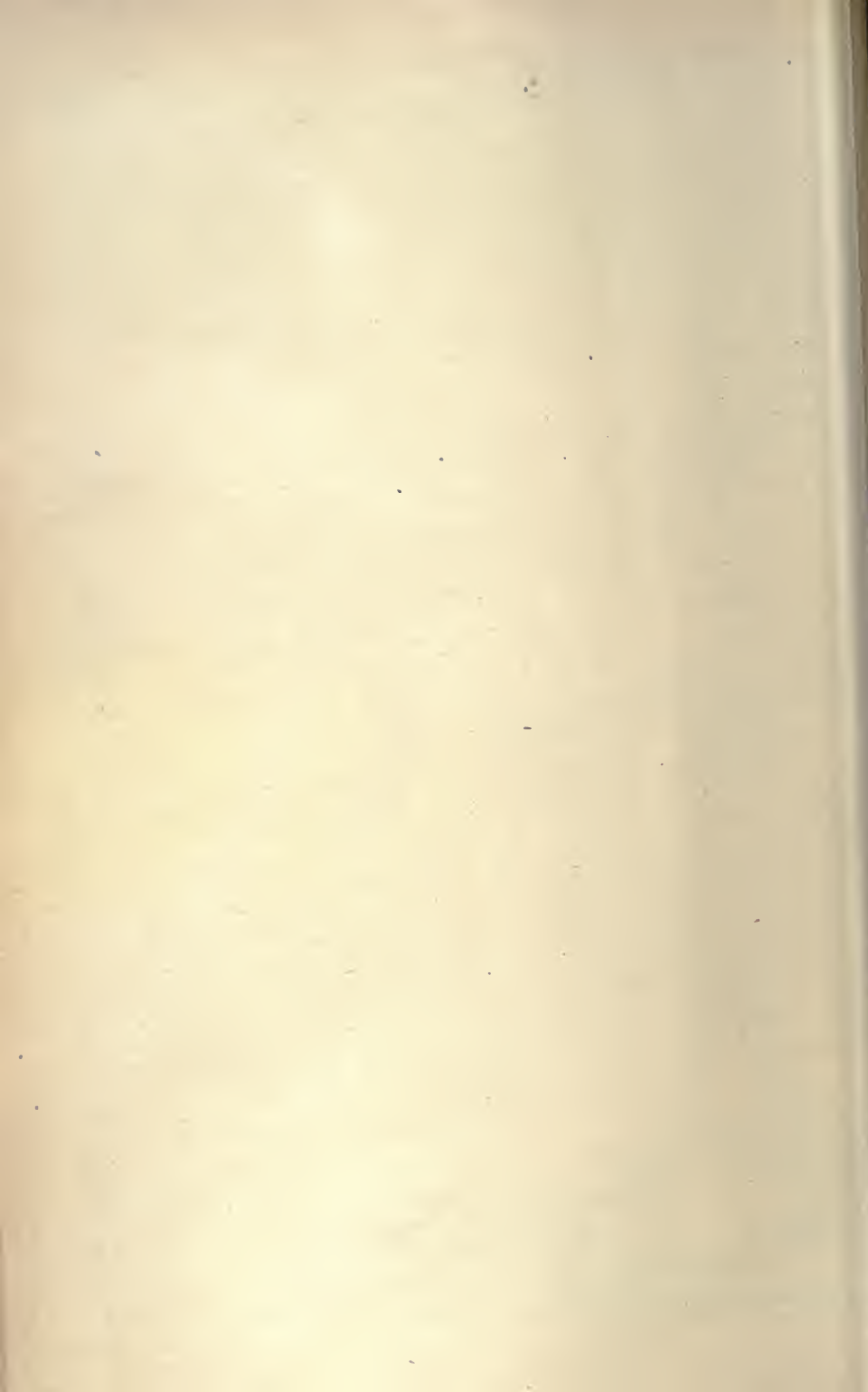
knights were restless, and were twisting their gloves angrily. "I am astonished," said Becket, "that men who formerly swore allegiance to me come into my house to threaten me." "We will do more than threaten," cried the barons. They thereupon retired hastily.

The priests and attendants who surrounded Becket were alarmed; they wanted to close all the doors and barricade the house, begging the bishop to take refuge in the church. He refused. Already the noise of battle-axes crashing against the entrance was heard. Fitzurse was endeavoring to break open the door, which an attendant had shut upon the intruders, who had now come back with their weapons. The bell of the church was ringing for vespers. "Since it is my duty, I will go to the church," said Becket, and, preceded by a priest carrying a cross, he passed slowly through the cloisters and entered the cathedral. The door had not given way, but the conspirators had just entered the palace by the window. The clergy were hastening to close the doors of the church. "No," said the archbishop; "the house of God should not be barricaded like a fortress." He was ascending the steps leading to the choir, when Reginald Fitzurse entered abruptly at the other end of the church. He was brandishing his sword and crying, "Come, loyal subjects of the king." It was late; the movements of the conspirators were scarcely observable, neither could the latter see the priests distinctly. The archbishop was urged to descend into the crypt. He refused, and advanced boldly towards the sacrilegious intruders, who were brandishing their swords within the holy precincts. His cross-bearer alone had not fled. "Where is the traitor?" cried a voice. Becket did not answer. "Where is the archbishop?" repeated Fitzurse. "I am here," said Becket, "but no traitor, only a priest of the Lord. What are you here for?" "Absolve all

those whom you have excommunicated." "They have not repented, and therefore I cannot." "You shall die then." "I am ready, in the name of the Saviour; but I forbid you, by the Lord Almighty, to touch any of these present, either priests or laymen." At this moment he received between the shoulders a blow with the flat part of a sword. "Fly," they cried, "or you are a dead man." The archbishop did not stir; the intruders endeavored to drag him out, not daring to kill him in the sanctuary; he was struggling in their grasp. At length William de Tracy raised his sword and wounded the archbishop in the head, striking down at the same time the hand of Edward Gryme, the brave cross-bearer. Becket had clasped his hands together. "I confide my soul and the cause of the Church to God, to the Virgin Mary, to the patron saints of this church, and to St. Denis," he cried. A second thrust from a sword laid him prostrate upon the ground near St. Bennet's altar; a third blow split his skull, and the sword was broken on the paved floor. "Thus perish all traitors," cried one of the conspirators, and they left the church hurriedly, while the monks were tearfully laying the archbishop's body out at the foot of the altar, taking up his blood in vessels, leaving exposed to view the hair-cloth which he wore, and already revering him as a martyr. But on the morrow they were obliged to bury him in great haste in order to spare his dead body the indignity of being insulted by Ranulph de Broc, who desired to take it away. The Archbishop of York publicly declared that Becket had fallen in his guilt and his pride like Pharaoh, while other bishops maintained that the body of the traitor ought not to lie in consecrated ground, and that he should be thrown into the foulest ditch, or be put upon a gibbet to rot. It was forbidden in the churches to speak of him as a martyr.



MURDER OF THOMAS À BECKET.



Decrees are incapable of influencing the development of public opinion; King Henry was the first to discover this. Scarcely had he heard the news, when a profound feeling of repentance for his imprudent words overcame him; he shut himself up in his private apartment, and during three days would not see anybody or take any food. When he awoke from this sullen depression, he immediately sent an ambassador to the Pope, assuring the latter of his innocence and of the grief which the death of the archbishop caused him. At the same time he hesitated to punish the murderers, who had acted according to his suggestion, and he allowed them the benefit of clergy, the crime having been committed upon the person of a priest. Thus the liberties of the Church, for which Becket had just died, protected his assassins. It is related that the latter were stricken with remorse in their turn, and that they went and threw themselves at the feet of the Pope, at Rome, who ordered them to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where they died sincerely penitent.

If the story of the repentance of the murderers is not well authenticated, that of Becket's posthumous triumph is incontestable. He had not been buried two years, and King Henry had scarcely obtained forgiveness of the Pope (1172) by undertaking to support, during three years, two hundred horsemen intended for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre, when pilgrims were already proceeding in crowds to Canterbury Cathedral, begging the protection of the martyr, canonized by the public voice before being recognized as a saint by the Church. Two more years elapsed, and on the 10th of July, 1174, the king was proceeding barefooted along the road leading to Canterbury. Each step he made left behind him a spot of blood; he wore a pilgrim's dress, and on his arrival descended into the crypt, and prostrated himself before

the tomb. The Bishop of London, from the pulpit, assured the people of the innocence of the king, of the profound grief which the death of the archbishop had caused him, and of the remorse which he experienced for the fit of anger which had caused the commission of the crime; the king remained praying. He rose, uncovered his shoulders, and, passing before the chapter, he received from each monk three strokes from a knotted rope; Henry then returned to the tomb, still fasting and praying. He passed the night in the church, and the morning after, having attended holy mass, he returned to London so exhausted by the fatigue and severity of his punishment that he fell ill on his arrival.

During the anxieties which Henry experienced while he was quarrelling with Becket, he had not neglected external affairs, and a new kingdom had been added to his vast dominions, a kingdom insecurely held, however, as yet, and which was to cost England much blood and many errors before being united completely to his crown. Henry II. had made the conquest of Ireland.

After having shone with some brilliancy in letters as well as in the history of religious faith, Ireland had for some time past fallen back into a state verging on barbarism. Originally inhabited by different colonies of the Celtic race, she retained institutions analogous to those of the Highlands of Scotland. The clans were called septs, the chief was known as a "Carfinny," and chose his successor, or "Tanist," from his own family, without regard to the laws of primogeniture; when the "Carfinny" died, the "Tanist" succeeded him, and named his own heir-presumptive. The same rule existed in the four kingdoms of Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. Enmity and rivalry were constant between these princes; of one hundred and seventy-eight kings who ruled over Ireland, seventy-one were killed in war and sixty were murdered. In

1169 the King of Leinster, Dermot MacMorogh, having been driven from his possessions, had applied to Henry II. for assistance, offering to take the oath of allegiance to the English king. But the king was engrossed in his relations with France, and he contented himself with authorizing English warriors to support the cause of Dermot if they chose. Having obtained this permission, a certain number of adventurers went over to Ireland; the most notable of whom was the son of the Earl of Pembroke, Richard de Clare, called Strongbow, who took with him a force of three thousand men. He fought against Dermot's enemies, married that chief's daughter, and had just inherited the kingdom of his father-in-law, when the king, annoyed at his success, wrote for him, recalling him to England. Strongbow immediately crossed the sea, and came and threw himself at the king's feet, offering to surrender the town of Dublin to him. Henry's anger was appeased, and he appointed Strongbow to the position of seneschal of Ireland. In the following year the king himself landed in his new dominions with an army so numerous that the Irish soon made a nominal submission. Henry, however, intended not to act as a conqueror; he was taking possession, he said, of Ireland by virtue of an old bull of Pope Adrian, which conferred upon him the sovereignty of this new kingdom by the right which the Popes claimed to exercise over all the islands recognizing the Christian faith. The Irish bishops answered this appeal by meeting together in council. Several wise measures were adopted for the civilization of the savage regions, where polygamy was still practised, and where dead bodies were not always buried. But Henry did not attempt to impose the English laws upon his new subjects. That portion of Ireland occupied by the Normans was alone assimilated to England; the rest of the country remained subject to its old customs. When Henry

returned from thence on the 17th of April, 1173, nominating Hugh de Lacy governor of Ireland, he left behind him territories which his armies had not overrun, and an undisciplined population, who took advantage of his absence to rebel. The jealousies of the English noblemen established in Ireland still further complicated the difficulties of the government. Harassed by their mutual recriminations, the king would depose, replace, or recall the rivals; disorder reigned in all parts, when, in 1185, the king, having obtained from the Pope the investiture of Ireland for his son John, sent the young prince there with his court. The arrogance, the severity, and the follies of the new sovereign soon caused fresh insurrections. John grew alarmed and returned precipitately to England, leaving to Sir John de Courcy the care of pacifying Ireland; the lieutenant succeeded in this, and, having become Earl of Ulster, he governed the new kingdom with as much firmness as good sense, until, at the end of the reign of Henry II., a prosperous state of affairs was inaugurated, to which Ireland had not been accustomed under native kings.

Henry had begun to appropriate Ireland to himself, but without being able to give his personal attention to that country. He was a prey to bitter and ever increasing embarrassments. The crowning of his son, Prince Henry, had excited in the young man an ambitious spirit which his father-in-law, Louis VII., constantly encouraged. He asked for the immediate cession of Normandy, or even of England, in order to be able, he said, to maintain his position and that of the queen his wife. "Wait until my death," replied the king; "you shall have wealth and power enough." He intended to bequeath England to Henry as well as Normandy, Anjou, and Maine. Aquitaine he designed for Richard, Brittany for Geoffrey, and Ireland for John. The young princes had even already been invested with these magnificent prov-

inces; but, encouraged by their mother, the vindictive Eleanor, to whom Henry II. had always been a good husband, they plotted to seize their inheritance beforehand. In March, 1173, Prince Henry, who had slept with his father at Chinon, found a means of escaping during the night, and of reaching the territory of the King of France. A few days afterwards, his two brothers, Richard and Geoffrey, also escaped, and Queen Eleanor prepared to follow her sons; but she was captured by her husband's emissaries and brought back to England, where she was imprisoned until King Henry's death.

The father had sent to Paris to ask that his son should be given up to him; the ambassadors found the young prince clad in regal robes, seated by the side of Louis VII. "We come from Henry, King of the English, Duke of Normandy and of Aquitaine, Count of Anjou and of Maine," began the messengers. "No," said the king, interrupting them; "King Henry is sitting here, and he has commissioned you to deliver no message. If you wish to speak of the king, his father, he is dead since his son wears the crown. If he still has any pretensions to the title of king, I will soon cure him of them." In accordance with these haughty words, the young prince caused a seal similar to that of England to be made, and declared, by letters addressed to the Pope, to his brothers, and to all the great noblemen of England and of the French states, that he was at war with his father in order to avenge the death of Becket, "my foster-father, whose assassins are still safe and sound. I am unable (he added) to bear this criminal negligence, for the blood of the martyr cries aloud in my ears. My father is incensed against me; but I do not fear to offend him when the honor of God is the cause." The kings of France and Scotland, the Count of Flanders, and a great number of English and Norman

noblemen, sided with the conspirators; King Henry began to see himself abandoned by his most intimate friends.

He was a match for his four sons. "The King of England neither rides nor sails," said King Louis, alarmed by the rapidity of his rival's movements: "he is believed to be in England, and he is in France; he is believed to be in Ireland, and he is in England." An army of Brabantines had been raised, and King Henry II. had called upon all those monarchs who had sons, to support him in his quarrel; endeavoring to secure their help by the consideration of the disorder which would reign in their own dominions if their own children followed the example set by the English princes. He had implored the Pope to help him to defend the patrimony of St. Peter, as he called the islands of England and Ireland; the pontiff replied by sending legates to put an end to this unnatural struggle; but blood had already been shed. In the month of June, 1173, the Count of Flanders had entered into Normandy; but his brother, who was his heir, having been killed at the first siege, he retired from this impious struggle and re-entered his states. King Louis VII. and Prince Henry were defeated by the Brabantines; Prince Geoffrey did not meet with success in Brittany; a conference convoked at Gisors again excited their animosity. The war was carried on with alternate successes and reverses; the insurrection had spread as far as Aquitaine; the Scots had crossed the frontier, and several towns of England were in the hands of the insurgents, when, in the month of July, 1174, Henry hastily left Normandy. On reaching England he proceeded directly to Becket's tomb. It was on the morrow of his humiliation and repentance, when he was already in his bed, overcome by fever, that it was announced to him that an attendant of Ranulph de Glanville wished to speak with him. The king inquired whether Ranulph, who was

one of his intimate friends, was well. "My lord is well," replied the messenger, "and your enemy, the King of Scotland, is in your hands." The king trembled. "Say that again," he said. The man tendered some letters to the king; it appeared that on the 12th of July Glanville had surprised the King of Scotland, William the Lion, in the neighborhood of Alnwick, and had made a prisoner of him. This good news effected a cure of the king's disorder; the people again thronged round his standards. In a few days the insurrection was quelled in all parts, and Henry, after this triumph, recrossed the sea with his army, to relieve Rouen, which was besieged by the King of France, Prince Henry, and the Count of Flanders. A battle took place under the walls of the town, which was decided in favor of the King of England; the princes were for the time reduced to obedience. Richard resisted for a greater length of time than his brothers; he had acquired a taste for warlike achievements, which were to become the passion of his life, and he thought, besides, that he was upholding the rights of his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached. But he yielded at length. An interval of peace at length allowed Henry II. breathing-time and leisure to organize the great institution which he wished to bequeath to England. It was in 1176 that he definitively established, with the help of his friend Ranulph de Glanville, the courts of justice, where the assizes were regularly held for all the civil and criminal business, and which were presided over by itinerant judges, who made a circuit from town to town to direct the decisions of the knights of the shire, who then represented the jury.

Louis VII. was dead. Philip Augustus had ascended the throne (1180), and war was about to break out afresh. King Henry, who was now reconciled to his eldest son, wished to compel Richard to do homage to his brother for the duchy

of Aquitaine; the prince refused, saying that he would not compromise the rights of his mother. She was greatly beloved in her hereditary dominions, and the poet Bertrand de Born, powerful among his countrymen, and devoted to Eleanor's cause, was intriguing successively with whichever of the three sons appeared the most incensed against his father. King Henry had caused a picture to be painted representing four young eagles attacking their sire. "If John does not join his brothers," he said sadly, "it is because he is too young."

Richard at length made peace with his father, but Henry and Geoffrey had raised the standard of rebellion in their turn. They had invited the king to a conference at Limoges (1183); when he approached the town he was saluted with a volley of arrows, of which one wounded his horse in the neck. "Ah, Geoffrey!" cried the king, "what has your unhappy father done to you that you should thus make a target of him for your arrows?" The prince laughed at this bitter remonstrance. "We cannot live in peace among ourselves," he said, "without being in league against my father." His brother Henry was disgusted at this evidence of his brother's hard-heartedness, and joined the king for a while; but soon after, having been again annoyed, he departed and joined Geoffrey and the Poitevins, who had revolted, when he fell ill at Limoges. In terror, he sent, begging his father to come and grant his forgiveness. The king did not dare to accede to the request; his friends would not allow him to venture into the camp of his sons, who had so recently attempted his life. He contented himself with sending a ring by the Archbishop of Bordeaux, assuring the prince of his forgiveness. The prelate found the young man dying upon a bed of ashes, a prey to remorse and despair. He died pressing to his lips the ring which his father had sent to him, greatly

distressed at not having received the benediction upon which he had hitherto set so little value.

A few days afterwards Limoges was taken, and the instigator of the insurrections, Bertrand de Born, was made a prisoner; he was brought before the king to receive sentence; he said nothing, and did not defend himself. "Bertrand," said the king, "you pretend that at no time do you require one half of your talents; know that in this instance the whole of them would avail you little." "Sire," replied Bertrand, "it is true that I said that, and I told the truth." "And I think that your talents have deserted you," cried Henry, angrily. "Ah, Sire," said Bertrand, "my powers deserted me on the day that the brave young king, your son, died; on that day I lost all my powers." The king burst into tears. "Bertrand," he cried, "it is but right that my son's death should have unnerved you, for he was more attached to you than to anybody else in the world; and I, for love of him, give you your life, your goods, and your castle."

The poet Dante did not forgive Bertrand de Born, as King Henry had done, for he placed him in hell. "I saw," said he, "and I seem to see it still, a headless trunk approach us, and the head being cut off, it held it in one hand by the hair, like a lantern: 'Know that I am Bertrand de Born, who gave bad advice to the young king.'"

In the midst of the general grief a kind of union was effected between the father and his remaining sons, as well as between the father and mother. Eleanor was brought back to Aquitaine, and restored to liberty; but this mutual understanding, so rare in this royal family, only lasted for a short time. Geoffrey asked the king to grant him the countship of Anjou, and on being refused, he retired to the court of France: death awaited him there; he was thrown in a tour-

nement, and trampled under foot by the horse before the attendants could come to his assistance.

Henry had two sons remaining: Richard, who was afterwards called "Cœur-de-Lion," and who had inherited that majestic countenance which Peter of Blois attributes to his father, whose almost square face resembled a lion's head; and John Lackland, as his father laughingly called him, who had not taken part in the revolts of his brothers, and whom Henry esteemed very much for that reason. Richard had already shown fresh signs of insubordination. Eleanor had returned to her prison at Winchester, when a call from the East brought a short truce to the hostilities between France and England. Jerusalem had just been retaken by the Mussulmans (1187); Pope Urban II. had died of grief in consequence. Gregory VIII., who had succeeded him, called the Christians from the West to the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Archbishop of Tyre was preaching in favor of the crusade. King Henry was the first to respond to the appeal. Richard assumed the cross as well as his father. Philip Augustus manifested the same desire. A conference was held under the elm of Gisors, the famous tree at the foot of which many treaties had been ratified which had remained in force but for a very short time. The treaty of peace which was there agreed to in the name of the crusade proved to be no more durable than the others, and the King of France in his anger caused the tree to be rooted up, saying that no more perfidy should be witnessed under its branches. It was rumored that the King of England had the intention of bequeathing his kingdom to his youngest son. Richard had another grievance against his father: the latter had for some time been detaining in a castle the Princess Alice of France, who had been promised in marriage to Richard, and far from promoting the union, he was endeavoring to obtain a divorce from Elea-

nor, with the intention, it was said, of marrying the young princess himself. Richard demanded an explanation from his father of these two infringements of his rights, asking for his father's consent to his marriage and an acknowledgment of himself as heir to the throne of England.

Henry did not reply; he at length proposed to marry the Princess Alice to John Lackland. Richard was not infatuated with her, for he already dreamed of Berengaria of Navarre; but he looked upon his father's proposal as an indication of his intentions respecting John. "Is it really so," cried he; "I did not think it possible; but now, my friends, you will see what you little expected." And, kneeling before King Philip Augustus, he placed his hands in that monarch's, and at once did the latter homage for the duchies of Normandy, Brittany, and Aquitaine, as well as for the countships of Poitou, Anjou, and Maine, asking for assistance in recovering his rights. Philip Augustus accepted him as a vassal and liege, and immediately gave up to Richard the castles which he had taken from the latter's father.

This time the shot had been sent straight to the king's heart; in vain did he retire to Saumur, to recommence preparations for war: his energy and decision had failed him; he awaited the arrival of the Pope's legates, who were intrusted with the care of attempting a reconciliation, and contented himself with rewarding the noblemen of Normandy, who had always remained true to him. When the legate arrived, King Philip Augustus, who was too clever not to discover the weariness of the old king, insisted on the conditions of peace offered at the last conference, asking besides that John should accompany his brother in the crusade, without which he threatened to cause the greatest disorder in the kingdom. Henry refused. "Then the truce is at an end," said the King of France. The legate threatened to place the

kingdom under an interdict, and to excommunicate Philip and Richard. "I am not afraid of your mercenary anathemas," said Philip; and Richard, drawing his sword, cried, "I will kill any insensate who dares to excommunicate two princes in a single breath!" His friends restrained his violence; the legate remounted his mule and retired in great haste.

The French marched towards Le Mans; the town was taken and pillaged. Aquitaine, Poitou, and Brittany revolted; treason was rife among the English barons. Henry felt that he was beaten; he sued for peace, declaring himself ready to accept the propositions of Philip and of Richard. The two monarchs met upon a plain between Tours and Azay. Richard was not present. While they were conferring in the open field, and still on horseback, the thunder roared, and a violent storm broke forth. The nerves of King Henry had been shaken by disease and trouble. He reeled in his saddle, and his servants sustained him with difficulty. When he had recovered his senses, he was too ill to continue the conference, and the proposals for peace were sent to his headquarters. They were hard and humiliating: an indemnity for King Philip; permission for his vassals to do homage to Richard; the restoration of the Princess Alice to a person commissioned to deliver her with all honor to her brother, or her affianced husband, on the return from the crusade, and so forth. King Henry II., stretched upon his couch, listened in silence. When an end was made, he asked to see a list of the barons who had pledged themselves to maintain the cause of Philip and Richard. The first name was that of his son John, Count of Mortagne; the unhappy father uttered a cry of pain. "John, the son of my heart," he exclaimed, "for love of whom I have brought upon myself all these misfortunes, — he, too, has betrayed me!" He was assured

that it was so. "Let all things henceforth proceed as they will," he said, "I have no longer any regard for myself or this world." And he turned his face again to the wall in the bitterness of his soul. His son Richard had followed him, and leaning towards him, asked for the kiss of peace in ratification of the treaty. The king did not refuse it as he had done before in the case of Becket; but Richard had scarcely left the chamber when the indignant father muttered between his teeth, "May I live to avenge myself on thee!"

He gave orders to be carried to Chinon, oppressed with a profound melancholy, which was succeeded by a violent fever. In his fits he raised himself in his bed, invoking the vengeance of Heaven upon his children. "Shame, shame upon a vanquished king — a king dispossessed of his rights," he cried; "accursed be the day when I was born; accursed be the children that I leave behind me!" He directed his attendants to carry him into the church, where he expired at the foot of the altar on the 6th of July, 1189. He had not yet completed his fifty-fifth year, but his features were worn like those of an aged man. When Richard, stricken with horror at the intelligence which he had received, hastened to Fontevrault, whither the corpse of his father had been removed without ceremony, some one had surrounded the royal forehead with a golden fringe in imitation of a crown, and it had been necessary to employ hired horses in order to convey to his last resting-place the powerful master of so many dominions.

Richard approached the coffin. A drop of blood appeared under the nostrils of the corpse. "Yes, it is I who have killed him!" cried Richard, stricken with repentance. He fell on his knees beside the dead body of his father, re-

mained there a moment prostrate, then rising, went out precipitately.

Ten years later, when Richard was dying at the siege of Chalus, he ordered that his body should be conveyed to Fontevrault, to be interred at the feet of his father.

CHAPTER VIII.

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION. — JOHN LACKLAND. — MAGNA CHARTA. 1189-1216.

THE first act of the new king was to deliver from her prison his mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, to whom he had always been tenderly attached. While she was presiding over the preparations for the crowning of her son, dispensing amnesties, and calling all free men to swear allegiance to him, Richard arrested Stephen of Tours, seneschal of Anjou and treasurer to Henry II., threw him into prison, and did not restore him to liberty until he had been put in possession by him not only of the treasures of the dead king, but of all the personal property of the treasurer as well. On arriving in England, Richard also went in great haste to Winchester, in order to secure the riches which had been amassed there by his father. The Jews were uneasy at seeing the new sovereign display so much avidity; they had been accustomed to suffer for any want of money on the part of kings, and Philip Augustus had just set the example of confiscation, by driving them away from his kingdom on his accession (1180), in order to seize their property. Richard contented himself with forbidding them to enter Westminster Abbey; but some wealthy Jews, hoping to secure the favor of the new king by rich presents, ventured to present themselves among the vassals who brought their offerings to Richard. The gifts were accepted, but, after the coronation ceremony, when Richard, having taken the crown from the

altar, in token that he held it from God alone, had deposited it in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who placed it upon Richard's head, a noise was heard proceeding from the gates of the churchyard. A Jew who attempted to enter was pushed back; on this disturbance being made, the other Jews were driven away, and then the popular vengeance was wreaked upon their houses, which were set on fire. A great number of Jews were killed. The fury spread throughout the whole of the country. At York, the unhappy Jews retired into the citadel, where the governor allowed them to take refuge. But he went out one day, and the Jews, fearful of treason, refused to let him re-enter. The fortress was besieged, and when the Jews found themselves about to be taken, they set light to an immense wood-pile, and threw themselves upon it with all their riches, after having themselves slain their wives and children. Richard forbade this persecution of the Jews, but did not cause anybody to be punished; "and this shedding of the Jews' blood," says the old chronicler, "although against the wish of the king, seemed to foretell that Cœur-de-Lion would be a plague to the Saviour's enemies."

Richard appeared for the time being to have become imbued with the commercial spirit of these much despised Israelites. He turned everything into money, selling the royal domains which his father had been at such pains to reconstitute; bartering away towns, castles, and even, sometimes, property which did not belong to him. "I would sell London, if I could find a buyer," he said. The most important offices in the kingdom were disposed of by auction like the domains. Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, bought the county of Northumberland and the title of Chief Justicier; the bishoprics and the abbeyes were offered to the highest bidder; the King of Scotland was released of the tribute imposed upon him and

his people during his captivity, for the sum of twenty thousand marks of silver. The crusade which Richard was projecting, and which occupied his whole attention, required considerable sums of money, and the king was not very scrupulous as to the means he adopted for obtaining the money which he wanted.

Prince John, his brother, had just received some very large gifts in Normandy and in England, but he was not nominated regent of the kingdom during Richard's absence; the power was divided between Bishop Pudsey and William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of England. Many duties were intrusted to Queen Eleanor, and, towards the end of the year 1189, Richard proceeded to Normandy. He had promised to start on the crusade at Easter in 1190. The emissaries of King Philip Augustus met him at Rouen, and took oath upon the soul of the king their master to a treaty of alliance, both offensive and defensive, between the two sovereigns, — the King of France undertaking to respect and defend the rights of the King of England as he would his good city of Paris; while the English delegates swore, on the soul of the King of England, to perform the same services for King Philip as he would for his good city of Rouen. The Kings of England were still, before all, Dukes of Normandy.

The Queen of France, Isabella of Hainault, had just died, and the departure for the crusade was postponed until midsummer. The two kings at length met on the plains of Vezelay, accompanied, it is said, by a hundred thousand crusaders. They marched across the country together as far as Lyons, and then separated, after having made an appointment to meet at Messina. Philip marched towards Genoa, where he expected to find those of his vessels which were destined for foreign service. Richard was going to Marseilles; his

fleet was to come and meet him there. England was no longer at the mercy of the Genoese or Venetian merchants, being in possession of a considerable number of vessels. But the English ships were delayed; they experienced some mishaps in the Bay of Biscay; some had sought shelter in Portugal. Richard became impatient, and hiring some mercantile barks, he set out with a portion of his forces, in order to arrive sooner at Messina to meet the King of France. But the English ships sailed faster than the Marseilles barks; when the king arrived in Sicily, his fleet had preceded him.

The kingdom of Sicily had for some time lost its sovereign, William the Good, brother-in-law to King Richard, and his cousin Tancred, Count of Luce, had been elected king in his stead. The dowager queen, Joanna, Richard's sister, claimed her jointure, which Tancred held unjustly, as she said. Scarcely had Richard set foot in Sicily, when, without waiting for the negotiations to be made, he took possession of the castle and of the town of Bagnara, and established his sister there, who had arrived before him; then returning to Messina, he drove the monks from a convent which suited his purposes, and converted it into a barrack. So many outrages roused the people, who shut the gates against Richard's troops. A conference was being held in the camp of Philip Augustus for adjusting this difference, when a fresh quarrel broke out between the Sicilians and the English troops. Richard left the royal tent in great haste, assembled his men, and running helter-skelter among the citizens, he entered Messina and planted his banner upon the ramparts. Philip Augustus at once demanded that his own banner should also be planted there; but Richard consented to give up the town into the hands of the Knights Templars, pending the decision respecting his sister's pretensions; and King Tancred hastened the negotiations, being anxious to rid himself of so

turbulent and formidable a guest. Queen Joanna obtained a large sum of money, and King Richard received his share of it, which he scattered broadcast among the crusaders, thus finding favor with the French as well as the English, the Normans, and the Aquitanians.

Philip Augustus, courageous and bold as he was when necessary, did not possess in as great a degree as the King of England the brilliant qualities which then constituted a true knight; he was more prudent and cunning than Richard; perhaps he was even given to dissimulation, for Tancred accused him before the King of England of having endeavored to dissuade him from negotiating with Richard; and when the latter came and complained angrily to Philip, a quarrel was about to break out between the two brothers in arms, who had sworn to help each other in the holy enterprise. Richard thereby gained permission, accorded to him by the King of France, to marry whoever he chose instead of the Princess Alice, the sister of Philip Augustus. It was high time for Richard to disengage himself from previous contracts, for Queen Eleanor was to bring back to her son the Princess Berengaria, whom she had been to Navarre to fetch. They were only waiting until the departure of Philip to celebrate the marriage. Bad weather had prolonged the stay of the King of France at Messina until Lent, and Richard's marriage with Berengaria had not yet been solemnized when Philip left Sicily, on the 30th of March, 1191, upon his ship "Francela-Mer," at the head of more than two hundred vessels. The Queen of Sicily took the young princess away with her.

The weather was unfavorable, and the fleet was dispersed. When King Richard, suffering from sea-sickness, landed at Rhodes, he was almost alone, and he learned that the vessel, the "Lion," with the princesses on board, had been driven ashore on the coast of Cyprus; the governor of the island,

or, as he called himself, the Emperor Isaac Comnenus, had not allowed them to disembark; the sailors who had ventured to land had even been ill-treated.

Much less provocation would have sufficed to arouse the anger and vengeance of Cœur-de-Lion. He immediately left Rhodes, sailed to Cyprus, took possession of the island, and made prisoners of the emperor and his daughter, gave the latter to Berengaria for an attendant, and placed Isaac Comnenus in silver chains, which the latter wore until his death. Richard was married in the church of Limasol on the day after Easter, in order to set out immediately for Acre, the siege of which town had already commenced, in spite of the plague, which was decimating the army.

The prowess of King Richard soon attracted towards him the eyes of the crusaders and of the Mussulmans themselves. Stricken with the fever, he would cause himself to be carried upon a litter to the ramparts, and would there direct the movements of the troops. He distributed among the knights the money taken at Cyprus. The jealousy of King Philip gained ground day by day. Accustomed to consider himself superior to the King of England, who was his vassal, Philip was annoyed at seeing his own authority lessened in consequence of the prodigious valor of Richard, "the King," as he was called everywhere in the East, in disregard of the rights of the King of France.

The French knights and their adherents on the one hand, the English knights and their allies on the other, had vainly endeavored to take the town by storm. Saladin, the sultan of the Arabs, kept aloof, watching for an opportunity to relieve Acre. But the Christian army completely surrounded it — "as the eyeball the eye," say the Oriental historians — so completely, in fact, that at the moment when the chiefs of the Christian army, temporarily reconciled, were preparing to



RICHARD REMOVING THE BANNER OF THE ARCHDUKE



attack the town in unison, the Mussulman garrison surrendered, their lives being spared, on the 12th of July, 1191, and Saladin retired into the interior of the country. Philip and Richard immediately entered Acre at the head of their armies, and planted their banners upon the ramparts. The King of England had taken possession of the sultan's palace, without troubling himself to find a residence for Philip; and when he learned that the Archduke of Austria, Leopold, had set up his banner at the side of the standard of England, he went and tore it down with his own hands, and threw it into the trenches, indignantly asking how a duke could have any pretensions to the honors exclusively reserved for kings. Richard was destined to pay dearly for these haughty proceedings.

Scarcely had the crusaders entered Acre when King Philip announced his intention of returning to Europe. In vain was he urged to persevere in the holy enterprise; in vain his emissaries who were intrusted to announce this news to King Richard were so ashamed of it that they wept and said nothing. Philip insisted on returning to France, which country he would have been wise not to have left in the preceding year. Ten thousand French crusaders remained in the East, under the command of the Duke of Burgundy. The King of France solemnly swore not to make any attempt upon Richard's dominions, and set sail on the 31st of July, leaving the Christian army a prey to the dissensions to which the succession to the throne of the still unconquered city of Jerusalem gave rise. Sybil, granddaughter of Godfrey of Bouillon, had just died, and her husband, Hugh of Lusignan, was one of the two pretenders to the title of King of Jerusalem, the other being Conrad of Montferrat, husband of Isabella, sister of Sybil. The King of France espoused the cause of Conrad, and Richard supported Lusignan. It was in the midst

of these differences that the crusaders, under the command of the King of England, commenced a march across the desert of Mount Carmel. Exhausted by the heat, they were also harassed by the Arab horsemen, who were more embittered than ever against the Christians; for the term fixed for the exchange of prisoners having gone by without Saladin having sent back those in his possession, the King of England had caused all the Mussulman prisoners to be led out of the camp and to be slaughtered before the sultan's eyes. The soldiers even went as far as searching the entrails of their victims for any gold or precious stones which they might have swallowed.

A great battle was fought at Arsouf on the 7th of September; King Richard performed prodigies of valor and opened up a road to Jaffa. Saladin was at Ascalon, when the crusaders, who had arrived at Bethany, were compelled to give up their intention of laying siege to Jerusalem on account of the bad weather. The sultan at once abandoned Ascalon, dismantling the ramparts, and thus making the way clear for Richard. The latter hastened to repair the fortifications. In order to encourage the soldiers, he himself carried stones to the workers, and urged the Archduke Leopold to do likewise. "I am not the son of a mason," replied the Austrian, whereupon Richard, in a fit of passion, struck him in the face. Leopold at once left the army and set out to return to his states, followed by his soldiers.

In vain was Ascalon fortified; in vain did Richard agree to confer the crown of Jerusalem upon Conrad of Montferat, in the hope of re-establishing a mutual understanding in order to be able to march against Jerusalem. That prince was almost immediately murdered by two emissaries of the "Old Man of the Mountain," a mysterious sovereign, whose devotees, intoxicated by the fumes of haschich, blindly obeyed



RICHARD CŒUR DE LION HAVING THE SARACENS BEHEADED.



his orders. This crime was attributed to the King of England, who afterwards quarrelled with the Duke of Burgundy, depriving himself of the support of the French as he had previously deprived himself of that of the Austrians. They had again advanced as far as Bethany, and a band of crusaders had ascended a mountain overlooking Jerusalem. King Richard was asked to come and see the holy city in the distance. "No," said he, covering his face with his cloak; "those who are not worthy of conquering Jerusalem should not look at it." The crusaders retraced their steps as far as Acre.

On arriving at that town, Richard suddenly learned that Saladin was besieging Jaffa. He embarked at once and sailed to the rescue. The crescent already shone upon the walls, but a priest, who had cast himself into the water in front of the royal vessel, told Richard that he could yet save the garrison, although the town was already in the hands of the enemy. The ship had not yet reached the landing-stage, and already the king was in the water, which reached his shoulders, and was uttering the war-cry, "St. George!" The infidels, who were busy plundering the city, took fright, and three thousand men fled, pursued by four or five knights of the cross. The little corps of Christians intrenched themselves behind planks of wood and tuns; ten tents held the whole of the army. Day had scarcely dawned, when a soldier flew to Richard's bedside. "O king! we are dead men!" he cried; "the enemy is upon us." The king sprang up from his bed, scarcely allowing himself time to buckle on his armor, and omitting his helmet and shield. "Silence!" he said to the bearer of the bad news, "or I will kill you." Seventeen knights had gathered round Cœur-de-Lion, kneeling on the ground, and holding their lances; in their midst were some archers, accompanied by attendants who were re-

charging their arquebuses. The king was standing in the midst. The Saracens endeavored in vain to overawe this heroic little band; not one of them stirred. At length, under a shower of arrows, the knights sprang on their horses, and swept the plain before them. They entered Jaffa towards evening, and drove the Mussulmans from it. From the time of daybreak, Richard had not ceased for a moment to deal out his blows, and the skin of his hand adhered to the handle of his battle-axe. The remembrance of this day had not faded when, more than fifty years later, St. Louis led the French troops to the crusade. Joinville heard the Saracen mothers scolding their children and threatening them with Malek-Rik, a name which the Mussulmans gave to King Richard. Such severe fatigue under the burning sun had affected the health of Cœur-de-Lion. Disquieting news came from his dominions. He concluded a truce with Saladin, giving up Ascalon to him, but keeping Jaffa, Tyre, and the fortresses along the coast, and promising to refrain from any hostilities during a period of three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. "Then I will come back," said Richard, "with double the number of men that I now possess, and will reconquer Jerusalem." Saladin smiled, acknowledging, however, that if the Holy City was to fall into the hands of the Christians, no one was more worthy of conquering it than Malek-Rik. The two adversaries had conceived for each other a feeling of chivalrous admiration and esteem, which is the theme of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Talisman." Numerous presents had been exchanged by them during the war; and when Richard was suffering from fever, and was perishing with thirst, he received each day fruits and cooling drinks which were sent to him by the sultan.

It was on the 9th of October, 1192, that Richard Cœur-de-Lion left Palestine. Standing upon the poop of his ship,

he was surveying the shore, then fading from sight. "O, Holy Land!" cried he, "I leave you to God, you and your people. May He help me to come back to your assistance!" The English ships were sailing together, when a storm arose and dispersed them. The one which carried the two queens arrived in Sicily, but King Richard was not with them, and no one knew what had become of him. Driven at first towards the island of Corfu, he had hired three small vessels, which had taken him to Zara, whence he hoped to reach his nephew, Otho of Saxony, son of his sister Matilda. He found himself surrounded by enemies and threatened on all sides. He knew that King Philip had entered into a league with John Lackland, in order to deprive him of his kingdom; the Emperor Henry had laid claim to the throne of Sicily, and had not forgiven Richard for his alliance with Tancred; Leopold of Austria had not abandoned all hope of revenge; and everywhere the relations of Conrad of Montferrat were accusing the King of England of having been the cause of the death of their ally. Richard assumed the garb of a merchant, and started on his journey through the mountains of the Tyrol. He arrived at Goritz in Carinthia, where he sent and asked for a passport for Baldwin of Béthune, one of his knights, and for Hugh the merchant. The messenger was instructed at the same time to present the governor with a ring which the merchant sent him. The governor scrutinized the messenger. "You are not speaking the truth," cried he. "It is not a merchant who sends me this ring, but King Richard. But as he honors me with his gifts without knowing me, although I am the cousin of Conrad of Montferrat, I will do him no injury. Tell him, however, to leave this place as soon as possible."

The governor of Goritz did not wish to arrest King Richard, but he had not promised to keep the secret. He in-

formed Frederick of Montferrat, Conrad's brother, that Cœur-de-Lion was about to travel across his dominions. Recognized by a Norman knight, the king was saved by a faithful vassal, and had arrived in the states of the Duke of Austria, when he fell ill in the village of Erperg, a short distance from Vienna. A page was dispatched to the capital to exchange some gold bezants for current coin of the country. He was noticed and interrogated, and being put under torture, he divulged his master's name. Richard was stretched upon his bed, sleeping, when the mayor of Vienna entered his little apartment. "Good morrow, King of England," he said. "You hide in vain, for your face betrays you."

The king had already seized his sword, protesting that he would only surrender to the duke himself. Leopold was unwilling to let any one else have the honor of making the capture; he soon arrived, and received the King of England's sword. "You should esteem yourself fortunate, Sire," said the duke, with a smile of revengeful satisfaction; "if you had fallen into the hands of the relations of Conrad of Montferrat, you would have been a dead man, even if you had had a thousand lives." And triumphantly leading forth his prisoner, whom he reminded on the road of the insult which had been formerly offered to the Austrian flag, he shut Richard up in the castle of Tyrnstein. But the emperor at once claimed the illustrious captive. "A duke cannot possibly keep a king!" he urged; "it is the right of an emperor." And Richard was conducted to the castle of Trifels, where he languished for two years.

While King Richard had been acquiring glory in Palestine without any signal advantage gained to the Christian cause, disorder reigned supreme over his kingdom; the Chancellor Longchamp had seized upon the power, casting his fellow-bishop of Durham into prison, and only setting him free at

the price of all the dignities which the latter had bought of Richard. The chancellor was able and devoted to the king, but haughty, arrogant, despotic, and, above all, rapacious, as all powerful men were at that time. "If he had remained master," say the chronicles, "he would not have left a belt to the men, a bracelet to the women, a ring to the knights, or a jewel to the Jews." But scarcely had King Richard arrived in Palestine when Prince John unmasked himself. Having raised an army against the chancellor, he claimed the supreme authority on the ground of his being heir-presumptive to the crown, resolutely refusing to recognize the rights of Arthur of Brittany, son of Geoffrey, whom Richard had repeatedly nominated as his successor. Badly supported by the barons, Longchamp was beaten, and compelled to agree to a truce. By means of intrigue and concessions, John first of all caused himself to be recognized by the regent and the council as heir to the throne, then obtained the deposition of the chancellor, and saw himself raised to the dignity of governor-general of the kingdom. It was on the 9th of October, 1191, while King Richard was fortifying the town of Jaffa, after the victory of Ascalon. The new regent offered to allow Longchamp to keep his diocese of Ely, and have the governorship of three royal castles. "No," said the deposed chancellor, "I will not willingly give up any of my master's rights; but you are stronger than I, and chancellor and chief justicier as I am, I yield to superior power." He consigned the keys of the Tower to Prince John, and made preparation for leaving England. No doubt he knew the prince too well not to fear some treachery, for he disguised himself as a travelling tradeswoman, and, accompanied by a large number of boxes, he waited near Dover for the ship which was to carry him to France. The vessel was delayed; some fishermen's wives, passing along the beach,

asked if they might look at his goods; but the Chancellor of England did not understand English, but only spoke Norman, and therefore could not answer; the women, being impatient, declared that the owner of the boxes must be a mad woman, and raised her veil. They started back at seeing a man's face underneath it. The fishermen rushed to the spot; and, suspecting some sinister purpose in the disguise, they subjected Longchamp to ill-treatment until the officers of the guard came, tore him from their grasp, and took him to prison. The Chancellor had much difficulty in getting free again, and in obtaining permission to proceed to France. The Archbishop of Rouen was created chancellor and chief justicier in his stead.

It was in the month of October, 1192, when King Richard was just setting sail from Acre, that rumors of his approaching return were spread throughout Europe; but in vain did days, weeks, months elapse. The champion of the Cross, Cœur-de-Lion, had disappeared, and his fate remained shrouded in mystery, when, at the beginning of the year 1193, a letter from the Emperor Henry VI. to the King of France, discovered by accident, revealed the fact of Richard's incarceration in Austria. "The enemy of the Empire and the disturber of France," said the Emperor, "is imprisoned in a castle in the Tyrol, and watched day and night by faithful guards with naked swords." The exact whereabouts of the castle remained a secret.

The effect of this news in Europe was wonderful; Richard's reputation had caused people to forget his pride and avarice. Prince John was as proud and as avaricious as his brother, without the fitful generosity and brilliant valor which in Richard compensated for so many faults: the clergy remembered the great deeds performed for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; all the noblemen and knights were disgusted

at the treachery which kept a king and a crusader in an unknown prison; the Pope excommunicated the Archduke Leopold, and threatened the Emperor with the same penalty; Prince John and the King of France alone rejoiced at the powerless state in which their enemy found himself. The prince hastened to Paris to do homage to Philip for all the dominions which the King of England held upon the Continent; and then, recrossing the Channel, he commenced preparations for raising an army, to enable him to dispute his brother's claim to the crown; but already the barons and prelates who remained faithful to Richard had unfurled the royal standard; the hired soldiers gathered together by John were repulsed, and the feeble usurper was compelled to consent to an armistice. His ally of France had been unsuccessful at Rouen, which was defended by the Earl of Essex, who had recently arrived from Palestine. Philip had been compelled to quit that town.

The ex-Chancellor Longchamp had at length discovered the king's prison, and had gone to see him. He managed to induce the emperor to convoke the Diet of the Empire at Hagenau, in order to hear the charges against Richard. The King of England appeared before the princes there assembled, and cleared himself easily of the accusations brought against him. The emperor consented to deliver him up for a ransom; the sum fixed was a hundred and fifty thousand marks of silver. The king's fetters were removed, and he was led back to his prison, there to remain until the united efforts of his people should raise the required sum of money. "My brother John will never gain a kingdom by his valor!" Cœur-de-Lion had disdainfully declared on hearing of that prince's treachery. But John could plot, and, supported by Philip Augustus, he contributed greatly towards postponing the deliverance of his brother. Richard was still languishing

in prison at the beginning of the year 1194, lamenting his fate in Provençal ballads, which may be translated thus:—

“Now know ye well, my barons, people, all,
English and Norman, Gascon and Poitevin,
That for no money would I leave in thrall
The poorest of my comrades thus to pine.
Reproach I made not nor desire withal,
Though now two winters here.”

The period of his captivity was at length, however, drawing to an end. In vain did Philip Augustus and Prince John propose to the Emperor Henry a much larger sum than Richard's ransom, if he would still keep the latter in prison. The princes of the Empire opposed the offer indignantly, and when the first half of the ransom arrived, in the month of February, 1194, the king was at length restored to liberty. He landed at Sandwich on the 13th of March, to the great delight of his subjects. Prince John had taken refuge in Normandy, and the other traitors had disappeared. Richard seized upon several castles, deprived several rebels of their offices, and sold them to the highest bidder; then, levying another tax upon a country exhausted by war and by the payment of the royal ransom, he hastened to France, to punish her king for the injuries inflicted upon him by that monarch. On disembarking, Richard was met by his brother, who reckoned upon the intercession of his mother to obtain the forgiveness of the sovereign whom he had so cruelly wronged. “I forgive him,” said Richard; “and I hope that I shall forget his misdeeds as completely as he will forget my forgiveness.” He refused, however, to reinstate John in his land and castles.

War was still raging between the two monarchs, with variable success. Richard was enabled to wreak his vengeance upon the Bishop of Beauvais, who had formerly been intrusted

with missions from Philip to the Emperor of Germany. That prelate, having been made a prisoner during a battle, by Merchadec, chief of the Brabantines in Richard's service, was imprisoned in the castle of Rouen. In vain did he implore the intervention of Pope Celestine III. in his favor; the King of England sent the armor, stained with the bishop's blood, to the pontiff, with this quotation from Scripture: "See whether it is your son's garment." The Pope laughed. "It is the coat of a son of Mars," said he; "let Mars undertake to deliver him;" and the bishop remained in prison until the death of King Richard.

So many struggles were necessarily burdensome; "from sea to sea England was ruined," say the chroniclers. A citizen of London, William Fitz-Osbert, better known by his title of "Longbeard," constituted himself the champion of the poor, endeavoring, first of all, by interceding with the king, to obtain a lessening of the burdens which were crushing them. The king wanted money. Longbeard achieved no result, and came back to England, where he organized a secret association. He began a series of public orations, causing dangerous riots in London, where he was looked upon by the people as their king and savior. The authorities endeavored to arrest him, but he took refuge in the church of St. Mary of the Arches, with a few supporters, where he defended himself until the building being set on fire he was obliged to leave it; he was wounded, captured, and dragged to Smithfield, where he was hanged. The people had done nothing to rescue him; but it was found necessary to punish the fanatics who came by night to scrape up the earth at the foot of his gibbet, to be preserved as a relic.

King Richard had defeated Philip Augustus at the gates of Gisors. While making his escape, the King of France had almost been drowned in the river. "I made him drink

the water of the Epte," Richard wrote triumphantly. But the day was approaching which was to see the end of so many heroic but fruitless struggles; it was rumored in Normandy that an arrow was being fashioned in Limousin, which was destined to kill a tyrant. The King of England learned that his vassal, the Viscount of Limoges, had discovered a treasure. He at once sent to claim it of the viscount, who sent him one half of his treasure trove upon a mule. "Gold treasure belongs to the liege-lord; silver is divided," said the viscount. But Richard wanted the whole; he marched against the castle of Chalus, where he expected to find the treasure, and laid siege to the place. It was well defended, but provisions had run short; the garrison wished to capitulate. "No," said Richard; "I will take your place by storm, and cause you all to be hanged on the walls." The defenders of the town were in despair; the king and Merchadec were examining the point of attack, when a young archer, Bertrand de Gourdon, pulled his bow, and praying to God to direct the arrow, aimed it at the king; the latter was struck on the left shoulder. The town, however, was taken by assault, and all the garrison were hanged. The king sent for Gourdon. He was dying, for an unskilful surgeon had broken the arrow, and left the steel portion in the wound. "Wretch!" said he to the archer, "what had I done to you that you should have attempted my life?" "You have put my father and two brothers to death," said Bertrand, "and you wanted to hang me." "I forgive you," cried Richard; "let his chains be removed, and let him receive one hundred shillings." Merchadec took no heed of the royal pardon, but caused Bertrand de Gourdon to be flayed alive. Gourdon's children fled to Scotland, and became, it is said, the founders of the illustrious family of the Gordons. Richard died on the 6th of April, 1199. Scarcely

had he breathed his last, when his sister Joanna, whom he had married to the Count of Toulouse, arrived at the camp before Chalus, to solicit help for her husband in his dispute with the court of Rome, in the matter of the Albigenses. She was informed of the death of her brother, and the shock caused her to give birth to a child prematurely. The child was stillborn, and the mother died at its birth. She was buried with her brother at Fontevrault, at the foot of the grave of Henry II.

The period of chivalric enterprises in England had gone by, and that of humiliation and decay was commencing. The reign, however, of John Lackland, the most cowardly and treacherous of the sovereigns who have sat on the throne of England, is one of the most important epochs in history, for from that time dates the active part played by the nation in its own affairs—the time of Magna Charta, the germ and foundation of all English liberty.

John was well known by the people whom he aspired to govern, and was universally detested. Scarcely had the rumor of the death of King Richard spread through France, when all the nobility of Brittany, Touraine, Anjou, and Maine declared themselves in favor of Prince Arthur, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet and of Constance of Brittany, born seven months after his father's death, whom Richard had repeatedly nominated as his successor. Under the influence of Eleanor, Aquitaine and Poitou recognized John as their liege-lord; he was in Normandy, and caused himself to be proclaimed at Rouen on the 25th of April. He had already sent the Archbishop of Canterbury back to England, to bring together all the barons, and to make them swear allegiance to John, Duke of Normandy, son of King Henry, son of the Empress Matilda. The repugnance felt towards him was very general, but the fear of anarchy decided several noblemen in

favor of John; promises and presents influenced others, and on the 25th of May, 1199, when John arrived in England, the greater number of the barons had become reconciled to his cause. The new king was crowned on the 27th of May at Westminster, the primate proclaiming aloud that the crown of England was not an inheritance descending by right of primogeniture, but that it belonged to the worthiest claimant. The worthiest claimant on this occasion was Prince John.

There had been no question raised about the rights of Arthur; but Philip Augustus was too shrewd not to seize this pretext for renewing the war against John, whom he knew to be a coward, a sluggard, and a sovereign unpopular in his kingdom; he claimed, therefore, in the name of the young prince, whose mother had placed him under the royal protection, nearly all King John's continental domains. Hostilities recommenced, and Brittany was ravaged both by its enemies and friends. But the King of France was engaged in a serious dispute with the Pope; his kingdom had just been placed under an interdict; he concluded peace with John, sacrificing, without remorse, the interests of Arthur, who found himself completely disinherited through the mutual understanding between his uncle and the King of France.

Meanwhile John had started out for Aquitaine, there to receive the homage of his subjects. He met, at one of the *fêtes* which were celebrated, Isabel, daughter of the Count of Angoulême and wife of the Count of Marche; she was remarkably beautiful, and as ambitious as she was beautiful. Her beauty attracted the king, and the ambition of the countess prompting her, she abandoned her husband to marry John Lackland, who himself had been married for ten years to the daughter of the Earl of Gloucester. An insurrection soon broke out in Aquitaine; it was insignificant at first, but at the beginning of the year 1202 Philip Augustus, delivered

from his quarrels with Pope Innocent III., stirred the flame of the rebellion in the southern provinces, organized an insurrection in Brittany, and suddenly took up Arthur's cause again, who had recently lost his mother. "You are aware of your rights," he said to the young prince; "do you wish to become king?" "Decidedly I do," said Arthur. "Very well, then," said Philip; "there are two hundred knights, take them and march against your own provinces whilst I enter into Normandy." The Bretons rallied round their young duke, who advanced with his little army against the town of Mirebeau in Poitou, where his grandmother Eleanor was staying, whom his mother had taught him to hate. He hoped, by capturing her, to obtain better conditions from his uncle; but the old queen defended herself valiantly, and held the castle sufficiently long to allow her son to come to her assistance. A nobleman of the country delivered up the town to him on the night of the 31st of July, 1202, on King John's promising not to do any harm to his nephew. All the noblemen who supported the young duke, among whom was the Count of Marche, were made prisoners, and Prince Arthur himself was imprisoned in the castle of Falaise, whence he was transported a short time afterwards to Rouen. According to tradition the king ordered his eyes put out; but the earnest pleadings of the child induced the jailor to spare them. The most probable story relates that the king arrived by night with his esquire, Peter of Maulac, to see the unfortunate young prince in his dungeon, and that he took the latter with him in a little boat upon the Seine. The young man was in fear, and begged his uncle to spare his life; but John made a sign, and De Maulac, after plunging his dagger into the prisoner's heart, threw his body overboard; but it is also said that De Maulac conceived a horror of the crime beforehand, and refused to commit it, and that the king him-

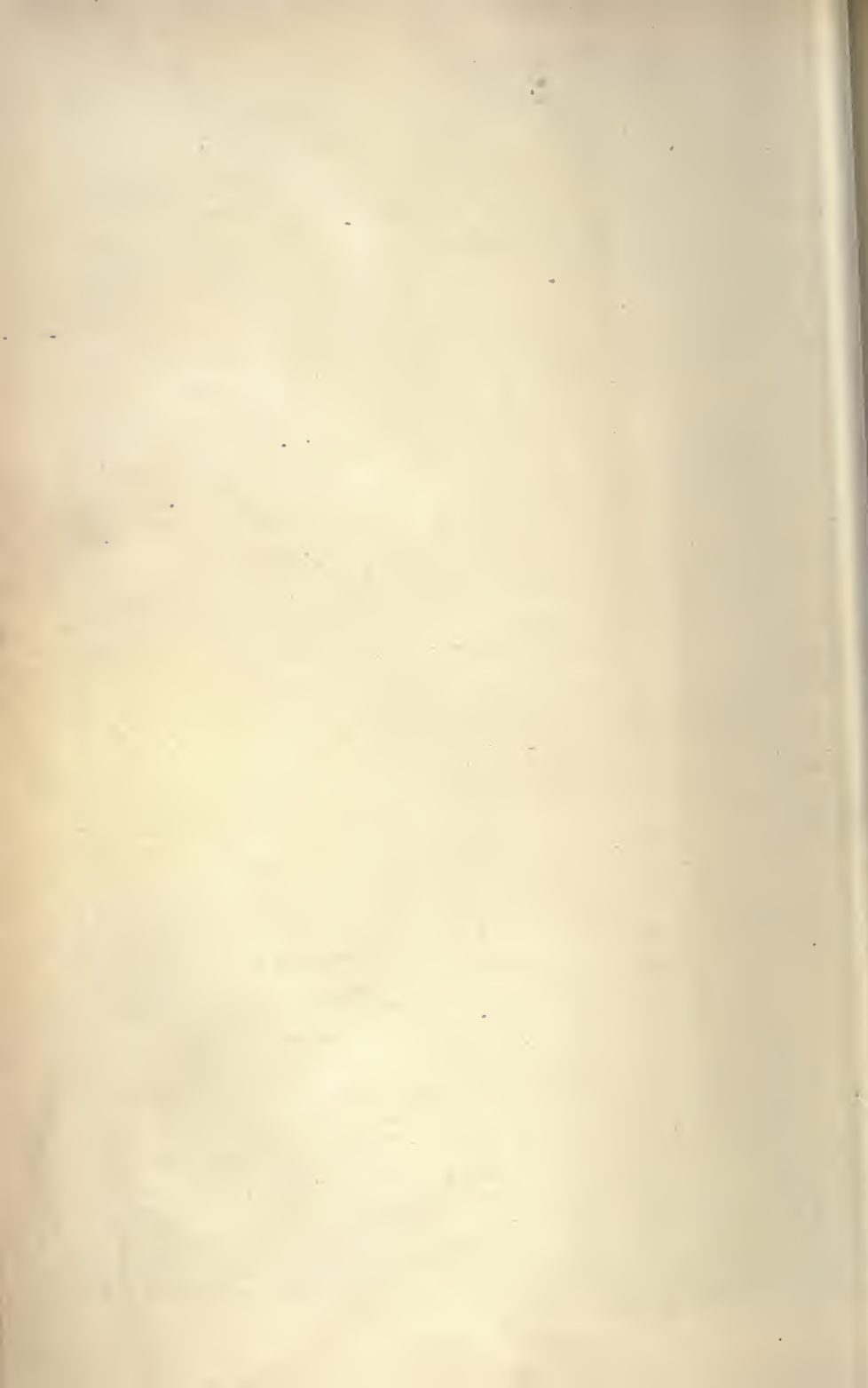
self struck the fatal blow. It was on the 3d of April, 1203. Rumors of the murder spread throughout France and England, adding fresh indignation to the hatred which John already inspired. The Bretons proclaimed Alice of Thouars, daughter of the Duchess Constance by her third husband, instead of Prince Arthur's sister, Eleanor, the Pearl of Brittany, who was in the power of her uncle, and was shut up by him in a convent at Bristol. The appeal of the Bretons to the liege-lord was listened to by Philip Augustus; he summoned John, Duke of Normandy, to appear in Paris to be judged by his peers. Queen Eleanor had retired to Fontevraud, where she had taken the veil, overcome, it is said, with despair in consequence of her son's crime.

John had not answered Philip's summons: he was at Rouen occupied with the festivities, while the King of France was entering Poitou, supported by the nobility, who had generally revolted in his favor, and was marching from thence into Normandy; the Bretons had commenced the attack, and were advancing, pillaging the country. Many Normans joined them, so great was the horror inspired by the murder of Prince Arthur. The people had also organized an insurrection in Anjou and Maine, and Philip had taken possession of all the towns on his way when he effected a junction with the Bretons at Caen. "Let them go where they please," John would say, in the midst of his revels; "I will take back in one day all that they have acquired with so much trouble." But the French army having appeared at Rodepont, in the neighborhood of Rouen, the King of England fled in great haste, and recrossed the Channel in the month of December, 1203, in order to seek for succor.

The English reinforcements did not arrive; Rouen had defended itself valiantly; but the citizens had at length yielded in consequence of a famine; Verneuil had just been



MURDER OF PRINCE ARTHUR



taken. Castle Gaillard, fortified by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, capitulated after a siege of seven months; the garrison had defended tower after tower; there no longer remained a single French knight, when the French soldiers at length destroyed the last portion of the ramparts. John had not lifted a finger to defend his dominions, and the King of France was regaining possession of his duchy of Normandy, which had been separated from his dominions for two hundred and ninety-two years; Brittany, Touraine, Anjou, Maine, and Poitou slipped from the grasp of the King of England; Aquitaine alone remained to him. King Philip, who was now satisfied, allowed himself to be persuaded by a legate sent by the Pope, and concluded a truce of two years' duration with King John, which was to commence in the month of December, 1206.

The arms of his temporal enemies had triumphed. John Lackland was about to bring down upon himself the spiritual thunders. A conflict had arisen between the king and the chapter of Canterbury about the election of an archbishop. The Pope settled the question by nominating Cardinal Stephen Langton, who was then at Rome, and whose merit was known to the pontiff. The monks of Canterbury recognized him, and John caused them to be driven from their cloisters by two knights, sword in hand. The Pope instructed the three bishops to pronounce an interdict in England, authorizing at the same time the English barons, who were, he knew, secretly discontented, to aid him in snatching their country from ruin. The bishops pronounced the terrible sentence, and at once left King John's dominions. The barons did not dare to rebel; the king had taken possession of a large number of children of the noblest families as hostages. He had sent Peter of Maulac to demand the sons of William of Braose, Lord of Bramber in Sussex. "By my faith," said the lady of the castle, "he did not take such care of his

nephew that I should trust my children to him." Peter of Maulac made prisoners of the lady and her children, who died of hunger in their prison. Lord Bramber died of grief in consequence.

The interdict had lasted one year; the churches were closed. No more bell-ringing, no religious services, no marriages, no prayers over the graves; the baptism of newly-born children and the administration of extreme unction were the only concessions made by the Church. In 1209, the Pope sent a bull of excommunication against the king; the blow was foreseen, and the approaches were so zealously guarded that the papal missive could not gain admission; but John knew that a sentence of deposition would follow that of excommunication; and this proceeding, although unproductive of practical results in itself, assumed a terrible degree of importance when it was known that King Philip Augustus was ready to carry it into execution. It is related that at this time John, in despair at his struggle against the Church, conceived the idea of begging the assistance of the Mussulmans, and that he sent an embassy to the Emir El-Hassiz in Spain, proposing to embrace the religion of Islamism and to become the vassal of the emir, if the latter would cross the Pyrenees, enter into France, and thus draw off the forces of King Philip. The emir listened gravely, only giving vague answers. When the emissaries had retired, the Mussulman called back one of them, a priest. "Tell me," he asked him, "in the name of the Lord, from whom you expect your salvation, what kind of man your king really is." "He is a tyrant who will soon feel the effects of his subjects' anger," replied the monk; and the emir refused all King John's offers.

In spite of the Pope's discontent and John's terror thereat, the latter had carried on successfully some expeditions against the insurgents in Ireland and Wales, when, in 1213, Inno-

cent III. at length proclaimed his deposition, absolving all his vassals from their oath of allegiance, and making an appeal to all Christian princes to dethrone an impious tyrant. Stephen Langton was sent to King Philip to promise forgiveness of all the latter's sins if he would carry out the sentence of the Holy See. The French army was already being formed. King John had obtained a signal success over his adversary's fleet, and he was at Dover, surrounded by an army of sixty thousand men ready to encounter the invaders if their sovereign would lead them; but John was afraid of his subjects, mistrusting their fidelity; and he shrank as usual from giving battle to the enemy. The Pope's legate, Pandulph, came and met him at Dover. He represented to the king in the most terrible colors the strength of the French army, the discontent of the barons, and the anger of the exiles; the little courage that remained to the degenerate Plantagenet faded away from his heart. He was, besides, pursued by the recollection of a prediction of Peter the Hermit of Wakefield, which ran: "Before the day of the Ascension the king will have lost his crown." John resolved rather to drag it through the mire than to relax his hold of it.

The legate was a skilful diplomatist; before making public the result of his negotiations with the king, he demanded that all the exiled priests should be allowed to return with Langton at their head; and he also exacted an assurance that the clergy and laity would be indemnified for the losses which they had sustained through the interdict. The king signed this agreement on the 13th of May, 1213, and four barons affixed their seals to it. On the 14th John was engaged all day in private conference with the legate.

On the morning of the 15th of May the king rose early and went to the church of the Templars, at Dover; a great crowd had already assembled there. and John, kneeling and

clasping the hand of the legate in his own, swore in a loud clear voice an oath of allegiance to the Holy See. At the same time he placed in the hands of the pontiff's ambassador a document declaring that he, John, King of England and Ireland, in expiation of his sins against God and the Holy Church, without being constrained thereto by force, or by the fear of the interdict, but of his own free will and with the consent of his barons, ceded to the Holy Pope Innocent and to his heirs and successors for ever, the kingdom of England and dependency of Ireland, to be held by himself, John, and by his successors as a fief of the Holy Church, by paying an annual sum of a thousand marks of silver. At the same time the king offered a purse as an earnest of his submission. Pandulph threw it on the ground, trampling the money disdainfully under foot; but he accepted the crown which John had relinquished, and for five days it remained in his keeping. The Feast of the Ascension had passed; the king caused the Hermit of Wakefield to be tied to the tail of an untamed horse, as a punishment for his predictions; but the people maintained that Peter had not been mistaken, because King John himself gave up his crown.

Scarcely had the legate accomplished his mission in England, when he recrossed the sea to Philip's camp at Boulogne, announcing to the latter that the states of his enemy would for the future form part of the dominions of St. Peter, and that the King of France no longer had permission to invade them. "But," said Philip, "I have spent enormous sums of money in the preparations for war at the Pope's bidding, and on his having granted remission of my sins." He resolved to carry on the expedition, and was preparing to set sail, when a quarrel with the Count of Flanders caused him to turn his arms in that direction; the English fleet came to the assistance of the count, and gained a brilliant victory

over the vessels of Philip, who, finding himself deprived of the means of transport and revictualling, was obliged to renounce, for the time being, his expedition against England.

John had called all his subjects to arms; but when the barons met him at Portsmouth they refused to embark in the ships until the king had allowed the exiles whom he had called back to re-enter the country. Langton was hateful in the eyes of John, who looked upon him as the cause of the first dispute with Rome; but he was obliged to yield, and the archbishop and the monks of Canterbury once more set foot on English soil; the kiss of peace was exchanged, and John embarked, reckoning on the support of the barons. He arrived at Jersey, but the noblemen had not followed him, pleading that the period of their service was at an end, and they met at St. Alban's under the presidency of Chief-Justicier Fitz-Piers, a man of low origin, whose marriage with the Countess of Essex had placed him in a position which he maintained by reason of his ability. They had already published a series of royal declarations demanding the observance of the old laws, when John, furious at the desertion of his vassals, returned, pillaging and burning down everything on his way. The Archbishop of Canterbury came to him. "You are not fulfilling your oath, Sire," said he; "your vassals should be judged by their peers, and not coerced by arms." "Pay attention to your church," cried the king, angrily, "and leave me to govern the kingdom." Langton threatened to excommunicate all the agents of the royal vengeance, and John ended by summoning the barons to appear before him.

Langton, on the other hand, had convoked them at London. When the king entered the audience-chamber, the cardinal held in his hand a parchment document. It was the charter of King Henry I.; this was neither the first nor the last

charter which England received since the Conquest. William the Conqueror, in 1071, had guaranteed to his barons, by a charter, the performance of a contract entered into between them, promising to reform the abuses which had been pointed out to him, and securing to the Saxons the maintenance of the laws of Edward the Confessor. In 1101, King Henry I. had lately been proclaimed King of England; the Duke Robert was claiming the throne by virtue of his seniority. In order to secure the support of the Norman, as well as the Saxon barons, Henry had convoked in London a general assembly, and signed a fresh charter almost similar to his brother's. It was this document which Archbishop Langton had found, and which he was bringing to the barons assembled in London like their ancestors, not, as of old, to receive a charter, but to force one upon the king.

King Stephen had also made the same promises, endowing the Church likewise with a charter setting forth its rights. Finally, Henry II., in 1154, had renewed the charters of King Stephen, and had caused a copy of the document to be deposited in all the churches; there is one of them remaining now. Cœur-de-Lion did not sign any charter, but that of John Lackland was destined to be glorious and powerful for ever afterwards under the title of Magna Charta. The barons swore to observe the injunctions of Henry I.'s charter, which had been presented to them by Langton, to remain faithful to one another, and to secure their liberties or to die defending them. This was on the 25th of August, 1213.

The Pope had abandoned the cause of English liberty on receiving homage from King John; the interdict had been raised, and the hostile forces of King Philip were gathering in all directions. The Emperor of Germany, the Count of Flanders, and the Count of Boulogne called the King of England to their aid. John sent William Longsword, Earl of

Salisbury, his half-brother, to the camp of the allies, and marched in person against Brittany; but he did not come to blows with the heir to the throne of France, Prince Louis, who had been sent forward by his father, on the 27th of July, while the latter was waging war against the confederates at Bouvines. On the 19th of October, John signed a five years' truce, and returned to England furious, humiliated, and resolved to revenge himself upon his English subjects for all the reverses of fortune which he had suffered on the Continent. Fitz-Piers, whom John feared and detested, was dead. The king burst into laughter on learning this news. "God's teeth!" he cried, "this is the first time that I have felt myself king and sovereign of England." But Langton was the real chief of the conspiracy; the support which the Pope lent to King John had not for a single moment shaken the fidelity of the archbishop to the cause of the barons: they again met, on the 20th of November, at Bury St. Edmunds, and, placing their hands upon the altar, they swore, one after another, that if the king refused to grant the just rights which they claimed, they would withhold their allegiance, and wage war against him until he should have granted their demands by a charter sealed with the royal seal.

Christmas-day arrived; the king found himself alone at Worcester, his barons not having presented themselves to do homage to him. John retired in great haste to London, and took refuge in the fortress of the Templars. The barons followed him there, this time in larger numbers than he cared for, and on the day of the Epiphany they haughtily presented their requests to him. John eyed the faces which surrounded him, and which bore an inflexible and resolute expression, both in the case of the priests and the warriors. He turned pale. "Give me until Easter to reflect upon all this," he said. Before consenting, the barons stipulated that Cardinal

Langton, the Bishop of Ely, and the Earl of Pembroke should become sureties that the king would satisfy their claims upon the day mentioned by him. They knew the value of John Lackland's promises. Scarcely had they left, when he threw himself under the protection of the Church, renouncing all the prerogatives of the throne in the choice of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and begging the assistance of the Pope, who wrote to Langton, but with no result. At length John formally assumed the cross, on the 2d of February, hoping thus to avoid fulfilling his promises to the English barons. He did not yet fully understand his subjects.

On Easter-day the confederates had met together in large numbers at Stamford; they sent a deputation to the king, who was at Oxford. When Langton read aloud the claims of the barons, John angrily exclaimed, "And why do they not also ask for my crown? By God's teeth! I will not grant liberties which would make a slave of me." The Pope's legate, who was there, maintained that Langton ought to excommunicate the confederates. "The intentions of the Holy Father have been misunderstood," said the archbishop, calmly; "if the mercenary followers of the king do not soon leave the kingdom, whose ruin they are accomplishing, it is they whom I will excommunicate." The barons then styled themselves the Army of God and of the Holy Church, and, placing Robert Fitz-Walter at their head, they marched against Northampton Castle. The resistance there was so actively carried on that the siege had to be raised, and the barons advanced towards Bedford. The position of affairs at this time was critical, and it was imperatively necessary to know whether the citizens of the towns would support the noble insurrectionists. Bedford opened its gates, and the confederates took the road to London; they arrived there on the morning of the 24th of May. The people received them

joyfully, and good order was maintained in the Army of the Holy Church. The barons issued a proclamation, calling under their banners all the knights who had hitherto remained aloof from the contest. The king found himself unsupported, all the nobility of the kingdom having risen against him. He yielded therefore, at least for a time, to urgent necessity; he sent the Earl of Pembroke to the barons assembled in London to assure them that he was quite ready to grant the privileges and liberties which they claimed, and asking on what day and at what place they would arrange matters with him. "On the 15th of June, at Runnymede," replied the barons.

On the 15th of June all the noblemen of England were there. "It is not necessary to name them," says the chronicle, "for they consisted of all the nobility of the country." Fitz-Walter was at their head; the king was accompanied by the legate, by the Grand Master of the Templars, by eight bishops brought by Langton, and by twelve barons, of whom the Earl of Pembroke was the chief. The king's followers, with the exception of the legate and the Templar, were as devoted to the liberties of England as the confederate noblemen.

John did not put in any claim or make any objection. With an amount of alacrity, which must have appeared suspicious to far-seeing observers, he signed the charter which was presented to him, and the great seal was affixed to it. The first real token of English liberty had been acquired; the first stone of the noble edifice of the Constitution was laid; the conditions were well defined; and the rights and interests of the clergy, as well as those of the feudal nobility, and of the merchants and citizens who had supported the barons in their enterprise, were carefully provided for. Effectual guaranties were secured; the necessity for causing persons who were arrested or punished to be tried first of all in a

court of justice, the establishment of regular assizes, the maintenance of the integrity of justice, all formed part of the fundamental rights claimed by the barons; who also required the disbanding of the mercenary troops, and the formation of a committee of twenty-five members intrusted with the task of seeing to the fulfilment of all the clauses of the compacts, the non-fulfilment of which gave the barons the right of waging war with the king until their grievances should be completely redressed. During two months the barons were to retain possession of the city of London.

All these precautions were powerless, however, against treachery. Scarcely had the triumphant confederates left Runnymede, when King John flew into a terrible passion, rolling on the ground, and cursing the traitors who had dared to reduce him to slavery. The mercenary troops, whom he was obliged, according to Magna Charta, to disband, encouraged him in his anger and his plans for revenge; John called fresh reinforcements to his aid. After the treaties had been violated, war broke out; the barons prepared for it. A tournament, which had been announced, was decided to be held nearer to London, and several gatherings had already taken place, when the thunderbolt which John had invoked fell upon the heads of the English nobility. The Pope declared Magna Charta to be void, holding that it was illegitimate, having been obtained by force; and he commanded Langton to dissolve any confederation under pain of being excommunicated. The archbishop set out for Rome, in order to obtain a revocation of this sentence, and the war commenced in England with the siege of Rochester. The place was defended by D'Albiney, a member of the council of the twenty-five; after a resistance, which lasted during two months, the garrison having come to the end of their resources, at length opened the gates. John desired to hang the brave defenders

of the town; the chief of his free bands, Sauvery of Mauléon, surnamed the Bloody, opposed his determination. "The war is only beginning, Sire," said he; "if you commence by hanging your barons, your barons will end by hanging us." The knights' lives were spared, and the men-at-arms only were executed.

Langton had failed in his mission at Rome, and had been deposed from his see; the barons were excommunicated, and the city of London placed under an interdict, but the confederates took no notice of the two sentences. "The Pope had been misguided," they said, "and had meddled in the temporal affairs of England, which do not concern him, as the spiritual domain alone belongs to St. Peter and his successors."

John, however, had become possessed of two large armies of mercenary troops of Brabantines and of free-lances, who willingly executed the sanguinary orders of their chief: one corps was sent to pursue their work of ravaging the counties of the East and the Centre; the other marched towards the North under the command of the king, repulsed into Scotland the young King Alexander, who had crossed the frontier to lend his aid to the barons, and burned down and desolated the buildings in York, Northumberland, and Cumberland. Everywhere the barons, in retiring, would lay waste their houses and fields; everywhere the king burned down whatever he found standing; but he was still advancing, while the confederates were retreating. They at length found themselves shut up in the city of London; all their castles had fallen into the hands of the tyrant, who had made a present of them to his followers, — to Satan's guards, as the people called them. The families of the confederates were at the mercy of King John; the barons resolved upon their course of action, a bitter one, that of seeking aid abroad, and accord-

ingly sent a deputation to Philip Augustus, proposing to give the crown of England to his son, Prince Louis, if he would come to their help with an army. His arrival, it was thought, would immediately thin the ranks of King John's supporters, for they were mostly Frenchmen, and would be unwilling to fight against their own countrymen.

Philip Augustus only wanted a pretext to meddle in the affairs of England. He agreed to the proposal of the barons, not, however, without requiring hostages as a guaranty of good faith; and in spite of threats from the Pope, who forbade either the father or the son to invade a fief of the Holy Church, Prince Louis set sail in the month of July with a large army, raised chiefly through the personal efforts of his wife, Blanche of Castile, a niece of King John, in whose name Louis put forth his claim to the crown of England. John's fears did not wait for the landing of the French troops; he had left Dover, and had repaired to Bristol, where the legate awaited him. Prince Louis landed at Sandwich, and, almost without striking a blow, he marched to London, which city he entered on the 2d of June, 1216. The entire population came to meet him, and, after having offered up a prayer to St. Paul, he received homage from the barons and citizens, promising to govern them according to their laws, to protect their rights, and to restore their property to them. The satisfaction was universal: the counties surrounding London submitted willingly to Prince Louis; the oppressed inhabitants of the North revolted. A large number of John's mercenary troops deserted him, to return to their homes, or to rally round the standard of France; the nobility who had become reconciled to the king, in the presence of the reverses sustained by the national cause, abandoned him to join their old friends; and, lastly, Pope Innocent III. was just dead (16th July), and hence the powerful support of Rome was

taken from him. John had only the fortresses defended by his partisans remaining to him.

Meanwhile Prince Louis was stopped at Dover Castle, and the English barons at Windsor Castle. In vain did they attack the massive walls with a machine which came from France, and which was called the "Malvoisine." Hubert de Burgh held his ground firmly at Dover, and the siege of Windsor had been raised. The confederates had hoped to surprise the king at Cambridge; but John had eluded them, and had proceeded to Lincoln, of which city he took possession. The prospects of the confederation were not flourishing; the reinforcements, which had been sent from France, were checked by the English sailors who remained faithful to King John. Prince Louis displayed little activity, and treated his English allies in a haughty manner. He had already presented several estates to the noblemen who had accompanied him from France: one of them, the Viscount of Melun, was dead; and he had, it was said, confessed, when dying, that the intention of the French people, when their prince should be on the throne, was to treat the English like men who had shown themselves untrustworthy by reason of their treachery to their sovereign. Distrust and discord had entered into the allied camps; several barons opened negotiations with King John. The latter's position was ameliorating; he had just left Wisbeach, and desired to proceed to Cross-Keys, on the south of the Wash, when, on arriving at the ford, he beheld the rising tide suddenly engulf the long line of wagons which were carrying his luggage, his treasures, and his provisions. The troops had already crossed the river, and were in safety, but the king became furious at witnessing such an irreparable loss; he arrived, exhausted with rage, at the convent of the Cistercian monks at Swineshead. No event, however dreadful, troubled King

John while at table; he ate some peaches and drank some new ale—so immoderately, in fact, that he fell ill on the morrow, and, thinking that he was poisoned by the monks, he caused himself to be taken to Newark. Death, the only enemy that John could not escape from, awaited him there. He sent for a priest, nominated his son Henry as his successor, and dictated a letter to the new Pope, Honorius, to recommend his children to the care of the Holy Church. The remembrance of his crimes did not seem to trouble him on his death-bed; perhaps he held himself absolved from all his sins by his allegiance to the Holy See. “I commit my soul to God and my body to St. Wulstan,” he said. He then expired on the 18th of October, 1216. He was buried at Worcester, in the church of St. Wulstan. Death had at length delivered England of the cowardly and faithless tyrant whom she had for a long while submitted to, then vanquished, and against whom the country was still struggling in defence of Magna Charta, which, after the lapse of more than six centuries, remains the basis of English liberties.

CHAPTER IX.

KING AND BARONS.—HENRY III. 1216–1272.

KING JOHN was buried when his young son was crowned at Gloucester, on the 28th of October, 1216, by the Pope's legate. He was ten years of age at the time, and his feeble hands confirmed without resistance the gift which his father had made to Rome of the kingdom of England. It was the vassal of the Church, who, in the month of November, 1216, was confided to the care of the Earl of Pembroke, the most formidable of the barons who had remained faithful to King John, by reason of his orderly and prudent character, for he was as devoted to the liberties of his country as the barons who had mustered round the banner of Prince Louis. He was nominated "Protector" of the kingdom and of the king, and his first care was to make a revision of Magna Charta: he eliminated the temporary articles; confirmed a great number of clauses; others remained pending until the raising of a more numerous army; and the earl directed all his efforts against the French prince and his foreign adherents. The favors and good graces of the Protector drew to him all the barons who were deserting the French prince, and they were becoming every day more numerous. Their enmity had died out at the death of King John; the child who had just been crowned was their legitimate sovereign, descended from the kings whom they had loved and served. Louis saw his army rapidly decreasing; thanks to the vigorous resistance of Hubert de Burgh, he had been unable to obtain pos-

session of Dover Castle, which he had been besieging for some time. In vain had they endeavored to seduce him from his duty, by urging that the king to whom he had sworn allegiance was dead. "The king has left children," he answered; and Louis raised the siege to return to London, which still remained true to him. An armistice soon allowed him to go to France to collect reinforcements; but, in his absence, the insolence of Enguerrand of Coucy, whom he had left at the head of affairs, was spreading discontent, and the forces of the national party sprang up so rapidly that the prince, attacked on the sea by the sailors of the Cinque Ports, found some difficulty in returning to England. An army corps under the command of the Count of Perche was defeated by the Protector in the very streets of Lincoln, and the anathemas of Rome began to pour down upon Prince Louis and his adherents, who were excommunicated in a mass.

Louis was shut up in London, surrounded by his enemies; he asked for help from France, but his father, Philip Augustus, would not become concerned in a quarrel with the Pope, and did not dare to act openly in his son's favor. It was Louis's wife, Blanche of Castile, who succeeded in raising considerable forces, which she sent to him under the care of a chief of adventurers named Eustace the Monk, because he had escaped from his monastery. The French fleet met Hubert de Burgh on the high seas. The struggle began. Eustace the Monk was defeated, and was beheaded on the poop of his vessel. Hubert de Burgh returned triumphantly to Dover with his prizes.

This last check was the death-blow to Louis's cause in England. On the 11th of September, 1217, a treaty of peace was signed at Lambeth, granting easy conditions to the French prince, and a full pardon to his English adherents. The Protector had no other desire than to put an end to the struggle, and to see England delivered from the foreigners; in spite

of its prolonged resistance, the city of London even obtained a confirmation of its privileges. Louis set sail in the middle of September, and his more distinguished partisans were kindly received at King Henry's court. Magna Charta was again confirmed, not, however, without some modifications favorable to the royal prerogative; the clauses relating to the protection of the forests were included in a special charter called the "Forest Charter," which rendered less severe the Norman legislation as to hunting and the edicts which related to it. The wisdom and moderation of Pembroke prevailed in the councils; the Queen-mother, Isabel, had fled from England in the midst of the confusion, and her first husband, the Count of Marche, had just been solemnly remarried to her; the legate remained with the young prince, and was instructed by the Pope to look after the interests of the vassal of the Church as well as those of the suzerain mistress of England. Order seemed to have been re-established, when the Protector died (May, 1219), and the power, which was afterwards divided between Hubert de Burgh and Pierre des Roches, Bishop of Winchester, became a bone of contention to the rivals and the barons attached to either party. Habits of insubordination, which had been developed during the long struggle against arbitrary power, had borne their fruit. England was rent asunder by internal quarrels which it was not even hoped would end on the king's attaining his majority, for Henry III. grew up without becoming a man. Absorbed in the love of luxury and pageantry, in the songs of minstrels and the masterpieces of the sculptors or of the artists with whom he loved to surround himself, he appeared to take no interest in his affairs, and displayed no warlike inclinations, but left the barons to quarrel among themselves, and the Italian priests to devour the substance of his kingdom, without manifesting any desire to find a remedy. France was

suffering from the evils of a minority. Louis VII., who had succeeded Philip Augustus in 1223, had reigned but a short time, and Louis IX. was not sixteen years of age when, in 1230, the King of England, who had come of age two years before, made a raid on Brittany at the instigation of some noblemen of Normandy, Brittany, and Poitou. But Blanche of Castile possessed a more vigorous spirit and a stronger arm than King Henry III.; she herself led her son to the war, and, in spite of the turbulency of the French barons, who were always eager to shake off their yoke, she saw her efforts crowned with success. Several towns belonging to the King of England opened their gates to her, while King Henry was losing time and wasting his resources on *fêtes* and tournaments at Nantes. He started back for England in the month of October, deeply humiliated, leaving his ally, the Duke of Brittany, at the foot of the throne of Louis IX., who granted him the pardon which he had humbly solicited with a rope round his neck. The Parliament (this Norman name was beginning to be used) which was convoked at Henry's return, refused to grant any subsidies, alleging that, thanks to the folly and imprudence of the king, his barons were no richer than himself.

Hubert de Burgh had for some years past triumphed over his rival, Pierre des Roches, who was obliged to retire into private life; but the ill success of the expedition to France had ended by causing a feeling against the minister among many of the nobility, who were jealous of his power. Pierre des Roches reappeared at the court, and soon afterwards formal accusations were made against Hubert, most of them frivolous, and attesting nothing but his fidelity to his king, whom he had served and defended during so many years. But Henry III. was not in a position to protect his friend, and would scarcely recognize him; he was prejudiced against

Hubert, who took refuge at Merton Abbey. The king had ordered that he should be arrested there; but the Archbishop of Dublin reminded him of the privilege of sanctuary, and obtained a passport which authorized the fallen minister to retire to his residence and prepare his defence. On the faith of this promise Hubert de Burgh set out to meet his wife, the King of Scotland's sister, at Bury St. Edmund's; but he was attacked on the way by a band of armed men sent by the king. Hubert was in bed at the time; he fled half naked into the parish church, and, seizing in one hand the crucifix and in the other the host, he awaited his enemies upon the steps of the altar. He was dragged into the churchyard, and, on the refusal of a blacksmith, who declared that he would rather die than chain down the defender of Dover Castle, was tied to a horse, and conducted to the Tower of London. The violation of the consecrated spot, however, excited the public indignation to such a degree that the king found himself obliged to send his prisoner to Brentwood church, which he caused to be surrounded by palings and trenches, thus compelling Hubert to give himself up voluntarily. Having been again imprisoned in the Tower, the earl was deprived of all his property, and afterwards languished for one year in the Castle of Devizes. He contrived to escape, and, having been rescued by his friends at the very moment when his enemies were upon him, he regained a certain amount of power; but he no longer aspired to the dangerous position of prime minister, which his rival, Pierre des Roches, had lost in consequence of his manœuvres and excesses. Being satisfied with the recovery of his liberty and a portion of his property, Hubert left the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Edmund Rich, in undisturbed possession of the supreme authority. This prelate, like his predecessor Stephen Langton, was a patriotic statesman, who contrived for the moment to

conquer, by his good sense and wisdom, the aversion which the king manifested towards charters, and the restlessness of the barons, who were always inclined to maintain by force of arms the privileges which they had gained with so much difficulty.

A fresh element of discord had sprung up between the king and his people. Henry had married in 1236 Eleanor of Provence, sister of Margaret, wife of Louis IX., King of France. A large number of Gascons and Provençals had followed her to the court; the queen was accompanied by four uncles, young brothers of her mother, the Princess of Savoy. The king immediately conceived a firm friendship for them: the Bishop of Valence became prime minister; his brother Boniface was promoted to the archbishopric of Canterbury, which Edmund Rich had abandoned, weary and disgusted, to retire into a monastery; and the two other brothers were also provided for. Even this was not sufficient: the queen-mother, now Countess of La Marche, sent to the court of England the four sons whom she had borne to Hugh de Lusignan, and the wealth and honors which the king lavished on the brothers attracted towards them a large number of adventurers. The king found himself without money; all the ecclesiastical benefices were reserved for Italians, by virtue of the Pope's authority over the country. Parliament always insisted on the departure of the strangers as a condition of granting subsidies; but the king, immediately on obtaining the money, forgot his promises, and even his oaths, and his frivolous followers laughed at Magna Charta and the importance which the barons attached to it. "What are the English laws to us?" they would ask.

By these laws the king was compelled to ask his people for the means, which he wasted so foolishly on feasts and extravagance. Each day the Parliament became more reluc-

tant to grant them. The queen-mother, offended, she said, by the Countess of Poitou, sister-in-law of Louis IX., urged her son to declare war with France, assuring him that the old vassals of his house were eager to gather round his standard. The English barons refused the necessary subsidies, saying that the truce agreed to between the two kingdoms still remained in force. Henry was not of a warlike disposition; but his mother was importunate; he raised some money, and set sail for France with three hundred knights. A certain number of malcontents soon joined him, commanded by the Count of Marche, whom his wife sent to the war, as she had already sent her son. King Louis IX. had taken the field with forces superior to those of the English. The two young monarchs met near the castle of Taillebourg, in Saintonge, on the banks of the Charente. Louis, at the head of his forces, attacked the bridge defended by the English troops, and for a moment withstood almost unaided their united efforts. His signal courage gained the day; the bridge was taken, the English were routed, and the King of England escaped in company with his brother, to whom he owed his safety. The two brothers took refuge in Saintes. A second battle was fought on the morrow, under the walls of the town, and the English were again defeated. The Count of Marche surrendered, and King Henry, flying across Saintonge, embarked at Blaye, leaving the decorations of his chapel and the money remaining in his coffers in the hands of the enemy. It was to the moderation of King Louis IX. and to the scruples of his sensitive conscience that the English were indebted for a truce of five years.

The barons, humiliated and disgraced, although they had not been engaged in the quarrel with France, claimed the right of nominating the chief justicier, the chancellor, and several other officers of the crown. The king refused, and

the Parliament only allowed him what was strictly necessary on the occasion of the marriage of his eldest daughter to the King of Scotland. Henry had conceived a hatred of parliaments. In order to manage without them, he had recourse to every expedient by which he could raise money; he exacted enormous fines, tortured the Jews, and begged presents of all his vassals. "God gave us this child, but the king sold him to us," said a wag at the birth of one of the princes. Henry even, on one occasion, sold a portion of the royal table-plate. He was advised to sell everything; but the difficulty was to find buyers. "The citizens of London will buy anything," cried the king bitterly. "By my faith! if the treasures of Augustus were for sale, the citizens would make the purchase. These villains live like barons, while we are in want of the principal necessaries of life." The king detested the city of London, but he levied as many taxes as possible upon its inhabitants, instructing the persons of his household to obtain all the things necessary for his entertainments without paying for them, and continually claiming gifts under the most frivolous pretexts from the citizens.

In 1253, King Henry had come to an end of all his resources and expedients. He was compelled to convoke a Parliament, declaring that he was anxious to assume the cross, and to go and deliver the tomb of Jesus Christ from the hands of the infidels. The barons had often seen this pious pretext made use of, and were not to be deceived by it; they were, besides, accustomed in private life to hear the same determination announced, in order to set aside the most solemn obligations. Before making any grant, they exacted a new and solemn ratification of their liberties. On the 3d of May the king proceeded to Westminster Hall; the barons were assembled there, and all the bishops were standing with tapers in their hands. They offered one to the king. "I am not a priest,"

he said, and refused it. The Archbishop of Canterbury stepped forward, and uttered the sentence of excommunication against all those who should, either directly or indirectly, violate the charters of the kingdom. As he finished speaking, all the prelates threw aside their tapers, which were extinguished at their feet, and the priests cried: "May the soul of him who may incur this sentence be extinguished in a like manner in hell." The king, uplifting his hand, uttered this oath: "May God help me to preserve intact all these charters, as I am a Christian, as I am a knight, and as I am a king anointed and crowned." Scarcely had he received the subsidies, when he started on an expedition to Guienne, which was threatened by the intrigues of Alphonso, King of Castile. The quarrel was soon settled, and a marriage decided upon between Prince Edward, Henry's elder brother, and Princess Eleanor, daughter of Alphonso. But the king kept this happy consummation secret, in order to obtain fresh subsidies from his English subjects, under the pretence of continuing the war. He only came back to England when he found himself, as usual, reduced to beggary.

The king's want of political foresight was as conspicuous as his prodigality and weakness. The King of Sicily, Frederick II., had been dead some time (1250). He had been excommunicated, and Pope Innocent IV. had claimed his kingdom as a fief of the Holy See. Frederick's son, Prince Conrad, supported generally by the people, was resisting this pretension by force of arms, and the Pope was casting about for a foreign prince who might be disposed to take up the quarrel. He offered the crown of Sicily to Richard, brother of the King of England, whose immense fortune, derived from the Cornish mines, rendered him more powerful even than King Henry himself; but he refused the tempting bait, although he was quite ready to be seduced, some months later,

by the hope of gaining possession of the empire. The Pope then offered the kingdom of Sicily to the King of England for his second son, Edmund, and the monarch joyfully accepted the offer, without troubling himself about the demands of his subjects or the state of his finances. The Pope was borrowing of the Lombards and the Venetians, and raising troops in his name; but the Holy See was a hard and urgent creditor. Innocent IV. soon demanded back the money which he had spent, and ordered the English clergy to lend the necessary funds to the king. The clergy refused; the king levied enormous taxes on the abbeys and churches. The legate sent to England to recover the money encountered on all sides the most violent opposition. "I would rather die than pay so much money," said the Bishop of Worcester. "The King and the Pope are stronger than we," said the Bishop of London; "but if I am deprived of my mitre, I shall be able to wear a helmet." The legate returned, convinced that a storm was about to burst over England.

It was on the 2d of May, 1258; famine reigned throughout the kingdom. Henry III. had been reduced to the necessity of convoking Parliament. When he entered Westminster Hall, the barons were awaiting him there, clad in their armor. On hearing the clanking of arms at his arrival, the king suddenly turned pale. "Am I a prisoner," he said, nervously. "No," said Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; "but your foreign favorites and your own extravagance have reduced the country to such an abject state of misery, that we demand that the power may for the future be vested in a committee of bishops and barons, in order that they may root out all the abuses, and make good laws for us." One of the Lusignans began to protest. The king agreed, without any reservation, to the demands of the barons, who promised, in return, to help him to pay his debts, and to support

the pretensions of his son in Italy, provided that he would give proofs of his sincerity at the reassembling of Parliament, which was to be convoked at Oxford.

At the head of the barons, in their resistance and indignation against foreigners, was Simon, Earl of Leicester, himself a foreigner. The youngest son of Simon of Montfort, the persecutor of the Albigenses, he had inherited the earldom of Leicester through his mother, and had recovered his property, which had been confiscated in 1232, through the favor of King Henry, who had taken a fancy to the young Provençal, whom he had aided in marrying his sister Eleanor, widow of the Earl of Pembroke, to the great indignation of the royal family and the nobility of England.

The favor of the king was short-lived. Montfort had initiated himself into the good graces of the barons, who had been so violently opposed to him at first; and the king, jealous and uneasy, drove him from England in 1239, scarcely allowing the earl time enough to embark with his wife, who went with her husband to France. He left her, to assume the cross and proceed to Palestine, where he distinguished himself by glorious feats of arms. On his return, the king had forgotten his jealousy and anger. The earl lived peaceably in England, and was even raised to the dignity of Governor of Gascony. He was recalled in 1252, under the pretence of misbehavior, and young Prince Edward was provided with the office thus snatched from the Earl of Leicester, who grew more and more attached to the cause of the refractory barons, of whom he became the real chief.

The king's disorderly habits and want of foresight had at length reduced him to the last extremities, when he decided on confronting the Parliament assembled at Oxford on the 11th of June, 1258. The whole town was filled with men-at-arms; all the barons had brought a numerous following

with them. They presented to the king the list of the council who were to be intrusted with the administration of the kingdom. Twelve members were to be elected by the king and twelve by the barons. This assembly, presided over by the Earl of Leicester, was to be invested during twelve years, with the care of the royal castles. No expense could be incurred against their will; they held possession of the great seal, and were to revise the accounts of the chancellor and of the treasurer; the king was to be compelled to convoke Parliament three times a year.

Henry agreed without hesitation to these humiliating conditions, just as his father, King John, had signed Magna Charta. Prince Edward, whose conscience would not allow him to take oaths as lightly as his father had done, at first made a show of resistance, but ended by acceding to the wishes of the barons. His cousin Henry, son of Richard of Cornwall, who was then known as the King of the Romans, declared that his oath would not be valid if made in the absence of his father. "Let your father have a care," said Leicester, "if he refuse to do the bidding of the barons of England; for, in that case, he shall not remain in possession of one foot of land in the kingdom." The young nobleman accordingly took the oath.

The king's brothers had refused to give up the castles which they occupied. "I will have them, or you shall lose your head," Montfort declared to William of Valence. And he made such formidable accusations against them at the council, that the four brothers took refuge in Wolesham Castle. The barons pursued them, made them prisoners, and sent them out of the kingdom. The acts of the Parliament of Oxford—of the "Mad Parliament," as the royalists called it—were strictly observed throughout the kingdom.

The barons had taken every precaution against a feeble or



KING HENRY'S RATIFICATION OF THE BARONS' CHARTERS.



improvident government; but they had not been able to guard against the temptations of triumphant ambition. The offices left vacant after the departure of the king's favorites were filled up by the favorites of the Earl of Leicester. His allies began to grow alarmed at his great power; the King of the Romans, who had recently returned to England, after having taken the oath of allegiance to the acts of the barons, endeavored to create rivals to the Earl of Leicester. The barons, violent and haughty, insulted the king and oppressed the people. "Why are you so bold with me, my lord earl?" said Henry to Roger Bigod; "do you not know that I could order all your corn to be destroyed?" "Indeed, sir king," said the earl, "and could I not send you the heads of the destroyers?"

The dissensions among the barons reawakened the hopes of the king. He had provided himself with a dispensation from the Pope, which relieved him of his oaths; and in February, 1261, he ventured to announce to the barons that they had greatly abused their power, and that he, the King of England, intended for the future to govern without them. He had at the same time taken possession of London. Prince Edward, who had recently returned from France, had, on the contrary, tendered his support to the barons, out of respect for his oath, as he said. The king saw a certain number of his adversaries drawing nearer to him, and in spite of the rebellion of the nobility, the temporary success of the king compelled Leicester to escape to France, swearing that he would never again trust to the oath of a perjured sovereign.

In 1263 the struggle had just begun afresh. The Great Earl, as Leicester was called, had raised his standard; the king had taken refuge in London, and Prince Edward was at Windsor Castle. Queen Eleanor, who was even more detested in the city than the king her husband, had endeav-

ored to escape by way of the Thames; the people had recognized her, and her bark had been pelted with mud and stones. Cries were heard of, "Let us drown the witch!" The lord mayor of London had had some difficulty in protecting her. The king had given up everything, and agreed to everything, but only to attack his adversaries again in the month of June, arming himself against them with the Earl of Leicester's claim that the authority of the barons in the government was to be continued after Henry's death, under the reign of his successor. Prince Edward's scruples disappeared before this arrogant audacity, and he openly embraced his father's cause.

The bishops made an effort to put an end to the civil war; they proposed to submit the dispute to the arbitration of Louis IX., a noble testimony to the fairness and integrity of a prince who was related to the King of England by family ties. The barons consented at first; but King Louis, although requiring that Henry should respect the Great Charter, decided that the power should be placed in the king's hands, that the sovereign was free to choose his attendants from among his subjects or from among foreigners, and that the royal castles should be given up. The barons smiled disdainfully at this decision; they had had some experience of the king's good faith, and expected to lose all the liberties acquired after so long a struggle, if they did not hold the tokens of them with a firm hand. The civil war recommenced; after alternate successes and reverses, the two armies met on the plains of Lewes in Sussex. Prince Edward violently attacked a body of citizens of London who had followed Leicester to the field of battle. He was anxious to avenge the insult which his mother had suffered. He pursued the unfortunate soldiery, whose lines were soon broken by the king's cavalry. But, in his absence, fortune declared itself in favor of the Earl of Leicester. When Edward reappeared upon the

field of battle, the king was a prisoner, as well as his brother, the King of the Romans; the prince soon suffered the same fate; the Lusignans fled and again made their escape from England. Leicester was now master of the situation; the sovereign and the heir-apparent served him as hostages. His power soon became greater than that of the king had been at any time. Having been excommunicated by the Pope, he took no notice of the sentence, notwithstanding his sincere piety. Rome had abused its power, and a great number of the English clergy were favorable to Leicester, and supported his cause as that of the people, who adored the earl. Strong in his popularity, Leicester thought himself able to triumph over all his rivals. He compelled the barons who had sided with the king to give up their castles to him, causing them to be tried by their peers, and then banishing them to Ireland. On a demonstration being made by a fleet which had been raised in France by Queen Eleanor, he gathered together soldiers from all the boroughs and cities to resist the invaders, while he himself, taking up his position at the head of the English squadron, was cruising in the Channel awaiting the enemy. The queen's vessels did not dare to leave port, and Leicester returned in triumph to England.

At the beginning of the year 1265 the earl had convened a Parliament, and, for the first time, the representatives of the counties and the towns had taken their seats beside the barons and prelates. Leicester knew where his real strength lay, and looked for support from the body of the people. All that was decreed by the Parliament as thus constituted was favorable to the earl: a certain amount of liberty was, however, granted to Prince Edward, who was, nevertheless, closely watched. He soon learned to profit by the amelioration in his condition. Issuing forth one day from Hereford Castle, he

organized races among his guards, reserving to himself the right of awarding the prize: then when all the horses were exhausted with the exception of his own, he galloped off until he met Roger Mortimer, one of his friends, who was coming from the frontiers of Wales to join him. The party of resistance to the barons thenceforth had a chief, and, after a year of supreme power, Leicester was destined to discover the uncertainty of human affairs.

The earl had five sons; the three eldest were more violent, more tyrannical, and more greedy than all the foreigners who had formerly surrounded the king. Henry of Montfort had seized upon all the wool intended for exportation, and sold it for his own benefit. Guy and Simon of Montfort had armed a fleet, and were taking possession of any merchantmen that they chanced to come across, without distinction of parties. They added thus daily to the number of their enemies, and were quietly undermining the power of their father. The Earl of Derby and the young Earl of Gloucester (formerly sincerely devoted to Leicester) embraced the cause of Prince Edward, who, seeing his forces swell rapidly, advanced towards Kenilworth Castle, the hereditary property of the Earls of Leicester. Simon of Montfort, the earl's second son, had just arrived there; he was marching to meet his father, who was endeavoring, with little success, to raise an army; in vain did he summon the king's vassals to come and serve under his standards; his supporters were not many. Prince Edward attacked Simon's camp, just outside Kenilworth, made a large number of prisoners, and captured all the enemy's baggage. Simon had only time to take refuge in the castle, and he had been unable to join his father, when the latter arrived at Evesham, on the 14th of August, 1265.

A number of banners were perceptible in the distance, and

the earl's barber declared that he recognized the arms of Simon. "Go up into the church-steeple, and you will see better," said Leicester. The barber was trembling with fear when he came down; he had seen the lions of England, the red chevron of the Earl of Gloucester, the azure bars of the Mortimers, and innumerable lances glistened underneath the banners.

"We are dead men, my lord," said he. The earl was observing the order of battle of the enemy. "They have learned from me how to conduct themselves," he said, calmly; "may the Lord have mercy on our souls, for, by the arm of St. James, our bodies belong to the prince;" and, re-entering his residence, he prepared, as usual, for the fight by prayer and the sacrament. His son Henry was encouraging him. "I do not despair, my son," said the earl; "your presumption and the pride of your brothers have brought us to this; but I will die for the cause of the Lord and justice."

He had caused the feeble king to be armed, and had taken him about with him everywhere. The standard of England was displayed by both armies. The earl was endeavoring to open up a road towards Kenilworth; his most devoted adherents had formed a circle round him; the prince still pushed forward; in front of him a horseman had just fallen from off his steed. "Save me," cried a plaintive voice; "I am Henry of Winchester!" Edward sprang forward, and, raising up his wounded father, dragged him into a place of safety. In his absence, the voice of the earl resounded upon the field of battle. "Is any quarter given?" he asked. "No quarter for traitors!" cried a royalist triumphantly, and, at the same moment, Henry of Montfort fell at his father's feet. "By the arm of St. James, it is time to die!" cried Leicester, who plunged headlong into the surging crowd, holding his

sword with both hands, and striking down all who came in his way. He fell at length, as well as the knights who still surrounded him; scarcely a dozen remained standing, when Prince Edward sent for the body of the earl, his godfather, and that of his cousin Henry, to transport them to the abbey of Evesham; the body of Leicester was decapitated, and his hands were severed from his arms; his head was carried to Lady Mortimer by her husband's savage warriors.

Thus died "Simon the Just," as he was called by the people of England; a sincere man, animated by more noble sentiments than most of his contemporaries; haughty and ambitious without being cruel; a man who had rendered great services to his country before allowing himself to abuse his power by the very thirst for authority and popularity. The remembrance of him remained sacred among the people, who would assemble round his tomb, and invoke his protection devoutly, complaining of his not having been canonized. His sons took refuge on the continent, after having retained possession for some time of Kenilworth Castle. The younger ones remained with their mother, who was generously treated by her nephew Edward; the two elder, Guy and Simon, accomplished their revenge by murdering, five years later, at Viterbo, their cousin Henry of Almagne, in a church, during the celebration of the mass. They disappeared after this crime: the House of Montfort had fallen forever.

The king had regained his sceptre, delivered the prisoners, and called back the exiles who had been banished by the Great Earl; but the victory gained by Leicester survived his defeat. In the Parliament convened at Winchester, in the month of September, 1265, the king did not dare to repudiate the liberties acquired by England. The city of London alone lost its charter, but the severe sentences pronounced against Leices-

ter's partisans excited a series of insurrections which Prince Edward had great difficulty in quelling. The want was felt of loosing the reins of government, and of restoring some trust to the vanquished; a committee composed of bishops and barons was intrusted to draw up the conditions of peace; their sentence, known under the title of the *Dictum of Kenilworth*, was confirmed by the King and the Parliament. The efforts of the Pope, the uprightness and good sense of Prince Edward, and the weariness of all parties, at length brought about a general cessation of hostilities. On the 18th of November, 1267, more than two years after the battle of Evesham, the Parliament, which had assembled at Marlborough, adopted several of the liberal guaranties formerly proposed by the Earl of Leicester; the last of the "patriots," as they called themselves, who still held the Isle of Ely, laid down their arms; the citizens of London received a fresh charter, and the country was at peace.

Scarcely had peace been secured, when Prince Edward took advantage of it to assume the cross, as did also his wife Eleanor of Castile, and his cousin Henry of Almagne. They made sail in the month of July, 1270; Louis IX. had just set out on his second crusade, and Prince Edward, a great admirer of his uncle of France, was hastening to join him, when Henry of Almagne, who had been sent upon a secret mission to Italy, was assassinated by his cousins, the Montforts. This blow was fatal to the old King of the Romans, who died in the month of December, 1271; eleven months afterwards, on the 16th of November, 1272, his brother, King Henry III., also died. He was interred in Westminster Abbey; but before being lowered into the grave, the Earl of Gloucester, placing his naked hand upon the corpse, took an oath of fidelity to King Edward I.; the other barons followed his example. King Henry was sixty-five years of age,

and had reigned fifty-six. King only in name, feeble and frivolous, he had seen the liberties of his people grow greater under his eyes and against his wish; his son, who was still vainly contending against them, was destined to derive from the free support and spontaneous ardor of the English nation the strength which served him through his wars and conquests.

CHAPTER X.

MALLEUS SCOTORUM — EDWARD I. 1272-1307.

EDWARD II. 1307-1327.

THE English fleet was speeding towards the coast of Tunis, to which place the policy of Charles of Anjou had taken Louis IX. Prince Edward was already rejoicing at the idea of going back to his uncle, to gain instruction in Christian chivalry. But with the land appearing in the horizon, when approaching the port, the French vessels were seen to be in mourning, their flags flying at half-mast. A feeling of uneasiness spread through the fleet. A little bark put out from shore; she came alongside the prince's vessel. "The holy king is dead," said the sailors, and they burst into tears. Prince Edward was in despair; he landed, and appeared to his imagination to be walking among ghosts. The French soldiers, discouraged, sick, and disheartened, resolved to give up an enterprise the commencement of which had been so disastrous. The young King of France, Philip the Bold, urged Prince Edward to return like himself to his country; but Edward was inflexible. "I would go," said he, "even had I only with me Torvac, my equerry." As far as Trapani, in Sicily, he accompanied the funereal journey of King Philip, who bore homeward the coffins of his father and brother. When he reached France, the unfortunate young monarch had added to these the biers of his wife, his sister, and his brother-in-law, the King of Navarre.

Prince Edward left Sicily in the spring of 1271, making

sail towards Acre, the only place which still remained in the hands of the Christians. He commanded a small band of troops, and the European knights who were in Palestine did not respond very readily to his appeal. An attack on Nazareth, which was followed by the massacre of the Mussulman garrison, and the repair of the walls round Acre, had been the only result of the Seventh Crusade, when Edward himself nearly fell a victim. He was in his camp, on the Friday after Whit-Sunday, about the hour of vespers; overcome by the heat, he was resting upon a couch, when a messenger from the Emir of Jaffa presented himself at the door of the tent. He was in frequent communication with the prince, and was, therefore, allowed to enter. The Arab presented his papers; then suddenly drawing a dagger from his long sleeve, he stabbed the prince in the region of the heart. Edward sprang up from his couch, and, knocking down the assassin, fractured his skull with a stool. Then, repressing with a sign the violence of his attendants, who had appeared on hearing the commotion, and who were mutilating the assassin's body, — "Of what use is it," he asked, "to strike a dead man?"

The prince's wound was slight, but the idea of poison presented itself to everybody's mind. The Spanish legend relates that Eleanor of Castile kneeled down before her husband, and applying her lips to the wound, sucked the poison from the wound. This noble instance of conjugal love is disbelieved, however, by some historians. An English surgeon was called, who commenced a cruel operation. Eleanor was very pale, and her brother-in-law dragged her out of the tent. She struggled with him, weeping all the while. "It is better that you should cry," he said, abruptly, "than that all England should be in mourning." Edward's wound was soon healed. As soon as his wife had recovered, after the

birth of a little girl, called Joan of Acre, in token of her birthplace, the English troops set sail again, promising themselves, as King Richard had done, to come back to the Holy Land with larger forces. But the ardor for the crusades had died out. Saint Louis and Prince Edward of England were the last crusaders, and eighteen years later, in 1291, the last remnant of Christian power in the East disappeared in its turn. Acre was retaken from the Templars by the Sultan Keladeen. The Holy Sepulchre thenceforth remained in the hands of the infidels.

Prince Edward passed through Italy, and paid a visit at Rome to Pope Gregory X., formerly Archdeacon of Liége, a friend of the prince, and while with him received tidings of the death of the king his father. The grief which this loss caused him was so violent that Charles of Anjou was astonished; a throne would readily have consoled him for the death of the weak Henry of Winchester. "You lost two children," he remarked, "without displaying as much grief." "The Lord, who gave me my children, can give me others," rejoined Edward; "but who could give me back a father?"

The new king was in no hurry to return to his kingdom. He stayed in Italy to obtain justice for the murder of Henry of Almagne; but Simon of Montfort was already dead, and Guy, who had been subjected only to imprisonment, had contrived to elude his jailers. From thence Edward proceeded to France, to do homage for Guienne to King Philip the Bold; he at the same time visited his possessions, being apprehensive, no doubt, that some plot might be on foot to deprive him of them. On his return he was challenged to single combat in a tournament by the Count of Châlons. Edward was warned by the Pope that there were plots against his life; he was by nature distrustful. When he saw at Châlons a larger number of knights than he pos-

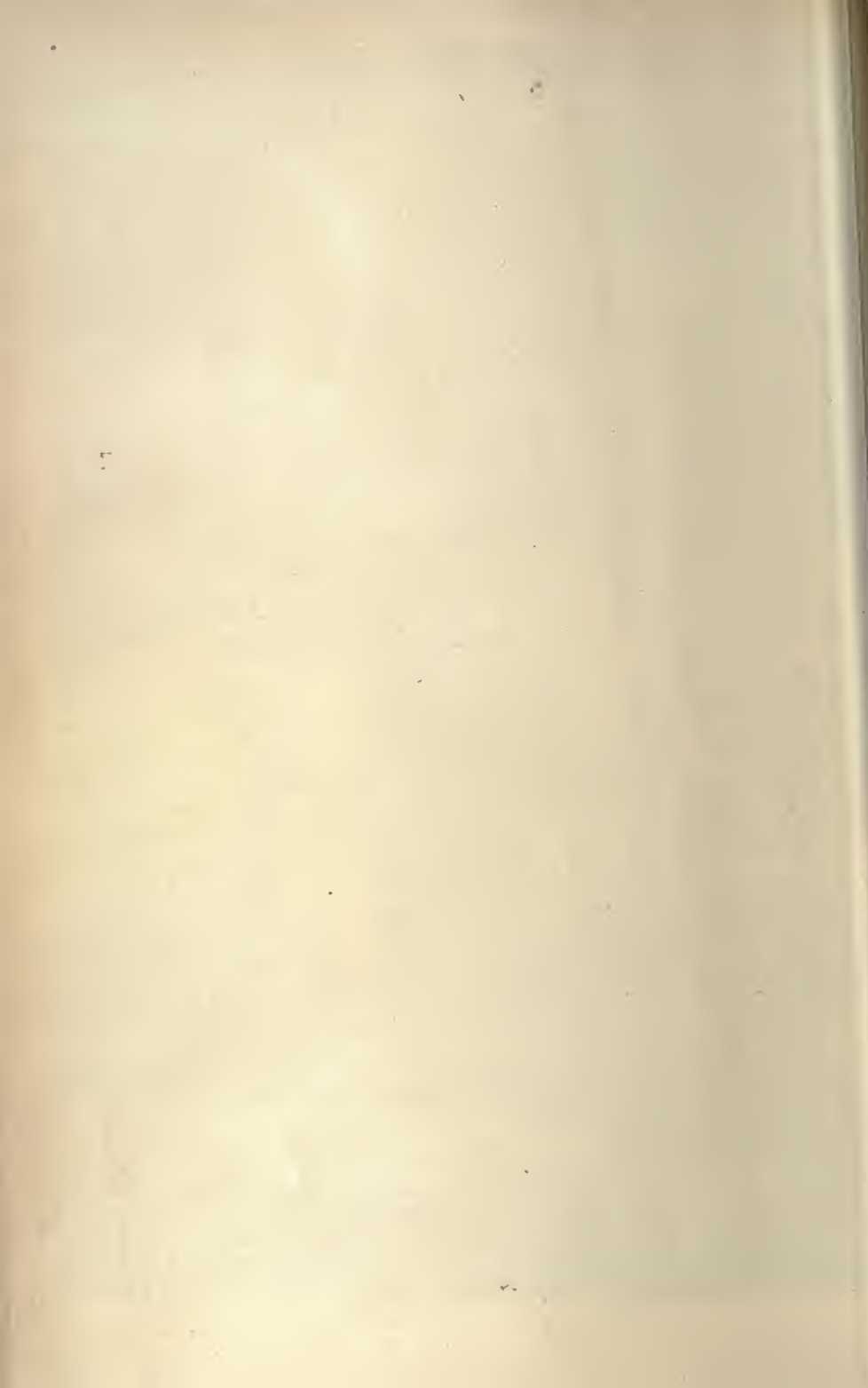
essed himself, his suspicions were aroused, and the tournament became a battle. The English gained the victory; the Count of Châlons himself was for a moment in danger; Edward compelled him to save his life by surrendering to a common soldier.

On the 2d of August, 1274, the King of England at length landed at Dover, and on the 19th of the same month he was crowned at Westminster, to the great delight of the people. The nation was proud of its young king, of his reputation for courage and virtue, of his exploits and perils in the Holy Land. His reign commenced under happy auspices. The Jews alone disliked the accession of a prince so renowned for his austere piety and for his zeal against the infidels. Their instinct had not deceived them; Edward was always violently hostile to them, and one of the first acts of his government, on his return from the crusade, was to hang all the Jews who were in possession of clipped coin. More than two hundred of them perished in London alone for this offence, common among both the Jews and the Christians. It was but the beginning of their grievances. Persecuted, plundered, imprisoned, the unlucky Israelites were finally banished from the country in 1290, and all the property which they were obliged to leave behind them was confiscated.

While the king was hanging the Jews, he was also instituting a commission instructed to inquire into the state of landed property in the kingdom, in order to put to a test the title-deeds of the Christians. When proofs were wanting, the king exacted a fine before granting fresh letters-patent; but this useful device was not always practicable. When Earl Warren was called upon to produce his documents, he drew his sword. "This is the title by which I hold my lands," he said, "and that which will suffice me to defend them. Our



"THAT IS THE TITLE BY WHICH I HOLD MY LANDS."



fathers, who came over with William the Bastard, acquired the land with their good lances; he did not conquer the country unassisted; he was supported by others, and his supporters shared the spoil with him." The earl's title-deeds were deemed sufficient.

The prosperity of England was great at this time; several years of rest had allowed its commerce to develop itself. The king respected the charters in all important particulars; his zealous judicial administration had diminished the number of robbers who infested the highways, and secured the integrity of the magistrates; he was popular among his subjects. But this peaceful glory did not suffice for Edward I. As ambitious as his ancestors, he had a desire to make conquests in other quarters. Instead of looking with an envious eye on the Continent, he had conceived the project of subjecting the whole of Great Britain to his dominion. Scotland was far off, and he could find no pretext for declaring war in that direction. Wales had never recognized anything but a partial authority of the kings of England, and the reigning prince, Llewellyn, had neglected to do homage to Edward I. on his accession to the throne. It was in this direction, then, that the king turned his attention. He advanced towards the frontiers of Wales near the end of the year 1276. All attempts at negotiation failed, and Llewellyn was declared a rebel just at that time of year when the snow was beginning to cover the mountains. The war could not possibly begin for several months.

Edward, however, did not lose time. David, the younger brother of Llewellyn, had been deprived by the latter of all his property; the King of England conferred many favors upon him, and the prince, out of gratitude, gathered all his partisans under the standard of England. Hostilities began in the summer; Edward entered the enemy's terri-

tory, while his fleet took possession of the Isle of Anglesey, and, driving Llewellyn from castle to castle, from retreat to retreat, he reduced him in a short time to famine in the depths of the forests. The Welsh prince was obliged to surrender, hard as were the conditions imposed upon him. But Edward was generous, although severe; he remitted his demands one by one, and ended by consenting to the marriage of Llewellyn with Eleanor of Montfort, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. She had for some time been affianced to him, and had been captured at sea in the preceding year, when she was proceeding to Wales. David had received a large gift of property. Edward withdrew his armies, leaving in Wales only some soldiers in the castles, and the Chief Justice, Roger Clifford, who was intrusted with the government of the new conquest.

The King of England had not taken into account the patriotic spirit which endeared their national independence to the Welsh people. In vain had he raised David to the rank of earl; in vain had he given him an English wife; as soon as the Welsh prince found himself in his mountains again, he remembered only that his country was formerly free, and that he had contributed towards reducing it to subjection. The civil and military measures ordained by Edward were obnoxious to the people: the highways which were opened up across forests; the executions of criminals for crimes which had formerly been punished by fines, according to the Welsh laws; the encroachments of the king's officers upon the rights of the Welsh nobility;—so many grievances easily furnished pretexts for David's new resolve. He persuaded his brother to break all his engagements with Edward. An old prophecy of Merlin began to circulate again throughout the mountains; it was to the effect that the Prince of Wales would be crowned in London when the money in

that town should be round, and it was rumored in Wales that it was forbidden to cut in halves the new coin which had recently been struck in England, as had hitherto been the practice. The day of victory seemed at length to have arrived.

It was on Palm Sunday, 1282; dark night had come on, and a violent storm was raging in the forests. David suddenly attacked Hawarden Castle, where the chief justicier resided. The latter was seized in his bed, wounded, and dragged into the mountains. All the country rose; Llewellyn joined his brother, and laid siege to the castles of Flint and Rhuddlan; the English settlers were everywhere murdered. All Wales was up in arms when tidings of the insurrection reached the king.

Edward pretended not to believe in the magnitude of the rebellion; but he adopted active measures to repress it. He soon arrived in the mountains. The autumn had come, the bad weather was beginning, and the English suffered greatly from the inclemency of the climate. A portion of the army, who tried to make use of the temporary bridge uniting the Isle of Anglesey to the mainland, were attacked by the insurgents and completely destroyed. Edward himself was several times obliged to retreat. Llewellyn, emboldened by his success, intrusted David with the defence of the mountain defiles, and marched to meet the king, who had gathered large forces near Carmarthen. A detachment encountered the Welsh prince in a farm where he had slept, and, without knowing him, an English knight engaged in a combat with him. Llewellyn was killed; the struggle was then carried on between the English and the Welsh who had come to join their prince. When the dead were despoiled after the battle, Llewellyn was recognized, and his head was sent to Edward in token of victory. David still held his

position in the mountains; at length he was betrayed, delivered up to the English, and imprisoned in Durham Castle with his wife and children. In the month of September, 1283, the English Parliament condemned him to death as guilty of high treason, while Edward promised a new prince to the country which he had just subdued. Queen Eleanor was at Carnarvon Castle, waiting to be delivered of a child; she gave birth to a son on the 25th of April, 1284. The child was immediately called Edward, Prince of Wales; and becoming heir-apparent to the throne, by the death of his elder brother Alphonso, this title remained the appellation of the eldest son of the King of England, thus perpetuating the remembrance of the definitive subjection of the Welsh people and the trifling consolation which the conqueror had offered to them.

A few years of peace followed the conquest of Wales. The king had been recalled to the Continent to serve as an arbitrator on the claims of the houses of France, of Aragon, and of Anjou to the crown of Sicily. His English subjects were clamoring for his return, and they ended by refusing him the necessary subsidies. The king then returned to England; but a great misfortune awaited him; Queen Eleanor died on the 29th of November, 1292. With her disappeared the softening influence which had modified the haughty character and ambitious views of the king: and just at this moment a great temptation offered itself to him.

The King of Scotland, Alexander III., had died in 1286, leaving no other heir than his granddaughter Margaret, Princess of Norway. She was still a child, and her father had retained her for a while with him. She at length sailed for Scotland in 1290; but she died during the passage, and Scotland became a prey to all the evils of a contested succession. Thirteen noblemen, descendants of members

of the royal family, set up claims to the throne simultaneously; but two of them had prospects very much better than those of any of the others: these were John Baliol and Robert Bruce, grandson and son of the two elder daughters of David, Earl of Huntingdon, younger brother of King William the Lion; but no one possessed claims sufficiently strong to impress the people in his favor. The Scotch, troubled by the prospect of illimitable anarchy, dispatched an embassy to King Edward to ask him to act as arbitrator in this serious aspect of affairs, and to decide who should be king of Scotland.

Edward received the deputation at Norham on the 10th of May, 1291, and immediately declared that, as liege lord of Scotland, he would settle the question of the succession, insisting, first of all, upon the recognition of his rights of superiority by the claimants. The Scotch people hesitated; they asked for a delay. "By St. Edward, from whom I hold my crown," cried the King of England, "I will establish my just rights, or perish in the attempt." And the assembly was adjourned until the 2d of June following. Edward had convoked all the barons.

On the appointed day, eight claimants had met near Norham, in the plain of Hollywell-Haugh, within Scotch territory. When the Chancellor of England asked these persons, among whom was Robert Bruce, whether they were willing to abide by the decision of Edward, King of England, as liege lord of Scotland, Bruce recognized without hesitation the rights of the powerful monarch who could award the crown to him. His rivals did likewise; and John Baliol, who arrived on the morrow, was the more willing to compromise the safety of his country as he believed he had secured the favor of Edward. The chancellor had taken care to announce, in the name of his master, that the right of the king as liege

lord, which had just been recognized, in no way affected the titles to property which he might think proper to proclaim valid thereafter. On the 3d of June, a commission was appointed to examine the rights of the two chief claimants, and the regents of Scotland consigned all the royal castles to Edward, on condition that he should give them up two months after the decision between Bruce and Baliol. On the 15th of the same month, the claimants took the oath of allegiance to Edward, as did also a great number of Scotch barons, and peace was proclaimed in his name, as liege lord of Scotland. The first step in the path of dependence had been made.

The second act of the drama was enacted at Berwick Castle, on the 17th of November, 1292. There King Edward, having made a careful investigation of the whole subject, and having consulted the parliament of Scotland, at length declared that the grandson of the elder daughter had a prior claim to that of the son of the younger daughter, thus deciding in favor of Baliol to the exclusion of Bruce. On the 19th the governors of the castles received instructions to give up their keys to the new king, and on the morrow Baliol swore fidelity to Edward at Norham. Having been crowned on the 30th at Scone, he proceeded to England, whither King Edward had been called back in consequence of the illness and death of Eleanor of Castile; the new king did homage for the kingdom of Scotland on the 26th of November, at Newcastle. The King of England again reserved his rights of property.

While Edward was laboring to subject the Scotch people, King Philip the Fair was secretly plotting with the intention of driving the English from the French soil and depriving them of Aquitaine. An encounter had taken place between the English and Norman sailors on the coast of Guienne;

the merchantmen of the two countries, taking sides warmly, had been engaged in several fights with each other. The King of France seized the opportunity, on some outrages having been committed on his subjects, to summon King Edward to appear at his court, as Duke of Aquitaine, in order to answer before his peers for the offences committed against his liege lord. Edward sent his brother Edmund, who weakly consented to satisfy the feudal honor of King Philip by placing in the hands of the French officers the duchy of Gascony for a period of forty days. The conditions were agreed to. The question was not one of territorial aggrandizement but of reparation. The English prince waited for forty days. That period of time having elapsed, he came to claim the restoration of his domains; the King of France laughed, and declared that the Duke of Aquitaine had forfeited his rights as a vassal by not presenting himself personally before his liege lord. The grand constable was at once sent to all the towns and castles belonging to King Edward; a large number of them opened their gates to him; the duchy of Aquitaine was returning, it was said, to the crown. Edward I. had commenced his preparations for reclaiming his provinces by force of arms.

The English ships were about to weigh anchor, when a violent insurrection broke out in Wales. The king dispatched a small body of troops into Gascony, sent his fleet to hover round the coasts and seize upon all the French ships which might come in their way, and dispatched the greater portion of his forces to Wales. In spite of the winter, the snow, the mountains, the impenetrable forests, and the obstinacy of the insurgents, Edward pursued his enemies in all directions, and contrived to subdue them. Madoc, the ringleader, laid down his arms; the most intractable chiefs were sentenced to be imprisoned for life, and the king, triumphant, left Wales

to embark for France. The Scotch did not allow him time, however, to accomplish his intention.

Since Edward had placed the feeble Baliol upon the throne of Scotland, he had spared him no humiliation. Every time that a petitioner, dissatisfied with the decision of the King of Scotland, thought proper to appeal to the liege lord, Edward would summon Baliol to appear at his court to render an account of his judgment, and this summons was repeated four times during the first year of the reign. At length, in 1293, in the matter of a complaint of the Earl of Fife, Baliol, who was tired of these proceedings, declared that the question concerned his subjects, and that he could not reply to the appeal without consulting his people. "What!" cried Edward; "you are my vassal, you have done homage to me, and it is to answer to me for your acts that you are here." Baliol persisted; the English Parliament condemned his conduct, and King Edward only consented to retard by some months the pronouncing of the sentence. In the interval, the difficulty about Guienne occurred; and King Edward, occupied with his struggles against his own liege lord, soon learned that his vassal, the King of Scotland, led on by the national movement in his country, had contracted with King Philip an alliance cemented by a promise of marriage between his young son Edward and Jane of Valois, niece of the King of France. A short time before, the Parliament of Scotland had decided on sending back all the Englishmen employed at the court, and formed a council consisting of four earls, four bishops, and four barons, who were intrusted with the management of the affairs of the kingdom. Baliol was held by his subjects in a kind of captivity.

The suspicions which King Edward had conceived, and which had kept him in England, while he sent his brother into Guienne, were soon justified. The Scotch invaded the

county of Cumberland with a large army; they were easily repulsed. Edward soon advanced towards the frontier, marching first of all against Berwick. He attacked the town by land and by sea, and all resistance was useless. The king, mounted upon his horse Bayard, was the first to spring across the moat which protected the town. A fearful massacre took place; neither age nor sex excited any pity. It was on the 30th of March, 1296; on the 5th of April, the Abbot of Arbroath presented himself at the English camp; he brought Baliol's renunciation of all homage towards the King of England. Edward had a short time before addressed a similar communication to Philip, King of France; but this coincidence did not appease his anger. "Ah! fool and felon! of what folly is he guilty"! he cried; "if he will not come to us, we will go to him." And he marched forward, taking possession on his way of the castles which resisted him. Dunbar, Roxburgh, Dunbarton, Jedburgh, Edinburgh, Stirling, had already fallen into Edward's hands, when a fresh message from Baliol was brought to him. He humbly begged for peace. The king did not do his revolted vassal the honor of treating him as a sovereign and of negotiating personally with him; he ordered Baliol to proceed to the castle of Brechin, to which place he dispatched the Bishop of Durham. A few days later, on the 7th of June, 1296, Baliol, deprived of all his regal insignia, with a white rod in his hand, presented himself at the cemetery of Strathkathro, in the county of Angus, acknowledging that he had violated all his obligations towards his liege lord, who had very justly invaded his fief. After this act of self-abasement and renunciation, tired, he said, of the malice and ingratitude of men, he was sent to the Tower in honorable captivity, and subsequently ended his life in his domains of Normandy, forgotten or despised by all.

Robert Bruce at once claimed the crown. "Do you think that I have nothing else to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?" King Edward harshly replied; and he marched towards the north, receiving everywhere the homage of the Scotch nobility. He had convened a parliament at Berwick; he proceeded there on the 28th of August, in order to arrange the government of his new acquisition. He displayed on this occasion great prudence and moderation; he returned to the Church all property which had been confiscated from it, and left the inferior offices in the hands of the functionaries who occupied them; but the guardianship of the castles was confided to the English. Warren, Earl of Surrey, was appointed governor; Hugh de Cressingham, treasurer; and William Ormesby, chief justicier. Scotland was treated as a conquered country. King Edward now thought himself at leisure to devote his attention to his affairs in France, and to prepare to cross the Channel.

The allies of England upon the Continent were in urgent need of his help. The Earl of Bar, the son-in-law of Edward, had been defeated and made a prisoner in an attempt against Champagne, and his wife, being unable to obtain his release, had died of grief. Guy, Count of Flanders, had been attracted to Paris under false pretences, together with his wife and his daughter Philippa, who was affianced to Prince Edward of England; all three had been thrown into prison, and, although the count succeeded in buying back his freedom, he had been compelled to leave his daughter in the hands of Philip the Fair, who denied the right of vassals to give their daughters in marriage without the authority of their lord.

King Edward would have had great difficulty in helping his foreign allies, for he was engaged in a struggle against his English subjects. The conquest of the countries of Wales

and Scotland had required great efforts, and the nation had borne its heavy burdens without murmuring. In 1295, however, at a request from the king, who required half of their revenues, the clergy appealed to Pope Boniface VIII., who issued a bull in their favor. But the ecclesiastical thunders had begun to lose their terrors; Edward had seized upon the property of the clergy, and the bishops had ended by submission. The merchants and citizens were more obstinate than the priests; and when the king, in 1297, conceived the idea of imposing an enormous tax upon every bale of wool, making at the same time large requisitions of grain, the complaints became loud. From remonstrance, the people had arrived at overt resistance, when the king seized at all the ports the wool and skins intended for exportation, and sold them for his own benefit. The merchants met together, protested against this "evil toll," as they called it, and declared that the Magna Charta ordered that the English people were not to be taxed without their own consent. A certain number of powerful noblemen supported the citizens in their movement.

King Edward had raised two armies; one was to march to Guienne, and the other to Flanders, to assist Count Guy, who was anxious to avenge his injuries on King Philip. Edmund, King Edward's brother, had died in Guienne; the king himself was proposing to command the expedition in Flanders. He summoned to Salisbury Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Constable of England, and Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, field-marshal, to intrust to them the command of the army of Guienne; both replied that their offices compelled them to remain near the king's person during the war, and that they would not proceed to Guienne without him. "Sir Earl Bigod!" cried Edward, addressing himself to Bigod, "you shall either go or hang." "By God, Sir

King," replied the proud baron, calmly, "I will neither go nor hang." Upon this, both the Earl of Hereford and the Earl of Norfolk retired to their estates, immediately followed by thirty bannerets and by fifteen hundred knights, who created wherever they went an opposition to the levying of the taxes.

The king was in an awkward position. He convoked in London a popular assembly, having taken care, first of all, to become reconciled with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Winchelsea, who had been the prime mover in the resistance of the clergy, and had found himself deprived of all his revenues in consequence; then, accompanied by the prelate, the Earl of Warwick, and Prince Edward, the king appealed directly to the people, assuring them that nothing was more disagreeable to him than to impose heavy burdens upon his well-beloved subjects; but that he had been compelled to do so in order to defend them against the Scotch, the Welsh, and the French. "I am now going to expose myself for you to the risks of war," said he; "if I return alive, I will repay you for everything; if I should die, there is my son: place him upon the throne, and his gratitude will reward your fidelity." The king was weeping, and all those who were present were profoundly touched. Prince Edward was declared regent amid public acclamation; the Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed his adviser, and the king marched towards the coast. He had scarcely arrived at Winchester, when he was stopped, on the 12th of August, by a remonstrance from the prelates, the earls, the barons, and the commoners of England, declaring that they were not obliged to accompany him into Flanders, their ancestors not having served the kings of England in that country; and they added that, even were they so disposed, the poverty to which they had been reduced did not allow them to do

it. "The king," they said, "had already violated on several occasions the charters which he had solemnly ratified; his 'evil toll' was intolerable, and his absence was about to leave the country a prey to the invasions of the Scotch and the Welsh." The king made an evasive reply to this declaration; reckoning upon the affection of the common people, he made sail with the troops who remained with him, and disembarked at Sluys towards the end of August.

Scarcely had Edward left the coasts of England when Bigod and Bohun entered London, on the 24th of August, at the head of considerable forces. The strictest discipline prevailed in the ranks of their followers. They went straight to the treasury, and deposited their complaints against the arbitrary exactions and the violations of Magna Charta committed by the king; then, proceeding to Guildhall, they exhorted the citizens of London to maintain their rights. The young regent, being alarmed, convoked a parliament, which abolished the impost upon wool, and decreed that no tax whatever should in future be raised without the consent of the bishops, peers, citizens, and freemen of the kingdom, and that the king should not seize upon any goods without the authority of the owners. Orders were sent out to read the Magna Charta in all the churches once a year, under pain of excommunication against those who should endeavor to prevent it. This sentence was to be proclaimed every Sunday in all the churches.

The act, signed in London, was sent to Ghent, where King Edward was at the time. Its ratification was demanded, the barons on their part engaging to join the king in Flanders, or to march against Scotland, where the people had again risen, according to his pleasure. During three days the pride of King Edward resisted; at length he signed the document, perhaps promising himself to annul his concessions afterwards.

As soon as they were secure in their victory, the barons set out for Scotland.

Edward needed the support and good will of his English subjects, for he had gained but little success in Flanders. After having with difficulty quelled the violent rivalries which had occurred in his fleet between the sailors from different ports, he had found a great number of Flemish towns occupied by the French, supported by a party powerful in the country itself. The Count Guy had again fallen into the hands of the King of France; the Flemish and English would often engage in struggles against each other, after having fought together against the French; Edward's foreign allies, the Emperor, the Duke of Austria, and the Duke of Brabant, sent no help, and thought to have done their share in receiving the subsidies of England. King Edward listened to the overtures of Pope Boniface VIII., who was endeavoring to re-establish peace. He left Guy of Flanders in prison, where the latter afterwards died, as well as his daughter. He affianced his son Edward to Isabel of France, thus laying the foundation of the misfortune of his lifetime, and himself married Princess Margaret, who was then seventeen years of age, contenting himself with recovering Aquitaine, while Guienne still remained in the hands of Philip the Fair. Peace being thus concluded, Edward started on his return to his kingdom, where the position of affairs imperatively required his presence.

The great Scotch noblemen had taken the oath of allegiance to the King of England, but the less powerful ones had not had the honor of accomplishing that act of submission. Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellerslie, had not taken the oath, nor had his second son, William Wallace, who was already outlawed for the murder of an English soldier in consequence of a dispute. He had lived since then in the

mountains; but, having one day appeared at the market in Lanark, the young man was insulted by an Englishman, whom he killed. He found a friendly shelter, and contrived to escape; but the house which had protected him was burned, and the mistress of it lost her life. Wallace swore to wreak a terrible revenge upon the English.

Soon all the adventurers, outlaws, and bold spirits, weary of subjection, rallied round Wallace. At the moment when King Edward started for Flanders, the Scottish leader had already become a dangerous partisan, attacking the English when he met them in small numbers, and plundering the country under their authority. His forces were increasing in number; many noblemen had joined him, and were raising their standards in favor of John, King of Scotland. A certain number of powerful noblemen followed them. Robert Bruce himself, grandson of him who had contested for the crown with Baliol, had come over to the national party. "The Pope will absolve me from the oaths which I have taken under compulsion in favor of King Edward," said the future deliverer of Scotland. The Earl of Surrey was raising forces in the southern part of the kingdom.

When the two armies came in sight near the town of Irvine, in the county of Ayr, they were about equal in numbers; but the English troops were well drilled and obedient to a single general; Wallace's army was disorderly, divided, and led by rival chiefs little disposed to admit the superiority of an outlaw of low origin. No encounter took place. On the 9th of July, the great Scotch noblemen laid down their arms and tendered their submission to King Edward. Only one baron, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, remained faithful to the national party; but Wallace took with him a large number of vassals of the noblemen who

had surrendered, and his raids upon the territory occupied by the English became bolder and bolder every day.

Stirling was seriously threatened by the insurgents, when the Earls of Surrey and Cressingham advanced with large forces. The two parties occupied the opposite banks of the Forth; Wallace's position was excellent, and he was offered terms. "Tell your master," he replied to the envoy, "that we are not here to parley, but to assert our rights and to deliver Scotland. Let them advance, we are ready." The English hesitated. Surrey deemed the attack dangerous; but Cressingham, like a true financier, was complaining loudly of the ravages made upon the king's treasury by an army which did not fight, and the general yielded. At daybreak, on the 11th of September, 1297, the English army began marching across the bridge. It was narrow, and the soldiers passed over it slowly. When one portion of the army had crossed, Wallace caused the bridge to be occupied by a detachment, and he attacked the English, who had not yet had time to form in order of battle. The slaughter was fearful. Among the dead bodies was found Cressingham, who was odious to the Scotch by reason of the severity of his administration. His savage enemies flayed him, in order to preserve his skin in remembrance of their revenge. Surrey retreated with the remainder of his forces. But Wallace's success had delivered Scotland for the time being; the castles were surrendering in every direction; the popular champion entered Northumberland and pillaged the English territory, while famine kept them away from Scotland. When he reappeared in his country, laden with plunder, an assembly of noblemen awarded to him the title of Governor of the Kingdom and Commander-in-chief of King John's forces. Baliol, still imprisoned in England, smiled bitterly at this use of his name.

Meanwhile, King Edward had recrossed the sea, and his orders for the levying of a large army had preceded him. In the eyes of the conqueror of Scotland the insurrection led by Wallace was a rebellion, not a patriotic movement. No sooner had he landed in England than he set out for the North. Having halted for a while at York, where he was to have convened a Parliament, the barons who had formerly placed themselves at the head of the popular resistance came and met him, to demand the ratification of the concessions granted at Ghent. "By-and-by," cried Edward; "I have no leisure time just now; I must first of all reduce the Scotch rebels to obedience." And he swore before three bishops that he would occupy himself with the liberties of his English subjects when he should have riveted the chains of his Scottish subjects. Bigod and Bohun were satisfied with this promise, and followed him into Scotland.

The king's vessels were delayed. He was detained between Edinburgh and Linlithgow, when an insurrection broke out in his camp; the Welsh troops threatened to leave him and to go over to the Scotch. "I care little," said Edward, "if my enemies join my enemies; I will punish them all in one day." The provisions began to run short, and a retreat was spoken of, when the Bishop of Durham was warned, on the 10th of July, 1298, that the Scotch army was encamped in the forest of Falkirk, and was preparing to attack the English troops. "Glory be to God," cried Edward. "He has delivered me up to the present from all dangers. They need not follow me, for I will go to them." And, breaking camp, he marched against the Scotch troops. It is related that, during the night before the battle, being asleep by the side of his horse, the king had two ribs broken by a kick from the animal. The circumstance created a profound sensation

throughout the army; it was said that the king was dying through some treachery. Edward donned his armor, mounted his horse, and continued the march. The Scotch army was at length in sight. In front of them was a marsh, and the archers and pikemen were protected by a palisade. When Wallace saw the lances of the enemy glistening in the sun, he called out to his men, "I have led you to the dance, now hop if you can." The Scottish infantry valiantly withstood the shock of the two army corps led by Bigod, Bohun, and the bellicose Bishop of Durham, but the cavalry were terrified on seeing the superior forces of the English, and fled in confusion. The pikemen and archers began to give way; the palisades were trampled down, and the victory was complete. The field of the battle of Falkirk was strewn with the corpses of the Scottish soldiers, when Wallace contrived to fall back upon Stirling with the remainder of his army; the English followed him there; but they found the town burned down. Wallace had disappeared. King Edward was desolating the country by fire and sword; the inhabitants of the towns were flying at his approach; St. Andrew's was deserted when the king set fire to it. The citizens of Perth burned their own town. Provisions were now scarce; Edward was obliged to retreat towards the end of September, 1298, leaving all the north of Scotland in the hands of the patriots, who had just constituted a council of the regency, at the head of which was John Comyn. Scarcely had the king crossed the frontier when his enemies threatened Stirling Castle.

Other troubles awaited Edward in England; he had convoked the Parliament at Westminster for the month of March, 1291; the barons claimed the fulfilment of his promises, and the ratification of the new liberties added by them to the Magna Charta. The king still delayed, denying the

validity of a confirmation made in a foreign country ; he experienced, he said, displeasure at finding himself thus pressed to grant a favor against his inclination. The barons, however, insisted ; the king left London almost secretly, and went into the country under pretence of being indisposed ; the barons followed him there, renewing their demands. At length the king, wearied of this, sent to the Parliament the required ratification ; but, with a puerile want of good faith, he added to the concessions so hardly won this little sentence : " Saving the rights of the crown." The barons, indignant, left London in their turn, but to prepare for resistance. The king still reckoned upon the devotion of the people of the city ; he ordered the sheriffs to cause the charter to be read at the cross of St. Paul's ; an immense crowd was assembled, hailing with applause each of the clauses which guaranteed the rights of the people ; but when the reader came to the phrase, " Saving the rights of the crown," his voice was drowned by whistling, shouting, and loud menaces. Edward was too shrewd and sagacious to resist the will of the people when expressed in such an unmistakable manner ; he convened a fresh Parliament, solemnly ratified all the concessions, without mentioning the rights of the crown, and nominated a commission of three bishops, three earls, and three barons intrusted with the completion of the limitation of the royal forests, which had hitherto been extended at times into private property. The charters of the forests were ratified in the year 1300. Bohun had just died ; but Bigod was still alive, and the victory was definitively assured to the barons, in spite of the efforts which the king was still making to deliver himself from a yoke which was insupportable to his haughty character and his ambitious projects.

The marriage of King Edward with Margaret of France had taken place, as had also his son's betrothal to Isabel

(September, 1299), and two little incursions into Scotland had produced no other result than an intervention on the part of Pope Boniface VIII. in favor of the Scotch, by virtue of the rights which he claimed over that kingdom. Although haughtily refusing to recognize this strange pretension, the King of England had three times granted a truce to the insurgents. The third had just expired, when the treaty of Montreuil, made between England and France on the 30th of May, 1303, gave up Guienne to Edward, who abandoned his Flemish allies as Philip the Fair did his Scottish allies. Freed from care on the score of continental affairs, Edward, on the day following the ratification of the treaty, marched into Scotland; he was already at Edinburgh on the 4th of June, and his march across the northern counties resembled a triumphal progress; all the fortresses opened their gates; Buchan Castle alone remained closed. While the English were attacking the castle with their engines of war, Sir Thomas Maule, the governor, walked up and down on the ramparts, with a handkerchief in his hand, wiping off the dust raised by the battering-rams. On the twentieth day of the siege he was struck with an arrow, and, dying, he stigmatized the soldiers as cowards, when they asked his permission to surrender. Scarcely had the valiant champion breathed his last when his castle was given up to the English forces. The king established himself in winter-quarters in the abbey of Dunfermline, and it was there that the Scotch barons came to negotiate for peace; each one had drawn up his own conditions; Wallace had disappeared since the battle of Falkirk; the noblemen had supplanted him in the government of the country which he had delivered without their aid. The king caused a proclamation to be made that the outlaw was to surrender at discretion; Wallace, however, took no notice, but remained in the mountains. The castle of

Stirling now alone offered any resistance, in spite of the injunctions of the Scottish Parliament assembled by Edward; when Sir William Oliphant, who commanded it, was compelled to surrender on the 26th of July, 1304.

A last blow was about to strike the patriotic party in Scotland. Wallace, betrayed by his friend Monteith, was delivered into the hands of the English in the month of August, 1305. King Edward had not the generosity to pardon the proud patriot who had so long resisted him. Wallace had broken no oath, he had never sworn allegiance to King Edward, and he had fought for the independence of his country, but he was nevertheless condemned to suffer a traitor's death. He was executed at Smithfield on the 23d of August, and the portions of his dismembered body were sent to different towns in Scotland, where the people were more inclined to treat them as sacred relics than to consider them as emblems of disgrace. Wallace had kindled a fire which was not destined to die out, and it was in vain that Edward had thought to stifle it by severe punishment.

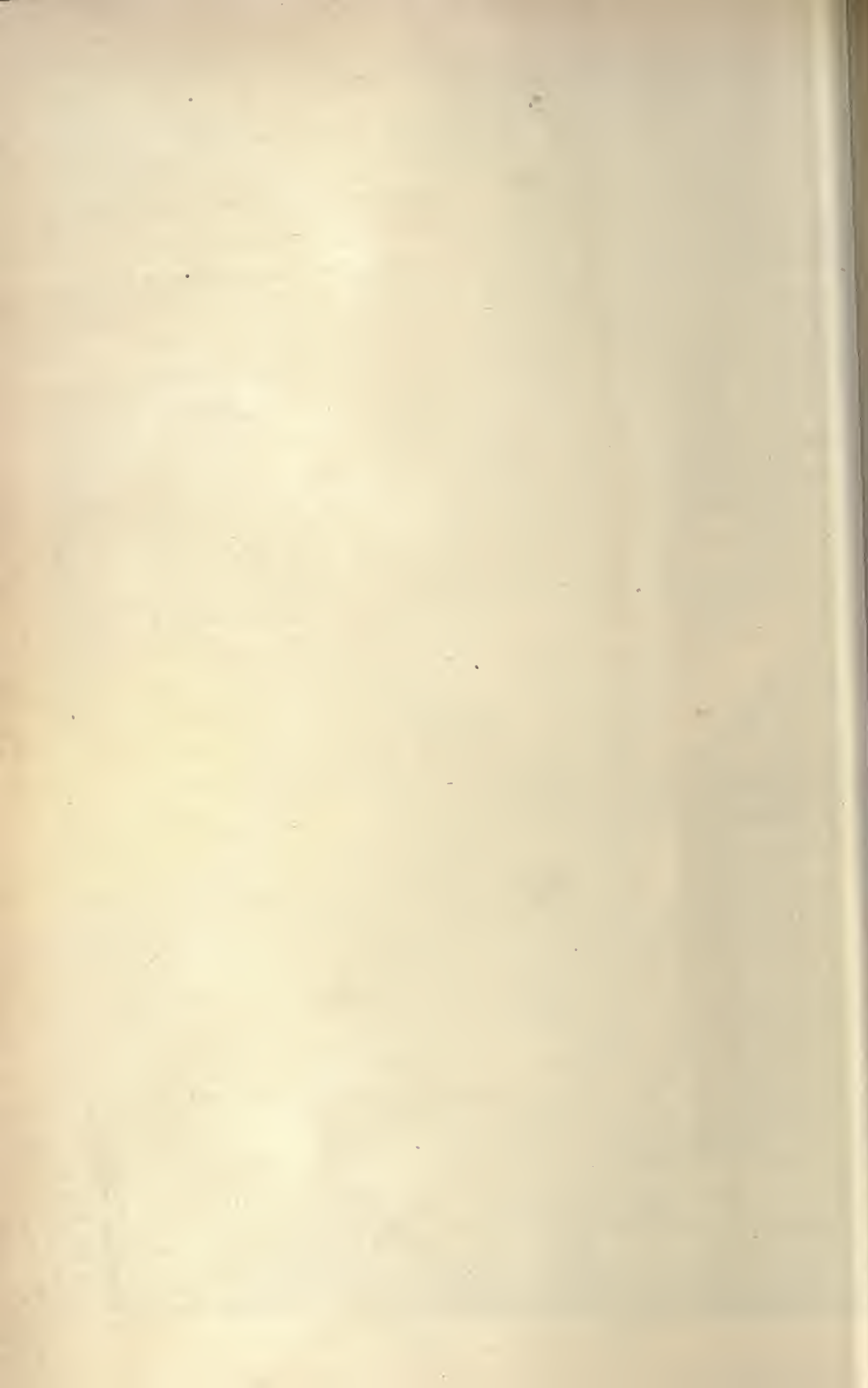
Scarcely had the government of Scotland been regulated by a commission of Scottish prelates and barons, pursuing their labors in London in conjunction with delegates from the English Parliament, when a fresh insurrection broke out in Scotland; a new chief presented himself for the cause of independence, one who was destined to achieve the task begun by Wallace; it was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick.

For a long time Bruce had vacillated between the two parties; having been engaged during his youth in the service of Edward by his father, he had sworn allegiance, then violated his oath, and had finally determined to observe his old professions. At length, after the fall of Baliol, he had proposed to Comyn, surnamed the Red, a powerful Scottish lord, and one of his neighbors, that whichever of the two should

establish his claim to the crown should cede his estates to the other by way of indemnity. Comyn had pretended to accept the bargain, but he had secretly warned Edward of the conspiracy. Bruce, who was in England, was about to be arrested, in spite of his kinship to the royal family (he had married Joan of Valence, Edward's cousin), when Gilbert de Clare sent a pair of spurs to him by a messenger. Bruce took the hint, and immediately mounted his horse; he did not know what danger threatened him, or who had betrayed him, and he was careful to conceal his traces, when he met a servant of Comyn, who was carrying fresh communications to Edward. Having seized the missives, and assured himself of Comyn's treachery, Bruce hastened back to Scotland. A few days later, on the 10th of February, 1306, these two enemies met at Dumfries, and Bruce called Comyn into a chapel of the Minorites, in order to demand an explanation of his conduct. They were alone; the dispute became furious; Bruce drew his dagger and struck Comyn, who fell upon the steps of the high altar. Pale and agitated, Bruce left the chapel hurriedly; his haggard appearance struck his friends who were in attendance upon him. "What have you done?" Kirkpatrick of Closeburn asked him. "I doubt I have killed Comyn." "You doubt," cried Kirkpatrick; "then I will make sure of it." And, re-entering the holy place, he struck the wounded man another blow, killed the latter's uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, who tried to defend his nephew, and returned to Bruce. The little band hurried away at a gallop. Bruce had only one course before him now: he was henceforth an outlaw, and the boldest action became necessary; the fire was smouldering in all the noble hearts of Scotland. As soon as Bruce raised the standard of independence, some priests and lords gathered round him, and boldly crowned him at Scone. On the day of the Annunciation (1306) Scotland



BRUCE WARNED BY GILBERT DE CLARE.



had a king. Edward I. heard of it at Winchester a few days later.

In the eyes of the King of England Bruce was a rebel, and was, moreover, a man who must be punished for having committed sacrilege. He sent a small army into Scotland, under the command of the Earl of Pembroke, and, tired and sick as he was, began to make extensive preparations for marching personally against the insurgents. Prince Edward, his son, was twenty-two years of age, and had not yet been knighted. On the 23d of May, during Whitsuntide, the young man, having received his spurs from the hands of his father, conferred the same distinction upon two hundred and seventy young lords, companions of his pleasures, who were about to become his comrades in arms. All the company then met at a magnificent banquet; a golden net was placed upon the table, containing two swans, emblems of constancy and fidelity; then the king, placing his hands upon their heads, swore to avenge the death of Comyn, and to punish the rebels of Scotland, without sleeping for two nights in the same place, and to start immediately afterwards for Palestine, in order to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. The young men swore the same oath as the king, and the latter made them promise, if he should die during the war in Scotland, not to bury his body until the conquest should have been achieved. The prince immediately afterwards started for the frontiers with his companions; the king followed less rapidly, as he could only travel upon a litter.

Meanwhile Bruce's forces had increased rapidly; the malcontents—and they were very numerous—were beginning to declare themselves and to rally round the new king. When the Earl of Pembroke arrived in Scotland the insurgents were in high spirits; but a battle was fought on the 19th of June, near the woods of Methven, which destroyed suddenly their

illusions; many Scots were killed; the prisoners were put to death, and Bruce retired into the mountains of Athol with five hundred men. Too ill to proceed further, King Edward had been obliged to stop at Carlisle; but he was directing all the operations of his troops, and ordering the execution of the prisoners, thus bearing witness to his deep-rooted resentment against Scotland. Bruce was leading the life of a knight-errant in the forests, hunting and fishing, accompanied only by a few faithful friends; his wife, his two sisters, and the Countess of Buchan shared with him his adventurous existence, which the fine weather rendered tolerable, even in Scotland.

Meanwhile, winter was coming on, and it became necessary to enter into more civilized quarters. Bruce's little band was attacked by Lord Lorn, the Red Comyn's nephew, and a mortal enemy of Bruce. The King of Scotland's companions were falling under the battle-axes of Lochaber; he sounded the retreat, and, clad in armor and mounted upon a good war-horse, he took up his position in the defile, and defended the approach single-handed. Lorn's mountaineers hesitated, being terrified at this motionless figure, the long sword always on guard, and the bright eyes glittering under the helmet. At length three men, a father and two sons, named MacAndrosser, famous in their clan for their strength and courage, sprang forward together upon the royal champion: one seized the bridle of the horse, and his arm fell at his side, his hand being severed; another fastened himself to the leg of the horseman; the horse reared, and the unfortunate warrior had his head split open by a sword-stroke; the father who was more skilful, and who was besides maddened at the fate of his sons, was clutching the king's cloak; he was still holding to it after his death, and Bruce was compelled to leave in the hands of the corpse this token of so desperate

a struggle. The king had escaped without being wounded, but it was necessary to place his wife and sisters in safety, and the castle of Keldrummie afforded them a shelter, while Bruce took refuge in the Hebrides. The separation was doomed to be a sad and long one, for the castle was taken, and Nigel Bruce, Robert's younger brother, was cruelly put to death; the Queen of Scotland was sent to England, and Bruce's sisters-in-law, shut up in wooden cages, were exposed to the public gaze at Berwick and Roxburgh. Whenever any of the adherents of Bruce fell into the hands of the English troops, they were put to death. The king himself, who was now excommunicated and proscribed, had taken refuge in the little island of Rachrin; his retreat was unknown to his enemies, and a reward was offered in Scotland to whoever would give news of Robert Bruce, lost, strayed, or stolen.

It was in the spring of 1307 that Bruce suddenly reappeared, supported by some ships which had been lent to him by Christiana, Lady of the Isles. Deceived by a false indication, he attacked Henry Percy, to whom King Edward had recently given the castle of Carrick, Bruce's own property; and, taking his enemies by surprise, he defeated them, caused great slaughter, and returned in triumph into the castle, which he could not hold for any length of time, surrounded as he was on all sides, not only by the English forces, but by his personal enemies, and all the family of the Red Comyn.

The capture of Carrick Castle was nevertheless Robert's first step upon the ladder of fortune; but yesterday a fugitive, he was rejoined by his scattered supporters: after his success, warriors who previously had been undecided, embraced the cause of Bruce, and his forces became so formidable, that Edward, infuriated at these events, resolved to leave Carlisle to march in person against the rebels. He caused

his litter to be hung up in York Cathedral in memory of his sickness, and was about to mount his horse, when he heard that the Earl of Pembroke had been defeated, on the 10th of May, by Bruce at Loudon Hill. The rage of the king lent him strength for a while; he started from Carlisle at the head of a large corps; but the journey was cut short, Edward being obliged to stop. He was not more than three leagues from Carlisle when death came and chilled the proud heart and the indomitable spirit, once animated by the noblest and most chivalrous desires, but for several years absorbed in ambitious projects and cruel schemes of revenge. His last words were a recommendation to his son to finish the task which had been begun, to be good to his young brothers, and to maintain three hundred knights in the Holy Land. When he was buried at Westminster, an inscription was placed upon his tomb, covered by a block of stone brought from Palestine:—

EDUARDUS PRIMUS. MALLEUS SCOTORUM. MCCCVII. PACTUM SERVA.
Edward I. The Hammer of the Scots. 1307. Keep the Covenant.

Among the sovereigns who had governed England, very few had held the power with a firmer hand than Edward I., very few, however, saw the foundation of more liberties. In vain, in 1307, when the king had thought the conquest of Scotland assured, had he hoped to effect his deliverance from the yoke which his people had imposed upon him; in vain had he obtained from the Pope a bull on the 4th of January, 1305, which relieved him of his oaths and annulled the charters which he had ratified, forbidding any one, under pain of excommunication, to claim their fulfilment; in vain, Bohun being dead, had Edward's threats succeeded in intimidating old Bigod and his faithful ally, the Archbishop of Canterbury; the attitude taken up by the entire nation had caused

the king to hesitate, and he had not yet made public the Papal bull, when the insurrection in Scotland absorbed all his attention, and necessitated the assistance of Parliament. The liberties acquired by the barons now had a durable guaranty; the great lords were not obliged to resort incessantly to arms, Parliaments having been instituted. We have seen the deputies of the towns summoned to Parliament for the first time by the Earl of Leicester; under King Edward I. the barons began to hold their deliberations separately, and the knights from the shires and the deputies from the towns, who were summoned less frequently, formed a second chamber. From this time dates the origin of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The most complete Parliament which had yet sat was that of 1295, convened by King Edward before his campaign in Flanders: an Ecclesiastical Parliament had been convoked at the same time. The subsidies which were then granted, and which the king endeavored to increase by acts of extortion, were the cause of the opposition of Bigod and Bohun; at the death of Edward. the charters had been so firmly established in England, that no monarch dreamed of disturbing them again, until the unhappy days of Charles I. The liberties of the nation were assured by the frequent meeting of the Parliaments, their faithful and natural guardians. The constitution of England was founded.

The burdensome inheritance left by the king who had just died fell into hands too feeble to support it. Edward II. was twenty-three years of age when he succeeded his father; the latter had had six sons, three only of whom survived him; the young king had already shown signs of frivolity and obstinacy which augured the misfortunes of his reign. Brought up from childhood with a young Aquitanian, Piers Gaveston, he had conceived for this companion so strong an

affection that the king, his father, had been alarmed thereat, and had on several occasions banished the young favorite. At the death of Edward I. Gaveston was in exile; but at the news of the accession of his young master, he hastened to him, and the first act of the king was to confer upon him the Earldom of Cornwall, which had previously been deemed a position sufficiently conspicuous for the princes of the blood royal. Edward did not content himself with this: while he was pretending to carry on the campaign in Scotland, the great officers of the crown had been changed; the Lord Treasurer, the Bishop of Lichfield, was even deprived of his property, and cast into prison. In spite of the oath which the old king had exacted from his son, the latter had returned to London to inter his father, leaving Bruce free to pursue his success. Gaveston, who had lately married Margaret, a niece of the king, was appointed regent of the kingdom in the month of January, 1308, by the king, who went over to France to marry the Princess Isabel, according to Froissart, one of the most beautiful women in the world.

King Philip the Fair had just caused the dissolution of the order of Templars in France, an iniquitous proceeding inspired rather by the prince's greed than by the offences of the order. Philip thereby obtained for the King of England the dowry promised to the latter, and persuaded him, without great difficulty, to withhold his protection from the Templars established in England, who were prosecuted a short time afterwards. Edward made sail on the 7th of February to return to England; he was accompanied by a numerous suite of French noblemen, at the head of whom were two uncles of the Queen. Gaveston came to meet the king. As soon as Edward perceived him, forgetting his young wife and his noble followers, he threw himself into the arms of his favorite, embracing him, and calling him his brother, to the great

indignation of Isabel and all the beholders. Their indignation was increased when they saw Gaveston decked out with all the jewels which the King of France had recently presented to Edward. But the discontent rose to its height, when, at the ceremony of the coronation, which took place with great splendor on the 14th of February, Piers Gaveston, as the people persisted in calling him, in spite of his elevation to the Earldom of Cornwall, was intrusted with the task of carrying before the king the crown of St. Edward, to the exclusion of the highest noblemen of the kingdom, who were all anxious for this honor.

Isabel had already begun to complain to her father of her husband and of the favorite, when the barons came to the king four days after his coronation. "Sire," they said, "send back this stranger who has no business here." The king promised to give his reply on the assembling of Parliament after Easter; meanwhile he endeavored to lessen the resentment of the noblemen towards his friend. But Piers was most imprudent, frivolous, and vain; he loved to make a show of his talent for chivalrous exercises, and overthrew successively from their horses in several tournaments the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, Pembroke, and Warren, whose wounded pride was added to the many serious causes of resentment against the favorite. On the assembling of Parliament, the annoyance of the barons was so great that the king was constrained to give way and to banish Gaveston; he loaded him with presents on his departure, giving him all the jewels which he had received from Queen Isabel, and accompanied him as far as Bristol to bid farewell to him. Gaveston was believed to be in Aquitaine, when news came that the king had appointed him governor of Ireland, and that Gaveston had just established himself there with a degree of splendor almost regal.

The king longed to recall his favorite ; he lavished favors upon the great lords in order to win them over, and, when he had been relieved by the Pope of the oath which he had taken never to recall Gaveston to England, he sent for his friend, and went as far as Chester to meet him, publicly announcing that the Earl of Cornwall had been unjustly banished, and that justice demanded a fresh examination of his conduct. On the other hand, the barons declared that the king had violated his oath, and would not scruple to break all those which he had sworn for the maintenance of the public liberties. The discontent was increasing ; the queen complained of the desertion of her husband ; the Countess of Cornwall was representing to her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, Gaveston's unworthy conduct towards her ; the king and his favorite did not heed the storm which was about to burst ; feasts, dances, and tournaments succeeded each other without intermission at the court. The king's funds had meanwhile run low, when, in the month of August, 1311, he found himself compelled to convene Parliament at Westminster.

The barons came, discontented and resolute ; the old Archbishop Winchelsea had exhorted them to deliver the kingdom from the power of the favorite ; the Earl of Lincoln, when dying, had sent for his son-in-law, the Earl of Lancaster. "Do not abandon England to the king and the Pope," he had said ; "do as the ancient barons did, and stand firmly by your privileges." Scarcely had the barons arrived at Westminster, when they renewed the stipulations of the "Mad Parliament" of Oxford ; they demanded the formation of a temporal council intrusted with the task of providing for the government of the kingdom. One of the clauses in the new concessions forced from the king was that he should be compelled to convoke Parliament at least once a year.

The barons had brought with them their men-at-arms.

Edward II. signed all that they demanded, and Gaveston was once more obliged to leave the country. The king had proceeded to the North, and was busy raising an army, when his favorite suddenly appeared at his side. Such daring was beyond endurance. The Earl of Lancaster, the king's cousin, came unexpectedly upon Edward; the king only had time to escape with Gaveston, leaving the queen in the hands of the barons, who treated her with great respect. The king and his friend had set out in a little bark; they landed at Scarborough, and Piers shut himself up in the fortress there, while the king proceeded to York in the hope of joining his army. But the barons had already set out for Scarborough. Being besieged in the castle, Gaveston surrendered on the 17th of May, to the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Henry Percy, who promised to spare his life, and undertook to take him to his castle of Wallingford. The little band started on their journey; but when they arrived at Dedington, the Earl of Pembroke had left his prisoner to go and see his wife, who was in the neighborhood. On the morning of the 19th, Gaveston received orders to dress himself at once; he descended into the courtyard, and found that his guards had been changed; the Earl of Warwick, the "black dog of the Ardennes," as the favorite called him when jesting with the king, had arrived during the night; the prisoner was tied on the back of a mule and led to Warwick Castle. The Earl of Lancaster was there. Piers was accustomed to call this nobleman the "old boar," but he now threw himself at his feet begging for mercy. The judges were inflexible; the semblance of a trial was soon over, and the unlucky Piers was conducted to Blacklow Hill, between Warwick and Coventry, where a scaffold had been erected; the executioners hesitated for a moment to accomplish so horrible a deed. "You have caught the fox; if you let him go, you will have to give

chase to him again," cried a voice from among the crowd, and the favorite's head fell. He was only thirty-three years of age.

While Edward II. was mourning his murdered friend, Robert Bruce was slowly conquering Scotland. Twice had the King of England attempted an expedition in support of the power which was slipping from his hands, and twice he had returned without result; the authority of Bruce was being established everywhere in his country; the castles of Perth, Jedburgh, Dunbar, Edinburgh were in his hands; he was besieging the fortress of Stirling, when the governor, Sir Philip Mowbray, contrived to make his appeals for succor reach the king. Edward aroused himself for a moment from his natural indolence, and raised a large army to march against Scotland; he started from Berwick on the 11th of June, 1313.

The forces of the King of England amounted, it is said, to nearly a hundred thousand men; while they were marching with their banners flying, the sun, which was glistening upon the armor and the lances, appeared to inundate the country with a flood of light. King Robert was concealed in the forests with an army of forty thousand men, nearly all on foot, awaiting the enemy, and preparing barriers which were intended to check the onslaught of the English troops, on the only spot open to attack. On the morning of the 23d of June, 1313, the two armies met near Bannockburn.

The English had hastened their march, and had arrived in some disorder, in front of the Scottish army. Lord Clifford, who had attempted an ambuscade, was repulsed by Randolph, Earl of Moray, nephew of King Robert and one of his best knights. The king himself, with a golden crown on his helmet, was riding slowly along the line of his troops; a relative of the Earl of Hereford, Sir Henry Bohun, sprang forward against the "Scottish traitor," reckoning upon throwing him

by the weight of his horse alone, for Bruce was mounted upon one of the small horses of the country.

The king did not expect the shock; he turned, however, with great skill, and Bohun's lance passed close by his side without inflicting any injury upon him; raising himself up in his stirrups and displaying his gigantic figure, he struck the rash Englishman a terrible blow with his battle-axe; the helmet was shattered by his powerful arm, and Sir Henry Bohun, whose skull was fractured, was carried off by his horse dead. Bruce returned slowly to the spot where the greater part of his forces was concentrated; while his friends were surrounding him, reproaching him for running so great a risk, the Scottish hero was looking sorrowfully at his notched axe, and laughingly answered, "I have spoiled my good battle-axe."

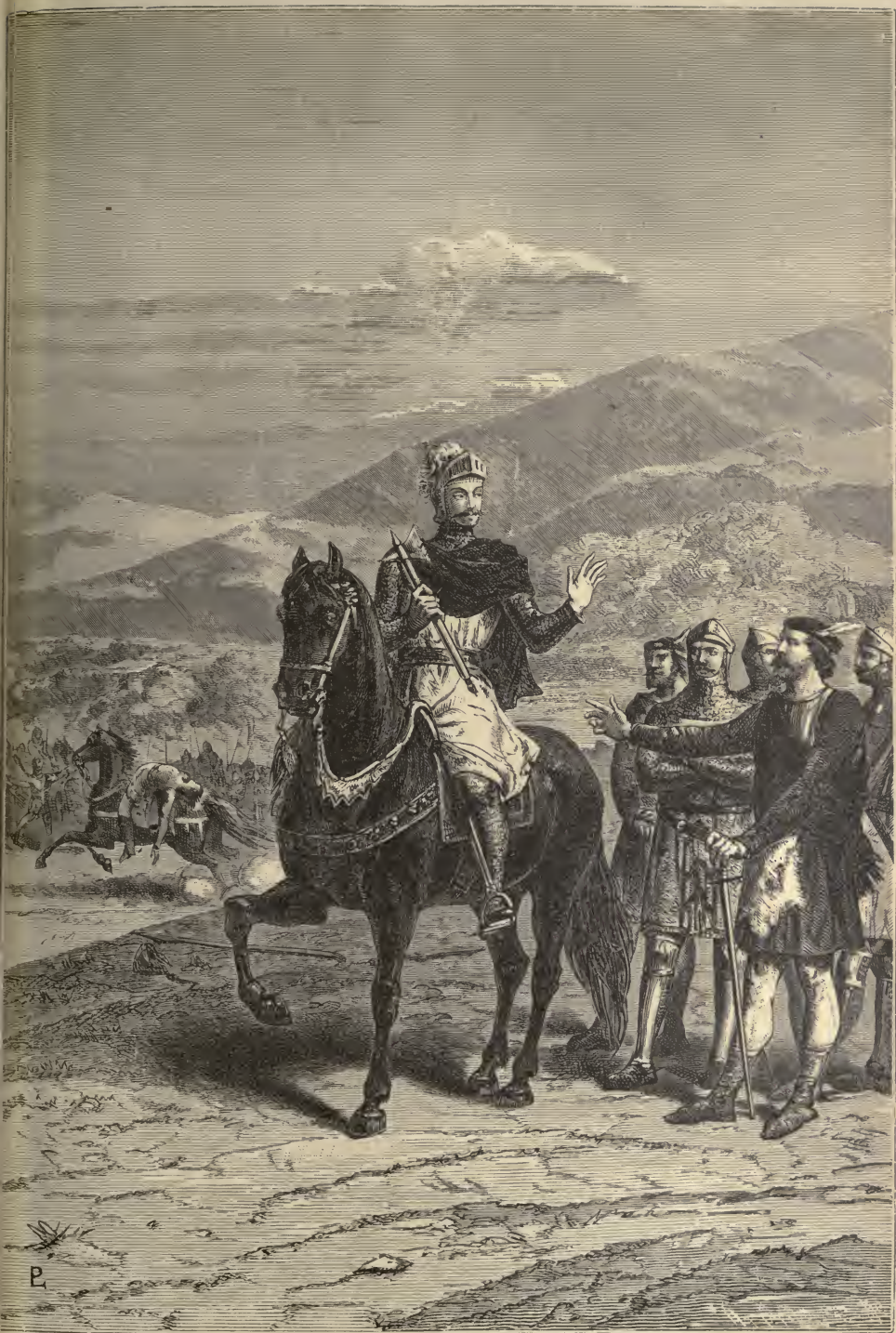
The night had been passed in prayer in the Scottish camp, and in feasting and debauchery by the English. King Edward did not expect a battle, and held his forces assembled in such a manner as to render any manœuvres impossible. At daybreak, the young king was astonished at the good order observed in the Scottish ranks. "Do you think they will fight?" he asked of his marshal, Sir Ingletram d'Umfreville. At the same moment, the Abbot Maurice of Inchaffray appeared before the Scottish troops, holding a crucifix in his hand: all bent their knees, all uncovered their heads. "They are asking for mercy," cried Edward. Umfreville smiled bitterly. "Of God; not of you, Sire," said he; "these men will win the battle, or die at their posts." "So be it!" replied the king, as he gave the signal for the attack.

The struggle was furious from the commencement. The Earls of Gloucester and Hereford rushed upon the Scottish infantry, which remained firm; the long lances withstood the onslaught of the English knights; Randolph advanced steadily

with his picked troops; Keith was attacking, with five hundred mounted men-at-arms, the English archers, who could not fight at close quarters, and were trampled under foot by the horses. Banners were torn, and lances and swords were shattered to pieces; the feet of the combatants were slipping in the blood; the majority of the English began to hesitate. "They fly! they fly!" cried the Scotch. At the same moment a loud noise was heard behind them upon the hill; the camp-followers and the sick and wounded soldiers, excited by the ardor of the struggle, were descending in a mass towards the scene of action. The English imagined themselves attacked by a fresh army; a disorderly retreat had begun, when Robert Bruce, charging with his reserve, decided the fate of the day beyond the possibility of a doubt. The Earl of Gloucester was killed while attacking Edward Bruce, Robert's brother. Clifford and twenty-seven other barons fell by the king's side; the Earl of Pembroke seized the bridle of Edward's horse and dragged him away from the battlefield. Sir Giles d'Argentine accompanied him out of the crowd, then retraced his steps, exclaiming, "It is not my custom to fly!" and he was killed by Bruce's soldiers.

Never had a victory been more complete: the fortress of Stirling surrendered immediately; the Earl of Hereford, who had shut himself up in Bothwell Castle, offered to capitulate, and was exchanged for the wife, the sister, and the daughter of the King of Scotland, who had been detained for several years in England. There still remained a great deal of territory to conquer, but the work of Edward the First was destroyed, and Scotland was no longer a dependency of England.

Edward Bruce's ambition was not satisfied; he had assisted his brother in conquering a kingdom, and he now wished to secure a crown for himself. On the 23d of May,



ROBERT BRUCE REGRETTING HIS BATTLE-AXE.



1315, while England was beginning to feel the miseries of a famine which was soon to be followed by a plague, he landed at Carrickfergus in Ireland, at the head of six thousand men. He was soon joined by a large number of Irish chiefs; and they then proceeded to ravage the territory of the English colonists there, pillaging and burning down the towns; at length he caused himself to be crowned King of Ireland on the 2d of May, 1316. His brother Robert came to his assistance, and, in spite of the resistance of the English, who held Dublin and several other important towns, the invading army overran the whole of Ireland. The northern portion of the country had been completely subjected by Edward Bruce, when King Robert was called back to his kingdom in consequence of the incursions of the English. Nineteen pitched battles, besides numberless skirmishes, had been fought, and had exhausted the resources of the rash conqueror, when, on the 5th of October, 1318, Edward Bruce was at length defeated and killed at Fagher, near Dundalk, and the little body of Scots who escaped returned to Scotland. The death of one man had sufficed to overthrow the fragile edifice which for three years he had been striving to raise. The independence of Scotland was more firmly established than the conquest of Ireland.

Berwick had at length fallen into the power of the Scotch. King Edward II. resolved, in 1319, to make a fresh effort to regain that town and to recommence his attempts against Scotland. On the 1st of September he laid siege to Berwick, by land and by sea; but while he was detained by the obstinate resistance of the Lord Stewart of Scotland, Douglas and Randolph, King Robert's most faithful companions, had crossed the borders into England with fifteen thousand men, carrying their ravages as far as York, so that Edward was obliged to abandon Berwick, to march against the invaders

of his dominions. The Scots escaped from him, and re-entered their country. A truce of two years was concluded, and in 1323, after several renewals of hostilities, it was followed by a new treaty which restored peace to the two nations; not, however, without leaving in the English a feeling of animosity against the little country whose proud independence of spirit' all their power had not been able to subdue.

King Edward had not taken warning by the fate of Piers Gaveston; he had become attached to a young man at his court, Hugh le Despencer, who had formerly been placed at his side by his cousin the Earl of Lancaster, and whom he soon elevated to the dignity of chamberlain. A short time afterwards he married him to Eleanor de Clare, sister of the young Earl of Gloucester, who had been killed at Bannockburn; she brought him an enormous estate upon the borders of Wales; her aunt, Margaret de Clare, had enriched Gaveston in the same manner. Le Despencer was an Englishman, and Edward had perhaps hoped to enjoy his friendship in peace; but the benefits which he heaped upon his new favorite soon excited the jealousy of the barons. At their head was the Earl of Lancaster, who was enraged at seeing preferred to himself a man who had formerly been a member of his own household. An abuse of the royal authority for the benefit of the royal favorite soon furnished a pretext to the great noblemen for resisting the king's authority. They armed their vassals; the lands of the Despenchers were pillaged and their castles destroyed, in 1321. Lancaster joined in the insurrection, swearing not to lay down his arms before banishing the favorite: they advanced as far as St. Alban's, and the earl sent a messenger to the king to announce the conditions of peace. Edward was as timid as he was stubborn; he defended his friends as well as he was able, and declared that they could not be condemned without a trial.

The barons marched towards London, and took up their quarters in the suburbs; Parliament was convened at Westminster; and, with their arms in their hands, the Earl of Lancaster and his friends accused Hugh le Despencer and his father of having usurped the royal authority, kept the king away from his faithful barons, and illegally imposed taxes, &c. At length they demanded that they should be banished. The bishops protested that the sentence was illegal, but the king yielded; the two Despenchers left England, and the barons became so arrogant, that Queen Isabel, when making a pilgrimage to Canterbury, was refused admittance to Leeds Castle, in the county of Kent, although that fortress belonged to the crown. The governor's wife, Lady Badlesmere, even caused several arrows to be shot at the royal suite, and several of the queen's attendants were killed.

This insolence enraged the king. He punished Lord and Lady Badlesmere, and at the same time recalled the Despenchers. Lancaster rallied round him all his friends, and entered into a correspondence with the Scots, who promised to invade the northern provinces. This negotiation had no other effect than to crush the popularity of the Earl of Lancaster, the Scots being so much detested. The king had already attacked the Earl of Hereford and his ally, Roger Mortimer; he had defeated them, and Mortimer was a prisoner in the Tower. Hereford had joined Lancaster, and the king was marching against them. The two earls had raised the siege of Tichnall Castle, and were retreating before the royal army, when at Boroughbridge, on the borders of the Ure, Lancaster found the Governors of York and Carlisle, with a body of troops, prepared to dispute his passage. Hereford was killed upon the bridge; and, during the retreat which followed, Lancaster was made a prisoner. He was brought back in triumph to his castle of Pontefract, and the king soon joined

him there. Lancaster foresaw the fate which awaited him. "Lord," he said on being captured, kneeling before a crucifix, "I surrender to Thee, and throw myself upon Thy mercy." His conviction was certain, his treason being flagrant. Lancaster was condemned by six earls and six barons. The people insulted him while he was being led to the scaffold; he lifted his pinioned hands towards heaven. "Heavenly King, have mercy on me," he cried, "for the king of earth has abandoned me." He was beheaded on the 22d of March, 1322. Fourteen bannerets and as many knights also suffered the extreme penalty. Mortimer was condemned to imprisonment for life; the Despencers enriched themselves on the spoils taken from the victims; the father was created Earl of Winchester, and the enmity of the people towards the favorites was increased by the compassion which the condemned men inspired. It was found necessary to forbid the people to kneel before the portrait of the Earl of Lancaster in St. Paul's Cathedral, and rumors of miracles which had taken place at his tomb were spread throughout England, as had formerly been the case with Simon of Montfort, Earl of Leicester.

Roger Mortimer had succeeded in escaping from prison, probably not without having held some communication with Queen Isabel, who resided at the Tower during his captivity. He was in France, and had just entered the service of Charles the Fair. The queen was enraged at the execution of his uncle, the Earl of Lancaster. When her husband came back from his expedition in the North, she received him haughtily, and manifested towards the Despencers the same hostility which she had formerly displayed towards Piers Gaveston. The King of France, Charles the Fair, employed the pretext of the grievances of Isabel to take possession of the greater number of the towns and castles belonging to

Edward. The latter, in return, seized upon all the property which the queen held in England, declaring that she should possess nothing while in communication with his enemies.

Isabel immediately proposed to act as mediator between her brother and her husband. The weak king fell into the trap, and allowed her to depart. She was received in France with open arms, and soon informed her husband that he would have to come and do homage to the King of France for his duchy of Aquitaine. Edward was preparing to start, when he was detained in England in consequence of indisposition. The Despencers, who did not dare to accompany him into France, but who would not lose sight of him, persuaded the weak monarch to cede Guienne and Ponthieu to his son, Prince Edward, the King of France promising to content himself with receiving homage from the young man. The Prince of Wales therefore followed his mother into France; but in vain did the king await the return of his wife and son, the queen was continually delaying. At length, she haughtily declared that her life was not safe in England, and that the Despencers were plotting against her and her son.

King Edward, astounded, defended himself as well as he was able, causing all the prelates in England to write and reassure the queen; but she would not be convinced; and when King Charles the Fair, tired, very probably, of the bad conduct of Isabel, and of the injunctions which he received from England, told his sister that he could no longer keep her at his court, she set out, surrounded by the knights who had embraced her cause, the Earl of Kent, her husband's brother, D'Artois, John of Hainault, and, still accompanied by her favorite, Mortimer, she embarked at Dort with a little army of Frenchmen and Brabantines, to land at Orcewell in Suffolk,* on the 24th of September. Scarcely had she set foot upon English soil with her son, when, in spite of all the

damaging rumors which were afloat concerning her, a large number of knights flocked round her standard. The people were tired of the weakness of King Edward, of the avidity of his favorites, and of the disorder which reigned over the kingdom. When Edward sent and asked for the assistance of the citizens of London, they replied that by their charters they were not obliged to follow him into battle, but that they would be faithful to the king, the queen, and the princes, by closing their gates to the foreigners. Edward was alone with the two Despencers, the Chancellor Baldock, and a few knights. Scarcely had he set out for Wales, when the people of London rose, murdered the Bishop of Exeter, who had been elevated by the king to the position of governor, and sent his head to the queen. Edward had halted at Gloucester, whence he had sent old Despencer to defend Bristol; the citizens revolted, and Despencer was compelled to surrender at discretion to Isabel. She immediately caused him to be executed as a traitor, and the old man's head was exposed to the public gaze at Winchester. Hugh le Despencer and Chancellor Baldock, as well as the king, were wandering in the county of Glamorgan, where they had been cast ashore, after having ineffectually endeavored to take refuge in Ireland. Le Despencer and the chancellor were recognized and arrested. The king immediately surrendered to his enemies, having decided to share the fate of those who loved him, and who were already condemned by anticipation.

Baldock soon died of ill-treatment, and it was necessary to hasten the execution of Hugh le Despencer. He had refused to take any food since his arrest, and he was half dead when he was dragged to the scaffold to suffer the same fate as his father. The Earl of Arundel, who had formerly been at the head of the judges who had condemned

Lancaster, was beheaded with two of his friends. Their property was given to Mortimer,

The queen had arrived in London; Parliament had just met; and, on the 7th of January, 1327, the Bishop of Hereford, Adam Orleton, Isabel's adviser and able agent, asked this question of the assembly: "Should the father be re-established upon the throne, or ought the son to replace him?" He dwelt upon the weakness, the bad deeds, the treacherous acts of King Edward, and asked the lords to reply on the morrow to his question. The decision was not doubtful. While the barons were pronouncing, in the great hall of Westminster, the fall of Edward II., King of England, the people of London, assembled in crowds at the doors of the palace, loudly demanded his immediate condemnation. Several bishops alone had the courage to speak in favor of the unhappy king, who had not seen a sword drawn nor a bow stretched in his defence: they were insulted, and the Bishop of Rochester was trampled in the mud on leaving the palace. The young prince was proclaimed king by the public voice, and all the peers who were present swore allegiance to him on the spot.

When the queen was informed of the success of all her schemes, she cried bitterly. "Alas!" she said, "they have deposed my husband the king. Parliament has overstepped its authority." These hypocritical tears did not deceive anybody; the young prince, Edward, alone was touched at them. "Do not be afraid, mother," said he, "I will never deprive my father of his crown." A deputation was therefore sent to the poor king, who was a prisoner in Kenilworth Castle. When Edward II. perceived the Bishop of Hereford at the head of the ambassadors, he fell on the ground, stricken with grief. The judge who had condemned the two Despencers, Sir William Trussel, advanced in the name of the Parlia-

ment, and, taking his turn to speak, told Edward that he was no longer King of England. At the same moment, Sir Thomas Blount, steward of the royal household, broke his baton, renouncing his allegiance to the king. Edward listened without complaining, and without urging anything on his own behalf, simply thanking the Parliament for having recognized the rights of his son. On the 24th of January, 1327, King Edward III. was proclaimed throughout the kingdom. Edward II. was, according to the decree of Parliament, deposed from the throne by the lords and commons, and the power was intrusted to Queen Isabel, who was to administer the affairs of the kingdom for her son, then only fifteen years of age.

Isabel was herself under the influence of Mortimer. Edward II., being dethroned, could not hope to live long. The power of the favorite over the queen became a matter for alarm. Several monks preached against him; the Earl of Lancaster, to whose keeping the deposed king had been intrusted, seemed to have conceived a feeling of pity for his prisoner; the latter was removed to another place. Being consigned to the charge of Lord Berkeley and Sir John Maltravers, he was taken to Bristol. The people began to be touched at his fate. Two scoundrels who had been sent to him as jailers dragged him out half naked, and took him to Corfe Castle. The poor king asked to be allowed to dress himself; some dirty water was brought to him in a helmet. Tears rolled down his cheeks. "I have some purer water in spite of you," he said. A crown of dry herbs had been placed upon his head. At length, moving from place to place, the dethroned monarch was brought to Berkeley Castle, on the river Severn. An attempt was made to poison him, but without success. At length, one night, the governor of the castle being away,

piercing cries were heard, and immediately afterwards all was silent again. The inhabitants of the neighborhood shuddered on hearing them. On the morrow, when the doors were opened, the death of Edward II. was announced, and the country people were admitted to survey the corpse of him who had been their king: the expression of agony which rested upon the once handsome features of the unhappy monarch terrified all who saw it. The body was taken to the abbey of Gloucester and buried soon afterwards; but the people went in crowds to the tomb of this king whom no one had defended during his lifetime. The offerings made in his honor at the convent were so considerable that the monks were enabled to add an aisle to their church. This unfortunate monarch, so weak and so frivolous, consistent only in his affection, so harshly abandoned and so cruelly murdered, was not yet forty-three years of age when he expired on the 21st of September, 1327.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.— EDWARD III. 1327–1377.

THE young king, Edward III., was but fifteen years of age when he was raised to the throne of his deposed father. The Parliament appointed a council of regency, composed of five prelates and six great noblemen, and consigned the young monarch into the keeping of the Earl of Lancaster. No power was formally vested in the dowager queen; but her debts were discharged, and a large pension was granted to her, by means of which she was enabled to strengthen her own influence and increase the authority of Mortimer.

While England had been engrossed in its internal dissensions and struggles, Scotland had been recovering from the effects of its misfortunes, under the firm government of Robert Bruce. The thirst for vengeance raged, however, in the hearts of all the Scots; and respect for the truce was powerless to restrain them. Hearing that King Edward II. had been dethroned, and that a council of regency had been appointed, they crossed the frontier on the 3d of February, 1327, and began to lay waste the northern counties. Their army gradually increased in numbers. King Robert was ill, but his two faithful friends, James, Earl of Douglas, and Randolph, Earl of Moray, were at the head of his troops. The Scottish army consisted entirely of mounted soldiers, whose light, robust steeds, steady as themselves, bore them with the swiftness of the wind, without rest, and almost with-

out provender. No baggage, no tents,—a bag of oatmeal in front of each horseman, under his saddle an iron plate, which served for baking his cakes; the English farms and villages furnished the rest.

Rumors of the ravages to which the northern counties had been subjected touched the feelings of the young king, and awakened his martial ardor. In the beginning of July, the English troops, supported by an army corps from Hainault, the members of which had been brought with great difficulty to live at peace with their English allies, arrived at Durham. The exact whereabouts of the Scottish army was unknown; but the king pressed forward in pursuit. Like his enemies, he had left the camp baggage behind him. After a week of pursuit, the Scots were still invisible, and the English, on the verge of starvation, were beginning to murmur. The king promised the honor of knighthood and a pension of a hundred livres to whoever should bring tidings of the enemy. They had crossed the Wear; on the fourth day a messenger galloped up on horseback. "Sire," said Thomas Rokeby, "the Scots are within three leagues of this spot, encamped upon a mountain. I have been their prisoner for a week; but they liberated me that I might come and inform you that they await your arrival." The king immediately marched towards the enemy.

They had arrived on the banks of the Wear; and this time the Scots were perceived encamped on the summit of a hill. They were drawn up in battle array, but they did not stir. Edward dispatched a herald to them with a proposal that they should cross the river, in order that the combat might take place upon the open plain. "I have not come here for the king's pleasure," said Douglas, "and I will not leave my post for love of him. If he is not satisfied, let him cross the water and drive us before him."

The undertaking was too perilous, and the two armies remained in their respective positions for two days. On the third night the Scots raised their camp, and were soon afterwards perceived to have taken up a still stronger position upon another hill. The king of England broke up his camp likewise, and followed them. For eighteen days the two armies had watched each other without result, not a blow being struck; the English troops were sleeping in their tents, when a loud cry was heard amid the silence: "Douglas! Douglas! Death to the English robbers!" The terrified soldiers rose in confusion and in a half sleeping condition, and groped about in the dark for their weapons. Meanwhile sounds of strife were heard, and suddenly the ropes supporting the royal tent were cut, and by the side of the couch whereon the young king was sleeping, Black Douglas, the most valiant knight in Scotland, appeared like a threatening phantom. The chamberlain and chaplain of the young king sprang forward to protect their master. The youth had hidden himself within the folds of the tent. Douglas, however, did not pursue his adventure further; sounding the horn, he recalled the three hundred men who had followed him. "What have you done?" asked Randolph, when the Scots had regained their intrenchments. "We have shed a little blood, my lord, that is all," said Douglas. "We should have crossed over with the whole of our army," insisted his friend; "our provisions are exhausted." On the following night the Scots disappeared in silence, carrying with them a rich booty, while King Edward, incensed and humiliated, again marched towards York, whither his affianced bride, Philippa of Hainault, had been conducted by John of Hainault. The marriage was celebrated on St. Paul's day, 1328. The king was sixteen years of age, while the queen was one year younger. Peace had



EDWARD II. AND HIS GAOLERS.



BLACK DOUGLAS BEFORE THE KING'S TENT.

just been concluded with Scotland; the independence of that kingdom had thereby been acknowledged; the crown jewels, which had been formerly seized by Edward I., had been restored; and the little Princess Joan, who was betrothed to David, the young son of Robert Bruce, had been taken to Berwick and given up to the Scots. It seemed as though the deliverer of Scotland had waited for this great triumph before going to his last rest. He died in the following year, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, leaving wise counsels to his countrymen; and to his faithful friend, the good Lord James Douglas, the task of carrying his heart to Palestine, in order that his vow to visit the Holy Land might be fulfilled. The evils of a minority threatened Scotland at the very moment when England was escaping from that calamity.

The arrogance of Mortimer had increased with his power, and the great noblemen were beginning to chafe under the yoke which he imposed upon them. The Earl of Lancaster had been the first to make an attempt against the favorite; but he had been defeated, notwithstanding that he obtained the temporary support of the king's uncles, the Earl of Kent and the Earl of Norfolk. Mortimer ravaged the possessions of Lancaster like a conquered kingdom. A rumor had been spread abroad that King Edward II. was not dead, and the Earl of Kent had perhaps been encouraged in this illusion, which was the cause of his ruin. He was accused of high treason, and condemned for the strange crime of having endeavored to replace a dead man upon the throne. The execution took place on the 19th of May, 1330, in spite of the noble birth of the victim, and the public indignation reached its climax. The young king had hitherto remained silent concerning state matters, and had appeared as a docile instrument in the hands of his mother and Mortimer, although he had kept aloof from them since his marriage,

not permitting his young wife to frequent a corrupt and licentious court.

It was on the 13th of June, 1330, that a son was born to King Edward, who was to achieve a mighty reputation as Prince of Wales. The young king, already a father at eighteen years of age, began to feel the disgrace of his situation, and to experience some remorse for the wrong which was being perpetrated in his name. Slowly and prudently he communicated his opinions to Lord Montacute, one of his advisers. A Parliament was convoked at Nottingham, in the month of October, the king being then lodged in the castle with Mortimer and his mother. On the night of the 19th, the keys of the fortress had been brought as usual to Queen Isabel, when Lord Montacute, accompanied by several friends, crept silently into the vaults of the castle, which had been opened to him by the governor. The king awaited him with great anxiety at the door of the great tower. The conspirators ascended a dark staircase and found themselves at the door of the queen's antechamber. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the voice of Mortimer was heard discussing with some of his adherents. Montacute and his friends broke open the door, and killed two sentinels who endeavored to defend it. Hearing the commotion, the queen ran forward, calling loudly upon her son, who had remained behind the door, but whose presence she guessed. "Fair son," she cried, "O spare the gentle Mortimer, my beloved cousin." The favorite was, however, dragged out, and at daybreak he was already on his way, under strong escort, to the Tower of London. Nottingham rang with sounds of joy.

The king had seized the reins of government; this he announced to his subjects in dissolving the Parliament and convoking a new representative assembly at Westminster.

On the 26th of November, 1330, the favorite was cited before his judges, the king himself being present at the trial. His crimes were notorious, and consequently the decision did not long remain doubtful. As he had put Hugh le Despencer to death without allowing him time to make any defence, Mortimer was himself drawn to Tyburn and hanged, with Sir Simon Beresford, one of his accomplices. His property, however, was not confiscated, and his family retained the title of Earl of March, which had been granted by the queen to her favorite. Isabel was imprisoned in the castle of Rising, treated with respect by her son, who paid a visit to her every year, and ministered liberally to all her necessities; but she never again left her retreat, in which she lived during more than twenty-seven years afterwards.

The Regent of Scotland, the Earl of Moray, was dead. The valiant Douglas had been slain in an expedition against the Moors of Spain, the first episode in the crusade which he had undertaken in company with the heart of Bruce. Scotland was now governed by the Earl of Mar, a warrior far inferior to the great champions of liberty, the friends and supporters of Robert Bruce. The time had come when England was to be raised out of the disgrace of the last treaty. The pretensions of Edward Baliol, the son of the exiled king, were advanced by several English peers who had formerly been deprived of property pertaining to them in Scotland. Baliol advanced into the northern counties, and a certain number of Scottish malcontents crossed the frontier and rallied round his standard. Entering Scotland, he soon found himself confronted by two armies superior to his own; but a skilful movement placed the invaders in an advantageous position; the Earl of Mar imprudently gave battle in a defile on Duplin Heath, where he was defeated and killed, with many others. Baliol had time to fortify

himself within Perth before the arrival of the Earl of March, and the Scottish fleet was destroyed by the little squadron brought over by the pretender. Baliol's forces were increasing day by day; he was crowned at Scone on the 2d of September, having secretly renewed to King Edward III. the allegiance which his father had rendered to Edward I.

But the crown thus acquired in seven weeks was destined to be lost in less than three months. On the night of the 16th of December, the new king was taken by surprise at Annan, in the county of Dumfries, by a Scottish corps under the command of the young Earl of Moray and Sir Archibald Douglas. Baliol, half-clad, and mounted upon a horse which he had not had time to saddle, contrived to escape to the English frontier, leaving his brother, Henry, dead behind him. King Edward received him with so much kindness that the Scottish people, indignant at the support accorded to the pretender, invaded the northern counties of England on several occasions, carrying their ravages to such an extent that King Edward determined to enter Scotland. In the month of May, 1333, he joined Baliol, who during two months had been besieging the town of Berwick. The garrison was preparing to surrender, when, on the 19th of July, Archibald Douglas, now Regent of Scotland, appeared in sight of the town. The English army was posted on the heights of Halidon Hill, protected by the marshes. The Scots were excited by the peril threatening Berwick; they attacked the enemy in spite of obstacles. Arrows fell thick in their midst during their passage across the marshes, and disorder had already broken out in their ranks, when they began their fierce onslaught on the hill. The assault was so vigorous that for a moment victory seemed to incline in their favor; but the regent fell, and with him and beside

him, his most valiant knights. King Edward rushed forward in pursuit of the Scots, who were beginning to fly. Lord Darcy, who was in command of the Irish peasants who had joined as auxiliaries, slaughtered the stragglers. Scotland had never suffered so lamentable a defeat. King David and his wife took refuge in France, and spent several years at Château Gaillard. Baliol was reinstated upon the throne, not, however, without ceding to his powerful ally the finest counties in the south of Scotland, to the general indignation of the Scottish people. They soon compelled him to take refuge in the territory which he had thus abandoned to England, where he maintained his position with great difficulty, although supported from time to time by fresh troops from England. A more ambitious project had been formed in the mind of the King of England, and the war with Scotland languished, while Edward was dreaming of conquering France.

The King of France, Charles IV., surnamed the Fair, had died in 1328; and, a short time after his death, the queen, his wife, had given birth to a daughter. The Salic law prohibiting the accession of females to the throne, the peers of the kingdom and the States-general had decreed that the crown belonged to the cousin of the deceased king, Philip of Valois, grandson of Philip the Bold, by his youngest son, Charles of Valois; and the new sovereign had taken undisputed possession of the throne. King Edward III. was scarcely sixteen years of age, and, although maintaining from that time forth, in England, that his right was superior to that of Philip of Valois, his mother Isabel being the daughter of Philip the Fair, he accepted the invitation of the King of France to render fealty and homage to him for the duchy of Aquitaine, and again performed the same ceremony in 1331, when he had attained his majority and was

king *de facto*. But in 1336, the young King of England felt that he was securely seated upon his throne. He was piqued by the support which Philip of Valois openly gave to the Scotch; and he publicly declared that the peers of France and the States-general had acted as rogues and robbers rather than as judges, and that for the future he would not recognize their decisions, but that he would maintain his own just rights. Thus began that disastrous war which has been called the "Hundred Years' War," but which, in reality, was waged from 1338 until 1453, during the reigns of five kings of France—Philip VI., John the Good, Charles V., Charles VI., and Charles VII.—and of as many kings of England—Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI. It cost the lives of millions of men, brought plague and famine with it, and caused unheard-of misery, without any result for the two nations other than a feeling of international hatred which has scarcely died out in our own time.

The preparations on both sides were gigantic. The English people looked with favor upon the war against France, and, in spite of the Magna Charta, the king was allowed to seize the Cornish tin and all the wool grown during the year, although they had already granted to him all the subsidies, tallage, and loans which he had demanded. Edward embarked at Orwell on the 15th of July, 1338, and landed four days afterwards at Antwerp. The Count of Flanders was an ally of the King of France, Philip; but his towns scarcely obeyed him. They were then under the influence of a brewer of Ghent, named Jacques van Arteveldt, who contracted a friendship with King Edward. He had negotiated also with more illustrious allies: the Emperor of Germany, the Dukes of Brabant and Guelders, the Counts of Hainault and Namur. All had received his money; but the troops

did not arrive, and when, on the 1st of July, 1339, the King of England at length succeeded in crossing the French frontier, the Counts of Namur and Hainault immediately abandoned him, and his other confederates soon did likewise. The king was compelled to return, after having, by the advice of Artevelde, assumed the title of King of France, and added to his coat of arms the lily side by side with the lions of England. The Parliament, as ardent in the cause of the war as the king himself, voted enormous subsidies, and on the 22d of June, 1340, Edward again left England to attack the French vessels of war huddled together in the port of Sluys. Queen Philippa had accompanied her husband, taking with her a great number of ladies in waiting, who were placed in the rear. The French and Genoese vessels hired by King Philip were numerous and very large; when they sailed out of port, attached together by iron chains and formed in four divisions, and advanced to dispute his passage, Edward uttered a cry of joy. "Ah!" said he, "I have long desired to fight with the French. So shall I meet some of them to-day by the grace of God and St. George." He began by standing out to sea again; his adversaries imagined that he declined an engagement, but he was desirous of avoiding the ardent rays of the sun; and, attacking briskly the first division of the French fleet, he soon made himself master of it in spite of a vigorous resistance.

A reinforcement arrived at the same time under the command of Lord Morley; the victors thereupon assailed the three French divisions at the same time. The French sailors became alarmed; they could not manage their vessels, nor disengage them to facilitate a retreat; after having fought during several hours, the French and Genoese sprang into the water, in order to escape by swimming. Many of them were killed, and the defeat was so decisive that nobody was

bold enough to communicate the news to King Philip. His court jester presented himself before the French monarch. "The English are cowards," he said. "Why so?" inquired the king. "Because they had not the courage to spring into the sea at Sluys as did the French and Normans." The king guessed the sad truth. Edward had landed on French soil, surrounded by the allies whom his victory had attracted round him; he laid siege to Saint-Omer and Tournay, sending thence a challenge to Philip of Valois, proposing to him to arrange their quarrel by single combat, or, that the fate of the two kingdoms should be intrusted to a hundred combatants on each side, or, that a day should be fixed on which a pitched battle should be fought. Philip answered with disdain; and, as in the preceding year, he left his enemy free to exhaust his strength and resources on insignificant places, without ever according him the opportunity of a general engagement. The coffers of the King of England soon became empty, and his allies refused to fight; he was compelled to consent to the armistice which Pope Benedict XII. advised, and he returned to his kingdom infuriated by the ill success of a campaign which had begun under brilliant auspices. He unexpectedly appeared in London, cast three judges into prison, deposed the chancellor and the treasurer, who had not been able, he said, to supply him with the subsidies necessary to his requirements, and immediately engaged in a contention with the Archbishop of Canterbury, president of the council. The archbishop exonerated himself before the Parliament, which, according to its wise custom, refused the subsidies until the king had promised the reform of existing abuses, and new guaranties against others in the future.

Meanwhile King David Bruce had returned to Scotland; he was eighteen years of age, was handsome, of good figure,

and also skilled in athletic exercises. The joy of his subjects, therefore, was great at his arrival. Baliol had been driven back into England; and, notwithstanding several attempts of the young Scottish king upon the northern counties, Edward concluded an armistice with him in 1342, intrusting Baliol with the task of defending the English frontier, so much was he absorbed in the war with France, and in thoughts of revenge for his past checks.

A new opening had presented itself to him upon the French territory. John III., Duke of Brittany, had died without issue in 1341, and his brother, John of Montfort, had immediately seized his treasure, as well as several important towns. But Joan of Penthièvre, otherwise Joan the Lamé, wife of Charles, Count of Blois, claimed the duchy as the daughter of Guy of Montfort, a younger brother of the deceased duke. The Count of Blois was the nephew of Philip of Valois, and he had invoked the aid of his uncle. Montfort had been summoned to Paris to render an account of his claims. After having appeared before the king he had fled secretly, and his first care had been to repair to London, there to do homage to the King of England in respect to Brittany. Edward had promised to support him, but already a French army had marched into Brittany. John of Montfort had been captured at Nantes, and his wife, Joan of Flanders, had with difficulty contrived to escape with her son to the castle of Hennebon, where she was besieged by the Duke of Normandy. The countess "had indeed the heart of a man and a lion," says Froissart, and she valiantly encouraged her partisans, while waiting for the succor which she had asked from England. The wind was unfavorable; the English vessels did not arrive, and treachery began to do its work in the town, when Joan, looking from her window, perceived sails in the

offing. "It is coming! it is coming!" she cried, "the succor which I have so long desired." The rising tide brought to her Walter de Manny, a valiant knight of Hainault, who had become a faithful servant to the King of England, and one of the most illustrious amongst his warriors. He was accompanied by a goodly number of knights and men-at-arms, and soon caused the siege to be raised. But the war continued in Lower Brittany. With singular inconsistency the King of France, who owed his elevation to the throne to the Salic law, was maintaining in Brittany the cause of female succession, while Edward was defending the rights of the male sex, which he had refused to recognize in the case of Philip of Valois. An armistice enabled the Countess de Montfort to cross over to England to obtain reinforcements. When she returned to Brittany, she was accompanied by Robert of Artois, brother-in-law of King Philip and his most deadly enemy. The town of Vannes was captured and recaptured. Robert of Artois, wounded, succeeded, although not without great difficulty, in escaping to England, there to die at the very moment when Edward was setting sail with the resolution of directing the war in Brittany in person. He landed in the month of October, 1343, at Hennebon, with twelve thousand men, and immediately laid siege to Vannes, Rennes, and Nantes, with no other result than the devastation of the country, already overrun by so many enemies, and the retreat of Charles of Blois, whose forces had been greatly reduced.

The arrival of the Duke of Normandy, the eldest son of King Philip, soon enabled the French troops to act once more upon the aggressive by besieging Edward, encamped before Vannes. The two armies were suffering severely from the inclemency of the weather. The Duke of Normandy dreaded the reinforcements which were expected by the Eng-

lish. Edward foresaw that his provisions would shortly be exhausted, when the legates of the Pope arrived, and, by dint of their exertions, a truce of three years was arranged; the siege of Vannes was then raised.

Notwithstanding the truce, the war still raged in Brittany. King Philip of Valois aroused a widespread feeling of indignation by arresting several Breton noblemen at a tournament, among others, Oliver de Clisson, and by causing them to be beheaded without trial, as guilty of relations with the English. The head of Clisson was sent to Nantes; but the king had created an implacable foe in the person of Joan of Belville, the widow of Clisson, who immediately armed all her vassals, and soon vied with Joan of Montfort herself in courage and intrepidity. The countess had recently had the satisfaction of seeing her husband, who had escaped from prison, where he had been incarcerated for six years. He brought with him, from England, a small body of troops, which he landed at Hennebon in the middle of September, 1345; but his health was impaired, and he died on the 26th of the same month, naming King Edward guardian of his son.

Hostilities recommenced openly. During the truce the two kings had made preparations for a desperate struggle. Among the taxes which King Philip had devised for the purpose of filling his coffers, was the monopoly of salt. "It is indeed by the *Salic* law that Philip of Valois reigns," said Edward. "The King of England is but a wool merchant," was the reply at the court of France. The Parliament had granted fresh subsidies, recommending merely to the king that he should put an end to the war promptly either by battle or by treaty.

The Earl of Derby was already in Guienne, retaking, one by one, all the places which had been captured by the

enemy, when King Edward landed in Flanders, on the 26th of June, 1345, for the purpose of obtaining an interview with the deputies of the great Flemish towns. The citizens, under the command of Jacques van Artevelde, had by degrees deprived their ruler of his power, and King Edward had conceived the hope of substituting his son, the Prince of Wales, for Count Louis of Flanders, who refused to renounce his alliance with the King of France. But when he unfolded his plans before the deputies of the cities, and although he was ardently supported by Artevelde, the Flemings eyed each other, and asked that they might be allowed to consult their fellow-citizens. "Yes," said the King of England, "by all means;" and he waited at Sluys while Artevelde proceeded to Bruges and to Ypres, there to plead the cause of his patron and ally. He placed too much reliance, however, upon his good city of Ghent; there the disaffection on his return was general. "They began to murmur and to talk together in little groups (says the *Chronicle*), saying, 'Here is a man who is too much the master, and who would compel the county of Flanders to do his behest, which cannot be tolerated.'" "As Jacques van Artevelde rode through the streets, he soon perceived that there was some change in the feeling towards him, and returning quickly to his residence, he caused the doors thereof to be closed."

This precaution was not taken too soon; a furious crowd already surrounded the house, demanding the public treasure of Flanders, which had been sent, they said, to England by Artevelde. "He therefore replied very meekly, 'Verily, gentlemen, as to the treasures of Flanders, I have not taken one single penny.' 'No, no,' they cried; 'we know the truth, that you have emptied the public coffers and sent the contents to England secretly, for which act you



VAN ARTEVELDE AT HIS DOOR.



must suffer death.' When Arteveldt heard these words he clasped his hands and burst into tears, saying at the same time, 'Gentlemen, such as I am so have you made me, and you formerly swore that you would defend and protect me. Do you not know how trade languished in this country? I restored it to you. And then I governed you so peacefully that you have had everything at will: wheat, wool, and every species of commodity with which you have been clothed and become fat.' But the people cried out, 'Come down, and do not preach to us from so great a height.' (Arteveldt was at a window.) Thereupon Arteveldt closed the shutter of the window, and determined to go out at the rear and take refuge in a church which adjoined his residence; but already the doors had been burst open, admitting more than four hundred persons, all eager to capture him. Finally, he was captured among them and slain on the spot without mercy. Thus ended the career of Arteveldt, who in his time was so great a ruler in Flanders. To the poorer classes he owed his princely elevation, and at the hands of the malignant populace he came to his end."

When the news of the death of Arteveldt reached King Edward at Sluys, he was irritated and despondent; all his schemes were frustrated through the loss of his faithful ally, and he therefore set sail for England, vowing to be avenged on the Flemings. The latter greatly feared his resentment; the wool which was so necessary in their manufactures was imported almost exclusively from England. They dispatched an embassy to London for the purpose of exonerating themselves, and in order to hint at the possibility of a marriage between the daughter of King Edward and the young *damoiseau*, the heir of Flanders. "Thus would the county of Flanders always remain to one of your children." These

representations, together with others, softened greatly the resentment of King Edward, who finally declared himself well pleased with the Flemings, as were the Flemings with him; thus by degrees was the death of Jacques van Arteveldt partially forgotten on both sides.

Meanwhile the preparations for the passage to France were completed. The army was numerous and spirited; the project openly announced was to pass into Gascony, there to sustain the Earl of Derby, who was hemmed in by the Duke of Normandy; but Godefroy d'Harcourt, a French baron in exile in England, urged Edward to attack Normandy, a rich and undefended country. The king resolved to adopt the course proposed, and on the 12th of July, 1346, he disembarked at La Hogue; immediately on landing his foot slipped, and he fell. "So return into your ship, *cher sire*," said the English knights, "for this is a bad omen for you;" to which the king replied pointedly and without hesitation, "Why so? It is a very good sign, for the land evidently wishes for me." At which all the barons were greatly rejoiced.

The soil of Normandy was unwise to wish for King Edward, for he pillaged and burned down everything before him. Barfleur, Carentan, and Saint-Lô had already succumbed when he appeared before Caen. The burghers had mustered all their forces, and the Count d'Eu, the Constable of France, with the Count de Tancarville, was there, supported by gallant knights. "But as soon as the burghers beheld the approach of the English, who were approaching in three lines, close and compact, and saw these banners and these pennants flying and streaming in the wind, and heard the cries of these archers whom they were not accustomed to see or hear, they were so alarmed and discomfited among themselves that nothing in the world could have

hindered their taking to flight; accordingly they dispersed towards their town in disorder, without consulting the Constable of France in the matter."

When the knights found that they were no longer supported by the burghers, they surrendered to Sir Thomas Holland, and the King of England commanded that no harm should be done in the city of Caen, where "the English remained during three days, and therein captured such magnificent booty, marvellous to think of, which they immediately dispatched to England, while the king was riding towards Paris," taking Louviers, Vernon, and Verneuil. They arrived at Poissy; and the marshals of the English army even advanced as far as Saint-Germain, Neuilly, Saint-Cloud, Boulogne, and Bourg-la-Reine, "whereat the inhabitants of Paris were grievously disquieted."

King Philip had convoked all his followers, and a large army was beginning to assemble round him; the French endeavored to gain time, in order to muster in numbers and overwhelm their enemies by superior forces. The depredations committed around Paris had meanwhile spread uneasiness at the court, and the king proceeded to St. Denis, where his allies were assembled, "the King of Bohemia, John of Hainault, who had become French; the Duke of Lorraine, the Count of Flanders, the Count of Blois, and a great number of barons and knights. When the inhabitants of Paris saw that their sovereign was leaving them, they were more alarmed than before, and came and knelt down before him. 'Ah! sire and noble king, what would you do? Would you thus depart and leave the good city of Paris? Here your enemies are but two leagues distant, and soon will be in this city, where we have not and shall not have any one to defend us against them!' 'Fear nothing, my good folk,' said the king, 'the English will not come to you, for I shall

march against them and attack them, howsoever they may be.' ”

King Edward had left Poissy on the 16th of August, 1346, taking the road to Picardy ; he was expecting a reinforcement of the Flemings, who had promised to invade the French territory, and he was anxious to be nearer to his auxiliaries. King Philip followed closely upon his steps. The army of the French monarch increased day by day, and he hoped to overtake his enemies, in order to give battle to them before they could cross the Somme. The English were vainly seeking a ford, and tidings had been received that Philip had arrived at Amiens. Edward had caused all the prisoners who had been taken in the county of Ponthieu to be brought to Oisemont, where he was encamped, and said to them “very courteously, ‘Is there a man among you who knows of a passage which should be below Abbeville, where we and our army may cross without danger? If there is any one who will inform us of this, we will release him from prison as well as twenty of his comrades, in gratitude to him.’ Whereupon a fellow named Gobin Agace, who had been born and bred near the passage of the Blanche-Tache, advanced and said to the king, ‘Sire, yes, in the name of God, I know it and will conduct you to it.’ When the King of England heard these words he was rejoiced, and orders were given to his soldiery to be in readiness by sunrise; for the salt tide flowed as high as the Blanche-Tache, and it was desirable to take advantage of the ebb for crossing over.” On arriving before the ford, they there saw a noble knight named Godemar de Fay, who bravely defended the passage; “but he was defeated with all his men,” and the English found themselves on the other side, whither King Philip was eager to follow them, when he had heard the news; but the flood tide had already returned, and it was necessary to wait until the mor-

row, while King Edward, who was still riding forward, had taken possession of Le Crotoy, and had arrived at the county of Ponthieu.

He was in the open country not far from Crécy, when he said to his men, "Let us halt here for a while. I will go no further until I shall have seen our enemies, for I stand upon the rightful inheritance of that noble lady my mother, which was given to her on her marriage; so will I defend it against my adversary, Philip of Valois!" And the king and his followers encamped upon the open plain, the king superintending all its labors. For his army was small in comparison with that of the King of France, who was constantly being joined by fresh barons and allies, who were unable to find quarters in the good town of Abbeville, and were encamped in the surrounding neighborhood.

It was on the morning of the 26th of August; King Edward had attended mass and taken the communion, as had also his son, the Prince of Wales; and he had drawn up his men in three battle corps, intrusting the first to the command of the young prince, supported by the Earls of Warwick and Oxford; Northampton and Arundel were placed at the head of the second, while the third the king reserved for himself. "When the three divisions were arranged, and every earl, baron, and knight knew what he had to do, the King of England, seated upon a small white palfrey, with his rod in his hand, rode slowly from line to line, admonishing and exhorting the earls, the barons, and the knights to understand and reflect that for his honor they must guard and defend his right; and he said these things to them smiling so pleasantly and with so joyous a manner, that whoever had been previously quite dejected began to take comfort on hearing and beholding him. He then commanded that all the men should eat at their ease and drink a draught; after which they sat down upon

the ground with their casques and crossbows in front of them, in order to be more fresh and better prepared on the arrival of their enemies; for it was the intention of the King of England to await his enemy, the King of France, upon that spot, and there to oppose him and his power."

Meanwhile King Philip had marched forward with all his forces, dispatching before him four of his best knights to examine the positions of the English. "Sire," said, on his return, the most renowned among them, called the Monk of Basèle, "the English are drawn up and arranged in good order, and await you. Therefore it is well that your men should halt in the fields and rest for the remainder of this day, for they are fatigued. It is late, and to-morrow you will be able with more leisure to consider on which side you can attack your enemies, for you may rest assured that they will await your coming."

The king perceived the wisdom of the advice, and the two marshals of the army rode on, one in front and the other in the rear, exclaiming, "Halt, banners! by order of the king, in the name of God and St. Denis." The foremost among them obeyed at once and drew up; but not so those in the rear, who still urged their horses forward, saying they would not stop until they had gone as far as those in advance of them. Whereupon the front ranks recommenced their onward march, "and through their great pride and vanity, neither the king nor his two marshals could exact obedience from them, for there were such distinguished warriors and such a large number of great noblemen, that each desired on this occasion to show his power."

This marching soon brought them within sight of the English. When the French knights in the front ranks first saw them, they were smitten with shame at their disorderly appearance, and fell back a few steps; those who were behind

thought that an engagement had taken place, and that they had been defeated; they pressed forward with all the citizens and inhabitants of Abbeville who had followed the army. When they saw the enemy they cried, "Death to them! Death to them!" drawing and brandishing at the same time their swords; the confusion increased every minute.

King Philip had seen the enemy, as well as his soldiers, "and his blood was stirred, for he hated them." He forgot all; the prudent advice of the Monk of Basèle, the fatigue of his troops and their disorder; and he exclaimed, "Send our Genoese troops in front, and let us begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis!"

The Genoese soldiers were weary after their long march; they murmured; at the same instant a violent tempest arose; the rain fell in torrents. They were in the presence of the English troops who had risen in "very good order, and without any alarm," and had taken up the positions assigned to them. When the sky became clear again, the sun shone in the faces of the French soldiers; the Genoese shouted as they marched to the combat, "so very loud that it was marvellous, in order to terrify the English; but they kept quite quiet and made no show." The crossbow-men began to shoot; but in the midst of their compact numbers the redoubtable English arrows were pouring down like hail, and the Genoese, "who had not learned to encounter such archers as those from England, when they felt these bolts and arrows which pierced their arms, heads, and lips, were immediately discomfited, and fell back upon the bulk of the army."

The knights were ready lance in hand, awaiting their turn. King Philip became incensed on beholding the rout of the Genoese, who impeded his progress. "Now then," he cried, "kill all this rabble who bar the way to no purpose."

And the unhappy Genoese fell by the swords of their allies as they had previously fallen by the arrows of their enemies. The French horsemen waded through their blood to approach the English.

The mellay began, terrible and confused; the old King of Bohemia, blind and surrounded by his followers, inquired how matters were progressing. This was at the moment when the Genoese were being slaughtered. "They fall back upon each other, and prevent our advancing," said his knights. "Ah!" replied the king, "this is the signal for us; therefore, I beg you, my men, friends and comrades, to lead me so far forward that I may wield a sword against the enemy." And they, fearing to lose the king in the confusion, bound their horses together by the bridles, and "placed the king their lord in front, and thus fell upon the enemy; on whom the king inflicted blows one after the other, and all remained there and not one stirred," for all the knights were on the morrow found dead around their master.

Meanwhile the King of England did not fight; he had not even donned his helmet, and contemplated the battle from a little eminence. The French cavalry were closely pressing the Prince of Wales; the Earl of Northampton desired the king to come to his son's aid. "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?" asked Edward of the messenger. "No, my lord; but he is in the thick of the fray, and is in great need of your assistance." "Return to those who sent you," answered the king, "and tell them not to send for me again while my son is still alive, but to let the youth win his spurs; for I intend, if it please God, that this day be his." And thus was it done.

The French were exhausting themselves in vain; their numbers and their valor had not been able to triumph over

the disorder and the unskilful arrangement of the troops. Their best warriors lay stretched upon the field of battle, and nightfall approached. John of Hainault seized the bridle of the horse upon which the King of France was seated, and dragged him away from the struggle. They rode along in silence; five horsemen only followed the king. They arrived at the gate of a castle, but the drawbridge was raised. "Open," said Philip; "it is the unfortunate King of France who entreats you." After resting for a while he resumed his journey towards Amiens, while the English, who had not pursued the enemy, were gathering together by torchlight around the tent of King Edward; the latter had just left the hill and advanced towards the prince, whom he embraced. "My gallant son," he said, "God give you good perseverance; you are my son, and have loyally acquitted yourself; you are worthy to be a sovereign." The dead being interred, King Edward marched towards Calais, to which he laid siege on the 31st of August. The town was strong, and the garrison was known to be resolute. The English proceeded to build a town of wood around the ramparts, King Philip had recalled from Guienne the Duke of Normandy, thus relieving the Earl of Derby, who was closely besieged in Bordeaux, and Sir Walter de Manny, who was defending Aiguillon. These two knights had nothing more at present to do than to rejoin King Edward before Calais. They did not know how long a time was destined to elapse before the surrender of that town.

The position of the King of France was becoming serious; he endeavored to divert the attention of the enemy. His ally, David, King of Scotland, had promised to attempt an invasion of England; the moment seemed propitious, all the English commanders and knights were beyond the sea. At the end of September, 1346, David marched therefore into

the county of Cumberland with a considerable army, pillaging and sacking everything on their way. Queen Philippa had already levied some troops, and at Newcastle, where she was stationed, she was better informed of the movements of the Scots than the latter were of her preparations for resistance. The English army assembled in the park of Auckland, unknown to King David. No commander-in-chief had been appointed; but four prelates and as many barons marched at the head of the troops, "and the good dame, Queen Philippa, prayed and admonished them to do their duty well," says Froissart. As she was returning to Newcastle, on the 17th of October, Douglas, the Lord of Liddesdale, who was coming back from a plundering expedition, fell among the English, whose presence he did not suspect, and with difficulty cut his way through them. The King of Scotland immediately drew up his forces on the plain of Nevil's Cross. He fought valiantly; but, having been twice wounded, he was made a prisoner by a plain esquire, named John Copeland, who conducted him to his castle. The Scottish earls and barons lay stretched upon the field of battle, or had fallen alive into the hands of their enemies. The queen was rejoicing at Newcastle; she sent to John Copeland, commanding that the King of Scotland should be given up to her. "I will surrender him to no man or woman except my lord, the King of England," replied the worthy esquire; "and be not uneasy upon his account, for I intend to keep him so carefully that I will render good account of him." The queen was not quite satisfied, however, and with the good news of victory the reply of the stubborn esquire arrived at Calais. "King Edward had great joy in the good fortune that God had bestowed on his people, and he immediately summoned John Copeland to come to him at Calais." The esquire placed his prisoner in a place of safety "in a strong castle, on the borders of

Northumberland and Galloway, and proceeded to Calais, to the quarters of the king."

"Welcome," said Edward, on seeing Copeland, "my faithful esquire, who by your valor have made a prisoner of our adversary the King of Scotland." "Sire," said John, kneeling, "God in His great goodness has so willed it that He has delivered the King of Scotland into my hands, for He can, if it please Him, bestow his grace upon a poor esquire as well as upon a great nobleman. And, sire, do not bear me any ill-will if I did not immediately surrender him to the queen, for it is to you that I have sworn allegiance." The king smiled. "But you will now take your prisoner, John," he said, "and take him to my wife." And he loaded with presents the esquire, who returned well content. King David was promptly lodged in the Tower of London.

The war still continued in Brittany. Charles of Blois had been made a prisoner before Roche-Derrien, on the 18th of June, 1347, and had joined King David in his captivity; while Joan the Lamé was maintaining the struggle against the allies of the Count of Montfort, who were still directed by her mother, the Countess Joan, and against the sudden attacks of Joan of Belleville, the widow of Oliver de Clisson. This women's war was neither the least skilful nor the least sanguinary. Edward III. was still before Calais.

The town was reduced to the last extremity. Twice already had the non-combatants been expelled. Sheltered at first by King Edward, these unhappy wretches, driven out of the famine-stricken town, afterwards had died of hunger and destitution between the two camps. John of Vienne, a valiant knight in command at Calais, had sent information to King Philip of the desperate situation in which he was placed. "Remember, sire, that there remains nothing uneaten in the town; not a dog, a cat, or a horse; so that of pro-

visions we can find none in the place — unless we eat the flesh of our people.” Philip of Valois unfurled the oriflamme, and summoned his knights round it, to march to the deliverance of his good town of Calais.

The rejoicing was general inside the town; the banners of the French army were visible flying in the air, and their white tents glistened in the sun on the Mount of Sangatte. The citizens already thought that their deliverance had been effected. But the King of England had taken his precautions; the road along the Dunes was protected by English vessels well furnished with archers. The road across the marshes was defended by the Earl of Derby, who was stationed on the bridge of Nieulay, which the king had fortified with towers. The French knights sent out to reconnoitre, after examining the ground, informed the king that it was impossible to cross it. “Thereupon King Philip sent emissaries to the King of England, to pray and require him to choose with them a spot whereon one might fight, and thither to come and confront the King of France.”

Edward had formerly challenged King Philip, who had declined to encounter him; it was now his turn. “My lord,” he said to the emissary from the French camp, “I duly heard that which you demand of me on the part of my adversary who wrongfully holds my just inheritance, to my injury. Therefore tell him that I have been here during more than a year, that this was well known to him, and that he might have come sooner had he pleased. I have spent heavily of my substance, and I expect very shortly to be master of the town of Calais. Therefore I am not in a mind to obey his bidding and his convenience, nor to let go what I have conquered, what I have so ardently desired and so dearly paid for. If his men cannot pass that way, let them go round to seek a path.”

This message was reported to the King of France, "who was incensed thereat," says Froissart, but who made no effort, and again took the road towards Amiens; the banners disappeared from the Mount Sangatte; the tents were struck, and inside the town despair succeeded to the hope which had for a while sustained the brave citizens. John de Vienne ascended the walls of the town, and made a sign that he wished to hold a parley. Sir Walter de Manny immediately approached him. "Good sir," said the brave governor, "you see that our succor has failed. Beg your king to have mercy upon us, and to let us walk out as we are; he will find in the town and the castle enough of goods."

Sir Walter de Manny knew of the anger which the king his master had against the inhabitants of Calais. He shook his head. "Sir John, Sir John," he said, "the king our master will not let you go as you have said; it is his intention that you shall all submit to his will." "Never," said John de Vienne. And he retired within the town, while the English knights were proceeding to carry the news of what had passed to the king. "You might well be wrong, sire," said Walter de Manny, "for you set us a bad example. If you should wish to send us to your fortresses, we should not go so willingly, if you cause these people to be put to death; for thus should we be served under similar circumstances." King Edward remained gloomy; all the barons agreed with Sir Walter. At length Edward exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I will not remain alone against you all. Walter, you shall go to those in Calais, and inform the commander that the utmost mercy which they will find in me is, that there shall issue forth from the town of Calais six of the most distinguished citizens bareheaded and barefooted, with halters round their necks, and the keys of the

town and of the castle in their hands; and with these I will do as I please. I will show mercy to the others."

Sir Walter had borne the king's message to Calais. The consternation was great in the public square, where all the inhabitants were assembled. They wept bitterly; "even Sir John de Vienne conceived such pity for them that he cried most tenderly."

"At length arose the richest citizen of the town, who was called Eustache de Saint-Pierre, and said in presence of all, 'Gentlemen, great pity and great wrong would it be to leave so great a number of persons as are here to perish, by famine or otherwise, when some other means can here be found; and I have such great hope of receiving grace and forgiveness through our Lord, if I die to save these people, that I wish to be the first, and will willingly place myself in my shirt bareheaded, barefooted, and with a halter round my neck, at the mercy of the King of England.' And when Eustache had uttered these words, several men and women threw themselves at his feet, weeping tenderly, and it was greatly affecting to be there, and to hear, listen to, and look at them."

The example of devotion is contagious. John d'Aire, "a worthy citizen, who had two beautiful damsels for daughters, declared that he would accompany his fellow-citizen, Eustache." James and Peter de Vissant did likewise; then two others; and the six citizens, in their shirts and barefooted, with a rope round their necks, the keys of the town in their hands, issued forth from Calais, conducted by Sir John de Vienne, upon his little horse, for he was too unwell to walk. Amid the cries and tears of the population he consigned the condemned men to Walter de Manny. "I beg you, gentle sir," he said, "to intercede for them with the King of England, that these poor men may not be put to

death." The worthy knight was anxious to do so, but he advanced without speaking. They arrived before the King of England.

Edward was in the road outside his residence; all his knights surrounded him. Queen Philippa was by his side. "When he saw the citizens he remained very still and looked very cruelly at them, for he hated those of Calais for the great damage and checks which they had caused to his ships in bygone times." The unhappy men had fallen on their knees, offering to the king the keys of the town, and begging for mercy. All the barons were in tears, "being unable to restrain themselves for pity;" but the king eyed them angrily, for he was so hard-hearted and smitten with such great anger that he was unable to speak. At length he broke the silence, and ordered that they should instantly be beheaded. All the knights were weeping and supplicating. Sir Walter de Manny, who was entitled to speak, reproached the king for his severity; but Edward gnashed his teeth, and said, "Sir Walter, hold your peace! It shall not be otherwise. Let the headsman come forward."

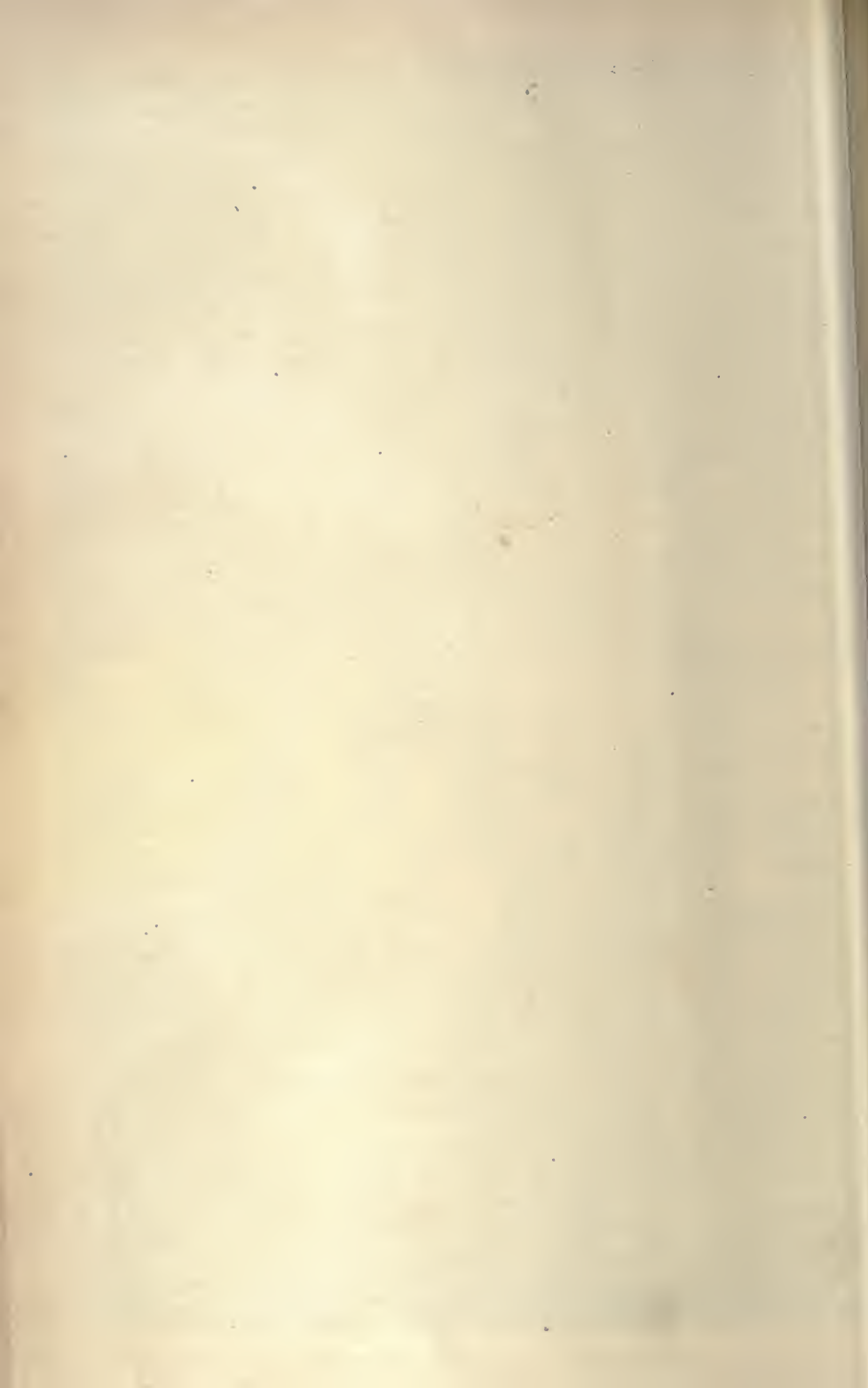
Queen Philippa had thrown herself on her knees, "crying so tenderly with compassion that she could not support herself." "Ah! gentle sire," she said, "since I crossed the sea in great peril, I have asked nothing of you; if to-day I beg of you as a gift for the Son of the Holy Virgin and the love of me, that you will have mercy on these six men." The king waited a short time before speaking; he eyed the good lady his wife. "Ah! lady," he said, "I should be but too pleased were you elsewhere but here. You beg so earnestly that I dare not refuse you; and, although I do so with difficulty, take them, I give them to you; do with them as you please." Then the queen rose, saying, "My lord, many thanks!" And she took with her the six citizens, and

caused them to be clothed and fed at their ease; she then sent them away from the army in safety. They went and established themselves in different towns in Picardy, while Edward took possession of Calais on the 3d of August, 1347. Queen Philippa was quartered in the house of John d'Aire, which the king had given to her; "and there was such merrymaking as was marvellous, except among the poor inhabitants of Calais, who wept secretly in their dwellings." The king had resolved to establish an English population at Calais, and the former possessors were about to quit forever that town, which they had so valiantly defended.

Calais had fallen, and King Edward's vengeance was appeased. The legates of the Pope had recommenced their work of conciliation. A truce was concluded, for a few months at first, and afterwards prolonged from time to time for six years. The finances of France were exhausted; the English Parliament refused the subsidies, and the Black Plague, come from the East, was ravaging Europe. France and England, already weakened by wars, saw their populations decimated by the pestilence. It was in vain that the Flagellants overran the towns and villages, lacerating themselves with whips, to appease the anger of God; it was in vain that the Jews, accused of poisoning the fountains, were slaughtered; the cemeteries of London could not contain the dead, so that Sir Walter de Manny made a present to the city of a new site. King Edward issued an edict to compel all able-bodied men to accept work; the fields remained uncultivated, and famine threatened the districts ravaged by the plague. Notwithstanding the armistice, fighting was still carried on in Guienne, in Brittany, and as far as Calais. The governor, Aymeric of Pavia, had promised to surrender the town to the French for a large sum. Was it an act of treachery, and did he himself cause King Edward



QUEEN PHILIPPA AT THE FEET OF THE KING.



to be informed of the bargain which he had concluded? This may be supposed, since he escaped the anger of his master; but the King of England crossed the Channel very secretly, and arrived at Calais at the moment when Geoffrey de Chargny was approaching to enter the town. The knights proceeded towards the gates. Edward had put aside all his insignia of royalty, and fought under the standard of Walter de Manny. Twice he staggered under the blows of Eustace of Ribauumont; but, having at length triumphed over the brave Picard, at the moment when the French were retreating in disorder, he led him into the castle, Ribauumont not knowing the name of his conqueror. At supper, Edward rose, and taking the pearl necklace which he wore on his hood, he placed it upon that of Sir Eustace. "Sir Eustace," said he, "I give you this chaplet, as the best combatant of the day, of those within and without the town, and I beg that you will wear it this year, for love of me, saying everywhere that I gave it to you. I release you from your prison, and you can depart to-morrow, if you please." "And Sir Eustace of Ribauumont was much rejoiced." Aymeric of Pavia had less reason to congratulate himself upon the success of the day. Geoffrey de Chargny surprised him in the castle wherein he had taken refuge, and put him to death as a traitor.

Another occasion caused graver danger to the life of King Edward. The Spanish pirates of the Bay of Biscay were desolating the coast of Flanders and hampering the commerce with England. King Edward resolved to punish their insolence, and, on the 20th of August, 1350, after having cruised about during three days between Dover and Calais, announcement was made of the approach of the vessels led by Don Carlos de La Cerda, the chief of the association of pirates. The engagement began with great fury on both

sides. The king had directed his vessel against a large Spanish ship; several leaks had been opened by the shock, and the English vessel was about to founder, when the sailors, making a desperate effort, boarded and seized the enemy's ship, and took refuge upon their conquest. The Prince of Wales, in a similar peril, had been saved by the Earl of Derby. After the victory, which had been dearly bought, King Edward proceeded to rejoin the queen at Winchester. Her servants had already brought her tidings of the battle, which they had anxiously watched from the heights. A truce of twenty years was concluded between the King of England and the seaport towns of Castile.

The armistice, traversed by so many different combats and perils, was about to expire. Philip of Valois had died in 1350, and his son, John the Good, had at first appeared disposed to accept the proposals for peace of the King of England. At a conference which had taken place at Guines, Edward III. had offered to relinquish his claims upon the kingdom of France, provided that he might obtain absolute possession of the provinces which he held as vassal, in his own name or in that of the queen; but the French barons would not agree to this dismemberment of the territory. The king was young, ardent, and fond of glory: he did not resist their entreaties. The proposals of the King of England were rejected. He complained loudly of the bad faith of his adversaries, and obtained money of the Parliament to prepare for the renewal of the hostilities. An expedition of the Prince of Wales in Guienne, and an incursion of King Edward into the north of France, had not achieved great success. The king was soon recalled to England by an attack of the Scots upon Berwick. The unhappy town, buffeted about from master to master by bloody sieges, had recently been retaken by Edward, who penetrated further

into Scotland, and ravaged the whole country. According to the doctrine of the period, that a people could be sold or bought, Edward had paid Baliol for his rights to the throne of Scotland a pension of two thousand marks of silver, and once more claimed to enslave the Scotch. The want of provisions in a devastated country compelled him to retire. For a long time the memory of this expedition served to animate the ardor of the Scots during their invasions into England. "Remember burnt Candlemas," they would cry to each other. It was the title which had been given to that series of pillages and conflagrations.

Edward had not yet quitted England, and had not even been able to send reinforcements to the Black Prince, as the Prince of Wales was called by reason of the color of his armor, when the latter took the field, towards the end of June, 1356, with the object of ravaging the French provinces. An expedition of this kind, effected in the preceding year, had brought him a great deal of booty. He had overrun Agénois, Limousin, Auvergne, and had arrived as far as Berry. Repulsed before Bourges and Issoudun, he had taken Vierzon, burned down Romorantin, and was beginning to fall back in the direction of Guienne with the fruits of his pillage, when King John, quitting Chartres, advanced towards Poitiers. The devastation caused by the Black Prince had exasperated the country populations. Nobody warned him of the danger to which he was about to expose himself when, in his turn, he took the road to Poitiers with his little army. Suddenly, on the 17th of September, 1356, the English advanced guard found itself immediately in the rear of the French forces; the couriers saw the country covered with troops; the retreat towards Guienne was cut off. "May God interpose," said the Prince, seized with great anxiety; "we must have advice and counsel how we shall fight them

with advantage." And at the same time the King of France was saying in his army, "Truly, gentlemen, when you are at Paris, at Chartres, at Rouen, or at Orleans, you threaten the English and you wish to stand before them ready for the fray. Now are you there, I show them to you; here you must show your displeasure, for, without mishap, we shall fight them." And those who had heard him answered, "May God decide, all this will we willingly see."

It was on the 18th of September, in the morning. All the flower of the French chivalry thronged around the king and his four sons. It is affirmed that the French army numbered more than fifty thousand men. The forces of the Black Prince did not amount to twelve thousand; but the English had prudently intrenched themselves behind some hedges and underwood in the midst of the vines; they could only be approached by a narrow road, lined with archers. At the moment when, by the advice of Eustace of Ribault, the French knights prepared to alight to make an attack, the Cardinal of Périgord arrived, begging the king to permit him to negotiate between the two armies. "The English are but a handful compared with you; if you can capture them, and cause them to place themselves at your mercy without giving battle, this manner would be more honorable and profitable to you." The king consented thereto, and the cardinal promptly galloped towards the English army. "Gallant son," he said to the Black Prince, "if you had justly considered the power of the King of France, you would suffer me to arrange terms with him for you, if I could." Therefore the Prince, who was then a young man, answered, "My lord, saving my honor and that of my men, I am ready to listen to anything in reason." Thus the cardinal galloped throughout the day between the two armies. But no agreement could be made, for the English indeed con-

sented to surrender to King John all the towns and castles taken on their way, to conclude a truce of seven years, and to release the prisoners; but the French demanded that the Prince of Wales and a hundred of his knights should surrender before allowing the remainder of his army to pass, "to which the English could not listen; and on Monday morning the French angrily told the cardinal to return to Poitiers, or wherever he pleased, and never more to speak of treaty or agreement, for that he might give offence. Quickly going away, the cardinal proceeded to the English army." "My gallant son," he said to the Prince, "do as you are able; you must fight, for I cannot discover any disposition for concord or peace in the King of France." And the Prince answered, greatly irritated, "That is the intention of us and ours, and may God help the right."

The French army was divided into three great battle-corps: the first was commanded by the marshals of France; the second by Charles, Duke of Normandy; King John was at the head of the third, and he had retained by his side his youngest son, Philip.

The Prince of Wales had placed his little army with great care; it was imperative to fight or perish, for there were no provisions. "My gallant lords," said the young man, "if we are few against the might of our enemies, let us not be daunted, for valor and victory do not belong to great numbers, but to whomsoever God chooses to send them. If it happen that the day be ours, we shall be the most honored in the world; if we should die, I have my father and two gallant brothers, and you have good friends, who will avenge us. Thus I beg that you may to-day know how to fight well, for, if it please God and St. George, you will see in me a good knight."

The French had wavered; a great number had remained

on horseback, against the advice of Ribaumont. A good English knight, Sir James Audley, awaited them foremost in advance, having vowed to be the best combatant in the battle. The heavy cavalry and the warriors, covered with steel, entered the narrow path leading to their enemies. The arrows of the English archers began to whistle by; the brave knights looked around them: they saw no assailants, but they were wounded and their horses were falling. They were obliged to retreat, leaving the dead and dying, and the wounded horses, blocking up the defile. The army corps of the marshals was disconcerted, and that of the Duke of Normandy was beginning to take alarm. The experienced eye of Sir John Chandos was not deceived in the matter. "Ride forward, sire," he said to the Prince of Wales, "for the day is yours. Let us devote ourselves to your adversary, the King of France; for there lies the greater part of the day's work, and I well know that by reason of his valor he will not fly." The Prince applied his spurs to his horse, and, quitting his rustic rampart, he advanced into the open space where the King of France was fighting. A detachment of the archers attacked at the same time the troops of the Duke of Normandy, who took to flight almost without striking a blow. The English charged, "St. George and Guienne!" "Montjoie St. Denis!" was the answer around King John; but the disorder was increasing. The Duke of Orleans had disappeared with the reserve forces. "The king was not a man ever to be frightened by the things which he saw or heard said, but still remained a good knight, and fought well." "Dismount! dismount!" he cried to all his followers; and himself alighting from his horse, he marched along their ranks, battle-axe in hand, and there around him "there was a great number of warriors, haughty and cruel, and many heavy blows were given and received." And the still



KING JOHN TAKEN PRISONER BY THE BLACK PRINCE



youthful prince, Philip, was there crying to his father, "Sire, have a care on your right! Sire, have a care on your left!" and defended him as much as he was able. Meanwhile, on all sides the king was greeted with, "Surrender, or you are a dead man." He looked around him. "To whom shall I surrender?" he asked aloud. "Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales? If I could see him I would speak." "Sire," said a knight, "he is not here; but surrender to me, I will conduct you to him." "Who are you?" asked the king. "Denis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England because I cannot live in the kingdom of France, and because I have there forfeited all my possessions." The king tendered his glove to him. "I surrender to you," he said. The knight endeavored to lead the king away from the crowd; but although he was tall and powerful, everybody crowded round him, saying, "I have captured him; I have captured him;" and the king could not advance, nor could his youngest son, Philip. The Earl of Warwick and Sir Reynold Cobham, who were seeking the king on behalf of the Prince of Wales, were obliged to deliver him from his enemies, and to conduct him courteously to the spot where Chandos had advised that the banner of England should be planted to reassemble the troops. "It is time that your men should rejoin you," he had said, "for they are scattered, and the day is yours. You must refresh yourself a little, for I see that you are much heated." "And the Prince had removed his helmet when the King of France was brought forward, before whom he made a profound reverence, and received him as a king, well and wisely. And in the evening he waited upon him without ever consenting to be seated, notwithstanding any solicitation which the king made in this respect, and said that he was not yet sufficiently important to sit down at

the table of so great a sovereign and so valiant a man, who had that day surpassed the ablest. And all deemed that the Prince had spoken well."

The towns and castles remained closed in Poitou and in Saintonge, but the French army was not rallied, and no attempt was made to deliver the king. The Prince of Wales hastened to Bordeaux, in order to place in safety his illustrious prisoners, and all the booty with which his army was loaded. The Duke of Normandy had been created Regent by the States-general, and the Black Prince concluded a truce of two years with him. He spent the winter in Gascony; then in the spring (April, 1357) he set sail to conduct to England King John and his son Philip. Negotiations were in progress for the ransom of the king, and the legates of the Pope, the ordinary negotiators of the great treaties between sovereigns, followed the Prince of Wales and his prisoners to England. John entered London on the 24th of April, upon a magnificent courser richly caparisoned; the Prince of Wales was at his side upon a small black horse. King Edward had come forward to meet his illustrious captive, and all the court hastened to do him honor. King John consoled himself easily enough in his captivity.

Already for six years past Edward had been in treaty with the Scottish Parliament for the ransom of King David Bruce. Twice the latter had been allowed to visit his kingdom in order to induce his subjects to redeem him; but Scotland was poor, and the demands of Edward were exorbitant. It was not until the month of October, 1357, that the treaty was at length concluded, and that David was enabled to return to his kingdom after an imprisonment of eleven years. But his subjects soon perceived the influence which his long sojourn in England had exercised over their weak sovereign. When Queen Jane died, without



THE BLACK PRINCE SERVING THE CAPTIVE KING JOHN.

issue, in 1362, David proposed to the Scottish Parliament to select as his heir, Lionel, the third son of the King of England, to the exclusion of his nephew, the Stewart* of Scotland. The indignation of the Scottish Parliament did not put an end to the project. Some delay in the payment of the ransom furnished an excuse to King Edward, and, until the death of King David, in 1371, the intrigues of the English continued to agitate Scotland. His nephew succeeded him without opposition, and assumed the title of Robert II.

While Scottish affairs were occupying Edward III., the treaty with France still remained pending. The conditions required by the English were so harsh, that King John, although a prisoner, hesitated to accept them. Besides an enormous sum for the ransom of the king, Edward claimed to retain all his conquests in France, and to secure all the possessions formerly belonging to his family, not as an appanage or fief, but as a property. While the negotiations were being prolonged, the condition of France became daily more critical. The evil genius of the royal family, Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, had escaped from the prison where for a long time he had been confined. He had allied himself to the citizens of Paris, who wished to exert a certain amount of influence in their affairs, a power which was contested by the Dauphin † and his council. The population of Paris, incited by their chiefs, soon escaped from the authority of the latter, who found themselves drawn along irresistibly with the current. Riot succeeded riot; two of the advisers of the Dauphin were slain under his eyes, on the 22d of February, 1358, and his chancellor was compelled to

* *Stewart*, seneschal, an hereditary title, which subsequently became the family name of the Stuarts.

† The eldest son of the King of France had recently assumed the title of Dauphin, in consequence of the cession of Dauphiné to France by Humbert II., the last Dauphin of the Viennois.

fly. The contagion spread throughout the whole of France; as Paris had had its Maillotins (workmen armed with maillets), France in general had its Jacquerie, an insurrection of the serfs, who were ironically called *Jacques Bonhomme*. Everywhere fearful massacres took place, and the Dauphin, compelled to arm against the peasants of his kingdom, had no leisure to think of the demands of King Edward. The insurrection was scarcely at an end, when King John accepted the proposals of the King of England; but as soon as the conditions of the treaty were known in France, the States-general rejected them with indignation. The dismemberment of the country was impossible; peace and the liberty of the king were too dearly bought at this price.

King Edward knew the proud obstinacy of the English Parliament; he was indignant, however, to find a similar resistance from the French States-general, and complaining of perfidy, he entered France on the 28th of October, 1359. He had traversed Picardy, Artois, and Cambrésis, consigning everything to fire and sword, when he arrived before Rheims, where he proposed to be crowned King of France. In vain did he besiege that town during seven weeks. The archbishop and the citizens did not suffer themselves to be intimidated by the fate of Calais, and defended the place so valiantly that Edward was compelled to retire. He entered into Burgundy, but the Duke Philip purchased his withdrawal with a large sum of money and a promise of neutrality. The King of England took the road to Paris. His army had suffered greatly during the winter; the month of March had been rough, and the negotiations which had been opened during the festival of Easter not having brought about any result, Edward was compelled to retire. The Dauphin had not responded to his challenge, and the English army, unfit to attack the capital, fell back towards Brittany, after having

burned down the suburbs of Paris. The road was strewn with the bodies of the men and horses succumbing to fatigue and misery. At length, in the neighborhood of Chartres, a fearful storm surprised the English in the open plain. The son of the Earl of Warwick was killed by a thunderbolt beside the king. Struck by this terrible warning, Edward leaped from his horse, and vowed to God and Our Lady of Chartres no longer to reject the proposals for peace, provided that they should be consistent with his honor; and conferences were opened a few days afterwards, at Brétigny, a small village where Edward had halted.

Peace was at length concluded on the 8th of May, 1360. The King of England renounced his pretensions to the kingdom of France, and restored all his conquests, with the exception of Calais and Guines. King John conceded to him absolutely, for himself and his heirs in perpetuity, Guienne, Poitou, Saintonge, Agénois, Limousin, Périgord, and the county of Ponthieu. A ransom of three millions of golden crowns was to be paid within six years for the release of the king; twenty-five French barons, forty-two burgesses, and sixteen of the most important prisoners captured at Poitiers, were to serve as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty.

These conditions, harsh as they yet remained, were so much better than the first proposals of King Edward, that, after much intriguing and hesitation, they were at length solemnly ratified by the two sovereigns at Calais, on the 24th of October, 1360, with this strange clause, that the definitive renunciations by the monarchs, of the possessions which they ceded, should not take place until the festival of the Assumption of the following year. On the morrow, the 25th of October, King John was restored to liberty, and King Edward embarked for England.

The festival of the Assumption had passed by, as well as

many other holidays, but the conditions of the treaty of Brétigny were not yet fulfilled: the financial distress of France had not admitted of raising the sums promised for the ransom. The land was ravaged by the free bands formerly in the pay of the belligerents, who, having had no employment since the peace, had lived by plunder and rapine. They proceeded from province to province, wherever there still remained any resources; and they had defeated John of Bourbon, who had been dispatched against them by the Dauphin. The States-general murmured at the conditions of the treaty. King John saw nothing in his kingdom but oppression and misery; he could not fulfil his engagements, and, as a crowning disgrace, one of his hostages, his own son, the Duke of Anjou, having been brought to Calais with the other *knights of the Lily*,—a designation applied to his brother, the Duke of Berry, his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, and his cousin, the Duke of Bourbon,—shamelessly broke his word, by flying from prison to repair to Paris. King John was weary of the struggle and wounded in his pride and his loyalty; perchance also he remembered the rejoicings which had been instituted in his honor in London; he announced that he was about to return to England. “Were honor banished from the whole earth,” he proudly said, “it should be found again in the heart of a king.” He arrived in London at the beginning of the year 1364; but before being able to resume the negotiations, he fell ill, and died on the 8th of April. His body was brought back to France with all royal magnificence, and the Dauphin became king under the title of Charles V.

While the perplexities of the government in France had hindered the consolidation of peace, the Prince of Wales had been married, on the 10th of October, 1361, to the woman whom he had loved all his lifetime, his cousin Joan, daughter

of Edmund, Earl of Kent. She had already been twice married, and her second husband, Lord Holland, had recently died. Happy at length, the Black Prince established himself in Aquitaine with his wife, and held at Bordeaux a magnificent court, the school for all good chivalry, while he labored to restore order in these provinces, so long desolated by war.

King Charles V. had found a means of ridding himself of the free companies. The King of Castile, Peter IV., had deserved his surname of "the Cruel" for a series of crimes which had exasperated his people. His brother, Henry of Transtamare, exiled by him, and burning with a desire to avenge his mother and all his relatives assassinated by the tyrant, had taken refuge in France, asking the assistance of King Charles V. The latter offered the services of the free companies; the good knight Bertrand du Guesclin, already famous among the most illustrious warriors of his time, concluded a treaty with the chiefs of the different bands, and, placing himself at their head, crossed the Pyrenees under the orders of Henry of Transtamare, who was soon placed upon the throne of Castile, almost without striking a blow. In vain did Peter the Cruel call to his aid all his vassals; they were too happy to see themselves delivered from his yoke, and the tyrant was compelled to take to flight. He took refuge at Bordeaux, begging the assistance of the Prince of Wales.

Passion blinds the most clear-sighted men: the noble character of the Black Prince had nothing in common with the savage ferocity and calculating perfidy of Peter the Cruel; but the Prince thought this king ill used by his brother and his subjects. France had embraced the cause of Henry of Transtamare, and England thought herself constrained to support his rival. He had brought with him his two daughters,

who remained at the court of Bordeaux, where they were married, a few years later, to two sons of King Edward, the Duke of Lancaster and the Earl of Cambridge. The first rumor of the intentions of the Black Prince caused a secession from the army of Du Guesclin of some of his best bands. Sir John Calverley and Sir Robert Knowles, with twelve thousand men, immediately abandoned Henry of Transtamare and proceeding into Guienne, assembled under the banner of their legitimate chief. The King of Navarre delivered up the passage through the Pyrenees, and in the month of February, 1367, in spite of cold, snow, and the scarcity of provisions in a poor country, thirty thousand men crossed the defiles of the mountains under the command of the Prince of Wales and Peter the Cruel, and on the 3d of April a battle was fought between the two claimants upon the plain of Navarette. The combat was fierce. A portion of the Spaniards had given way; but Henry of Transtamare, supported by Du Guesclin, resolutely defended himself. At length the latter was made a prisoner, and the rout was complete. Don Henry fled and took refuge in Arragon. Six thousand men remained upon the field of battle, and two thousand prisoners were in the hands of Peter the Cruel. He was preparing to slaughter them, when the Prince of Wales demanded mercy for them, and the king did not dare to refuse it; but he had no intention of fulfilling the promises which he had made at Bordeaux. From his camp at Valladolid, the Prince repeatedly sent to Peter the Cruel, demanding the money which he had undertaken to pay for the expenses of the war; no answer, no visit from the king, no provisions; while the English army was decimated by sickness, by the climate, and by want. The Prince himself was suffering from a fever; weary of waiting, and convinced of the perfidy of his ally, he broke up

his camp on the 26th of June, and returned to Guienne. Peter the Cruel had momentarily regained his throne, but the treasury of England was empty; the health of the Black Prince was forever destroyed, his character embittered by suffering and deceptions. The barons of Aquitaine began to murmur and to turn unwillingly towards France.

Charles V. deserved his title of "the Wise;" prudent and foreseeing, but too weak in body to have any taste for warfare, he directed the affairs of the kingdom from his seat with a firm moderation to which the French, like their enemies, had not been accustomed under his predecessors. When the Poitevins presented themselves before Charles V., as the liege lord, to complain of the excessive taxes imposed by the Black Prince, he temporized, gave vague answers, and retained the complainants at Paris, while his brother, the Duke of Anjou, governor of Languedoc, was fostering the discontent in the provinces of the south belonging to the English.

The Spanish ally of the Black Prince had recently received the reward of all his crimes; scarcely had the English retired, when Don Henry had again taken the field, and for the second time he had dethroned his brother. As he was besieging him in a fortified castle, they had met in the tent of a French knight; Peter immediately seized his brother by the throat, and threw him to the ground. Henry drew his dagger, and, Peter, stabbed to the heart, died immediately. An offensive and defensive alliance had recently been concluded between France and Spain (20th of November, 1368), and King Charles V., publicly taking his course, summoned Edward, Prince of Aquitaine, to appear at Paris before his peers, there to answer the complaints of his vassals.

Since the treaty of Brétigny, King Edward and his son

had no longer recognized the superiority of France. "I will go," said the Black Prince, "but with sixty thousand lances." His father was better aware of the difficulty of the undertaking; he made moderate proposals to Charles V., simply claiming the sovereignty of Aquitaine; but Charles V., seeing the English Parliament wearied by the wars, King Edward aged and tired, and the Black Prince ill, maintained his pretension, and the French troops entered into Poitou, Guienne, and Limousin. The discontented and capricious inhabitants almost always lent their support to the French. King Edward sent his second son, the Duke of Lancaster, with considerable reinforcements, to the assistance of the Black Prince; but, while he was overrunning the northern provinces, King Charles not permitting any important engagement to take place, the conquests of the French extended in the south, and the Prince of Wales, dangerously ill, found himself compelled to take the field upon a litter. The Dukes of Anjou and Berry did not await him. They had left garrisons in the towns, and had retired when the Prince advanced against Limoges. He had formerly lavished his favors upon that town which had been surrendered to the French by the bishop, and he had sworn, by the soul of his father, not to move from thence nor do anything else until he should have recaptured it. The siege progressed slowly; the citizens bravely supported the garrison, for they feared the vengeance of the Prince. The latter conducted the military operations with a savage fury which he had never before manifested. At length, at the end of a month, a large mine opened a breach in the walls of the town; the besiegers sprang inside, and the massacre began: women, children, and old men fell upon their knees, crying, "Mercy! such poor folks could not have been concerned in surrendering the town," but none received quarter.

The knights and men-at-arms of the garrison still defended themselves heroically in the streets; three of them planted themselves against a wall, and made such good use of their swords that the Prince of Wales, while passing by in his litter, was struck with admiration, and received them as prisoners to be ransomed. The humble people were all dead, "who were really martyrs," says Froissart; the town was fired, and the Prince of Wales had retired. He had exhausted his strength, and, in the hope of regaining his health under his native sky, he set out for England, leaving to his brother John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the care of prosecuting the war. The military career of the Black Prince was ended; six years of illness and languor were to bring to its close this life so brilliantly begun, but unhappily sullied by a last act of cruelty, more consistent with the general morals of the time than with the character hitherto displayed by the son of King Edward.

The Duke of Lancaster had recently married Constance, the eldest daughter of Peter the Cruel, and upon this ground he aspired to the crown of Castile, an imprudent pretension which strengthened the union of the king, Don Henry, with France. The Earl of Pembroke was bringing reinforcements to the duke in June, 1372, when a Spanish fleet, stationed between La Rochelle and the Isle of Ré, barred the passage. An engagement took place, and the English were completely beaten, their vessels being either captured or scuttled. This disaster was an unmistakable blow to King Edward and to the English nation, which was beginning to look upon the sea as its legitimate empire. The successes of King Charles V. were increasing; he had placed Bertrand du Guesclin at the head of his armies, and had made him Constable of France; but the remembrance of Crécy and Poitiers was always before his eyes; he did

not permit any pitched battles to be fought. From siege to siege, from skirmish to skirmish, Du Guesclin was still marching forward, sometimes surprising the enemy, passing through their ranks, as it is said in his Memoirs, by a *stratagem*, which consisted in striking with the point and with the edge of the sword; but when the English presented themselves in a body, the Constable would fall back upon the fortresses, and allow a passage to the enemy, who overran the country, and could not surround either the large towns or fortified castles. "Never has king fought so little, and given so much trouble," said Edward, angrily, for his French possessions were diminishing day by day. Bordeaux and Bayonne, with a narrow piece of territory, alone remained in his hands in the south, and Calais in the north; and, if the faithful ally of England, the young Count of Montfort, was everywhere recognized in Brittany, since the death of Charles of Blois, in 1364, his authority was too well contested by Oliver de Clisson to allow of his supporting English interests beyond his duchy. John of Gaunt returned to England, and once more, the legates of the Pope playing the part of peacemakers, a truce of one year was concluded at Bruges in 1374, to be prolonged almost until the death of King Edward.

So many reverses, after so much glory, had undermined in England the popularity of the king. The finances of the country were in default; every resource had been exhausted to support a war which had borne so little fruits. Complaints, which people did not dare to address to the king, reached his ministers, and even his son, the Duke of Lancaster, who had gradually secured the power, in consequence of the weakness of his father and the illness of the Prince of Wales. The latter remained the idol of the nation, and, either through jealousy of his brother, or through dissatis-

faction at the state of affairs, he lent his support to the opposition. The Parliament of 1376, long known under the title of "The Good Parliament," addressed to the king a remonstrance concerning the waste of the public money, and demanded the dismissal of several of the ministers. Lord Latimer and Lord Nevil were deprived of all their offices; but the object of the public hatred and mistrust was especially a woman, named Alice Perrers, formerly a lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Philippa, and who, since the death of the latter, had acquired such an influence over King Edward, that he had presented her with the jewels of his wife, and frequently permitted her to dispense at her pleasure the favors of the crown. The Commons publicly demanded that she should be banished from the kingdom.

Amid this work of reform, the Parliament suddenly lost its firmest support. The Black Prince died on the 8th of June, 1376. For a long time he had been ailing, and unable to assume in the government of his country the position which by right belonged to him; but the nation had always reckoned upon his wisdom and justice no less than on his brilliant valor; a prosperous and happy reign had been hoped for, and the grief was general and protracted. "The good fortune of England seemed bound up in his person," says the chronicler Walsingham; "it had flourished in his health, it languished in his illness, and died at his death; in him expired all the hopes of the English. For during his lifetime neither an invasion of the enemy, nor an encounter in battle had been feared." He was interred with great pomp in Canterbury Cathedral, where he had formerly erected a chapel in memory of his marriage. At the especial request of the Parliament, his eldest son Richard was thereupon declared heir to the throne. Fears were entertained concerning the pretensions of the Duke of

Lancaster, who had resumed all his authority. Sir Peter de la Mare, who had impeached the ministers in the name of the Parliament, was arrested. The Bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham, formerly at the head of the opposition, was divested of his revenues. A Parliament favorable to John of Gaunt was convoked; it proposed the recall of Alice Perrers, the rehabilitation of Lord Latimer, and other measures so unpopular that the palace of the duke was assailed by the citizens of London, and his friend Lord Percy, a marshal of England, was pursued by the mob, so that the prince was obliged to throw himself into a small boat with Percy, to take refuge at Kennington, in the castle inhabited by the young Prince Richard and his mother. All the remonstrances of the Bishop of London scarcely succeeded in calming the disturbance. The arms of the Duke of Lancaster, at the gate of his palace, were inverted by the people as the escutcheon of a traitor; when the duke returned shortly afterwards to London, all the magistrates of the city were dismissed and replaced by his creatures. On occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the coronation of Edward III., a general amnesty was proclaimed; the Bishop of Winchester was alone excluded from it.

It was the last public act of King Edward; this body so active and robust, this spirit so bold, this will so firm, had nevertheless undergone the effects of premature old age. The ministers were ranging themselves beside the Duke of Lancaster; the opposition was grouped around the young Prince Richard and the Princess of Wales; the old king was dying alone, with Alice Perrers. It is even said that she deserted him in his agony, after having taken the royal ring from him. The king lay in his isolation; the servants had dispersed in the manor of Shene, to plunder at their leisure. A monk entered, crucifix in hand; he approached

the unhappy monarch, praying beside him, and supporting his expiring head until the last sigh. Thus died, on the 21st of June, 1377, the great Edward III., who had at one time appeared destined to unite upon his head the two crowns of France and England. He died alone, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, leaving to his grandson, a child, instead of the whole of Aquitaine, which he had received from his father, a few towns only upon that soil of France of which he claimed possession. The blood of the two nations had flowed during more than thirty years, and the struggle was as yet only at its beginning.

CHAPTER XII.

BOLINGBROKE.

RICHARD II. 1377-1398. — HENRY IV. 1398-1413.

THE little King Richard was much fatigued on the 16th of July, 1377; it was found necessary to place him in a litter to bring him back to the palace, after his coronation. All the former popularity of his grandfather Edward III., all the affection which his father the Black Prince had inspired, appeared to have accumulated upon his head, by reason of the fear and aversion which were felt towards John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The prelates and barons assembled on the morrow of the coronation, and selected a council of regency of twelve members. The uncles of the king did not form part of this body, and John of Gaunt retired to his castle of Kenilworth; but several members of the council remained devoted to him, and his influence soon began to be complained of.

The King of France, Charles V., had lost no time in taking advantage of the weakness of the English government: his fleets overran the Channel, fettering commerce and seizing the British vessels; a descent was even made upon the Isle of Wight. The Parliament was convoked, and the Earl of Buckingham, the uncle of the king, was placed at the head of the naval forces: his expedition against the French fleet miscarried, and his defeat increased the discontent of the nation. The Parliament was composed chiefly of the enemies of the Duke of Lancaster, and when a kind of reconciliation had been



DEATH OF EDWARD III.



RICHARD II. RETURNING FROM HIS CORONATION.



effected between the latter and the House of Commons, that assembly demanded that two citizens of London should be appointed to receive the money voted for the defence of the country. John of Gaunt started for France with a large army (1378).

The King of Navarre, still at war with Charles V., held a portion of Normandy; he had surrendered Cherbourg to the English. The Duke of Brittany, John de Montfort, being reduced to the last extremity by the successes of Bertrand du Guesclin, had consigned Brest to them; but these acquisitions were due to the free will of the allies of England, and not to its arms. John of Gaunt was defeated before St. Malo; and, being pursued by Du Guesclin, was compelled to return to England, while the Scots, at the instigation of France, invaded the northern counties and took possession of Berwick Castle. A Scottish pirate, named John Mercer, devastated the coast as far as Scarborough. A London merchant, named John Philpot, on the other hand, armed a small fleet, and hastening to the encounter of Mercer, recaptured from him all the vessels which the latter had seized; captured, besides, fifteen Spanish ships, and returned triumphantly into the Thames, amid the plaudits of his fellow-citizens, and to the indignation of the council, who reprimanded the alderman for the boldness of his undertaking.

The Parliament had assembled at Gloucester, disaffected and exacting. The Commons asked to examine the accounts, which was granted to them as a favor. John de Montfort had recently taken refuge in England, banished from his dominions by King Charles V., who committed the imprudent act of officially annexing the duchy of Brittany to France. This declaration immediately rallied all the different factions against him. John de Montfort was recalled; the States-general of Brittany wrote to the King of France, asking him

to authorize them to retain their independent ruler. At the same time an English army, under the command of the Earl of Buckingham, landed at Calais and ravaged the provinces of Artois, Picardy, and Champagne, without ever encountering the necessity of a serious combat. The English were arriving in Brittany when King Charles V. died (1378), and the Bretons, reassured by the weakness of the young King Charles VI., began to look coldly upon their English allies. De Montfort negotiated with the French council of regency, and Buckingham was only indebted for his safety to the valor of his troops and to the provisions which he had brought. He retired in the spring of 1379. Great events were in preparation in England.

For some years a double movement, religious and social, had begun secretly to agitate the English people. A priest, John Wycliffe, born towards 1324, in Yorkshire, had attracted attention at the university of Oxford by his rare faculties, and had commenced, in the year 1356, to denounce the abuses of the papal authority; he had then attacked the mendicant monks, accusing the Church in general of greed and corruption. Summoned to appear before the Bishop of London, in the last year of the reign of Edward III., to answer for his opinions, he had been supported by the Duke of Lancaster and his friend Lord Percy; both had even insulted the bishop, which had brought about an insurrection in the city. Wycliffe had retracted some of his ideas, he had explained others; and, thanks to his powerful protectors, he had obtained the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he spent the remainder of his life, surrounded by priests, whom he brought up in truly apostolic poverty, and who subsequently spread his opinions among the people. Wycliffe is the first of the Reformers, or rather, their precursor. His doctrines acted more powerfully abroad than in his own

country; it is to his books that were due the first germs of the Reformation in Bohemia; for England, his greatest work was the translation of the Bible into the vernacular. The most important of his ideas was the appeal to the private judgment of the faithful upon the very text of the Holy Scriptures. Wycliffe had shaken the traditions of submission to the clergy; he had at the same time preached a dangerous doctrine. "All possessions," he said, "come of grace, and may be forfeited by sin." The poor serfs, who possessed nothing, might be anxious to profit in their turn by the grace which insured estates. Wycliffe died peacefully at Lutterworth in 1384.

Already, for two years past, his illustrious friend, Geoffrey Chaucer, the first creator of English poetry, had been compelled to quit England, compromised by his attachment to the new ideas; he had retired into Hainault, where he lived in peace, protected by the friendship of the Duke of Lancaster. The first works of Chaucer, *The Court of Love*, the poem of *Troilus and Cresseide*, *The Temple of Fame*, had been published several years before, and had assured to him a reputation which had largely contributed to his fortune. The English language at that time, still largely intermixed with French, and difficult to understand at the present day, assumed, under the pen of Chaucer, a native grace to which sometimes succeeds an energy which prepared the way for Spenser and Shakspeare. Chaucer again established himself in England when John of Gaunt returned from his expedition to Castile; he lived to an advanced age, and composed in his retreat of Dumington his *Canterbury Tales*, written in the style of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and the only one of his books which is still read at the present time. He died in 1400, the year following the accession of Henry Bolingbroke, the son of his protector. Like Wycliffe, he had seen the commencement of

the popular agitations. The poll-tax voted by the Parliament in 1379 was their first occasion.

A general movement towards the enfranchisement of the lower classes manifested itself everywhere in Europe. The insurrection of the Jacquerie in France; the resistance of the Flemish citizens and artisans, first, to the conduct of Jacques van Artevelde, and afterwards to that of Philip, his son, had testified to the awakening of the serfs, the peasants, and the artisans, so long reduced to the condition of beasts of burden. The kings had been in need of money, and the taxes weighing upon all their subjects, it had been necessary to conciliate them. The soldiery had acquired a new importance; the English archers, in particular; nearly all peasants by origin, had played an important part in the wars. When the tax-collectors began in 1380 to demand payment of the poll-tax, of a people already impoverished by a long series of exactions, they met with a resistance which increased with the oppression. The tax, at first collected with leniency, was let out to some courtiers; they borrowed in advance of the Lombards and Flemings; repayment became necessary, and the revenue was exacted with great severity. The peasants became exasperated; they began to assemble and confer together; the insurrection broke out in Essex. The "Commons of England," as the insurgents styled themselves, broke into several dwelling-houses in the neighborhood; they obeyed a seditious priest, who assumed the name of Jack Straw. The contagion rapidly spread into the counties of Kent, Suffolk, and Norfolk. The tax was payable only in the case of persons above fourteen years of age. A Kentish collector maintained that the daughter of a tiler had attained the specified age; her mother maintained the contrary; the collector insulted the young girl, and was brained with a hammer by the father. A knight had reclaimed a serf who thought he was

entitled to enfranchisement, and had imprisoned him in Rochester Castle; the peasants attacked the castle and compelled the garrison to surrender the prisoner. The Kentish insurgents marched under the command of a chief named Wat Tyler (Wat the tiler). On the Monday of Trinity week, in 1381, they entered Canterbury, threatening death to the archbishop, who was absent. The monks of the chapter-house were compelled to swear fidelity to King Richard and the Commons of England. Three wealthy burgesses were beheaded, and the crowd proceeded towards London. It is related that one hundred thousand men followed close upon the steps of Wat Tyler, when he arrived on the 11th of June at Blackheath.

The Princess of Wales, the mother of the young king, was returning from a pilgrimage. The crowd of insurgents surrounded her retinue. She was popular by reason of her husband's memory, and her ransom cost her only some kisses bestowed on the more audacious of the leaders, who had not forgotten that she had formerly been called "the fair maid of Kent;" she passed by without further difficulty. The malcontents thronged round an itinerant preacher whom they had brought with them, and who displayed to them this text, now famous:—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

The doctrine of equality was received with enthusiasm by these poor people, hitherto trodden under foot. The outskirts of London were laid waste when the king proceeded down the Thames, on the 12th of June, to receive the petition of the insurgents. Ten thousand men awaited his arrival at Rotherhithe; but at the sight of the royal barge they uttered "such cries," says Froissart, "that one would have thought that all the demons of hell were in their midst." The noblemen who accompanied Richard became alarmed, and

dragged him with them as far as the Tower. "The Commons of England," in a state of fury, advanced along the right bank of the river as far as Lambeth, burned down the prisons, and plundered the palace of the archbishop. On the other side of the Thames the insurgents marched along the course of the river, and at length obtaining a passage over London Bridge, they joined their brothers of Kent. The whole city was in their power; the population of London had joined them, and the rich citizens, to please them, had thrown open their cellars to them. Hitherto, the multitude had behaved with a certain amount of order, but intoxication being once added to the joy of triumph, they could no longer be restrained; the palace of the Duke of Lancaster was invaded and burned down; plunder was strictly forbidden; the gold was reduced to powder, and the precious stones were broken. A peasant had taken a silver tankard; he was thrown into the river with his booty. The prisons being opened and destroyed brought fresh reinforcements to the insurgents. The Temple was burned, with all the valuable books which had been collected by the Knights. The priory of St. John of Jerusalem, recently constructed by Sir Thomas Hales, a prior of the order, and chancellor of the kingdom, was also delivered up to the flames. A thirst for blood began to take possession of the populace. Every passer-by was challenged. "For whom are you?" was asked. If the answer was not "For King Richard and the true Commons," the person answering was immediately slaughtered. All the Flemings fell by the knife or the hatchet; the popular hatred sought them out even in the churches. Wine and blood flowed in the streets; the counsellors of the king resolved to try concessions.

On the morning of the 14th of June a proclamation was spread throughout London, recommending the crowd which surrounded the Tower, and demanded the heads of the chan-

cellor and treasurer, to retreat towards Mile End. The king promised there to come to them and to grant their requests. A portion of the mob obeyed; when Richard arrived with a small retinue at the meeting-place (his brothers, the Earl of Kent and Lord John Holland, had quitted him on the road), he saw himself surrounded by sixty thousand peasants. Their tone was respectful, and their requests, which then appeared monstrous, do not create the same impression at the present day. They demanded the definitive abolition of servitude; the power to sell and purchase in all markets; and a general amnesty for the past. To this they added a strange claim to fix the amount of rental on lands. The king promised all that they wished, and immediately caused to be made a large number of copies of the charter which he had thus granted. These were distributed among the insurgents; the men of Essex and Hertford retired in a body; but the malcontents of Kent had remained in the capital, and had not appeared at the meeting-place in Mile End. Scarcely had the king retired when these dangerous foes attacked the Tower, beheading the councillors who had taken refuge therein, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the treasurer, Sir Thomas Hales, and several others. The Princess of Wales, while yet in bed, saw a furious mob spring into her chamber. No injury was done to her, and her attendants were enabled to throw her, fainting with fright, into a little boat; she was conveyed to a house in the city belonging to the king, who there came and joined her when he had learned the sad news of the massacre at the Tower.

In the morning, Richard issued forth with a small escort, and advanced fearlessly towards Smithfield. The multitude thronged the streets and squares. The king drew up at St. Bartholomew's Priory. "I will go no further," he said, "without having pacified the insurgents." Wat Tyler had

perceived him, and urging his horse towards him, "There is the king; I go to speak to him," he cried to his supporters; "do not move a hand or foot unless I give you the signal." The horse of the popular chief touched heads with that of the king. "Sir king," said Wat Tyler, "do you see those men yonder?" "Yes," replied the young prince, without stirring. "They are at my disposal, and ready to do as I bid them;" and he toyed with his dagger, holding the bridle of the royal courser. Then, perceiving behind Richard an esquire who had displeased him, "Ah! you here?" he said; "give me your sword." The esquire refused; Wat Tyler made a motion to take possession of it; the followers of the king were roused. The Lord Mayor of London, William Walworth, urged forward his horse, and, advancing towards the rebel, struck him a blow with a dagger; the horse reared. Tyler endeavored to return to his followers; an esquire of the king thrust his sword through his body; he fell, beating the air with his hands. The mob became agitated. "Our captain is slain," was the cry, and the bow-strings began to vibrate. Richard advanced alone towards the crowd. "What do you, my friends?" he exclaimed. "Tyler was a traitor; it is I who am your captain and your guide." And he drew after him this irresolute mob, deprived of their chief, and advancing without knowing whither they were bound. They arrived in the fields near Islington. The friends of the king had rallied round him. One of the chiefs of his free bands, Sir Robert Knowles, brought a body of men-at-arms. The insurgents took alarm, threw down their bows, and cried "Mercy!" The king would not suffer them to be slaughtered in a mass, to the great exasperation of Sir Robert Knowles. "He said that he would be even with them on another occasion," says Froissart; "in which he did not fail."



DEATH OF WAT TYLER.



The insurrections subsided everywhere. The Bishop of Norwich had armed his household and his friends, and hastening to throw himself upon the peasants, he had easily defeated these confused masses, little accustomed to arms. He had himself drawn up their indictment, and pronounced their sentence; then, resuming his clerical costume, he had exhorted them, received their confession, absolved them, and finally accompanied them to the gallows. The king was at the head of a small army, and had marched against the remainder of the insurgents of Essex. It was no longer a question of charters; the courts of commission were everywhere assembling to try the guilty. The two priests, Jack Straw and John Ball, were hanged. Lester and Wistbroom, who had assumed the title of "Kings of the Commons" in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, suffered the same fate. About fifteen hundred rioters were executed. It was found necessary to fix them to the gibbet with iron chains; their friends came by night to carry off their bodies.

The Parliament had assembled, publicly approving of the abolition of the concessions granted to the villeins during the struggle. "We would never have consented to them," said the barons, "even had we all been compelled to perish on the same day." For the moment there was some talk of abolishing servitude; but the opposition was so strenuous, the proprietors of fiefs declared so loudly that their serfs belonged to them by right, and that they could not be deprived of them without their consent, that the idea was immediately abandoned, and the high-treason law was voted, condemning "riots, disturbances, and other analogous things," in terms as dangerous as they were vague. The king demanded money, the Commons claimed a complete amnesty; neither would begin to make concessions. The Parliament at length yielded; the tax upon wool and leather was prolonged for five years,

and the king proclaimed the amnesty; he was about to wed Anne of Bohemia, soon known throughout the whole of her kingdom as "the good queen." The Bishop of Norwich was fighting in Flanders, in support of the citizens of Ghent, hard pressed by their count, recently a victor at the battle of Rosebecque, where Philip van Arteveldt had been killed, and the uncles of the king contended with each other for the authority in England. The Earl of Cambridge had been made Duke of York, and the Earl of Buckingham Duke of Gloucester. Henry Bolingbroke, son of the Duke of Lancaster, had become Earl of Derby: at the same time, the king had made Earl of Suffolk and Duke of Ireland, his favorites Michael de la Pole and Robert de Vere, obscure persons, whom the Princess of Wales had placed beside her son, by reason of her jealousy towards his uncles; and who contributed, by their influence, to the struggles and disputes of the government. The princess had recently died, having succumbed beneath the weight of the anxieties caused by one of her sons, Lord John Holland; he had recently assassinated one of the servants of the king, and was unable to quit the church in which he had taken refuge. Plot succeeded plot—denunciation to denunciation. At length the Duke of Lancaster departed for Spain, in order to sustain the pretensions of his wife to the throne of Castile; and he contrived, after two campaigns, to marry his eldest daughter to the heir of Henry of Transtamare, thus assuring the crown to her children. The Scots had crossed the frontier, and King Richard entered Scotland. France was preparing a great armament.

Amid these external preoccupations, the Duke of Gloucester had seized the reins of government; and, when the young king threatened to dissolve a Parliament devoted to his uncle, the Commons brought forward the Act which had deposed Edward II. A council of barons for a while governed the

kingdom, under the presidency of Gloucester. Blood flowed everywhere; the duke avenged himself upon the favorites of the king, who were as odious to him as to the English people. He had impeached them before the Parliament: the innocent were involved in the ruin of the guilty. Gloucester did not even spare Sir Simon Burley, formerly the tutor of the king, the friend of Edward III. and the Black Prince, and who had conducted the negotiations for the marriage of Richard. The queen in vain threw herself at his feet asking for mercy; in vain did Henry Bolingbroke, who had seconded his uncle in all his undertakings, claim as a right the pardon of the condemned man: Burley was executed, and Bolingbroke became definitively at variance with Gloucester.

The disorder which prevailed in England did not prevent constant hostilities upon the frontiers of Scotland. It was on the 15th of August, 1388, that took place at Otterburn the famous battle celebrated in the ballads under the name of Chevy Chase, between the Earl of Douglas and Lord Henry Percy, the Hotspur of Shakspeare. Douglas was slain, but the English ended by being repulsed from the battlefield. Hotspur and his brother were prisoners. The king was beginning to weary of the yoke which he had so long borne. He was subject to gleams of resolution and courage, which soon disappeared in a long fit of indolence, and which took by surprise those who calculated upon his habitual apathy. A council was being held in the month of May, 1389; the king suddenly addressed the Duke of Gloucester. "How old do you suppose I am, uncle?" he asked. "Your Highness is in your twenty-second year," replied the duke, much surprised. "Then," replied the king, "I am at an age when I should govern my own affairs. Nobody in my kingdom has been so long held under tutelage. I thank you for your services, my lord, but I no longer require them." And he immediately

caused the great seal and the keys of the treasury to be given up to himself, compelling the Duke of Gloucester to leave the council, and announcing publicly to the nation that he had henceforth assumed the direction of the government. But his fleeting energy had already abandoned him. The Duke of York and Henry Bolingbroke were his masters, instead of the Duke of Gloucester.

John of Gaunt had returned from Castile; he had become reconciled with his brothers. Concord appeared re-established in the royal family; a truce had been concluded with France and Scotland. The King of Scotland, Robert II., had died on the 19th of April, 1390, and his eldest son had assumed the title of Robert III. Queen Anne had also died, in 1394, and King Richard, who had no children, married two years later, much against the wishes of his subjects, the Princess Isabel, daughter of Charles VI., King of France. She was but seven years old; but the king conceived the liveliest affection for her, and conducted her everywhere with him upon his travels. An expedition in Ireland against the insurgent chiefs had been very successful; but the Duke of Gloucester protested with all his might against the alliance with France. "Our Edwards," he said, "caused Paris to tremble even in its entrails; but, under Richard, we court the French, who make us tremble within London." The duke had his reasons for trembling: the king had not forgotten the execution of his favorites, nor the men who had signed their indictment. The Earl of Warwick, one of the accomplices of Gloucester, was already arrested; the Earl of Arundel soon followed. The Duke of Gloucester had retired to Pleshy Castle, in Essex; his nephew repaired thither in gay company: all the family came forward to meet the king; but while the duchess was conversing with him, Gloucester was arrested by the marshal of England, dragged as far as the river, thrown into a boat, and from thence a

vessel bore him towards Calais. A rumor was thereupon spread that he had been assassinated; the king published a proclamation declaring that the arrests had been made with the approval of his uncles of Lancaster and York, as well as of his cousin, the Earl of Derby. He had even obtained, by a ruse, their signatures to the impeachment. Lord Arundel was condemned by the Parliament, and immediately executed; his brother, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was not even admitted to plead his cause, for the king dreaded his eloquence: he was banished for life; and the Earl of Warwick, at first condemned to death, was imprisoned in the Isle of Man. The House of Lords then called the Duke of Gloucester for judgment; but the marshal replied that he could not bring the Lord Duke, who had for several days been dead at Calais. He was condemned, however, and all his goods were confiscated; it was said that he had been suffocated between two mattresses. The judges were not without uneasiness concerning the application which they had just made of the high-treason law; nearly all had been, at different periods, compromised in plots or insurrections. They obtained of the king an amnesty for the past; and, as a reward for present services, Richard made his cousin, the Earl of Derby, Duke of Hereford; the Earl of Nottingham became Duke of Norfolk, and John Holland, the murderer, was made Duke of Exeter. The Parliament completed its work of complaisance by granting to the king, for life, a subsidy upon wools, and by forming a commission, intrusted to watch affairs. King Richard was no longer in a hurry to appeal to his people, or to convoke the Parliament.

The conduct of the king towards his uncle the Duke of Gloucester and his friends, the vengeance which had overtaken, after so many years, the enemies of the favorites, revealed the character of the sovereign in a light which caused uneasiness

in the country. Indolent and prodigal, habitually engrossed in the pleasures of luxury and magnificence, Richard was not only capable of momentary energy, but he maintained in the bottom of his heart projects which he brought to fulfilment with patient perseverance. Once delivered of the Parliament and of the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Lancaster aged and in retirement in his castle, Richard gave himself up to all his whims, certain, as he thought, of encountering no serious opposition. "At that time," says Froissart, "no one was great enough in England to dare to speak against the will of the king. He had a council obedient to his wishes, who begged him to do as he pleased; and he had in his pay ten thousand archers, who guarded him day and night." The extravagances of the court were insensate, and the people began to complain, looking back regretfully upon the government of the king's uncles, who had shown some consideration, they said, for the nation, and consulted it in its own affairs.

Two great noblemen alone remained of those who had, in 1386, seconded the efforts of the Duke of Gloucester against the favorites of the king; and, notwithstanding the favor shown to them by Richard, they did not feel secure in their positions. The Duke of Norfolk, galloping upon the road to Windsor, in the month of December, 1397, encountered the Duke of Hereford. "We are ruined," said he to his friend. "Wherefore?" asked Bolingbroke. "For that affair at Radcot Bridge."* "What! after so many pardons and declarations by the Parliament?" rejoined Bolingbroke. "He will annul all that, and we shall come to the same fate as the others; the world in which we live is strangely perfidious." The Duke of Norfolk soon had reason to be convinced of this.

* The Duke of Ireland (Robert de Vere) had been defeated by Gloucester and his companions, at Radcot Bridge.

Either through thoughtlessness or through treachery, the conversation was reported to the king; he convoked the Parliament, and his first care in the month of January, 1398, was to summon Henry Bolingbroke to render an account of the words of the Duke of Norfolk. The latter was not present, but upon the summons of the Parliament, he came to throw down his glove at the feet of the Duke of Hereford, declaring him a traitor and a perjurer: the combat was authorized between the two noblemen. "I shall then at length have peace," muttered the king, while proceeding to Coventry, on the 16th of September, to be present at the tournament. But having once confronted the two antagonists, he became fearful of a victory for one of them, and, forbidding the ordeal, he submitted the question to a Parliamentary commission chosen by himself. The Duke of Hereford was condemned to an exile of ten years. The Duke of Norfolk was banished forever. He thereupon started for the Holy Land, and died of grief at Venice. But Henry Bolingbroke did not go far away; he remained in France, watching the movements of his cousin Richard, who lavished the riches of England with so thoughtless a hand, that his treasury was constantly empty. His favorites would then help him to replenish it by exactions of every kind. The Duke of Lancaster had died three months after the departure of his son; his immense property was confiscated, notwithstanding the protests of Bolingbroke. A decree outlawed seventeen counties of England, as having been favorable to the enemies of the king; they were compelled to buy back their rights with enormous fines. The disaffection increased, but the king took no heed whatever of it. He embarked towards the end of May, 1390, for Ireland, where his cousin and heir-presumptive, the Earl of March, had recently been assassinated. He had just taken the field against the rebels, when Henry Bolingbroke landed, on the 4th of July, at

Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, having escaped from France under the pretext of paying a visit to the Duke of Brittany.

Bolingbroke had brought with him a feeble following: the exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, and his nephew, the Earl of Arundel, fifteen knights and men-at-arms, and a few servants; but scarcely had he touched the English soil, when the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland joined him, bringing with them considerable forces. Henry did not disclose his ulterior projects to anybody; he came, he said, to claim his right, the inheritance of his father, which the king had wrongfully confiscated; and the public feeling was so favorable to him, the nation was so weary of seeing itself ill-governed, that the malcontents rose in all parts to place themselves under his standard. He was, it is said, at the head of an army of sixty thousand men when he advanced towards London. The Duke of York, regent of the kingdom in the absence of Richard, did not rely upon the burgesses of the City; he had quitted the capital, and displayed the royal standard at St. Alban's. Terror began to seize the creatures of the king: instead of marching against the rebels, they timidly shut themselves up in the fortified castles. The Duke of York had taken the western road, pending the return of King Richard; but Bolingbroke had used diligence, and he arrived at the Severn on the same day as the regent. The latter placed little confidence in his troops; he was aware of the general discontent, and he retained in the bottom of his heart a bitter resentment for the murder of his brother Gloucester. He granted an interview to his nephew Bolingbroke: the firm, bold, and cunning mind of Henry triumphed easily over the feeble will of the Duke of York; the two armies were amalgamated, and the regent helped the usurper to take Bristol Castle. There the members of the commission which had formerly condemned Bolingbroke had taken refuge; they

were executed without any other form of trial, and the Duke of Lancaster marched upon Chester, leaving his uncle at Bristol.

For three weeks Richard had remained in ignorance of what was taking place in his kingdom. When he at length learned the news of the landing of Henry and his formidable successes, he exclaimed bitterly, "Ah! my good uncle of Lancaster, the Lord have mercy on your soul! If I had believed you, although this man might be your son, he would never have harmed me. Three times I have forgiven him; this is his fourth offence." The Earl of Salisbury immediately set sail to assemble together some troops in England: he had raised a considerable force in Wales; but the king delayed, the soldiers murmured, and dispersed by degrees; a large number went and joined the rebels. The king at length disembarked with his cousin, the Duke of Albemarle, and his two brothers, the Dukes of Exeter and Surrey. The little army which he had taken to Ireland followed him; but at the second halting-place, when the king, having risen very early, looked through the window towards the camp, where on the previous evening six thousand soldiers had slept, he no longer saw but a handful of archers and men-at-arms; all had deserted during the night. The king was advised to take refuge at Bordeaux. "That would be to abdicate," said his brother, the Duke of Exeter. It was resolved that they should join the Earl of Salisbury; and the king, disguised as a priest, took the road to Conway, with his brothers and a few servants, while the Duke of Albemarle, following the example of his father, the Duke of York, fled by night to join the army of the usurper.

The Earl of Salisbury had not a hundred men with him when the king arrived at Conway. In this deplorable situation, the brothers of King Richard proposed to go to Henry at

Chester, in order to ascertain his pretensions. The two dukes did not return; their cousin Bolingbroke received them kindly, but he positively refused to release them: all his efforts were directed towards seizing the king in person. The Earl of Northumberland was intrusted with this mission. By false promises he enticed the king out of Conway, proposing an interview with Bolingbroke at Flint. Richard was almost alone, abandoned; he followed the earl with the friends who remained to him. They galloped along slowly, when suddenly the king cried, "I am betrayed! Lord in Heaven, help me! Do you not see banners and pennants flying in the valley?" Northumberland advanced at the same time. "My lord," the unhappy monarch said to him abruptly, "if I thought you capable of betraying me, I could yet retreat." "No," replied the Earl, who had laid hold of his bridle; "I have promised to conduct you to the Duke of Lancaster." The soldiers of Northumberland began to appear; the king yielded to necessity. "Our Saviour was sold and delivered into the hands of his enemies," he murmured.

They arrived at Flint. Henry Bolingbroke, in complete armor, came forward to meet his royal cousin, and bent his knee on approaching. "Good cousin of Lancaster," said Richard, courteously, "you are welcome." "My lord," replied Henry, "I have come before my time, but I will tell you the reason: your people complain that you have governed them harshly for twenty-two years; if it please God, I will help you to rule them better." "Since it pleases you, it pleases us also," meekly replied the fallen monarch; and, seated upon a wretched palfrey, like a prisoner, King Richard took the road to Chester, side by side with Henry Bolingbroke. Froissart relates that his very dog abandoned him to lick the hand of the usurper.

At Lichfield Richard attempted to escape; but he was seized

as he had just issued forth through a window, and more narrowly guarded than before. The people of London received him with yells and insults. The usurper repaired to St. Paul's, prayed upon the tomb of his father, and then took possession of the palace. The king had been led to the Tower.

The Parliament was convoked, and ready to depose Richard II., as it had formerly deposed his great-grandfather; but Henry Bolingbroke, with a bitter foresight of the mutability of human things, wished to secure the personal consent and the voluntary abdication of the king. He held him narrowly confined within the Tower. "Why do you cause me to be thus guarded?" Richard angrily exclaimed one day. "Am I your king or your prisoner?" "You are my king," replied the duke; "but the council of your kingdom have seen fit to place a guard beside your person." On the eve of the opening of Parliament, a deputation of prelates and barons paid a visit to the unhappy king in the Tower, and asked him to abdicate. Richard felt himself powerless in the hands of his enemies; he yielded, "willingly and joyfully," say the acts of Parliament; and, releasing his subjects from their oath, he consigned his royal ring to his cousin of Lancaster, saying that he would choose him for his successor, if he had the right to designate him. These details are open to doubt; but the Parliament held them good, and on the 30th of September, before the empty throne, in Westminster Hall, the abdication of Richard was read aloud, all the members giving their consent to it. The people uttered cries of joy. The coronation oath was then brought, and, at each article, proclaimed aloud, the impeachment of King Richard was drawn up. He was accused of the murder of his uncle Gloucester; of having revoked the amnesties, and of having squandered the public money. Nobody raised his voice for the dethroned monarch until the Bishop of Carlisle, Thomas Merks, rose and publicly

denied the right of the Parliament to depose the king and to change the order of succession, at the same time defending Richard against his accusers. Scarcely had he finished his discourse, when he was arrested. While he was being conducted to St. Alban's, the Parliament pronounced the deposition of Richard, and the Lord Chief Justice was instructed to announce his fall to him. "I care not to court the regal authority," said the deposed king; "I only hope that my fair cousin will be a good master to me."

His fair cousin was not yet legally king: the descendants of Lionel, the third son of Edward III., were the legitimate heirs to the throne; no one, however, thought of them. The Duke of Lancaster had remained in his seat; his surrounders waited in profound silence. He rose, and, solemnly making the sign of the cross, said in a very loud voice, "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, lay claim to this kingdom of England and to the crown, as a descendant of the good King Henry III., and by the right which God has given me, by granting to me the favor, through the support of my friends, to come to the assistance of this country, which was about to perish under bad laws and for want of government."

This mixture of hereditary pretensions with popular rights was skilful. The Parliament responded to the appeal of Henry Bolingbroke; acclamations broke out in all parts; the duke showed the ring which Richard had consigned to him; the Archbishop of Canterbury took him by the hand and led him to the foot of the throne. Henry knelt there for a moment; he then ascended the steps and seated himself resolutely. The plaudits recommenced during the discourse of the archbishop. "I thank you, my lord," said the new monarch; "and I wish everybody to know that, by right of conquest, I will disinherit nobody of his rights, but wish that each may be governed by

the good laws of the kingdom, and may hold what he has by right." The officers of the crown and the great noblemen also vowed fealty and homage: Henry IV. was king of England.

In the first days of his reign, the new sovereign was enabled to believe that public opinion fully confirmed his usurpation. All the great noblemen were eager to fulfil at his coronation their hereditary offices; the Earl of Northumberland alone, who had rendered eminent services to him, marched beside him in the procession, holding aloft in sight of all the sword worn by Bolingbroke on landing at Ravenspur. The House of Commons responded to the slightest wishes of the king, and the greater number of the unpopular measures of the last reign were withdrawn by common consent. A great uproar arose in the House of Lords: the peers who had appealed against the Duke of Gloucester were summoned to exculpate themselves; all took their stand upon the wish of King Richard, upon the fear which he inspired, and upon the unanimous vote of the House. Recriminations poured down in every part; forty gauntlets were thrown upon the ground as challenges to combat. A weak and timid monarch would have taken alarm in the midst of this violent confusion: Henry IV. was enabled to calm the agitation. He divested the "lords appellants," as they were styled, of the titles which Richard had given to them as rewards; the Dukes of Albemarle, Surrey, and Exeter, the Marquis of Dorset, and the Earl of Gloucester, became once more the Earls of Rutland, Kent, Huntingdon, and Somerset, and Lord Le Despencer; but the new king wreaked no other vengeance upon them. The high-treason law was restored to more limited and less vague terms; appeals to the Houses in cases of treason were abolished, and the Parliament was forbidden to delegate its authority to a commission. The eldest son of the king was

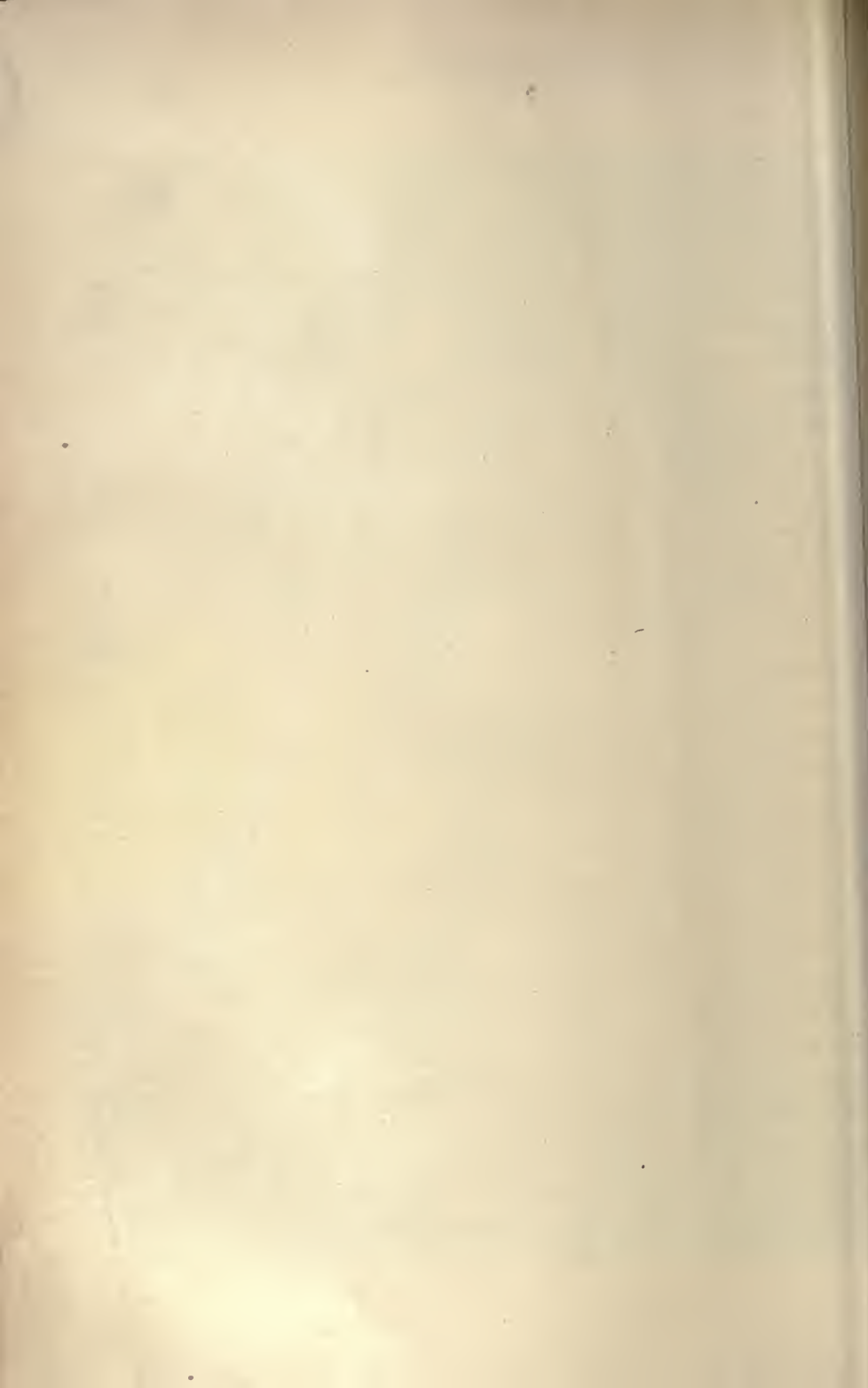
declared Prince of Wales, Duke of Guienne, Lancaster, and Cornwall, as well as heir-apparent to the throne. Henry was too prudent to again raise the question of the law of succession which he had so boldly disregarded: he did not wish his hereditary right to the throne to be discussed; he well knew that the little Earl of March, so carefully installed in Windsor Castle, was the real heir to the throne, as great-grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the elder brother of John of Gaunt. The child was not nine years of age; the king caused him to be well brought up, as well as his brother, and neither was destined to recover his liberty during his lifetime; but their sister, soon afterwards married to the Earl of Cambridge, had transmitted to the House of York those rights or those pretensions which condemned England to half a century of civil war.

Difficulties abound in the path of usurpers. King Richard had not protested, he had asked for nothing, but he still lived in the Tower. Before dissolving the Parliament, King Henry IV. dispatched the Earl of Northumberland to the House of Lords. The latter asked that the message with which he was intrusted should be kept secret; he then consulted the House upon the manner in which the dispossessed king was to be treated; "for my master Henry," he added, "has resolved, at any cost, to preserve the life of Richard." The Lords all replied that King Richard should be secretly led away to some castle, and placed in the hands of faithful custodians, who should prevent all communication with his friends. This was the sanction which Henry IV. wished for; the dispossessed monarch was conducted to Leeds Castle, in Kent, and then transferred by night from castle to castle, as had been his great-grandfather, Edward II. In the month of January, Richard had arrived in Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire.

The removal of the dethroned king could not suffice to



THE TOWER OF LONDON FIRST BUILT BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



strengthen the power; conspiracies were already beginning. The Lords appellant had scarcely been punished, but their fears as well as their resentment urged them to revenge. They had formed the project of assassinating Henry and of replacing Richard upon the throne. A tournament was announced at Oxford for the 3d of January, and the Earl of Huntingdon, the brother-in-law of the king, invited the latter to be present thereat. The invitation was accepted. The murder was to be accomplished during the jousts; the king and his son were to succumb beneath numbers. The day came; the king had not arrived, and the Earl of Rutland was absent from the place of meeting. The conspirators saw themselves betrayed; but a bold stroke might yet save them; they galloped to Windsor, and took possession of the castle. The king was no longer there: warned in time, he had taken refuge in London. The arrest warrants were already issued against the traitors, and, on the morrow, Henry marched against them, at the head of a considerable force. They did not await him, and fled to arm their vassals. Civil war appeared imminent; but public opinion was with King Henry: it administered justice to the conspirators, without the king being obliged to interfere. The citizens of Cirencester seized the Earls of Kent and Salisbury, and struck off their heads; Lord Le Despencer was beheaded by the citizens of Bristol; the Earl of Huntingdon was destroyed at Pleshy by the servants of the late Duke of Gloucester. The king had only to cause the trial of a few accomplices of low degree, but the attempt of the lords appellant probably cost the life of King Richard; it was learned, towards the end of January, that he had died at Pontefract. It was related that he had refused to take any food since the death of his brothers, the Earls of Kent and Huntingdon; distrustful people asserted that he had been starved to death. Others maintained that he had been

attacked in his prison by some assassins, and that, after having valiantly defended himself, he had been killed by a blow behind the head. When the body of the unhappy monarch was brought to London, before being interred at Langley a portion only of the face was uncovered. The details of his death were forever unknown, and many people were resolute in denying the fact.

The little Queen Isabel had remained in England during the lifetime of her husband, notwithstanding her father's wish to see her return to his side. The death of his son-in-law caused one of his most fatal attacks of insanity to poor King Charles VI.; but his uncles were anxious to profit by the indignation which was manifested at Bordeaux, the birthplace of the deposed monarch; the Dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon advanced towards Guienne, and the first movement of the population was favorable to their wish. "Richard was the best man in his kingdom," it was said at Bordeaux, "and the people of London have treacherously abandoned him." But as the French army advanced, the ardor of the Gascons abated. The French were poor, and annoyed by subsidies and taxes, which were sometimes repeated upon two or three occasions during the year. "We are not accustomed to be treated thus," said the English subjects, "and it would be too hard upon us. We have still a king, and he will send his ministers to us to explain himself. Meanwhile, we have a large commerce with England, in wine, in wool, and in cloth." The uncles of the king were compelled to retire without having accomplished anything. Henry IV. was in no hurry to renew the war with France; he caused a proposal to be made to marry the little Queen to the Prince of Wales; but the father and the daughter rejected this alliance. Charles VI. claimed with Isabel his jewels and the two hundred thousand livres in gold which King Richard had received upon her

dowry. Henry was poor, and the sum considerable; when the young Queen was at length consigned to her family, in the month of August, 1401, the ambassadors of England replied to the claims of the French by a demand for a hundred and fifty thousand crowns of gold which remained due upon the ransom of King John the Good. The question of the dowry of Isabel was no longer mooted, and peace subsisted between the two countries during the greater part of the reign of Henry IV., notwithstanding the challenges of the Duke of Orleans and Wallerand of Luxembourg, Count of Ligny and St. Pol, which gave rise to slight hostilities upon the coasts. Good warrior as he was, the King of England had too much to do at home, and too much trouble to consolidate his throne to seek afar for hazardous adventures.

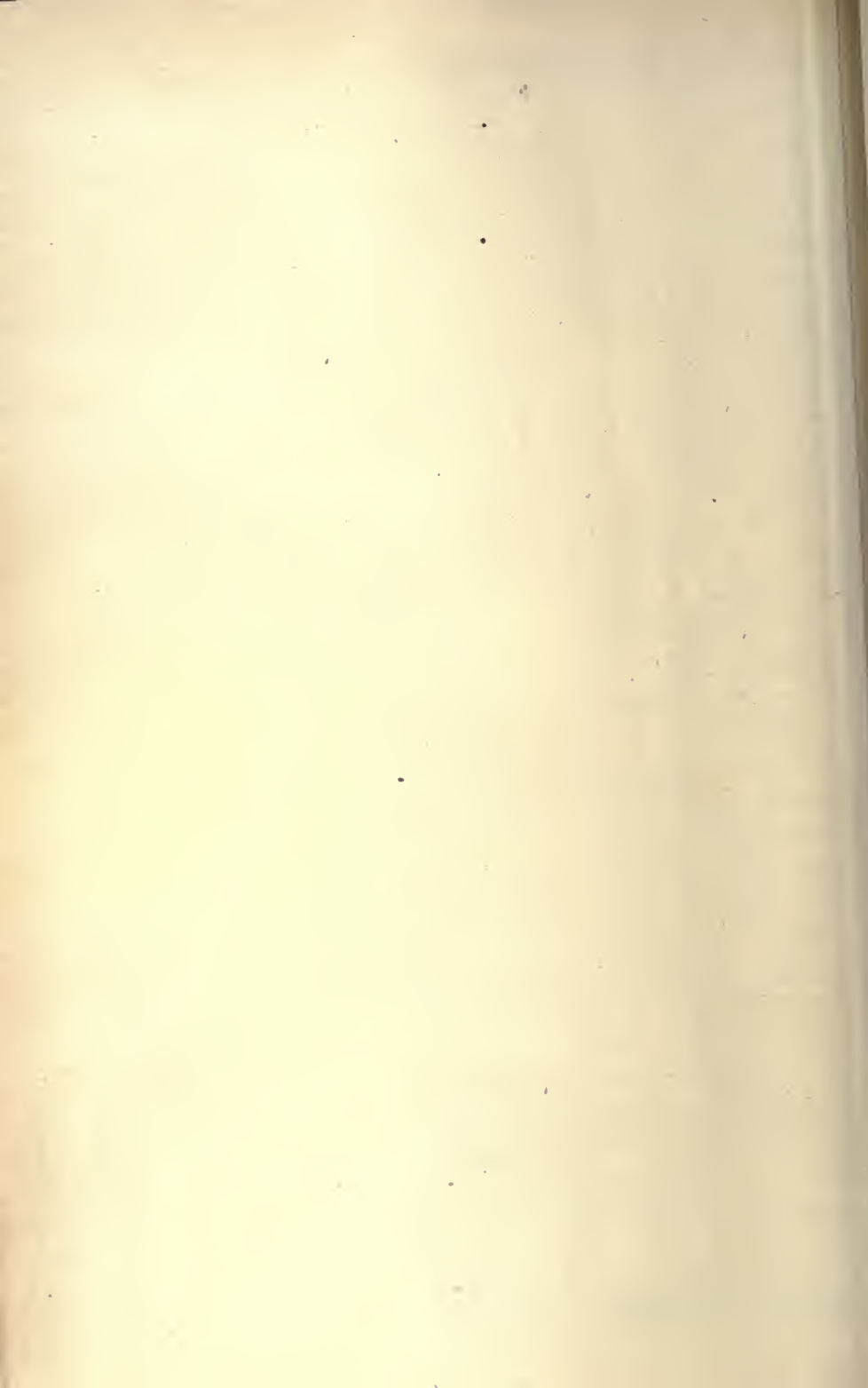
At the very outset of his reign, however, and on the morrow of the conspiracy of the lords appellant, Henry had attempted an expedition into Scotland. Not daring to ask subsidies of the Parliament, the king had had recourse to the military service of the feudal system, and, convoking under his banners all holders of fiefs, and furnished with the tithe voted by the clergy, he had advanced as far as Edinburgh, to summon King Robert, the Duke of Rothsay, his son, and all the great Scottish noblemen to come and render homage to him. Robert III. was aged, feeble, and infirm; he had abandoned the power to his brother, the Duke of Albany, constantly at contention with the heir to the throne, the Duke of Rothsay, sanguine, thoughtless, and venturesome. The young duke hastened to Edinburgh, to defend it. Henry was repulsed; his provisions failed him: he was compelled to withdraw from Scotland, having reaped no other glory in this campaign than the humanity towards the peasants, of which he had given proofs, and the discipline which he had been enabled to maintain in his army.

While the King of England was fighting and suffering failure in Scotland, an unexpected insurrection broke out in Wales. A lawyer, who had afterwards served as esquire in the house of the Earl of Arundel, a Welshman, — descending, it was said, from Llewellyn, the last Welsh prince, — Owen Glendower or Glendwyr, had seen his little estate encroached upon through the avidity of a powerful neighbor, Lord Grey de Ruthyn. Owen had appealed to the Parliament; his complaint had been rejected. The Welshman resolved to avenge himself by force of arms, and drove from his lands the servants of Lord Grey. He was thereupon outlawed. His pretensions grew with his anger; it was no longer a question of a little field or of a cluster of trees: Owen Glendwyr publicly proclaimed his illustrious origin, laying claim to the independent sovereignty of Wales. Fire smouldered under the ashes among these people, subjected for so many years; the love of national liberty was not extinguished. From all parts the Welsh hastened round Owen; students quitted their universities, laborers their ploughshares, at the call of independence. At the beginning of the year 1401, King Henry IV. found himself compelled to proceed to Wales with an army. But Owen was too shrewd to hazard a pitched battle; he left to the climate and to famine the task of fighting for him. From the mountains in which he had taken refuge, he soon saw King Henry compelled to retire. A second campaign, attempted in 1402, was not more fortunate: the rain fell in torrents; the rivers became swollen at the approach of the English soldiers, who left Wales convinced that Glendwyr was a sorcerer in league with the elements.

The rumor that King Richard was still living had come once more to be circulated in Scotland and in the North of England, restoring a certain amount of courage to the malcontents. In vain had King Henry severely punished the



HENRY IV. RECEIVING THE HOMAGE OF THE NOBLES.



fomenters of this news; Richard was expected with the Scottish army, when it entered into England in the spring of 1402. At the head of the English opposition was a Scotchman, George, Earl of March. The Duke of Rothsay was to have married his daughter, and had then rejected her, to unite himself with the family of the Earl of Douglas, the hereditary enemy of the Earls of March. The Earl of March had thereupon renounced his allegiance to the King of Scotland, and had allied himself with the Percies, all-powerful in the county of Northumberland. It was with his assistance that the Scots were defeated and repulsed at Nesbit Moor, in June, 1402. Internal rancors soon brought forward a second army; the Earl of Douglas, furious at the success of his rival, solicited the assistance of the Duke of Albany, and, at the head of a considerable force, he soon overran the two banks of Tyne. Having advanced as far as Newcastle, he was falling back, loaded with booty, when the Earls of Northumberland and March cut off his road on the 14th of September. The Scots covered Homildon Hill, and the English were stationed opposite upon another elevation. Hotspur Percy had already commanded the charge of his men-at-arms, when the Earl of March restrained him by the arm. "Let your archers commence," he said; "the turn of your horsemen will soon come." Arrows rained down upon the Scots deployed upon the flank of the hill: Douglas did not stir; his men were falling in their ranks, when a Scottish baron, Fordun Swinton, at length cried, "Ah! my brave comrades, who restrains you to-day, that you should remain there, like deer or stags, to allow yourselves to be killed, instead of displaying your former valor by fighting man to man! Let us descend from here in the name of God!" And the Scottish men-at-arms, thereupon moving, caused the English archers to fall back. The latter, however, continued to shoot, and

Douglas received five wounds; he fell from his horse, and was made a prisoner. Disorder set in in the Scottish ranks; the flower of their chivalry had been decimated by the arrows or had surrendered without striking a blow.

The son of the Duke of Albany, Murdoch Stewart, was among the number of the prisoners. The English knights had not raised their lances or drawn their swords; the battle had been won by the archers of old England. The Earl of Northumberland arrived on the 20th of October at the Parliament convoked at Westminster, gloriously accompanied by all his prisoners.

The Percies had recently gained a victory for King Henry IV., whom they had so powerfully contributed to place upon the throne. They were about to turn their arms against him. Shakspeare attributes their discontent to the prohibition which the king put upon their setting ransoms upon their prisoners, a measure which deprived them of all the pecuniary advantage of the capture; but this interdiction had been frequent under the preceding reigns, particularly under Edward III., and King Henry IV. indemnified the Earl of Northumberland by granting vast domains to him. Another cause for anger had recently sprung up. During the lucky campaigns of Owen Glendwyr the latter had captured his old enemy, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle of the young Earl of March, the legitimate heir to the throne. The relatives of Lord Grey had been authorized to redeem him; but the king had refused the same favor to the family of Sir Edmund. Hotspur Percy had married his sister, and, acutely wounded by this refusal, he began to set on foot a conspiracy to overthrow the king and place the crown upon the head of the little Earl of March. He was confirmed in this resolution by the Archbishop of York, Scrope, brother of the favorite of Richard II.; and the conspirators did not hesitate to call Owen Glendwyr to their aid.

He gave his daughter in marriage to Mortimer, and promised to invade England with twelve thousand Welshmen. The Earl of Douglas was liberated without any ransom, on condition of recrossing the frontier with a Scottish army. It is even said that Hotspur wrote to the Duke of Orleans, from whom King Henry had recently received a warlike challenge on account of the insults offered to Queen Isabel.

So many movements had not escaped the vigilant eye of King Henry. Hotspur was marching forward, commanding the rebels in place of his father, who was ill; and supported by his uncle, the Earl of Worcester. Henry planted his army corps between the earls and Owen Glendwyr, with whom they were endeavoring to effect a junction. The Welshman had made no haste, and when, on arriving at Shrewsbury, Henry received the challenge of his enemies, it was issued only in the name of the Percies. They reproached the king with his usurpation, the death of Richard, the captivity of the little Earl of March, his manœuvres in the election of Parliament, the levying of taxes which had not been voted by the Commons, &c. At the end appeared the real subject of the quarrel, the denial of the negotiations relating to Sir Edmund Mortimer. Henry IV. smiled bitterly, and disdained to reply. "The sword shall decide," he said, "and I am assured that God will give me victory over perjured traitors." It was on the 20th of July, 1403; on the morrow the two armies found themselves face to face on Shrewsbury Plain.

The insurgents numbered about fourteen thousand men; the king had no more. Before fighting, he dispatched the Abbot of Shrewsbury to his adversaries, with proposals for peace. Hotspur, less impetuous than Shakspeare has depicted him, hesitated; but the Earl of Worcester persuaded him to reject the royal overtures. "Banners to the front, then!" cried Henry. The combat began. "St. George!" was the

ery around the king. "Hope! Percy!" responded the rebels. The archers were drawing on both sides, and the knights did not abandon to them, as at Homildon Hill, all the honor of the combat. Percy and Douglas, rivals in glory, had precipitated themselves together into the midst of the enemy with a small following; everything gave way before them; the Prince of Wales had been wounded in the face. They sought for the king; but, upon the advice of the Scottish refugee, the Earl of March, he had laid aside, for that day, all the royal insignia, and he fought valiantly, without having been recognized. At the moment when the two chiefs of the insurgents endeavored to retrace their steps, opening up a way through the crowd of the enemies, Percy was struck by an arrow in the head, and fell dead. Disorder immediately set in among his partisans. Douglas had been made a prisoner; the Earl of Worcester shortly afterwards suffered the same fate, as well as the Lord of Kinderton and Sir Richard Vernon. The traitors' punishment awaited the three Englishmen. Douglas was honorably treated. The field of battle was covered with dead and dying. The insurgents had fled; they went and carried to the old Earl of Northumberland the news of the defeat and death of his son. He was marching forward to join him, and he thereupon shut himself up in his castle at Warkworth. Being summoned to appear before the king at York, he was detained there in honorable captivity until the Parliament should have decided upon his fate. He had not taken part personally in the insurrection, and he declared that his son had acted without his approval. The Lords treated him with indulgence; he retired after having sworn fidelity to the king and the Prince of Wales. Eighteen months had not elapsed before he was again in arms against Henry.

The conspiracies had not ceased in this interval. A former chamberlain of King Richard, named Serle, had again spread

the rumor that that monarch was living. He led about with him a poor idiot who resembled Richard, and a certain number of partisans had rallied round him. Three princes of the House of Bourbon had attacked the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and burned down the town of Plymouth; the French vessels had brought reinforcements to Owen Glendwyr, against whom the young Prince of Wales was at war; and a woman, Lady Le Despencer, had carried off the young Earl of March and his brother. She was already approaching the frontiers of Wales when she was seized, and the prisoners were brought back to Windsor. She exculpated herself by throwing the responsibility of the undertaking upon her brother, the Duke of York, formerly Earl of Rutland. He was arrested, and languished for several years in prison.

King Henry had always avoided asking large subsidies of the Parliament; he was not sufficiently assured of the affection of his people to ask any sacrifices of them. In 1404, however, he had come to the end of his resources, and in a parliament known in history as "the lack-learning," because the king had, it was said, dismissed from it all the lawyers, he made a proposal which was ardently sustained by the Commons: it forbade the king to alienate the property of the crown without the authorization of Parliament, but permitted him to take back all the gifts of land and the pensions granted by his predecessors; he was even allowed to seize a certain portion of the property of the clergy. The Church uttered a cry of terror and rage, which arrested the zeal of the king and the Commons. Henry hastened to renounce his project, assuring the Archbishop of Canterbury that it was his intention to leave the Church in a better position than he had found it; but he accomplished his resolutions upon the lands and pensions given by Edward III. and Richard II. The disaffection of the barons was very

great, and the uneasiness of the clergy was in no wise dispelled.

In 1405, two great councils were convoked by the king: in London and at St. Alban's. There the bad state of feeling was manifested; all the demands of the king were rejected, and more than one baron quitted St. Alban's to join the insurgents, who were again beginning to form in groups round the Earl of Northumberland. The Archbishop of York had this time taken up arms; he was made a prisoner, as well as the Earl of Nottingham, by Prince John, the second son of the king. In vain did the archbishop claim ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the earl that of his peers; in vain did Chief Justice Gascoyne refuse to preside at their trial: the king had resolved to make an example. He found some more complaisant magistrates; the archbishop and the Earl of Nottingham were beheaded; a fine was imposed upon the city of York, temporarily deprived of its charters, and the king marched against Berwick, where the Earl of Northumberland had taken refuge. On the way he caused Lord Hastings and Lord Falconbridge to be tried, and they were beheaded. Berwick surrendered; but the old Percy had fled to Edinburgh, and the king did not penetrate into Scotland; he contented himself with ravaging Northumberland, taking possession of all the castles which belonged to the rebels. He then turned his arms in the direction of Wales, where Prince Henry had valiantly sustained the struggle for nearly two years. He had triumphed over the Welsh at Grosmont, in Monmouthshire, in the month of March, 1405; one of the sons of Owen Glendwyr had been made a prisoner, and the prince had only been arrested in the course of his successes by the arrival of a French reinforcement sent by the Duke of Orleans, in defiance of the truce which still reigned between the two nations. The young Prince Henry had been com-

pelled to withdraw to Worcester; but the king soon drove the French into the mountains of Wales, whither he pursued them. The Welsh arrested his march; but the French were weary of their reverses, of the poverty of their allies, of the rough life which they led; they retreated into their vessels again. The king withdrew in his turn; Prince Henry continued the war with alternations of successes and reverses, always holding his ground with a skill and perseverance worthy of his adversary, and which finally wearied the population. Glendwyr found himself gradually abandoned, and an invasion attempted in 1409 by his son-in-law, Scudamore, in Shropshire, completed the ruin of his cause; the Welsh were repulsed, and the chiefs put to death. The independent character of Owen Glendwyr allowed him neither to submit nor to despair; he no longer appeared in the regions occupied by the English, but he still maintained himself in the mountains, taking up arms when his enemies pressed him closely in his haunts; his name, published several times in the amnesty acts, prove that he was neither dead nor subjugated, even after the battle of Agincourt. The period of his death and the place of his burial are unknown; the end of his life remains enveloped in mystery, as though he had really possessed the magic power which his friends and enemies attributed to him in his lifetime.

King Henry had not been under the necessity of prosecuting his campaigns in Scotland; he held in his hands the heir to the throne of that kingdom. The Duke of Rothsay, imprudent and bold, had entered into a contention with his uncle, the Duke of Albany. Being accused of rebellion and imprisoned in Falkland Castle, he had there died of hunger, it was said. The unhappy King Robert had become alarmed for the life of James, the only son who remained to him, and he had embarked him upon a ship which was to take

him to France, but the vessel had fallen into the hands of some English cruisers, who brought the prince in triumph to King Henry. "I speak French as well as my brother Charles," the king had said laughingly, "and I am as well adapted as he to bring up a king of Scotland." The young Prince James therefore remained at the court of England, closely guarded, but educated with care, kindly treated, and at liberty to devote himself to his passion for poetry. The old King Robert had died of grief in 1406, and the Duke of Albany, who continued to govern Scotland, servilely submitted to the wishes of the King of England, who, at the least appearance of insubordination, threatened him with the release of his nephew. This state of affairs was destined to be prolonged for a considerable time.

The most irreconcilable adversary of the king had at length succumbed. The old Earl of Northumberland, homeless, childless, and without riches, had wandered for more than two years from kingdom to kingdom, endeavoring to raise up embarrassments and enemies against King Henry. At the beginning of 1408, he appeared in Northumberland with Lord Bardolf, the friend and companion of his whole life. Rallying a certain number of his old vassals, he overran the country, took possession of several castles, and had gathered together a small body of troops, when he was defeated on the 28th of February, by Sir Thomas Rokeby, upon Branham Heath, near Tadcaster. He was killed in the combat; Lord Bardolf, grievously wounded, died shortly afterwards, and their bodies, cut in pieces, were sent to the towns of Northumberland, where they had found adherents. It was all over with the Percies.

The commotions in France continued to increase. The poor king, Charles VI., would pass from furious madness to docile melancholy; his kingdom, rent asunder by factions,

was the scene of the crimes, debaucheries, and exactions of all parties. The Duke of Orleans had recently been assassinated in the Rue Barbette (23d of November, 1407), by the servants of his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, a circumstance which had not prevented the latter from reappearing at court, without fearing punishment from the king for this murder, which the duke caused to be publicly justified at the Sorbonne, by Maître Jean Petit, doctor in theology. From treason to treason, from reconciliation to reconciliation, the Duke of Burgundy was all-powerful in 1409, when the young Duke of Orleans, who had lost his wife, Isabel of France, widow of King Richard II., was married a second time, to Bonne, the daughter of the wealthy Count of Armagnac. The time had at length arrived for prosecuting revenge : supported by the experience and military talents of the count, the partisans of the House of Orleans assumed the name of Armagnacs ; the red scarf was put on by the Duke of Berry, the Duke of Brittany, and the Duke of Alençon ; John the Fearless was driven from Paris, and the Duke of Orleans, sword in hand, demanded justice for the death of his father.

Then, for the first time, amid the factions which had desolated France for ten years, England was called upon to play a part. John the Fearless asked assistance of Henry IV. The latter sent, in the month of October, 1411, a small body of a thousand archers and eight hundred men-at-arms, with whom the duke marched against Paris. He re-entered there in force on the 23d, and drove out the Armagnacs, who had already begun to make themselves detested. John the Fearless followed up his advantages, and hoped to crush his enemies ; but they, in their turn, had negotiated with the King of England, promising to recognize him as Duke of Aquitaine, and to assure to him, after the death of the present possessors,

the counties of Poitou and Angoulême. As the price of these concessions, the English army was preparing to invade France, under the orders of the third son of the king, the Duke of Clarence, when the Duke of Berry, uncle of Charles VI., filled with horror at the prospect of the evils which the foreigners were about to bring down upon France, once more interposed between the belligerents, and effected one of those reconciliations which prepared the way for fresh acts of perfidy. The Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy entered Paris mounted upon the same horse, and repaired thus to church. The people cried "Noël!" and thanked God for this hope of peace. But the Duke of Clarence had landed in Normandy; the news of the pacification had been powerless to arrest him. Maine and Anjou had already been ravaged. The Duke of Orleans contrived to purchase the retreat of the allies whom he himself had summoned: the English, laden with gold and booty, took the road to Guienne, traversing France without any obstacle. "We will return hither," they said as they passed, "to fight with our King Henry." Eight thousand Englishmen embarked at Bordeaux towards the close of the year 1412.

King Henry had nearly arrived at the end of his career. He was ill and sad. His throne had always appeared to him to be tottering; conspiracies had been so often repeated around him, that he had ended by suspecting them where they did not exist. A keen jealousy towards his eldest son troubled him. The Prince of Wales had given proofs of rare courage; when yet young, he had been wounded at the battle of Shrewsbury; being afterwards despatched by his father into Wales, he had there constantly held in check Owen Glendwyr, over whom he had finally triumphed. It is related—and, in his admirable tragedy of *Henry IV.*, Shakspeare made use of these accounts, of which the authen-

ticity is not well proved — that the young prince, besides his budding greatness, had given other causes for anxiety to his father: it is said that his debauches and coarse amusements had caused alarm for the fate of the State which he was one day to govern, so that a judge before whom he had been brought, although knowing him, thought it his duty to condemn him like a simple private person. Perhaps the jealousy of the father and the restraint which he claimed to impose upon the son, to whom he left neither power nor resources, had contributed to plunge a sanguine, energetic young man, full of life and strength, into those excesses with which he was reproached. It is affirmed that the king had one day swooned, in consequence of one of the attacks of his distemper; he was believed to be dead. The Prince of Wales, entering the apartment, had carried off the crown which lay upon a cushion. When Henry IV. came to himself again, he asked for the crown. The prince was sent for. “You have no right to it,” cried the king. “You know that your father had none.” “Your sword gave it to you, sire, and my sword will be able to defend it,” replied the prince, exonerating himself as well as he could against the suspicions of his father. He demanded the punishment of those who accused him of prematurely claiming the throne, and the king referred him to the next session of the Parliament. He was weary of reigning and of living. “You shall do as you please,” he said; “I have done with all these matters. May the Lord have mercy upon my soul!” But the young Prince Henry suffered in mind from the alienation of his father; he presented himself before him clad in a blue satin robe, covered with button-holes, a tag still hanging from each opening, and, in this strange costume, he threw himself at the feet of the king, drew a dagger from his bosom, and begged him to take his life if he had deprived

him of his favor. The father and son became reconciled, it is said, after this scene.

The torments of jealousy, added to the troubles of his conscience and the cares of power, overwhelmed the monarch. He was not yet forty-seven years of age, and the proud Bolingbroke, formerly so handsome, so bold, so adventurous, was bowed down like an old man. He was praying, on the 20th of March, 1413, before the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, when he fell into a swoon. He was carried into the apartment of the abbot, and as he recovered his senses, he asked where he was. "In the Jerusalem Chamber," was the reply; for such was the name of the chamber to which he had been carried. He closed his eyes. "I was always told that I should die at Jerusalem," he muttered, and he expired. He was interred in Canterbury Cathedral, beside his first wife, Lady Mary de Bohun, the mother of all his children. His second wife, Queen Joan of Navarre, had not presented any to him.

Ambitious and inflexible, harsh towards his enemies, skilful and cunning as well as enterprising, Henry IV. had always continued to treat the Parliament with respect, and had never made any attempt against its authority. The House of Commons, especially, had seen its privileges confirmed under his reign, and its influence had been constantly growing. Thus the liberties of England, formerly conquered by the barons at the price of so much bloodshed, were gradually developing, profiting by the weakness as well as the temerity of the sovereigns, until the day when the religious reform was to raise them to their highest pitch.

Absorbed in the internal struggles consequent upon usurpation, for ever dreading real or supposed conspiracies, Henry IV. had not had leisure to think of foreign wars. The wish, however, had not been wanting; he had everywhere



PRINCE HENRY OFFERS HIS LIFE TO HIS FATHER.



THE BODY OF RICHARD II. INTERRED AT WESTMINSTER.



plunged himself into the intrigues and divisions which desolated France under the unhappy Charles VI., and he had thus prepared the return of the great English ambitions, which were destined, for a while, to raise so high the glory of Henry V., his son, at the price of so much bloodshed and so many sorrows for the two nations.

CHAPTER XIII.

HENRY V. 1413-1422.

HENRY of Monmouth ascended the throne under happy auspices. His father had expended the popularity which in the first place had carried him into power, and had lived amid the anxieties and cares of usurpation; but the work was accomplished, and his son felt his authority so well established, that the first acts of his reign bear testimony to a generous disdain towards conspiracies and rivals. The body of King Richard II. was carried away from the convent of Langley, and solemnly brought back to Westminster, to be interred there beside his wife, Anne of Bohemia, as the unhappy monarch had wished during his lifetime. The king himself was the chief mourner. The young Edmund, Earl of March, was restored to liberty, and the son of Hotspur Percy was recalled from the long exile which retained him in Scotland. Everywhere the former adversaries of Henry IV., exiled or punished through his fear and prudence, experienced the clemency of the young king, who contrived to gain the affection of the greater number of them, by the firmness and energy of character which were united in him with generosity.

Recovered from any follies and excesses which may have sullied his youth, Henry V., when he ascended the throne, showed himself from the first to be austere in his life and in his morals, resolved to fear God, and to cause his laws to be respected. He was not in favor of the religious movement which was being propagated in his kingdom, particularly

among the lower classes of society. The doctrines and the preaching of Wickliffe, and the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures which he had begun to diffuse, had borne much good fruit; but the disciples had, upon several points, swerved from the teaching of their master, and from free investigation had sprung up many dangerous errors as well as the most sacred truths. The people designated the reformers under the name of "Lollards," a word, the origin of which is not exactly known, but which very possibly came from the German heretic, Walter Lolhard, burned at Cologne in 1322. Already, under Henry IV., the secular arm had descended heavily upon the partisans of the new ideas. A priest, formerly rector of Lynn, in Norfolk, and who had for a while abjured his opinions, had asked to be heard by the Parliament, before which he had frankly expounded the doctrines which he had been compelled to abandon. Being declared for this deed a heretic and a relapser, Sacoytre had been burned at Smithfield in the month of March, 1401, presenting for the first time to the English people the terrible spectacle of a man put to death for his opinions. A tailor, named John Batby, suffered the same punishment in 1410. But at the beginning of the reign of Henry V., the anger and uneasiness of the Church were directed against a personage better known, and of higher rank. The Lollards had become sufficiently numerous to have attributed to them a declaration, placarded by night in London, announcing that a hundred thousand men were ready to defend their rights by arms. All regarded as their chief Sir John Oldcastle, generally called Lord Cobham, by the right of his wife. He was a good soldier, and the friend of Henry V. in his youth. When Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, came to accuse Lord Cobham before the king, the latter could not decide to deliver him up upon the spot to the Church, and he promised to labor himself to reclaim him; but the

king's powers of controversy miscarried before the convictions of Lord Cobham. The monarch became angry, and as his old friend had taken refuge in his manor of Cowling, in Kent, Henry abandoned him to the archbishop. For some time the clever soldier contrived to prevent the delivery of the arrest warrant, but a body of troops sent by the king having surrounded the castle, Oldcastle surrendered, and was conducted to the Tower. For two days he defended himself unaided against all the clergy assembled; he was then condemned to the stake; but the king, who still retained some affection for him, obtained a respite, during which Sir John contrived to escape from the Tower. He no longer hoped to live in peace; perhaps he reckoned upon the devotion of his brethren. It is related that he assembled a considerable number of Lollards, and that he made an attempt to surprise the king; having failed in his design, he had convoked his partisans in the fields of St. Giles, near London, on the morrow of the Epiphany. The king was forewarned of the conspiracy and repaired thither. Sir John was not there; a hundred men at the utmost had assembled in the meadow; they carried arms, and confessed that they were waiting for Oldcastle. Two or three other little assemblages were also captured, and on the 13th of January, thirty Lollards suffered at St. Giles's the punishment of traitors. The Parliament was agitated, and the State was believed to be in danger; the judges and magistrates were authorized to arrest every individual suspected of heresy, and made oath to prosecute the guilty in all parts. Death and confiscation were decreed against them. Sir Roger Acton, a friend of Oldcastle, was arrested, hanged and quartered on the 10th of February. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Arundel, died on the 28th of the same month; but his successor, Chicheley, was no less ardent than he against heresy, and it was at his request and at his suit that Sir John Oldcastle,

Lord Cobham, after having for a long while remained concealed, was rearrested in 1417, and burned at a slow fire in the meadow of St. Giles, on the 25th of December following.

The terror which the Lollards had caused was beginning to subside. The king had had leisure to reflect upon the sad condition of France; the weakness in which it was plunged reminded him of the counsels of his dying father. It is said that Henry IV. had advised his son to engage his country in a great war, to divert it from conspiracies. The ardor of the young king had become inflamed at this idea, and he had come to look upon himself as the messenger of God, sent to punish the crimes of the French princes, and to deliver from their hands the kingdom which they were oppressing. In the month of July, 1414, he suddenly laid claim to the crown of France, as the descendant of Isabel, the daughter of Philip the Fair. This pretension, groundless on the part of Edward III., became absurd in the mouth of Henry V., because the right of succession, if transmissible by females, belonged to the Earl of March. The Duke of Berry, then in power, peremptorily repelled the demand of King Henry, who thereupon proclaimed other pretensions. He consented to leave the throne to King Charles, but he claimed for England the absolute sovereignty of Normandy, Anjou, Maine, and Aquitaine, besides the towns and territories ceded in other parts of France by the treaty of Brétigny. He claimed at the same time one half of Provence, the inheritance of Eleanor and Sanche, the wives of Henry III., and of his brother, the Duke of Cornwall; and the fifteen hundred thousand crowns remaining to be paid upon the ransom of King John; finally, he formally demanded the hand of the Princess Catherine, the daughter of King Charles VI., with a dowry of two millions of crowns. In reply to these exorbitant demands, the Duke of Berry proposed to surrender

Aquitaine to the King of England, and to give him the Princess Catherine, with a dowry of six hundred thousand crowns. Never had a daughter of France brought so large a dowry to her husband, and the payment of it would probably have been difficult in the state of poverty which the country was in. King Henry thereupon recalled his ambassadors, convoked the Parliament, and, having obtained large subsidies, he sent a second mission to the court of France. The Earl of Dorset entered Paris with a magnificent retinue. He proposed a prolongation of the truce for four months, and consented to receive the princess with a dowry of one million of crowns only. Henry had, besides, renounced his pretensions to Maine, Anjou, and Normandy. The answer was the same, but two hundred thousand crowns were added to the dowry of Catherine. The ambassadors returned to England in March, 1415; the preparations for war immediately commenced.

The situation of France was more than ever deplorable. The Armagnacs and the Burgundians were contending with each other for the power, and a third competitor had entered the lists; the Dauphin, Louis, the eldest son of the unhappy Charles VI., arrived at manhood, and, supported by his uncle, the Duke of Berry, endeavored to seize the reins of government. Dissolute and unmannerly, as profligate and as cruel as his adversaries, he sometimes made use of the king's name, at others, declared him incapable of directing his affairs, and plotted to drive out the Armagnacs or the Burgundians. Blood flowed in all parts, and the unhappy populations of the towns and the country, exhausted by taxes and exactions, sighed after each abuse of a new master: "What worse could the English do than that from which we suffer?"

While the French nation, overwhelmed by its misfortunes, lost even the wish of defending itself against foreigners, King Henry had summoned a council of the Lords at Westminster.

In the last Parliament, his uncle, Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England, had delivered a great speech upon this text: "While we have time, let us do every good work." The king announced to his councillors that he had resolved to put his hand to the task, and to recover his inheritance. All the prelates and barons approved of his intentions, and his brother John, Duke of Bedford, was appointed Regent of England in his absence. The conditions of military service were determined. The king undertook to make a regular payment, curiously graduated according to the rank of those who followed him: a duke was to receive every day thirteen shillings and fourpence; an earl, six shillings and eightpence; a baron, four shillings; a knight, two shillings; an esquire, one shilling, and an archer sixpence. All were to bring a certain number of horses, which the king undertook to equip. Henry had pawned his jewels, contracted loans, and he had collected a very considerable sum of money, when he marched forth in the month of July, to embark at Southampton.

At Winchester, the king encountered the Archbishop of Bourges, sent by the Duke of Berry, in the frivolous hope of appeasing the storm which threatened France. "I have a right to the crown," said Henry, "and I will conquer it with my sword." In vain did the archbishop invoke the help of God, of the Virgin Mary, and of the saints, who would defend the just cause of King Charles; in vain, exasperated by the disdain of the English, did he exclaim that the king had only made such liberal offers for love of peace, and that King Henry would soon find himself repulsed as far as the sea, if he should not be killed or made prisoner; Henry contented himself with smiling. "We shall see shortly," said he; and loading the prelate and his retinue with presents, he sent him back with no other reply.

The embarkation of the troops had already commenced, when the king was suddenly warned of a plot hatched against his life. One of his friends, Lord Scroop of Masham, in whom the king reposed such confidence that he always made him sleep in his own chamber, and Sir Thomas Grey Heton, had made an agreement with the Earl of Cambridge, the brother of the Duke of York, and as treacherous as he. The king dead, the young Earl of March was to replace him upon the throne. The three conspirators had suffered the penalty of their crime, when Henry at length set sail for France, on the 13th of August, 1415.

The fleet entered the Seine on the morning of the 14th of August, and thirty thousand men, which it carried, landed within a league of Harfleur. The spot was ill chosen for the landing, and the defence would have been easy; but no obstacle presented itself to impede the operations of the English, and, on the 17th, King Henry laid siege to Harfleur. The town was strong and well defended by the Sire d'Estouteville; sickness was beginning to ravage the English army; several barons of consequence were dead, as well as a large number of soldiers; but the besieged suffered also, and the governor in vain asked for assistance.

The Sire d'Estouteville formed his resolution; he issued secretly out of the town and repaired in person to Rouen, where the French forces were beginning to assemble. But confusion and disorder reigned there; no one thought of delivering Harfleur. The brave governor returned, re-entered the town, and surrendered it on the 22d of September, after a siege which had lasted thirty-six days. King Henry installed a garrison there; he embarked his sick and wounded soldiers, whom he sent back to England; and when he took account of his army thus diminished, nine thousand men at the utmost remained under his banners. His supporters hesitated to

advance into France. Henry had sent to the Dauphin a challenge to single combat; but Louis had not even replied. The king silenced the timid counsels. "No," said he; "with the help of God, we must first see a little more of this good soil of France, which all belongs to us. We will go, with God's help, without hurt or danger; but if we should be interfered with, we will fight, and the victory will be ours." Reassuring his men thus, the King of England set out on his way to Calais, on the 6th of October. The army at Rouen, under the orders of the king and the Dauphin, did not stir; but that of the Constable had preceded the English in Picardy, and every day troops passed by to go and join him. Watched by some detachments larger than his entire army, Henry traversed Normandy without any obstacle; near Dieppe, however, he was attacked by the garrison of Eu, but the enemy was thrown back in disorder. Like Edward III., Henry found himself stopped by the river Somme, and could not discover a ford; Blanche-Tache was guarded; the great number of the passages were furnished with stakes. The soldiers were beginning to murmur, when, on the 19th of October, a passage was found between Bethencourt and Vogenme, and the English army crossed the Somme without impediment. The Constable had established himself at Abbeville; the military council assembled at Rouen decided that battle should be given. The immense superiority of the French army had caused the wise usages of King Charles V. to be forgotten.

On the 20th of October, three French heralds presented themselves at the camp of the enemy, and the Duke of York conducted them to the king. "Sire," they said, bending their knee before him, "my masters, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and my lord the Constable, inform you that they intend to give battle to you." "God's will

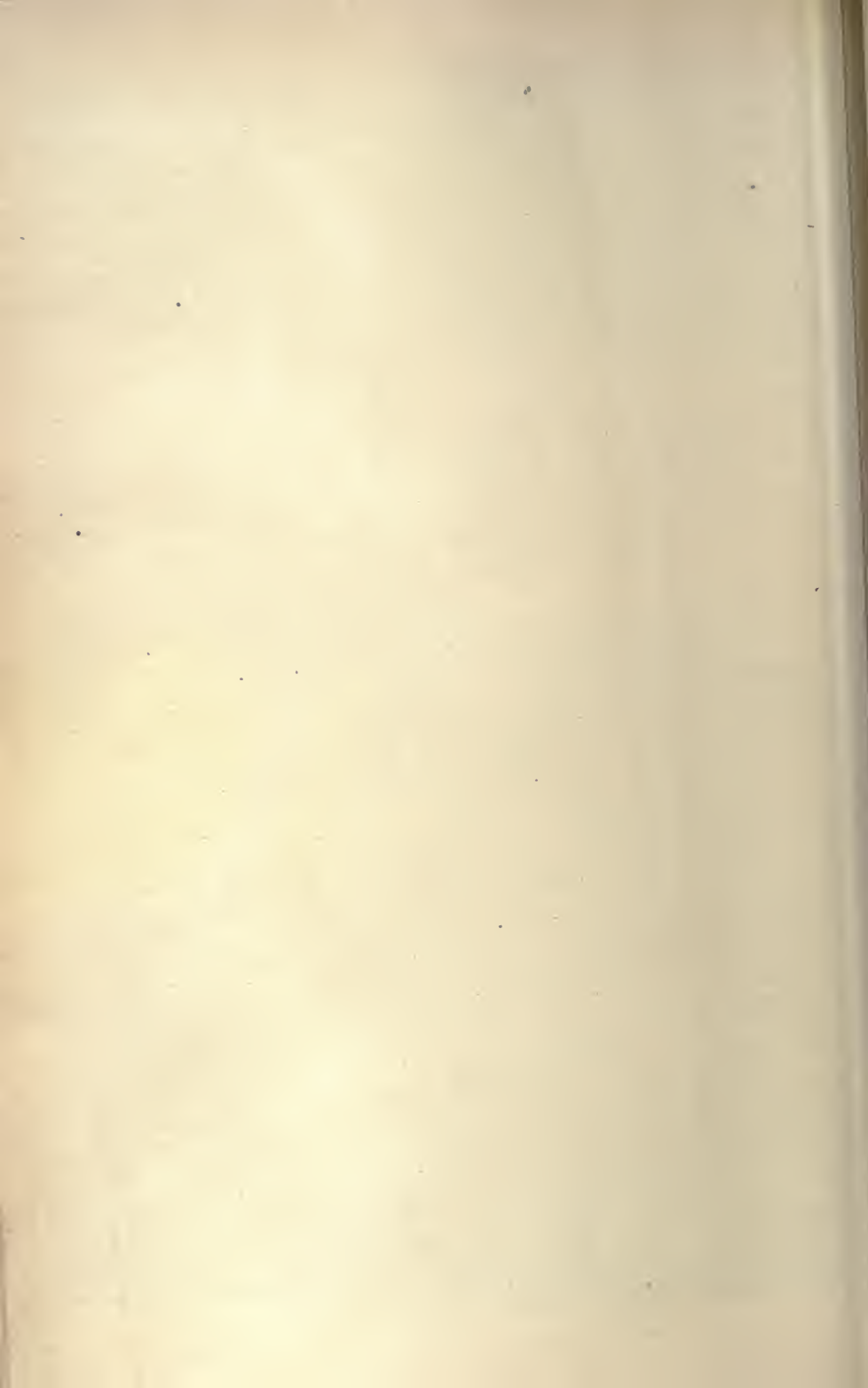
be done," replied the king without emotion. "And by which road do you intend to proceed?" resumed the heralds, who had noticed with amazement the small number of English tents, and the weary appearance of the soldiers. "That of Calais, straight along," replied Henry. "If my enemies wish to stop me, it will be at their peril. I do not seek them, but I will proceed neither faster nor more slowly to avoid them." And breaking camp on the morrow, Henry indeed continued his march, as though death or defeat could not lie hidden behind each hill, or await him in the neighboring plains. On the 24th he had crossed the river of Ternois, when he perceived the first columns of the enemy. He immediately formed his troops into battle-order; but the Constable had fallen back upon Agincourt, and the King of England took up his quarters in the village of Maisoncelles. The royal standard of France was planted on the road to Calais; death or victory was imperative.

King Henry had sent his marshals to reconnoitre the position of the French. They brought back alarming particulars as to their strength, and the number of pennants and banners spread out in the wind; the soldiers were laughing around their fires, and the spies heard them calculating the ransom of the English barons. The veteran knights alone appeared less joyful; the Duke of Berry, who, when quite a child, had fought at Poitiers, had opposed with all his might the project of giving battle. He had succeeded in preventing the arrival of the king. "It is better," he said, remembering the captivity of his father, King John, "to lose the battle than to lose both the king and the battle." The English trumpets sounded throughout the night; but the soldiers had confessed, many of them had made their wills; they appreciated all the danger that threatened them.

At daybreak, on the 25th of October, the king attended



THE FRENCH CHIVALRY THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.



mass. Three altars had been erected in the camp, in order that the soldiers might all be present at divine worship. The English were composed of three divisions; two detachments were stationed at the wings. The archers, placed in the form of a wedge in front of the men-at-arms, drove into the ground long stakes, intended to protect them against the charge of the cavalry; for the first time, the points of the stakes were tipped with iron. The baggage, the priests, and the greater number of the horses, had remained in the rear-guard, near Maisoncelles. The king rode slowly along the lines upon his little gray horse; the crown which surmounted his helmet sparkled in the rays of the sun, but the youthful and handsome countenance of the young sovereign above all attracted the attention of his soldiers. "My course is taken," he said, "to conquer or die here. Never shall England pay a ransom for me. Remember Soissons,* my archers; the French have sworn to cut off three fingers from the right hand of every one of you, so that you may never be able to shoot an arrow again in your lives. We have not come to our kingdom of France like enemies; we have not sacked the towns and insulted the women; they are full of sin and have not the fear of God before their eyes." A gallant warrior, Walter Hungerford, said aloud, as the king passed by, that he would like to see at his side a few of the good knights who remained idle in England. "No," cried Henry, "I would not have here one man more. If God give us the victory, the fewer we are, the greater will be the honor; if we fail, the country will be less unhappy." And he smiled, like a man certain of victory.

The French did not make an attack. By the advice of the old Duke of Berry, they had resolved to await the onslaught,

* Two hundred English archers, prisoners of war, had been hanged at Soissons.

and they had seated themselves upon the ground, like the English at Crecy. Henry had reckoned upon the confusion and disorder which every movement would bring upon this compact and confused mass, where each knight obeyed his liege lord, without concerning himself about the general direction, and he hesitated to make an attack. The Constable wished to wait for the Duke of Brittany, who was to bring fresh reinforcements to him; and, seeing that the English remained stationary, he dispatched Messire Guichard Dauphin to King Henry, to offer him a free passage, if he would surrender Harfleur and renounce his pretensions to the crown of France. Henry refused without hesitation; he was willing to negotiate, he said, upon the conditions which he had offered from London. They could delay no longer; the English army was destitute of victuals. The king gave orders to his two detachments to creep, one to the left and the other to the rear of the French army; he then in a ringing voice cried, "Advance, banners!" It was mid-day. Sir Thomas Erpingham, the venerable commander of the archers, threw into the air his white staff, saying, "Shoot." The English had advanced within bowshot; they planted their stakes, and, uttering their battle-cries, began to shoot. Their comrades, hidden upon the left flank of the French, answered them with cries and with arrows. Messire Clignet de Brabant charged at the archers, crying, "Montjoie! Saint Denis!" The ground was soft and moist with the rain; the horses slipped and fell; the horsemen were wounded by the arrows, and their lances could not reach, behind the ramparts of stakes, the bare breasts of the archers, who had nearly all thrown off a portion of their clothing, to fight more at their ease. The Brabantines were compelled to retire in disorder, breaking up at their rear the advancing ranks. The mass was so confused and the



HENRY V. REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.



ranks so serried, that neither horses nor men had room to move. The English archers had drawn their stakes, and, having discontinued shooting, charged mallet and battle-axe in hand. The French cavalry had made a side movement; the horses sank into the freshly ploughed soil; the cavalry, heavily armed, had difficulty in dismounting, while their enemies ran lightly upon the yielding ground. The Constable had been slain; the Duke Anthony of Brabant succumbed beneath a battle-axe at the moment when the second French division attacked the English men-at-arms, who were advancing in their turn. The struggle then began between the cavalry. The Duke of Clarence had been overthrown; Henry, standing before his body, defended him single-handed. Eighteen knights, bearing the banner of the Count of Croy, attacked him at the same moment; they had sworn to capture the King of England dead or alive. A blow from a battle-axe caused Henry to fall upon his knees; he was about to perish, but his knights had rejoined him; the king rose, and the eighteen assailants were killed. The Duke of Alençon, sword in hand, had arrived at the foot of the standard of England; he had overthrown the Duke of York. King Henry defended his treacherous relative, and the battle-axe of the French prince smashed a half of the crown which surmounted his helmet. At the same moment the duke was surrounded. "I surrender," he cried. "I am the Duke of Alençon." But already the blows of the English had stretched him upon the ground; when King Henry would have received his gage, he was dead. The French troops faltered; the chiefs were either captured or slain. The third division began to fly; the ground gave under their feet; the horses sank into the mud. A great tumult arose in the rear of the English. The third division of the enemy began to rally; the Duke of Brittany was hourly expected with numerous reinforcements:

King Henry gave orders to kill the prisoners with whom each Englishman was incumbered; the greatest names of France were falling beneath the dagger. But the alarm subsided; the peasants who had made a raid upon the baggage had been repulsed, the French cavalry had resumed their gallop; the King of England arrested the slaughter, and gave orders to raise the wounded. The day was ended; the king rode over the field of battle with his barons; the heralds examined the arms of the dead knights. Henry encountered Montjoie, the French king-at-arms, who had been made a prisoner. "This butchery is not of our doing," he said, "but of the Almighty, who wished to punish the sins of France. To whom falls the honor of the victory?" "To the King of England," gravely replied Montjoie. "What is the name of this castle?" resumed the king. "Agincourt." "The day's work shall then be called the battle of Agincourt," said Henry, and he resumed his march amid the dead and the dying. Eight thousand gentlemen had fallen upon the field of battle, of whom one hundred and twenty were great noblemen bearing banners. The Duke of Orleans, the Count of Richemont, Marshal Boucicault, the Duke of Bourbon, the Counts of Eu and Vendôme, were prisoners. Among the English, the Earl of Suffolk and the Duke of York had been killed.

The king retook the road to Calais; the young Count of Charolais, the son of the Duke of Burgundy, whom his father had forbidden to take part in the combat, had performed the last duties towards his uncles, the Duke of Brabant and the Count of Nevers. At the same time he caused to be interred, at his own expense, all those whose friends had not come to take away their bodies. Nearly six thousand men were deposited in the cemetery improvised upon the field of battle, and the Bishop of Guînes performed the last prayers there.

The King of England had merely passed through Calais, and had returned into his kingdom, laden with booty, amid the cries of joy of his subjects, who had thrown themselves into the sea on his arrival, and had borne him to land upon their shoulders. In its gratitude, the Parliament had granted to him, for his lifetime, the subsidy upon wools and leathers, which it had formerly so bitterly regretted presenting to King Richard. Henry V. was too much occupied by his foreign ventures, and he was naturally too just and too generous to abuse the favors of his people. During the whole course of his reign he lived in peace and in mutual understanding with his Parliament.

The King of England was occupied in receiving with magnificence the Emperor Sigismund, who was travelling, like a knight-errant, from kingdom to kingdom, endeavoring to effect the cessation of the schism which was desolating the Church, by causing the anti-popes to abdicate, to restore to Christianity a universally recognized chief, when, in the month of August, 1416, came the news that Harfleur was closely pressed by a body of French troops. The king was ready to embark; but Sigismund dissuaded him, under the pretext that this enterprise was not worthy of so great a prince, and to the Duke of Bedford was intrusted the rescue of the garrison of Harfleur. He found a considerable fleet, reinforced by some Genoese and Spaniards, which awaited him at the mouth of the Seine; and on the 15th of August he was attacked by the French, who were soon defeated; but the Genoese caracks rose so high above the water that the English sailors were compelled to climb up like cats to board them: they succeeded, however; for "at sea," says the old chronicler, "neither those who attack, nor those who defend, have any place of refuge or means of escape, and the combat is therefore more desperate." The

French fleet was destroyed, and the land forces were retreating in disorder; but the sea was covered with dead bodies, which came floating around the vessels, and the sight was still lugubrious when the Duke of Bedford returned to England, leaving Harfleur revictualled and in a good state of defence.

The Emperor Sigismund had accompanied his royal host to a conference, at Calais, whither the Duke of Burgundy, who began to incline towards the English, had repaired. The Count of Armagnac was all-powerful in Paris, and King Henry was preparing a large army to attempt a fresh invasion of France.

The Dauphin Louis was dead, poisoned, it was said, by the Armagnacs, who dreaded the influence of his father-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, over him. Prince John, who had become Dauphin, had been accompanied to Compiègne by his brother-in-law, the Count of Hainault. He was quite a Burgundian, and did not long survive his elevation. "At the beginning of 1417," wrote the Duke of Burgundy, "our much dreaded lord and nephew was stricken one evening with so severe an illness that he died immediately; his lips, tongue, and face all swollen, which was a piteous sight, for like this are persons who are poisoned." The new Dauphin, Charles, was but sixteen years of age; he belonged to the Armagnacs, who had caused Queen Isabel to be seized in the castle of Vincennes, and had imprisoned her at Tours. She had thereupon entered into relations with the Duke of Burgundy, whose partisans had been driven in a mass from Paris. The English disembarked at the same time at Touques, in Normandy.

From this period, and for twenty years, the history of England takes place in France. Absorbed at first in their conquests, then in the attempt to preserve them, the English princes asked nothing of their native country but men and

money. The towns of Normandy fell one after another into the power of King Henry. Caen was taken by storm; Lisieux, Bayeux, Laigle, had been abandoned by the population, who had taken refuge in Brittany. Nothing arrested his triumphal march. In vain did the French deputies endeavor to negotiate; Henry demanded the hand of the Princess Catherine, and only consented to leave the royal title to Charles VI. on condition of governing during his lifetime as regent, and having possession of the crown after his death. The winter had arrived, and the Scots had attempted an incursion into the Northern counties; but Bedford had repulsed them. In the beginning of the spring (1418), King Henry resumed his military operations. Large reinforcements had arrived from England; Cherbourg, Domfront, Louviers, Pont-de-l'Arche, besieged by large detachments, surrendered almost at the same time. The whole of Lower Normandy was in the hands of the conqueror, who established his government there. The salt tax was abolished, and the chancellor of the duchy was directed to govern with strict justice. On the 30th of July, the King of England laid siege to Rouen.

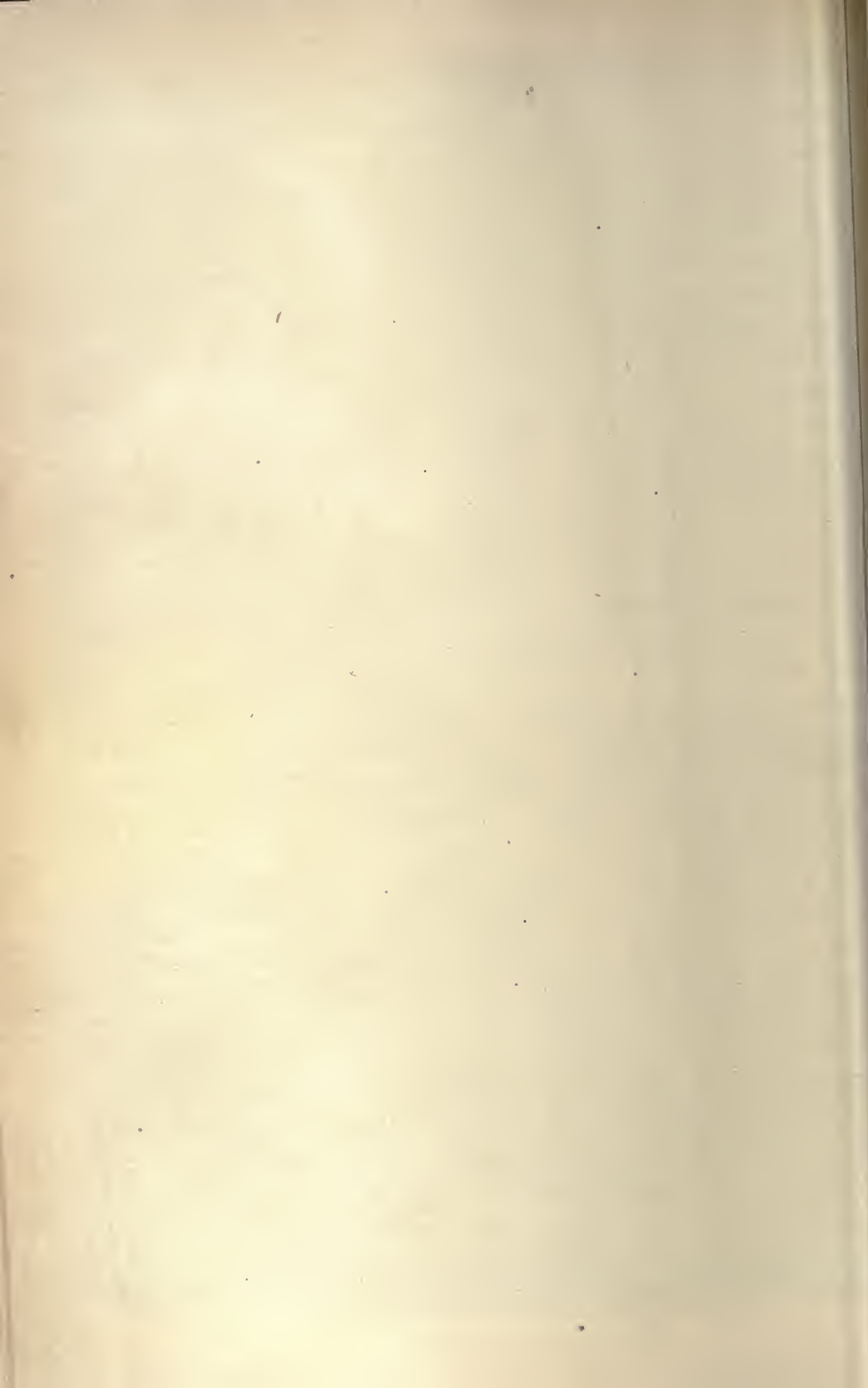
Meanwhile Paris was more than ever a prey to the flames and to bloodshed. The Duke of Burgundy had released Queen Isabel, who had declared herself regent of the kingdom, without concerning herself about the rights of her son. She was advancing against Paris, which trembled under the Count of Armagnac. "In those days it was sufficient in Paris to say that a man was a Burgundian for him to be dead," say the chronicles. The population began to weary of this sanguinary yoke. In the night of the 23d of May, 1418, one of the gates of the city was secretly opened to a small body of Burgundians, by Perrinet Leclerc, the son of a civil guard. The Sire of Isle-Adam, who commanded the detachment, hastened to the Hôtel St. Pol; the Dauphin

had already been dragged as far as the Bastille by Tanneguy-Duchâtel, a Breton knight and an ardent Armagnac. The Constable had concealed himself; the poor king, awakened with a start, recognized Isle-Adam. "How is my cousin of Burgundy?" he said courteously. "It is a very long time since I have seen him." The populace of Paris had risen and were rushing upon the Armagnacs; the king was placed on horseback and conducted through the streets of Paris. The Constable had been discovered, and thrown into prison with his partisans; but on the 12th of June a cry was raised that the enemy were at the gates: the people ran to the prisons, the captives were dragged into the yards, and immediately slaughtered, notwithstanding some efforts of the Burgundian knights. Nearly five thousand persons perished in this massacre, which lasted several days. Tanneguy-Duchâtel had conducted the Dauphin to Bourges, when the Duke of Burgundy and the queen entered Paris in triumph. The two parties endeavored to negotiate with King Henry, who listened to them and rejected their proposals one by one: he had come to persuade himself that he was the avenger sent by God. "He has conducted me hither by the hand to punish the sins of the land and to reign as a true king," he replied to the solicitations of the Papal Legate in favor of peace. "There is neither law nor sovereign in France, none thinks of resisting me; I will maintain my just rights and will place the crown upon my head. It is the will of God."

Meanwhile the siege of Rouen still continued. From every captured town and every abandoned castle, the best combatants had taken refuge in the capital of Normandy. The citizens thereof had always been valiant and passionately attached to independence. Henry in vain repeated to them that he was of Norman race, a descendant of Rollo and



ENTRY OF THE BURGUNDIANS INTO PARIS.



William the Conqueror; the Rouennais kept their gates closed, fighting valiantly upon the ramparts, and making frequent sorties. Hunger, however, began to make itself felt; an old priest left the city secretly and repaired to Paris to ask for assistance. He addressed himself to Maître Pavilly, the greatest doctor and preacher of the Sorbonne, beseeching him to preach a sermon in favor of the unfortunate besieged of Rouen. The eloquence of Maître Pavilly moved all his auditors to tears. "I have come to raise the hue and cry," said the old priest. Assistance was promised to him, but days elapsed and nobody came. The dogs and cats were eaten; the besieged caused a capitulation to be proposed to King Henry. "In your present state," replied the conqueror, "I intend to see you at my mercy." When Messire Le Bouteiller, the governor of the city, received this answer, he no longer took any counsel but that of despair. "Let us set fire to the houses," he said, "and arm ourselves as well as we are able, with the women and children in our midst; and so we will make a breach in the wall which is ruined, and will throw ourselves upon the camp of the English, to go where we can." The rumor of this resolve reached the ears of King Henry. He was harsh, and urged on his projects without concerning himself much about human sufferings; but he was unwilling to see Rouen reduced to ashes; he promised to the men-at-arms their life and liberty, on condition of not fighting against him for one year. The citizens retained their property and their liberties, by paying a fine of three hundred thousand crowns. The king entered Rouen on the 16th of January, 1419, amid the dead bodies with which the streets were strewn: fifty thousand persons, it was said, had perished in the city during the siege.

The consternation was great in France when it was learned that Rouen had succumbed. The Duke of Burgundy quitted

Paris with the king and queen, and negotiations were again entered into with the King of England. The conditions offered by the Duke of Burgundy were so advantageous that Henry consented to negotiate in person. The plain of the environs of Meulan was chosen for the interview; the court of France was at Pontoise, and the King of England had established himself at Mantes. On the 30th of May, two magnificent retinues appeared in the field, around whom a crowd of people thronged; silken tents had been erected. For the first time Henry saw that Princess Catherine with whom he had been smitten through a portrait, and whom he had chosen for the lady of his thoughts. Tall, slim, fair, with black eyes, the beauty of the princess made a lively impression upon her knight, but without disturbing for a moment the policy of the king. Interviews succeeded each other, but Henry abated nothing of his pretensions. "Good cousin of Burgundy," said he, "I will have the daughter of your king for my wife, and with her all that I have demanded." But when the King of England presented himself for the eighth conference, the French tents were deserted. A treaty had been concluded between the Duke of Burgundy and the Dauphin, who had embraced upon the road between Melun and Corbeil; the two parties were for the moment reunited against the English. King Henry, indignant at this treachery, and swearing to avenge himself unaided, advanced as far as Pontoise, which was taken on the 27th of July. Isle-Adam, who defended the town, was compelled to fly, leaving behind him the treasure which he had amassed in Paris by hanging the Armagnacs.

The Duke of Burgundy was at Saint-Denis; but he made no effort to defend Pontoise. Paris remained undefended; nobody thought any longer of taking possession of that unhappy city, the scene of so many horrors and crimes.

There was uneasiness around the King of England; the negotiations which were on foot between the court of France and the Regent of Scotland were known; the King of Castile had armed a large fleet which ravaged the coasts of Guenne. Henry V. alone had not lost confidence: he counted upon the justice of God as well as upon the internal treachery of his adversaries; the event proved that he had not been mistaken. Since his reconciliation with the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy strongly urged the latter to repair to Troyes, where were the king and queen; the young prince, or rather his councillors, insisted upon a preliminary interview at Montereau. The duke hesitated; he had received several warnings of the evil designs of Tanneguy-Duchâtel. But the influence of a woman, the Dame de Giac, gained over by the Armagnacs, decided him to risk all, and he started for Montereau. Tanneguy-Duchâtel came forward to meet him; the servants of the duke still insisted to make him retreat. "No," said he; "if I die, it will be as a martyr, and the councillors of my lord the Dauphin are good knights." Then, as Duchâtel entered, "This is what I rely upon," he said, resting his hand upon his shoulder; "Messire Tanneguy answers for my safety." The Armagnac reiterated protestations, while leading the duke towards the pavilion which had been prepared upon the bridge. Barriers closed it upon both sides; they were carefully thrown down as soon as the duke had entered. He uncovered his head and placed one knee upon the ground before the Dauphin, who leaned against the balustrade in the centre of the pavilion. The young prince scarcely answered, muttering some reproaches. At the same moment, upon a movement of John the Fearless, which caused his sword to clatter, Tanneguy cried, "A sword in my lord's presence!" and struck the duke a blow on the head with his battle-axe. The Sire de Navailles raised

his arm to defend his master; but the Viscount of Narbonne sprang upon him. The duke had been thrown down without having been able to draw his sword; two noblemen raised his coat of mail and plunged their daggers in his breast; the Burgundians of the retinue were made prisoners; two of them were seriously wounded. The troops of the Dauphin had scattered the escort; the young prince had retired; John the Fearless remained lifeless upon the bridge, divested of his jewels and his rich habiliments. This bold and cunning heart, this egotistical ambition which nothing arrested, this magnificent life of pleasures and politics, all had been ended by a crime, and the public indignation enumerated the virtues of the duke without recalling his vices; the death of John the Fearless opened a wide entrance for the English in France.

Philip, Count of Charolais, now Duke of Burgundy, was at Ghent when he learned of the assassination of his father. "Michelle," he said, turning towards his wife, the daughter of Charles VI., "your brother has killed my father." Amid deputations which arrived from all parts to deplore the crime, and to throw the responsibility of it upon the Dauphin, the first care of the new duke was to enter into negotiations with the King of England.

Anger and vengeance were about to give to Henry all that his victories had not yet been able to wrest from the weakness of France. The proposals of the Dauphin had been rejected; but when the young Duke of Burgundy was intrusted to negotiate by Queen Isabel, the king entered into parleys; the hand of the Princess Catherine was promised to him, with the regency of the kingdom, and the crown at the death of Charles VI. He consented, in his turn, to renounce the title of King of France during the lifetime of King Charles, to govern his new kingdom by the advice of a French

council, to respect the liberties of the parliaments and towns, and to reannex Normandy to the crown of France on his accession to the throne. A private treaty assured certain favors to the Duke of Burgundy. Neither of these documents contained the clause which had led to their conclusion; but it was understood that the Dauphin should be pursued to the death, and driven from his inheritance by the English arms.

The Duke of Burgundy had assured himself of his revenge; he returned to Troyes; all the constituent bodies had already reassembled at Paris,—the Parliament, the Chamber of Accounts, the University,—and all had approved of the treaty with the English. The great qualities of King Henry were enumerated; prudent and wise, loving peace and justice, maintaining a strict discipline among warriors, protecting the poor people, resigned to the will of God, praising Him in good fortune and accepting bad fortune without anger. It was added that he was of noble bearing and of an agreeable countenance. None objected; people were weary of the civil wars; misery had exhausted their hearts, and benumbed their courage; the Duke of Burgundy was all-powerful. A few noblemen alone dared to complain; the Duke Philip had great difficulty in making John of Luxembourg and the Bishop of Théroutte, his brother, to swear peace. “You wish it,” they said, “we will therefore take the oath, and also will we keep it until death.” Others formally refused, and, in the duchy of Burgundy, all the towns at first resisted the oath of fidelity required by the King of England. “Those who looked displeased,” says Juvenal des Ursins, “were treated as Armagnacs, but they were only good and loyal Frenchmen.” The treaty of Troyes was the disgrace of France.

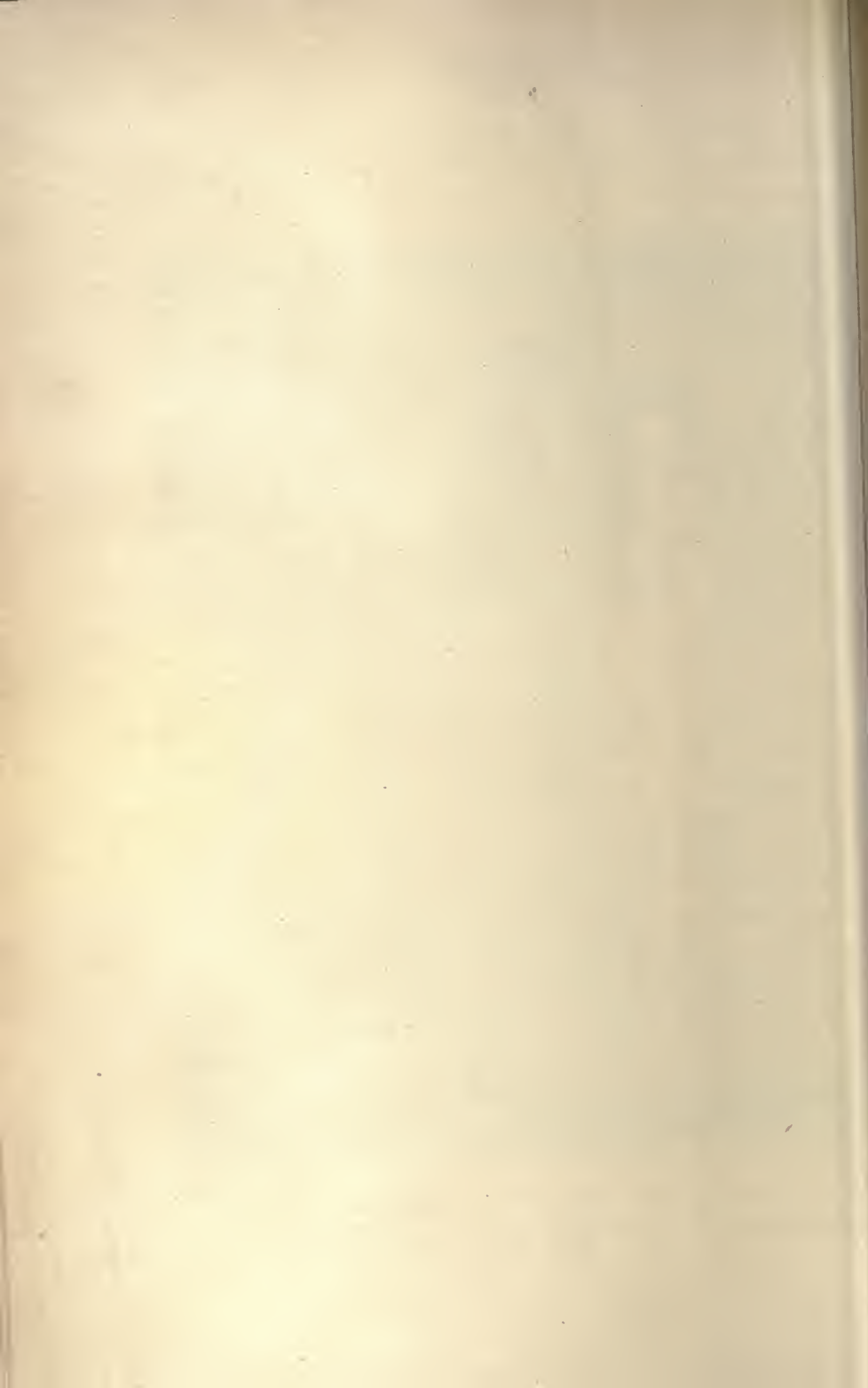
King Henry arrived at the court on the 20th of May, followed by the flower of his army, upon which he had imposed a severe discipline; in traversing the country, he had every-

where required the soldiers to put water in their wine. The Princess Catherine was awaiting her chevalier, who was affianced to her with great ceremony, and on the morrow the treaty was signed. The King of England, regent of France, had received the oaths of his new subjects, when his marriage was celebrated on the 2d of June, by the Archbishop of Sens, amid the most brilliant ceremonies. The young knights and gallants hoped for a joust and some passages of arms on the occasion of this great union; but Henry was not so full of love as to forget his affairs. "I beg my lord the king," he said, "for permission, and I command his servants as well as my own be in readiness to-morrow morning to proceed to lay siege to the city of Sens, where are the enemies of the king. There each of us will be able to joust, tourney, and display his prowess and courage, for there is no finer prowess than to mete out justice to the wicked in order that the poor people may live." The court of Queen Isabel was not accustomed to this serious and firm language, but they set out without complaining for Sens. The town was taken at the end of two days; the king caused the archbishop to be called, and conducted him to the church. "You have given me a bride, and I restore yours to you," he said to the prelate.

From Sens the army went to Montereau; the Burgundians were fighting furiously, eager to have possession of the spot in which the body of their duke reposed. The garrison had been compelled to retire within the castle, where the Sire de Guitry defended himself yet for some time. Scarcely had Philip of Burgundy entered the town, when the women conducted him to the church wherein his father had been hurriedly interred. He caused the tomb to be opened; the body was riddled with wounds, disfigured by the blows of the battle-axe of Tanneguy-Duchâtel; all wept while looking at him; the body was transported to Dijon with the greatest honors, and deposited in



MAUSOLEUM OF JOHN THE FEARLESS AT DIJON.



the tomb of Philip the Bold. The bastard De Croy, killed during the siege, took, in the church of Montereau, the place which the Duke John left empty.

The army had repaired to Melun; but the town was defended by the Sire de Barbazan, one of the Dauphin's most gallant knights. The siege was likely to be protracted; the court came and established itself at Corbeil. Every day the besieged made sorties; an assault had been attempted without success; mines were defeated by counter-mines. The English, Burgundian, and French knights sometimes took pleasure in breaking lances in those dark galleries; the Sire de Barbazan there had the honor of encountering the King of England without knowing him. But the combats of the men-at-arms were more serious, and the knights sometimes took part in them. "You do not know what it is to fight in a mine," said De Barbazan to the young Louis des Ursins, who was preparing to descend there; "have the handle of your battle-axe cut down; the passages in the mines are often narrow and zigzagged; short sticks are necessary for fighting hand to hand."

Meanwhile the people suffered cruelly within the town, and the Dauphin could not succor it: the English and Burgundian forces would have crushed his little army. The besieged still held out. King Henry had in vain caused Charles VI. to be brought to the camp; De Barbazan replied that he would open the gates to him willingly, but not to the mortal enemies of France. Already the English and the Burgundians began to quarrel among themselves: the French noblemen complained of the small court, and the shabby costume of their king, while the King of England had a gorgeous establishment. Henry, besides, feeling himself surrounded by scarcely subjected enemies, and little accustomed to all the delicate shades of French courtesy, treated the barons with less consideration

than they were wont to receive. The Marshal of Isle-Adam, who was in command at Joigny, had come to Sens for some matters of business. "Is that the dress of a marshal of France?" asked King Henry, while surveying him from head to foot. "Sire," replied the marshal, "I had this light gray robe made to come here by water." "What!" cried the king, "do you look a prince in the face in speaking to him?" "Sire," and the Burgundian drew himself up, "in France it is the custom when one man speaks to another, of whatever rank, or whatever power he may be, that he pass for a worthless man and despicable if he does not dare to look the other in the face." "It is not our fashion," muttered Henry, and shortly afterwards Isle-Adam was deprived of his command.

Melun had at length been reduced to capitulate, on the 18th of November, and the King of England made his entry into Paris. That city was a prey to the most frightful misery; little children were abandoned and died of hunger and of cold in the streets; wolves entered the cemeteries and even into the streets, to devour the dead bodies which none took the trouble to inter. Notwithstanding the distress, all Paris was holiday-making for the arrival of the two kings. The poor Charles VI. rode beside his son-in-law, who vied with him in courtesy at the doors of the churches when the relics were presented to them to kiss. The Duke of Burgundy, clad in mourning, as well as all his household, followed the King of France; the Dukes of Clarence and Bedford accompanied their brother. The misery was redoubled within Paris after the magnificences of the royal reception. Henry established himself at the Louvre, where he held his court sumptuously; the old king had re-entered the Hôtel St. Paul, and few people repaired thither to him, to wish him a happy Christmas.

The Duke of Burgundy had formally demanded justice for

the death of his father, and the murderers had been condemned by a decree of Charles VI., without giving the names and without personally accusing the Dauphin. The king of England was in need of money, and intrusting the command of his army to the Duke of Clarence, after having filled the principal offices of the kingdom with men who were devoted to him, he set sail for England, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. He landed at Dover, in the middle of January, to the sound of the acclamations of his people. The royal retinue resembled a triumph when it entered London. Catherine was crowned at Westminster, "with such great pomp, and feasting, and jollity, that since the time of the very noble and very warlike King Artus was not seen in the city of London a similar rejoicing for any English king," says Monstrelet. The sovereigns had commenced a journey in their states, when, at York, the king learned the sad news of the death of his well-beloved brother, the Duke of Clarence, slain in the combat of Baugé. He was ravaging Anjou, which still recognized the authority of the Dauphin. The Seigneur de la Fayette had raised a few troops to resist him, and a numerous body of Scottish auxiliaries had come and joined him under the orders of the Earl of Buchan. Clarence did not know with what enemies he had to deal; he had imprudently advanced, had been killed by Lord Buchan, and a great number of English had remained upon the field. The Dauphin had appointed the Earl of Buchan Constable of France.

Negotiations were then in progress for the release of King James of Scotland, so long a prisoner at the court of England; King Henry caused him to come, and, his eyes flashing with rage, "Forbid all your subjects ever to lend assistance against me to the Dauphin," he said. "I should make a sorry figure at giving orders, being a prisoner," firmly replied James; "but

if you will take me with you to France, I shall learn the art of war in a good school, and, perhaps, when my Scots shall see me with you, they will not fight on the other side." Henry V. had an affection for the King of Scotland, and granted him his request; but Archibald Douglas was already preparing to proceed to France, to join Lord Buchan.

Meanwhile the king was assembling a more considerable army than all those which he had ever led beyond the seas; the Parliament had liberally voted subsidies; and on the 10th of June, 1421, Henry landed at Calais, leaving Queen Catherine in England. The King of Scotland was sent to besiege Dreux, and Henry himself laid siege to Meaux, which detained him for several months. The town was commanded by the Bastard De Vaurus, who had made of it a haunt of crimes and of pillage. When the castle was at length surrendered, in the month of May, 1422, the governor was hanged upon the great oak of which the branches had so often borne the corpses of his victims. Catherine, accompanied by the Duke of Bedford, had rejoined her husband, to whom she had recently presented a son. The Dauphin, driven back by degrees by the English arms, had finally taken refuge in Bourges; but the Earl of Buchan continued to keep the field; he had taken La Charité, and was besieging Cosne. The Dauphin had repaired to the army, and the King of England, already for a long time enfeebled by fever, was preparing to attack him with the Duke of Burgundy, when his strength completely failed his courage; he was compelled to halt at Corbeil, and the Duke of Bedford having assumed the command of the army, the king was carried back in a litter to the castle of Vincennes. The queen had remained at Paris.

The hand of God was about to arrest this great career; at thirty-four years of age, King Henry V. was dying; the Duke of Bedford was arrested in a march during which he

had encountered no enemies, by the wish of his brother, who desired to say farewell to him. Every worldly gift had been lavished upon the young conqueror; the master of two kingdoms, surrounded by the esteem and affection of his English subjects, recently married to the woman of his choice, just become the father of an infant son, he was about to leave them; but the faith and resignation of a Christian surmounted in the soul ready to take flight, the frail benefits of the earth. Amid his grandeurs and his conquests, Henry had led a pure and austere life, and had not neglected to serve God. He dreamed continually, when peace should be re-established, of proceeding to the East, to deliver the Holy Sepulchre; this vision still floated around his death-bed. He had caused his faithful servants to be summoned. "Since it is the will of God, my Creator, thus to shorten my life," he said to them, "His will be done! Console my sweet Catherine; she will be the most disconsolate creature there is in the world." He confided the education of his son to the Earl of Warwick. "You cannot yet love him for his own sake; but if you feel that you owe me anything, return it to him." He had intrusted to John, Duke of Bedford, the government of France, and named Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, regent of England. "Tell Humphrey, for love of me, to beware of quarrels, and never to allow anything in the world to separate him from John; do not separate yourselves from the Duke of Burgundy." He had summoned his physicians, asking them how long he had yet to live. They hesitated. "Speak," said he impatiently. "Sire," said one of them, "think of your soul, for in our judgment you have not two hours to remain on earth."

The king had finished his last instructions; he had said farewell to the affairs of this world; his confessor and the priests of his chapel surrounded his bed; the fifty-first Psalm

was being recited. "Build the walls of Jerusalem!" chanted the chaplain. "Upon the faith of a dying king," murmured Henry, "if it had pleased the Lord God to prolong my life, I intended to proceed against the Infidels, and deliver the Holy Sepulchre from their hands." His voice died away; he closed his eyes, and, amid the prayers which were repeated around him, the great soul of King Henry V. entered into eternal repose.

END OF VOL. I.

A POPULAR
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES

TO THE ACCESSION OF VICTORIA.

VOL. II.

A FOURTH

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

BY JOHN ELLIOTT

IN TEN VOLUMES

II—II

A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

CHAPTER XIV.

HENRY VI. 1422-1461.

NO life in its brevity had been more active than that of Henry V., and no monarch was more bitterly lamented; he was so even in France, for the people saw themselves thrown back into the horrors of internal dissensions; he was mourned for in England, with sincere and profound grief. After the magnificent ceremonies performed in France, the body was brought to England, and solemnly interred at Westminster, beside the shrine of Edward the Confessor. King James of Scotland was chief mourner, while the Duke of Bedford, profoundly sad, seized in France the ill-secured power which his dying brother had confided to him, and endeavored to secure the two crowns upon the head of the child destined to lose them both.

The religious ceremonies had been prolonged in France. Queen Catherine was embarking in the month of October, accompanying her husband's body, when her father, King Charles VI., died of quartan ague. Notwithstanding his thirty years of madness, and the evils which they had suffered under his reign, the French had remained attached to their unhappy

monarch, and the populace thronged the hall of the Hôtel St. Paul, where his remains lay in state. "Ah! dear prince!" it was said, amid tears, "never shall we have one as good as you; you have gone to your rest; we remain in tribulation and grief, and seem made to fall into the distress in which were the children of Israel during the Babylonish captivity." The Duke of Burgundy was bitterly reproached for not having visited the king during his sickness, and for not having followed his funeral; the Duke of Bedford was chief mourner, and on the 10th of November, 1422, in England and in France, at Westminster and at Saint-Denis, the obsequies of King Henry V. and those of King Charles VI. were solemnly performed. The royal remains being lowered into the grave, the heralds broke their wands, and cried, "God grant long life to Henry, by the grace of God King of France and of England, our sovereign Lord." And the people shouted, "Long live the king!" The hand which was to bear this weighty inheritance was not yet one year old.

The Duke of Bedford had taken the reins of government in France without opposition; in England, the lords of the Parliament had contested the right of the deceased king to designate the regent of the kingdom, and had given to the Duke of Gloucester the title of Protector of the State and of the Church, which was to remind him, it was said, of his duties. Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, King Henry IV.'s half-brother, was appointed to second the Earl of Warwick in the education of the little king. Parliament voted the necessary subsidies, and the war in France continued.

The death of Charles VI. had rallied a few adherents around the Dauphin, proclaimed King of France at Mehun-sur-Yèvres, in Berry, under the name of Charles VII. Shortly afterwards he caused himself to be crowned at Poitiers, Rheims

being in the power of the English. Right was upon the side of Charles, dispossessed as he was; the memory of the kings his ancestors, the natural aversion to foreigners, increased by eighty years of war, fought in his favor; even the noblemen who did not rally around him were less eager to serve the Duke of Bedford than they had been to second Henry V., and already it had been necessary to stifle, at Poissy, a trifling insurrection in favor of the Dauphin.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Bedford had caused all the large towns and constituent bodies in France to swear fidelity to his nephew, and in order to strengthen that intimacy with the Duke of Burgundy which had preoccupied King Henry even upon his deathbed, he had married Anne of Burgundy, the Duke's sister. Madame de Guienne, the widow of the first Dauphin, shortly afterwards gave her hand to the Count of Richemont, brother of the Duke of Brittany, and a solemn treaty of friendship united the three dukes to each other. Brittany and Burgundy, at the same time, concluded a private alliance unknown to the Duke of Bedford.

The Regent was returning from Troyes, where his marriage had been celebrated, and was fighting upon the way, when he learned that the Earl of Buchan was attacking his fortress of Crevant-sur-Yonne, endeavoring to open a communication between the northern territories, which recognized the authority of Charles VII., and the southern provinces, where his cause had made great progress. The Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk were immediately dispatched to relieve Crevant; a troop of Burgundians joined them. The Duke of Bedford's orders were precise: the archers had carried their stakes, and the battle was to be fought on foot, as at Agincourt, giving no quarter to the enemy. The army of King Charles VII. was, it was said, superior in numbers to that of the English.

On arriving before Crevant, the assailants found them-

selves arrested by the river Yonne, and remained two days in sight of the enemy; when the English had at length forced a passage, they attacked the Scots, leaving the French troops to the Burgundians. "There is no other antidote for the English than the Scots," said Pope Martin V. after the battle of Baugé; but at Crevant the Scots were defeated. The French had promptly yielded, only the bravest knights had supported their allies; Lord Buchan and the Count of Ventadour had each lost an eye, and were carried prisoners as well as Saintrailles, a famous Armagnac knight, when the English returned to Paris in triumph. But Scotland was not exhausted of knights in search of adventure. Archibald Douglas had just landed at La Rochelle with five thousand men, and King Charles VII., in his gratitude, conferred upon him the title of Duke of Touraine; he loaded with honors the other Scottish noblemen, of whom several finally became naturalized in France; the barons began to complain of the favors which the king lavished upon his foreign allies; the Duke of Milan had sent him a large reinforcement of Italians.

The Duke of Bedford was made uneasy by the relief which continually arrived from Scotland to his adversaries, and he hoped to dry up the source of it by sending back King James into his dominions. Negotiations had been set on foot; the marriage of the captive prince with Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and niece of the Bishop of Winchester, had been celebrated; the ransom was arranged, and James I. returned to Scotland after nineteen years of captivity, there to govern with an honest firmness to which his people had not been accustomed. But the tide of emigration towards France, slightly slackened, had not however ceased. The justice of the king was rigorously exercised upon the old enemies of his family, and a considerable number of Scottish knights, flying from his anger, took refuge in the

army of Charles VII. It was with their assistance that the royalist noblemen marched, in the month of August, against Ivry, in Normandy, which the Duke of Bedford was attacking. But the position of the English was strong; discord reigned in the French army, deprived of its head by the indolence of Charles VII. Douglas and Buchan wished to make an attack; the Count of Alençon and the Count of Aumale refused their consent to it, and drew the army with them. In withdrawing they surprised Verneuil; the town was important, and the Duke of Bedford followed the French thither. A tumultuous council resolved to repulse him in the open plain; the royalists, all on foot, quitted Verneuil; the Milanese alone remained on horseback. The English awaited the attack from behind the stakes of their archers. "Let us allow them to come," said Douglas; but the French noblemen despised the adventurers, as they called their valiant allies, and themselves made the attack. The combat was terrible; at one moment, La Hire and Saintrailles, at the head of the Milanese, broke the reserve of the archers; but reinforcements from the main army repulsed them, and they were completely routed. Douglas was slain, as well as his son. Lord Buchan lay upon the field of battle with the Counts of Narbonne, Tonnerre, and Ventadour; the Count of Alençon and the Marshal de la Fayette were prisoners. On his side, the Duke of Bedford had suffered, but the army of King Charles VII. was destroyed; the town of Verneuil surrendered immediately, and the Duke of Bedford caused to be beheaded those of the prisoners who, having sworn allegiance to his nephew, had not kept their oaths.

Bedford conducted affairs in France with firmness and prudence, but he was thwarted in his policy by the thoughtless and passionate acts of his brother, the Duke of Gloucester. The latter had become smitten with Jacqueline of Hainault, the

daughter and heiress of the Count of Hainault, and married, in the first instance, to the second Dauphin, John, poisoned at Compiègne. Still young at the death of that prince, she had married the Duke of Brabant; but she had soon conceived a horror of her husband, who had, she said, the taste for favorites of low degree, and abandoning him after three years of union, she had taken refuge in England, where King Henry IV. had received her with great honors. He had, however, opposed his brother's matrimonial project, and upon his deathbed had recommended him to renounce it. The Pope, Martin V., had refused to annul the marriage of Jacqueline of Hainault with the Duke of Brabant; but she pleaded the degree of relationship, and addressed herself to the anti-Pope, Benedict XIII., who had refused to submit to the decision of the Council of Constance to cause the termination of the schism. Too happy to perform pontifical functions, Benedict pronounced the nullity of the marriage, and the Duke of Gloucester espoused Jacqueline of Hainault. The remonstrances of the Duke of Burgundy became more urgent; he had, from the first moment, defended the rights of his cousin, the Duke of Brabant, proposing to refer the case to the arbitration of the Duke of Bedford. "I am content," said he, "that we should take as judge my very dear and beloved cousin and also your brother, the regent, Duke of Bedford, for he is such a prince, that I know that to you and to me and to all others, he would be an upright judge." The Duke of Gloucester had listened to no remonstrance, and the dangerous disaffection of Duke Philip was secretly becoming graver, when, shortly after the battle of Verneuil, Gloucester and Jacqueline landed at Calais with a body of English soldiers, notwithstanding the entreaties of their uncle Beaufort, in England, and those of the Duke of Bedford in France; they traversed the dominions of the Duke

of Burgundy, and attacked the Duke of Brabant in Hainault; they had already taken possession of Mons, when the Duke of Burgundy, in a state of fury, wrote to Gloucester, to challenge him to single combat. At the same time he sent considerable assistance to the Duke of Brabant, accepting for that object the service of his former enemies; Saintrilles was among the number of the knights who went to fight against the English in the Low Countries. The bonds which united the House of Burgundy to England were beginning to be weakened, and the Pope was already working secretly in concert with the Duke of Savoy to negotiate an agreement with Charles VII. The Duke of Gloucester had returned to England; fearing the influence of his uncle Beaufort, he had left with Jacqueline the task of defending her inheritance. Scarcely had he departed, when the majority of the towns opened their gates to the Duke of Burgundy; and Jacqueline, at first shut up in Mons, then led a captive to Ghent, escaped with great difficulty and took refuge in Holland.

So much imprudence and self-seeking on the part of his nephew had irritated the Bishop of Winchester so far as to bring about an open quarrel. The Duke of Bedford was compelled to repair to England towards the end of the year 1425 to prevent bloodshed between the two parties. He had some trouble in effecting a reconciliation, sincere on the part of the Duke of Gloucester, whose character was as frank as it was impetuous; doubtful in the case of the priest, more implacable than the warrior. The Bishop of Winchester resigned the seals, and finding himself elevated by Martin V. to the dignity of the Cardinalate, he quitted England with the Duke of Bedford. The latter had been recalled to France by the defection of the Duke of Brittany, who had recently declared himself in favor of King Charles VII. at the instigation of his brother, the Count of Richemont, who

had some time before returned to his allegiance, and whom the king had made Constable. Scarcely had Bedford set foot upon French soil, when he sent an army into Brittany; the country was devastated, the Duke of Brittany was shut up within Rennes and so closely pressed that he found himself compelled to sever his alliance with the King of France; he swore for the second time to the treaty of Troyes, and did homage to the little king Henry VI.

The Pope, Martin V., had solemnly declared the nullity of the marriage of Jacqueline of Hainault with the Duke of Gloucester, and the latter had consoled himself for this by espousing Eleanor Cobham, formerly a lady of his wife's household. The Countess Jacqueline still held out bravely in Holland. The Duke of Brabant had recently died; his brother, who had succeeded him, had no claim upon Jacqueline or upon her dominions. She would have been free if the enemy whom she had raised up had not been too powerful and too greedy to relinquish an affair so well under way. From town to town, from territory to territory, the Duke of Burgundy prosecuted his conquest, and Jacqueline, abandoned by nearly all her vassals, defeated by sea and land, at length consented, in the summer of 1428, to recognize Duke Philip as her heir, and to intrust to him immediately the government of her dominions. The duke, satisfied with the English, who had not hindered him in this last act of his ambition, promised troops for the great expedition which was in preparation against the country beyond the Loire, now almost entirely loyal to King Charles VII.

The war had languished since the battle of Verneuil; the King of France was poor, indolent, and delivered up to favorites. The Sire de Giac and the Sire de Beaulieu had given place to the Sire de la Trémoille, more adventurous and more dangerous than the two others; he counteracted

with the king the influence of the Constable de Richemont and of the true friends of France. The Duke of Bedford, for a long time paralyzed by the Duke of Gloucester's quarrels, had recently received reinforcements from England, under the orders of the Earl of Salisbury. The latter resolved to undertake the siege of Orleans. On the 12th of October, 1428, he appeared before the city, commencing his siege preparations according to the most scientific rules of the time, but disregarding the fact that he had given time for the place to furnish itself with men and victuals, to repair its fortifications, and to place itself in a state of defence; the best knights of the King of France had shut themselves up in Orleans.

The assaults had failed, the citizens of Orleans valiantly supporting the garrison. The Bastard of Orleans, Count of Dunois, had brought reinforcements; Salisbury was thinking of changing the siege into a blockade, when, observing the city from the Tournelles fort, which he had taken at the outset, he was struck in the face by a stone, shot from a falconet, which rebounded against the embrasure of the window and killed his esquire beside him. The general was dying; it was found necessary to carry him to Ferté-sur-Meung, where he died in a few days, to the great joy of the people of Orleans. The Earl of Suffolk arrived to take the command, and the siege continued. The English army, badly lodged in log huts, suffered with cold and often with hunger; the surrounding country was hostile and devastated. The Duke of Bedford resolved, in the month of February, to send provisions to him from Paris. It was during Lent, and the convoy, which was intrusted to Sir John Fastolf, consisted especially of herrings, when, on the 12th of February, he was attacked by the French near the village of Rouvray, between Graille and Orleans. As usual, the Scotch and the

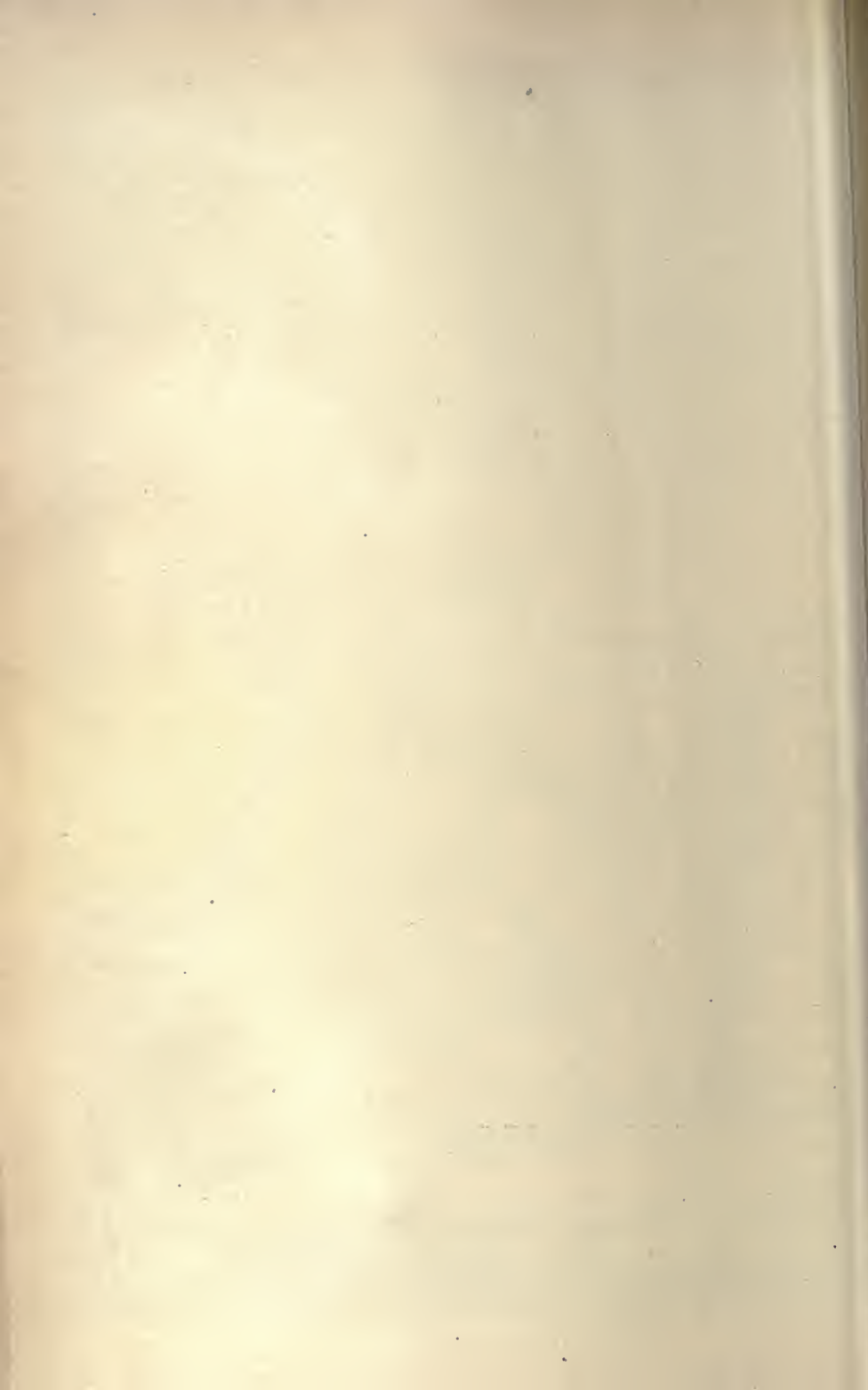
French quarrelled among themselves; the former wishing to fight on foot, the latter to remain on horseback; they were within bowshot, and the English archers began the attack; the rout was not long delayed, and Sir John Fastolf arrived triumphantly at the camp with the herrings which gave their name to his victory.

This defeat threw discouragement into Orleans; hunger began to make itself felt; the citizens spoke of surrendering their city, not to the English, but to the Duke of Burgundy. The latter came to Paris to consult about it with the Regent. "No," said Bedford; "it is just that those who have had the trouble should have the honor." Philip did not remonstrate; disquieting rumors were beginning to circulate among the Burgundians: it was said that the Duke of Bedford had declared that the Duke of Burgundy would finally proceed to England to drink more beer than would quench his thirst. The duke quitted the court, dissatisfied and gloomy. The King of France was at Chinon; his affairs appeared desperate; many noblemen had abandoned him, and he would have willingly retired to the south, abandoning to their fate Orleans and the banks of the Loire, but for the efforts of his wife, Mary of Anjou, and the anger of Dunois. La Trémoille had caused the Constable to be sent away.

Deliverance was approaching by the weakest instrument which it has ever pleased God to employ for the accomplishment of His designs. A young girl was growing up in the village of Domrémy, upon the borders of Lorraine and Burgundy; she was named Joan of Arc; she was eighteen years of age, she was gentle and pious. For a long while already—from the age of thirteen years—she had begun to have visions, to hear voices, Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret commanding her to go to France, to the assistance of the king: as she grew older the voices became more urgent.



JOAN OF ARC RECOGNIZING THE KING.



People began to talk in the village of Joan's strange enthusiasm. The Sire de Baudricourt, in command at Vaucouleurs, wished to see her; but he sent her back ridiculing her. Being urged, however, by others, he resolved to send her to the king. "I must go to the king before Mid-Lent," said Joan, "even should I have to wear my legs to the knees to reach him, for nobody in the world, neither king nor duke, nor daughter of the King of Scotland, can deliver the kingdom of France. I should prefer to remain and spin with my poor mother, for this is not my work; but I must go, because my Lord wills it." "Who is your lord?" it was asked. "It is God," said Joan; and the noblemen who had charge of her were struck with admiration on seeing her pass the night kneeling in the churches, and fasting on bread and water.

When she arrived at Chinon, the king refused for several days to see her, saying that she was a mad woman; but the rumor of her journey had already spread. Dunois and the besieged in Orleans had caused inquiry to be made as to who this young girl was that was to deliver them. Joan was admitted into the great hall, full of noblemen richly dressed; no one of them detached himself from the groups; she went straight towards Charles VII. and knelt before him. "I am not the king, Joan," he said, and he pointed out to her one of his courtiers. "By my God, gentle Prince," she said, "it is you and no other. Most noble Lord Dauphin, the King of Heaven sends a message to you through me, that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims, and that you shall be His Lieutenant in the kingdom of France." Charles was won over; he drew Joan into a corner, and asked her a thousand questions. Confidence began to spread in the army; the soldiers asked that Joan should be placed at their head, to go and deliver Orleans. The doctors and the bishops caused her to undergo interrogations; after having said that she was

mad, they feared that she might be a sorceress, but neither examinations nor questioning shook her simplicity and resolution. "The sign which I am to give is to raise the siege of Orleans," she said. "But if God wishes to deliver France, He has no need of armed men," insisted the doctors. "Ah!" she replied, "the soldiers will fight, and God will give the victory."

At length it was resolved to make the venture; and Joan, as if she had been a military leader, set out from Blois at the head of a considerable convoy, led by the best captains of the French army. She wished to attack Orleans from the right bank, saying that her Voices had commanded her to do it: but the captains were of a contrary opinion; they deceived Joan, and came up the left bank. Dunois came out in a little boat to meet the convoy. "Are you the Bastard of Orleans?" she said to him. "Yes; and very much pleased at your arrival." "You gave advice that we should come by the Sologne," she said, "and not by the Beauce, across the dominion of the English: in this you did not agree with my Lord. I bring you the best succor that ever knight or city received; it is the succor of the King of Heaven." And everybody was surprised on hearing her speak so well. The convoy entered Orleans without striking a blow; the soldiers went back to Blois, but Joan wished to remain in the city. The besieged crowded round her, already reassured and encouraged by her presence. Anxiety prevailed in the English camp; the leaders declared that Joan was mad; the soldiers feared that she might be a sorceress. She had written to the Earl of Suffolk and to Talbot, inviting them to retire. As they would not listen to her, and loaded her with insults, she became very angry, and demanded that they should be attacked immediately. A second convoy had entered the city; Joan was sleeping; suddenly she awoke. "Ah! Lord," she said,

“the blood of our people is flowing; why was I not summoned sooner? My arms! My horse!” and she ran towards the fortress of Saint-Loup. She had not been deceived: a few soldiers had attempted a sally against the fortress occupied by the English; they were beginning to waver when Joan arrived; many soldiers had followed her; the English were repulsed, and the fortress recaptured. Joan had fought like a knight, and every one had admired her; but she was sad; many men had died without confessing. “I have compassion for their souls,” she said. Terror spread among the English. “She performs miracles,” it was said at Orleans. “She is a sorceress,” said the enemy’s archers; but they began to fear her.

From fort to fort, from rampart to rampart, all that the English had gained was by degrees taken from them; the Tournelles fort had been recently taken; the citizens of Orleans were rejoicing; the Earl of Suffolk and his lieutenants had resolved to retire. However, they did not wish to escape ignominiously. The camp had been fired, and, arrayed in battle order, the English appeared to await an attack. It was on the 8th of May, 1429. “Do not assail them first,” said Joan; “for the love and honor of the blessed Sunday, let them be allowed to depart if they wish to go: if they should attack you, defend yourselves boldly, and you shall be masters.” The English did not make an attack, and retreated without a struggle; Joan could not prevent the soldiers from throwing themselves upon the rear of the English army and gaining a large quantity of booty. Plunder, like disorder of all kinds, agitated and saddened her: she asked pardon of God in the churches for all the evil which she had not been able to prevent.

Great satisfaction prevailed at the court of King Charles, who was causing festivities in honor of Joan; but she took

no pleasure in the amusements; she wished the king to go and be consecrated at Rheims. "*They* urge me strongly to conduct you thither," she said. "I shall last but one year or scarcely more; I must therefore employ it well." And as she was questioned about the voices, "I was in prayer," she said; "I was lamenting that you would not believe what I say; thereupon the Voice came and said, 'Go! go! my child, I will help you; go!'" and it made me very joyful; I could wish that it might last for ever." On the 11th of June the French army was before Jargeau, where the Earl of Suffolk had shut himself up. At the head of the attacking party was the Duke of Alençon, recently withdrawn from captivity. "Forward, gentle Duke, to the assault!" cried Joan; and as he delayed, "Ah! gentle Duke, are you afraid?" said she; "you well know that I have promised to your wife to return you safe." A large stone overthrew Joan; they thought her dead, but she immediately arose. "Come! come! at the English!" she cried; "my Lord has condemned them; they are ours." Jargeau was carried by storm; the Earl of Suffolk and his brother, John de la Pole, were made prisoners; several fortresses fell into the hands of the French, and the English retreated towards La Beauce, under the orders of Talbot.

The Constable had recently rejoined the army; it was resolved to follow the enemy. "Ah! my God!" said Joan, "we must fight them; were they even hung in the clouds, we should have them, for God has sent us to punish them. The gentle Dauphin will to-day gain the greatest victory which he has yet had; my Counsel has told me that they are ours."

The English had halted in the open, in the environs of Patay; Sir John Fastolf and many others were inclined not to fight. The soldiers were discouraged by their recent

defeats, they said, and the spells of Joan had taken away all their courage. But Talbot was ashamed of having retreated so far; he began to make his arrangements for the fight; and the archers were driving in their stakes, when the advanced guard of the French army fell upon them with that inconsiderate ardor so sadly rewarded at Crécy and at Poitiers. But this time the English were still in disorder; the soldiers who had remained on horseback fled; the rout was complete, and Sir John Fastolf galloped to Paris, where the Duke of Bedford, in a great rage, wished to send him the Garter. Lord Talbot and a large number of knights were made prisoners. "Well, Messire Talbot," said the Duke of Alençon, "you did not expect this, this morning?" "It is the fortune of war," replied the Englishman, without emotion. Joan no longer spoke of anything but the visit to Rheims.

The counsellors of King Charles still hesitated; the Sire de la Trémoille feared lest he might be supplanted in his master's favor; he contrived once more to remove the Constable; at length the persistence of Joan prevailed, and the king started with his little army. Auxerre, summoned to surrender, promised to open its gates if Troyes and Rheims would do likewise. The Burgundian garrison of Troyes resisted, and the French were short of provisions. They began to murmur against Joan; she urged the king to make the assault. "You will enter Troyes within two days, by love or by force, and the treacherous Burgundians will be completely dismayed." "Whoever should be certain of obtaining possession of it in six days, could well wait, Joan," said the chancellor, Archbishop of Rheims. "Yes," she persisted, "you shall have it to-morrow." On the morrow the entry into Troyes was made; Friar Richard, a famous preacher, came to meet Joan, and besprinkled her with holy water, to assure him-

self that she was not a sorceress; Joan smiled. On the 15th of July, 1429, Rheims opened its gates, and on the 7th the king was at length crowned in the cathedral. Joan stood beside him, holding her white standard, with these two words: "Jesus, Maria." When the king had received his consecration, she threw herself at his feet, in tears. "Gentle King," she said, "now is fulfilled the good pleasure of God, who willed it that you should come to Rheims to receive your worthy consecration, to show that you are king, and he to whom the kingdom of right belongs." And, from that day, she talked only of returning to her village. "I have accomplished that which my Lord commanded me," she repeated, "which was to raise the siege of Orleans and to cause the gentle king to be crowned; I wish he would now send me back to my father and mother, who would be so pleased to see me again. I should keep their sheep and cattle, as I was wont to do."

Meanwhile, the Duke of Bedford was collecting reinforcements; the dissensions which continued in the English council between the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort impeded the sending over of men and money; the Regent had even been compelled to weaken his garrisons in Normandy in order to assemble an army in the neighborhood of Paris, when his uncle, the cardinal, sent him a corps of two or three thousand men, whom he had raised with the object of making war in Bohemia, against the partisans of John Huss, excommunicated in a body by the Pope. The cardinal had already furnished heavy sums to carry on the war in France, and this fresh succor enabled the Duke of Bedford to make an expedition into Normandy, for the purpose of stifling the insurrections which had attracted the Constable. The noblemen favorable to the French were restrained and the Constable repulsed; but meanwhile Charles VII., led by

Joan of Arc, whom he had retained with him, made an attempt upon Paris. Soissons, Senlis, Beauvais, had opened their gates to him, but the soldiers marched unwillingly towards the capital. The captains did not agree; the assault was lightly made, and Joan was wounded. The troops were furious. "You told us that we should be in Paris this evening," they said to Joan. "And so should we have been if you had fought well," she replied. The king, discouraged, retired to Bourges, to spend the winter.

While the King of France was going away from his good city of Paris, the Duke of Burgundy arrived there, still hesitating between the two parties, notwithstanding the efforts of his sister, the Duchess of Bedford, to cement anew his former friendship with the English regent. By degrees the influence of national feeling began to reawaken in the soul of Duke Philip, as his thirst for vengeance was appeased; the French promised him every conceivable reparation for the assassination of John the Fearless, and it was necessary, in order to retain him in the camp of the English, for the Duke of Bedford to offer him the command of the allied forces, thus abdicating in his favor. The Regent retired to Normandy, where he preserved his full authority. Joan was waging war upon the banks of the Loire; she had taken the castle of Pierre-le-Montoir, but she had been repulsed before La Charité. When the king at length took the field in the spring of 1430, Joan accepted the task of delivering Compiègne, besieged by the Duke Philip in person, and she had succeeded in entering the town. The fatal moment was approaching.

On the 25th of May the garrison of Compiègne had made a sally. Joan led the troops, and she had attacked an important position occupied by the Burgundians, when an overwhelming force made her fall back. She was covering and

directing the retreat: at the moment when she was about to re-enter the town, the drawbridge was raised, and, whether by mistake or by treason, Joan found herself almost alone outside the walls. She rallied a few soldiers around her, and was endeavoring to escape into the country; but she had been recognized; she was surrounded and thrown from her horse. She was still upon the ground when she surrendered to the Bastard of Vendôme, who conducted her to the quarters of John of Luxembourg.

The rejoicing was great in the English and Burgundian camp; the Duke of Bedford caused the *Te Deum* to be sung. But the French did not concern themselves about the heroine who had delivered them; her task was accomplished; she had restored courage to the soldiers and hope to the captains; her enthusiasm had drawn along the most distrustful. Now she was a prisoner. Her enemies were negotiating among themselves to possess her; but those whom she had saved by the help of God did not raise a sword in her defence, and did not find a farthing for her ransom.

The Duke of Burgundy had returned to his dominion of Flanders, agitated by several insurrections, when the Bishop of Beauvais, Peter Cauchon, at the instigation of the English, claimed Joan from John of Luxembourg. "The sorceress had been captured in his diocese," he said, "and should be tried by the Church." The count resisted for a long time, but they finally gave him ten thousand livres, and he sold Joan. She was led in the first place to Arras, then to Crotoy; at length she was taken to Rouen, where the little king, Henry VI., had recently arrived. The French arms continued to make fresh progress; every day the English lost some towns. Duke Philip, lieutenant-general of the kingdom, who had recently become master of Brabant by the death of the young duke, was now held to the Eng-

lish alliance by such slight bonds that one more disaster might suddenly break them; the anger and shame of the English willingly attributed all their misfortunes to Joan: when she appeared they were at the height of success; since then everything had failed with them. Perhaps her death might bring a return of luck. The most enlightened among the English captains looked upon her as a sorceress. "She is an agent of Satan," the Duke of Bedford had written to the Council of England. Hatred always finds cowards to serve her; Peter Cauchon had been driven from Beauvais by his flock, as English, when the town had surrendered to Charles VII.; he had been proposed to the Pope by the Duke of Bedford for the archbishopric of Rouen; his vengeance and ambition impelled him to ruin Joan. The English, however, had not sufficient confidence in him to place her in his hands. Joan was kept in the large tower of the castle, in the custody of the Earl of Warwick.

The noblest hearts, the firmest minds of the Middle Ages appeared to lose all generosity and all justice when they found themselves confronted with an unhappy wretch accused of sorcery. The brave Warwick concealed himself to hear what the prisoner said to the treacherous confessor who had been brought. She was conducted before the Council of Inquisition, presided over by the Bishop of Beauvais. Neither violence nor malice could confuse her: nothing disconcerted this poor country girl, who knew only her prayers. "Are you in the grace of God?" she was asked suddenly. "It is a great thing," she replied, "to answer such a question." "Yes," said one of the magistrates, "and the accused is not obliged to answer." "You would do better to hold your tongue," exclaimed the bishop angrily. "If I am not," replied Joan, "may God receive me into it; and if I am, may God preserve me in it." "What virtue do you attri-

bute to your banner?" asked the bishop. "None at all; I said, 'Enter boldly among the English,' and I entered myself." "Why, then, did you hold it beside the altar at Rheims?" "It had been in all the trouble," said Joan, smiling, "therefore it was quite right that it should witness the honor."

In vain was she interrogated upon her visions; she always replied that St. Catherine and St. Margaret visited her and encouraged her in her prison; it was by their advice that she refused to discard man's attire, which had been made a crime against her. She was urged to submit herself to the Church, but she did not understand what was asked of her, and seeing before her priests hostile to her cause and to her king, she implored that there might be among the judges some men of her party.

At last the sentence was pronounced: the Church rejected Joan as an impure member, and delivered her up to secular justice. The justice was the vengeance of the English. The unhappy prisoner was conducted to the public square, where two scaffolds were erected; Joan was placed upon one of these, the preacher who was to expound the sentence to the people was upon the other, the multitude were crowded together below.

So long as the Doctor of the Sorbonne dwelt upon her misdeeds and the deceptions by which she had deluded the poor people of France, Joan listened in silence; but when he exclaimed, "Charles, who proclaimest thyself her king and governor, thou hast adhered like a heretic as thou art to the words and acts of a woman defamed and without honor," the loyal heart of Joan was unable to contain its emotion. "Speak of me," she exclaimed, "but not of the king; he is a good Christian, and I dare say and swear under pain of death that he is the noblest among the Christians who best

love their faith and their Church." "Silence her," cried the Bishop of Beauvais.

They wished to make her sign her abjuration. "What is abjuration?" she said. "It is that your judges have judged well." She refused. "What I did, I did well to do," she repeated. At length she yielded. "I submit to the Universal Church," she said, "and since the clergy say that my visions are not credible I will no longer maintain them." "Sign, or you will perish by the fire," said the preacher. She made a cross at the foot of the paper which was presented to her, and was taken back into her prison. Her submission pledged her to resume woman's clothing.

The English murmured, not understanding the manœuvres of the bishop. "All goes ill, because Joan escapes," said the Earl of Warwick. The priests smiled. Two days after her abjuration, Joan, on awaking, found only in her chamber a man's dress: she resisted for a long time. "You know that I have promised not to wear it," she said; she was obliged to rise, however. The jailers went and informed the bishop. "She is taken!" said the Earl of Warwick. "You have fallen back into your illusions," said Cauchon to the prisoner; "you have heard your voices." "Yes," said Joan resolutely, "and they have told me that it was a great pity to have signed your abjuration in order to save my life. I only signed through fear of the fire. Give me a comfortable prison, and I will do what the Church may wish."

The stake awaited her. "Farewell," cried Cauchon to the Earl of Warwick, on going out of the prison. The poor child tore her hair when she learned the sentence passed upon her. "I had seven times rather that they should behead me," she repeated. She was on her way to execution, when she perceived the Bishop of Beauvais. "Bishop, I die through you," she said. Eight hundred Englishmen

accompanied the cart. She prayed aloud with so much fervor that all the French wept as they heard her; several of the magistrates who had taken part in the prosecution had not the strength to follow her to her punishment. The public square was reached. "Ah! Rouen! Rouen!" she said, "is it here that I am to die?" The preacher had reproached her with her relapse; she listened to him with calmness, redoubling her prayers. The Bishop of Noyon descended from the scaffold, being unable to bear this spectacle; the Bishop of Winchester wept; Joan was embracing the parish cross, which had been brought to her. The executioner seized her. Above the stake were written these words: "RELAPSED HERETIC, APOSTATE, IDOLATER." Joan's new confessor, a good monk who did not betray her, had mounted upon the stake with her; he was still there when the fire was lighted. "Descend quickly," said Joan, "but stay near enough for me to see the cross. Ah! Rouen! Rouen! I greatly fear that you may suffer for my death." The flame enveloped her; she was still heard praying; at length a last cry — "Jesus!" — and all was ended. The English themselves were touched. "It is a fine end," said the soldiers; "we are very happy to have seen her, for she was a good woman." "She has died a martyr, and for her true Lord," said the French. The executioner went to confession on the same evening, fearing never to obtain the forgiveness of God. Cardinal Beaufort caused the remains of the funeral pile to be cast into the Seine, fearing that they might be made into relics; and the King of England addressed to all the princes of Christendom a letter recounting the proceedings, and how the victim herself had acknowledged that evil and lying spirits had deluded her. The process of rehabilitation, afterwards made at the court of Rome, at the request of Charles VII., the only token of remembrance which he gave

to the unhappy Joan, established in its real light the historical truth; but public opinion had already done her justice. "She was a marvellous girl, valiant in war," it was said in Flanders, as well as in Burgundy and in France; the English have wickedly caused her death, and through revenge." Peter Cauchon was never Archbishop of Rouen; he became Bishop of Lisieux, where he was interred in the wall of St. James's church, as though he did not feel himself worthy to repose in the sacred place.

In burning Joan the English had hoped to regain their former good fortune: no such result followed. Every day a fresh town opened its gates to the French. However indolent Charles VII. still might be, national sentiment now fought for him. The Duke of Bedford wished to satisfy the taste of the Parisians for festivals, and at the same time to give religious sanction to his nephew's claims upon France: on the 17th of December, 1431, therefore, the little King Henry VI., nine years of age, was solemnly crowned at Notre Dame. The ceremony was magnificent; wine and milk flowed in the streets; but the French noblemen were few, the Duke of Burgundy had not arrived, and Cardinal Beaufort himself placed the crown upon the head of Henry VI.: it was the English coronation of an English prince. The young sovereign set out shortly afterwards for England, leaving to all those who had approached him a sad impression of feebleness and melancholy.

Meanwhile the war languished: men and money were lacking to the English, and the quarrels of the favorites with the great French noblemen continued around King Charles VII.; but the Duke of Burgundy detached himself more and more from England. The Duchess of Bedford died without children in the month of November, 1432, and six months after her death the duke married Jacquette of Luxembourg,

daughter of the Count of Saint Pol. The Duke of Burgundy considered himself offended by the shortness of the mourning, and by the union contracted without his authority with one of his vassals. He was seeking a pretext for a quarrel; his treaty with King Charles was almost concluded; the blood which had inundated France for fourteen years sufficed, it was thought, to appease the shade of Duke John. The counsellors of the king urged the duke towards peace; but he made much of his scruples in respect to the oaths which bound him to the English. Appeal was made to Pope Eugenius IV., and through his efforts a great congress assembled at Arras, in 1435. The Duke of Burgundy summoned all his nobility; King Charles sent twenty-nine noblemen, the Constable at their head. Cardinal Beaufort, with twenty-six barons, half English and half French, represented the interests of England. Duke Philip displayed, for receiving such great company, all his wonted magnificence; festivals succeeded festivals, and jousts followed tournaments; but negotiations meanwhile went on, and so manifestly inclined to the advantage of the French, that Cardinal Beaufort shortly retired in disgust, denying the authority of the congress. Affairs proceeded more rapidly after his departure; Duke Philip caused his forgiveness and his alliance to be dearly purchased; but at length the treaty was concluded, and on the 26th of September, 1435, the Duke of Burgundy, relieved of his oaths to the English, promised to live in peace and friendship with the King of France. All the noblemen swore likewise; when it came to the turn of the Sire de Lannoy, he cried, "I have already five times sworn with this hand to keep the peace during the war which has just ended, and my five oaths have been violated. By God's grace, I will keep this one."

The Duke of Bedford had not lived to see the conclusion

of a treaty which virtually took from England the conquests of King Henry V.; he had died at Rouen, on the 14th of September, exhausted by the struggle which he had sustained for thirteen years, with a courage, firmness, and prudence worthy of the confidence which had been manifested towards him by his dying brother. Three days after the signing of the peace, an unnatural mother, abandoned by all her children — Queen Isabel of Bavaria, died alone in Paris, in solitude and destitution, the just punishment of her crimes. The Duke of Burgundy now publicly declared war against the English, and in the month of April, 1436, at his instigation, the feeble English garrison which was stationed in Paris was overcome by the people, and found itself compelled to open the gates to the Marshal of Isle-Adam: the capital once more became French, the English were driven back into Normandy, where their authority remained complete. The Duke of York, for a moment regent of France, had been replaced by the Earl of Warwick, who established the seat of his government at Rouen, where he died. Two towns yet remained to the English near Paris — Meaux and Pontoise; these were taken by the troops of King Charles VII. For a moment, in 1436, the Duke of Burgundy even threatened Calais with a considerable army; but before the arrival of the Duke of Gloucester, who had challenged him to combat, and claimed to take possession of the dominions of his wife, Jacqueline, who had recently died, Duke Philip retreated precipitately into his dominions, impelled by his troops, who were disbanding. In 1444, through the efforts of Isabel of Portugal, wife of the Duke of Burgundy, added to the representations of the Duke of Orleans, recently snatched from the captivity which he had suffered since the battle of Agincourt, a truce of two years was concluded between the two nations; the horrors of the Hundred Years' War were at length reaching their end.

While the English were losing ground by degrees in France, England, impoverished by the necessities of the war, underwent the commotion of a continual struggle between the two chiefs of the government, the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort. Queen Catherine, the king's mother, had retained no influence, and three years after the death of Henry V. she had married a plain Welsh gentleman, Owen Tudor, by whom she had three sons, whom, at her death in 1437, she confided to the young King Henry VI. The Duchess of Bedford followed her example, by wedding Sir Richard Woodville, or Wydeville; but these misalliances had proved grave dangers to the ambitious men, elevated to a rank for which they had not been born: Tudor and Woodville were both thrown into prison, and the wife of the Duke of Gloucester, Eleanor Cobham, accused of sorcery, was condemned to do public penance and to be imprisoned for the remainder of her days. The young King Henry had assumed no authority over his kingdom. He was twenty-two years of age; he was tall and handsome, but languid, apathetic, timid, solely occupied with his books and his devotions. He might have become a holy monk, but he was destitute of the qualities necessary to a king in difficult and hard times. A wife was sought for him who might supply the defects of his character, and the choice of his advisers fell upon Margaret of Anjou, cousin of the Queen of France, and daughter of René of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem, Duke of Maine, Anjou, and Bar; but a king without kingdom, a duke without duchy, a chevalier and a poet, without other fortune than his harp and his sword. His daughter was purchased of him by restoring to him his two provinces of Anjou and Maine, which the French arms had not yet been able to break through. The English now held but Normandy and a few towns in Guienne. The marriage of the king concluded by the Earl

of Suffolk and Cardinal Beaufort, against the advice of the Duke of Gloucester, had not been well received in England. There, much regret had been felt for the loss of the two provinces which once formed part of the territory of the Angevin kings, and which England had always regarded as her own. Queen Margaret, besides, with her beauty, her wit, and her energy, brought into her new country ideas of government which were little favorable to English independence. She had confidence in the worthy Suffolk, who had become a Marquis and soon afterwards a Duke; she shared his power, and treated with haughtiness those who approached her. She manifested, in particular, little liking for the Duke of Gloucester, whom she considered as her enemy. In the month of February, 1447, the Parliament was convoked at Bury St. Edmund's; the partisans of Suffolk were assembled in the neighborhood, when the Duke of Gloucester arrived on the day after the opening of the session. Being immediately arrested and accused of the crime of high-treason, he was found dead in his bed on the 28th of February, as had been formerly at Calais another Duke of Gloucester. A few of his servants were executed after his death, under pretext of a plot to release the Duchess Eleanor. Suffolk took possession of the property of the duke, whom the public voice accused him of having murdered. Cardinal Beaufort had recently died in his palace of Walvesey (on the 11th of April), leaving immense riches consecrated to the foundation of charitable institutions which still exist. Suffolk remained the sole master of the government. King Henry VI. was occupied in the creation of Eton College, and in the erection of King's College, at Cambridge, where the marvellous beauty of the chapel remains as a monument of the exquisite taste of the poor king, so little suited to the affairs of this world.

Meanwhile the truce with France, several times renewed,

had been violently broken by King Charles VII., under pretext of an infraction which well suited his wishes. France was recovering herself, and England was profoundly weakened by internal dissensions. The troops assembled in Maine entered Normandy; the Duke of Somerset, who commanded there, had few soldiers and no money. Dunois marched against Rouen, and notwithstanding the desperate resistance of Talbot, who was consigned as a hostage into the hands of the French, the citizens delivered up the city to him. Sir Thomas Kyriel, dispatched as a reinforcement to the Duke of Somerset, was defeated on the 13th of April, 1450, near Formigny, by the Constable and the Count of Clermont. Bayeux, Avranches, Caen yielded one after the other; Cherbourg was taken by storm, and by the 12th of August the English had lost the whole of Normandy. In the following year the towns which yet held out for them in Guienne surrendered without striking a blow. Henry VI. had now nothing left but Calais upon French soil. Charles VII., drawn at last from his elegant indolence, proposed negotiations. "My sword shall never return to its scabbard until I have retaken all that I have lost!" cried the poor King Henry VI., who had never drawn a sword in his life. France feared him no longer.

Internal difficulties sufficed to engross the efforts of the faithful servants of the English king. Parliament had at length risen against the Duke of Suffolk; he had been conducted to the Tower, protesting his innocence. The accusations brought forward against him were confused, ill-founded, and frivolous; the graver subjects of distrust had scarcely been touched upon. The duke threw himself upon his knees before the king, refused to shield himself with his privilege by demanding the judgment of his peers, and consigned himself to the justice of his master, who wished to save him. He was simply banished from England for five years. The Par-

liament accepted this compromise, not without a protest on the part of the lords in favor of the rights of their order.

The anger of the population of London was not so easy to disarm as the vengeance of Parliament. Suffolk had difficulty in retiring safe and sound to his estate; he had gathered around him his friends and partisans, swearing before them that he was innocent, when he embarked for the Continent on the 1st of May, 1430. He was sailing the next day between Dover and Calais, when a large war-ship, the *Nicholas of the Tower*, hailed his little vessel. The duke was summoned on board the ship. "Welcome, traitor!" said the captain, as he stepped upon the deck, and Suffolk was immediately placed under arrest. Two days elapsed; the duke had asked for a confessor; a little bark came up with the *Nicholas*; she bore an executioner and an axe. Suffolk was led upon deck and beheaded. None inquired whence had come the warrant; but the importance of the ships intrusted to arrest the banished man at sea, caused a supposition that the great personages of the kingdom had not remained strangers to the execution. The populace was satisfied, its vengeance was consummated. New events absorbed all minds.

Numerous insurrections had recently broken out in different parts of England. An adventurer, Jack Cade, an Irishman by origin, who had for a long while served in the English armies in France, placed himself at the head of the insurgents. He had assumed the name of Mortimer, and gave himself out as a relative of the Duke of York, who then commanded in Ireland. Thirty thousand men had soon gathered around Cade, nearly all from the county of Kent. It was said that the queen wished to avenge herself upon this county for the death of her favorite, whose decapitated body had been carried by the waves to the coast of Dover. Cade brought his forces to Blackheath, as Wat Tyler had formerly done, and the

“complaints of the commons of Kent” were dispatched to the king at London. Among their other demands the insurgents begged Henry VI. to recall to his councils his blood-relatives, the Dukes of York, Exeter, Buckingham, and Norfolk, in order to punish the traitors who had caused the death of the Duke of Gloucester, and also of the holy father in God, Cardinal Beaufort, and had lost the dominions of Maine, Anjou, and Normandy. The reply of the court was the dispatch of an army against the rebels; but the first detachment was defeated: the soldiers murmured, saying that they did not like to fight against their countrymen, who claimed the liberties of the nation. Concessions were attempted; but the forces of Cade swelled every day, and on the 3d of July he entered London. Lord Say, one of the most unpopular ministers, was dragged from the Tower, whither he had been sent by the court in the hope of satisfying the insurgents; and, notwithstanding his protestations, he was executed after a mock trial. Some houses were pillaged, and on the morrow, when the rebels wished to re-enter London, after having been encamped at Blackheath, the citizens defended the bridge. Cade was compelled to retreat. Some vain concessions were made to him, and the promise of an amnesty; but he was soon afterwards pursued and killed in the struggle, and his head was planted upon London Bridge. The insurrection was stifled; but the name of the Duke of York had been put forward; it circulated from mouth to mouth, and many people began to ask whether the rights to the throne which he held through Anne Mortimer, his mother, did not supersede those of King Henry VI. Prince Richard, son of the Earl of Cambridge, had succeeded to the title of Duke of York, at the death of his paternal uncle; the successes which he had obtained in his government of Ireland had increased his popularity.

Suddenly, towards the end of August, 1451, the Duke of York appeared at the court without giving a reason for having quitted Ireland, and after a short visit to the king, withdrew to his castle of Fotheringay. Henry VI. endeavored to place in opposition to him the Duke of Somerset, the head of the younger branch of the House of Lancaster; but the duke was under suspicion, as a favorite of the queen, and too much ill feeling existed against him for the loss of Normandy, for it to be possible to counterbalance the influence of the Duke of York. In the Parliament, which opened in November, a proposal was made in the House of Commons to declare the Duke of York heir to the throne, as the king had no children. The author of this proposal was sent to the Tower, and projects menacing to the liberty of the Duke of York began to circulate. He retired into Shropshire, where he assembled together some troops, all the time protesting his fidelity towards the king. Whilst an army was marching against him, he advanced upon London; the gates of that city were closed to him, and it was at Dartford that he met the king. After some peaceful negotiations, York repaired alone to the royal tent; he was immediately arrested there. The Duke of Somerset was in favor of a summary trial and execution; but the king athwart his mental incapacity had a horror of blood: he sent the Duke of York to the Tower, whence he was soon released upon the rumor of the approach of his son, the Earl of March, at the head of an army. He then promised to be faithful to the king, and was left free to return to his castle at Wigmore. The Duke of Somerset remained at the head of the government.

A movement in favor of the English had manifested itself in Guienne. The brave Talbot was dispatched thither, notwithstanding his eighty years, at the head of a small army of picked men. Bordeaux surrendered easily, and the red

cross of England reappeared in the greater number of the southern towns, when King Charles VII. entered the province with his troops. He had gathered a considerable force, and was laying siege to Castillon, when Talbot resolved to relieve the town; he made the attack on the 30th of July, 1453, and was about to carry the position, when the Count of Ponthieu fell upon him with reinforcements; the English retreated, and Talbot was slain. The French army presented itself before Bordeaux; the garrison held out bravely during two months; hunger compelled it to capitulate, and on the 10th of October, the English soldiers, accompanied by a great number of citizens of the place, embarked for England. Guienne was henceforth French, and the last fragment of the inheritance of Eleanor of Aquitaine had slipped from her descendants.

The mental derangement of King Henry VI. continued to increase, and Parliament had recalled the Duke of York to the council. A son had been born to Queen Margaret; she had, from that circumstance, assumed more pride and a more fixed determination to exercise royal authority at her pleasure. Meanwhile the Commons had obtained the impeachment of the Duke of Somerset, who had been sent to the Tower. The Parliament of 1454 was opened by the Duke of York, as the king's lieutenant. For some time past, efforts had in vain been made to ascertain the real state of King Henry; twelve peers, who had contrived to be admitted to him on the occasion of the death of the chancellor, found him incapable of understanding a word or of replying to their questions. Upon their report, the Parliament nominated Richard of York Protector and defender of the throne of England, with the condition that this dignity should be resigned in favor of the Prince of Wales, as soon as the latter should attain his majority. York protested his loyalty, and furnished

proof of it in the following year, when the king, having recovered his reason, reclaimed the royal power. The first use which he made of his recovered authority was to release the Duke of Somerset. The poor monarch endeavored to reconcile the two rival houses; but the Duke of York shortly afterwards affected to believe himself in danger, and again raised some troops. The king marched against him with Somerset; a battle began in the very streets of St. Alban's. The archers of the Duke of York were good marksmen: the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Clifford, fell beneath their arrows; the king himself was wounded. York, seeking him after the victory, found him in bed, in the house of a tanner, and both repaired together to the church, the victor treating with respect the vanquished king. The duke did not immediately take advantage of his success, and contented himself with appearing before the Parliament as the lieutenant of the king. But the Commons claimed for him the title of Protector, and they imposed their will upon the Lords. With the moderation which had always characterized his political conduct, York contented himself with consigning to trustworthy hands some important offices, intrusting the custody of Calais to his brother-in-law and faithful friend, the Earl of Warwick; but he did not wreak vengeance upon his enemies, and resigned the power to the king without objection at the beginning of 1456, when the monarch, again restored to health, wished to take back the authority. Soon, however, Queen Margaret everywhere replaced the friends of York by her favorites; the duke then retired to his estates, and the great men of his party did likewise, for the relatives of the noblemen slain at St. Alban's were talking loudly of vengeance.

Hopes were still entertained of arriving at some arrangement. In his intervals of reason, the king was gentle, char-

itable, and humane; he endeavored to re-establish peace around him. York and Warwick had again protested their fidelity towards him. Henry placed himself as arbitrator between the two parties, and decreed certain fines and reparations towards the families of the victims. The victors of St. Alban's accepted these conditions; the king, the queen, the Duke of York, and all the Yorkist and Lancastrian noblemen, solemnly repaired to St. Paul's Cathedral; the Duke of York offered his hand to the queen. The Earl of Warwick had remained at Calais.

Fresh quarrels soon brought about fresh insurrections. The two parties reciprocally felt too great a distrust ever to live in peace. In the month of September, 1459, the Earl of Salisbury, brother of Warwick, united his forces to those of the Duke of York, and, after a bloody combat in the environs of Drayton, in Shropshire, where the Lancastrians were defeated, the Earl of Warwick repaired to England with some troops which he had carefully drilled at Calais; but scarcely did his soldiers find themselves in the presence of the royal standard, when a loyal instinct carried them off into the ranks of the army of Henry VI. The strength of the Duke of York no longer allowed him to keep the field, and on the 20th of November the Parliament convoked by the queen at Coventry accused of high-treason the whole families of the Duke of York and the Earl of Salisbury. Warwick retired to Calais, taking with him his brother. When the governor sent by Queen Margaret to supplant him appeared before the town, he was repulsed, and the troops that he had brought went over to Warwick. At the end of June, 1460, the earl reappeared in England; the eldest son of the Duke of York marched at his side. The battle of Northampton placed the poor king in the hands of his enemies, and the queen was compelled to fly with her son into Scot-

land. A mass of great Lancastrian noblemen had remained upon the field of battle. In opposition to the great warriors of the preceding centuries, Warwick, the real chief of the Yorkist party, had for maxim to spare the common people, and to strike his enemies ruthlessly down, taking for his victims the men of distinction. Thanks to this practice, imitated by his adversaries, all the great families of England found themselves decimated during the Wars of the Roses.

A new Parliament had been convoked at Westminster. The throne was empty in the House of Lords, when the Duke of York came in. He advanced at first resolutely, placed his hand upon the cloth of gold which covered the royal seat, then fell back without mounting it. He had, however, firmly resolved to make good his rights. The Archbishop of Canterbury inquired of him whether he did not intend to pay a visit to the king, who was in the palace adjoining. "I know no one in this kingdom who should not pay me a visit first," replied the duke; and he established himself in the royal apartments, while Henry occupied those of the queen.

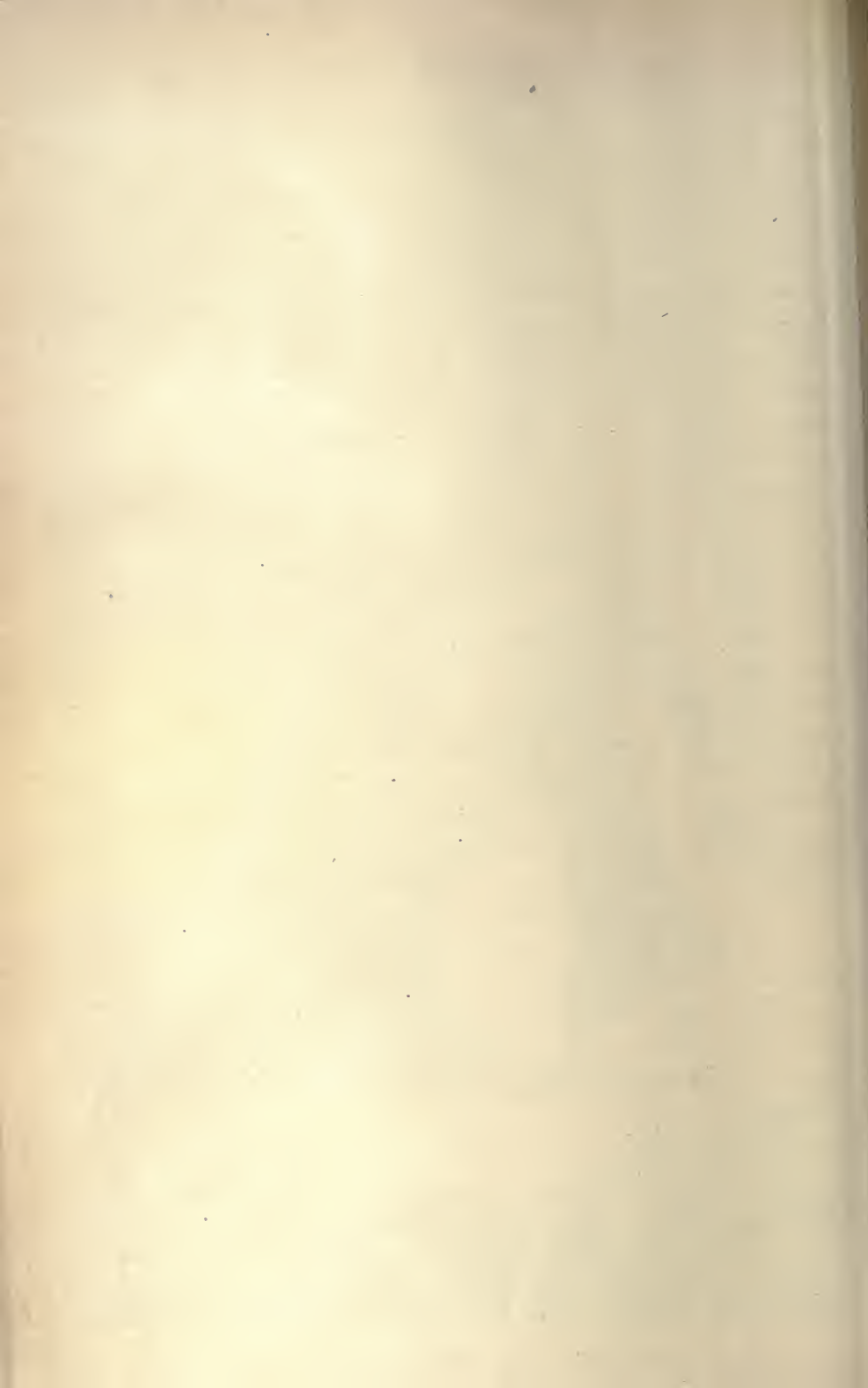
The peers had not responded to this indirect appeal, and on the 16th of October York dispatched a message to them, formally laying claim to the crown. The Lords replied that they could not give an opinion without the advice and the consent of the king. Now that he was separated from the queen, who had become more and more unpopular, public feeling began to be aroused in favor of Henry, who was regarded as a saint. But the Duke of York required an answer. When the peers repaired to the captive king, he reminded them that he had received, when but a child, a crown which had been borne with honor by his father and his grandfather; that it had rested for forty years upon his brow, and that those even who now wished to snatch it from him had

on several occasions sworn fidelity to him. To these substantial reasons were added attacks against the hereditary rights of the Duke of York, imprudent and puerile conduct which so greatly embarrassed the peers that they called to their aid the judges, then the king's sergeants and attorneys, who knew not how to give their advice. On the 23d the Lords presented their objections, frivolous for the most part, with the exception of the oaths taken by all the peers to the House of Lancaster. A compromise was arrived at in the matter; Warwick and York used moderation, and the crown was assured to King Henry during his lifetime. After him it was to descend to Richard, Duke of York, and his heirs, to the exclusion of the son of Margaret of Anjou.

The negotiators of this curious treaty had reckoned without the queen. She had quitted Scotland, and was endeavoring to assemble all her partisans to defend the rights of her son. Already the hills and valleys bristled with lances. The Lancastrians were under the sons of the noblemen killed at St. Alban's; the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Clifford were there, thirsting for revenge, notwithstanding all the treaties of pacification. The Duke of York commanded his troops in person; he was as bold upon the field of battle as he was hesitating and prudent in the council. On the 30th of December, 1460, he attacked the enemy at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, with inferior forces, and was completely defeated. He was himself slain, and his friend, the Earl of Salisbury, who was made a prisoner in the flight, was beheaded the same day at Pontefract. The little Earl of Rutland, second son of the duke, was flying with his tutor, when he was arrested upon Wakefield Bridge by Lord Clifford. The child, speechless with terror, threw himself upon his knees. "It is the son of the Duke of York," cried the priest who accompanied him. "Thy father



ASSASSINATION OF THE EARL OF RUTLAND.



killed mine," said the fierce baron, "I will kill thee therefore, thee and thine." And plunging his dagger into the bosom of the young prince, he dispatched the chaplain to carry to his mother this fearful news. England was not yet accustomed to these scenes of slaughter, and a long cry of horror arose in the country when the news of the death of Rutland became known, and when above the gates of York was seen the disfigured head of the duke, surmounted by a paper crown. Margaret and her partisans had become intoxicated with the cup of revenge, without thinking of the terrible reprisals which awaited them.

Already the young Earl of March, the Duke of York's eldest son, had gained, on the 1st of February, at Mortimer's Cross, near Wigmore, a bloody victory, where a great number of royalists perished. All the prisoners of mark, among whom was Owen Tudor, father-in-law of King Henry VI., were beheaded after the battle, as though to appease the shades of the Yorkists who had fallen at Wakefield. This success counterbalanced the effect of a victory gained on the 17th of February, over Warwick, by Queen Margaret, between St. Alban's and Barnet. The earl was compelled to retreat so precipitately, that King Henry, forgotten in the tumult, was alone in his tent with his chamberlain, when his wife came to take possession of him before causing her prisoners to be executed. Five days later a proclamation of King Henry announced to his people that he had subscribed under constraint to the recent arrangements for the succession to the throne, and that he retracted them without reserve, declaring Edward, formerly Earl of March, a false traitor, "it being the duty of every subject of the king to hasten against him."

The Earl of March was in a position to hurl back on his enemies the title of traitor and to put a price upon

their heads. He had joined the Earl of Warwick, and their united forces exceeded those of the queen. London was favorable to the change of dynasty, and the cruelties practised in the country by the troops that the queen had brought from the frontiers of Scotland, rallied the peasants around the Yorkists. Their forces went on increasing; and when, on the 25th of February, they approached St. Alban's, where Queen Margaret was with her army, she found herself compelled to retreat before them. Edward, Earl of March, had none of the scruples and hesitation of his father; he was resolved to seize immediately upon the throne. Traversing St. Alban's as a conqueror and a king, he advanced at once towards London, and entered there triumphantly, to the great joy of the people, "who came every day from all the country surrounding," says the chronicler, "to see this handsome and magnificent prince, the flower of chivalry, in whom they hoped for their joy and tranquillity."

A grand review had been announced in St. John's Fields; the crowd of citizens thronged to witness this warlike spectacle. Suddenly Lord Falconberg and the Bishop of Exeter, brother of the Earl of Warwick, addressed themselves to the crowd. "You know the incapacity of King Henry," they said, "the injustice of the usurpation which placed his family upon the throne, and to what extent you have been misgoverned and oppressed. Will you have this king to reign over you still?" "No! no!" cried the mob. The bishop began speaking again, depicting the valor, the talent, the activity of the Earl of March. "Will you have King Edward to reign over you, and serve, love, and honor him?" "Yes," replied the people; "long live King Edward!" On the morrow, the 2d of March, a great council of the Lords spiritual and temporal declared that Henry of Lancaster had failed in his engagements, by uniting himself to the forces of the

queen, and by retracting his oath concerning the succession to the throne. By this conduct he had lost his rights to the crown, which belonged henceforth to the heir of the Duke of York, whose claims had been recognized as legitimate. The consent of the Commons, who were convoked later in Parliament, was dispensed with. On the 4th of March, Edward, followed by a royal retinue, repaired to Westminster, and immediately taking possession of that throne which his father had formerly touched with a hesitating hand, he himself explained to the assembly the rights of his house. Having been several times interrupted by plaudits, he repaired to church, where he made a similar address. A few hours later the heralds proclaimed King Edward IV. in all the public places of London, and the people responded with their cries of joy, "Long live King Edward!"

CHAPTER XV.

RED ROSE AND WHITE ROSE.

EDWARD IV. 1461-1483. — EDWARD V. 1483. — RICHARD III.
1483-1485.

IF the throne of Henry IV. had always appeared to him unsteady, from the morrow of a usurpation which had not caused a single drop of blood to be shed, that of Edward IV., based upon a transitory success of arms, was destined to cost much bloodshed and many tears to England. The coronation rejoicings were immediately followed by a renewal of hostilities. Scarcely had he been proclaimed when the new king left London. Queen Margaret and the Duke of Somerset had assembled their troops in the environs of York, and were preparing to march upon the capital. Edward, upon the advice of Warwick, did not allow them time for that purpose. The northern counties were in general favorably disposed towards the Red Rose, and the two armies were more considerable than ever, when they met on the 28th of March near Towton. The snow was falling in abundance, and blinded the combatants, but their fury knew no obstacle. The struggle lasted from nine o'clock in the morning until three, when the Lancastrians, broken up and disbanded, attempted to fly. The river Cock barred their way, and many of their number were drowned in it. The Earl of Northumberland and six barons were left dead upon the field of battle; the Earls of Devonshire and Wiltshire were captured and beheaded; their heads replaced those of Duke Richard and

the Earl of Rutland upon the gates of York. Thirty-eight thousand combatants, it is said, perished on this fatal day: the Hundred Years' War had not cost as much blood to England as this single battle of the civil war. Queen Margaret, her husband, and her son, accompanied by the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, took refuge in Scotland. Edward IV., triumphant, returned to London, there to conclude the ceremony of his coronation. Formally recognized by the Parliament, no allusion was made to the intellectual weakness of King Henry, or to the misgovernment of the queen and her favorites: all the arguments were confined to the legitimate rights to the throne asserted by the House of York in the person of King Edward. Henry and all his family were declared usurpers, and their partisans were all included in the same sentence: those of the Lancastrian barons who had not perished upon the field of battle were condemned to death; all their property was to be confiscated and their families degraded. Edward IV. was anxious to crush his enemies by a single blow.

Betrayed by the fortune of war and abandoned by her terrified partisans, Queen Margaret knew neither discouragement nor fatigue. Closely linked to the Scotch by an old alliance which she had sealed by ceding to them the town of Berwick, she essayed, with their assistance, two or three incursions into the northern counties of England; but her mediocre success decided her to seek help in her native country, France, where she had rendered many services and retained many friends. In the month of April, 1462, she embarked at Kircudbright, and landed in Brittany. The duke presented her with twelve thousand golden crowns, and she took the road to Chinon, where the court of France was situated. Charles VII. was dead, and Louis XI. had succeeded him. A cold politician, he was too shrewd to allow himself

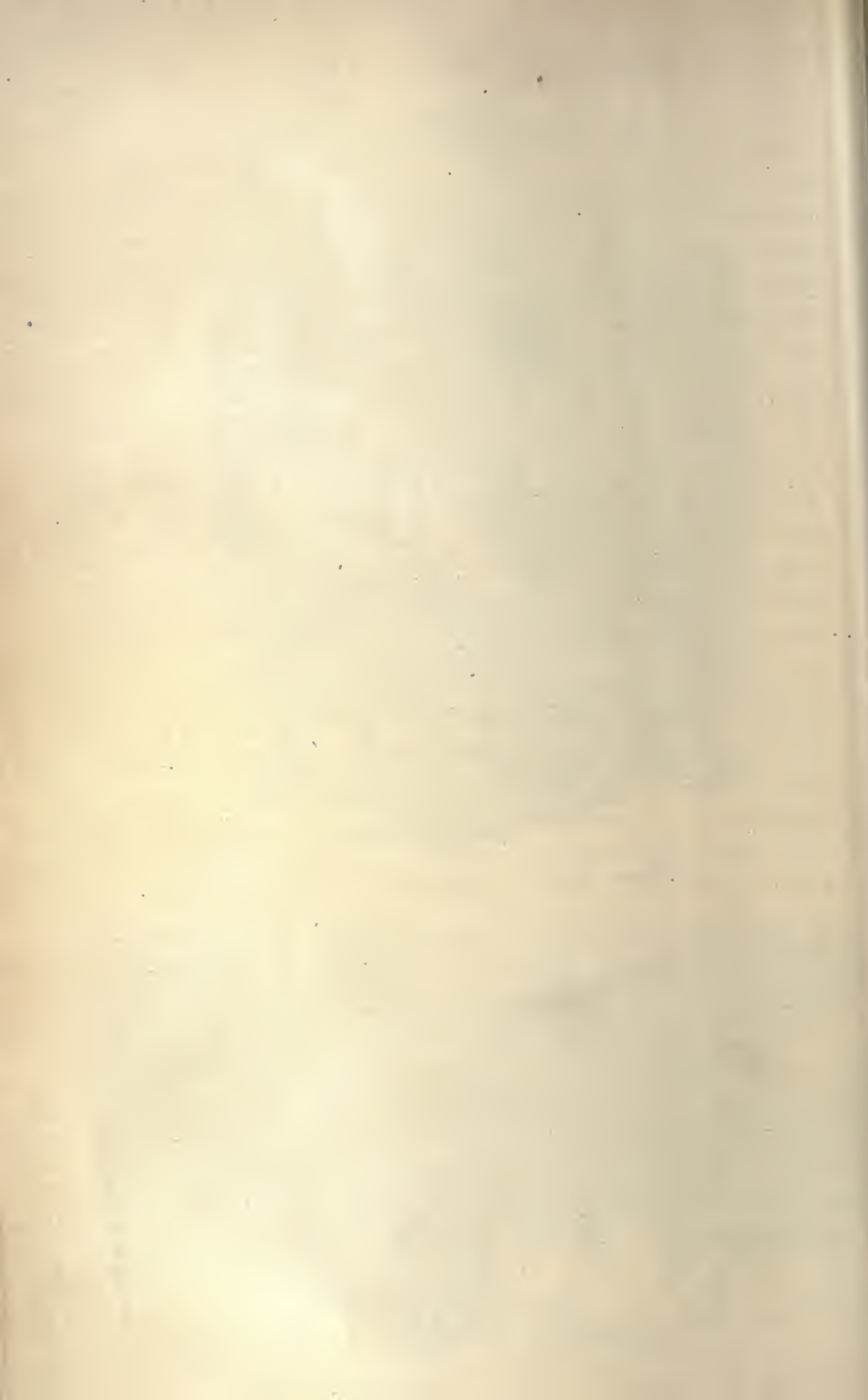
to be inveigled by the tears and the beauty of the queen into a disastrous war: he therefore at the outset refused all assistance; but when she spoke of ceding Calais as the price of his services, the monarch relaxed his sternness in a degree, gave some money to the queen, and permitted her to recruit soldiers in his kingdom. A distinguished knight, René de Brézé, seneschal of Normandy, ardently devoted to Margaret, placed himself at the head of the two thousand men that he had raised for her, partly at his own expense; a few vessels were equipped, and the queen returned to Scotland. The English exiles and a certain number of irregular border troops in a short time joined her, and three fortresses of Northumberland fell into her hands. But the Earl of Warwick was advancing with an army of twenty thousand men; the Lancastrians divided their forces in order to preserve their conquests; the queen returned to her vessels. The waves were as hostile to her as the land; the ships were destroyed in a storm; the queen and Brézé arrived at Berwick in a fishing-smack; five hundred French troops, which she had left behind her to defend Holy Island, were slaughtered to a man, and the three castles were compelled to surrender after a vigorous resistance. They had capitulated upon honorable terms. The Duke of Somerset and Sir Richard Percy made their submission to King Edward, who admitted them to mercy; while Margaret was wandering with the seneschal upon the frontiers of England, in vain endeavoring to rally her scattered and terrified adherents. It was in this winter campaign, one day in December, that the queen, accompanied only by her son and a feeble following, fell into the hands of a band of brigands. She had been stripped of everything, her attendants were killed or captured, and she was attempting to fly with her son, when another bandit encountered her. Margaret made no further effort to escape, but, taking the little



RICHMOND CROWNED UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD.



QUEEN MARGARET AND THE BRIGAND



prince by the hand, advanced resolutely towards the outlaw. "Here is the son of your king," she said; "I confide him to you." All generous feeling had not been extinguished in the soul of the brigand: he extended his protection to the mother and the child, gave them the shelter of his hut for the night, and on the morrow conducted them to the outskirts of the forest. King Henry had been conveyed to Wales and placed in a fortress, while Queen Margaret recrossed the sea to seek fresh assistance on the Continent. She remained there for a long while. Louis XI. rarely supported the unfortunate; Duke Philip of Burgundy did not wish to set himself at variance with England, whose commerce was of importance to his dominions, and the poor princess, supported by a few secret gifts, royal alms which scarcely sufficed for her subsistence, took refuge in the duchy of Bar, which still belonged to her father. Here she was unceasing in her efforts to find enemies for King Edward and partisans for her husband and her son.

Meanwhile the war had recommenced, without her, in England, and struck the last blow to her hopes. The Duke of Somerset and Percy had again revolted, and in the month of April, 1464, King Henry, dragged from his peaceful retreat, was brought to the camp of his partisans. Lord Montague, the younger brother of the Earl of Warwick, assembled together the Yorkists, and on the 25th of April at Hedgely Moor, and on the 15th of May at Hexham, the two Lancastrian corps were defeated in succession. Percy died fighting; the Duke of Somerset, Lord de Roos, and Lord Hungerford were executed; Sir Ralph Grey, formerly a Yorkist, and since become a Lancastrian in consequence of a disappointment in ambition, was captured at Bamborough by the Earl of Warwick, and suffered the doom of traitors. Animosities and retaliations were accumulating for the future, but the present seemed to smile

upon King Edward: King Henry had wandered during two months in Lancashire and Westmoreland, from castle to castle, from cottage to cottage, without any one dreaming of betraying him, without meeting a heart hard enough to refuse succor and protection to him. At length, in the month of July, he was seized, delivered up to his enemies, and conducted to the Tower. The war had become very cruel, and the troops had grown accustomed to many crimes, but none dared to lay a hand upon "the sacred head of the peaceful usurper," as Shakspeare calls him; the halo of his fervent piety protected him against all violence. He led a peaceful life in his prison, while Edward IV. was demolishing with his own hands the throne which he had conquered at the cost of so many sufferings. The Duchess of Bedford, Jacquetta of Luxembourg, had had several children by her marriage with Sir Richard Woodville. The eldest of her daughters, Elizabeth, married at an early age to Sir John Grey, who was killed at the second battle of St. Alban's in the ranks of the Lancastrians, begged of the king the restitution of her property. She was beautiful, skilful, ambitious: Edward IV. conceived an affection for her, and secretly married her on the 1st of May, 1464. It was not until the 29th of September that he dared to declare this union to his brothers, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and to his redoubtable ally, the Earl of Warwick, or the "Kingmaker," as he was called. Their dissatisfaction was great, but they knew how to restrain it. Elizabeth Woodville was solemnly recognized, in the month of December, at a great national council; and on the 25th of May following she was crowned at Westminster with the usual ceremonies. Her uncle, James of Luxembourg, had come to England upon this occasion in order to raise the family of the new queen a little. "Her father, Sir Richard, was but an esquire in our remembrance,"

it was said among the people. Future splendors were destined to efface the meanness of the origin. With Elizabeth his family ascended the throne: Sir Richard was made Earl of Rivers, and soon afterwards Lord High Constable; the queen married her sisters to the heirs of the noblest houses. Offices, honors poured down upon the Greys and Woodvilles; and the Nevils, formerly all-powerful by right of their services and their swords, saw their influence decrease day by day, the king no longer asked their advice, nor troubled himself as to their inclination. An annoying incident raised their anger to the highest pitch.

Warwick had for some time been engaged in negotiations for the marriage of the Princess Margaret of York, sister of Edward, with a prince of the royal house of France. The alliance of the princess was equally sought by the Count of Charolais, son of the Duke of Burgundy; but the "Great Earl" was opposed to this marriage, and, authorized by Edward, he repaired to France to conclude terms with King Louis XI. He resided at Rouen in the month of June, 1467, beside the royal palace, and the King of France saw him at all hours of the day and night, in great intimacy, negotiating with that air of mystery which he loved to wear everywhere. Warwick was on his return to London, in the month of July, accompanied by the ambassadors of France, empowered to conclude the royal alliance, when he learned that the Bastard of Burgundy had been at court for several days, under the pretext of a passage of arms, and that the marriage of Margaret of York with the Count of Charolais was almost decided upon. The last obstacle disappeared when Duke Philip died suddenly, on the 15th of July, leaving to his son vast dominions, a rich treasury, and a position in Europe superior to that of most crowned heads. The indignation of Warwick was not the less fiery; he complained of having

been deceived, and retired to his castle of Middleham. King Edward feigned to be uneasy at the anger of the Earl: he doubled his guards, and a rumor was spread that Warwick had been won over to the House of Lancaster by King Louis XI. Warwick returned for a moment at the entreaty of his brother, the Archbishop of York; but the Woodvilles remained all-powerful, and the breach became wider every day. Edward with difficulty endured the haughty independence of the man who had made him king; he saw him now, supported by the Duke of Clarence, the heir presumptive to the throne (Elizabeth had had daughters only), who had recently married, at Calais, Lady Isabel, Warwick's eldest daughter. An insurrection broke out almost at the same moment in Yorkshire, directed especially against the relatives of Queen Elizabeth, who were accused of oppression. Lord Montague, who was present in the North, did not endeavor to oppose the movement, which spread with such rapidity that the king, having arrived at Newark, was compelled to retreat precipitately to Nottingham. He wrote with his own hand to Calais, begging the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick to come to his aid. But before their arrival the insurgents had defeated the Earl of Pembroke at Edgecote, on the 26th of July. Being captured in the pursuit, Earl Rivers and Sir John Woodville, the father and brother of the queen, as well as the Earl of Devon, had been beheaded. It was affirmed that the rebels were acting in concert with Warwick. When he at length landed in England, the king was almost alone at Olney, and the insurgents were advancing against him, but the presence of the Earl soon caused them to retreat. As they returned to their farms and heaths, Warwick conducted Edward IV. to Middleham, the prisoner of his deliverers. England had two kings, both captives.

Warwick did not yet think of changing the rose which he

wore upon his helmet: a fresh insurrection of the partisans of Henry VI. compelled him to march against them. But the army murmured at the captivity of the king: it was necessary to show him to the troops, and the Lancastrians being defeated, harmony appeared to be re-established between the king and the earl. Edward re-entered London: he had purchased his liberty by great gifts. The reconciliation was, however, only apparent: two or three fresh quarrels ended in a victory of the king over the insurgents of Lincolnshire, who were secretly abetted by Clarence and Warwick. Edward accused them publicly of high-treason. The earl did not feel himself powerful enough for an open struggle; he embarked for Calais; but the news of his rebellion had preceded him there; the cannon of the town were pointed against his vessels, and the lieutenant whom he had himself chosen denied him the entrance to the port. The Duchess of Clarence brought into the world her first-born son in her ship, before the town, and it was with great difficulty that a glass of wine was obtained to restore strength to her: "which was," says Commynes, "great severity for a servant to show towards his lord."

Warwick sought refuge with King Louis XI. The friendly relations which he had contracted with the king had never been broken off. That astute monarch welcomed the fugitives and at first installed them at Valognes; he then received them at Tours and at Amboise, notwithstanding the anger of the Duke of Burgundy, several of whose vessels had been captured by Warwick. By way of reprisal, the French merchants who had repaired to the fair at Antwerp had been cast into prison by Charles the Bold. Louis XI. ridiculed this act and continued to shuffle the cards, hoping to secure the help of England against the duke, when the Kingmaker should have become once more all-powerful in his country.

It was at Amboise that Warwick and Queen Margaret met secretly, through the agency of the King of France. For fifteen years past the queen had attributed all her misfortunes to Warwick; the earl had not forgotten that she had sent to the scaffold his father, his brother, and his best friends; but a common and a more fervent hatred united them. Margaret consented to the marriage of Prince Edward, her son, with the second daughter of the earl, who thus assured the crown to his children, either in the event of his overthrowing Edward IV. in favor of the Lancastrians, or of his being induced to place Clarence upon the throne. Thanks to Louis XI. they contrived for the time being to amuse or to quiet the Duke of Clarence, notwithstanding all the efforts that the king his brother made to sever him from his allies, and Warwick shortly afterwards set sail, furnished with men and money. Charles of Burgundy had in vain placed in the Channel a fleet destined to arrest him; the earl landed on the 13th of September, 1470, upon the coast of Devonshire, and the entire population gathered under his banners. Sermons were preached in London in favor of King Henry, and Warwick turned his steps in the direction of the Trent. Edward IV. had been summoned to the North a short time before by a fresh insurrection; but the soldiers convoked under the banner of the White Rose did not respond to the appeal; those who hitherto had marched with Edward abandoned him. Warwick continued to advance; the position of King Edward became desperate. He was brave and resolute, but he took the course of flying. Two little Dutch vessels lay moored on the coast, at the mouth of the Wash: he threw himself into them with a few friends, without money and without resources, and crowded sail for the Low Countries, with great difficulty escaping the pirates who infested the seas. He landed near Alkmaar, and the gov-

ernor "immediately sent tidings to the Duke of Burgundy, who would as well have liked to learn the death of the king," says Commines, "for he was in great apprehension of the Earl of Warwick, who was his enemy and had become all-powerful in England." In fact, everybody in London cried, "Long live King Henry!" Warwick had released from the Tower the poor monarch whom he himself had imprisoned there five years before. Queen Elizabeth Woodville had shut herself up in Westminster Abbey with her mother and her three daughters. It was there that she gave birth to a son, a new claimant to the throne, upon whom the Duke of Clarence looked with as much disfavor as upon the restoration of Henry VI. Louis XI. caused thanksgivings to be offered up to God in all the churches of France for the great victory gained by Henry of Lancaster, the legitimate King of England, over the usurping traitor, the Earl of March. The joy of the king was the more keen inasmuch as Warwick had already returned to him a portion of the money which he had borrowed. In reality, some pirates had seized the vessel and the gold which it carried, but the good intention of the earl was evident, and Louis XI. reckoned upon receiving back his advances, while assuring the power to the enemies of his good cousin of Burgundy; the politic monarch rubbed his hands.

Meanwhile affairs had already changed their aspect in England. As Louis XI. had assisted Warwick, the Duke of Burgundy assisted Edward: he gave him vessels and a small army corps, besides hiring for his service a certain number of pirates. It was with these feeble resources that Edward IV. disembarked on the 16th of March at Ravenspur, where Bolingbroke had landed seventy-two years before to dethrone King Richard II. The reception accorded by the people was not encouraging; none planted the White Rose. Edward no

longer spoke of his rights to the throne; he wished only, he said, to reclaim his title of Duke of York. But when he had crossed the Trent he found himself surrounded by his partisans: every day his forces increased. The Marquis of Montague, brother of Warwick, had suffered him to pass. Before arriving at Coventry he had resumed all the royal insignia. The army of Warwick was coming to encounter him; but scarcely had the two parties found themselves face to face, when the Duke of Clarence went over, with all his troops, to the side of his brother. Thus weakened, Warwick was compelled to retreat without fighting. Edward marched upon London, where he was received by the acclamations of the populace. The sermons preached at St. Paul's Cross in favor of King Henry, and the open hospitality of the Earl of Warwick, had already been forgotten. A son had been born to King Edward, who had not yet seen him, and "the wealthy merchants, who had lent money to the king," says Commines, "hoped to be paid when he should have regained possession of the throne." The wives of the great citizens were accustomed to his acts of gallantry. London was merrymaking, but the Lancastrians were already in battle array on the plain of Barnet, within five leagues of the capital. Edward marched against them with the Duke of Clarence. The latter was troubled and uneasy: his wife was Warwick's daughter, and she had great influence over him; he offered his mediation to his father-in-law. "Tell your master," cried the earl, in indignation, "that Warwick is faithful to his oath, and is better than the treacherous and perfidious Clarence. He has referred this to the sword, which will decide the quarrel." It was on Easter-day: the morrow was awaited for the fight.

The struggle began on the 14th of April, at daybreak. Warwick always fought on horseback; but his brother, Lord

Montague, who had joined him, urged him to dismount. "Charge at the head of your men-at-arms," he said. Edward IV. was present in person among his partisans, sword in hand, doing good work. It was not long before both Warwick and his brother were killed; but the rout of the Lancastrians did not stay the slaughter. On returning from Flanders, King Edward had resolved no longer to spare, as formerly, the common people; he had conceived a great hatred of the peasants, so often favorable to his enemies. The field of battle was covered with corpses, when Edward IV. reentered London, bringing with him the body of the King-maker, which was exposed during three days at Westminster, in order that all might assure themselves of his death. King Henry had been reconducted to the Tower.

Edward IV. had not yet triumphed over his most implacable adversary. Queen Margaret, who had been detained upon the coast of France by contrary winds, landed in England on the very day of the battle of Barnet. She soon learned that her friends had been beaten, that Warwick was killed, that King Henry was again a prisoner. She advanced, however, with her son and the auxiliaries whom she had brought from the Continent. The population was hostile to her; she found the fords and bridges of the Severn defended by her enemies, and was unable to join Lord Pembroke, who still held out in Wales. On the 4th of May, Margaret met King Edward near Tewkesbury. Her troops had skilfully intrenched themselves, but the Duke of Somerset wished to make the attack in the open: a small number of soldiers followed him, and when he attempted to fall back upon his ranks, the Duke of Gloucester had already broken through them. The queen and the prince were made prisoners. The young prince was conducted to Edward. "What brought you hither?" cried the king, angrily. "My right and my father's

crown," said the son of Margaret proudly. Edward struck him upon the mouth with his iron gauntlet; the prince staggered, the servants of the king threw themselves upon him and slaughtered him. The great noblemen who accompanied Margaret had taken refuge in Tewkesbury church. The respect accorded to the sacred precincts had protected the wife and the children of King Edward while his enemies were all-powerful in London; but no consideration divine or human could stay him: he entered the church sword in hand. A priest, holding aloft the host, threw himself between the king and his victims: he succeeded in arresting him for a moment; an amnesty was even promised; but, two days later, all the Lancastrians who had taken refuge in Tewkesbury church were dragged forcibly therefrom, and were beheaded.

Queen Margaret had followed her conqueror; her haughty courage had resisted all defeats, all treacheries; she did not succumb beneath the last misfortune. She remained five years a prisoner, alone and poor, first at the Tower, then at Windsor, and finally at Wallingford. King Louis XI. at length obtained her liberty; she returned to France, there to live for several years more. She died in 1482. The king her husband had not survived the battle of Tewkesbury: on the morrow of the triumphal entry of Edward IV. into London, Henry VI. was found dead in the Tower; it was said that the Duke of Gloucester had stabbed him with his own hands. Remorse for this crime perhaps pursued him: when he was king, Richard III. caused the body of Henry VI. to be removed from the abbey of Chertsey, where it had been deposited; the bones of the holy king, it was said, accomplished miracles. When Henry VII. wished to bring them back to Westminster, they could not be found.

The White Rose triumphed everywhere. The great Lan-

castrian noblemen were dead or prisoners; the Earl of Pembroke and some others had succeeded in taking refuge upon the Continent; the little Prince of Wales had been declared heir to the throne by the great council of the peers; but the king and his brothers could not live in peace. Clarence and Gloucester were contending with each other for the inheritance of the Earl of Warwick. Gloucester had married the Princess Anne, widow of the young Edward assassinated at Tewkesbury. In vain had Clarence concealed her; Gloucester had pursued his prey even under the disguise of a servant, and King Edward had been compelled to divide between the two rivals the property of the "great earl," leaving his widow in veritable poverty; "for," says Commynes, "among all the sovereignties in the world of which I have knowledge where public affairs are best managed, that in which there is the least violence towards the people, where there are no buildings cast down or demolished by war, is England; but misfortune and fate fall upon those who have caused the war." The House of the Nevilles was ruined; the enmity between the two brothers of the king was not less on that ground: it was to bring about fresh crimes.

The internal struggle appeared to be drawing to an end. King Edward began to return to foreign wars; the Duke of Burgundy urged him to lend him his co-operation against Louis XI. Edward crossed the sea with a small army and went to Calais; but "before he started from Dover," writes Commynes, "he sent to the king our lord one of his heralds named Garter, who was a native of Normandy. He brought to the king a written challenge from the King of England, in beautiful language and in a beautiful style; and I think that never had Englishman put his hand to it." Edward publicly claimed the kingdom of France as his possession, "in order that he might restore the Church, the nobles, and

the people to their former liberty," he said. The king read the letter to himself, then wisely retired to his closet, and caused the herald to be summoned thither. "Your king does not come here of his own accord," he said to Garter; "he is constrained by the Duke of Burgundy." And proceeding from this to make overtures of friendship to the King of England, "he privately gave to the said herald three hundred crowns, and promised him a thousand of them if the arrangement should be made, and publicly caused a beautiful piece of crimson velvet, consisting of thirty ells, to be given to him."

Garter, thus treated, advised King Louis XI. to enter into negotiations with Lord Howard or Lord Stanley, favorite ministers of Edward, who were not in favor of the war. The English forces which had recently arrived in Calais were more considerable than had at first been supposed in France. The King of England had concluded a truce with Scotland, and he had imposed on his vassals and the great citizens a new species of tax, under the form of free gifts, called "benevolences." Fifteen or eighteen thousand men were assembled at Calais; but the Duke of Burgundy had dissipated his resources elsewhere, and he presented himself at the place of meeting with a handful of soldiers. The discontent which this deception caused to King Edward inclined him to lend an ear to the proposals of Louis XI. The English army had been inactive before Péronne for two months, and the gold of the King of France circulated freely among the courtiers of Edward. Fifty thousand crowns had already been promised for the ransom of Queen Margaret, when the two sovereigns met at Pecquigny, on each side of a barrier, upon a bridge thrown across the Somme. "In the middle was a trellis, such as are made in the cages of lions, and the holes between the bars were no larger than to allow one's arm



INTERVIEW OF EDWARD IV. AND LOUIS XI.



to be put through with ease." King Louis arrived first, having taken the precaution, on that day, to cause Commines to be clad in the same manner as himself, "for he had long been accustomed to have somebody who dressed similarly to himself." The King of England entered, accompanied by his chamberlain, Lord Hastings. "He was a very handsome prince, and tall, but he began to grow fat, and I had formerly seen him more handsome; for I have no remembrance of ever having seen a more handsome man than he was when Lord Warwick made him fly from England. They embraced through the apertures; the King of England made a profound reverence, and the king began to speak, saying, 'My cousin, welcome; there is no man in the world whom I so much desire to see as you, and praised be God for that we are here assembled with such good intent.' The King of England replied upon this point in pretty good French."

King Louis had invited Edward IV. to come and see him in Paris, but he was rather uneasy lest his politeness should be accepted. "He is a very handsome king," he said to Commines: "he greatly loves the ladies; he might find one among them in Paris who would say so many fine words to him that she would make him wish to return. His predecessors have been too much in Paris and in Normandy. His company is worth nothing on this side of the sea; beyond it, I am very glad to have him for a good brother and friend." All the efforts of Louis XI. tended to conclude the treaty as soon as possible, in order to see the English return to their country; and for this purpose he lavished the treasures amassed with so much care. A pension of fifty thousand livres was assured to King Edward; the hand of the Dauphin was promised to Princess Elizabeth; the great noblemen of the English court had pensions and presents like their master, and a truce for seven years was signed.

The people murmured in England, for the extent of the preparations and the importance of the sums obtained by Edward had created hopes for the conquest of at least Anjou, Maine, Normandy, and Guienne. The French noblemen despised the policy of their king, who purchased the retreat of his enemies instead of repulsing them by arms; but Edward had recrossed the sea, and Louis XI. paid the pensions regularly; he even went so far as to demand a receipt, "and dispatched Maître Pierre Clairet to Lord Hastings, the great chamberlain, to remit two thousand gold crowns to him. And the said Clairet requested that he would deliver to him a letter of three lines, informing the king how he had received them, for the said nobleman was suspicious. But the chamberlain replied, 'My lord master, that which you say is very reasonable; but this gift comes of the good pleasure of the king your lord. If it please you that I take it, you will place it here in my sleeve and will have no letter or acknowledgment for it, for I will not have it said, "The great chamberlain of the King of England has been a pensioner of the King of France," or that my receipts should be found in his exchequer chamber.' With which the king was much incensed, but commended and esteemed the said chamberlain for it, and always paid him without a receipt."

Duke Charles the Bold had recently perished, at the battle of Nancy, in his campaign against Duke René of Lorraine (1477). His only daughter, Mary of Burgundy, inherited his vast dominions. The Duke of Clarence, a widower since the recent death of Warwick's daughter, at once claimed the hand of the young duchess. He was already out of favor at court, and this act of ambition excited the jealousy of the king his brother. Clarence was violent: he complained of the injustice used towards two of his servants, who had been accused of sorcery, condemned and executed. He protested

so loudly that the king caused him to be arrested in his turn, and, accusing him of treason, ordered him to be imprisoned in the Tower. The prince appeared before the peers: being prosecuted by the king in person, no baron opened his mouth in his defence; but Clarence protested his innocence at each accusation of magic, rebellion, and conspiracy. Nevertheless the peers declared him guilty, and the House of Commons insisted shortly afterwards upon the carrying out of the sentence. The trial had been public; the execution was secret: on the 18th of February the report of the duke's death spread through London. None knew how he had died, but it was related among the people that the Duke of Gloucester had caused him to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. The well-known tastes of the unhappy duke had no doubt brought about this supposition, for the most absolute mystery still rests over the fate of Clarence. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, maintained the best relations with the queen, and he received from the king a large portion of the estates confiscated from Clarence, while Edward continued to lead a life of feasting and debauchery, everywhere surrounded by ladies whom he entertained magnificently, causing silken tents to be set up for them "when he went to the hunting-field," says Commines; "for no man humored so much his inclination."

Meanwhile war had recommenced with Scotland. King James I. had fallen beneath the dagger of assassins in 1437. His son James II., whose long minority and bad government had thrown Scotland back into the disorder which his father had attempted to dispel, had died in 1460, through the explosion of a cannon which he was testing. James III., who had succeeded him while yet a child, was gentle and timid, little suited to impose his will upon his turbulent barons. Meanwhile the Duke of Gloucester, intrusted with

the command of the army, had achieved no success; but the treason of the Duke of Albany, brother of James III., opened new hopes to England in 1482. Berwick had been delivered up to Gloucester, and the King of Scotland, having advanced to repulse the English, saw his favorite Cochrane carried off by the conspirators, who hung him upon Lauder Bridge and took James as their prisoner to Edinburgh. He was still detained in the castle, when the Duke of Gloucester entered the capital with the Duke of Albany. But the presence of an English army opened the eyes of the Scottish barons: they came to an understanding with Albany, who returned into favor with his brother. King James was restored to liberty, and the English retired, in consideration of the cession of the town of Berwick and a promise of certain sums of money. Gloucester re-entered London, where King Edward was meditating a fresh war.

The Princess Elizabeth was sixteen years of age: she had now been for ten years betrothed to the Dauphin, but King Louis did not claim his daughter-in-law. A rumor was even abroad that he had entered into negotiations with Maximilian of Austria, in order to obtain the hand of the Princess Margaret, the only daughter left to him by Mary of Burgundy, who had died in consequence of a fall from a horse in the month of February, 1482. While all the princes of Europe were contending against each other for the heiress of the Dukes of Burgundy, Louis XI. had stealthily taken possession of a portion of her dominions, and it was these conquests that he claimed to have recognized as dowry to "Margot, the gentle damsel," as Margaret of Austria was called. The little princess was but three years of age; but the towns of Flanders which held her in custody accepted the French alliance rejected by Maximilian, and consigned Margaret of Austria into the hands of Louis XI. During

all these negotiations the King of France had contrived to amuse Edward IV., while purchasing the silence of Lord Howard, the ambassador at Paris; but when the marriage contract was solemnly celebrated at Paris, "with great festivals and solemnities, King Edward was much irritated therewith. Whoever had joy in this marriage, it displeased the King of England bitterly," says Commynes, "for he held it as so great a shame and mockery, and conceived so great a grief for it, as soon as he learned the news of it, that he fell ill and died therefrom, although others say that it was a catarrh." King Edward IV. was not yet forty-one when he expired on the 9th of April, 1483, repenting, it was said, of all the wrong that he had done, and ordering his debts to be paid to all those of whom he had extorted money; but the treasury was empty, and the injured persons were obliged to content themselves with the repentance and the good intention of the dying sovereign. Cruel and suspicious, avaricious, prodigal, and debauched, King Edward IV. had no other virtue than the bravery which had placed him upon the throne; he left two sons, aged thirteen and eleven years, unhappy children, confided to an imprudent and frivolous mother, and to an uncle as ambitious as corrupt.

At the moment when King Edward was dying in London, his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was upon the frontiers of Scotland, at the head of the army, and the Prince of Wales was at Ludlow Castle, the residence of his uncle, Lord Rivers. While the young king was returning slowly to the capital, accompanied by a small body of troops, the Duke of Gloucester, in full mourning, repaired to York with a numerous escort, caused the Church ceremonials to be solemnly performed in honor of the deceased monarch, made oath of fidelity to his nephew, caused all the noblemen of the environs to do likewise, and wrote to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth

Woodville, to assure her of his sentiments, and to place himself at her disposition. Already, however, notwithstanding the reconciliation which had taken place beside the deathbed of Edward IV., suspicions and discord reigned between the queen's party and the old favorites of her husband. Lord Hastings, High Chamberlain of England, wrote to the Duke of Gloucester; and the Duke of Buckingham, a prince of the royal house, a descendant of Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III., had received the emissaries of the crafty Richard. The young king and his uncle met on the 25th of April at Stoney-Stratford; on the preceding evening the Duke of Gloucester had received at Northampton the visit of the Lords Rivers and Grey, and had cordially welcomed them, as well as the Duke of Buckingham, who had arrived at his residence after them. But scarcely did Richard find himself in the presence of the little Edward V. and hold the child in his power, when he accused Lord Rivers of having endeavored to alienate the affections of his nephew from him; and he caused him to be arrested, as well as Lord Grey and several personages of the royal house. Gloucester and Buckingham bent their knees before the young king, saluting him as their sovereign; but the sovereign was a prisoner, and was taken to London, while his uncle and his servants were conducted to Pontefract Castle of lugubrious memory.

The rumor of these arrests had already reached the capital. Queen Elizabeth, alarmed, had retired into Westminster Abbey with her second son. Hastings, a traitor or a dupe, assured the population of the city that the two dukes were acting only in the interest of the public welfare. He set out to meet the young king, while the agents of Gloucester were spreading in London violent accusations against the queen, who had, it was said, plotted with her relatives for the death of the princes of the blood, in order to be able to govern the king

at her pleasure. There were even shown the casks filled with arms, which she had, it was said, collected in order to destroy her enemies. The people began to declare that all these traitors must be hanged. The arrival of the little king was announced.

He made his entry into London on the 5th of June, magnificently dressed and mounted upon a beautiful horse. His uncle preceded him, bareheaded, with all the marks of the most affectionate respect. Edward V. at first took up his abode in the bishop's palace, then, upon the proposal which the Duke of Buckingham made to the council, he was transported to the Tower for greater security. The assembly of peers awarded to the Duke of Gloucester the title of Protector and Defender of the kingdom, and he installed himself in one of the royal palaces, where a crowd of courtiers thronged around him. A small number of noblemen, at the head of whom was Lord Hastings, met together at the Tower. "I know everything that goes forward at the duke's," said the high chamberlain of Edward IV. to Lord Stanley, who was becoming uneasy at the machinations of Richard. He was not aware, however, of the imminence of the danger that threatened him.

On the 12th of June Richard entered the council of the Tower with a serene countenance; he chatted gayly with the peers who surrounded him. "My lord," he said to the Bishop of Ely, "it is said that the strawberries of your garden in Holborn are excellent." "I will send and get some if it please your Highness," replied the prelate. While the strawberries were being gathered, the Protector had gone out; when he returned, his face had become overcast. "What do traitors who plot for my destruction deserve?" he exclaimed on entering. "Death!" replied Lord Hastings, without hesitating. "That sorceress, my brother's wife," replied Richard,

“and that other sorceress who is always with her, Mistress Shore, have no other aim but to rid themselves of me; see how, with their enchantments, they have already destroyed and consumed my body!” And he raised his left sleeve, exposing his arm, emaciated and withered to the elbow. None uttered a word; all knew that the duke had been born with his arm thus deformed. He was tall like his brothers; his countenance was handsome, but he was hunchbacked and his features had never expressed a more bitter malignity than at the moment when, turning towards Hastings, he repeated his question. “I’ faith they deserve death, my lord, if they have thus plotted against you.” “*If!*” repeated the Protector; “why do you use *ifs* and *buts* to me? I will prove upon thy body the truth of that which I say, traitor that thou art!” and he struck a heavy blow upon the table angrily; at the same instant the door opened, and a band of armed men rushed into the council-chamber. “Traitor, I arrest you!” said Richard, taking Hastings by the collar. A soldier had raised his battle-axe against Lord Stanley, but the latter had taken refuge under the table; he was seized, however, and carried to prison, as well as the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Ely. “As to my lord chamberlain,” said Gloucester, “let him hasten to have himself absolved, for, by St. Paul, I will not sit down to table while he has his head upon his shoulders.” A few moments later the unhappy Hastings, dragged by the soldiers into the courtyard of the chapel, was beheaded upon a log which happened to be there. On the same day, by order of Sir Richard Ratcliffe, who presented himself at Pontefract at the head of a body of troops, Lord Rivers, Lord Grey, Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Thomas Hawse were executed before the castle, in public, but without being allowed to address a word to the crowd which thronged around the scaffold; for “Ratcliffe had long been in the con-

fidence of the duke," says a chronicler, "and he was a man having experience of the world, of a crafty mind and a bold tongue, as far removed from all pity as he was from the fear of God."

Meanwhile the Protector had repaired to Westminster with the Archbishop of Canterbury and several peers and noblemen, demanding that Queen Elizabeth should at once consign to him the person of the Duke of York, whose company his brother wished for, and whose absence from the coronation would cause grievous and calumnious rumors to be circulated against the Protector. The queen was defenceless; she had no party in the city, her relatives and friends were dead or prisoners; she yielded, tearfully embracing the son who yet remained to her, and who was now doubtless snatched away from her for his destruction. The little Duke of York went and joined his brother in the Tower.

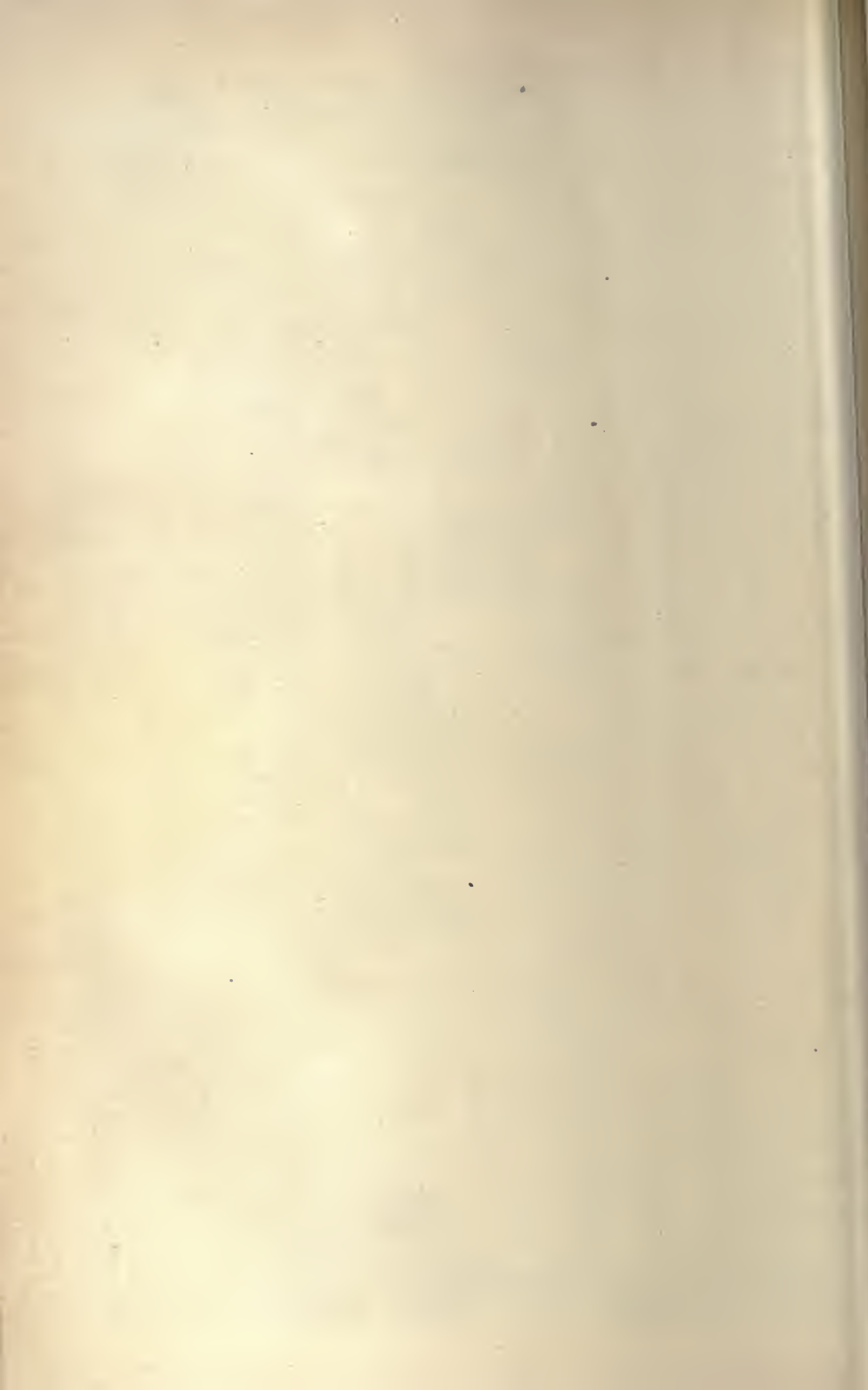
Mistress Jane Shore, the favorite of Edward IV., had been condemned to do public penance for her bad conduct and sorcery; she had traversed the streets of London barefooted and in a sheet, with a taper in her hand, and had then taken refuge, deprived of all her riches, in a humble house where she was received in charity. It was on Sunday, the 22d of June, when a preacher, Dr. Shaw, drew a crowd at St. Paul's Cross, by loudly asserting that King Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, were not the legitimate children of Edward IV., who was already married when he espoused their mother. "Much more," he added, "who knows even whether King Edward IV. was the son of the Duke of York? All those who knew the illustrious Duke Richard, assert that the Earl of March bore no resemblance to him; on the contrary, see!" he cried, as the Duke of Gloucester appeared at a balcony near the pulpit, "judge yourselves whether the noble Protector is not, feature for feature, the

image of the hero whom we mourn." The mob listened aghast; acclamations and a popular proclamation of King Richard had been hoped for; but the people preserved silence, the Protector knitted his brows, the preacher precipitately ended his sermon and disappeared in the serried ranks of auditors. It is asserted that he died of grief in consequence of this rebuff.

The ice was broken, however, and on the second day afterwards the cause was intrusted to a more illustrious advocate: the Duke of Buckingham presented himself at Guildhall, and, repeating to the citizens the arguments which the preacher had expounded before the populace, he asserted that the Duke Richard was the only legitimate descendant of the Duke of York, and that the noblemen, like the commons of the north, had vowed never to obey a bastard. The citizens still hesitated, no voice was raised from the crowd; the duke insisted upon having a reply; the poor people who thronged at the door threw their caps in the air, crying "Long live King Richard!" On the morrow the Duke of Buckingham had succeeded in gaining over a certain number of citizens, and he was accompanied both by the peers and the Lords of the Council when he presented himself at the Protector's. The latter at first affected to refuse to listen; the matter was urged, and the Duke of Buckingham, in the name of the Lords spiritual and temporal, as well as of the Commons of England, implored Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Protector and Defender of the kingdom, to relieve England from the misfortune of being governed by a bastard, by accepting the crown himself. The Protector hesitated, speaking of his affection for his nephews. "If you refuse," cried Buckingham, "the people of England will know well where to find a king who will accept without needing to be entreated." Richard no longer persisted. "It was his duty," he said, "to submit to



THE TOWER OF LONDON IN 1690.



the will of the nation, and, since it was required, he accepted the royal estate of the two noble kingdoms of England and France: the one, to govern and direct it from this day; the other, to conquer and regain it as soon as it should be possible." King Edward V. was dethroned before having reigned, and King Richard III. ascended the throne.

None protested, none objected in favor of the poor children confined in the Tower. The preparations begun for the coronation of the nephew served for the coronation of the uncle; Richard was consecrated at Westminster on the 6th of June, with his wife Anne, daughter of Warwick; Lord Howard was made Duke of Norfolk, the Archbishop of York was set at liberty, Lord Stanley was received into favor. The new king travelled from county to county, administering justice, listening to the complaints of his subjects, and repeated at York the coronation ceremony. Everywhere he was received with favor, and the disaffected did not show themselves.

In London, however, an agitation began to be stirred up in favor of the young princes; secret meetings had taken place, the health of the two children had been drunk, their partisans made overtures to Queen Elizabeth. The Duke of Buckingham himself, who had placed the crown upon the head of the usurper, and who had been richly rewarded for it, had doubtless conceived some misgivings as to the ulterior intentions of Richard towards him; for he suddenly altered his course and placed himself at the head of the confederates, who were working to create in the south of England a party for the restoration of Edward V. Appearances were favorable; already Queen Elizabeth was beginning to take courage, when suddenly the Abbey gates were found closed; it was forbidden to allow any one to enter or leave, and the unhappy mother learned at the same time that her cruel brother-in-law had been informed of the con-

spiracy, and that he had baffled it in advance; the two princes no longer existed.

Assassinations almost always remain enveloped in mystery: it is related that scarcely had Richard quitted London when he had sent back instructions to cause Sir Robert Brackenbury, the guardian of the Tower, to be corrupted. Finding him inflexible, he had simply deposed him for twenty-four hours, consigning his office into the hands of his master of the horse, Sir John Tyrrell. The latter had, it was said, entered the Tower in the evening, accompanied by two robbers, and during the night they had stifled under their pillows the young princes, lying in the same bed. Then they had been interred noiselessly at the foot of the staircase, and the murderers had gone back to King Richard to receive their reward.

Great were the consternation and horror among the conspirators, but they had gone too far to recede; they could expect no mercy. A claimant for the crown was sought: the Bishop of Ely proposed Henry, Earl of Richmond, grandson of Owen Tudor and Catherine of France, representing the House of Lancaster by the right of his mother, Margaret Beaufort, great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt. He lived in Brittany, exiled like all his race. He could, it was said, be made to wed Lady Elizabeth of York, eldest sister of the unfortunate Edward V., and thus unite the claims of the two royal Houses, whose strife had cost England so much blood. The project was immediately adopted; the Countess of Richmond, Henry's mother, had married, for her second husband, Lord Stanley, the secret enemy of Richard III. He entered with ardor into the conspiracy, which extended every day; but the secret was so well kept that the reply of the Earl of Richmond had arrived in England, and he was preparing to set out from Saint Malo, before

King Richard had learned the new danger which threatened him. At the first disclosure, he called together his army at Leicester; but he had not joined his troops when already the insurrection had broken out: the Marquis of Dorset had proclaimed Henry VII. at Exeter, the Bishop of Salisbury had declared himself in his favor in Wiltshire, the gentlemen of Kent and Berkshire had taken up arms, and the Duke of Buckingham displayed his banner at Brecknock.

The time was not yet ripe for the insurrection; the Earl of Richmond had been for a long time tossed about by contrary winds, and his forces were so insufficient when he approached the coast of Devonshire, that he did not venture to disembark. The Duke of Buckingham had found the rivers swollen in Wales: having arrived at the Severn, he had been compelled to retrace his steps; his soldiers had disbanded without striking a blow; the duke had disguised himself, endeavoring to escape, and had taken refuge in the hut of a peasant, who betrayed him. King Richard arrived at Salisbury as his former friend was being brought there; he refused to see him, and immediately caused him to be beheaded. The other insurgents had fled to the continent; those who were captured paid with their lives for their attempt; King Richard was everywhere triumphant, without having unsheathed his sword.

For the first time Richard had convoked a Parliament; he wished to have his usurpation and vengeance ratified. Trembling before him, the Peers and Commons of England declared that King Richard III. was the sole legitimate possessor of the throne, which belonged to his descendants forever, beginning with his son Edward, Prince of Wales. At the same time, and to punish the enemies of the new sovereign, the Parliament voted a bill of attainder, which deprived of their property and dignities all those who had been involved in the

last conspiracy; the Countess of Richmond alone obtained mercy through the intercession of her husband, Lord Stanley, skilful in remaining on good terms with the two parties, and even in deceiving the perfidious and suspicious Richard.

Meanwhile the exiles had assembled in Brittany, where they enjoyed the favor of Duke Francis and the support of his minister, Pierre Landais. At the Christmas festivities, 1483, Henry of Richmond gathered his partisans around him, solemnly swore to wed Elizabeth of York as soon as he should have triumphed over the usurper, and received the homage of all present. But King Richard had not renounced his vengeance: Landais was gained over, and the protection of Duke Francis failing the exiles, they were about to be delivered up to their cruel enemy, when, warned in time, they escaped into France and found refuge and assistance at the court of King Charles VIII.

At the same time that Richard was pursuing with his hatred Henry of Richmond, he was laboring in England to deprive the earl of the support which alone could raise him to the throne. The Yorkists could not ally themselves with the Lancastrian prince, except in consideration of his marriage with Elizabeth of York; Richard resolved to sever from his alliance the queen and her daughter. He entered into correspondence with Elizabeth Woodville; she was weary of her voluntary prison, ambitious, and frivolous; she forgot all, the usurpation, the murder of her sons, of her brother, of her most faithful friends, and, after having obtained from the king a solemn oath to treat both herself and her daughters as good relatives, the queen quitted her retreat and appeared at court, where the Princess Elizabeth was loaded with honors. Her marriage with the Prince of Wales was already spoken of, although the latter was scarcely eleven years of age and the Princess Elizabeth was at least eighteen, when

the boy died suddenly at Middleham Castle. For a moment Richard appeared to stagger under the blow, but he soon recovered himself; he had formed a new project. Queen Anne was ill, and at all the festivals the Princess Elizabeth appeared, wearing in advance the royal robes. "When will she come to an end, then?" said Elizabeth; "she is a long time dying!" The queen-dowager had written to her friends to abandon the Earl of Richmond, saying that she had found a better arrangement for the family. Anne died at length, but the friends of King Richard did not approve of his project: he was accused, they said, of having poisoned his wife. The support of the northern counties was due to their fidelity to the House of Warwick; the people considered this marriage with his brother's daughter as incestuous. Richard fell back before these objections; he felt his throne insecure. King Charles VIII. had furnished the Earl of Richmond with men and money, and the latter had recently embarked at Harfleur. The King of England was raising an army to defend himself; at the same time he was lavish of proclamations against "one Henry Tudor by name, of illegitimate descent on the side of his father as well as his mother, having no right to the crown of England, pledged to the King of France to abandon to him forever Normandy, Guienne, Anjou, Maine, and even Calais, and coming into England, followed by an army of foreigners, to whom he had promised the earldoms and bishoprics, the baronies and the fiefs of knights." He therefore summoned all his good subjects to defend their country like loyal Englishmen, by providing him with soldiers and money, and he promised to spare neither his property nor his person to protect them against the common enemy.

The last remains of Richard's popularity in London had disappeared before the forced loans which he had been obliged to make, and which the citizens called "malevolences." The

royal banner had been raised at Nottingham, and a considerable army had rallied around the king; but the coasts were ill defended, and among the noblemen who had not replied to the appeal was Lord Stanley, ill, it was said, and detained in his bed. The king took possession of his son, Lord Strange, by way of hostage, and continued his march towards his rival, whose forces were not as yet very considerable. "There will not be one man in ten who will fight for Richard," asserted the Earl of Richmond, and he advanced resolutely as far as Atherston.

It is in the nature of tyrants and traitors to live in fear of treason. The House of York, so often stained with innocent blood, had never lacked courage. Richard III. had often exhibited the most brilliant valor. He was destined to give further proof of this on the morrow. It is, however, a touch of Shakspeare's incomparable genius to have assembled so many terrible visions around the pillow of Richard III. during the night before the battle, and to have caused all the victims of his perfidy to pass before him, like so many sinister heralds, announcing his doom. When daylight dawned, the king already felt himself condemned and conquered.

On the 22d of August, the two adversaries met in the plain of Bosworth: the invading army was small; King Richard surveyed it with disdain as he rode along his lines, the golden crown glittering upon his helmet. The combat began, "sharp and severe," says a chronicler, "and more severe would it have been if the party of the king had remained stanch to him; but some joined the enemy, and others waited to see to which side victory would turn." By degrees, the banners which just now waved in Richard's camp floated beside the Earl of Richmond; gaps were made in the royal ranks; Lord Stanley had just arrived with three thousand men, and was fighting for his son-in-law. King Richard hur-

ried from group to group, now in the centre, then at the wings, encouraging, directing, urging the soldiers; the Duke of Norfolk and his retainers alone remained resolutely faithful to him; at length the king saw himself ruined. "A horse," Shakspeare makes him exclaim, "my kingdom for a horse!" He buried his spurs in the flanks of his steed. "Treason!" he cried, and he rushed into the midst of his enemies. He made his way towards Richmond, striking down to right and left those who resisted him; already he had overthrown the standard-bearer and aimed a blow at his rival, when the crowd of knights closed in around him; he fell, pierced with a hundred wounds. Lord Stanley picked up the crown, crushed by battle-axes and stained with the royal blood, and placed it upon the head of his son-in-law. "Long live King Henry VII.!" he cried. "Long live King Henry VII.!" responded the army, and the cry was repeated in the ranks of the enemy. The faithful partisans of Richard had perished like himself. The dead king was deprived of his arms, and was brought back to Leicester behind a herald; he was exposed for three days in the church, that the people might assure themselves of the death of the last prince of the House of York. When he was interred in the monastery of the Grey Friars, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was king under the name of Henry VII. The wars of the Two Roses had ended, and the era of the great reigns was about to begin for England.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TUDORS.

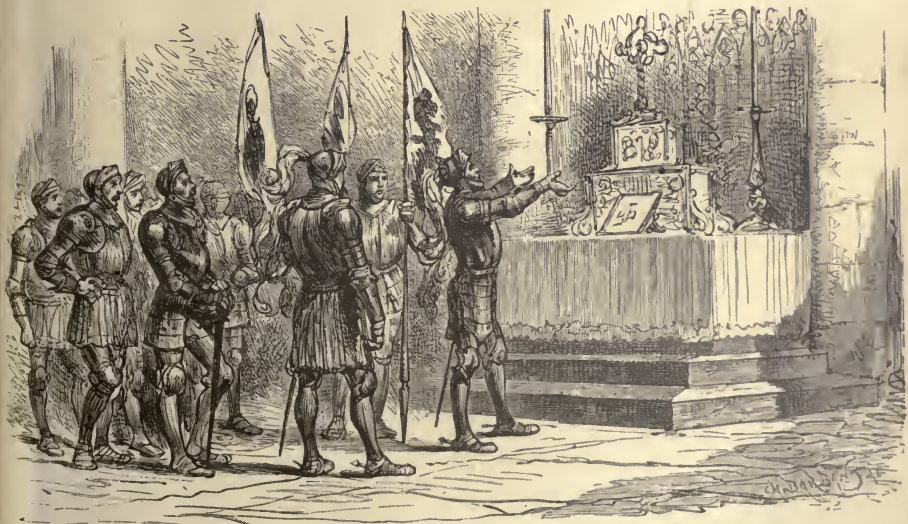
RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF REGULAR GOVERNMENT.

HENRY VII. 1485-1509.

THE new sovereign of England was destined to render her important services; he was not, however, a great man. Amid the general disorder, in view of the growing desire for order and peace, he was enabled to display, and did in fact display, a prudence and moderation which caused him to avoid the great faults, and preserved him from the terrible reverses which had attended his predecessors; but his character and his acts rarely excite our admiration and respect. His first care, on the morrow of the victory which had placed him upon the throne, was to transfer from the castle of Sheriffe-Sutton to the Tower of London, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the unfortunate Duke of Clarence, a boy of fifteen years, who had grown up in prison since his father's death, and who was destined there to pass the remainder of his life. He had recently had a companion in his captivity, Princess Elizabeth, confined at Sheriffe-Sutton by her uncle, King Richard III., when he had been compelled to relinquish his scheme of marrying her. The young earl was now sent to the Tower, an abode fatal to the princes of his race. Lady Elizabeth was, on the contrary, loaded with honors and brought back, with a numerous retinue, to her mother, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, already



ROYAL MANOR AT RICHMOND.



HENRY VII LAYING THE STANDARDS ON THE ALTAR.

willing to hail the new sovereign for and against whom she had plotted, and who at length promised her the satisfaction of her ambition.

These precautions being taken, Henry VII. made his entry into London, on the 27th of August, 1485, with much pomp, and laid upon the high altar of St. Paul's church the three standards under which he had marched to victory, — the figure of St. George, the Red Dragon, and — it is not known why — a brown cow. The people made merry in the streets, but already among the poor a distemper manifested itself, which soon spread into all classes of society, and made great ravages. It was a kind of sweating sickness, so called, which does not appear to have been known hitherto, and the attacks of which were, it is said, almost always mortal. It was necessary to wait for the amelioration of the public health before proceeding to the coronation of the new king. On the occasion of the ceremony, which took place on the 30th of October, by the hands of the Cardinal-Archbishop Bouchier, the same who, two years before, had proclaimed Richard III., the new sovereign raised his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, to the rank of Duke of Bedford; his father-in-law, Lord Stanley, was created Earl of Derby, and Sir Edward Courtenay became Earl of Devonshire. The king at the same time took care to surround his person with a guard of robust archers; this innovation astonished and discontented the people, but Henry VII., nevertheless, kept his guard; he knew by experience the small value of moral guaranties in a time of disorder and corruption.

Parliament assembled at Westminster on the 7th of November. The accession of King Henry VII. to the throne was due to the discontent of the nation under the sanguinary yoke of Richard III. and to the hopes which were founded upon the projected union between the two rival Houses of

York and Lancaster. Henry himself attributed it to his valor upon the battlefield of Bosworth, from which event he always dated the commencement of his reign; but the national exhaustion and the royal conquest were not secure foundations upon which to build a throne, and in the speech of Henry VII. to the assembled Commons, he urged his hereditary rights, as well as the favor of the Most High, who had given the victory to his sword. This last clause excited some uneasiness among the great lords, who held all their titles and property from the fallen monarch. Henry hastened to reassure them, declaring that each should retain "his estates and inheritances, with the exception of the persons whom the present Parliament should think proper to punish for their offences." Scrupulous people for a moment were disquieted when they perceived that the majority of the members of the House of Commons had formerly been outlawed by the kings Edward IV. and Richard III.; the very sovereign who had convoked the Parliament found himself in the same position. Had the Houses the right to sit? The judges were consulted, and declared that the crown removes all disqualifications, and that the king, in ascending the throne, was by that fact alone relieved of all the sentences passed upon him; members of the House of Commons, who had been outlawed, were obliged to wait, before taking their seats, until a law should revoke their condemnation. The act was immediately passed, and the Lancastrians, excluded by the policy of the sovereigns of the House of York, re-entered Parliament; all were weary of the struggle, and the great noblemen easily obtained special ordinances which re-established them in all their rights and honors.

This was not, however, in all respects the king's wish; he was not bloodthirsty, and did not seek to avenge himself by the execution of his enemies; but he was greedy, he wanted

money, and confiscations were an easy means of enriching himself without oppressing or exasperating the people. Henry VII. therefore presented to Parliament a law which antedated by a single day his accession to the throne, fixing it at the 21st of August, the eve of the battle of Bosworth, the new sovereign, who then in reality was but the Earl of Richmond, finding himself thus in a position to accuse of high treason all those who had fought against him, beginning with Richard III., whom he called the Duke of Gloucester, and of whom he enumerated with good reason all the tyrannies and crimes. Richard was dead, as well as the greater number of the partisans who had remained faithful to him; others had exiled themselves; but if the Duke of Norfolk had fallen at Bosworth, if Lord Lovel had taken refuge in a church, their visible property, the riches accumulated in their castles, had not disappeared with them, and the Act meekly voted by Parliament permitted the king to seize upon the lands and treasures. This he did not fail to do; no sanguinary vengeance sullied the beginning of the new reign; Henry VII. contented himself with filling his coffers.

It was still to Parliament, discredited as it was by the servility which it had for so many years manifested towards the rival sovereigns who had succeeded each other upon the throne, that belonged the right of constituting the new dynasty. The provident wisdom of King Henry VII. did not seek in this solemn act to find support in long genealogies, nor in the Divine favor manifested by the victory; he contented himself with causing the revocation of all the acts passed in the Yorkist parliaments against the House of Lancaster. Avoiding with care all allusion to the Princess Elizabeth and her family, he simply relieved her of the stain of illegitimacy, which Richard III. had inflicted upon her to justify his usurpation; Parliament contented itself with declaring that the

inheritance and succession to the crown "should be, remain, and rest in the most royal person of our now sovereign Lord, King Henry VII., and of his legitimate descendants, forever, by the grace of God." The rights of the House of York to the throne were passed over in silence; mention was not made of the projected union with the Princess Elizabeth; Henry VII. was unwilling to have it said that he owed the crown to a woman.

The nation, however, had not forgotten its past misfortunes; it hoped to enjoy a little peace only through the alliance of the two rival houses, and the king's delay in celebrating his marriage, the affectation which he made of not speaking of it, caused uneasiness, not only to his Yorkist enemies, but to the whole people. When the Commons came and solemnly offered to the king the duties upon ships and upon wools, now conceded for life, they accompanied their liberality by a peremptory request, asking him to take for his wife and spouse the Princess Elizabeth, "which marriage they hoped God would bless with a progeny of the race of kings." The Lords spiritual and temporal supported the petition of the Commons. Henry VII. understood that he had delayed enough, and on the 18th of January, 1486, the two Roses were at length united upon the same stem; the hatreds and rivalries, which had cost so much blood to England, were definitively appeased by the marriage of King Henry VII., the descendant of the House of Lancaster through his ancestor, John of Gaunt, and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Edward IV., the direct heiress of the rights and claims of the House of York. All the grants made by the sovereigns who had succeeded each other upon the throne of England since the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Henry VI., the period at which the war had begun to assume the character of a revolt, were revoked by Parliament; an amnesty

was proclaimed for all those who were willing to submit to the royal clemency and take the oath of allegiance; the king reinstated in his property and honors the son of the Duke of Buckingham, the last victim of Richard III.'s cruelty; he loaded with favors the friends who had helped him to ascend the throne,—Chandos, Sir Giles Dunbury, Sir Robert Willoughby, the Marquis of Dorset, Sir John Bourchier; he caused his authority to be confirmed by a bull of Pope Innocent III., which proclaimed all the hereditary rights of the new sovereign, wisely omitted from the English Act of Parliament, granted to Henry VII. the necessary dispensation for his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, of whom he was a relative, then confirmed the elevation of the king to the throne, freely interpreting the Act of Parliament, and declaring that in the event that the queen should die without children, or after having lost them, the crown should belong by right to the posterity of Henry VII. by a second marriage. All precautions being wisely taken, and his authority solidly established, the king pronounced the dissolution of his Parliament, and began a royal progress through the northern counties, in order to secure the good will of that portion of the kingdom still attached to the House of York.

Henry's customary prudence had failed him on one point. Jealous of the supreme power, he had kept in the shade the princess whom he had been compelled to wed, and had not taken her with him upon his journey through his kingdom; discontent was everywhere manifested upon this point in the north, but the pregnancy of the queen served as an excuse for her absence. The royal progress did not proceed, besides, without disquieting incidents. On the 17th of April the king was at Pontefract, when he learned that Lord Lovel had quitted the sanctuary at Colchester and barred his road with considerable forces. The lords and gentry of the counties

through which Henry VII. had recently passed, assembled around him; he advanced against the rebels. Lord Lovel fled, concealed himself, and soon repaired to Flanders; his friends Humphrey, and Thomas Stafford, who had prepared an insurrection in Worcestershire, took refuge in Colesham Church, near Abington; they were dragged thence, and the elder Humphrey perished on the scaffold; the younger received his pardon; and the king, on the 26th of April, entered York, one of the rare spots in England where the memory of King Richard III. was affectionately preserved.

We have said that Henry VII. was greedy; but he knew how, on occasion, to relax his greed; he lavished gifts and honors, reduced the crown rents of the city of York, caused festivals to be celebrated, and thus conquered the favor of the people, who cried in the streets, "God save King Henry! God preserve that sweet and handsome countenance!" When he resumed his march towards the south-east, Henry VII. continued, from town to town, the practice which he had established at York. He attended regularly upon divine service; but after mass, every Sunday and holiday, one of the bishops who accompanied him read and expounded to the faithful the papal bull, threatening with eternal punishment all the enemies of the monarch, whose rights to the throne were therein so carefully set forth. The king had just reached London, in the month of June, when he received an embassy from James IV., King of Scotland, with whom he concluded a treaty of alliance, promising to cement it later by a union between the two families; peace and mutual good feeling were equally important to both kings, surrounded by enemies whom they dreaded to see take refuge in the neighboring kingdom. The little prince, whose hand Henry VII. had already promised, was born on the 20th of September, at Winchester, and was named Arthur, in memory of the hero of the old romances,

King Arthur of the Round Table, whose death tradition still denied.

Usurpations engender conspiracies ; no reign was to be more constantly agitated by them than that of Henry VII. ; he had occupied the throne for fifteen months only, when, in November, 1486, a priest and a youth of most charming countenance disembarked at Dublin. The priest announced that his young companion was no other than Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, escaped by a miracle from the Tower of London. By degrees, partisans gathered around the young man ; he was handsome and intelligent, his manners were noble ; he had been carefully instructed in his part, and experienced but little difficulty in deceiving minds prepossessed by an hereditary attachment to the father and grandfather of the Earl of Warwick, who had both succeeded in rendering themselves popular in their government of Ireland. Edward Plantagenet had even been born in that country, and thus possessed additional rights to the attachment of the nation. The great noblemen, who might have shown themselves more clear-sighted, were, in general, little in favor of the state of affairs recently established in England, and the Earl of Kildare, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, received the pretended Warwick with open arms, presenting him to all his friends as the legitimate heir to the throne in the character of the only male descendant of Richard of York. On all sides the impostor was saluted with the title of king ; messengers had already borne the news to Flanders, where the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward IV., was holding her court, and receiving into her good graces all the enemies of the new King of England, when the latter learned, in London, the danger that threatened him. He immediately summoned his Council ; discontent was general, the amnesty had been ill-observed, a mass of restrictions had hindered the

application of it, and the real Earl of Warwick was not the only inhabitant of the prison of the Tower. The first care of the prudent king was to proclaim a fresh amnesty, more complete and sincere than the first, and, at the same time, to produce in public, in all parts of London, the real Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, who had not for a single instant left his prison. The third measure of the king appeared at variance with the clemency manifested by the amnesty; the Dowager Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, was arrested under the frivolous pretext that she had formerly broken faith with the Earl of Richmond, now King of England, since, after having promised him her daughter in marriage, she had given her into the hands of the usurper, Richard III., who wished to marry her. The real motive of the disfavor which suddenly attacked the intriguing widow of Edward IV. has never been known. It has been supposed that she was compromised in the conspiracy which had caused a new pretender to the throne to spring up in Ireland; it has been said that she alone could have instructed the young man or his tutor in the private details which he related about the royal family; but these assertions remain at least doubtful. What is certain is the confiscation of Elizabeth Woodville's property, and her imprisonment in a convent near Bermondsey.

Meanwhile the young pretender to the throne had received an unexpected support. The Earl of Lincoln, son of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and of Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV. and Richard III., who had formerly been designated by his uncle Richard to succeed him upon the throne, had quitted England and repaired to the residence of his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy. She had furnished him with money and troops, and Lincoln had embarked for Ireland with Lord Lovel. He could not be deceived about the imposture; he knew the Earl of Warwick, but it suited his views to adopt

the cause of the pretender, and he caused him to be crowned in Dublin Cathedral. The golden crown from a statue of the Virgin was borrowed to represent the royal diadem, and the young man, being proclaimed under the name of Edward VI., was carried in triumph upon the shoulders of his new subjects; while King Henry VII. was raising troops and quietly riding about in his kingdom, selecting by preference for his visits the counties where the influence of the Earl of Lincoln was especially exercised.

The queen and the little prince were already established in the fortress of Kenilworth, when the pretender and his partisans landed at Fouldrey, at the southern extremity of Furness. A few friends of Lincoln and Lovel came and joined him, but the population did not rise in their favor, and the hopes of the rebels were already growing faint, when, on the 16th of June, 1487, they encountered the vanguard of the king at Stoke; the Earl of Oxford, who commanded it, gained a brilliant victory, notwithstanding the desperate courage of the assailants. His Majesty Edward VI., or, simply, Lambert Simnel, the baker's son, was made prisoner, with his tutor, the priest Simon; but the noblemen who had embraced his cause nearly all died upon the field of battle, the Earl of Lincoln at their head. Lord Lovel alone disappeared; but this time he concealed himself so well that, two hundred years later, the skeleton of a man was discovered in a vault in his castle of Minster-Lovel, in Oxfordshire: it is supposed that the unfortunate master of the house had taken refuge therein and had there perished by some accident.

Very few executions followed the revolt and the victory, but the harvest of confiscations was abundant; the priest Simon was imprisoned, and never heard of again, "the king being fond of concealing his own dangers," says a chronicler. "Lambert Simnel was placed in the royal kitchens, ignomin-

iously turning the spit, after having worn a crown;” he became eventually one of the king’s falconers. In conclusion, Henry VII. made a pilgrimage to deposit his victorious banner upon the altar of Our Lady of Walsingham.

The king had too much sense and sagacity to refuse to understand the symptoms of discontent which had manifested themselves by this revolt; he knew that he had incensed the Yorkists by the jealous obscurity in which he kept the queen, and he resolved to grant her the honor of coronation, which had hitherto been claimed for her in vain; on the 20th of November, Elizabeth of York was solemnly crowned at Westminster, while her husband, hidden behind a carved screen, contemplated the ceremony at which he had not been willing to be present.

For more than two years past, King Henry VII. had concentrated all his efforts upon the internal pacification of his kingdom, without making himself uneasy about the troubles of the Continent; but scarcely had he gained the victory of Stoke, when he saw an embassy arrive in England from the King of France, Charles VIII. While Henry VII. had been repulsing the pretensions to the throne of an impostor supported by rebels, his old protector, the King of France, had attacked a still older friend of his, Duke Francis of Brittany, who had given shelter to the Duke of Orleans, subsequently Louis XII.; accused of having conspired against his cousin. A French army had entered Brittany, summoned by a certain number of Breton noblemen dissatisfied with the influence which the Duke of Orleans had obtained over their duke, and it had gained important advantages, when the ambassadors of Charles VIII., fearing an English intervention in favor of the Duke of Brittany, came to expound to the wise Henry VII. the legitimacy of a war which they described as defensive. None made allusion to the probable annexation

of the duchy of Brittany to France, either by conquest or by the marriage of the young king with the heiress of Duke Francis; Henry VII. asked no indiscreet questions, and when the Bretons, in their turn, appeared at his court, begging assistance in men and money, the King of England piously offered his mediation "in order to acquit himself before God and men of all his duties of gratitude towards the king and the duke, for whom he was even disposed to go upon a pilgrimage." The French asked for nothing more; their army pursued its victorious career, but the coming and going of English negotiators from London to Paris and from Paris to Rennes, did not satisfy the Bretons, who saw themselves closely pressed. Sir Edward Woodville, one of the queen's uncles, attempted, at his own risk, a little expedition in favor of Duke Francis; but King Henry forbade any demonstration of this kind. His envoys, who were then in Paris, had been in great danger, it was said, at the news of the succor sent to the Bretons by the English.

The cause of Brittany was popular in England, and, decided though he was not to wage war, the king took advantage of this feeling to obtain from Parliament considerable subsidies; at the same time he secretly warned the court of France that he should perhaps be compelled to send reinforcements to the Bretons. Acting upon this information, Charles VIII. pushed matters vigorously; all the Breton factions had now united against the common enemy; the forces of the duke were supported by troops sent by the King of the Romans, Maximilian, and by the Count d'Albret, as well as Sir Edward Woodville's Englishmen. Duke Francis and his allies were defeated, however, on the 20th of July, 1488, by the Sire de la Trémoille, commander of the French army, at Saint Aubin-du-Cormier; the Duke of Orleans was made a prisoner, and the English were cut to pieces. Before the public voice had been raised

in England to demand vengeance, the French had taken Dinan and Saint Malo, and were even threatening the Duke of Brittany in Rennes; the unhappy prince had no other resource than to sign a treaty by which he promised to summon no assistance from abroad, and never to marry his daughters, without the consent of France. One month after having suffered this humiliation, he died broken-hearted, and the little Duchess Anne, a child twelve years of age, remained alone with her council of regency, in the presence of her enemies.

The King of France claimed the guardianship of the unfortunate princess, and her barons had not yet had time to reply to this claim, which meant the same as the surrender of the duchy, when the French army again entered Brittany and took possession of several towns. This time all Henry VII.'s prudence could not suffice to repress the indignation of his people at this unequal war; the growth of the power of France, perhaps, also interfered with his views; the King of England formed an alliance with the great sovereigns of Europe to put a stop to the conquests of Charles VIII. Maximilian, King of the Romans, who was a suitor for the hand of the little Duchess Anne, his son the Archduke Philip, the King of Spain, and the King of Portugal, pledged themselves to invade France to turn aside the sword whetted for the destruction of Brittany. Henry VII. required fresh subsidies from his Parliament to continue the war.

Well supplied with money, notwithstanding the abatement which the Commons had imposed upon his demands, and possessor of two ports upon the coast of Brittany, Henry VII. at length sent to the assistance of the duchess six thousand archers in the spring of 1489; at the same time a Spanish army was crossing the defile of Roncevaux, which allowed the English, under the orders of Lord Willoughby de Broke, to hold in check the French troops remaining in Brittany;

another English corps seconded the attempts of the King of the Romans upon the north, and distinguished itself at the capture of Saint Omer. A treaty of peace was concluded at the end of the year without much glory to either party. The rigor which the tax-gatherers of the King of England had displayed in exacting the subsidies had excited an insurrection in the northern counties, and notwithstanding the prompt repression of the disturbances, the new taxes produced only the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, instead of seventy five thousand pounds voted by Parliament. Henry VII. took advantage of this to claim from the Duchess of Brittany the reimbursement of all the expenditure which he had incurred in her behalf.

While preparations were going on for the renewal of hostilities, and the English Parliament had voted a tax of the tenth and the fifteenth penny to support the war, one of the allies of King Henry, Maximilian, negotiated secretly with the counsellors of the Duchess of Brittany, obtained the promise of her hand, and privately married her at Rennes, through his ambassador, the Prince of Orange, in the month of April, 1491; he would have acted more wisely by proceeding himself to fetch the heiress of such large dominions, sought by so many suitors. Scarcely had the Sire d'Albret, a disappointed aspirant, who had at one time attempted the abduction of the young princess, been assured of the object of the Prince of Orange's mission, when he gave warning of it to the court of France, at the same time surrendering to the French the town of Nantes. In vain did the duchess, who took the title of Queen of the Romans, ask assistance from her new husband; he was occupied with a revolt of his Flemish subjects; Brittany again found itself alone, confronting the whole strength of France.

But the views of the French court towards Brittany had

changed. Charles VIII. was now of age; he had shaken off the yoke of his sister, Madame de Beaujeu; he had delivered from his captivity his cousin the Duke of Orleans, and he secretly laid claim to the hand of the Duchess Anne. Betrothed in infancy to the Princess Elizabeth of York, now Queen of England; afterwards designed by his father, King Louis XI., to become the husband of Margaret of Austria, — “Margot, the gentle damsel,” daughter of Margaret of Burgundy, — he had seen his little affianced bride, who was now eleven years of age, brought up at his court, and he still publicly announced his intention of wedding her as soon as she should be of age to be married. He carried on negotiations, however, with the ladies and lords who surrounded Anne of Brittany, and when he thought himself assured of a sufficient party among them, he frankly declared his purpose, in spite of the engagements which united him to the Princess Margaret, as well as the more sacred bonds which bound the Duchess Anne to Maximilian, King of the Romans, the father of his own affianced bride. All these obstacles did not arrest the King of France, and his victorious arms were a powerful argument in his favor. Maximilian sent no assistance to his wife; the French were threatening to besiege Rennes. The question lay, with Anne, between captivity and marriage. She concluded a treaty with Charles VIII., declared void the union which she had contracted with the King of the Romans, and definitively assured Brittany to the crown of France, by wedding, on the 6th of December, 1491, King Charles, in the castle of Langeais, in Touraine. The long struggles of England and France upon Breton territory were forever ended.

The anger was great in England; perhaps Henry VII. had really been deceived; he asserted it very loudly, declaring that Charles VIII. disturbed the Christian world, and that

in future he should no longer hesitate to march to the conquest of France, his legitimate and natural inheritance; at the same time he talked loudly of the alliances which he had concluded, and he obtained fresh subsidies from Parliament, the usual result of the warlike protestations of Henry VII. The raising of troops proceeded rapidly; the names of Crécy, Agincourt, Poitiers, Verneuil, were already in all mouths; the noblemen pawned their property, reserving only their horses and swords; they thought themselves certain of acquiring fine estates in France. An army of twenty-five thousand foot-soldiers and sixteen hundred horses embarked in the month of October, 1492; it was a question of conquering the whole of France, an undertaking which could not fail to be long, and winter-quarters could be taken up at Calais. Siege was immediately laid to Boulogne, without any attempt at resistance from the French; all the plan of the campaign was understood beforehand between the two monarchs, and peace had been concluded before the commencement of the war. Eight days only had been passed before the town, and no assault had been made, when letters began to circulate in the camp destroying all hope of the co-operation of the King of Spain and the King of the Romans; Henry VII. thereupon assembled his council, and submitted for its deliberation the grave question of peace with France. All the favorites of the king had been bought over in advance with French gold; they solemnly decided for the conclusion of peace. The treaties, prepared long before, were signed at the beginning of November; by the public conditions the two kings undertook always to live in peace; friendly relations between the two countries were even to subsist for one year after the death of whichever of the sovereigns should survive the other. By the secret treaty, Charles VIII. bound himself to pay by degrees to the King of England, the sum of a hundred and

forty-nine thousand pounds sterling, in discharge of all his claims upon the duchy of Brittany, and in payment of the tribute due to King Edward IV. It was thus that Henry VII. knew how to sell war to his subjects and peace to his enemies. Charles VIII. found himself at liberty to proceed in his enterprises against the kingdom of Naples, and the King of England could concentrate all his attention upon his internal affairs, which threatened to give him fresh and grave cares.

A second claimant had in fact arisen for the crown. This time it was no longer a question, as with Lambert Simnel, of a living prince, easy to be confronted with the impostor; the new rival who had been raised up against King Henry VII. was no less a personage, it was said, than the Duke of York, brother of the unlucky Edward V., who had escaped from the Tower by a miracle, had wandered about the world for seven years past, and was now determined to claim his crown. He had at first presented himself in Ireland, and had soon contrived to form a party there, notwithstanding the recent remembrance of Lambert Simnel. But the Earl of Kildare still hesitated, and the young aspirant turned his steps to France. Warlike and chivalrous as he was, Charles VIII. was not destitute of the cunning natural to the son of Louis XI. It was before the war with England, and he was well pleased to frighten Henry VII.: he welcomed the adventurer, recognized his rights, and admitted him to his court, where he was soon surrounded by a guard of English exiles. Until the treaties were signed at Etaples, Charles VIII. looked with favor upon the pretender; peace with Henry VII. being once proclaimed, the self-styled Duke of York was compelled to quit the court of France, and to take refuge with the Duchess of Burgundy, the usual resource of the enemies of Henry VII. The latter had demanded that the pretender

should be delivered up to him; but Charles VIII. refused this act of treachery, unworthy of his honor. Meanwhile, Margaret, the Duchess of Burgundy, hesitated, or pretended to hesitate, to recognize her nephew. She interrogated him, and made him undergo a minute examination upon the secrets of the family. Finally, she solemnly proclaimed that he was really the Duke of York, son of her brother King Edward IV., the White Rose of England; she gave him at her court the state of a prince, furnished him with a guard, and wrote everywhere to her friends in England and on the Continent, to announce the miracle which had restored her nephew to her. The English malcontents, and they were numerous, joyfully embraced this new hope. An emissary was secretly dispatched to the court of the Duchess Margaret, to verify the claims of the prince; he came back as convinced as the duchess herself. It was really, he said, the Duke of York, the legitimate heir to the crown of England, the amiable and intelligent child whose death had been mourned. The conspiracy began to spread and to be organized.

King Henry meanwhile had not remained inactive; he also had sent secret emissaries to Ireland, who asserted that the pretended Duke of York was no other than Perkin Warbeck, the son of a merchant of Tournay, a converted Jew; that he had much frequented the society of English merchants in Flanders, then had travelled in Europe in the suite of Lady Brompton, wife of an exile. Upon the faith of these instructions Henry demanded of the Archduke Philip, son of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, to deliver up, or, at least, to drive from his states this audacious impostor. Philip lavished assurances of his devotion, and promised to refuse all support to the pretender; but the Duchess Margaret was sovereign in her states, and none could compel her to send Perkin Warbeck away. Henry VII. interdicted to his subjects all com-

merce with Flanders, and he had recourse to strategy to obtain that which diplomacy refused to him. Sir Robert Clifford, being bribed, gave up the names of the conspirators; they were all arrested. Sir Simon Montford, Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and William Daubeney were immediately executed. Among those who received their pardon "few men survived long," says the chronicler; Lord Fitzwalter, among others, having attempted to escape from his prison at Calais, was beheaded without any form of trial. One greater than he was shortly going to pay with his life for the same suspicions.

Sir William Stanley, brother of the Lord Stanley, now Earl of Derby, who had placed Henry VII. upon the throne, and who had himself saved the life of the king at Bosworth, was accused by Clifford of having been concerned in the conspiracy. The king refused at first to believe it; but when he interrogated his chamberlain, Sir William was embarrassed in his answers, and ended by confessing to a certain degree of complicity. The judges of Westminster held the crime to be sufficient: Stanley was condemned to death. All reckoned upon his pardon; the king's aversion to blood was remembered, as well as the services which the family of the guilty man had rendered him; but they forgot Sir William's large fortune; he was executed, and all his property was confiscated. Terror began to seize the conspirators; they distrusted each other. The position of Warbeck became difficult in Flanders; the merchants complained of the cessation of the English commerce. The adventurer resolved to land unexpectedly in England, hoping that an insurrection would be made in his favor. He arrived near Deal on the 3d of July, 1495, while the king had gone to pay a visit to his mother, in Lancashire. He was accompanied by about five hundred men, all English exiles and of desperate courage; but the population rose against the impostor, and not for him: the

peasants of Kent fought with clubs and pitchforks. The assailants were nearly all killed or made prisoners; but a small number, with Warbeck at their head, succeeded in reaching the vessels. The captives, their hands tied together, were driven to London like a flock of sheep, and were executed in a crowd in the same manner. Henry VII. lavished praises and promises upon the brave peasants who had repulsed the enemy; he, at the same time, concluded a treaty with the Flemings, promising to restore the freedom of commerce, if Duke Philip would undertake to prevent the Duchess Margaret from receiving Warbeck and his partisans. The adventurer was therefore compelled to quit Flanders; he presented himself in Ireland, where he was coldly received. It was in Scotland that he at last sought refuge. The King of Scotland was on bad terms with Henry VII., and willingly received the pretender.

Notwithstanding the numerous treaties and the projects of alliance so many times concluded between the courts of England and Scotland, Henry VII. had always been concerned in the conspiracies against James III. The brother of the King of Scotland, Albany, was dead; but the barons had not become more submissive; the malcontents rallied around the young Duke of Rothesay, the monarch's eldest son, and this unnatural war, after alternations of success and disaster, was terminated, on the 18th of June, 1488, by a sanguinary combat at Little Cangler, a wild heath at about a league from Stirling. The king was carried off by his horse, and fell to the ground in a swoon. Some peasants lifted him up without knowing him; but amid the tumult a man approached the unfortunate prince, and leaning towards him as though to succor him, he struck him two blows with a dagger. James III. was only thirty-five years of age, and his death excited in the heart of the son, who had fought against and

almost dethroned him, a remorse which ended only with his life. The example of revolt which he had set bore its fruits in other ways; he lived in the midst of conspiracies and internal struggles, finding at times in his difficulties traces of the influence of Henry VII., more often being ignorant of his complicity, but convinced, notwithstanding, that the King of England was a perfidious ally with whom it was advisable to arrive at an open rupture. Perkin Warbeck furnished him with the opportunity for it. James did not look very closely into the truth of his story; he was duped, or feigned to be so, and shortly after the arrival of his "fair cousin of York" in Scotland, amid the tournaments and rejoicings with which he welcomed him, the King of Scotland married the adventurer, Perkin Warbeck, to Lady Catherine Gordon, the charming daughter of the Earl of Huntley, and through her mother a near relative of the royal house.

So many favors caused uneasiness to the King of England, who kept spies among the great Scottish noblemen, and was thus informed exactly of the movements of Warbeck. The barons of Scotland were less favorable to him than was the king, some because they had been gained over by Henry, others because they foresaw the disasters of a war undertaken in his favor. Meanwhile, the Duchess of Burgundy had sent over men and money; the court of France, displeased at the obstacles which Henry VII. placed to the attempts of King Charles upon Italy, urged Warbeck to attempt an invasion of England. Henry offered the King of Scotland a hundred thousand gold crowns if he would deliver up the pretender to him. James IV. rejected the proposal with indignation. "I have melted up my plate for him," he said; "I will not betray him." Warbeck had recently published a document, skilfully conceived, in which he related his escape from the Tower, and his wandering life, dwelt

upon the tyranny of Henry VII., upon the exactions with which he burdened his people, and summoned the English to rise and rally round him. The King of Scotland accompanied him, solely through friendship, he said, and would retire as soon as an English army should be on foot. It was with these declarations that Warbeck crossed the frontier and entered England at the commencement of the year 1497.

The northern counties did not trust to the disinterestedness of the Scotch, and nobody came to meet the pretender; all the cattle had been led away, the grain and fodder had been hidden, and when the Scottish troops began to pillage to compensate themselves for the cold reception which the population gave them, the self-styled Duke of York in vain sought to restrain them, saying that he would prefer to lose the throne than to owe it to the sufferings of the English. The soldiers were dying of hunger, and were guilty of every excess. The peasants began to arm themselves: the invading force was compelled to recross the frontiers without having fought, without having even awaited the English army, as had been promised by the clever spy of Henry VII., Ramsay, Lord Bothwell, formerly a favorite of James.

The King of England meanwhile was suffering grave consequences from the war, and from the avidity which always led him to profit by it to oppress his subjects. He had obtained of the Parliament a gift of two-tenths and two-fifteenths; but the people were determined not to pay taxes so oppressive. The insurrection commenced in Cornwall; the people demanded the head of Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, prime minister and friend of Henry VII., accused of having advised the new taxes. Sixteen thousand rebels entered Devonshire; they were soon joined by numerous adherents, at the head of whom marched Lord Audley and other noblemen. Each county which they traversed furnished reinforcements

to them ; they presented a formidable aspect when they arrived, on a fine day in June, at Blackheath, near London. The king's army awaited them : the agitation was great in the city ; but Lord Daubeney and the Earl of Oxford advanced against the rebels. Henry VII. had prudently remained in the rear with the reserve ; he had commanded that Saturday should be awaited to give battle : it was his lucky day, he said. The 22d of June, 1499, made no exception to the rule. The insurgents fought valiantly ; but they had no cavalry nor artillery, and no experienced chiefs : a great slaughter took place, and many of their number were made prisoners, among others Lord Audley, a lawyer named Flammock, and Joseph, a blacksmith, who had greatly contributed to excite the revolt by the violence of his speeches against the king and the archbishop. They all three perished, but they perished alone ; the mass of peasants were soon released. The king had caused the execution of all the desperate men captured at Deal in the following of Perkin Warbeck, because neither repentance nor gratitude could be expected of them ; he published an amnesty to the rebels of Cornwall, and thus re-established tranquillity in the insurrectionary provinces. Henry VII. was as wise as he was provident ; he was neither vindictive nor sanguinary, and there was nothing to confiscate from the poor peasants. He had, however, flattered himself too much in reckoning upon the gratitude of the county of Cornwall. Perkin Warbeck quitted Scotland in consequence of the treaty of peace concluded between James IV. and Henry VII. through the efforts of Don Pedro Ayala, the Spanish ambassador ; but the delicate cares and kindnesses of the Scottish monarch followed him up to his embarkation. The Duke and Duchess of York, as they were still called, put in, in the first instance, at Cork, in Ireland ; but Warbeck in vain sought to urge the Irish to insurrection.

He then conceived the project of disembarking in Cornwall, of which he had received favorable accounts; and on the 7th of September he landed at Whitsand Bay. His forces did not amount to a hundred and fifty men; but soon the relatives and friends of the men killed at Blackheath came and joined him, and Warbeck was at the head of an army, when he appeared, on the 17th of September, before the city of Exeter, having solemnly assumed the title of King of England and France, under the name of Richard IV. The *queen* had taken refuge, for greater security, in the fortress of St. Michael. Whether prince or impostor, Warbeck had contrived to gain the heart of his wife: she was devoted to his fortunes, and awaited with anxiety the result of the campaign. Exeter was defended by the Earl of Devonshire, supported by the gentlemen and citizens. The insurgents had neither artillery nor besieging machines; they sought in vain to burst open the city gate, the cannon of the ramparts swept them down without resistance. The peasants of Devonshire were beginning to retreat in small detachments; but the men of Cornwall remained firm, and promised to die to the last man for the king whom they had chosen. An advance was made as far as Taunton. There they were obliged to confront the royal army. Warbeck reviewed his rustic troops, urging them to fight well on the morrow; but in the night he saddled his fleetest horse and fled without warning any one. When the insurgents found themselves without a chief, they did not try the fortune of arms, but placed themselves at the mercy of the king, who caused the leaders to be hanged, and sent the others away, half naked and dying of hunger. The best scouts of the army were in pursuit of Warbeck; but he had forestalled them and took refuge in the church at Beaulieu, in the heart of the New Forest, before he could be reached. The king had caused men-at-arms to be dis-

patched to arrest Lady Catherine Gordon, whose beauty and whose tears touched him : he confided her to the care of Queen Elizabeth, who treated her captive with much kindness.

The royal troops surrounded the church of Beaulieu ; but Henry hesitated to violate the sanctuary ; he sent to Warbeck skilful agents, who persuaded the adventurer to accept the pardon which they were commissioned to offer to him. The self-styled Duke of York therefore quitted his refuge, without having seen the king, who had privately contemplated him, being curious to examine the features of the audacious impostor. When Henry VII. re-entered London, Warbeck formed part of his retinue : he had not been ill-treated, but he was made to pass slowly through the principal streets of the city, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the people. He was conducted as far as the Tower, and the spectators supposed they had seen him for the last time ; but after a few hours he reappeared, still accompanied by his guards, and took the road to Westminster. There he came into the court, apparently free, but closely watched. Far from being degraded into the condition of a servant, like Simnel, he was treated with consideration and a certain degree of respect. He was several times interrogated before the secret council, but his avowals remained a mystery, "so much so that men, disappointed at that which they heard, came to imagine they knew not what, and found themselves more perplexed than ever ; but the king rather preferred to mystify the curious than to light the braziers."

The conduct of King Henry VII. remained an enigma to his contemporaries, and time has not unveiled the secret of it. Perkin Warbeck had lived for eight months at the court, when he contrived to escape therefrom. Being immediately pursued, he took refuge in the priory of Sheen, near Richmond. The prior obtained his pardon from the king before



CONFESSION OF PETER WARBECK.



consenting to deliver him up, but the honors which had been assigned to him were withdrawn: he was placed in the stocks before the gate of Westminster, a document in hand, compelled to read his confession to the people and to suffer their insults all day. This time the prisoner avowed his humble origin, and related his whole career, cursing the ambition which had caused his imposture. After the second reading, Warbeck was shut up in the Tower, where he became the companion of the unfortunate Earl of Warwick.

One year had elapsed since the attempt of Warbeck and his public humiliation. A third pretender, Ralph Wilford, had renewed the fraud of Simnel, and assumed the name of Warwick; he had been executed, and the Augustine monk who preached his cause had been condemned to imprisonment for life. It was in the month of July, 1499, when a rumor was spread of a plot formed by Warbeck and the real Earl of Warwick to escape together from the Tower, and foment a fresh insurrection. The charm of Warbeck's mind and manners must have been great, for he had not only seduced his companion in captivity, but he had contrived to win over all his jailers. The governor of the Tower was to be assassinated, and the freed prisoners intended to take refuge in a safe place and proclaim King Richard IV., summoning to their aid all the partisans of the Duke of Clarence, Warwick's brother. Such, at least, were the allegations in the indictment, for the execution of the plot had not even been begun when it was discovered. There was enough to account for the execution of Warbeck. He had played his part long and well; but he did not retract his confessions at the last moment, and died courageously at Tyburn, on the 23d of November, 1499. His last attempt cost the life of the luckless Earl of Warwick; he was accused before the peers, not only with having sought to escape, but with having plotted with

Warbeck to dethrone the king. The poor prince was twenty-nine years of age, but, having been a prisoner since the age of seven years, he was as ignorant of the world as a child; he confessed all the crimes of which he was accused, and having been condemned to die, he was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 23d of November. With him ended the numerous attempts against the crown of Henry VII.; all the possible heirs to the throne, real or pretended, had disappeared, and political passions began to be appeased under a government regular and firm, if it was at times greedy and despotic.

Freed from all further apprehension of civil war, and more secure in his foreign relations, Henry VII. turned his views towards the settlement of his children; he had long since resolved to marry his eldest daughter, Margaret, to the King of Scotland, in order definitively to attach that sovereign to himself. At the beginning of the year 1500, he sent to King James one of the ablest among the ecclesiastical negotiators formed in his service, Fox, Bishop of Durham; and this skilful negotiator contrived to lead the young monarch into asking for the hand of the princess. The marriage was celebrated in London, in the month of January, 1502; but Margaret, who was then twelve years of age, was not sent to Scotland until the end of 1505. During this interval, her eldest brother, Prince Arthur, heir-apparent to the throne, had married the Princess Catherine of Aragon, daughter of the able Ferdinand and the great Isabella, but had died almost immediately after his marriage, and King Henry mooted the question with Ferdinand and with the Pope, whether the princess, twenty-one years of age, and widow of the elder brother, could marry the younger brother Henry, who was but thirteen years. The dispensation arrived, and the betrothal was resolved upon, for King Ferdinand, finding that matters dragged, had desired the return not only of the princess, but of the large sums

paid as her dowry. Catherine lived at the court of her father-in-law, honored and beloved by all, awaiting for five years the celebration of a marriage which was to terminate so sadly.

Amid the negotiations of alliances for his children, Henry VII. had also been occupied with his own marriage. The queen his wife had died shortly after the death of Prince Arthur, and the great solicitude of the widowed monarch was to find a spouse rich enough to sensibly increase the treasures which he took so much pleasure in hoarding. His negotiations and his hopes did not prevent him from continuing to oppress his subjects. The passion of avarice grows with age. Archbishop Morton, whom the people had so often cursed, had died in 1500, but the nation had gained nothing thereby; he had been replaced in his exactions by two "leeches, two shearers," as they were called, bolder and more rapacious than Morton, less skilful than he in proving to the good English people that all was going on in a legal manner, and that the share of the subjects in the State was limited to paying the taxes cheerfully. The two new agents, Empson and Dudley, were equally detested. Dudley was of good birth and knew how to set off the exactions in a suitable form; Empson, the son of a workman, triumphed coarsely over the unfortunate people, whom he oppressed, and ridiculed their miseries. Both were lawyers well versed in their profession; each offence, crime, or misdemeanor became in their hands a matter for a fine, and that no man might escape, they kept spies everywhere charged to warn them, and juries composed of miscreants who decided all matters at their pleasure. "They hovered thus over all England," says the chronicler, "like tame falcons for their master, and wild falcons for themselves, and they amassed great riches," while filling the royal coffers.

Notwithstanding these abuses, the national prosperity went on increasing; the revival of order had sufficed to give scope to the commerce which was to found in England the middle class. The great aristocracy, decimated and ruined by the wars of the Roses, driven from power by the skilful conduct of Henry VII., remained shut up in the castles, and the younger members of the noblest houses began to devote themselves to agriculture, sometimes even to commercial enterprises, instead of recognizing no other career than arms and the Church.

The English, however, had not yet attempted the great expeditions beyond the seas which were soon to render their navy so famous. Christopher Columbus had applied to Henry VII., in his efforts to find a sovereign who would intrust a few vessels to him and conquer the New World; but Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the great navigator, had been shipwrecked before arriving in England: when he had at length accomplished his mission to King Henry, and returned to Spain to announce to his brother that he was summoned to London, Isabella the Catholic had already granted the request of Columbus, assuring to Castile the riches of the Indies. The English, therefore, had no part in the discovery of the New World, and the rumor of the treasures which were found there must more than once have made King Henry VII. pale with jealousy.

The navigators whom he had sent had brought him back neither gold nor silver. John Cabot, or Cabotte, of Venetian origin, established at Bristol, and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancho, had received from King Henry VII., on the 5th of March, 1496, letters-patent, authorizing them to sail with five vessels in all seas, in order there to make discoveries and take possession of them in the name of England; the prudent monarch had reserved for himself one fifth of

the profits of the enterprise. It is to the first voyage of John Cabot and his son Sebastian, in 1497, that we owe the discovery of Canada; in the same year, Vasco de Gama, doubling the Cape of Good Hope for the first time, in his voyage to India, opened to commerce a new route by which all the riches of the East were to flow into Europe. Notwithstanding all the shocks and agitations which the world was yet to suffer, the time of material force, exclusive and brutal, was beginning to pass away; peaceful intelligence and activity saw a vast field of influence and efforts opening before them.

The Parliament had become the docile instrument of the king, and unresistingly voted all that he was pleased to demand; but the subsidies granted in 1504 excited great murmuring among the people. The king had claimed the feudal gifts on occasion of the knighthood conferred upon Prince Henry, and of the marriage of the Princess Margaret. The Commons offered forty thousand pounds sterling, but the king had the moderation to accept only thirty thousand pounds. The malcontents appeared to have found a chief. Edmund de la Pole, second son of the Duke of Suffolk, and brother of the Earl of Lincoln, Simnel's protector, who had been killed at Stoke, was an embittered and turbulent man. Henry VII. had refused to grant him his paternal inheritance, alleging that he inherited from his brother and not from his father, and that Lord Lincoln, being declared a traitor, had had his property confiscated; Edmund had therefore been compelled to content himself with a shred of the estates of his family and the title of *Earl* of Suffolk. He had had the misfortune to kill a man in a quarrel; the king, still jealous of all who bore the name of Plantagenet, had taken advantage of this opportunity to accuse him of murder: Suffolk had taken refuge at the court of the Duchess of Burgundy; there he hatched plots, it was said. The king caused him to be

watched, charged a treacherous emissary to insinuate himself into his confidence, and, according to the instructions received by this means, he suddenly caused to be arrested the men upon whom Suffolk relied most: his brother William de la Pole, Lord Courtenay, who had married one of the daughters of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, and Sir James Tyrrel, accused of the murder of Edward V. and the Duke of York in the Tower. A few other persons were secretly interrogated. Courtenay and De la Pole remained in prison, but Sir James Tyrrel confessed the crime formerly committed upon the young princes by order of Richard III., and he was executed, as well as certain accomplices of the Earl of Suffolk, although the conspiracy of the latter was in no respect proved. The murmurs which he had been accused of encouraging were stifled, and the king, until the end of his life, dispensed henceforth with having recourse to the Parliament; he contented himself with levying taxes under the name of "benevolences;" his coffers overflowed with gold; he passed for the richest monarch of Christendom.

A favorable event happened and secured the vengeance of the king upon the Earl of Suffolk. A storm drove upon the coasts of England the Archduke Philip the Fair and his wife Joanna, who had become Queen of Castile by the death of her mother, Isabella the Catholic. The young sovereigns were on the way from Flanders to their new dominions; their counsellors urged them to face the tempest rather than to set foot upon English soil and thus to place themselves in the hands of the skilful Henry VII. Perhaps from curiosity, perhaps from fear, the archduke insisted upon landing. The King of England appeared to have foreseen all; the illustrious travellers were immediately received with all the honors which were due to them; it was announced to them that the king was coming to meet them. Philip saw that he was

caught in the trap, and being in a hurry to put an end to his compulsory visit, he hastened to anticipate Henry VII. The two monarchs met near Windsor, reciprocally lavishing the most touching marks of friendship and confidence. But the wise counsellors of the King of Castile had not been deceived. Before the Spanish sovereigns were able to resume their voyage, Philip had been obliged to consent to deliver up the Earl of Suffolk, who was living modestly in Flanders; to promise to the King of England the hand of his sister the Duchess of Savoy, who was a widow and very rich; and finally to affiance his first-born son, who afterwards became the Emperor Charles V., to the little Princess Mary of England. Philip the Fair, after having besides granted great commercial advantages to the English in the Flemish markets, was at length enabled to resume the journey to Spain. Suffolk, being enticed to England, was thrown into prison, and one of the last orders which Henry VII. signed was that for his execution.

Before the negotiations for the marriage with the Duchess of Savoy were ended, Philip the Fair had died in Spain, and King Henry cast his eyes upon his widow, whom he supposed to be richer than her sister-in-law. Unfortunately Joanna was insane, hopelessly insane with grief. The health of the King of England grew more and more impaired, and it became evident to all those who approached him that it was time for him to think of death and not of marriage.

Notwithstanding his exactions and the harshness he had so often manifested, and the perfidy of his intrigues, Henry VII. was a religious prince, solicitous about the future life and the salvation of his soul; the weakening of his powers warned him to think of his end, and he multiplied his alms. His disease increasing in 1508, he for the first time lent ear to the cries of his subjects, ruined by the exactions and

malversations of Empson and Dudley. The king wished to render justice, he said, and a sincere repentance for all the crimes which he had permitted appeared to have taken possession of his soul. "Nevertheless Empson and Dudley, though they could not but hear of these scruples in the king's conscience, yet, as if the king's soul and his money were in several offices, that the one was not to intermeddle with the other, went on with as great rage as ever," says the chronicler. The king's health had momentarily improved, and his conscience had been somewhat quieted; the treasures which he himself kept under lock and key in his manor of Richmond regained all their charm in his eyes. When, in the springtime of 1509, a return of his cough brought him to the verge of the grave, he had time to make his will, recommending his successor to repair the wrong which he had done, and to restore that which he had unjustly taken: he then died at Richmond in the night of the 21st of April, 1509, at the age of fifty-two years. He had reigned twenty-three years over a kingdom distracted by internal dissensions, impoverished by wars, and a prey to the most frightful disorder: he had gradually calmed men's passions, repressed or stifled insurrections and conspiracies, favored commerce and industry; but he had oppressed his subjects to wrest from them the money of which he was greedy, he had lowered the authority of the Parliaments, he had struck severe blows at the great aristocracy, and he had, above all, shrouded his policy in so many subterfuges, and pursued his end through so many intrigues and falsehoods, that even time has not been able to bring the truth to light; the real and only excuse of King Henry VII. is that he belonged to the age of Louis XI., and that he had to deal with Ferdinand of Aragon.

CHAPTER XVII.

HENRY VIII. AND WOLSEY. 1509-1529.

THE reign of King Henry VIII. is characterized by three great movements, which have all left a profound impression upon the destinies of England:—the religious reform; the establishment of the absolute power of the crown in principle and often in practice; the social and even political progress of the nation, notwithstanding great outbursts of tyranny on the part of the government and of servility on the part of the people. The history of this reign is naturally divided into two periods:—Henry VIII. under the influence of Wolsey, his favorite, and soon his prime minister; Henry VIII. alone, after the disgrace and death of Wolsey. The first of these two periods extends from 1509 to 1529, the second from 1529 to 1547.

The young king ascended the throne under happy auspices. Profoundly different from his father, whose tortuous policy and avaricious prudence had often exasperated his people, Henry VIII.'s taste for display, his lively disposition, the frankness of his manners, his skill in all bodily exercises, as well as the remarkable intelligence of which he gave promise, had raised very high the national hopes. He was not yet eighteen years of age; he was tall, robust, and handsome, and people loved to see him pass through the streets when starting for the hunt, where he would tire out several horses; his vices and even his minor faults did not yet manifest themselves. His marriage with the Princess Catherine

of Aragon, which took place on the 3d of June, 1509, caused keen satisfaction; the princess was twenty-five years of age, she had been living for six years in England, the language of which she spoke well; a papal bull had dissipated all doubts as to the legitimacy of the union; on the 24th of June the king and the queen were solemnly crowned at Westminster.

The young king had gathered around him most of his father's former servants, according to the advice of his grandmother, the old Countess of Richmond, whom he often consulted; but, from the first day, inspired both by a feeling of justice and by the spirit of reaction, he repudiated Empson and Dudley, making known his intention of punishing them. His counsellors identified themselves with this policy, but they would have been personally compromised if the "leeches" of the late king had been publicly accused of having sucked the blood and substance of the subjects; all the servants of Henry VII. had more or less exactions upon their consciences, and it was resolved to accuse the two lawyers of having hatched a plot to "deprive the present king of his rights and inheritance." Improbable as was the charge, the cause was judged beforehand and for peremptory reasons; Empson and Dudley were declared guilty of treason and condemned to death. They languished one year in the Tower before the execution of their sentence; all their property had already been seized, and it was rumored among the people that the queen was interceding in their favor; numerous petitions were addressed to the king asking their death, and they were executed on Tower Hill, on the 17th of August, 1510, to the great satisfaction of the nation.

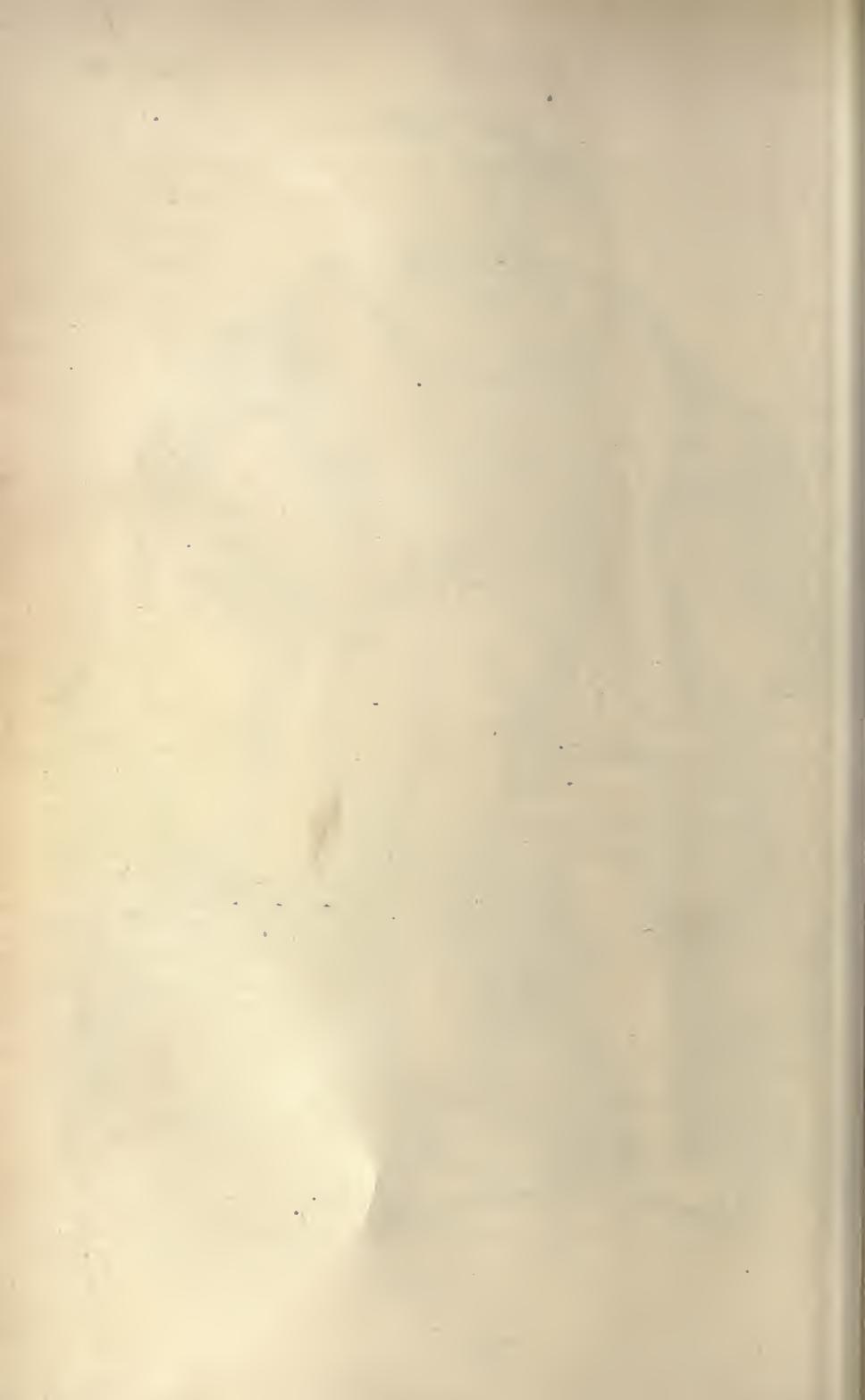
Henry VIII. was young and brilliant; he had not, like his father, learned prudence in the hard school of exile; he thirsted for military glory; he willingly, therefore, allowed



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HENRY VIII.



himself to be persuaded by his father-in-law, the astute Ferdinand, and by the warlike Pope, Julius II., to enter into the League which they had formed against Louis XII., formerly Duke of Orleans, now King of France, who had taken up the projects of his predecessor, Charles VIII., against Italy, adding thereto his own claims to the duchy of Milan, in the name of his grandmother, Valentine of Milan. A first herald from the King of England came to command Louis XII. to abstain from making war against the pope, "the father of all Christians;" a second herald claimed the cession of Anjou, Maine, Normandy, and Guienne, a request which was equivalent to a declaration of war. Henry VIII. convoked his Parliament, and demanded subsidies. The English had not lost their taste for invasions of France, however little glorious the last might have been: money still abounded in the coffers of the old king, notwithstanding the expenses of three years of pleasure and merrymakings. A fine army was soon on foot, and prepared to embark for Calais, when King Ferdinand suggested the idea of first attacking Guienne: he at the same time sent his fleet, which was intended to transport the English troops to the foot of the Pyrenees: his son-in-law accepted his proposal, and ten thousand men embarked under the orders of the Marquis of Dorset, accompanied by a multitude of volunteers belonging to the noblest families of England.

The mouth of the river Bidassoa had been reached, and Dorset desired to set foot in France, but he was awaiting the artillery which King Ferdinand had promised him; the latter was occupied in assembling considerable forces in Biscay, and when the English thought of marching to the siege of Bayonne, they perceived that it would be dangerous to leave behind them the little independent kingdom of Navarre. Ferdinand, supported by the two armies, commenced his ne-

gotiations. John d'Albret willingly consented to preserve neutrality; but the King of Spain demanded free passage for his troops, the custody of the more important fortresses, and as a hostage, the Prince of Viana, heir to the throne of Navarre. Upon the refusal of the poor little sovereign, the Spanish army advanced into his territory, seized upon several towns, and the Duke of Albe, who was in command, proposed to the Marquis of Dorset to effect a junction with him in order to besiege Pampeluna. The English began to open their eyes; they refused to make war elsewhere than in France, and claimed the artillery and horses promised. "When we have finished," was the answer, "you shall have all that you desire." Pampeluna was taken, and Navarre joined to Spain; but the English general renewed his demands; and an offer was made to march with him against Béarn, where John d'Albret had taken refuge, instead of attacking Bayonne or Bordeaux. This was too much; Dorset refused to advance. The King of Spain dispatched an ambassador to his son-in-law; but when the credulous monarch gave the order to follow the movements of the Spaniards, the English troops fell back, and openly announced their resolution of returning to their country. This was of little importance to the Spaniards; their object was accomplished: the presence of the English army upon the Bidassoa had prevented Louis XII. from sending assistance to the King of Navarre. Vessels were provided for the revolted English, who returned to England towards Christmas, 1512, half naked, emaciated by the poor living which King Ferdinand had allotted to them, but too numerous and too much exasperated for punishment to be inflicted upon them. This first experience, however, was not destined to suffice to open the eyes of Henry VIII. regarding the policy of his father-in-law.

The check suffered by Dorset had not discouraged the

young king, and he resolved to lead his armies himself into France. Louis XII. had been driven out of Italy; his frontiers were menaced by the Holy League; he was very anxious to raise up difficulties for the King of England within his own dominions: he addressed himself to Scotland, still the faithful ally of France. King James had causes for complaint against his brother-in-law; his best commanders, Andrew and John Barton, having suffered losses at sea, the king had given them, by way of indemnity, letters of marque, of which they made use to capture English merchant ships. Sir Edward Howard, son of Lord Surrey, fell upon them as upon pirates and defeated them: Andrew Barton received a wound of which he died. The King of Scotland claimed reparations in this respect; he also demanded the jewels bequeathed by Henry VII. to his daughter Margaret, which her brother had kept. Some attempts at negotiations on the part of Henry VIII. had little result; the young king, before setting sail for France, took the precaution of causing the fortifications of the towns on the Scottish border to be repaired, and intrusted to Lord Surrey the duty of watching King James with a strong force, while his master should proceed to the Continent to attack King Louis.

The war had already begun disastrously; Sir Edward Howard, with a large fleet, appeared in the month of March, 1513, at the entry to the road of Brest, of which he made himself master. Reckoning upon his success, he had begged the king to come himself to reap the glory of it; upon Henry's refusal, Howard attacked the squadron and the town; he was repulsed, and lost his life in an attempt at boarding, throwing into the sea his chain and golden whistle, in order that those trophies might not fall into the hands of the enemies. Another son of Lord Surrey, Lord Thomas Howard, took command of the fleet, and had just repulsed the French,

when King Henry landed at Calais on the 30th of June, 1513, amid the roar of the artillery of the town, and salutes from the vessels, fit emblem of the noise and splendor so dear to the young monarch.

King Ferdinand, who had drawn his son-in-law into the league against France, had recently concluded with that country a private peace, in which the annexation of Navarre to Spain was recognized; but Henry VIII.'s self-love did not allow him to retreat; he formed an alliance with the Emperor Maximilian, who promised to join him at Calais. The red rose, the favorite emblem of King Henry VIII., was to outshine the lilies of France, and while Lord Herbert was laying siege to Th rouenne, the warlike court amused itself at Calais with endless jousts and festivals, the organization of which was often intrusted to the almoner of the king, Wolsey, who grew every day in his master's favor.

The son of a rich butcher of Ipswich, Thomas Wolsey had been brought up with care; honored when very young with all the degrees of the University of Oxford, he had been recommended to his master by Bishop Fox, the favorite diplomatist of Henry VII., and the king had several times employed him in delicate missions. Upon the death of the old monarch, Bishop Fox, who saw his favor on the decline, took care to place Wolsey near the king, and soon the chaplain distanced all his rivals in the good graces of his master. Better educated than the young king, but too shrewd to allow this to be seen, skilful in the bodily exercises and amusements of his time, Wolsey shared all the tastes and already flattered all the passions of his master, even before the period when he was destined to relieve him from the embarrassments and fatigues of government.

Whilst the dancing and feasting went on at Calais, a French

army, commanded by the Duke of Longueville and the famous Chevalier Bayard, was advancing to the relief of Théroouenne. Henry immediately hastened thither; but the French had instructions to avoid a pitched battle, and they fell back, after having placed provisions and reinforcements in the towns,—a service which the Count of Angoulême (subsequently Francis I.) continued to render to the besieged, in spite of the badly organized and badly commanded English forces. They had been for six weeks before an insignificant little town, when the Emperor Maximilian joined his brother in arms, the great King of England, the flower of the knights of Christendom. In his satisfaction at seeing under his orders, in the capacity of a volunteer, the Emperor of the West, Henry VIII. forgot that he had transmitted to him a hundred thousand golden crowns for raising troops, and that Maximilian had brought but a small escort. The reception of the emperor was magnificent; all the great English noblemen were clad in cloth of gold and silver, which suffered from the pelting rain that greeted the interview of the two monarchs. On the same day the Scottish herald-at-arms came to the camp of King Henry VIII., to transmit to him the declaration of war of his sovereign. “The Earl of Surrey will know how to deal with your master,” abruptly replied the King of England. Before the return of his messenger, King James had risked and lost his game.

The French had, meanwhile, decided to advance upon Théroouenne: the English troops crossed the river to give battle to them. The Emperor Maximilian, with the red rose of Lancaster upon his helmet, directed the operations. The struggle set in briskly, but the French cavalry, after a brilliant charge, became frightened, and took flight. They carried disorder into the battle-corps, and the panic became complete. The English pursued the fugitives to the cry of “St. George;”

the efforts of the chiefs could not rally the soldiers, and nearly all were made prisoners. "It is a battle of spurs," the captives themselves said, when the king gayly congratulated them upon the ardor which the fugitives had contrived to inspire in their horses, and that name has remained to the engagement. But King Henry delayed before Théroutenne, instead of profiting by his advantages and by the arrival in France of a Swiss army to which he had furnished money. The town capitulated at the end of August, and was razed to the ground upon the advice and for the benefit of Maximilian. Just as Henry VIII. had formerly done the work of King Ferdinand, so now he was doing that of the Emperor; instead of advancing into France, he laid siege to Tournay, a French town though in Flanders, and prejudicial to the commerce of that country. Maximilian had been shrewd enough to promise the bishopric thereof to Wolsey. Tournay was taken without any great resistance on the 22d of September; but the Swiss had concluded an advantageous treaty with the King of France, and had withdrawn to their mountains. The King of England gave a great tournament, and amused himself for several days at Tournay; then returned to England on the 22d of October, after having spent large sums of money, without glory or profit. But the star of Wolsey had risen, and Henry VIII. had had the pleasure of giving orders to the Emperor.

In the meantime, the Earl of Surrey had justified his master's confidence. King James crossed the frontier on the 22d of August with a more considerable army than was usual in Scotland. He had captured several castles when Surrey met him in the environs of Flodden, an outpost of the Cheviot Hills, an advantageous situation, protected by the course of the Till, one of the tributaries of the Tweed. The English immediately saw the strength of the position,

and endeavored by insulting messages to tempt King James to advance; but the Scots took no heed, and it was found necessary to make the attack. James had neglected to defend the bridge and the ford, but he came down from the hill, and advanced towards the enemy in good order, "marching like the Germans, without speaking and without making any noise." The old chiefs of the army had not advised the battle, but James would not be guided by them. "If you are afraid of the English, you may go home," he said insolently to the old Earl of Angus. The old man burst into tears. "My age renders my body of no service, and my counsels are despised," he cried; "but I leave my two sons and the vassals of Douglas in the field; may the result be glorious, and Angus' foreboding unfounded!"

It was four o'clock on the 9th of September, 1513. The guns of the two armies began to thunder; the English artillery was heavier and better served than that of the Scots; the latter were the more eager on this account to come to a hand-to-hand struggle. The Earl of Huntley and Lord Home, who commanded the left wing, attacked the English under the orders of Sir Edmund Howard; they fought furiously, and the troops of Sir Edmund, coming in great part from Cheshire, were exasperated, it is said, at finding themselves commanded by a Howard instead of a Stanley, the hereditary chief of their county. They wavered, and the Scottish corps for a long time resisted the cavalry reserve which Lord Dacre brought up. The Borderers under Lord Home's command had dispersed to plunder, and refused to renew the attack. "We have fought the vanguard," they said, "and we have made them retreat; let all do as much as we have." King James was performing wonders in the centre; he had attacked the Earl of Surrey with the flower of his chivalry, and the two generals were about to meet

amid the slaughter, when confusion set in among the Highlanders, who had fallen in a disorderly manner upon the left wing of the English. Half naked and maddened with rage, the mountaineers struck before them without listening to the voice of their chiefs, as though the whole victory depended "upon the heavy blows which they gave." Being soon repulsed in this irregular attack, they were slaughtered one after the other, and the whole effort of the combat was directed towards the centre, where King James continued to fight. In an instant he was overwhelmed; the circle contracted around him; English and Scotch appeared that day to have adopted the ferocious maxim of Sir Thomas Howard, "No quarter." The Scots thronged around their sovereign, defending him with desperate valor; he fell, however, almost at the feet of Surrey; but the struggle continued around his body, which was buried under a heap of dead who had fallen in his defence. When night at length arrested the slaughter, Surrey was not yet well assured of victory; on the morrow he was compelled to engage in several little skirmishes with detached corps; but the bulk of the Scots withdrew during the night towards the frontier, and the English did not attempt to pursue them. The battle of Flodden had struck a fatal blow to Scotland; her nobility was decimated, many families had lost all their sons; but on the other hand, the struggle had exhausted their adversaries, and Surrey intrenched himself in Berwick, and disbanded, shortly afterwards, the greater part of his army. He had sent to Queen Catherine the corpse of King James, found upon the field of battle; she herself wrote to King Henry VIII. to announce the victory. "My Henry," she said, "that which God does is well done. Your Grace can see that I can keep my promises, for I send you for your banner a king's coat. I could have wished to send you the

king himself, but the heart of our English people would not permit it." Upon his return, the king rewarded Surrey for his services by restoring to him the title of Duke of Norfolk, lost by his father, who had fallen on the field of Bosworth. Queen Margaret of Scotland had written to her brother, imploring him to be mindful of the ties of blood, and to spare her fatherless boy; she was appointed regent, and peace was concluded. The Council of the King of England had for a long time been aware that it was difficult entirely to subdue the Scots, and that war with that country, as poor as it was resolute, was rarely profitable, even when victorious.

Louis XII. had succeeded, by negotiations, in breaking up the league formed against him. The court of Rome received him into favor, and Maximilian became his ally upon the promise of the hand of Renée of France, the king's second daughter (subsequently Duchess of Ferrara), for Prince Charles, son of Philip the Fair and Joan the Mad, afterwards the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The young prince had not yet attained marriageable age, but he had been betrothed from infancy to the Princess Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII. The latter soon heard of the treachery which was preparing, but at the same time, and in order to appease his displeasure, Louis XII., who had recently lost his wife, Anne of Brittany, formerly widow of Charles VIII., proposed himself to marry the Princess Mary. She was sixteen years of age, and was passionately in love with Sir Charles Brandon, one of the handsomest and most gallant noblemen at the English court, who was equally devoted to her. King Louis had formerly been an accomplished chevalier; but he was fifty-three years of age, and was afflicted with the gout. When the marriage was celebrated, in spite of the sentiments of the princess, he attended in his litter

the tournament at which Charles Brandon, now become Duke of Suffolk, distinguished himself by the most brilliant valor. The nuptial ceremony had taken place on the 2d of September, 1513; the king was delighted with his young wife, who reproached him with having sent back to England all her ladies and her English household. The Duke of Suffolk had also returned to London; when, on the 1st of January, 1514, Louis XII. died in Paris, exhausted by the fatigue of his long wars and the anxieties which his affairs had caused him; exhausted, also, it was said, by the efforts which he had recently made to appear at the rejoicings, in order to please his young bride. His subjects mourned him; they had given him the noble surname of the "Father of his people," a fact due above all to the wise administration of Cardinal d'Amboise. Two months after his death, his widow secretly married the Duke of Suffolk, who had come on behalf of the king her brother, at the head of the embassy which was to bring her back to England. Marriages of this kind had been frequent formerly, but the royal dignity became every year more haughty, and none was more infatuated therewith than Henry VIII.; he was very angry with his sister, and would not see her on her return. Soon, however, the supplications of Mary and the good offices of Wolsey brought about interviews. Suffolk had formerly been a favorite of the king, who was at last persuaded to forgive him. The duke and duchess reappeared at the court; Mary was more beautiful than ever, for she was now happy.

All the authority as well as all the influence in the kingdom now belonged to Cardinal Wolsey; from a plain almoner of the king he had become, in a few years, Dean of York, then Bishop of Lincoln, at length Archbishop of York; in the year 1515 he was made Chancellor of England, cardi-

nal, and legate of the Pope. All business passed through his hands; all favors depended upon him. An able and assiduous courtier, he contrived to flatter the tastes as well as the passions of his master; he amused him with endless pleasures; he flattered his self-love; he found money to suffice for his expenses; and the king, in return, allowed him to govern the kingdom. At home, the direction which Wolsey had given to affairs was not without advantages; he strengthened the royal power upon the ruins of the aristocracy, encouraged commerce, secured the safety of the highways, and caused justice to be administered. Abroad, his personal avidity and the ambition which impelled him towards the throne of St. Peter, imprinted upon his policy a perfidious and venal character which impelled his country to fatal courses. During more than ten years the history of Wolsey was the history of England; his good and bad qualities equally influenced the entire nation, of whose destinies he was the real arbiter, since the absolute monarch who then governed the country saw only through the eyes and heard only through the ears of his minister.

In ascending the throne of France, Francis I. had hastened to confirm the alliance with England which Louis XII. had concluded by his marriage; he needed to be sure of peace in that quarter, that he might carry out his designs upon Italy, — a fatal undertaking, which seemed to afflict with madness the French monarchs one after the other, and to lead them to their ruin. Francis I. had covered himself with glory at the battle of Marignan, on the 14th of September, 1515; and Ludovic Sforza had been compelled to give up to him the duchy of Milan. Jealousy of so much success began to seize upon King Henry; he complained of the perfidy of the French, who had secretly sent to Scotland the Duke of Albany, the son of him whom King James III. had formerly

banished. The French party had immediately proposed to intrust to him the regency, to the exclusion of the regent, Margaret, who had exasperated her people by marrying, less than nine months after the death of her husband, the young Earl of Angus, bold and handsome, but as ambitious as he was rash and unskilful. Albany had been born in France; he had been brought up there; his regency was necessarily unfavorable to English interests. These reasons, coupled with the counsels of Wolsey, who wished to please the court of Rome, from which he had recently received the cardinal's hat, decided Henry to conclude a fresh alliance with Maximilian, in order to drive Francis I. from Italy. An insane ambition contributed to urge the King of England into this path. The emperor, feigning to be weary of the supreme power, spoke of ceding the imperial purple to the prince who should show himself deserving of it. The vanity of Henry VIII. was aroused; he dispatched two ambassadors to Germany to see how matters stood; but his negotiators were too intelligent and honest to leave him long in error. "The imperial crown is not at the disposal of the emperor," wrote Dr. Tunstall, "but certainly of the electoral princes, and the first condition is that the person elected should be a native of Germany, or at least a subject of the empire, which your Grace is not, because never, since the origin of the Christian faith, have the kings of England been subjects; thus, I fear lest the said offer, being so specious at the first hearing, was only made to get thereby some money of your Grace."

Henry VIII. was convinced, and, according to his custom, he was driven to the opposite side by the reaction from his first feelings. Not being able to obtain the empire of Maximilian, he renounced his alliance. Francis I. had succeeded in gaining over Wolsey by rich presents; he recrossed the

Alps, intrusting to the Constable de Bourbon the government of the duchy of Milan. A treaty of alliance offensive and defensive, between France and England, was concluded on the 4th of October, 1518, promising to the little dauphin the hand of the Princess Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII., then eighteen months old. Francis I. was to buy back Tour-nay for the sum of six hundred thousand crowns. Wolsey had not forgotten himself in determining these conditions: he had stipulated for a pension of twelve thousand livres, to indemnify him for the loss of his bishopric. "The king intends shortly to confer some further gratification upon your Grace," wrote one of the English negotiators to the all-powerful cardinal. "I was asked what would please you most; I said that I knew nothing of that matter, but that some handsome plate or rich jewels appeared to me to be the most suitable."

King Henry's jealousy towards Francis I. appeared to have given place to a violent admiration; he proposed a personal interview, between Calais and Boulogne, to take place in the month of July, 1519. All preliminaries of etiquette had been already settled. Henry and Wolsey were busying themselves in inventing splendors of costumes and entertainments to dazzle the court of France, when in the month of January, 1519, the Emperor Maximilian died suddenly, and the great affair of the succession to the empire absorbed all minds.

For a moment Henry VIII. himself entered the lists, but without much hope or perseverance; the two rivals for the empire were still—as they had been all their lifetime—the King of France, Francis I., and the Archduke Charles, grandson of Maximilian by his son Philip the Fair. Born at Ghent, descending from the House of Austria, hereditary sovereign of the Low Countries, Charles had all the natural

claims to the suffrages of the electors which were wanting in his competitor. His military renown was already brilliant, and lavish as King Francis might be of the splendid presents for which the German princes were eager, the master of the Low Countries, Spain, the kingdom of Naples, and the West Indies, was the richer of the two. In this game, as in all others, Francis I. was to be beaten by Charles V. The King of England had at first hesitated between the two competitors, but he had decided in favor of the Archduke, when the latter was definitively elected on the 28th of June. The King of France bore his check with the proud gayety natural to his race and his country. "In ambition as in love there should be no rancor," he said to the Spanish ambassador; but the expenses had been immense, and the defeat was serious. The two countries were to pay dearly for the rivalry which was thus established between their sovereigns.

Henry VIII. hastened to congratulate the new emperor by the pen of Wolsey, while the cardinal took care to explain the conduct of his master at the court of France. It was important to him, for the moment, to maintain good relations with Francis I. as well as with Charles V. The King of France claimed the performance of Henry VIII.'s promise; and the latter was too well pleased to display his magnificence to decline a proposal which had, moreover, come from him in the first place. The interview was fixed for the summer of 1520, and the ambassadors of the emperor in vain made their efforts to destroy the project.

The court of England was already at Canterbury, where the king was completing his splendid preparations, when he suddenly learned that the emperor had arrived in the Channel, and desired to pay him a visit. Wolsey was less surprised than his master; he had secretly entered into negotia-

tions with Charles, who had promised his "very good friend the cardinal," a pension of seven thousand ducats secured by two Spanish bishoprics. Wolsey was sent by the king to meet the illustrious visitor, who, simply attired in black and scantily attended, landed amid the magnificent preparations for the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Emperor stopped at Dover, where the King of England came shortly to meet him with great demonstrations of friendship and gratitude. They chatted together until a late hour of the night, and repaired on the morrow in state to Canterbury, the king leaving the right-hand side to the Emperor throughout, and the Earl of Derby carrying before him the sword of justice. The cardinal, with all the clergy, came forward to meet the two sovereigns, who prostrated themselves together before the shrine of St. Thomas, which King Henry VIII. was shortly to profane and despoil of all its treasures. The Emperor then presented his respects to his aunt, Queen Catherine, and appeared struck with admiration for the beauty of the Duchess of Suffolk, that Princess Mary to whom he had been betrothed in his childhood, and who had subsequently been rejected for reasons of state. The time for regrets had gone by, and the Emperor Charles V. had not come to England to occupy himself with the beauty of a woman. He securely attached Wolsey to his interest by promising him his important support in the latter's great design — the election to the pontifical throne. Presents were not forgotten, and when Charles set sail again after a short visit, he had counteracted the disastrous effects which the interview of the two sovereigns of France and England might have had upon his policy. No one was more fully aware than Charles V. of the value of splendor and magnificence, under certain circumstances; but no one knew better how to dispense with these aids in order to go directly and simply to his end, relying upon

his personal influence to preserve and maintain the imperial dignity.

On the 4th of June, 1520, King Henry VIII., the queen, the cardinal, and all the court, embarked for France; the spot fixed upon for the interview was situated between Guines and Ardres; it was there that was to be established the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," which has remained famous in the history of extravagant splendor. Wolsey had been intrusted by France as well as England with the superintendence of all the festivities; but in vain did Francis I. select the cardinal for his master of ceremonies: Charles V. had promised to make him Pope.

A palace built of timber and magnificently decorated by Flemish workmen awaited the King of England; a fountain throwing forth streams of white and red wine played constantly at the front, with this invitation to all passers-by, "Make good cheer all who please." Everywhere stood gigantic figures representing savages armed with bows and arrows, and exhibiting the device which Henry had chosen to recall the advances of the Emperor and Francis I.: "*Cui adhæreo præstat*" (He whom I support prevails). Precious tapestries, magnificent hangings, gold and silver plate, ornamented the interior of this temporary palace, more substantial than the gorgeous pavilion erected by Francis I. The cloth of gold which formed the roof of this pavilion, the blue velvet, studded with stars, of the walls, its silken cords mixed with Cyprian gold, were unable to resist the gusts of wind which soon arose and beat down into the mud all these splendors; the King of France was compelled to take refuge in an old castle very near the town of Ardres. The two sovereigns had scarcely been installed in their residences, when Cardinal Wolsey, accompanied by a magnificent retinue, paid a visit to the King of France, while a deputation of French

noblemen performed the same ceremony towards Henry VIII. The visit of Wolsey was, however, not a mere court formality; the marriage treaty was confirmed between him and Francis I., the King of France agreeing, in the event of the projected union being accomplished, to pay a pension of a hundred thousand crowns to Henry and his successors, so eager was he to secure the neutrality of England in the war which he foresaw. The arbitration of the affairs of Scotland was consigned to the cardinal himself, in conjunction with Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I. Henry had wished to have the Scots delivered up to him without reserve, but the chivalrous spirit of the King of France did not permit him to abandon, even on paper, the faithful allies who had paid so cruelly for the useful diversion made in the north of England, at the time Louis XII. had been simultaneously attacked by the English and the Swiss.

King Henry had held aloof as long as it had been a question of business; when the rejoicings and ceremonies began, he filled the scene almost alone. The two kings met and embraced on horseback, according to the ceremony decided upon in order to avoid delicate questions of etiquette; the most affectionate protestations were exchanged. The noblemen of the two courts met amicably, and when the jousts commenced, all around the lists the emblems of France and England were conjoined. For six days the combatants fought with lances, for two with swords, for two in the *mellay* at the barriers. Henry VIII. and Francis I. fought side by side, like two brothers in arms, facing all comers. The two kings finally essayed wrestling-matches, much in vogue in England; but King Henry, more trained, was less nimble than his adversary; he was overthrown; he demanded his revenge, but the assistants interposed; there had been combats enough. Banquets, balls, masquerades, and theatrical representations now claimed their turn.

All these diversions in common did not suffice to obliterate the old distrust born of long wars and political rivalries. King Francis resolved one morning to break the ice; he repaired alone to the quarters of the English before King Henry had risen, and touching him gayly upon the shoulder, "You are my prisoner, brother!" he said. Henry VIII. sprang from his couch, touched by this proof of confidence, and Francis, pursuing the jest, acted as his valet, assisted him to perform his toilet, and ended by exchanging presents with him. On leaving the camp, the King of France met one of his friends, the Sire de Fleuranges. "I am glad to see you again in safety, sire," said the latter; "but let me tell you, my master, that you have acted foolishly; evil be to those who advised you." "Nobody advised anything," said the king, laughing; "all came from my own head, and could come from nowhere else." Henry VIII. returned the visit familiarly on the morrow. But the moment for separation arrived; the affairs of the two kingdoms claimed the two sovereigns, and the festivities were beginning to exhaust their purses. It took years for the estates of many a nobleman to recover from the loans contracted to make a good appearance at the Field of the Cloth of Gold; it was said that most of the French were carrying all their property upon their backs.

The Emperor Charles V. had forbidden his subjects to respond to the invitation addressed to all the knights in Christendom, and it was at Gravelines that King Henry VIII. paid him a visit. The Emperor accompanied the king back as far as Calais; but the French ambassadors were unable to learn anything of the result of their conference. Before separating, Charles promised to accept his dear uncle of England as arbitrator in all the differences which might arise between the King of France and himself,—a promise easy to keep for one who held arms in his hand and could

take care to submit to arbitration only questions of little importance. The king returned to London, "in good health, but with a light purse," say the chroniclers.

There had not been wanting among the citizens, and even among the great noblemen who had not accompanied King Henry to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, censures upon the insane expenditure of the court; but none had spoken more loudly than the Duke of Buckingham, and he had gone beyond the bounds of prudence. The blood of the Plantagenets flowed in his veins; he was a descendant of a daughter of the Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III.; he was rich, magnificent, bold, intelligent. So many advantages of character and position rendered him dangerous; Wolsey profited by the first opportunity to ruin him. It was related that an astrological monk, consulted by the duke, had affirmed that his son, young Stafford, "would go far and high;" in other terms, it was concluded therefrom that the young man would succeed to the throne of Henry VIII. A similar apprehension had cost the Earl of Suffolk his head. Wolsey, many times offended by the haughtiness of the duke, caused him to be summoned to court shortly after the king returned from France. The duke set out without any mistrust; but scarcely had he arrived in London when he found himself watched and followed with more persistency than respect. He was proceeding down the Thames in his boat, when he was arrested and conducted to the Tower, to the astonishment and indignation of the people. He was accused of having urged the monk to disloyal predictions, of having plotted with the servants of the king, uttering threats against his Majesty and the cardinal. The duke maintained that not one single *fact* could be brought forward against him, but he was condemned beforehand, and the Duke of Norfolk, who presided over the tribunal, burst into tears while pronouncing the sentence which

he had had the cowardice to sign. Buckingham replied with proud firmness, protesting to the end his innocence, and refusing to ask pardon of the king. The people wept at the sight of his execution, on the 17th of June, 1521; executions had not yet been sufficiently frequent under the new reign to harden and debase men's hearts.

The blood of Buckingham still reeked upon his scaffold, when Henry VIII. undertook to add to his glory as monarch and knight a splendor of a fresh kind. We have seen how the Reformation had been born in England under the inspiration of Wickliffe, or rather, how it had then, for the first time, assumed a name and proclaimed doctrines. Since that time it had never ceased to grow and develop, slowly, silently, notwithstanding the martyrdom of some persons, nearly all obscure, who perished at the stake from year to year, keeping alive the smouldering fire. But within the last four years everything had changed; Luther had applied the axe to the tree in Germany, and the renown of his work had penetrated throughout all England. Meanwhile external signs were not yet alarming for the Church of Rome, and less still for its doctrines; dissatisfaction existed mainly against the monks, then very numerous in England, whose irregularities had several times attracted the attention of the popes. Henry VIII. resolved to defend the Catholic faith against the attacks of Luther. On the 15th of May, Wolsey had given to the bishops orders to burn, in all the parishes of England, the dangerous books, and to cause to be affixed to the doors of all the churches a list of the heresies of Luther, in order to teach the people to beware of them. On the 20th of May, King Henry had written to Louis of Bavaria, asking him to burn Luther with all his books, "for the accomplishment," he said, "of which good work, sacred and acceptable to God, we offer sincerely and with all our hearts,

our royal favor, our aid and assistance, and even, if necessary, our blood." But Luther had already appeared before the Diet of Worms, where, boldly maintaining his ground, he had wrested from the Emperor, who was an adept in such matters, the exclamation, "Upon my soul, the monk speaks well and with marvellous courage." The monk was in safety at the Wartburg, hidden for a while from the fury of his enemies. King Henry had no other resource against him than "the pen of a ready writer." He applied himself to the task, and published in the summer of 1521, a *Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther*, of which a copy, magnificently written and bound, was, through the care of Wolsey, presented to Pope Leo X. in full consistory, in the month of October, by the English ambassador at Rome. After reading it, the Holy Father bestowed upon the royal author the name of *Defender of the Faith*, a glorious addition to his other titles, and one of which he was eventually to make a strange use. Luther replied to Henry VIII., refusing to believe that the treatise was the work of his pen, and then proceeding to criticise it with great severity. When afterwards Luther desired to alter his judgment and effect a reconciliation with the monarch, who, in his fashion, was placing himself at the head of the religious movement in his dominions, Henry had not forgiven the Reformer for refusing him the title of author, nor was he any more favorably disposed towards his German antagonist for attributing to him finally the composition of a work of which the latter had spoken so badly. The king published everywhere in his kingdom Luther's two letters, with a reply, and a warning to the "pious author," which testified to the small liking which he had always experienced for "this insane monk."

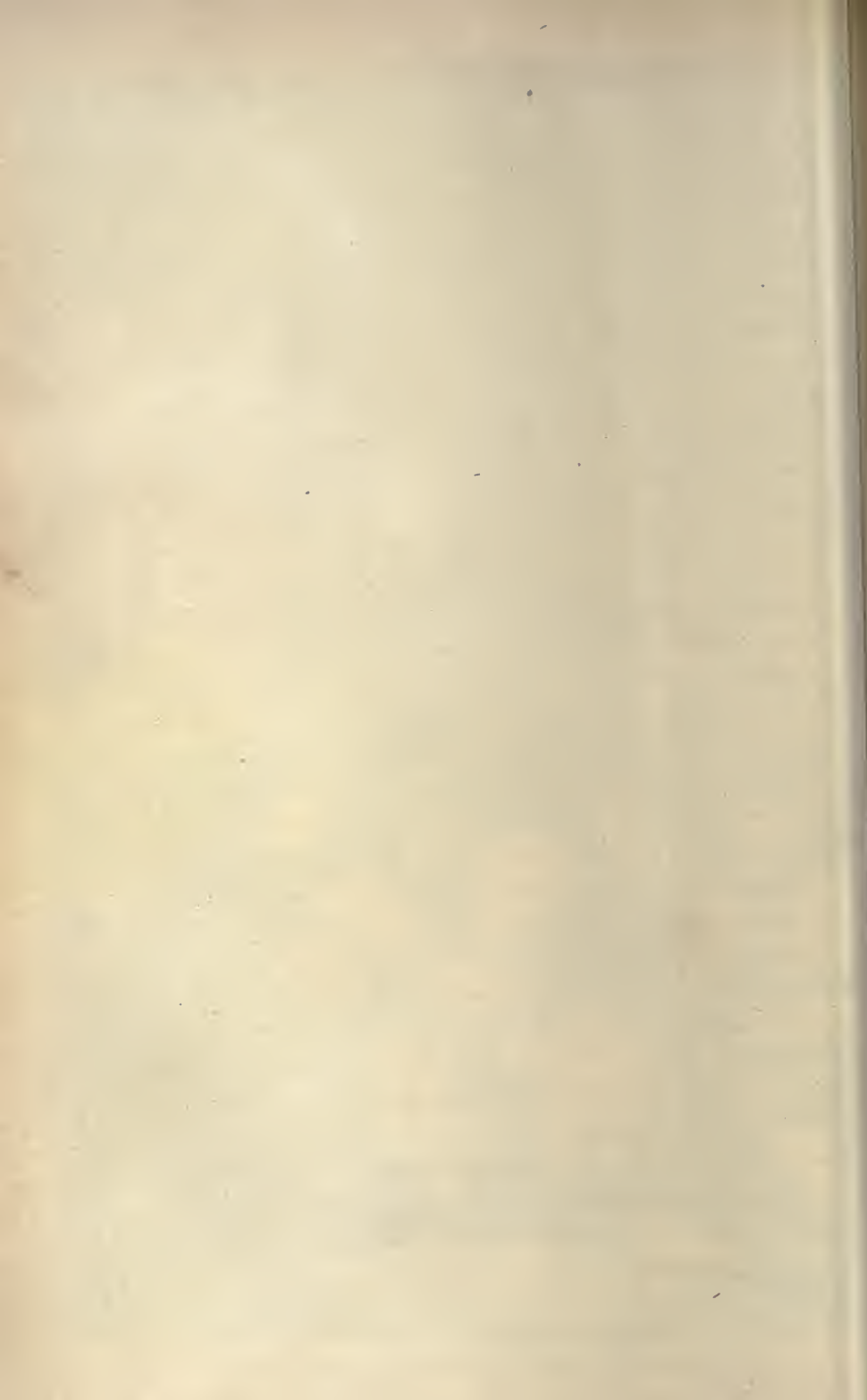
While Henry VIII. was examining the works of the Fathers of the Church, or causing them to be examined, and

was writing a treatise on theology, the war had recommenced between France and Spain. Francis I. had invaded Navarre, but had been repulsed; his attempts upon the Low Countries had not been fortunate, and Pope Leo X. had recently formed a fresh alliance with the Emperor. In his embarrassments, Francis I. invoked the good offices of the King of England, who promised his arbitration and thereupon dispatched Wolsey to come to an understanding with the Emperor upon the dismemberment of the French monarchy. The cardinal, whom his master had intrusted with full powers, landed at Calais on the 30th of June, with a magnificent retinue, and held several conferences with the emissaries of the two sovereigns; but the first act of the comedy was not long, and Wolsey shortly repaired to Bruges, "in order," he said, "to incline the Emperor towards peaceful measures." The negotiator was accompanied by so many noblemen, his servants were so brilliantly attired and ornamented with so many jewels, that King Christian of Denmark, who was then at Bruges, was filled with amazement, especially when he saw the cardinal served by men of the highest rank, on their knees, a ceremony as yet unknown in Germany. The daily expenses of Wolsey were enormous, but he still hoped that Pope Leo X. (his junior by several years) would be carried off by some accident; it was necessary, therefore, at any price to secure the support of the Emperor. The whole secret of the English policy at this period lay there.

On the 19th of August, Wolsey wrote from Bruges to his master. The Emperor urged Henry VIII. to declare war against France; but the cardinal had said that it was necessary to await the visit of Charles to England. "He swears in the presence of Our Lady," added Wolsey, "that he holds himself bound to you forever above all other princes;" in faith of which the Emperor promised to marry the little



CARDINAL WOLSEY SERVED BY THE NOBLES ON THEIR KNEES



Princess Mary, who had been solemnly betrothed to the dauphin four years before. The preliminaries being agreed upon, Wolsey returned to Calais, where the French ambassadors contrived to preserve their gravity and to restrain their indignation while the cardinal formally resumed the negotiations for peace. When Francis I. had rejected an unacceptable project, Wolsey, deploring his obstinacy, impartially declared, in his quality of arbitrator, that the King of France had been the aggressor, and that the King of England was bound to lend his concurrence to his ally, the Emperor Charles. A treaty was therefore signed at Calais, between the Pope, the Emperor, and King Henry VIII., according to which, "in order to check the guilty ambition of France, and to hasten the moment for a general crusade against the Turks," all the contracting parties were to fall at once upon King Francis I. from different sides.

Hostilities had not been relaxed during the negotiations, and the King of France continued to meet with disasters in the field; he had lost nearly all his conquests in Italy, when Pope Leo X., just as he was rejoicing at the capture of Parma and Piacenza, the siege of which he had urged with vigor, died almost instantly on the 1st of December, at the age of forty-six years, not without suspicion of poisoning — thus justifying the hopes which the cardinal had founded upon the accidents to which Italian princes were then particularly subject. It was a great blow to the league, but none was more interested than Wolsey, who, being informed of the event with prodigious rapidity, immediately took steps to remind the Emperor of his engagements, at the same time dispatching to Rome his secretary, Pace, to advance his interests with the sacred college, which was at that time very considerable, in consequence of the numerous appointments which had been made by Leo X.

For twenty-three days thirty-nine cardinals were shut up in conclave for the election of the new Pope, without being able to agree. Cardinal Julius de' Medici, who had distinguished himself in the recent war, had one-third of the suffrages; but he could not contrive to overstep this number; some hesitated to give to the deceased Pope a successor from his family; the cardinals of the French party and some Imperialists dreaded Cardinal Julius. Nobody spoke of Wolsey. At length one day the Medici party, seeing that they could not bring in their candidate, whose army moreover was awaiting him with impatience, themselves proposed, suddenly, Adrian, Cardinal of Tortosa, a Flemish prelate, who had formerly been the Emperor's tutor, and who was employed by him in his affairs in Spain. No one expected his election; gradually several cardinals gave their votes in his favor; Cardinal Cajetan made a great speech to celebrate the virtues and merits of the new candidate, who was unknown to most of his compeers. While Cajetan was speaking, the disposition of the conclave changed suddenly; when the votes were counted, Adrian found himself elected, by the direct and sudden inspiration of the Holy Ghost, it was affirmed. Upon his arrival in Rome, the new Pope received the compliments of Cardinal Wolsey through the medium of his secretary, Pace; the ambition of the English minister had been disappointed; but Pope Adrian VI. was old and broken in health: Wolsey waited.

Francis I. had made several attempts to regain the affection of the King of England; but as they remained unsuccessful, he suspended the payment of the pension which he had allowed to Henry VIII., placed an embargo on the English vessels in his ports, and seized the goods of the merchants. King Henry's anger had not been appeased after the most violent reprisals against the French people who

were in his dominions, when the Emperor landed at Dover. The moment was propitious for the designs of Charles; Henry VIII. promised him an army of forty thousand men, and agreed to invade the north of France. Charles V. had undertaken to indemnify the King of England for the loss of the French pension, but he began by borrowing a large sum of money, notwithstanding the financial embarrassments of the English monarch. Every day, in fact, added to the latter's distress in the matter of money, for every day brought fresh festivities and prodigalities. The Emperor proceeded from one scene of display to another during his sojourn in England. When at last he set sail, Wolsey knew not where to turn to procure the necessary funds for the equipment of the army.

King Henry VIII. had imitated the example of his father's last years: he did not give himself the trouble to convoke Parliament. A loan of twenty thousand pounds sterling was forcibly exacted from the merchants of London, and scarcely had they paid it when the principal among them were summoned before the cardinal. He announced to them that they had been chosen by the king to make throughout the kingdom an inquiry concerning the property of all, upon which property his Majesty intended to raise a tenth for the defence of the kingdom. The aldermen resisted, affirming that money was as scarce everywhere else as it was in the coffers of the king; Wolsey replied that the clergy had undertaken to give up a quarter of their wealth; finally a compromise was arrived at, and the royal treasury was once more enriched with the substance of the people. But the popularity of Wolsey gave way beneath this ever-increasing oppression, and the results of the war were not of a nature to afford consolation to the unhappy persons ruined by the preparations for the struggle. The Earl of Surrey, after bringing back the Emperor to Spain, had pillaged on his return the coast of Brittany.

He then placed himself at the head of the army, which numbered fifteen thousand men only, of whom three thousand were volunteers, and one thousand German mercenaries. The season was late; the English traversed Artois, and followed the banks of the Somme, ravaging the country, burning down villages, but avoiding the castles and fortified towns. The French army had instructions not to deliver a pitched battle, but cruelly harassed the English. The rain assisting, grave distempers broke out among the troops of Surrey. In the middle of October, the English, abandoned by their foreign auxiliaries, were compelled to retreat to Béthune without having accomplished anything; the money collected with so much difficulty had been expended; the exchequer was again empty.

The King of France once more sought to obtain support in the neighborhood of his enemies; he endeavored to stir Ireland to revolt, and had addressed himself with this object to the Earl of Desmond, who claimed a certain independence, promising him troops and money if he would act in enrolling his fellow-countrymen for him. Desmond had applied himself to his task, but neither French money nor soldiers had been forthcoming, and the earl stood alone exposed to the vengeance of the English government. Affairs were not much better directed in Scotland. The regent Albany, still in contention with Queen Margaret, had obtained from his Parliament authority to repair to France to seek assistance; returning with a small body of troops, he found everything in confusion, and Margaret caused the regency of her second husband, the Earl of Angus, to be proclaimed. Having shortly afterwards quarrelled with him, she demanded a divorce, which King Henry VIII., who had not himself yet had occasion to resort to that expedient, rigorously opposed. Disorder went on increasing in Scotland; the most violent accusations were

interchanged between the two parties. Albany had been recalled to power ; Henry VIII. insisted that he should be dismissed as the friend of France, and upon the refusal of the Scottish Parliament, he declared war. Lord Shrewsbury made a first attempt at an invasion, which was repulsed, and the regent entered England with a considerable army. Lord Dacre, who was in command on the frontier, had scarcely any troops, but he talked so loudly of the forces that were approaching, of the anger of King Henry VIII., of the dangers which were about to fall upon Scotland, that Albany took alarm, and obtained the promise of an armistice of one month, in order that a peace might be negotiated. The skilful guardian of the frontiers allowed the retreat of the army against which he would not have been able to contend, and the Duke of Albany set sail for France.

It became necessary at length to convoke a Parliament in England ; loans, taxes, benevolences were exhausted. Notwithstanding Henry VIII.'s relish for absolute power, he had a sense of necessity and knew how to submit to it. Sir Thomas More was chosen as speaker of the House of Commons ; he had been drawn into the service of the court several years before ; the king delighted in his brilliant and varied conversation, and gave every mark of recognition to his learning and ability. Under his direction, the Commons proved however more recalcitrant than had been anticipated ; they claimed the right to inquire into affairs, and the nation supported them from without by the interest which it took in all that was said in the House. "Why do they concern themselves so much with my affairs ?" the king exclaimed angrily. Wolsey hoped to intimidate the Commons by presenting himself before them in person, accompanied by a numerous retinue which filled the House ; the cardinal-chancellor set forth in a pompous speech that the war promised

to restore to England all that she had formerly possessed in France, and that the Commons assuredly would not hesitate to vote a tax of twenty per cent. upon property. Sir Thomas More had agreed with his colleagues that there should be no discussion in the presence of the cardinal, and this exorbitant demand was listened to in silence, with downcast eyes; no reply was made. Wolsey called upon several members one after the other; all rose at his haughty voice, then sat down again without saying anything. The minister flew into a passion. More then bent one knee, and alleged as the excuse of the Commons that they were agitated by the presence of so great a personage, and that, besides, they wished to discuss among themselves the demand which had been made to them. Wolsey was compelled to retire, and the Commons sent a deputation to the king, asking for a reduction of the tax. Wolsey returned, more and more exasperated, endeavoring to draw the members of the House into discussion by interrogating them upon their objection. The Commons remained firm, and granted only a tax of a tenth—half of what the cardinal had demanded. He was unsuccessful also before the convocation of the clergy, and, notwithstanding his power as legate, he found himself compelled to accept, instead of the fifty per cent. which he had boldly demanded at first, a gift of a tenth for five years. Reduced as were the subsidies, they still exceeded all that had ever been hitherto granted to the sovereigns of England. "I pray to the Lord Almighty," wrote at this period Mr. Ellis, a member of the House of Commons, "that the subsidy may be paid to his Grace, without reserve, and without his losing the hearts and the good will of his subjects,—treasures which I hold more precious to a king than silver and gold; the gentlemen entrusted to collect the money will not, I think, have a small task." Already during the session of the Parlia-

ment, the members had been insulted in the street by the inhabitants of London, who pulled them by the sleeve, crying, "You are going to give four shillings in the pound? Our curses go with you even to your dwellings!" Insurrections took place in several counties; but the king threw the whole obloquy of the measure upon the cardinal, and washed his hands of it, pocketing meanwhile what remained of the money after the plunderings of the tax-collectors, great and small.

A fresh expedition was in preparation against France. The Duke of Suffolk had placed himself at the head of the troops in the month of August, 1523. A powerful auxiliary was counted upon at the very court of Francis I.; the Constable Bourbon, offended by his master, pursued by the jealous hatred of Louise of Savoy, who had hoped to become his wife, had succumbed to his desire for vengeance; he had betrayed his country and undertaken to serve her enemies. As soon as the King of France should have crossed the Alps, in his expedition to Italy, the Constable, with seven thousand men, was to co-operate in the attacks of the English and Imperialists. The plot was suspected; King Francis delayed his departure, and the Constable, who had feigned illness, was compelled to fly into Italy. The allies entered upon the campaign alone and too late; they were, moreover, disconcerted in their operations by the absence of the Constable's troops. Francis I. everywhere offered resistance to the enemy in France, while his faithful servant, Admiral Bonnivet, commanded the army of Italy.

The Duke of Suffolk was not destined for more glory than the Earl of Surrey; he delayed before St. Omer, instead of effecting a junction with the Germans who had invaded Burgundy. At length, when he desired to pass, it was too late; the French army cut off his communications; he was without provisions, his troops were suffering from grave distempers.

It was necessary to fall back upon Calais. This unfortunate campaign almost cost the Duke of Suffolk his head, so great was King Henry's anger.

Pope Adrian VI. had died (4th of September, 1523) after a pontificate of twenty months, during which his austere conscience had so exasperated the Italians, that the physician who attended him in his illness was styled the "Saviour of the country." The hopes of Wolsey blossomed again; he hastened to write to King Henry to assure him of the repugnance which he should experience at leaving his good master and burdening himself with so heavy a duty as the government of Christendom. Henry understood, and caused the Emperor to be reminded of all his promises, at the same time directing the English ambassador at Rome to spare no pains to insure the election of the minister. This time Wolsey was among the number of the candidates; he had even secured sufficient votes; but the Italians, the people of Rome, came almost beneath the windows of the conclave, crying out that there had been too many *barbarians* in St. Peter's chair, and that they would have no more. This opposition, supported by the efforts of the French cardinals, secured the tiara to Cardinal Julius de' Medici. He had had the intention of retaining his name, but he was reminded that no Pope who had done so had reigned two years, and he assumed the title of Clement VII.

Wolsey was too sagacious not to conceal his disappointment; the instructions of Henry VIII. were, moreover, to assist Cardinal de' Medici if the election of the chancellor of England was impossible. The new Pope immediately confirmed Wolsey in his office of legate, authorizing him even to suppress in England the religious houses which he should find to be corrupt. The cardinal made use of this authority with moderation, employing the property of the closed monasteries in

endowing the colleges and universities, in order, he said, to instruct learned doctors "capable of refuting the ever-growing and wide-spread heresies of the monster, Martin Luther."

The French army, under the orders of Admiral Bonnivet, had obtained some success in Italy, but when that commander had to deal with the Constable Bourbon, placed by the Emperor at the head of his troops, he suffered one defeat after another; the loss of nearly all the towns was crowned by the death of the brave Bayard, the flower of European chivalry. The invasion of France was resolved upon, and Charles V. besought Henry VIII. to make an attack in the north; but England was weary of making war without glory, and the king, who had, while advancing in years, conceived as little liking as he had little aptitude for the command of his armies, refused his co-operation, promising money, however, which he did not pay. Bourbon and the Marquis of Peshiera entered France; but contrary to the advice of the Constable, who wished to march upon Lyons, they delayed at the fruitless siege of Marseilles, and the generals, urged by the proximity of the army which Francis I. had gathered together at Avignon, re-entered Italy. To his misfortune, the King of France had followed them there: the struggle began before Pavia, which the French were besieging; all the forces of the empire were united there, and on the 24th of February, 1525, when the combat ceased, the French army was decimated and the king a prisoner. "All is lost, save honor!" wrote the captured monarch, who had valiantly defended himself, to his mother. He was immediately conducted to the fortress of Pizzighitone, and people rejoiced greatly in England at the victory of the Emperor, as though King Henry VIII. had not been upon the point, a few months before, of separating himself from the league, and becoming reconciled with the King of France.

The victory caused the scale to incline to the side of Charles V., and Henry hastened to dispatch ambassadors to him, promising to invade France in conjunction with the Emperor, that they might divide that kingdom amicably. As preliminaries of the treaty, the King of England proposed to ascend the throne of France, which belonged to him by right of inheritance, while Charles should content himself with the provinces formerly dependent upon the House of Burgundy. In order to accomplish this dazzling project, fresh taxes were demanded without vote of Parliament, recent experience of the temper of that body not having been favorable; but this was too much. Insurrections broke out on all sides; placards insulting to the king and the cardinal were affixed by night upon the walls; the people took up arms against the commissioners. Wolsey perceived that it was necessary to yield, and the king, more bold in words than in deeds, speedily announced that he revoked and annulled his demands; it was also repeated very loudly that the cardinal had always been opposed to this fresh *benevolence*, that it was at his entreaty that the king had abandoned it; but the people said, "God bless the king; as to the cardinal, we know him but too well."

The rejoicing had been neither general nor spontaneous in England at the time of the battle of Pavia and the captivity of Francis I. "I have heard it related," Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, formerly a minister of Henry VII. and chancellor of his son before the cardinal, wrote to Wolsey, "that the people said in several places that it would be a subject rather for weeping than for rejoicing that the King of France was a prisoner; if he could recover his liberty and there should be a good peace, the king would no longer dream of retaking France, the conquest of which would be more burdensome to England than profitable, and the maintenance more burdensome than the conquest."

Charles V. deemed himself henceforth master of the situation, and the style of his letters changed in tone after the battle of Pavia. He was weary of the oscillations and perfidies of the English policy; he no longer wrote to his *good uncle* with his own hand, and his letters were signed *Charles*, without any reminder of the ties of kindred. He rejected the idea of invading France. "The game was in the toils," it was said; "of what use was it to chase it any longer?" Francis I. had been transferred to the Alcazar of Madrid, at his request, and was anxious to negotiate personally with the Emperor, but no interview was granted to him. The negotiators demanded of the captive king the renunciation of all his claims upon Italy, the rehabilitation of the Constable Bourbon in his rank and property, and the cession of Burgundy. Francis I. resisted upon this last point; he struggled for a long while, and even abdicated in favor of the dauphin. At one moment he threatened to starve himself to death, and the Emperor saw himself upon the point of losing all the fruits of his victory. At length, on the 14th of January, 1526, after eleven months' captivity, the King of France signed the treaty of Madrid, taking care, however, to protest before a priest, a notary, and some friends, against the constraint placed upon him; then springing upon an Arab horse, brought for him to the frontier, he galloped back to his territory, crying, "Now I am again a king!" All the conditions of the treaty were already trodden under foot.

The first notification that Henry VIII. caused to be made to Francis I. when he learned the news of the latter's liberation, was to the effect that he had concluded during the captivity of that monarch a close and advantageous alliance with Louise of Savoy, regent of the kingdom, and that a sum of two millions of crowns had been promised to him, as well as a pension of a hundred thousand crowns. The

cardinal received thirty thousand crowns for the cession of the bishopric of Tournay, and a hundred thousand crowns as a reward for his services to France. The Dowager Queen of France, Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, was to have her dowry liquidated. It was moreover forbidden to the Duke of Albany to re-enter Scotland during the minority of James V. As soon as he arrived in Paris, Francis I. ratified the engagements made by his mother, assuring the emissaries of Henry VIII. that he cared for nothing when once he was in good and faithful friendship with his Grace the King of England. The league formerly concluded against the King of France was re-formed against the Emperor; the Pope absolved Francis I. from his oaths and allied himself with the kings of France and England, with the republics of Florence and Venice, and with the Duke of Milan, with a view to recommence hostilities.

Some coldness had arisen since the preceding year (1525) between King Henry and his all-powerful minister; the king had found, it was said, that the cardinal abused the authority which had been confided to him by the Pope, and that he had driven too many monks from their monasteries. The rumor of this disagreement reached Germany, and it was upon this point that Luther wrote to Henry VIII., attributing to Wolsey all the evil which had been wrought in England, and congratulating the king on his having rejected "this monster and abomination to God and man, the ruin of the kingdom and the blight of all England." The compliments of Luther were premature; the king and the cardinal had become reconciled, and Henry answered the reformer with emphatic encomiums upon Wolsey, and bitter reproaches directed against Luther for his marriage with Catherine Bora.

The two sovereigns of France and England did not keep their promises to the Pope better than those made to the

Emperor. All the weight of the war fell upon Clement VII., who was soon compelled to throw himself upon the mercy of Charles V. A treaty was signed between them, but less than a month afterwards the Spaniards entered Rome by surprise, and the Pope was compelled to take refuge in the castle of San Angelo. Passing from convention to convention, from perfidy to perfidy, with alternations of successes and reverses, Clement VII. found himself at length, in the month of May, 1527, besieged in Rome by the Constable Bourbon, who was killed in the assault of May 5th, at the moment when his ferocious soldiers were taking possession of the city, which they gave up to fire and sword. Not even from the Gauls and the Goths had the Eternal City suffered so much. Notwithstanding the corruption of the Romish Church and the secret indignation which was felt against her, a cry of horror was raised from one end to the other of Christendom. Wolsey wrote to Henry VIII. to remind him of his title of *Defender of the Faith*, and to ask him to act in favor of the papal authority; but the king was absorbed in matters which were destined to undermine all his old devotion to Rome. He followed the example of King Francis I., and both monarchs abandoned to his unhappy fate the ally whom they had involved in an unequal struggle.

The King of England had recently, in fact, entered upon a course which was in the end to lead him further, and to change his policy more than he had foreseen. An inconsistent and faithless husband, he had caused his wife, Queen Catherine of Aragon, many sorrows, which she had borne with grave dignity and a somewhat rigid meekness. He had, nevertheless, retained a certain respect for her; the queen was generally beloved and esteemed; but Henry VIII. had made the acquaintance of a young maid of honor of her court — beautiful, intellectual, graceful, — brought up in France,

whither, when yet quite a child, she had accompanied the Princess Mary, when the latter became the wife of Louis XII.,—and Anne Boleyn had awakened a violent passion in the king's heart. Did she from the first aspire to the position of her royal mistress? Did she resist the king's love through virtue or through ambition? None can say. She was of good birth; her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, had been several times employed in diplomatic missions by the king and the cardinal; her mother was the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. She lived constantly at the court, and the queen could not have been ignorant of an intrigue which, since 1527, had formed a subject of conversation among all the courtiers.

In order to marry Anne Boleyn, it was necessary to annul the marriage with Catherine of Aragon. King Henry VIII., after seventeen years of union, found himself smitten with scruples as to the legitimacy of his marriage with his brother's widow; he found proof of the wrath of God in the numerous bereavements which he had undergone. The queen had given him six children, but had lost all save her eldest daughter, the Princess Mary. He very ostentatiously displayed his affection for Catherine, but the delicacy of his conscience did not permit him to live in peace with her. He felt the need of obtaining learned opinions in respect to the laws divine and human which he might have involuntarily violated. Various secret motives favored the passion of the king. Notwithstanding the declarations of Henry VIII. with regard to the impossibility of the Lutheran heresies taking root in the soil of England, the doctrines of the Reformation had silently made great progress; the partisans of the new faith were aware that Queen Catherine was ardently and sincerely a Catholic; no support could be expected from her. On the other hand, Wolsey, the faithful servant of the Church of

Rome, was exasperated against the Emperor, Catherine's nephew, who had failed him in the pontifical elections, and he wished to strengthen the alliance which united his master to France, by inducing him to marry Renée, the second daughter of Louis XII. The cardinal did not foresee any serious obstacles to his project from the affair of Anne Boleyn, but the divorce served his policy. Negotiations were then in progress for the marriage of the Princess Mary with the Duke of Orleans, son of the King of France, and the ambassadors of Francis I. were enabled to assure themselves personally of the truth of the rumors which attributed to the king an insane love for Anne Boleyn. He danced with her all night at the masquerade given to the envoys. Wolsey soon afterwards proceeded to France in his turn, magnificently escorted, as was Becket in former times. When he came back, the alliance between the two crowns was closer than ever, and he had himself assured Louise of Savoy that she would soon see a princess of her blood seated upon the throne of England; but the king had spent his time during the cardinal's absence in seeking in Leviticus and in St. Thomas Aquinas arguments against his marriage with Catherine; and the first news which saluted Wolsey upon his return was the announcement made by the king of his fixed determination to make Anne Boleyn Queen of England. Wolsey fell upon his knees; his policy and his principles, such as they were, revolted equally at this marriage. In earlier times the kings of England had frequently married their female subjects; but that period was gone by, and the regal dignity was too exalted to be brought so low. At the first remonstrance, the minister perceived that discussion was useless; he bowed his head, and resolved to serve his master according to his will and pleasure; he did not, however, infuse any ardor into the business: Anne Boleyn soon perceived this, and conceived thenceforth an enmity

towards the cardinal which was destined to bring about his ruin.

The task of examining the treatise upon the divorce was assigned to Sir Thomas More, but the learned jurist felt the danger of such a trust, and consulted several bishops; the greater number hesitated; all referred to the Pope the decision of so great an affair. A scruple analogous to that which had so suddenly arisen in the king's mind had preoccupied many people at the time of the marriage. The Pope's bull had satisfied all, and it was thought hard to see the question brought up again after so many years of married life. It was absolutely necessary to take the matter before Clement VII.

The Emperor had foreseen the blow, and had parried it in advance. Considering the projected divorce as an insult to his family, he had been careful, before negotiating with the Pope, besieged by the Imperialists in the castle of San Angelo, to forewarn him against the intentions of the King of England, and to make mention of them in conversation. Clement VII., meanwhile, had escaped, and from his refuge at Orvieto he awaited the approach of the French army under the orders of Lautrec. Instead of the soldiers whom he was expecting, he found himself attacked by the agents of King Henry, who demanded authorization for the cardinal legate in England to decide the question of the divorce, with the assistance of a second legate, sent from Rome. The Pope was greatly embarrassed; the army upon which he counted was partly maintained by English gold. He signed the authorization, thus letting the weight of the decision fall back upon Wolsey. The matter of the bull of Pope Julius II. was referred to a commission which was competent to revoke it if the dispensation had been obtained by means of false representations. Out of consideration for the Princess Mary,

she was to be legitimated in case of the divorce of her mother. Such was the result of the negotiations which were prolonged, with various alternations, from the end of the year 1527 to the beginning of the year 1528.

This decision, which fully satisfied Henry VIII., greatly troubled the cardinal; he requested that Cardinal Campeggio should be sent to him from Rome to share the fearful responsibility which had been imposed upon him; he gently suggested to the king the doubts and difficulties which several bishops had expressed to him. The king flew into a passion, forgetting in his fury the long services of his minister. Wolsey tremblingly yielded, and caused the Pope to be implored to sign the decretal bull, which was to confirm in advance his decisions. The Pope signed, but charged Cardinal Campeggio to keep the bull secret, and to produce it only in case of absolute necessity.

An epidemic, known as the sweating sickness, which caused the death of many persons, and even placed Anne Boleyn in danger, arrested for a moment the progress of affairs: terrified by this visitation, the king became reconciled with Queen Catherine, zealously resumed all the practices of religion, and appeared to forget Anne Boleyn, who was in the country, suffering from illness. But with the danger the good resolutions of Henry disappeared, and the great noblemen of the court received an order to present themselves at the levee of the favorite as at that of the queen. Cardinal Campeggio had just arrived in England, and it was expected that the legates would at once convoke the commission. But, meantime, the aspect of affairs in Italy changed: the Emperor again assumed the ascendant in that country, and the Italian legate was too crafty to set the Pope at variance with a conqueror who might perhaps shortly be imposing laws. Lautrec, who for a while had appeared victorious, was besieged by the

Imperialists within his camp near Naples, where he died on the 15th of August from grief as much as from sickness. The miserable remnant of his army was forced to capitulate, and the Pope set on foot secret negotiations with the Emperor. Campeggio continued to procrastinate; it was necessary to gain time at any price. For a moment the Pope had been thought to be dying, and Wolsey had appeared to be very near the height of his ambition; but Clement recovered his health, and the King of France himself was negotiating with the Emperor. Henry VIII. dispatched, under the great seal, the formal order to the two legates to assemble their commission, and to proceed to the inquiry into the divorce. The court met in the great hall of the Blackfriars, on the 13th of May, 1529.

The king and queen were summoned; when his name was called, Henry replied without hesitating, "Present." Catherine, accompanied by the four bishops engaged to plead her cause, did not respond to the summons, but arose, and crossing the hall, threw herself at the feet of the king, imploring him in most touching terms, with affecting dignity and sweetness, to have pity upon her, to remember the duties which she had discharged towards him, and not to inflict upon her an undeserved disgrace. She rose amid the involuntary emotion of all present, and left the hall, whilst the king was protesting his attachment to her, and attributing all his proceedings to the scruples of his conscience. "It was not," he said, "my lord cardinal who had suggested the idea of the divorce, as the queen asserted; but the Bishop of Lincoln, his confessor, and several other prelates had enjoined him to address himself to the Pope."

Catherine had refused to be present henceforth at the sittings; the inquiry therefore proceeded without her. The advocates of the king, who alone spoke, proved, or pretended

to prove, all the facts which they had advanced, and asserted the invalidity of the marriage. The king urged Wolsey, and Wolsey urged Campeggio, to pronounce judgment; but the affairs of the Pope had been arranged; he had concluded, on the 29th of June, an advantageous treaty with the Emperor, and no longer feared the anger of the king. Therefore, on the 23d of July, when the king's advocate demanded a definitive reply, "I have not come here," said Campeggio, "to satisfy a man from fear or from hope of a reward, be he king or potentate. I am old, sick, and infirm, and every day I expect death. Of what avail would it be, therefore, to me to place my soul in danger of perdition for the favor of a prince? In the doubt and difficulties which shroud this affair, wherein the defendant will not plead her cause, I defer the decision until we shall have had the advice of the Pope and other experienced persons of his council. I adjourn the tribunal until the month of October."

As he finished speaking, the Duke of Suffolk, brother-in-law of King Henry, struck his fist upon the table, exclaiming, "Never has a cardinal done any good for England." Wolsey took this reproach upon himself, and, turning towards Suffolk, he reminded him angrily of the services he had rendered him. "Without me," he said, "cardinal as I am, you would not at this hour possess a head upon your shoulders or a tongue to insult us with. We are here only as deputies charged to examine an important matter, and we cannot proceed without the decision of our supreme chief. Be calm, my lord; remember what you owe me, and what I thought never to reveal to living man for your dishonor and my glory."

The court assembled no more; but it was soon known that, a fortnight previously, the Pope had revoked the mission of the legates, and that he had received Queen Catherine's appeal. Campeggio was preparing to quit England,

and Henry VIII. was able to control his resentment so far as to take leave of him with courtesy, even offering him presents; but at Dover, at the moment when the aged legate was about to embark, a troop of men-at-arms penetrated into his apartment and searched all his coffers, pretending to seek a treasure belonging to Wolsey, but, doubtless, in quest of the decretal bull signed by the Pope, of which the cardinal was known to be the bearer. Nothing, however, was found, and Campeggio set sail, leaving his compeer of the sacred college to bear alone the whole weight of his master's anger.

As long as Anne Boleyn had not been sure of the favor of the king, she had sought the good graces of Wolsey; but now for a long time she had sworn to destroy him. All the great noblemen, weary of the yoke which weighed upon them, and ashamed of having been so long governed by a butcher's son, united themselves to her who was about to become their queen, in order to precipitate the ruin of the minister. The king lent ear to all the statements against Wolsey; he was above all seduced by the hope of confiscation: for the fortune of Wolsey was enormous. The court made a short journey, and the cardinal was not invited to take part in it. However, when he contrived to meet the king at Grafton, in Northamptonshire, Henry received him so affectionately that the conspirators were greatly discouraged. But the influence of the beautiful Mistress Anne Boleyn restored the position of affairs. On the morrow Wolsey received orders to return to London; he was never again to see his master's face.

When the Michaelmas term commenced, Wolsey took his seat in the court of chancery, but none of the servants of the king now hastened to do him honor; the hour of disgrace had come; and on the same day, Hales, the attorney-general, accused him of having illegally exercised in England

the office of papal legate. No man knew better than Wolsey what was the worth of laws in the eyes of his master; they had together made and violated many; but Wolsey also knew that his ruin had been decided upon, and all his courage disappeared under this certainty. He confessed all: the crimes that he had as well as those which he had not committed; he acknowledged all the counts of the indictment, and placed himself solely at the mercy of the king. On condition of retaining his rank and ecclesiastical property, he voluntarily relinquished all that he possessed to his royal master, saying that he held all through his favor. But even this could not disarm his enemies; the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk brought him orders to retire to his mansion at Esher, as the king proposed to take possession of his palace of York Place (since known as Whitehall). The cardinal made no resistance; but when the emissaries demanded the great seal, Wolsey drew himself up. "The great seal of England was consigned to me by my sovereign," he said; "I hold it for life in virtue of his letters-patent, and I cannot deliver it up upon a simple word from your mouth." He remained firm, notwithstanding their insults, and only resigned the great seal on the morrow, upon an order signed by the king. "I am grieved to think that your Grace is about to be taken to the Tower," said his treasurer, Sir William Gascoyne, whom he directed to remit to the king an inventory of his wealth. "It is a cowardly falsehood!" cried Wolsey angrily; "I have done nothing to deserve to be arrested; it simply pleases the king's grace to take possession at once of this residence;" and he embarked for Esher. The people gathered in crowds on both banks of the Thames, expecting to see the fallen minister take that "traitors' highway," which was rarely traversed a second time; their expectations were disappointed; the boat glided along

softly as far as Putney. As the cardinal was mounting his mule to proceed to Esher, one of the king's chamberlains, Sir John Norris, presented himself before him and gave him a ring which the king had sent to him, with some words of consolation. "Take courage," added Sir John, "and we shall see you higher than ever." Wolsey dismounted, knelt in the dust at the side of the road, and returned thanks to God for the return of favor which the king manifested towards him; then rising, "I have no longer anything to give," he said, "and your news would deserve half a kingdom." He offered, however, to Sir John Norris a small golden chain accompanied by a crucifix. "Yet," he added, "if I could send to my sovereign at least a token of my gratitude—" and as he was seeking about him his looks fell upon his jester. "Take him," he said; "for the amusement of a noble master he is well worth a thousand pounds."

The gleam of royal favor was but transitory. The king felt difficulty in separating himself completely from a friend of twenty years' standing, who had flattered, amused, served, and governed him for so long a time; but the cabal was more powerful than past services, and Wolsey, lonely and cast down, soon fell ill. "Nothing that he told me excited so much compassion in me as his appearance," wrote the French ambassador, who had been to see him; "his countenance has fallen away by one half. He is ready to give everything, even to the gown which he wears, provided the king's displeasure be withdrawn from him." The fallen minister in vain besieged the monarch with the most humble epistles. No token of royal favor came back to lighten his darkness until the moment when his life was actually in danger. Henry VIII. then relented; he sent his physician to the sick prelate, saying that he would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds; and this mark of remembrance did

more than all the remedies for the cure of the cardinal. He had been condemned in the Court of King's Bench, and an indictment had been presented to the Parliament which Henry VIII. had recently convoked; but the indictment was rejected, and the king extended his protection to his old servant. At the same time he took possession of all his ecclesiastical benefices, so that Wolsey found himself deprived of everything, and in want of the necessaries of life. Henry VIII. granted his pardon, and sent to him some articles of furniture and a little money; but orders were given him to reside henceforth in his diocese. Slowly and regretfully, Wolsey set out for York, forsaking that court where he had passed his life, and where his heart still lingered. Having arrived at the seat of the duties which still remained to him, he embraced them with unexpected ardor. The fallen minister appeared to comprehend the importance of his episcopal office, and to seek from God the consolations which men refused him. His clergy, delighted, became more and more attached to him, and wished formally to celebrate his installation. Wolsey consented, on condition that no great display should be made; but on the day fixed for the ceremony, as the cardinal was at table, it was announced that the Earl of Northumberland was coming. Wolsey rose to receive him; the earl had been brought up in his house, and, doubtless, brought him good tidings from the king. Northumberland appeared agitated; he hesitated; at length, placing his hand upon the old man's shoulder, "My lord cardinal," he said, "I arrest you on a charge of high-treason." Wolsey remained dumb and motionless; when he recovered his speech, it was to burst into sobs and lamentations. His enemies had discovered a correspondence which he still carried on with the Pope and the King of France; they had persuaded Henry that it tended to prevent his marriage with Anne Boleyn.

The prelate was doomed this time to be lodged in the Tower.

He was not destined, however, to travel so far. The fatal blow had been struck. The population of his diocese was attached to him, and would have willingly attempted his rescue; but the cardinal made no resistance; he followed Northumberland like a condemned man going to his execution. On the way he was attacked by a violent indisposition, and was compelled to stay a fortnight at the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury. When he resumed his journey, he was so weak that it was found necessary to support him upon his mule. He arrived in the evening at Leicester Abbey; entering, he said to the abbot, "My father, I have come to lay my bones among you." The monks carried him to his bed; he was never to rise from it again. Swoon followed upon swoon; his servants, who were passionately devoted to him, saw that he was dying; they summoned Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, who was intrusted with his keeping, and whom Wolsey had asked for. "Remember me humbly to his Majesty," said the cardinal, in a feeble voice; "beg him, in my name, to retrace in his recollection what has passed between him and me from the beginning, particularly with regard to Queen Catherine, and let him say himself whether I have offended him or not. He is a prince of royal heart and marvellous courage, for rather than renounce the smallest part of his will, he would risk the half of his kingdom. I have often begged him upon my knees, for three hours, to forego his resolution; but I have not been able to succeed therein. And I will tell you, Master Kingston, if I had served God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have abandoned me in my old age; it is my just reward; I have not considered my duties towards God, but only my duty towards my prince."



HENRY VIII STARTING FOR THE HUNT.



THE MONKS CARRIED HIM TO HIS BED.

Shortly after these words, which were to be repeated a hundred and fifty years later by Colbert, dying in the service of Louis XIV., Cardinal Wolsey expired, on the 29th of November, 1529, in his sixtieth year, and was buried without pomp, at midnight, in the Chapel of Our Lady, in the same monastery.

Cavendish, the cardinal's chamberlain, who had been present during his last moments, himself came to announce to the king the death of his master. Henry was at Hampton Court, a magnificent palace built by Wolsey, who had offered it to the king. He was shooting with a bow when the messenger presented himself before him; at the news he manifested a momentary emotion, then exclaimed quickly, "I know that the cardinal kept hidden in a certain place the sum of fifteen hundred pounds; do you know it?" The sum had been consigned to a priest, whom Cavendish indicated. The king caused the assertion to be repeated. "Hold your tongue about that," he said; "it is a matter between you and me; three keep a secret easily when two are cut off; if my cap knew what I think, I would cast it into the fire. If I hear a word of this spoken, I shall know who has revealed it." The king sent the chamberlain away with some praises for his fidelity towards his late master. The conscience of the sovereign acquitted him, no doubt, of all excess of kindness towards his old servant.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ROYAL REFORM.

PERSONAL GOVERNMENT OF HENRY VIII. 1529-1547.

WOLSEY had succumbed beneath a court intrigue, but above all, beneath the ascendancy of Anne Boleyn; many other ruined fortunes were to mark the guilty passion of Henry VIII. New ministers surrounded him: the great noblemen who had overthrown the cardinal—the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Sir Thomas Boleyn, who had become Viscount Rochford, and afterwards Earl of Wiltshire. Sir Thomas More had with regret accepted the heavy duties of chancellor, perhaps in the hope of serving the public welfare, perhaps through a weakness which was to cost him dear. All questions at that time resolved themselves into that of the divorce of Catherine of Aragon; all politics turned upon this pivot. The king had consulted all the universities of Europe, the theologians and lawyers; Oxford and Cambridge were divided thereupon, and there was much sharp discussion between the parties; but the king had gained ground among the prelates: his agents were skilful and numerous. Cranmer, formerly a tutor in a wealthy family, now a chaplain to Henry VIII., had recently published a learned treatise in favor of the divorce, insisting that the word of God alone should decide the question without any appeal to the Pope, and maintaining that the Bible, interpreted by the Fathers of the Church, interdicted marriage with a brother's widow. The opinion of the two English universities in favor of the

divorce was obtained. The Italian universities, Bologna, Padua, Ferrara, declared themselves for King Henry: it was a question of money. The Germans had still more fear of the Emperor than taste for English gold; they were all opposed to the divorce—the Protestant theologians were as outspoken as the Catholics. “It were better that the King of England should have two wives than be divorced from Catherine to marry another,” said Luther. The Pope published, in the month of March, 1530, a brief, which formally forbade the King of England to conclude a second marriage, under pain of excommunication. A few days later the Earl of Wiltshire presented himself at Bologna, where the Pope and the Emperor were at that time; the people were shocked to see the father of Anne Boleyn employed in this mission. “Let your colleagues speak, my lord,” said Charles V. to him, “for you are a party to this matter.” The assurance of the earl and his offers of money completed the Emperor’s exasperation. “I will not sell the honor of my good aunt Catherine!” he exclaimed angrily. The embassy retired without having obtained anything, and the Earl of Wiltshire was compelled to confine his intrigues to the French universities, amid which he contrived to secure several favorable opinions. But of what use were all the decisions of the faculties when the Pope refused his assent?

This assent was of supreme importance, for the time had come when the bonds which held the crown of England to Rome were about to be broken abruptly for bad and shameful reasons, but not without a certain assent from the mass of the people. None among the prelates who surrounded the king would have dared to advise him to defy the Pope’s will. Cranmer himself, who had just married secretly the daughter of a German pastor, was too timid to break a lance in the face of the court of Rome; it was a servant of

Wolsey, who had become a servant of the king, Thomas Cromwell, the son of a blacksmith at Putney, a man as bold as he was corrupt and skilful, who struck the great blow and opened up to Henry VIII. the path in which he was henceforth to walk. The king was troubled by the persevering resistance of the Pope; he had expected to obtain the divorce without great difficulty; he hesitated, and a rumor of the disgrace of Anne Boleyn was already circulated among the courtiers when Cromwell approached his royal master. "The embarrassments of your Grace arise from the timidity of your ministers," he said; and he explained that, with the favorable opinions of all the universities and the assent of the English Parliament, which it was not difficult to procure, it was easy to proceed without paying regard to the Pope. "The king could even," he added, "follow the example of the German princes, who had shaken off the yoke of the court of Rome, and declare himself purely and simply the head of the Church of England. The clergy thus depending solely upon the king, he would become the absolute master of his kingdom, instead of being only half king."

This bold conception was well suited to please King Henry VIII.; his vanity, his taste for power, and his avidity alike found satisfaction in it. Neither his conscience (such as it was), nor his convictions, ever belonged to the new faith. Internally and by doctrine he remained a Catholic, but his policy and his interest, like his passion, impelled him in another direction; he accomplished in his country a religious reform—governmental as well as liberal, aristocratic as well as popular—the effects of which were immense, and profoundly advantageous to England; but he accomplished it without religious faith, and without general principles, for the sake of his personal desires and with selfish aim. It is

to God, through the hands of Henry VIII., that England owes this great step in her history; she has no obligation to be grateful for it to the despotic and corrupt monarch who severed his connection with Rome in order to repudiate his wife and to dispose at his pleasure of the ecclesiastical benefices.

The door, however, had been opened, and Parliament, being at once convoked, received a communication detailing all the proceedings of the king for the purpose of surrounding himself with learned authorities upon the question of the legitimacy of his marriage. At the same time the clergy were assembled. Very uneasy at a royal act which involved them all in a common disgrace as guilty of having seconded and supported Cardinal Wolsey, by admitting his authority as legate, — an authority which had been confirmed by Henry himself, — the prelates, accustomed to the demands of the king, immediately offered him a hundred thousand pounds sterling in order to appease his anger. Henry VIII. accepted the offering, but announced that he would grant the pardon only on condition of a vote of the ecclesiastical convention which should recognize him as “the protector and supreme head of the church and the clergy of England.” Three days were occupied in discussion; the opposition was powerful and numerous, but timidity gained the ascendant; there was a disposition to admit the supremacy of the king, with this reservation: *Quantum per legem Christi liceat* (as much as it is permitted by the law of Christ).

“I will have neither tantum nor quantum,” replied the king, when Cromwell came to tell him how matters stood; “return to them, and let the vote be given without quantum or tantum.” The reservation was, however, maintained, and the king consoled himself with his hundred

thousand pounds sterling, augmented by a small gift from the clergy of the north.

After the prorogation of the Parliament Henry VIII. endeavored to intimidate Catherine, and to compel her to accept the decision of four prelates and four lay peers. She steadily refused; being transferred from Greenwich to Windsor, and from Windsor to Hertfordshire, she was at length sent to Ampthill, where she fixed her residence. "To whatever place I may be made to go, I remain the legitimate wife of the king," she said. In the main the nation was of her opinion, and no one was more convinced of it than the chancellor, Sir Thomas More; weary of serving as an instrument of a policy of which he disapproved, but which he could not modify, he asked permission to retire, and on the 16th of May, 1532, he returned peaceably to his mansion at Chelsea, relieved from a burden which had weighed him down, and free to devote himself to the learned studies which constituted the charm of his life.

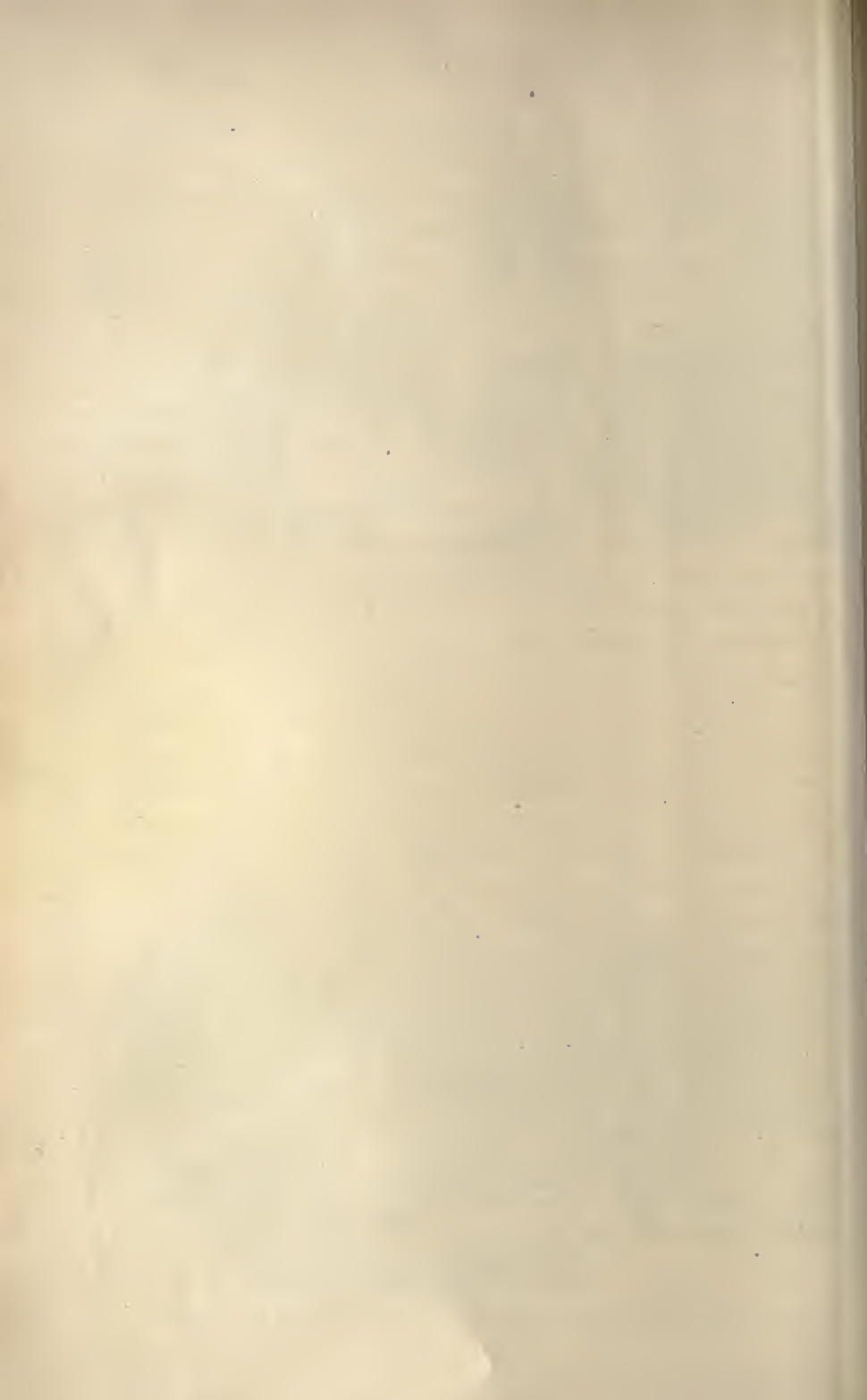
The Pope had made some overtures of reconciliation; but as the first condition was the dismissal of Lady Anne and the recall of Queen Catherine, they necessarily remained without result. The brief which excommunicated at the same time the king and Anne Boleyn was signed on the 15th of November, but without being immediately promulgated. Henry VIII. had drawn closer his alliance with Francis I. during an interview which they had at Calais, and the King of France had undertaken to intercede with the Pope for his ally; but Anne Boleyn had not waited so long to seal her victory. On the 25th of January, 1533, one of the chaplains of the king, Dr. Lee, was summoned to celebrate mass in a small chamber in Whitehall Palace; there he found the king, Anne Boleyn, two noblemen, and a lady. Henry commanded the astonished prelate to celebrate his marriage. It



PERSECUTION OF THE REFORMERS.



HENRY COMMANDED THE ASTONISHED PRELATE TO CELEBRATE HIS MARRIAGE.



is related that the chaplain hesitated; but the king asserted that he had in his closet the authorization of the Pope. The ceremony being completed, the party dispersed in silence; the court of France alone was informed of the marriage, which Henry promised to keep secret until the month of May, in order to give time to Francis I. to use his influence with the Pope.

Meanwhile the Parliament, under the influence of Cromwell, had suppressed the "annates" or first-fruits, a considerable portion of the revenues paid to the Pope in Catholic countries; the authority of the clergy in convocation had been abolished and conferred upon the crown; Cranmer, with strange inconsistency, had recently accepted the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury, not only from the king, but from the Pope, who had signed on the 22d of February, 1533, the bull which confirmed his election, and had sent him the pallium. The prelate had therefore taken an oath of obedience to the pontiff which he expected to violate, since he had been raised to his dignity with another object. The question of the divorce immediately took a new turn; the Parliament being assembled voted the "Statute of Appeals," forbidding all recourse and appeal to Rome. At the same time, and by another act, the title of Queen of England was withdrawn from Catherine, who henceforth was to be called the Dowager Princess of Wales, in the character of widow of Prince Arthur. A court of the bishops was constituted on the 8th of May at Dunstable, near to Ampthill, where Catherine resided; she was called upon to appear there; but it was carefully concealed from her that the judgment was to be definitive. The queen did not appear, and was declared contumacious; during a fortnight the summons was repeated, then, on the 23d of May, Cranmer solemnly declared the nullity of the marriage. On the 28th of May he proclaimed the union already con-

tracted between King Henry VIII. and the Lady Anne Boleyn, who was crowned at Westminster with great pomp on the 1st of June. The task was accomplished, and the king had secured his wishes: he had worked unceasingly for this object during six years past.

The consequences were not long in manifesting themselves; on the 11th of June the Pope annulled the sentence of Cranmer, and published the excommunication of Henry and Anne, not without contriving still one chance more for reconciliation: the decree was only to be definitive in the month of September; in the interval an interview was to take place between Clement VII. and Francis I. at Marseilles. But the conduct of Henry VIII. was hesitating and inconsistent; the English ambassadors admitted to the conference at Marseilles had no power to negotiate. Francis I. demanded that the question of the divorce should be again laid before a consistory from which the Imperialist cardinals should be excluded; but an emissary of the King of England, Bonner, who arrived on the day upon which the term fixed by Clement expired, solemnly appealed from the Pope to a general council. The negotiations were interrupted, and the interview had no other result than the fatal treaty of marriage between the Duke of Orleans, the son of the King of France, and Catherine de' Medici, the niece of the Pope. Being renewed for a moment at the instance of Francis I., and by a new fluctuation in the wishes of King Henry, the relations were definitively broken off on the 23d of May, 1534, by the solemn declaration of the Sacred College assembled in consistory, clearly affirming the validity of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Aragon. The king was requested to recall to his court his legitimate wife. The daughter of Anne Boleyn, the future Queen Elizabeth, was already six months old; she had been born on the 7th of September, to the

great disappointment of her father, who, upon the predictions of all the astrologers, was expecting a son.

Whilst the Pope was hurling from the Vatican his spiritual thunders, and before the news could have arrived in London, the English Parliament had completed the severing of the bonds which for so long a time had connected England with the court of Rome. All payments as well as all appeals to the Pope were interdicted; the king was recognized as the Supreme Head of the Church, he alone being entitled to bestow bishoprics or to decide ecclesiastical questions. The royal assent was given on the 30th of March to these acts, as well as to that which excluded from the succession to the throne, the Princess Mary, the daughter of Catherine of Aragon, as illegitimate, in favor of the children of Queen Anne. All the subjects of the crown of the age of discretion, were to take the oath in favor of the new order of things; every word, deed, or pamphlet against the second marriage was placed among acts of high treason.

All these precautions and prohibitions did not prevent public opinion from being favorable to the repudiated wife. Two monks of the order of the Observants even dared to reprimand the king publicly; the popular movement encouraged the revelations of a young prophetess, Elizabeth Barton, who was called "the holy maid of Kent," and who had hitherto predicted future events without danger to her person or her friends. She had numerous partisans, dupes or intriguers, and her rhapsodies soon bore upon state matters. She had been much opposed to the divorce, declaring that if the king should repudiate Catherine, he would die within seven months a shameful death, and would be replaced upon the throne by the Princess Mary. The prophecies were printed and published; Elizabeth Barton and a certain number of her partisans were arrested and compelled to confess their

imposture, on a Sunday in November, 1533, at St. Paul's Cross. Since then they had remained in prison; but on the 25th of April, 1534, by order of the Parliament, the holy maid of Kent, her confessor, and five other persons compromised in her cause, were executed and quartered at Tyburn. "I was but a poor woman without knowledge," said Elizabeth Barton while proceeding to execution; "but people persuaded me that I spoke through the Holy Ghost, which drew me into vanity and confusion of mind, for my ruin and that of the persons who are going to suffer with me."

These obscure victims were not enough to satisfy the absolute power and despotic tyranny of Henry VIII. Everything had bent before his will, and the isolated opposition which he encountered in two illustrious persons astonished as much as it exasperated him. Sir Thomas More, formerly chancellor of England, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, were called upon to take the oath of allegiance to the children born and to be born of Queen Anne. Neither had any objection to the political part of the oath; they willingly recognized the Princess Elizabeth as heiress to the throne, to the exclusion of Mary; but neither one nor the other could consent to declare unlawful the marriage of Catherine of Aragon, nor to legitimize that of Anne Boleyn. Both refused the oath, explaining their reasons with more or less tact and humility, and both were sent to the Tower. Fisher was seventy-five years of age; he was ill; he was denied medical assistance and clothing. Sir Thomas More was not alone in the world like the old prelate: his daughter, Mistress Margaret Roper, ministered to his wants, while all classes of society, rich and poor, humble and great, frightened at the fate which awaited the two prisoners, unhesitatingly made the required oath, as modified by the king, and rendered more than ever adverse to the previous instructions of the clergy. At the same time,

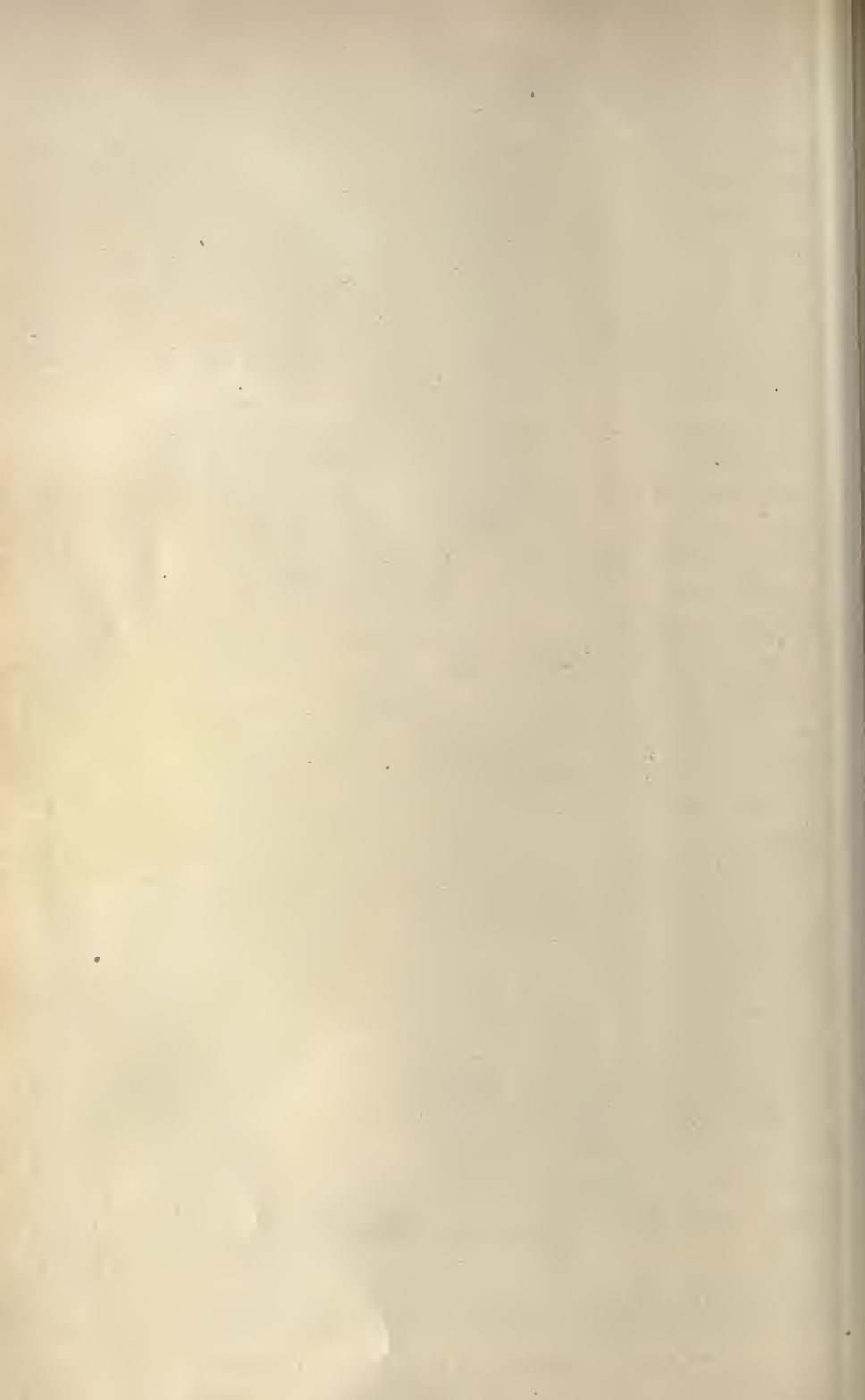
and as though for compensation, Henry VIII. caused the trial of "those people who are vulgarly called heretics," sending to the stake with indifference the Lollards, Lutherans, and Anabaptists, — melancholy witnesses to the royal orthodoxy. Some monks who had refused to take the oath of supremacy were executed and quartered at Tyburn. Acts of Parliament succeeded each other, tending to make the king a kind of lay pope, whose office it was to define and prosecute heresies, and assigning to the crown all the revenues formerly collected by the court of Rome, while intrusting to the royal wisdom the care of founding and supporting the ecclesiastical government which should seem suitable to him. Amid the general adulation, Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher were shortly to suffer for their courageous resistance.

The old prelate was accused of having "maliciously and treasonably affirmed that in spiritual matters the king could not be the Head of the Church." The new Pope, Paul III., had recently sent him a cardinal's hat. "Ah!" cried Henry, angrily, "I will take care that he shall not have a head to wear it;" and the bishop, being condemned as a traitor, was beheaded on the 22d of June, 1535. His head was placed upon London Bridge, turned in the direction of the diocese where he left so many to regret his loss, and his body, being first exposed to the sight of the people, was thrown without a coffin into an obscure grave. The trial of Sir Thomas More, more prolonged, ended in the same result. Often timid, sometimes inconsistent in his conduct, More had arrived at a point at which a man of honor and a Christian no longer listens to aught but to the voice of his conscience. The long months of his captivity had ruined his health, whitened his hair, and bent his form; but his soul remained firm, and his eloquence before the servile tribunal appointed to try him still caused the docile instruments of the king to shudder.

More had been deprived of all his books; the means of writing had been taken from him: his farewell to his daughter was traced with a piece of charcoal upon a paper which he had secretly procured; but before losing his pen, he had written this touching proof of gentle firmness: "I am the faithful subject of the king, and every day his interceder. I pray for his Majesty, for his, and for all the kingdom. I do no wrong, I say no wrong, I think no wrong; if that is not sufficient to preserve the life of a man, I have no wish to live. I have been dying since I came to this place; I have several times been at the point of death; and thanks be to our Lord, I did not regret it, but rather I grieved to see my sufferings abate. Thus my poor body is at the mercy of the king. Might it please God that my death should do him some good!" Before the council, More replied to offers of pardon by the assurance that he had done nothing against the marriage with Anne Boleyn. Although he disapproved of the step, he had never spoken of it but to the king himself: he had even contented himself with preserving silence upon the new title of the king as Supreme Head of the Church; now, silence did not constitute treason. His accusers desired to produce witnesses to the contrary, but they failed in their undertaking, and the judges were compelled to declare silence to be treason. More was condemned. He no longer preserved silence, and loudly declared that the new oath of supremacy was unlawful. He was led from the hall with the edge of the axe turned towards him; his son threw himself in his path to ask for his blessing. At the Tower stairs he perceived his well-beloved daughter, Margaret Roper; she made her way between the guards, and fell upon his neck, weeping. Twice she returned, unable to part from that idolized father, whose head she afterwards carried away from London Bridge, where it had been exposed. The bitterness of



LAST MEETING OF SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER.



death had passed for Sir Thomas More after this separation; upon the scaffold he appeared to have regained something of that caustic gayety which had formerly placed him in favor with the king. When he learned that Henry VIII. had commuted the horrible sentence of traitors into the penalty of decapitation, he smiled faintly. "May God preserve all my friends from royal favors," he exclaimed. He tottered upon the steps of the scaffold. "Assist me to ascend, Master Lieutenant," he said, "I shall easily descend without aid." He was not permitted to speak to those present. "I die a faithful subject and a true Catholic," he said simply; then gently putting aside his beard, he was heard to murmur, as if speaking to himself, "Pity that should be cut! That has not committed treason." His head fell on the 6th of July, 1535, to the indignation of all Europe. "We learn that your master has put to death his faithful servant, his good and wise councillor, Sir Thomas More," said the Emperor to Sir Thomas Elliot, the English ambassador. "I have not heard it, sire," replied Elliot. "It is true, nevertheless," replied Charles V.; "and let me tell you that if we had been master of such a servant, of whose merit we have had experience for so many years past, we would rather have lost our best city than so worthy a councillor." The King of France was both grieved and shocked. The pens of the greatest writers of the times celebrated the virtues of More; Erasmus, with whom he had been connected, has related the life and death of his friend; but no one has more eloquently celebrated the virtues of the former chancellor of England, no one has better exposed to public contempt the cruelty of his persecutor, than a relative of Henry VIII. himself, Reginald Pole, grandson of the Duke of Clarence, educated partly at the expense of the crown, so much had the king been charmed by the intelligence and talents of his cousin. But Pole had a conscience as intrac-

table as that of Sir Thomas More; he refused to support the cause of the divorce, and thus voluntarily renounced the ecclesiastical dignities which the king intended for him. He had retired into the north of Italy, and it was from there that he made all Europe familiar with the infamy of the murder of Sir Thomas More, while at the same time he published his great work upon *The Union of the Church*, in which he freely unveiled the base conduct and ignoble motives of Henry VIII. No attack more profoundly exasperated the tyrant, henceforth carried away by the dangerous intoxication of absolute power.

Indignation was nowhere more violent than at Rome, and the councillors of the Pope prevailed upon him to sign a bull summoning Henry VIII. to appear at Rome within ninety days, in person or by deputies. If he should fail to respond to this appeal, he was declared to have forfeited his crown; his children by Anne Boleyn and the children of his children were incapable of succeeding; his subjects were relieved of their oaths of allegiance, and were to take arms against him; all priests were to quit his dominions; treaties of alliance with foreign princes were dissolved, and all monarchs called upon to fight against him, until he should have submitted to the Church. The bull being drawn up, the Pope did not consider the time opportune for sending it forth, and the thunderbolt still slept in the arsenal of the Vatican; but its terms were known in England, which increased the exasperation of the king. Henry VIII. opened negotiations with the Protestant princes of Germany, endeavoring to draw the King of France and the young King of Scotland into the same alliances. The functions of Supreme Head of the Church involved Henry VIII. in so much business, that he created a commission specially intrusted to provide for it; at the head of this new council he placed the secretary of state,

Cromwell, to the secret indignation of the clergy, who were little accustomed to see themselves governed by a layman ; but the *Vicar-General*, as he called himself, taking, in this capacity, precedence of all the great noblemen of the kingdom, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, did not falter in the accomplishment of his duties, for the day had come for executing his promises and for filling the coffers of the king. No one knew better than Cromwell the needs of the royal treasury, for he was chancellor of the exchequer as well as vicar-general of the Church. A great number of monks had refused the oath of supremacy: the opportunity was taken to determine upon the reform of all the monasteries. Complaints were made of the morals of the monks, of their avidity ; Cromwell organized a series of domiciliary visits, intended, it was said, to discover all abuses: servants, neighbors, and enemies of the religious houses were interrogated; an absolute renunciation of the authority of the Pope was demanded of the monks; finally, an inventory of the riches of each house was made, and the commissaries retired, carrying on their tablets the condemnation of the monastery. Many abbots and priors, in alarm, offered considerable sums in the hope of purchasing exemption from ruin; the money was taken, but the names were not effaced from the fatal list. The vicar-general had expected to see many monks anxious to re-enter the world, but seven small monasteries alone voluntarily opened their gates. The report prepared by the Parliament especially condemned the houses of little importance, and those of which the abbots did not take rank among the peers of the kingdom; it was there, it was said, that the disorder was intolerable. The twenty-seven abbots of the great religious houses did not defend their brothers who were threatened. All seemed smitten with stupor; some superiors prudently resigned before the crash; the royal commissioners

continued their work, and when the Parliament voted the bill proposed by Cromwell, three hundred and eighty religious houses found themselves included in the act which gave to the king and his descendants all the monasteries of which the net revenue did not exceed two hundred pounds sterling, to dispose of them according to his good pleasure, upon the one condition that those whom he should endow with them should maintain an honest residence there, and cultivate every year the extent of land tilled by the monks. A revenue of thirty-two thousand pounds sterling was thus assigned to the crown; the money and plate of the suppressed monasteries were valued at more than a hundred thousand pounds sterling. After this last proof of submission, the Parliament which had modified the succession to the throne, voted the separation of England from the Holy See, and doubled the royal prerogatives, found itself dissolved at the end of six years of servile existence, without having even secured the good graces of the king, for the House of Commons had hesitated for some time to pronounce the suppression of the monasteries. It is related that the king sent for the principal leaders, warning them that he would have either the law or their heads; and the bill was passed. Commissioners were intrusted to proceed to the suppression of the monasteries; a hundred obtained compromises, and, crippled and impoverished, were founded afresh by letters-patent of Henry VIII.; the rest were invaded by the royal commissioners; monks under twenty-four years of age were sent into the world to earn their livelihood; the others were divided into two classes: those who elected for a monastic existence were dispersed in the great monasteries; it was promised that occupation should be found for the others. The nuns were abandoned to their own resources; the royal charity allowed only a secular gown when they were driven from their retreats

and cast into a world of which they were ignorant. The first act of the drama had been played: the turn of the great houses was yet to come.

While this violent and arbitrary work was being accomplished under a specious veil of reform, Queen Catherine was dying in her retirement. She had obstinately refused to leave England, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Emperor: she would do nothing which might be prejudicial to the interests of her daughter, whose rehabilitation she still hoped for. She had also refused, for the same reason, to accept the title of Princess of Wales, which degraded her as a woman. She lived a sad and lonely life, separated from her daughter, who might, it was said, become imbued with her principles. Even the approach of death could not obtain for her the favor of seeing her again. The last words of the unhappy queen were, however, words of forgiveness to that cruel husband who had afflicted her with so many evils. "I forgive you everything," she said, "and I ask God to do likewise; I recommend our daughter Mary to you, begging you to be a good father to her as I have always desired. I vow to you that my eyes long for you beyond all things." It is said that the king shed a tear upon this touching message, and that he intrusted the Spanish ambassador to assure the dying queen of his affection; but Catherine had already breathed her last sigh. She died on the 8th of January, 1536, and was interred with honor at Peterborough. Her husband went into mourning, but Anne Boleyn appeared before the court in a yellow silk gown. "Now I am queen," she said, on learning the death of her whom she had outraged and overcome.

The day of retribution, however, was approaching; the same passions which had raised her to the throne in defiance of all laws, human and divine, were about to hurl her from it.

Henry had already cast his eyes upon Jane Seymour, a maid of honor of Anne Boleyn, as Anne had formerly been the maid of honor of Catherine. She was the daughter of a Wiltshire gentleman; she was beautiful, amiable, and of great gentleness of character. It is related that the queen perceived the great familiarity which already existed between Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. The grief which she experienced therefrom was so violent that she brought into the world, prematurely, a still-born child; it was a son, and the vexation of the king was no less violent than his disappointment. Anne already felt that she was ruined: the king had left her suddenly amid a grand *fête* which she gave in Greenwich Park, and had returned to London. On the morrow, the 2d of May, she was arrested at Greenwich, as she was taking her pleasure on the river; she was accused of adultery, and immediately taken to the Tower. At the first word of accusation against her, Anne fell upon her knees, exclaiming aloud, "Lord, my God, help me, as I am innocent of this crime!" Her brother, Lord Rochford, three noblemen of the king's household, and a musician, were imprisoned at the same time.

Grief and anxiety appeared to have impaired the reason of the unhappy Anne; at times she would appeal for Divine mercy, at others, amid outbursts of laughter, mingled with tears, she would exclaim, "Why am I here? My mother will die of grief; I shall perish without obtaining justice." The lieutenant of the Tower assured her that justice was administered to the poorest of the subjects of the king; Anne laughed bitterly: she knew better than anybody what the royal justice was worth.

She had been conducted to the same apartment in which she had formerly slept on the eve of her coronation, when the king and his courtiers were equally eager to do honor

to her ; women had been placed around her, charged to listen to all her words ; being excited by the misfortune which had befallen her, Anne talked much ; all that she said was reported to the king, and contributed to her ruin. She was accused of the most degrading corruption of morals and conduct ; in vain did she defend herself : the lightness of her manners, the familiar tone which she had learned, it was said, at the court of France, testified against her more than all the depositions and interrogatories of the trial. She wrote, on the 6th of May, a touching letter to the king, the authenticity of which has been contested, perhaps without reason, reminding him of the affection which he had manifested towards her, protesting her innocence, and demanding a legal trial.

“ . . . But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death but an infamous slander must bring you the joying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin herein, and likewise my enemies the instruments thereof ; and that He will not call you to a straight account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at His general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocency shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in straight imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight — if ever the name of Anne Bullen have been pleasing in your ears — then let me obtain this request ; and so I will leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayer to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you

in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, your loyal and faithful wife,

“ANN BULEN.”

In vain did Anne demand justice for herself and mercy for her companions in misfortune; she had been condemned beforehand, and her dishonor was the price of her condemnation. Within four months Henry had received the forgiveness of his two wives: one the irreproachable victim of his guilty passions; the other, who had been his accomplice, and who was suffering for her crime the most terrible reverses. The documents of the proceedings are no longer in existence, and it is now impossible to determine the question of the guilt of the unhappy Anne; she was condemned and died because the king her husband desired to marry Jane Seymour; that is what appears clearly from the facts transmitted to us by history. On the 15th of May, the sentence upon the queen was pronounced; her brother, Lord Rochford, and the four other accused persons, had been condemned since the 13th of May. A crowning affliction awaited Anne Boleyn before her supreme agony; Cranmer was compelled to declare the nullity of the marriage which he himself had formerly supported, and the Princess Elizabeth was stigmatized with illegitimacy like her sister Mary. The day on which the archbishop in agony of soul thus yielded tremblingly to the royal will, the accomplices or companions of the unhappy queen suffered their punishment on Tower Hill. The musician Smeaton was hanged; Lord Rochford and the three noblemen were beheaded; all had constantly protested their innocence, with the exception of the musician, who failed however to purchase his life by his confessions or falsehoods.

On the 19th of May, in the morning, less than three weeks after the day on which she had reigned triumphant over the

festivities at Greenwich, Anne Boleyn was led out upon Tower Green. The spectators were crowded together in the narrow space. Anne had, on the previous evening, intrusted one of the women among her attendants to go on her behalf and kneel before the Princess Mary, to beg her forgiveness. She walked courageously to her death. "I have a little neck," she said to the lieutenant of the Tower; "and I heard say that the executioner was very good; he will not have much trouble." She said a few words to those who came to see her die, without bitterness towards her judges, and full of affection and respect for the king who sent her to the scaffold. "Christ have mercy on my soul! Jesus receive my soul!" she repeated on placing her beautiful head upon the block. Three years had elapsed since Henry had married Anne Boleyn, moving heaven and earth to place her upon the throne, when a blow from the axe of the executioner ended her life on Tower Green. The king waited impatiently for the signal which was to announce to him the execution of the sentence. "It is done," he exclaimed, on hearing the cannon; "that is an end of the matter. Unleash the dogs, and let us follow the stag!" He returned gayly in the evening from Epping Forest, and on the morrow morning married Jane Seymour. He had not rendered to the unhappy Anne the honor which his conscience had compelled him to pay to the virtuous Catherine; no mourning garments saddened the court of the new queen. Henry VIII. was clad in white on the day of his marriage, and on the 29th of May Jane appeared at the court decked with the royal ornaments, but she did not obtain the favor of solemnly receiving the crown; after Anne Boleyn, none of the wives of King Henry was deemed worthy of that ceremony. The Princess Mary had been received into favor by her father, not without having reluctantly signed a humiliating letter; she obtained a

suitable establishment, and even appears to have been intrusted with the care of her sister, the little Princess Elizabeth. Not content with assuring the succession to the children of Jane Seymour, the king caused an act to be passed by the Parliament, which authorized him to dispose of his crown according to his own good will and pleasure. This exorbitant measure was destined to favor the Duke of Richmond, an illegitimate son of the king, eighteen years of age, whom he passionately loved. The young duke died before the act had received the royal sanction, and the king, to his great grief, found himself destitute of male children, and with two daughters whom he had himself branded with the stigma of illegitimacy.

Meanwhile the dissolution of the monasteries had inundated the country with the poor people whom they had formerly relieved; the disaffection was very great, especially in the northern counties, which were particularly attached to the old faith, from which the king was separating himself more and more. The irritation, however, was not exclusively concentrated in the lower classes; the great noblemen and gentlemen, former patrons of the monasteries, considered that the property of which they had been deprived should be returned to the families which had formerly bestowed it upon them, rather than to the royal treasury; but it was the people of Lincolnshire who first set the example of insurrection. The king sent some forces against the insurgents, under the orders of the Duke of Suffolk. The latter found the insurrection so serious, that he determined to try negotiations. The "Men of Lincoln" presented six requests, complaining particularly of the sudden destruction of the monasteries, so prejudicial, they said, to the poor of the entire country; of the excessive taxes, of the vesting of the annates and tithes in the crown, and of the agitation which certain bishops, designated

by their names, had brought about in the Church of Christ by altering the faith. Upon which they prayed the king to dismiss the treacherous counsellors, who thought of nothing but enriching themselves at the expense of the poor people.

Time had been gained by asking to know the grievances of the insurgents; discord began to penetrate into their ranks; the king was enabled, without danger, to reply to them with the haughtiness which was natural to him when his supreme will was opposed. He rejected all the requests of the insurgents, demanding that a hundred of the more important among them should be delivered to him, in order that he might make an example of them. No fighting had taken place; a considerable number of the insurgents still remained united; a second letter from the king commanded them to lay down their arms in the market-place at Lincoln, if they did not wish to bring down a terrible vengeance upon their wives and children. Before the rebels of Lincolnshire had returned home, about the 30th of October, a violent insurrection had broken out on the other side of the Trent, and this movement was spreading over the whole of Yorkshire, as well as in Durham, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. While the fifteen hostages of the insurgents of Lincolnshire were being executed, as well as some inhabitants of the environs of London, accused of having countenanced them, the rebels of the north wanted but a chief in order to stir up a veritable civil war. They marched in the name of God, they said, for the love of Jesus Christ, of the faith and the Holy Church, to the destruction of the heretics; they assumed the name of "Pilgrims of Grace," and carried a crucifix upon their standard; nearly all obeyed the orders of a gentleman of Yorkshire, Robert Aske, who was wanting neither in ability nor character. The Duke of Norfolk was ordered to march against them; the Duke of Suffolk and the Earl of Shrews-

bury watched over other positions; the towns of Hull, York, and Pontefract had opened their gates to the Pilgrims of Grace before the arrival of the royal troops, and a certain number of gentlemen had joined them when the Duke of Norfolk checked their progress before Doncaster. Negotiations were entered into at the outset as in Lincolnshire; the demands of the insurgents were almost the same, though more precise and detailed. They demanded the destruction of the heresies of Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, and Melancthon, the restitution of the Pope to the religious supremacy, the rehabilitation of the Princess Mary, and the re-establishment of the Parliament in all its ancient privileges. The king treated with contempt such of these requests as he deigned to answer. "You are very bold," he said, "to think that after having reigned so long I do not know better than you what laws are agreeable to the commoners. The affairs of the Church do not concern you, and it is strange that you should prefer to see some few villains fatten in the monasteries rather than allow your prince to have them, in discharge of all the expenses which he has undertaken in order to defend you." Henry promised no other concession but the pardon of the rebels, with the exception of the ten leaders, who were to be delivered up to him immediately. The insurgents rejected without hesitation the offers of the royal clemency, and the Duke of Norfolk, who was not sufficiently powerful to fight, found himself compelled to retreat to the southern bank of the Trent, fortifying and defending all the passes in his rear. Time was being lost; the winter was approaching; the temperature and the suspension of agricultural labor were counted upon for dispersing the insurgents:

At length the king authorized the Duke of Norfolk to make overtures to the two principal chiefs of the rebels, Lord Darcy and Robert Aske: he even expressed a desire

to see them. They did not respond to this gracious invitation, but the idea of betraying their partisans began to enter into their minds. The soldiers perceived this; everywhere this proclamation was seen affixed: "Commons, be of good cheer and remain faithful to your cause; the gentlemen betray you, but you will not want leaders if there is need of them." In the month of February the numbers assembled were still very great, but the royal army had received reinforcements; the insurgent forces collapsed before the castles and towns which they were besieging; discouragement began to creep into their ranks. Lord Darcy, Robert Aske, and the greater number of the leaders were captured and sent to London, where they were executed, notwithstanding the good disposition which they had manifested. The rebels now formed only scattered bodies, and martial law was proclaimed in the northern counties. Upon the express order of the king, a great number of the inhabitants of each town, borough, and village who had taken part in the revolt were hanged and quartered in the public squares, and their bodies affixed to trees, in order to terrify the remainder of the population. The monks, who had ardently embraced the cause of the insurrection, were treated with especial rigor; the insurgent counties were everywhere strewn with bloody heads and disfigured corpses. When the amnesty was at length proclaimed and peace re-established, visitations of the religious houses still continued; nearly all the monasteries of the north were destined to be closed and to have their property confiscated, before the royal vengeance and avidity could be satisfied. The anger of Henry had increased when he had learned that Reginald Pole, installed a short time since in Rome upon the urgent solicitations of Pope Paul III., and against the advice of his relatives in England, had been nominated cardinal and legate beyond the Alps. The aim of the Pope was, no doubt,

to take advantage of the insurrection of the Catholic counties in order to influence the king and bring him back into the bosom of the Church; but Francis I. and Charles V. deemed the moment ill-chosen: the cardinal was unable to see the King of France while crossing his kingdom, and the Emperor did not even allow him to enter his dominions. Pole learned at the same time that a price had been placed upon his head by Henry. Cromwell asserted that the cardinal would be brought thereby to break his heart with grief. Pending this happy result, for the bringing about of which the master and the minister were not to spare their efforts, the legate was compelled to return to Rome without having been able to accomplish his mission of sending money and encouragement to the rebels of England; the insurrection had been stifled before Pole had set foot in Flanders.

Jane Seymour had, on the 12th of October, 1537, given birth to a son, and had died shortly afterwards, thus escaping the sad fate of the wives of Henry VIII. Grief for his loss had scarcely weighed in the scale against satisfaction at the birth of a male heir to the throne; the little Edward immediately received the title of Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester; the national rejoicing was mingled with the lamentations of the monks on all sides, driven from their refuge under the pretext of complicity in the recent insurrection. When nothing remained but the great abbeys, the king caused their destruction to be voted by the Parliament, notwithstanding some feeble efforts of the abbots who sat in the House of Lords. A few only escaped the wreck, at the entreaty of the population, or were consigned to the descendants of their founders. The work of spoliation was accomplished: the rich chapels, the Gothic monuments, the learned libraries, the delicate sculptures, everything was delivered up to the destructive hands of the royal agents; none

dared to intervene, and treasures of science, marvels of art, were forever lost to posterity. The lands were divided among the courtiers; the valuables were nearly all reserved for the king, who contrived to remain poor notwithstanding so great an accession of riches. He was not content with plundering the living, he even went so far as to plunder the dead. From a singular animosity against the memory of Thomas Becket — of that inflexible man who would have resisted him to the death, as he had resisted Henry II. — Henry VIII. had conceived a violent dislike to his shrine at Canterbury; but he did not rest here. Becket was summoned to appear at Westminster to answer for his rebellions, and the tomb of the martyr was broken for this purpose, as though to open the prison which confined him. In presence of the silent sepulchre, the king carried on his ghastly comedy; the attorney-general spoke against the dead saint, to whom an advocate had been granted. Becket, being judged by default, was deprived of his riches and honors; two large coffers, filled with jewels deposited upon his altar, were sent to London; festivals and pilgrimages celebrated in his honor were solemnly forbidden, the portraits of the saint were destroyed, and a royal proclamation commanded the people to believe henceforth that Thomas Becket had been killed in a quarrel caused by his own obstinacy, that he had been canonized by the Bishop of Rome as the champion of a usurped authority, but that he was but a rebel and a traitor to his king, and that the faithful servants of his Majesty were to guard themselves against honoring him as a saint. Thomas Becket thus twice had the notable honor of bringing down upon himself all the royal fury; even in his tomb he was proclaimed defender of the liberties of that Church for whose sake he had yielded up his life.

So vast an amount of wealth diverted from the pious objects

to which it had been originally consecrated, troubled the conscience of Cranmer, feeble and vacillating in his conduct, but honest and sincere, notwithstanding his numerous backslidings. He endeavored to found in his diocese some pious establishments to replace those which had been so abruptly destroyed; but the diocese was poor; he had not profited by the spoils of St. Thomas Becket, and the hospitals, the asylums for the poor and travellers, the schools for children which were formerly afforded by the convents, left a void from which the unfortunate suffered painfully. The public cry reached the king. The treasures of the monasteries had melted in his prodigal hands; he addressed himself to the Parliament, boldly demanding subsidies to indemnify him for the expenses which he had incurred for the Reformation. The two tenths and the two fifteenths which were granted to him did not suffice for his requirements, still less for those of the new bishoprics, deaneries, and colleges which the Parliament had decreed. The establishments should have been endowed with the ecclesiastical property, but there was no longer any property. Six bishoprics were founded, so poorly provided for that the prelates scarcely had sufficient to live upon. A certain number of abbeys became cathedral churches; but the king was careful before appointing the dean and chapter to confiscate a portion of the lands, so that the new dignitaries of the Church ran no risk of allowing themselves to be drawn into effeminacy by the temptations of opulence. The plain parish priests, deprived of their livings, led such a miserable existence that none would any longer enter the Church. "We have ten thousand students less in the universities than there were formerly," wrote Latimer, when asking assistance for the university of Cambridge; and it was found necessary to seek for a priest to preach from St. Paul's Cross, an honor formerly sought after by the highest dignitaries.

While the entire kingdom thus remained silent and suffering, Henry VIII. occupied his leisure in personally interrogating and judging a poor schoolmaster, named John Lambert, who had adopted the views of the German Reformers upon the doctrine of the real presence. All the arguments of the royal theologian, reinforced by those of the bishops whom he had called to his aid, could not shake the conviction of Lambert. "Resign thy soul to God," said Henry angrily. "I resign my soul to God," said the accused man, "and my body to the mercy of your Grace." "Thou shalt die then," exclaimed the king, "for I am not the patron of heretics;" and Lambert was burned alive on the 20th of November, 1538. Henry VIII. alone had found a means of combining the twofold persecution of the Roman Catholics and the Reformers; he plundered and closed the convents while he burned the heretics. Cranmer shared in the main the opinions of the unhappy Lambert, but he dared not protest, and contented himself with favoring the translation of the Bible into English, a task which had just been accomplished by Miles Coverdale; the price of the book was unhappily very high, and the circulation consequently somewhat limited.

Henry meanwhile was uneasy. The Emperor and King Francis I. had recently concluded at Nice, under the auspices of the Pope, a truce for ten years; hence the alliance of England lost the value which had often attracted the advances of the two great rivals. Paul III. again threatened to promulgate the bull so long prepared, and he sought to unite against King Henry the forces of the empire and of France. Cardinal Pole had been employed in this negotiation; it remained without result, but the distrust and jealousy of the despot had been aroused, and the fate which the family of the cardinal had so long dreaded at length overtook them. In the month of December, 1538, Lord Monta-

cute and Sir Geoffrey Pole, brother of the cardinal, as well as the Marquis of Exeter, grandson of King Edward IV. through his daughter Catherine, were arrested and conducted to the Tower. Some months later the Countess of Salisbury, mother of the cardinal, the Marchioness of Exeter, and the son of Lord Montacute were impeached in their turn. All were condemned and all perished, with the exception of Sir Geoffrey Pole, who betrayed his kinsmen. The old countess remained for a long time in prison, as though to experience all the horrors of her situation. When she was finally led to the scaffold, at the age of seventy-two years, she refused to place her head upon the block. "No," she said; "my head has committed no treason; if you want it, come and take it." It was found necessary to seize her by force, and she resisted until the last moment.

While bathing his hands in blood, King Henry was much occupied in instructing his people in sound doctrine; he had entered seriously upon his duties as Supreme Head of the Church, and was carefully preparing the articles of faith which were to form the basis of the popular belief; woe to him who should not adhere to the six articles which the king sent to the convocation of the clergy. In the main, the doctrines expounded by the king were those of the Roman Catholic Church, with the exception of the supremacy of the Pope. The efforts which Cranmer made to bring about, by discussion with the German theologians, some modifications in the ideas of Henry, remained without result. The emissaries of the Reformed churches in vain maintained the doctrine of communion of the two kinds, the marriage of priests, and other important points in doctrine and in practice; the king thanked them for the trouble which they had taken in coming to his kingdom; he assured them of the esteem in which he held their erudition and virtues, but he sent to the Parliament of

1539 an act recapitulating the obligatory articles of faith, entirely in conformity with the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, and threatening the most severe penalties against whosoever should reject these doctrines, or should fail to conform his life thereto. The influence of Cranmer was once more defeated, and that of Bishop Gardiner, who had constantly remained faithful to the old Church, was again triumphant. The star of Cromwell was on the wane; the first instigator of the religious rivalry of Henry VIII. with the Pope was about in his turn to succumb beneath the jealous despotism which he had contributed to raise.

The two great parties which had been formed in the Church of England after the Reformation continued to share power under the king. The bishops favorable to Protestantism had for a time prevailed, when Henry, alarmed by the alliance of the Catholic powers, sent a mission to Germany to the Protestant princes, and authorized the journey of the German theologians to England. The prelates attached to the Catholic Church triumphed when Gardiner was recalled from his retirement, and the king accepted his revision of the religious edict submitted to the Parliament. Several of the reforming bishops had already resigned, or had been deprived of their dignities, when Cromwell, still favorable to the new party, desired to furnish it with an important support by uniting the king with a Protestant queen. For several months past Henry had in vain looked for a consort among the European princesses; the Dowager Duchess of Milan replied that if she had two heads she might have thought of that alliance, but that, having but one, she declined the honor which his Majesty wished to do her. He solicited the hand of Mary of Guise, Duchess of Longueville, but she was betrothed to his nephew, James V., King of Scotland, who had lost his first wife, Madeleine of France, a few months after their marriage. King

Francis I. had refused to send to Calais the two sisters of Mary of Guise, whom Henry wished to see. Cromwell proposed the Princess Anne of Cleves, sister of the reigning duke, whose beauty, gentleness, and virtue were much extolled. Henry VIII. dispatched to Germany his favorite painter, Holbein, to bring him back a portrait of the princess; it was contained in a rose of ivory admirably carved; the casket and the contents pleased the king; he asked for the hand of Anne of Cleves, to the great joy of Cromwell. The unfortunate man had never seen the princess.

She arrived in England on the 31st of December, 1539; notwithstanding his gout and his inconvenient stoutness, the king repaired to Rochester, in order to see secretly the princess who came courageously to share with him his fatal throne. He started back in dread and anger. Anne was tall and muscular, as he had been informed, and as he wished; her features were regular but coarse; her complexion, which was fresh, bore traces of small-pox; her figure was massive, her walk awkward, and, above all, the worthy German lady was clad in the fashion of her country, without elegance or grace. The voluptuous and debilitated monarch experienced an indignation that did not permit him to show himself at first. When at length he consented to see the princess, he said but a few words to her: Anne of Cleves spoke German; the king did not know that language. He sent her a present of some furs, and returned to London to convoke his council. On perceiving Cromwell he reproached him, in violent terms, for having married him to a great Flemish nag, uncouth and awkward, ill-fitted to inspire love; he then commanded him to find some pretext for breaking off this odious union. Cromwell was politic; he trembled for his favor and, perhaps, his life; he was compelled to remind the king that, in the situation of his affairs in Germany, it would be dangerous to displease



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the German princes. "There is no remedy then! I must place my head in the halter!" exclaimed Henry piteously. He yielded, and the marriage was celebrated at Greenwich on the 5th of January. But the burden of this union became every day more insupportable to the king; he was not accustomed to find himself thwarted; the objections of Cromwell to the divorce rankled in his breast. A theological quarrel of a dependant of the minister with Bishop Gardiner completed the exasperation of the king against his vicar-general; the heterodoxy of Barnes threw doubt upon the orthodoxy of Cromwell, who had employed him in the fatal negotiation for the marriage of Anne of Cleves. The king still concealed his resentment. Cromwell opened the Parliament as usual, intrusted with the royal message, which related solely to the religious questions yet in litigation; he obtained from the Houses enormous subsidies, dispensed court favors, threatened with the royal displeasure the chiefs of the Catholic party, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Bishops of Durham, Winchester, and Bath; then, on the 10th of June, 1540, he was arrested in the very council-chamber, for high-treason. Four days afterwards he was condemned by a bill of attainder, a process which he had himself contributed to establish, and on the 28th of June he suffered his sentence as a traitor to the Head of the Church and a pestilent heretic. The king was compelled, in order to replace Cromwell, whose activity had been indefatigable, to summon to his side two secretaries of state, of whom one, Wriothesley, afterwards became his chancellor.

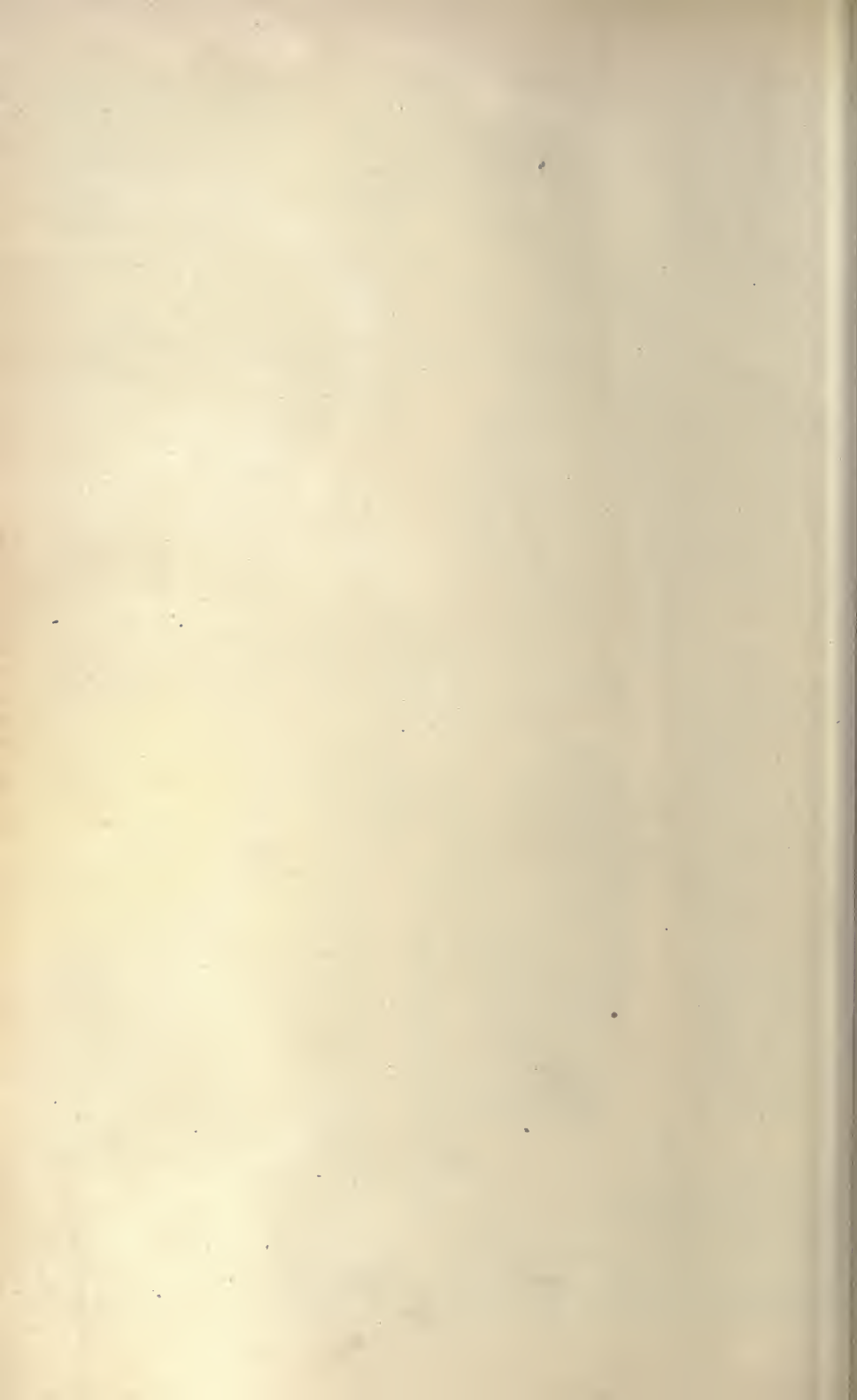
The ill-starred marriage with Anne of Cleves and the theological errors of Barnes were not the sole causes of the ruin of Cromwell; the beautiful face of Lady Catherine Howard, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, had played a part in the overthrow of the condemned minister. Before Cromwell perished upon the scaffold, Henry VIII. married Catherine Howard.

Anne of Cleves at first swooned on learning the intentions of the king towards her, but recovering her senses, she doubtless returned thanks to God for having preserved her from the melancholy fate of the wives of Henry VIII., and accepted without a murmur the title of "adopted sister" of the king, which was bestowed upon her by that gracious sovereign. A suitable establishment was granted to her in England; and the Duke of Suffolk, intrusted with the letters of the princess for her brother, started for Cleves, in order to explain to the duke the scruples concerning a former contract of the princess with the Duke of Lorraine, which had led the king to break off the marriage, while assuring him of the happy condition and full consent of the dethroned queen. By way of celebrating his fifth nuptials, Henry sent to the stake Dr. Barnes, the maladroit dependant of Cromwell, in company with two or three other heretics, while certain Catholics were quartered for having refused to take the oath of supremacy. The punishment alone was different: Catholics and Protestants were dragged to Smithfield upon the same hurdle, bound together, to the common indignation of both parties. "How do folks manage to live here?" exclaimed a Frenchman; "the Papists are hanged and the anti-Papists are burned." In the following month the Prior of Doncaster and six of his monks were hanged for having defended monastic institutions; all crimes became equally grave in the eyes of the despot, from the moment they thwarted his supreme will.

The triumph of Catherine Howard was destined to be of short duration and to cost her dearly. The king was much attached to her, and had taken her with him on a royal tour of inspection, during the summer of 1541, but when he returned to London in the month of August, Cranmer revealed to him a grievous discovery, made in his absence by his servants, with regard to the conduct of the queen before her



ANGER OF HENRY VIII. ON HIS FIRST VIEW OF ANNE OF CLEVES



marriage, during her sojourn with her great-aunt, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. Jealous and suspicious, Henry VIII. did not demand proofs before losing all confidence in the virtue of his wife; but he wished nevertheless to have the witnesses examined, and they were all arrested and put to the torture. The queen herself, it is said, confessed her transgressions, as did the man accused of complicity with her — her cousin, Francis Dereham. The guilt of Lady Catherine Howard did not suffice, however, to ruin the queen; she positively affirmed her conjugal fidelity, and the king, whose whole love appeared to have been changed to aversion, set every means at work in order to assure himself of her alleged offence towards him. The old Duchess of Norfolk, her daughter, Lady Bridgewater, and her son, Lord William Howard, were placed in the Tower charged with having favored the bad conduct of the queen; every species of ill-treatment, every ruse, every falsehood was employed in order to extract the truth, or at least to obtain avowals capable of ruining Catherine Howard. All was in vain; “the mother and the daughter are equally stubborn,” say the records of the council, and both rejected with indignation the idea of any complicity in the crimes of which the queen was accused. The two gentlemen accused, Dereham and Culpepper, were tried and condemned, and were executed at Tyburn on the 10th of December, while the Duke of Cleves was hastening to send an ambassador to King Henry, in order to induce him to take again the Princess Anne, his sister, as his wife. The proposal was rejected by Cranmer, the emissary not even being admitted into the presence of the king. Anne of Cleves remained the *good sister* of his Majesty, and the trial of Catherine Howard continued, without any one protesting in favor of the unhappy woman, deprived of all means of defence, and delivered over, bound hand and foot, to her accusers. Her uncle, the Duke of Nor-

folk, had abandoned her, as he had formerly done in the case of his other niece, Anne Boleyn, protesting to his Majesty "the grief occasioned to him by the abominable actions of two kinswomen towards his Grace, who might in consequence hold even himself in abhorrence." Search was being made meanwhile in the coffers and hiding-places of all the accused persons, and his Majesty had already collected in this manner large sums, when the council condemned them all to imprisonment for life with the confiscation of all their property, simply recommending that some consolations should be accorded to them in their captivity, and that certain of their friends should be admitted to them in the Tower. The king took care to cut short this indulgence, and on the same evening he caused a council to be assembled to forbid any modification in the treatment inflicted upon the prisoners, "for great and important reasons," added the conscientious monarch. The trial had established nothing except that the old Duchess of Norfolk and her children had been informed of the reciprocal love of Francis Dereham and Catherine before the marriage of the latter.

The severity which was employed towards her relatives should have enlightened the unhappy queen if she had been able for one moment to believe the promise of her life which the king had transmitted to her through Cranmer. The Parliament on the 16th of January addressed an humble petition to the sovereign, asking permission of him to proceed against Lady Catherine Howard by a bill of attainder, in order to spare his Majesty the grief of hearing the crimes of his wife recapitulated. Henry graciously consented to this delicate request, and on the 11th of February the queen was condemned by the Parliament at the same time as Lady Rochford, sister-in-law of Anne Boleyn, who had formerly given evidence against her husband and her sister. She was accused of

having been an accomplice in the crimes of Catherine since her marriage. The queen and Lady Rochford were executed on the 13th of February, within the precincts of the Tower; Catherine protested even on the scaffold that she had always been faithful to her spouse, "whatever might have been the faults of her past life." The bill of attainder against Catherine Howard made it incumbent on any woman whom the king might admit to the honor of a union with his sacred person, to make a full confession before marriage. "The king had better marry a widow," it was said among the people. Henry appeared for the moment disgusted with marriage; he was absorbed in theology, that second passion of his life, which he treated almost as despotically as his spouses.

The death of Catherine Howard had not, as might have been expected, thrown the king back upon the party of the Reformation: in the month of April, 1542, he retracted the encouragements which he had given to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; he prohibited the use of the old version of Tyndal as heretical, while ordering that the new and authorized translation, without notes or commentary, should be used exclusively; above all, he forbade the reading of the Bible in public even by the orthodox, only permitting the use of the Holy Scriptures in families of the nobility and gentry. People of the inferior class were to be liable to a month's imprisonment if they dared to open the sacred volume. At the same time the revision of the *Institution of a Christian Man*, formerly published by the bishops by order of the king, was completed. The new work, which appeared in 1543, differed essentially upon several points from the first one; it was entitled *The necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man*; the people named it the *King's Book*, and the king imposed it, in fact, as a model of faith upon his subjects, without troubling himself about the changes which

his own mind had undergone since he had caused the *Bishops' Book* to be drawn up. The *King's Book* inclined more and more towards the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. Like the first catechism, it insisted upon transubstantiation, oral confession, and the celibacy of the clergy; it also maintained the uselessness of communion in both kinds for the faithful, and recommended masses for the dead. The new formulary was adopted by the two convocations of the clergy; all the books which were not in conformity with it were forbidden, and the primate, Cranmer, who saw the condemnation of his most cherished convictions, and the affirmation of the dogmas which he rejected, was charged with the duty of watching over the execution of the royal orders. Henry VIII. was accustomed to be obeyed; Cranmer had sent his wife and children away to Germany, since the celibacy of the priests had become legally obligatory.

The servile obedience which the king exacted from his subjects in England was not everywhere exacted with the same rigor. Henry VIII. had furnished proof of skill and foresight by his government of the almost independent principalities ranged under his sceptre. In 1536 he had definitively annexed Wales to England, subjecting the whole territory to the English laws, which hitherto had only been enforced in a portion of that country. The Welsh counties had been admitted to the privilege of sending members to Parliament, as well as the palatinate of Chester, hitherto administered according to local customs. But the most important reform which King Henry VIII. effected in this respect was the elevation of Ireland from the rank of a seigniorship to that of a kingdom. From generation to generation the hereditary struggle of the Butlers, under their chiefs the Earls of Ormond and Ossory, with the Fitzgeralds, at the head of whom was the Earl of Kildare, had kept the country in a continual state of agitation;

by dint of political reverses, treasons, acts of perfidy, executions, and murders, the great Irish Houses had wearied and destroyed each other, and the government had never failed to interpose to further the work. In 1541 the king, wishing to secure the attachment of the more powerful of the Irish chiefs, elevated a certain number of them to the honors of the peerage. The eagerness of the chiefs was extreme: the great noblemen swore fidelity to the king, undertook military service, and accepted houses at Dublin, whither they were to repair to sit as members of the Parliament of Ireland. The king had granted letters-patent to them for their property, which removed their former fears of seeing the English sovereigns one day confiscate all their estates. The appropriation of the ecclesiastical property to the crown was accomplished with prudence. "Do not press them too vigorously," said the instructions of Henry VIII.; "but persuade them discreetly that the Church lands are my legitimate inheritance." The Catholic fervor of the Irish had some difficulty in accepting this mode of succession, but the work proceeded, though slowly, and did not prevent the progress of English authority in Ireland from being real and important under the reign of Henry VIII.

Scotland still remained in a body attached to the old faith. King James distrusted the treacherous manœuvres of his uncle; he had sought the hereditary alliances of his House, and his marriage with Mary of Guise, and the influence which Cardinal David Beaton exercised over him, had drawn closer the bonds which united him to France as well as to the Church of Rome. All the attempts of the King of England to bring his nephew over to his opinions, and to induce him to follow the English example by the destruction of the monasteries, had completely failed. Cardinal Beaton set out for Rome with secret instructions, a fact which troubled Henry. Hos-

tilities broke out in the month of August, 1542. An English army crossed the frontier: they were vigorously repulsed; but the Duke of Norfolk was advancing with considerable forces; he received the reinforcements of the Earl of Angus, the father-in-law of the young king, who had come with all the members of his family, and who marched, like himself, under the English banners. The duke had scarcely advanced a few steps into Scotland when the king reassembled his forces in order to meet him. But the great noblemen were nearly all disaffected; some were secretly in favor of the Reformation: they wished to enrich themselves at the expense of the monasteries; others were bound by old friendship to the Douglasses, and would not fight against them; nearly all regretted the war with England, and wished to remain upon the defensive. Norfolk having been compelled to beat a retreat, in consequence of the bad weather and the want of provisions, the king was anxious to pursue him beyond the frontiers; but his troops refused to follow him to a second battle of Flodden; one after another the barons withdrew with their vassals; the king had now no more than ten thousand men, whom he placed under the orders of Lord Maxwell. This faithful little army suddenly entered England. As they were crossing the frontier, the favorite of the king, Oliver Sinclair, produced a warrant which placed him at the head of the troops. All the noblemen refused to obey his command; disorder set in among the soldiers; the English fell upon the Scottish army, made a great slaughter, captured many prisoners of high rank, and put all the rest to flight. The troops, vanquished without a struggle, rejoined the king at Carlaverock Castle, where he awaited the result of the expedition. The blow struck home: the monarch returned in sadness of heart to Edinburgh, and took refuge in his castle of Falkland, where he spent long hours, with his head

in his hands, plunged in his melancholy thoughts, without uttering a word. He was thirty-one years of age, his constitution had always been vigorous, but he was dying of a broken heart. His wife, Mary of Guise, had borne him two sons, who had both died in infancy; the birth of a daughter, the celebrated and unfortunate Mary Stuart, was announced to James V.; the sadness of the king only became greater. "It came with a lass," he is said to have murmured, remembering the daughter of Bruce, who had brought the throne to his family, "and it will go with a lass." A week afterwards, on the 14th of December, 1542, James V. expired, leaving his kingdom rent asunder by political factions and religious dissensions, a prey to all the evils of a long minority and the prospect of the reign of a woman. If he had been able to foresee the future, the last moments of the unhappy king would have been still more gloomy.

Scarcely had King Henry learned the death of his nephew, when he conceived the project of uniting the little queen, who had just opened her eyes to the light, with his son Edward, who was not yet six years of age. The alliance might have been serviceable to the two countries, but Henry claimed to take immediate possession of Scotland in the name of the future spouses, and his greedy selfishness caused all his designs to miscarry. He had enrolled in his cause not only all the Douglasses, but the Scottish noblemen made prisoners at the rout of Solway Moss; they returned to their country determined to betray its most cherished interests. Cardinal Beaton had claimed the regency, according to a presumed will of the king; but the Earl of Arran, the heir presumptive to the throne and chief of the Protestant party, had been powerful enough to dispossess the cardinal; he held him imprisoned in Blackness Castle. The influence of the Catholic clergy over the common people and a certain portion

of the nobility was considerable; the churches were closed, worship suspended, and the clergy worked ardently against the regent, who leaned for support upon the Douglasses and their friends, who had come back into favor with him. The public voice accused the noblemen of treason and perfidy; the King of England urged them to perform their engagements. He claimed the right, to hold in his hands Cardinal Beaton, and demanded the surrender of the fortresses. The truce was only to last until the month of June, and the English troops were already assembling in the northern counties; but public opinion in Scotland was aroused, and Sir George Douglas, the most active of the conspirators in the interest of England, assured King Henry that it would be impossible to lay claim on his behalf to the government of Scotland. "There is not a boy so little," he said, "but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will die in it, and many noblemen and all the clergy be fully against it." The Catholic party, uniting the cause of religious liberty with that of the state, opposed both the reading of the New Testament by the common people and the alliance with England. The restoration to liberty of the cardinal was also claimed. All the noblemen repaired to the Parliament, and the question of the marriage was there proposed without any opposition; but none dared to speak of the conditions attached by the King of England to this union so much desired by all; and the Parliament, while approving of the project of marriage, strongly objected to the plan of sending the little queen to England, at the same time taking the most jealous precautions for the maintenance of the national independence.

The anger of King Henry equalled his aspirations; he heaped the most violent reproaches upon his Scottish allies, at the same time endeavoring to attach them once more to

his service by new promises. They protested their good will, but pleaded their powerlessness. Cardinal Beaton had regained his liberty, and opposed to the Earl of Arran the Earl of Lennox, an ally of the royal family, who had served with Francis I. in the wars in Italy. The treaties were renewed: the hand of the little queen was promised to Prince Edward; she was to be left in Scotland until the age of ten years; an English nobleman and his family were to form part of her household. But besides these open and reasonable conditions there was "a secret understanding": all the conspirators engaged in the service of Henry promised in case of need to take up arms in his interest and to fight for him until he should have obtained "the things agreed upon," or, at least, dominion over this side of the Firth, that is to say, over all the southern portion of Scotland.

The treaty was scarcely concluded when Cardinal Beaton raised an army in the north, and employed it at once to carry off the queen and her mother, in order to place them in safety in Stirling Castle. Arran had retained the regency, but after having signed the conditions with England, he suddenly changed his party, became reconciled with Beaton, abjured his errors, and returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church. France had sent reinforcements, and notwithstanding the assistance of Lennox, who had abandoned the patriots, the conspirators found themselves once more baffled in their attempts by the national movement brought about by Beaton.

The assistance rendered to the Scots by the King of France, excited the anger of Henry VIII.; he nourished an old grievance against that prince, for whom he had no liking, notwithstanding their frequent alliances, and he resolved to throw himself once more into the arms of the Emperor. Without effacing the stain of illegitimacy which he himself had imprinted upon his daughter Mary, he caused her to be rein-

stated in her civil rights by an act of Parliament, at the same time with her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, restoring to them also their title to the throne. Charles V. contented himself with this concession, and concluded an alliance with England. Emissaries were sent to the King of France, intrusted with a mass of claims, to which Francis I. would not even listen, and great preparations were begun for the invasion of French territory. Henry had recently married for the sixth time: he had espoused Lady Catherine Parr, the widow of Lord Latimer. She was beautiful, intelligent, and ardently devoted to the Protestant party; the latter fact, however, did not prevent the execution, a fortnight after the royal marriage, of three *sacramentarians*, burned alive at Smithfield.

The first detachment sent to France, under the command of Sir John Wallop, in 1540, had completely failed in their attempt, when the king went in person at the head of an army of thirty thousand men to lay siege to Boulogne. The two allied monarchs had agreed to march directly upon Paris, but sieges had an irresistible attraction for Henry VIII., and he had not yet made his entry into the town which delayed him for two months, when the Emperor entered into negotiations with Francis I., at Crespy-en-Valois. Thus they left the King of England, who had scornfully rejected the proposals of peace, free to return into his dominions after his conquest of Boulogne, exhausted by the efforts which he had had to make to raise an army and to maintain at the same time the forces which were carrying on the war in Scotland.

Intrigue upon intrigue, treachery upon treachery, succeeded each other among the Scottish factions; sometimes the Catholics and Protestants became reconciled through their hatred of England; at others some deed of violence estranged them again. Beaton, more bold and skilful than his rivals, nearly always preserved his ascendancy, but his cruel persecution

of the Reformers incensed a considerable part of the nation. The English had made several irruptions into Scotland, under the orders of Lord Hertford and his lieutenants; they committed great cruelties, and finally found themselves shamefully repulsed in the environs of Ancrum. The secret manœuvres of Henry VIII., the relations which he still maintained with the nobility, and the perfidy of a certain number of great barons, prevented the Scots, however, from profiting by their advantages and by the reinforcements sent by Francis I.; the southern counties of Scotland were again ravaged by the Earl of Hertford; a fatal manifestation of the fanaticism of Cardinal Beaton occurred to add strength to the English arms and intrigues. A reformed preacher, George Wishart, celebrated among his party and passionately loved by the people, was pursued, seized, and burned alive at St. Andrew's, amid the public indignation. For a long time past the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, whom Henry VIII. regarded as the principal obstacle to his projects upon Scotland, was meditated; the moment appeared favorable, and on the 28th of May, 1546, two gentlemen of the name of Lesley, with whom the cardinal had had great personal quarrels, accompanied by some friends, took Beaton by surprise in the castle of St. Andrew's, and stabbed him in his bed. Norman Lesley hung the corpse on the wall, as the inhabitants of the town were advancing to the help of the legate. "There is your God," he said; "now you should be content; return to your homes." All the assassins received pensions from abroad, and hastened to claim the reward of their crimes. King Henry had been mistaken in his hopes; the Church of Rome in Scotland had received a fatal blow, but the national independence remained erect. The embarrassments of the finances were increasing in England; Boulogne was closely pressed by the French. Henry VIII. was now suffering from ill-health; he conclude'

a treaty at Campes with King Francis I., and the Scots were included therein, to the great vexation of their implacable foe. Francis I. promised money; the sum once paid, England was to surrender Boulogne, which town had been fortified at great expense since its capture. It was the end of the campaigns of King Henry VIII., which had almost uniformly proved disastrous and without any durable results, especially when the monarch had placed himself personally at the head of his troops. Hostile armies did not allow themselves to be conquered as easily as England allowed itself to be oppressed.

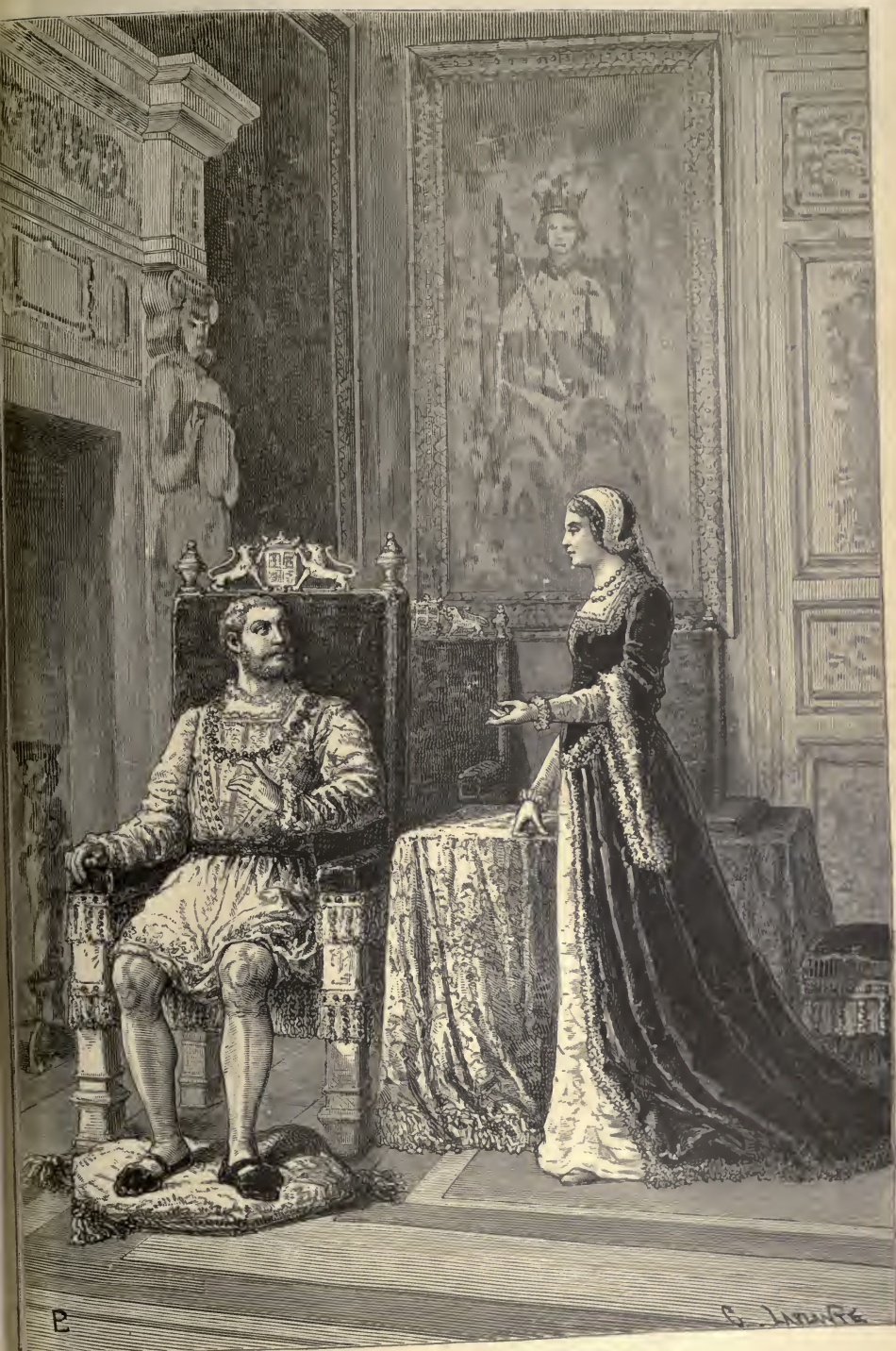
So many checks abroad, together with the constant pecuniary embarrassments entailed by his prodigalities at home, completed the imbitterment of the terrible character of the despot, who was now slowly dying in his palace at Whitehall. Addicted from the earliest time to the pleasures of the table, he had acquired an enormous corpulence, which rendered the least movements difficult to him. He had a difficulty in signing his name, and could not take a step without the assistance of his attendants. He suffered from an ulcer in the leg, and his morose disposition had completely metamorphosed his court, formerly so brilliant. None dared to raise his voice in favor of the most innocent victims. A lady who had access to the court, Anne Askew, young, beautiful, and learned, passionately attached to the doctrines of the Reformation, had left her husband and children to come to London to preach the Gospel; she was arrested and conducted before Bishop Bonner, who caused her to sign a confession of faith in conformity with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But the zeal of Anne did not abate; she continued to preach: being again arrested, she was tried and condemned as a heretic. Her prosecutors were anxious to make her avow the means which she had made use of in

order to spread the forbidden books among the ladies of the queen, and they put her to the torture to compel her to denounce her friends. "I have no friends at court," she repeated; "I have never been supported by any member of the council." The courage of Anne Askew remained firm at the stake as under the torture of the "wooden horse;" she died praising God, in company with a gentleman of the king's household, named Lascelles, who would not accept the doctrine of transubstantiation, and two other equally dangerous heretics. While he was ordering these executions, King Henry VIII. was delivering his last discourse to the Parliament, grieving at the lack of brotherly love* among his subjects. "Charity was never so faint among you, and virtuous and godly living was never less used, nor God Himself among Christians was never less revered, honored, or served. Therefore be in charity one with another, like brother and brother; love, dread, and serve God; to the which, as your supreme Head and Sovereign Lord, I exhort and require you."

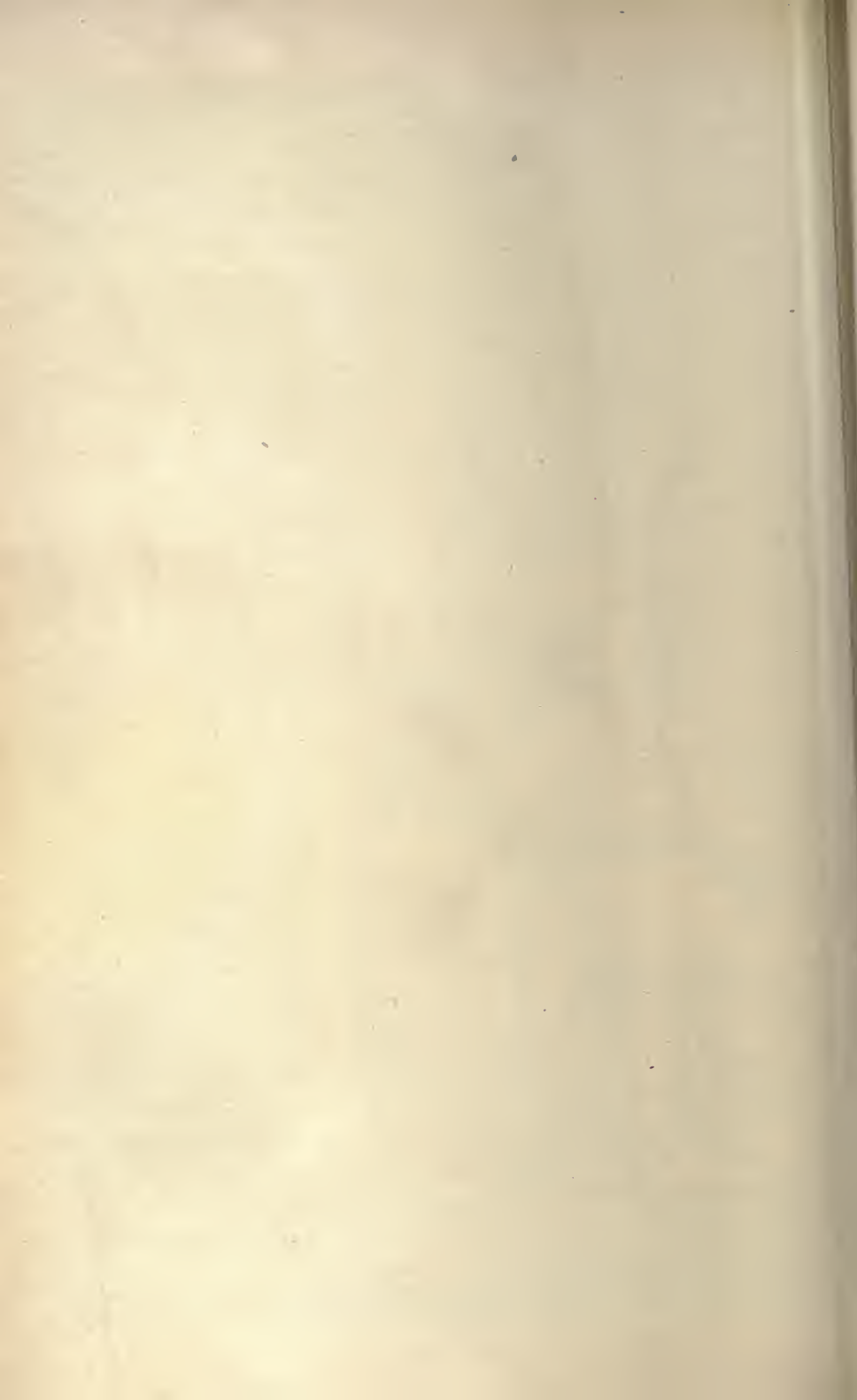
Perhaps Queen Catherine Parr suspected that the king needed upon his own account those religious exhortations which he had always so liberally bestowed upon his people, for she attempted, it is said, to discuss with him certain points in theology which she had studied in the heretical books, probably those very publications which Anne Askew had caused to be introduced into the royal household—a dangerous experiment which she had occasion to repent. The king flew into a violent passion. "A good hearing this," he exclaimed, "when women become such clerks; and a thing much to my comfort, to come in my old age to be taught by my wife!" The sword which had threatened Catherine so long was on the point of falling. Gardiner and Wriothesley, the new chancellor, ardent Roman Catholics, received the order to prepare the impeachment of the queen. She was

warned in time; she was intelligent and skilful. When in the eventide the conversation turned again upon religious questions, the king appeared to urge her to speak; she began to laugh. "I am not so foolish as not to know what I can understand," she said, "when I possess the favor of having for a master and spouse a prince so learned in holy matters." "By St. Mary!" exclaimed the king, "it is not so, Kate; thou hast become a doctor." The queen continued to laugh. "I thought I noticed," she said, "that that conversation diverted your Grace's attention from your sufferings, and I ventured to discuss with you in the hope of making you forget your present infirmity." "Is it so, sweetheart?" replied the king; "then we are friends again, and it doth me more good than if I had received a hundred thousand pounds." The orders given to the chancellor had not been revoked; he arrived on the morrow with forty men of his guard to arrest Catherine, but the king sent him away angrily. Catherine Parr henceforth left theology in peace.

A few more executions were wanting to light up the dismal valley of death into which the king felt himself descending; the jealousies of the political chiefs of the great factions which divided the country were about to furnish matter for the last deeds of violence of the dying monarch. The ancient and illustrious house of the Howards and its chief, the Duke of Norfolk, had observed with vexation the growing power and influence of the Earl of Hertford and of the family of the Seymours. The wealth, as well as the past renown of the Howards, had nothing to fear from the new rival who had sprung up beside them; but Lord Hertford was uncle to the heir to the throne, which gave him much power in the future; he wished to secure himself against any fatal mishap by striking his enemies beforehand. The distrust and jealousy of King Henry VIII. were easily excited; the old Duke of



B
CATHERINE DISCUSSING THEOLOGY WITH THE KING.



Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, were arrested on the 12th of December, 1546, and taken to the Tower. At the same time, in the presence of several witnesses, the king erased their names from the list of his testamentary executors. Everything had been done to make out a strong case. Advantage had been taken of an old feud between the Duke of Norfolk and his wife, and between the Earl of Surrey and his sister, the Duchess of Richmond, to search the papers and coffers of the family, in order to discover some tokens of treason. The ladies had even been arrested, and had been severely interrogated; but all that could be alleged in the impeachment was that Lord Surrey had quartered with his own arms the royal arms of Edward the Confessor. The old Duke of Norfolk had, it was said, been guilty of seditious utterances regarding the death of the king, while manifesting his dissatisfaction at the reforms of the Church. His trial had not commenced when Lord Surrey was brought to Guildhall to reply to his accusers. He was young, handsome, valiant; he was learned and cultivated; his poems are still famous. He defended himself with as much intelligence as courage, proving that he was authorized by the decisions of the heralds-at-arms to bear the arms of Edward the Confessor, which he had constantly displayed in the presence of the king without his Majesty having discovered anything to find fault with. The court declared, however, that this simple matter of the royal arms betrayed pretensions to the throne; Surrey was condemned, and on the 19th of January the flower of English chivalry perished upon the scaffold, while King Henry VIII. was already at the point of death.

Norfolk had in vain demanded to be confronted with his accusers; he had written to the king, and his letters had remained without a reply. Henry VIII., when dying, had not forgotten the convenient arm which he had wielded so long;

the old duke, alarmed and wearied, had even gone so far as to make a gift of all his property to the sovereign, begging him to settle it upon Prince Edward. The experienced statesman knew that it would be easier for his posterity some day to recover the riches concentrated in the sovereign's own hands, than to snatch them from the hands of the greedy courtiers, who were already, in expectation, sharing them among themselves; but this manœuvre was not successful in saving him; the confession which preceded his donation served as a basis for the bill of attainder, which was voted by the House of Commons on the 20th of January, 1547. The king was no longer able to sign. On the 27th the Chancellor Wriothesley informed the two Houses that his Majesty had chosen delegates to ratify the condemnation, and an order was dispatched to the Lieutenant of the Tower to execute the Duke of Norfolk on the 28th, early in the morning. On the same night Henry VIII. expired, after a reign of thirty-seven years. Not until the last day of his life had the boldest of his courtiers dared to suggest to him the possibility of his approaching end, and proposed to bring a priest to him. "No other than Archbishop Cranmer," he said; "but not yet: when I shall have rested." When the archbishop was at length asked for, the king could no longer speak; Cranmer reminded him of the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and Henry grasped the hand of the prelate with his remaining strength; a moment afterwards he was no more.

For some years past, endeavors have been made to place the memory of King Henry VIII. in a more favorable light. No one has labored in this direction with more zeal and ability than Mr. Froude; but no party passions can annihilate the facts of history; the personal character of the king must still be regarded as corrupt and cruel: relations with

him were fatal to all who approached him, wives and ministers. A monarch despotic and arbitrary, violent and unjust, he was at the same time a capricious and perfidiously, a vain and harsh pedant. The reform which he undertook in England was the work of his private interest and his tyrannical pride, not of a settled and sincere conviction. In his heart he still remained a Catholic, and only wished to rid himself of the supremacy of the Pope, who thwarted him, and of the monasteries, the spoliation of which enriched him. Illegalities and abuses of all kinds were increasing with the servility of Parliament, with the long duration of the reign, and the development of the vices of the king. At the time of his death the subjugation of England had become complete.

Notwithstanding so many crimes, oppressions, and errors, England gained much in the reign of Henry VIII.; the king had overwhelmed his people with taxes, but he had maintained public order, and favored the development of commerce; he had persecuted both Catholics and Protestants, but by separating violently from the court of Rome he had implanted in the English soil the germ of that religious liberty which was destined never to perish; he had labored to construct a peculiar edifice, filled with strange contradictions, and he had called it the Church of England in order to place himself at its head as the supreme chief; but he had imprinted upon the English reform its peculiar character, at once governmental and liberal, aristocratic and popular. He infamously plundered the monasteries, but he thereby involved in the party of reform the great noblemen enriched by the spoils: he shed upon the scaffold the noblest blood of England, but he followed the policy of his father in raising to power obscure men drawn from that growing middle class which was one day to constitute the greatness and strength of his country. Without brilliant military genius, without

great political talents, he had contrived to maintain himself abroad as an arbiter respected by the greatest sovereigns of Europe, causing the scale to incline to the side to which his capricious vanity impelled him. The royal coffers were full at the death of Henry VII.: they were empty at the time of his son's death, notwithstanding the enormous exactions which had filled them so many times; but sixty years of comparative peace had enriched the nation, so long crushed under the weight of civil and foreign wars; it had regained its breath. In vain had Henry VIII. oppressed it; in vain had he reduced the Parliament to servile dependence; the new spirit inspired by the Reformation had done its work; in spite of the stake, religious sects were already multiplying: the day of the Puritans was about to dawn; the obstinate resistance of weakness under a powerful oppression was already preparing. Protestant England had sprung into existence.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REFORMATION.— EDWARD VI. 1547-1553.

THE oppressive tyranny of Henry VIII. had ceased, and the child who succeeded him was destined to reign without attaining manhood. The ambitions and animosities of the great, the sincere passions and the intrigues of theologians, were about to occupy the scene, to divide and agitate all minds; but the work which was to make England Protestant and free had begun, and was continuing silently, and in obscurity. Henry VIII. had thought to regulate the religious movement in England as he had shaken off the supremacy of the Pope, but all his despotism could not arrest the effects of the new convictions, powerful especially among the lower clergy and the inhabitants of the towns. It was there that the Reformation numbered every day more numerous and more zealous adherents; it was there that the changes soon brought about by Cranmer in the organization of the Church met with the most ardent sympathy; and it was there that the persecution set on foot by the fanatic zeal of Queen Mary was to find the firmest resistance and the most heroic martyrs. Henry VIII. had accomplished the royal reform in order to satisfy his passions and his personal animosities; the English people, under the reign of his son, accomplished noiselessly and without proclamation a reform in a far different way, solid and deep. The country districts were still Catholic and long remained so; a portion of the bishops and the

high clergy refused to admit the new doctrines; but the religious reform progressed none the less; it was no longer in the power of man to arrest the work begun in the hearts and consciences of a mass of people as obscure as they were sincere. The young king, moreover, never had the desire to do so. During the short reign of Edward VI., through the weaknesses and vacillations natural to childhood, the prince was seen to pass from one to the other of the great noblemen who were contending together for power; never did he change in opinion or in religious tendency, and his influence always weighed on the side of the Reformation. Edward VI. was destined for a long while yet to remain the most Protestant of English sovereigns.

Henry VIII. had scarcely been dead four days, his obsequies had not yet taken place, and already all that he had wished and ordained for the government of England during the minority of his son was destroyed. Formerly the House of Lords possessed the privilege of designating the regent and the members of the council of regency; Parliament had granted this power to the king by the Act which had allowed him to dispose at his pleasure of the succession to the throne. Henry had accordingly made use of his right in designating in his will sixteen persons destined to constitute the privy council, and to be intrusted with the executive power. A second commission of twelve members was to be consulted in grave cases; the two bodies united composed the council of regency. Among the more important members of the privy council were to be read the names of Cranmer, Chancellor Wriothsley, Lord Hertford, Lord Lisle; but the Earl of Hertford did not limit his ambition to a seat in the council. He had taken his steps and had secured partisans among the testamentary executors of the king; at the first meeting he contrived to accomplish his project. It

was proposed to select a president. Wriothesley violently opposed this, saying that the will placed all the councillors in the same rank: he counted, no doubt, upon taking possession of the principal part of the power: he found himself alone upon his side, and finally gave way. When the Lords reassembled on the 1st of February around the young king, had heard the list of the members of the two councils read, Wriothesley added that the executors had resolved to place at their head the Earl of Hertford as Protector of the Kingdom and governor of the royal person; on condition, however, that he would take no steps in any matter without the assent of the majority of the members of the council. All the peers spiritual and temporal applauded this selection, and the last wishes of Henry VIII. were thus unceremoniously violated.

Some intentions were attributed to the late king, however, which met with more respect: a clause of the will commanded the executors to accomplish all the promises which he might have made; it was even asserted that he had repeated this injunction to those who surrounded his deathbed. The royal promises might be of great extent and entail grave consequences; inquiries were promptly resorted to; according to the statement of Sir William Paget, secretary of state, Sir Anthony Denny and Sir Fulke Herbert, gentlemen of the bedchamber, to whom the king had spoken on the subject, it was a question of a promotion to the peerage and a distribution of legacies in money among the testamentary executors. Lord Hertford was to be made Duke of Somerset; the Earl of Essex to become Marquis of Northampton; Lord Lisle, Earl of Warwick; Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; Sir Thomas Seymour, brother of Lord Hertford, Baron Seymour and Lord High Admiral; all were to receive from the ecclesiastical property still at the disposition of the crown,

revenues proportioned to their new dignities. The servants of the new king rewarded themselves in advance, and with their own hands, for the services which they were to render to him. Public opinion was shocked at this: people went so far as to call in question the alleged intentions of the late king as they had been reported by Sir John Paget. The elevation of Somerset was received with great joy among the Protestants, to whom he was favorable; the Catholics counted upon Wriothesley, who had become Lord Southampton, but he committed the imprudence of commissioning four delegates, under the great seal, to attend in his absence to the affairs of the chancellorship, without having previously consulted his colleagues; this act was declared illegal, and the fault being grave enough to deprive the chancellor of his office and his seat in the privy council, he gave in his resignation, and was kept a prisoner in his house, until the council had decided the amount of the fine which he was to pay. Henceforth Somerset found himself without a rival; none protested when he caused all the executive powers to be conferred upon himself, abolishing the two councils, and confounding all the testamentary executors under the common title of councillors of the king. Matters were arranged; an amnesty had been proclaimed for all state offenders, with the exception of the Duke of Norfolk and Cardinal Pole, and the Protector was preparing to sign the treaty of alliance between France and England, renewed in London on the occasion of the accession of Edward VI., when he learnt the news of the death of Francis I. This monarch had been painfully affected by the decease of the King of England; he was convinced, it was said, that he should only survive him a short time. And such indeed was the fact; the French king died at Rambouillet, on the 31st of March. By his death Protestant interests received a fatal blow in

Germany and in Scotland: in Germany, because the Emperor Charles V., set free from his rival, was becoming master of the country; in Scotland, because the Guises, the brothers of the dowager queen, were all-powerful with the new king of France, and because the latter immediately concluded a close alliance with the Earl of Arran, now placed at the head of the Catholic party. At the same time Henry II. refused to sign the treaty of London, and sent ships to Scotland to assist the regent in the siege of the Castle of St. Andrew, which the assassins of Cardinal Beaton had been able to retain. The latter sought help in England, promising to support the marriage of the little Queen Mary with the young King of England; but before the Protector had had time to assemble his forces, the castle was captured, razed to the ground, and all its defenders conveyed to France. Five weeks elapsed before the English troops were able to cross the frontier. It was on the 10th of September that the two armies met, not far from Musselburgh. Arran was there encamped behind the river Esk, with considerable forces; nearly all the great Scottish noblemen had joined him, notwithstanding party rivalries. The first challenge which the English received was that of Lord Huntley, who proposed to the Protector to fight him man to man, or with the assistance of ten knights on each side, after the fashion of the Horatii and Curiatii. Somerset smiled. "Tell your master," he replied to the herald, "that it is a want of judgment on his part to make such a proposal to me, who, by the grace of God, am intrusted with so precious a jewel as the person of a king and the protection of his kingdom." Warwick wished to accept the challenge of Huntley, but the duke did not permit it. "Let them come to us upon the field of battle," he said, "and they shall have blows enough."

The Scots, eager to come to close quarters, committed the imprudence of quitting the advantageous position which they occupied, to advance and meet the enemy. The combat began by a charge of Scottish cavalry, taken in flank, as they were crossing the bridge of the Esk, by a broadside from the English vessels drawn up along the coast. The English had found time to take possession of the hill upon which was situated St. Michael's church; the fray soon became general. The English wavered at first before the long lances of the Scots; but the ardor of the latter led them so far forward in the pursuit that, in re-forming, they found themselves involved in the hostile ranks; the arrows of the English archers, who were drawn up on an eminence, thinned the ranks of the Scottish men-at-arms; the firing from the vessels was incessant; the knights at length gave way and took to flight. The pursuit was vigorous, and the massacre horrible; quarter was given only to the great noblemen capable of paying a heavy ransom; eight thousand Scots, it is said, lay dead upon the battlefield of Pinkie, so called from the name of a neighboring mansion belonging to the Douglasses. The Earl of Huntley, Lord Yester, Lord Wemyss, and several other persons of distinction, were made prisoners.

For four days the victors continued their work of pillage at Leith and in the environs. People expected to see them march upon Edinburgh, but Somerset suddenly ordered a retreat, no man in Scotland being able to explain this unexpected deliverance. It is probable that matters of importance recalled him to the court of the young king.

Lord Seymour, brother of the Protector, and Lord High Admiral of England, was as ambitious as Somerset, and more courageous and enterprising; he had been deeply offended by the unequal partition of the power, and during the absence of the Protector had labored to establish his influence with

the little king. He married, in the month of June, 1547, Catherine Parr, the late king's widow, who had always loved him, it was said, notwithstanding the two other unions which she had contracted, and finding himself thus brought nearer to the person of the king, who often saw his step-mother, and being enriched by the fortune which Catherine had amassed as Queen of England, he took care to win the good graces of Edward VI., by supplying him with the funds which he wanted for his pocket-money and charities, liberalities which the Protector did not encourage. Seymour had also gained the favor of the king's household by distributing many gifts among them. In the month of November, 1547, the admiral persuaded the young king to address a letter to the Parliament, requesting that the office of guardian of the royal person should be conferred upon his uncle, Lord Seymour. The project became known and steps were taken; the admiral was threatened with the Tower, and a reconciliation was effected between the two brothers; Seymour shortly afterwards received a fresh dotation.

The ambition of the admiral could not be satisfied with money. Catherine Parr had recently died in childbed, and a rumor was in circulation that she had been poisoned. Her husband had already turned his views higher; he was paying his addresses to the Princess Elizabeth, whose governess he had completely gained over; he did not aspire to a secret marriage, which, according to the will of Henry VIII., would have impaired the right of succession, but he gave aid to all the members of the council, endeavoring to arouse among them sufficient disaffection to secure the approval of his union with the princess. The Protector resolved to rid himself of so dangerous a rival. The opportunity was propitious: Sharrington, the director of the mint at Bristol, was accused of having enriched himself by means of numerous malversations. The admiral defended him vigorously; but

Sharrington, to save his life, suddenly betrayed his advocate ; he stated that he had promised to coin money for Lord Seymour, and that the latter could count upon an army of ten thousand men, with whom he hoped to change the aspect of the state. Less than this was needed to send the Lord High Admiral to the Tower. His courage was not cast down, and he demanded to be confronted with his accusers. Somerset had been brought up in the school of Henry VIII. : he knew how to use bills of attainder. The little king, terrified, had abandoned his uncle Seymour. When the House of Commons made some opposition, asking that the accused should be heard, a royal message silenced the objectors, and the bill was voted without further difficulty. Lord Seymour was executed on the 20th of March, 1549, protesting his innocence to the last. Two letters were seized, it was said, written from the Tower to the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, to incite them to jealousy towards their brother. The Protector gave the young king a terrible example of cold barbarity, by being the first to sign the death-warrant of *his* brother.

The war continued in Scotland, with alternations of successes and reverses ; but its principal aim, the marriage of King Edward VI. with the little queen, had been thwarted by Henry II., King of France, who destined her for the Dauphin. The Parliament even consented to send the child to France, there to receive her education in safety. Mary of Guise remained in Scotland, but the little queen, Mary Stuart, crossed over to Brest in a French vessel, and she was conducted to St. Germain-en-Laye, to be solemnly betrothed to the Dauphin. Warfare continued upon the frontiers, but the thoughts of the government were elsewhere ; a great popular insurrection, which had taken its rise in the south, had gained the eastern counties, and a portion of England was in commotion.

Various causes had contributed towards the insurrection: the alteration of the currency under the reign of Henry VIII. had brought about an excessive rise in the nominal price of commodities, but labor was not remunerated in proportion; workmen were, on the contrary, less employed and less paid than in the past. A great quantity of arable land had been transformed into pasture-ground, in consequence of a considerable increase in the price of wools. The monasteries no longer gathered in intelligent peasants to make monks of them; monastic charities no longer relieved the misery of the poor; the vast spaces belonging to the parishes, where the villagers were wont to let their cattle graze, had been, by degrees, swallowed up by the neighboring proprietors, who had inclosed all the waste lands, thus depriving the poor, at a time of great distress, of a resource to which they were accustomed. Vagrancy had increased in such a manner, that in the first year of the reign of Edward VI. a barbarous law had been voted by Parliament, delivering up to any man, in the capacity of a slave, any individual sojourning for three days in any place without a fixed residence. Being declared a vagabond, he was to be branded upon the chest with a red-hot iron; his master had the right to compel him to work by every possible punishment; he could chain him up, let him out to hire, or sell him: a veritable slave-market being thus suddenly instituted for a few years in that free England which, three centuries later, was to be the first to put its hand to the work of destroying slavery throughout the whole world. These rigors had not sufficed; the vagabonds were not the only unhappy or exasperated persons; the religious feelings of the Catholic inhabitants were galled by the rapid progress of the Reformation. The insurrection was so grave that the Protector, always greedy of popularity, vainly endeavored to appease it by a hurried

measure, forbidding the inclosure of all waste lands accessible to the peasants, and ordering that they should everywhere be restored to their former uses. This concession only served to put arms in the hands of the peasantry, some of whom broke down the fences, while others defended them: the government was everywhere obliged to send troops. But for the auxiliary corps raised in Italy, Spain, and Germany for the war with Scotland, the Protector would have found himself much embarrassed.

The demands of the insurgents and the aims of the insurrection differed greatly in different parts of the country. The south almost everywhere claimed the re-establishment of the old religion; the men of Devonshire, at the head of whom marched Humphrey Arundel, were secretly urged by the priests; they had laid siege to Exeter, and Lord Russell, badly provided with men and supplies, could not effectually succor the town. The proclamations of the young king in vain succeeded each other in answer to the requisitions of the insurgents. Exeter was closely pressed for five weeks, and famine was already in the city, when Lord Russell, having received troops and money, at length defeated the rebels and caused the siege to be raised; the insurrection was drowned in blood, and the soldiers ravaged the country. Arundel and some of the chiefs were taken to London, where they were executed.

The insurrection in Norfolk had a more political character; it had begun in like manner by the question of the inclosures. A tanner of Norwich, named Ket, had placed himself at the head of the insurgents, and established his camp upon a little elevation called Mousehold-heath, at the gates of Norwich. There, surrounded by malcontents from the environs, to the number of twenty thousand it is said, he declaimed against the oppression of the commoners by the nobles, and

against the new religious service, asserting that he had only taken arms with the object of placing around the king honest councillors, favorable to the wishes of the people. A first attack upon the rebels, directed by the Marquis of Northampton, completely failed; they had been allowed time to assemble; they pillaged at their ease in the environs, then gathered again under the *Reformation Tree*, as they called an oak in the centre of their camp, bringing with them the noblemen whom they had made prisoners. It was not until the 25th of August, when the disorder had already lasted for nearly two months, that the Earl of Warwick, detained several days in Norwich for want of men and supplies, was able, on the arrival of some reinforcements, to attack the camp of Ket. The rebels were completely defeated, and the massacre was terrible. Ket and his brother, being sent to London to be tried, were hanged, one from the belfry of Wymondham, the other in the citadel of Norwich, and nine of the principal leaders were suspended from the nine branches of the *Reformation Tree*. The revolt in Norfolk was at an end, and the insurrection which manifested itself shortly afterwards in Yorkshire having been stifled, tranquillity was restored in the country; it was not so at the court.

The checks which the policy as well as the arms of England had suffered in Scotland, the encroachments of King Henry II. in the territory surrounding Calais and Boulogne, the proposals of Somerset to the Emperor to deliver the latter town to him, had slowly undermined the influence of the Protector, he still remained popular among the lower classes, who called him the *good Duke*; but the nobility were discontented, incensed at the arrogant tone of the "Duke of Somerset by the grace of God," as he styled himself. Indignation was aroused at the palace which he had raised in the Strand, at the cost of a church and three episcopal dwellings, and public opinion

began to assign him a rival in the person of a man long since destined by the animosity of the former chancellor, Wriothesley, to accomplish the ruin of his enemy. Lord Warwick, equally ambitious, equally vain, but more bold and enterprising than Somerset, had already acquired a great military reputation, which was increased by his recent services in Norfolk. The two rivals nearly came to blows in the month of October, 1549. Twenty members of the council joined Warwick in London, and the Protector, who remained at Hampton Court with the young king, began to assemble forces. Edward VI. has related in his journal the negotiations between the Protector and the malcontents, the alternations of resolution and weakness of Somerset, the decision of the noblemen congregated around Warwick. The overtures of the Protector, though more and more moderate, were all rejected; the trouble of answering him was no longer taken, when at length he convoked the council at Windsor. All the nobility repaired thither, and decreed without hesitation the arrest of Somerset; on the 14th of October he was conducted to the Tower, accused of high treason, and the young king was brought back to Hampton Court. Warwick was henceforth master. Southampton in vain hoped to share the power with him; he was not even re-established in the office of chancellor, and the earl who had hitherto appeared to be in favor of the Roman Catholic party, abandoned it completely and turned towards the Reformers. The wind blew from this quarter, and the principles of Warwick had never impeded in anything the pursuit of his interests.

The Duke of Somerset was, at first, treated gently; he shrank from no humiliation in order to secure the mercy of the king, and confessed all that was desired, upon his knees, before the council. Deprived of all his offices, and smitten with a heavy fine, he appeared to accept his downfall meekly,



EDWARD VI. WRITING HIS JOURNAL.



remaining at court and behaving so modestly that he was again admitted into the privy council. The eldest son of Warwick, Lord Lisle, even married, on the 3d of June, 1550, Lady Anne Seymour, the daughter of the Duke of Somerset. But secret intrigues increased every day; notwithstanding solemn reconciliations the hostility of the two rivals remained unaltered. Warwick had taken the precaution of causing himself to be appointed warden of the Scottish frontiers, in order to cut off on the north the Duke of Somerset's retreat if the latter should attempt to excite civil war; he was at the same time ambitious of equalling him in rank, and caused himself to receive the title of Duke of Northumberland; his friend, the Marquis of Dorset, became Duke of Suffolk, and a few days after this promotion it suddenly became known that the Duke of Somerset had been arrested and conducted to the Tower, charged with conspiracy and high treason. The duchess was also arrested, as well as a certain number of the duke's friends.

The charges against Somerset were grave and numerous; he had plotted, it was said, the assassination of the principal noblemen of the council — Northumberland, Northampton, Pembroke, and others; a revolt was at the same time to be fomented in London, and the duke was to take possession of the king's person. This time the prisoner was publicly conducted to Westminster Hall, to be tried by his peers, that is to say, by the councillors of the king, whom he was accused of having intended to assassinate; but he was not confronted with the witnesses against him, the prosecutors contenting themselves with reading to him their depositions. He confessed to murderous designs against his powerful enemies, but these he had abandoned, he said, and he absolutely denied any intention of rebellion or insurrection. He was accordingly acquitted upon the count of treason, but the count of felony

was proved, and this sufficed to ruin him. The people, who thronged in the Hall and the streets, did not understand the sentence; the axe, which had been borne before him so long as he was accused of high treason, had disappeared from the procession; they cried out that the *good duke* had been acquitted, and the favor of the population of London did not incline Northumberland to show mercy. On the 22d of January, 1552, six weeks after his condemnation, less than five years after the day on which he had made himself master of the supreme power, the former Protector of England was conducted to that scaffold so often bathed in the most illustrious blood. He died with more resolution than he had shown during his life, his young nephew, convinced, it is said, of his crime, having made no effort to show mercy to him. Somerset no doubt called to mind on Tower Hill the brother whom he had formerly sent to the same fate. Four of his friends only were executed in like manner, protesting their innocence. "Every time the Duke of Northumberland places his head upon his pillow, he will find it wet with our blood," exclaimed Sir Ralph Vane, addressing the people. They listened silently, without much emotion; the nation was growing accustomed to see its great noblemen fall beneath the executioner's axe instead of perishing bravely, as in other days, sword in hand, upon the field of battle.

Boulogne had been definitively restored to France by a treaty of peace in which Scotland was included; the seal of the new alliance was to be the marriage of Edward VI.; but the health of the young monarch had been declining for some months past, and the ambitious Northumberland had already entered upon the scheme which was destined to bring about his ruin. He had married his fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and granddaughter, by her mother's side,

of Mary, queen-dowager of France, and sister of Henry VIII. He thus united his family to the royal blood, while he caused his other children to contract powerful alliances. His aim was no other than to exclude from the succession to the throne the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who had never been rehabilitated in respect to their legitimacy, in the interest of the Duchess of Suffolk, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, who was disposed to renounce her rights in favor of her eldest daughter. The duke counted upon obtaining support in his undertaking from the Protestant party, who were uneasy, and with good reason, at the prospect of the Princess Mary's accession to the throne. He urged the same argument upon the young King Edward: it was, in truth, the only one which could operate upon him. The dying youth had, naturally, never played the part of a statesman: he appears even not to have taken much interest in public life, but he was sincerely pious and attached to the Protestant faith. The progress of the Reformation had been the great desire of this mind of precocious gravity, and he had it at heart to protect the new religion after his death; he knew himself to be in most precarious health, and consented willingly to the proposals which Northumberland made to him upon this subject. Perhaps he thought, moreover, that he had the right to exercise the same privilege that his father had claimed, of designating a successor to the throne. The poor lad did not perceive into what new troubles and dangers he was about to plunge his kingdom by exposing it once more to the disasters of a contested succession and the rivalries of the great lords.

Three social forces, meanwhile, had made immense progress in England—regard for public order, the idea of the royal legitimacy, and the spirit of the Reformation. This last power which Northumberland thought to enroll in his service, had

taught men to govern themselves, to decide freely and rationally in respect to their own affairs, and not even the dread of an ardently Roman Catholic reign was able to turn them aside from the path of justice. These three motives united frustrated the ambitious designs and plots of the great nobles. Subsequently, in the reign of Elizabeth, the same influences were destined to establish Protestantism forever in England. The reformed faith had made rapid strides since the death of Henry VIII. The silent struggle between the progressive and the retrogressive parties had continued; Cranmer and Gardiner still confronted each other, but Cranmer now had the upper hand. Gardiner had at first been placed by Henry VIII. on the list of the privy council, then his name had been erased from it through motives of prudence; the Archbishop of Canterbury had all the members of the council at his disposal, with the exception of the Chancellor Wriothesley, and Tunstall, Bishop of Durham. It has been seen how Wriothesley was driven from power; Tunstall was relegated to his diocese. Cranmer, therefore, found the coast clear, but he was determined to proceed with more moderation, for fear of arousing a fresh *pilgrimage of grace*; he did not completely succeed in averting the grave displeasure which his innovations caused among the populations remaining Catholic.

The first care of the archbishop was to establish in each diocese *royal visitors*, half lay, half ecclesiastical. Wherever they presented themselves, their authority was supreme; they established in all churches the use of a collection of homilies intended to be read every week, and composed, in great part, by Cranmer; none could preach without the authorization of the Protector or the Metropolitan. This prudent prohibition, intended to favor the extension of the new doctrines, did not escape attention; Gardiner immediately protested against the homilies and against the paraphrase of the New Testament

by Erasmus, introduced into the church service in each parish. The reactionary bishop demanded that neither the doctrine nor the practice established by the late king should be interfered with until the majority of the young Edward VI. The intervention of Gardiner was not successful; he was arrested and held in prison during the continuance of the Parliamentary session.

The property which the religious communities, churches, and colleges yet possessed, had been placed by Parliament at the disposal of the king, as a trust-fund for the endowment of schools and livings. Cranmer opposed without success this fresh spoliation, foreseeing that it would turn to the profit of the courtiers: but the measures voted by the two Houses were of a consoling nature: the law against the Lollards, the prohibition against reading the Scriptures, and the statutes of the six articles of faith, were revoked; marriage was allowed to the clergy; communion of the two kinds was granted to the laity, and soon the order was given for celebrating the service in the English language, without any modification being yet made in the text itself of the Mass. Such were the changes already accomplished a year after the death of Henry VIII. The royal power had at the same time extended itself and gathered strength; the election of the bishops had been withdrawn from the deans and chapters, and made to depend solely upon the king, and it was by a simple royal decree that the bishops were invited to suppress in their dioceses certain Catholic observances by taking care to destroy all images that might still remain. In the month of January, 1549, appeared the great work which the Archbishop of Canterbury had been preparing for some time, the Catechism and the Prayer-Book of the Church of England. This latter production, skilfully composed by a commission of bishops and theologians, had for a basis the missals and breviaries of the Catholic church, de-

prived of all that might clash with the Protestant faith, yet carefully adapted to the convictions and sentiments of the Catholics. It was a work of conciliation effected with skill and with the most praiseworthy intentions; but the archbishop did not deceive himself regarding the repugnance which it encountered among the population, and he took care to surround it with an efficacious protection; from Whitsuntide, the use of any other book for Divine service was prohibited under severe penalties. The insurrections which shortly afterwards arose proved that Cranmer had not been mistaken; the new service was especially an object of complaint to the rebels of Devonshire. Cranmer soon perceived that it was necessary to begin an attack upon those prelates who were hostile to the innovations; they were numerous, but the majority were timid and contented themselves with proceeding slowly to make the reforms ordained by the government; some few were bolder; it was towards these that the efforts of Cranmer were directed.

For two years Gardiner had been confined in the Tower, in consequence of a sermon declared to be seditious, and he had not been brought to trial. The Bishop of London, Bonner, reprimanded for his want of zeal, was commissioned by the council to preach at St. Paul's Cross; his text had been chosen and all the divisions of his discourse settled beforehand, when he appeared before the crowd; he was to overwhelm with ecclesiastical thunders the rebels of Devonshire and Norfolk, to refer to the king and his religious authority, and to point out that, the rights and power of the sovereign not depending upon his age, King Edward VI. was as competent to decide questions of faith as he could be in later years. Bonner completely omitted this last point of the sermon, and was immediately summoned before the council. He excused himself upon the ground of the weakness of his

memory, affirmed that he had lost his notes, declaring at the same time that he was prosecuted not for a trifling act of forgetfulness, but because he had firmly maintained the Roman Catholic doctrine of the real presence. He was condemned, deprived of his see and sent to prison. Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, was summoned to London in his place; but the bishopric was despoiled of a portion of its possessions, as well as of those which became vacant by successive deprivations. The court profited by the conscientious obstinacy of the bishops.

Gardiner was more skilful than Bonner, and quite as resolute; he embarrassed his enemies by his self-possession and his intellectual resources, and he refused to sign the formula of submission which was presented to him, so long as he should continue to be unjustly detained. He accumulated so much evidence, and called so many witnesses to prove the plot long since formed against him, that Cranmer cut short the proceedings. Gardiner was deprived of his bishopric, and, like Bonner, he was detained in prison, as well as two other prelates, Heath and Day, Bishops of Worcester and Chichester. It was at this period that the great Scottish reformer, John Knox, being in London, preached before the king with so much talent and vigor that the primate was instrumental in offering to him the bishopric of Rochester, which had become vacant by the translation of Poynt to Winchester, where he replaced Gardiner. Knox declined, but the proposal shows upon what path the Church of England, formerly so violent against the friends and partisans of Knox, had entered. Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, all prelates ardently attached to the Reformed faith, replaced the deposed bishops; Hooper was so profoundly imbued with Calvinistic principles, that much difficulty was experienced in inducing him to accept the consecration of the primate, and allow himself to be invested with the sacerdotal ornaments.

Effectually to introduce the new religion it was not enough to secure convinced and faithful ministers; it was necessary also firmly to establish its doctrines. Towards the end of the year 1551, the prelates finished drawing up the articles of the national faith in forty-two propositions, containing the same principles as the thirty-nine articles subsequently voted under Queen Elizabeth, which still remain the rule of faith of the Church of England. In the main, and under different forms, they come very near the doctrines of the Reformation on the Continent, inclining, sometimes towards Calvinism, sometimes towards Lutheranism, but always resting firmly upon the Bible.

The resource of removing the bishops had always been open to the government when it had been found impossible to triumph over their resistance; but it was more difficult to compel the Princess Mary to practise the new forms of worship. She had been warned, by an order of the council, at the time of the institution of the prayer-book, that the celebration of mass would no longer be permitted even in her private chapel; and for two years the intercession of the Emperor in her favor remained ineffectual; the chaplains of the princess were arrested, she was finally called before the council, and the young king himself vainly endeavored to convince her. The Emperor went so far as to declare that he would wage war with England rather than suffer his relative to be constrained in her conscience. Cranmer counselled the young king to temporize; but Edward VI. wept, lamented the obstinacy of his sister and the obligation which he was under of allowing mass to exist in any place in his kingdom. The attempts were renewed with Mary several times; she remained inflexible in her resolution. "If the chaplains cannot say mass, I shall not hear it," she said; "but the new service shall not be established in my house; if it is introduced there by force, I shall leave the place." "Mat-

ters remained thus," says Burnet, "and I think that Lady Mary continued to have her priests and to have mass said, so secretly that it could not be complained of."

In truth, and notwithstanding the removal of the bishops and some deplorable executions of poor heretics who attacked the very foundations of Christianity, persecution was at a stand-still under the reign of Edward VI. In this new stage of the Reformation, no Catholic suffered seriously for his attachment to his faith.

The obstinacy of the Princess Mary had left a profound impression upon the mind of the young king, and contributed, no doubt, to the effect of Northumberland's insinuations in favor of a Protestant succession. Edward was unwilling, however, to compromise any of his councillors, and he drew up with his own hand the project for a law which was to regulate the succession to the throne; he then caused the judges to be summoned, with the attorney and solicitor-general, to commission them to prepare the act. They hesitated; the king peremptorily commanded them to obey, and only reluctantly granted them time to examine the precedents, before fulfilling the wishes of his Majesty.

When the lawyers returned they were still undecided, or rather they had convinced themselves that the law required of them by the sovereign would involve an act of treason both on the part of the framers of the act and on that of the council. The king insisted; the Duke of Northumberland, who was present, flew into a passion; the lords of the council, before whom the judges explained their scruples, had been won over by the intrigues of the duke. Cranmer, who had at first been opposed to this step, yielded to the solicitations of the young monarch; the measure was resolved upon, and the act, prepared by the lawyers, received the great seal as well as the signatures of all the members of the council.

Northumberland had made an attempt to take possession of the person of Mary; but she had been warned in time, and instead of obeying the summons which was made to her in the name of the king her brother, she retired precipitately to her manor of Kenninghall, in Norfolk. Here she soon received the news of the death of Edward VI., who expired at Greenwich on the 6th of July, 1553, at the age of fifteen years and a half. The time had come to make a trial of the new basis upon which Cranmer had sought to found the religion of the kingdom. The question whether England was to be Catholic or Protestant was about to be decided.

CHAPTER XX.

PERSECUTION. — BLOODY MARY. 1553-1558.

THE Duke of Northumberland was more ambitious than able, and more bold than skilful. In seeking to disturb the natural order of succession he had undertaken a task above his strength; nor had he appreciated the relative power of the two religions now existing side by side: he had thought the Catholics more weakened than they were, and the Protestants more disposed to sacrifice all for the accession of a Protestant sovereign than they showed themselves to be; the hope which he had conceived of taking possession of the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, was thwarted from the first. The death of the young king was kept secret, and an express dispatched to his sisters to bring them to him. It was the second time that Mary had been summoned, and notwithstanding her repugnance, she had set out, when a note from the Earl of Arundel warned her of the state of affairs; she immediately retraced her steps, and shut herself up in Framlingham Castle. Elizabeth had also been warned in time. Northumberland henceforth had to struggle against a rival at liberty, and aware of his sinister designs.

Edward VI. had been dead three days, and precautions had been taken in London, when Lady Jane Grey, who had retired to Chelsea during the last weeks of the king's life, was recalled to Sion House, the palace of her family. She was there alone on the 10th of July, 1553, occupied, it is said, in reading Plato in Greek,—for Lady Jane was as

learned as she was gentle and modest, — when the arrival of the Duke of Northumberland, her father-in-law, accompanied by several lords of the council, was announced. Indifferent subjects were talked about; but the young woman was troubled by the watchful looks and respectful tone of her visitors, when her mother-in-law entered with the Duchess of Suffolk. “The king, your cousin and our sovereign lord, has surrendered his soul to God,” said Northumberland; “but before his death, and in order to preserve the kingdom from the infection of Popery, he resolved to set aside his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, declared illegitimate by an act of Parliament, and he has commanded us to proclaim your Grace as queen and sovereign to succeed him.” At the same moment the lords of the council knelt before Lady Jane, vowing fidelity to her; she started back, uttered a cry, and fell to the floor. She was young, timid, in delicate health, fond of retirement, and addicted to serious studies; she protested, asserting that she did not feel herself capable of governing. “But if the right is mine,” she said at length, raising her head with modest confidence, “I hope that God will give me strength to bear the sceptre for his glory and the happiness of the people of England.” She was immediately conducted to the Tower, the usual residence of sovereigns before their coronation; at the same time, the death of King Edward VI. and the accession of Lady Jane Grey were proclaimed in the streets and market-places, while the reason of the exclusion of the princesses was explained. The crowd listened in silence, without any tokens of satisfaction, and the name of Mary was whispered among them. The violation of the ordinary rules of succession was evidently viewed with no favor by the people of London.

In the country the movement was more vigorous. Mary had written to the council, haughtily claiming her rights in



LADY JANE GREY.

a tone befitting the sovereign power, and the lords had not yet replied to this appeal, when a certain number of noblemen and gentlemen hastened to join their legitimate queen. The Catholics were not alone, for Mary promised to change nothing in the laws and the religion established by King Edward. She had a small army under her orders, when the Duke of Northumberland, who had hesitated to leave London, and the conspirators whom he held in some degree captive, decided at length to march against Mary, leaving the Duke of Suffolk with his daughter to govern in her name. He had scarcely left the capital, when the members of the council crept out of the Tower under different pretexts, and met at Castle Baynard, the residence of the Earl of Pembroke. The Earl of Arundel was the first to announce his resolution of passing over to Queen Mary. "If reasons do not suffice," exclaimed Lord Pembroke, "this sword shall make Mary queen, or I will die in her cause!" All the nobles responded with acclamation, and the Duke of Suffolk, who had rejoined his colleagues, united his voice to theirs, basely abandoning his daughter. Mary was proclaimed in the streets of London, in the places where a week before the name of Lady Jane had resounded, and at St. Paul's Cross, where Bishop Ridley had preached on the preceding Sunday in favor of the Protestant succession. This time people applauded, and the Catholics triumphed; the Protestants had not learned to connect religious principles with political freedom, or did not foresee the evils which they were about to suffer. On leaving London with his troops, Northumberland himself had augured ill from the coldness of the population. "They come to see us pass," he said, "but no man cries 'God bless you!'" He was at Cambridge when he learned at the same time the proclamation of Mary in London, the defection of the members of the council, and that of the forces which he had raised in

the north, who had now rallied round Mary. Tears flowed down his cheeks when he repaired to the public square of the city, and, throwing his cap in the air, was the first to proclaim Queen Mary. On the morrow he was arrested and taken to the Tower, which Lady Jane had quitted to return to Sion House as soon as Mary had been recognized by the council. But the young queen of ten days had been arrested, as well as her husband; the gloomy fortress began to be peopled by all the actors in the drama of which this poor girl was to be the victim. Mary advanced by short stages to London, where she entered on the 3d of August amid the joyful acclamations of the populace: her sister, Elizabeth, came to meet her with a thousand noblemen and gentlemen. The conduct of Elizabeth had been as skilful as it was prudent, and worthy of the wise policy which she was to practise upon the throne, and she was already indebted for this to the counsels of the Secretary of State, Cecil. When Northumberland had caused the accession of Lady Jane to be announced to her, proposing land and riches to her in exchange for her rights to the throne, Elizabeth replied that she had no rights to renounce, since her elder sister, the Princess Mary, was alive. Then, giving out that she was ill, she had awaited the event, timing her movements so as to arrive first in London, muster her friends, and salute the new sovereign upon her entry into the capital. During the five years of her sister's reign all the prudence of Cecil was destined to be required for the service of the mistress whom he had chosen.

The first care of the queen was to repair to the Tower; the prisoners were expecting her, not those whom she had just sent thither, but the old Duke of Norfolk, a captive for so many years, the Duchess of Somerset, and Bishop Gardiner, who delivered in the name of all a brief speech of welcome to the sovereign whose accession restored them to lib-

erty. Mary was moved to tears. "You are *my* prisoners," she said, embracing them. The bishops Bonner and Tunstall were also delivered from their long captivity; the latter was admitted into the council as well as Gardiner, who soon became chancellor and prime minister. The corpse of King Edward had scarcely been interred, his obsequies being performed according to the English rites, before the sermons at St. Paul's cross had changed their character. Bourn, canon of St. Paul's, soon afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, rose against the innovations introduced into the church under King Edward, declaiming against those who had kept Bonner, the legitimate bishop of the diocese, for four years in prison. The people were not accustomed to such tirades; the canon was in danger of his life; two reformed preachers, who were shortly to seal their testimony by death, Bradford and Rogers, had great difficulty in conducting him back to his residence in safety.

Queen Mary had been a fortnight in London, and six weeks only had elapsed since the death of Edward VI., when the Duke of Northumberland, his eldest son, the Earl of Warwick, and the Marquis of Northampton, were brought before the council as prisoners charged with high-treason. The crime was manifest, but the judges assembled to condemn the guilty men were also implicated in it themselves. Northumberland endeavored to take shelter behind the members of the council, who had all signed the edict emanating from the personal will of the deceased king; the councillors maintained that they had obeyed, under the penalty of their lives. The Duke of Norfolk, who had but just escaped from the Tower, presided over the court; Cranmer and the Duke of Suffolk signed the sentence. All the base acts of Northumberland could not save him; in vain did he ask to confer with the doctors sent by the queen in order to enlighten his conscience;

the only favor granted to him was that of being simply beheaded. The Earl of Warwick behaved with more self-respect. Four secondary accomplices were condemned with the three great noblemen; but Northumberland, Sir John Gates, and Sir Thomas Palmer alone suffered their sentence. They died on Tower Hill on the 22d of August; the duke was interred in the chapel of the Tower, beside the Duke of Somerset, formerly his victim; on the right and left lay the remains of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. The queen had been urged to rid herself also of Lady Jane Grey and her husband; but Mary called to mind the youth of the poor little usurper, saying that she had been but a tool in the hands of her father-in-law, and contented herself with detaining them in the Tower.

The Catholic party was triumphant. The Emperor Charles V. had recommended prudence, advising that only some few dangerous enemies should be struck down, but that the new religion should not be touched, trusting to time the work of modifying errors, and taking care not to plunge the people into despair by too much severity. This wise policy agreed neither with Mary's fervent convictions nor with the firmness of her character, imbittered by long misfortunes, by reiterated acts of injustice, and by shattered health. "God has protected me in all my misfortunes," she said, "it is in Him that I confide. I will not testify my gratitude slowly and in secret, but at once and openly." The public declaration promised to molest none of her subjects for religion: but Mass had already been re-established in the principal churches in London, Cranmer and Latimer were sent to the Tower, and the Princess Elizabeth, prudently bowing her head before the storm, had renounced the practice of the Protestant worship to return to the Catholic faith, of which she always preserved some remains at the bottom of her heart; she accompanied her

sister to Mass, had a chapel established in her residence, and devoted a portion of her time to embroidering church ornaments. Mary was crowned on the 1st of October at Westminster, by the hands of Gardiner. Five days afterwards the Parliament assembled; a month had scarcely elapsed before the edifice raised with so much care by Cranmer and the English Protestants had fallen to pieces; matters had returned to the point at which Henry VIII. had left them: the prayer-book was set aside, the service in the vernacular tongue abolished, the marriage of priests and communion of the two kinds prohibited; the married bishops and those in favor of the reformed doctrines were deprived of their sees, while the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catherine was declared alone valid. The queen did not, however, renounce the title of Head of the Church; it was thought best not to alarm the Protestants by placing them at the outset under the yoke of Rome, and above all to avoid touching upon the question of the restitution of clerical property, which would have raised all the House of Lords against the new régime. The queen contented herself by setting the example of making restoration to the Church of all the estates annexed to the crown. Being reassured by this indulgence, Parliament voted all that was desired, and destroyed all that it had formerly established. The convocation of the clergy returned in a body to the old practices; those priests who had sincerely embraced the Protestant faith, and who refused to repeat Mass, were replaced without difficulty by the monks who were everywhere issuing forth from their hiding-places. The prisons were soon filled by the refractory; those who were not prisoners might go about begging on the high-roads with their wives and children; a certain number fled abroad. Violent persecution had not yet commenced; Cranmer was acquitted upon the count of treason, but he was sent back to the Tower

as a heretic. The sentence of death pronounced against Lady Jane Grey and her husband had not been executed; the captives even enjoyed a kind of liberty in their prison. Queen Mary was occupied in a more important matter; although now thirty-seven years of age, moved by the solicitations of her councillors, she was thinking of marriage.

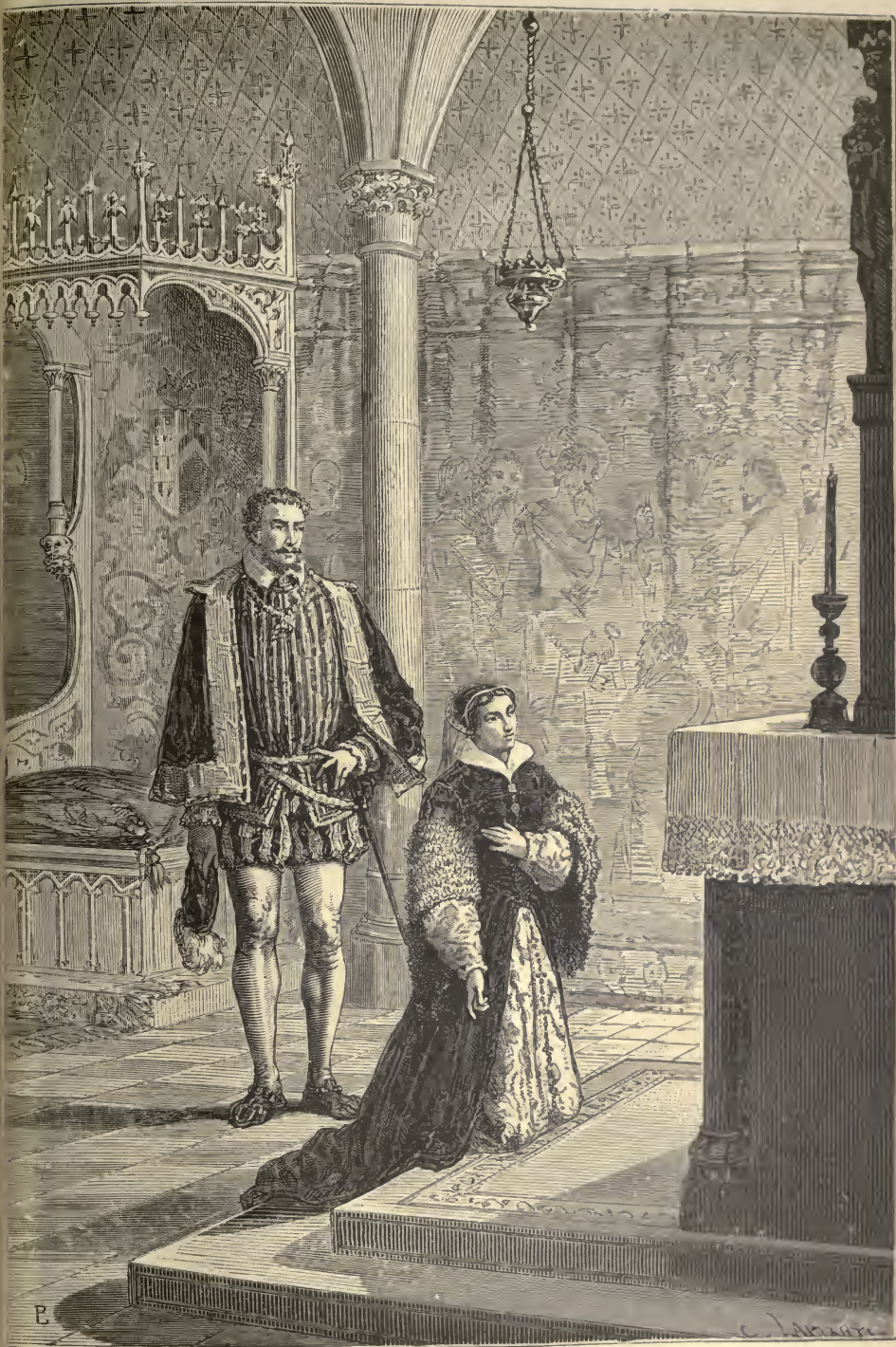
Many illustrious alliances for the Princess Mary had been successively contracted and broken off. While she was yet in her cradle, the Emperor, the King of France, the Dauphin, had each in turn aspired to her hand; but it was whispered at court that the queen had some partiality for Lord Edward Courtenay, son of the Marquis of Exeter executed in 1538. Scarcely had she released this handsome young man from the Tower, when she conferred on him the title of Earl of Devonshire, with all the confiscated estates of his father, and it was asserted that her favors did not stop there. Edward Courtenay did not know how to take advantage of fortune; he was thoughtless and dissipated; his convictions did not incline to the side of Roman Catholicism, and he preferred, it was said, the society of the Princess Elizabeth to that of her royal sister. The queen manifested much coldness towards the princess, who retired to her residence at Ashridge in Buckinghamshire, closely watched by two agents of the court. A union with Cardinal Pole, a cousin of the queen, and who was not then in orders, was also spoken of; but he was fifty-three years of age, he was living in retirement by the Lake of Garda; and, although there was a project at that time at Rome for sending him as legate to England, the Emperor increased the obstacles to his departure, in order to have time to accomplish an undertaking which he had greatly at heart, and which the presence of Pole might have hindered.

Queen Mary had learned during her misfortunes to depend upon Charles V., who had never failed her: since she had

been upon the throne she had taken his advice in all her affairs; the Emperor took advantage of this circumstance to ask her hand for his son, the Archduke Philip, soon afterwards Philip II., who had recently lost his wife, Isabella of Portugal. The foreign powers, and especially France, seconded by the ambassadors of Venice, dreaded this union, which was calculated to cause the balance in Europe to incline against them; their opposition was favored by a powerful party in the very bosom of the council; Gardiner was at its head. He vigorously represented to the queen the aversion which the English had always experienced towards foreign sovereigns, the discontent which the haughtiness of Philip had aroused among his own subjects, the continual hostilities with France which must result from this marriage, the anger and uneasiness of the Reformed party. The Commons even presented an address praying the queen to choose her husband from among the distinguished men of her kingdom. Courtenay was the soul of all the intrigues, encouraged and nourished by the French ambassador, M. de Noailles. But opposition only aroused the obstinacy of Mary; she was a worthy daughter of Henry VIII., and on the very day when the Houses had manifested to her their aversion to a foreign prince, she caused the Spanish ambassador to come into her private chapel, and there, throwing herself upon her knees before the altar, she took God to witness that she plighted her troth to Philip, Prince of Spain, to belong to him and no other as long as she should live. The marriage treaty was communicated to Parliament on the 14th of January, 1554: the Emperor had been very accommodating in the conditions, counting, no doubt, upon the influence which Philip would acquire over his wife. The queen was to remain sole mistress of the government in England, without any foreigner being allowed to participate in the offices or dignities; Burgundy and the Low Coun-

tries were secured to her children, and in the event of Don Carlos, Philip's son by the first marriage, happening to die, all the possessions of the crown of Spain were to devolve upon the posterity of Mary. Gardiner himself unfolded before the two Houses and the burgesses of the City all the advantages of this alliance which he had so ardently opposed.

The arguments of the chancellor did not convince the country. Conspirators were encouraged by the promises of France; projects were various: some wished to place Elizabeth upon the throne, giving her Courtenay for a husband; others counted upon releasing Lady Jane Grey and proclaiming her again. They appeared to have determined on this project, when, on the 20th of January, the queen learned that Sir Peter Carew had taken arms in Devonshire, resolving to oppose the disembarkation of Philip, and had already taken possession of the city and the citadel of Exeter. Almost at the same time it was discovered that Sir Thomas Wyatt was inciting the population of Kent to rebellion. He was a Catholic, and had distinguished himself at the siege of Boulogne, but he had conceived the most violent horror of Spain, and he appears to have been disposed to support the claims of the Princess Elizabeth, for he had refused, from the first, to enter into the plot in favor of Lady Jane Grey. The alarm was great in London: the guards at the gates were doubled; the Duke of Suffolk, whom Mary had pardoned, took refuge in Warwickshire, and loudly protesting against the marriage of the queen, he called the population to arms without much effort. The boldest as well as the most popular of the conspirators was Wyatt, who held the city of Rochester, against which place the old Duke of Norfolk was advancing with Lord Arundel. As the duke was ordering the assault, five hundred men of the London train-bands, whom he had brought with him, suddenly stopped at the entrance of the bridge, and the



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QUEEN MARY CALLS GOD TO WITNESS THAT SHE PLIGHTS HER TROTH TO PHILIP.

captain addressing them said, "My masters, we are going to fight against our fellow-citizens and friends in an unjust quarrel; they have assembled here to resist the evils which would fall upon us if we were subject to the proud Spaniard, and I know not who is the Englishman who could say nay to them." The train-bands immediately began to cry, "A Wyatt! A Wyatt!" at the same time turning their field-pieces against the royal troops. The Duke of Norfolk was compelled to retire in haste, and his return spread terror in London. The queen alone remained firm, repairing with her ladies to the City, protesting to the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, and burgesses, that she only wished to be married for the honor and advantage of her kingdom; that nothing compelled her to marry since she had delayed so long, and that she counted upon her good subjects to help her to subjugate the rebels. On the same day she learned that the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew had been defeated in the inland shires and in the west. A full amnesty was promised to all the insurgents of Kent, the noblemen excepted; a price was set upon the head of Sir Thomas Wyatt. He had delayed in his march, but on the 3d of February he entered the suburb of Southwark with a considerable force, without doing any damage except to the residence of Bishop Gardiner, which was pillaged. Wyatt had counted upon the goodwill of the inhabitants of London, but the gates of the city remained closed, and the population of Southwark, who had received him well, soon begged him to retire, when the cannon of the Tower began to roar, and the cannon-balls to rain upon the bridge and the two churches fortified by Wyatt. Thereupon the insurgents directed their efforts to another point, and succeeded in crossing the river at Kingston; but Lord Pembroke awaited them at the head of the royal troops, and when Wyatt, with a handful of brave men, had opened up

a passage for himself, the ranks closed behind him ; he found himself caught in the streets. The citizens did not rise in his favor, as he had hoped. He made a brave defence, but, overwhelmed by numbers, was captured and sent to the Tower ; a great many of his followers were taken and hanged. The insurrection had miscarried.

The courage of Queen Mary had not for a moment failed her ; while her terrified courtiers were hastening to bring the grievous news to her, she shamed them for their terror, asserting that she would herself enter into a campaign to support the justice of her cause, and die with those who served her rather than yield an inch to a traitor like Wyatt ; but she had already caused her anger to be felt by those whom she suspected of having taken part in the plot. Three of her councillors had by her orders arrived at Ashridge, where they found Elizabeth in bed. It was late, and the emissaries had insisted upon entering the residence of the princess. "Is the haste such that it might not have pleased you to come to-morrow in the morning ?" asked Elizabeth haughtily. "We are right sorry to see your Grace in such a case," said the councillors. "And I," replied Elizabeth, "am not glad to see you here at this time of night." It was necessary, however, to obey and to get into the litter which the queen had sent ; Mary wished to see her sister, "dead or alive," she said. The house was surrounded by soldiers ; they set out ; the journey was slow : Elizabeth dreaded the arrival in London ; some few noblemen who came to meet her reassured her. She learned, however, that Courtenay had been sent to the Tower. She had not yet seen the queen when she was informed of the sad fate of Lady Jane Grey.

The insurrection had scarcely been stamped out and Wyatt made a prisoner, when Mary signed the order to execute Lady Jane and her husband, both of whom had been con-

demned to death several months before. The royal clemency had allowed a last interview between husband and wife, but Lady Jane refused this favor. "I shall see him again shortly," she said. She saw him, indeed, before the eternal reunion, but dead and mutilated; the corpse passed under her windows on the return from Tower Hill. A few hours later, on the 12th of February, 1554, Jane in her turn mounted the scaffold, within the precincts of the Tower, after having firmly repelled the Dean of St. Paul's, who pursued her with his arguments in favor of the Roman Catholic religion. She died in the faith which she had believed from childhood, serene and grave, without a complaint or a tear, simply avowing to the few spectators of her execution that she deserved death for having consented, although with regret, to serve as an instrument to the ambition of others. She implored the mercy of God and delivered herself up into the hands of the executioner, moving all hearts by her constancy and meekness. Her father was beheaded several days after her, on Tower Hill, without arousing the compassion of any one. Passing from one treacherous act to another, he had at length found himself on the scaffold.

Executions succeeded each other without intermission. To the last moment Sir Thomas Wyatt maintained that the Princess Elizabeth had been ignorant of all his projects. The jury had the courage to acquit Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a devoted friend of the princess, compromised in the conspiracy; the verdict saved his life, but this unusual independence was to be dearly paid for by the jurymen; they were all sent to prison, and only regained their liberty after a long captivity, and upon payment of a fine. Meanwhile, appearances were unfavorable to Elizabeth; she had in vain solicited an audience of her sister, and finally wrote to her, absolutely disclaiming all complicity in the insurrection, and denying the correspond-

ence which she was accused of having carried on with the King of France. The order was nevertheless given to conduct her to the Tower, and on Palm Sunday, while the population of London thronged the churches, the princess, conducted by Lord Sidney, was brought by the Thames to the Traitors' Gate. She refused at first to land; then, as one of the guards offered her his hand, she repelled him abruptly, and placing her foot upon the gloomy stairs, she exclaimed, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend but Thee above." She sat down for a moment upon the stone; the lieutenant of the Tower begged her to take shelter from the cold and rain. "Better sitting here than in a worse place," she said; "for God knoweth whither you bring me." She entered, however, and found herself within the walls of a prison, fearing in the recesses of her soul the fate of her mother: and soon afterwards she was still more terrified when a new governor, Sir Henry Beddingfield, was appointed to the Tower. He had the reputation of being harsh and cruel, and several times Elizabeth asked the guards whether the scaffold of Lady Jane had been removed, expecting to ascend it in her turn. On the 19th of May, however, Elizabeth was taken to Richmond, and thence to Woodstock, where she remained, closely watched by Sir Henry Beddingfield, while Courtenay was removed to Fotheringay. The arrival of Prince Philip was now expected, and the preparation for the marriage occupied all minds, whether gratified or discontented. The population of London daily manifested its aversion to the Spanish alliance and its attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation; the queen's preachers began to look upon the pulpit erected at St. Paul's Cross as a dangerous spot. One of them, Doctor Pendleton,

received a shot there, from which he narrowly escaped death, and the use of fire-arms was prohibited.

The manœuvres of the Emperor had succeeded; his confidential ambassador, Renard, had prevailed over the intrigues of Noailles. Philip arrived in England with the title of King of Naples, Charles V. being unwilling, he said, that so great a queen should unite herself to a simple prince: the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, on the 25th of July, 1554: but the royal bridegroom had taken care to surround himself with troops at the moment of his landing, one of his emissaries, Count Egmont, having been assailed shortly before by the people, who mistook him for his master. The first care of the Houses of Parliament, when they assembled on the 1st of November, was to increase the precautions against the Spanish influence in the councils of the queen; all Philip's liberality, and all the money he had brought from Spain, could not lull the distrust, which on the other hand was nourished by the haughtiness of his manners and the rigid etiquette with which he surrounded himself.

The first Parliament convoked by Mary had voted the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic worship; the second had adopted the treaty of marriage; the third was summoned to declare the reunion with Rome; but the interests of the House of Lords were opposed to this measure. Before repealing the act of supremacy, the Lords, enriched by the spoliation of the monasteries, required guaranties from the court of Rome; the Pope gave them through the mouth of Cardinal Pole, who had arrived in England as legate: the Parliament then became submissive, and presented a petition to the king, queen, and cardinal, begging them to intercede with the Holy Father to obtain pardon for the English people and their reconciliation with the Holy See. Pole was furnished with the necessary powers, and he pronounced the absolution. The

work of Henry VIII. as well as that of Edward VI. was destroyed, and the conscience of Queen Mary could now rest in peace. The Parliament thought it had done enough; but Mary desired to feel her way towards securing the royal crown to her husband. She encountered so much opposition that she was obliged to renounce her project; the Commons also refused the subsidies which she had caused the Emperor and his son to expect, as an assistance in prosecuting the war with France. Philip in vain endeavored to win a little popularity by interceding with the queen in favor of the prisoners of state detained at the Tower. Several were restored to liberty; Courtenay received authority to travel upon the Continent, and the Princess Elizabeth reappeared at court. She did not long remain there; her position was difficult; she was constantly watched by jealous eyes; when she returned, however, to her residence at Amptill, the queen began to look upon her sister with less uneasiness, for she was herself now expecting an heir to the throne.

The year 1555 opened under sinister auspices for the Reformed Church; the laws against heretics had been put in force again, and on the first day in January the Bishop of London, Bonner, followed by a great procession, repaired to St. Paul's, to return thanks to God for the light with which He had once more illumined the sovereign and the nation. A court commissioned to try heretics was soon formed. The prisons were filled with the accused; the first who was summoned belonged to the clergy of St. Paul's; Gardiner presided over the tribunal. "Did you not pray for twenty years against the Pope?" cried the prisoner, driven to extremities by the questions of his judge. "I was cruelly forced to it," replied the bishop. "Why, then, do you wish to make use of the same cruelty towards us?" asked Rogers. But this simple notion of liberty of conscience had not yet penetrated

into the most enlightened minds, Catholic or Protestant; each party in turn had recourse to force to bring about the triumph of what it regarded as the truth, and William of Orange, for loudly proclaiming toleration towards the Catholics in a country which he was snatching from the horrors of the Inquisition, drew down upon himself the censure of his Protestant friends. Rogers was condemned to be burned; he was refused the consolation of saying farewell to his wife. She was at the foot of the stake with her nine children, the youngest at her breast, and she encouraged her husband until the last moment. He died worthy of her, augmenting by his firmness that long series of martyrs of the Reformed faith with whom the fanaticism of Mary was about to enrich the Church. Executions succeeded each other. Hooper, the dispossessed Bishop of Gloucester, an eloquent and austere divine, and Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. David's, were burned in their former dioceses. Condemnations and executions increased every day. Gardiner, weary of so many horrors, had ceased to preside over the court commissioned to try heretics, and the zeal of Bonner himself did not suffice to satisfy Philip and Mary. Cardinal Pole had in vain endeavored to moderate the persecuting ardor of the queen; the gentleness of his character and the experience which he had acquired in Germany, equally rendered him averse to executions as a means of conversion; but the conscience of Mary was pledged to her enterprise; she desired to make England Roman Catholic; and notwithstanding the terror of some, the hesitation of others, and the servility of a great number, she found her task greater and more difficult day by day: it was not the moment for relaxing her efforts.

Upon the accession of Mary, the relative strength of the two religions was about equal in the kingdom, although irregularly divided according to localities. The Protestants were

numerous in nearly all the towns; the Catholics remained powerful in the north; but important influences contended against the royal authority, passionately engaged as it was in the struggle; the great noblemen were imperfectly assured of the security of their possessions, notwithstanding all the protestations and promises of the Pope. The Protestant faith had taken firm hold upon a great number of souls among the clergy and the people. The ranks of the nobility did not furnish any religious martyrs, but the uneasiness which their temporal interests caused them contributed to keep up the agitation which produced so many political victims, and the masses of the people sealed their convictions with their blood. Two bishops and a great number of priests had already perished at the stake, in company with a host of unknown and obscure martyrs. The most illustrious witnesses of persecuted Protestantism were still captives; two bishops and an archbishop, all three celebrated for their eloquence and the part which they had played in the past, — Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, — had been conducted to Oxford, in the month of March, 1554, there to argue in public with the Catholic doctors; all three had boldly maintained their opinions, and all three had been declared obstinate heretics. They had been awaiting their sentence for eighteen months, when, on the 12th of September, 1555, the royal commissioners arrived at Oxford. In his capacity of former Primate of England, Cranmer, a prisoner, was summoned to appear at Rome within eighty days, according to the forms of the canon law. Ridley and Latimer were condemned to die forthwith. A learned Spanish theologian was, however, dispatched to them to enlighten them upon their errors. Latimer refused to see him, Ridley combated all his arguments. Bishop Ridley was learned, eloquent, admirably versed in the Holy Scriptures, and it was he who had maintained, with the most brilliant results,

the discussions with the Catholic doctors. The day for argument had gone by, that of martyrdom was arriving. On the 16th of October, 1555, the two prelates were conducted to the stake prepared for them near Baliol College, where the monument now stands which commemorates their execution. Latimer was old and feeble; he walked with difficulty. Ridley, who had preceded him, ran to meet him and embraced him. "Be of good heart, brother," he said, "for God will either assuage the fury of the flame or strengthen us to bear it." The old man smiled, suffering himself to be divested of his clothing by the guards; Ridley removed his garments himself, distributing them among the bystanders. When both were clad in their shrouds and fastened back to back at the stake, the old bishop drew himself up, as though suddenly endowed with that superhuman strength which his companion in martyrdom had promised him. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley!" he cried, "and play the man, and we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." The flames immediately suffocated him, but Ridley suffered longer. One of the bystanders at length had the humanity to stir up the fire, and the bag of gunpowder which had been attached to the necks of the victims having ignited, Ridley died by the explosion, while the prophetic words of old Latimer were still ringing in every ear, and in many hearts.

Gardiner died on the 12th of November, and the queen confided the seals to the Archbishop of York, Heath, a prelate more zealous than his predecessor in the persecution of heretics, but less skilful and prudent in the conduct of public affairs. Upon the assembling of Parliament, Mary touched a tender chord; she asked for authority to restore to the Holy See the first-fruits and tithes, annexed under the reign of her father to the crown. "I set more value upon the salvation of my

soul," she said, "than upon the possession of ten kingdoms such as England." The Houses did not oppose the salvation of the sovereign's soul, but they trembled to see her lay hands upon *their* property, and the subsidies rendered necessary by the decrease in the royal revenues which the return of the annates to the court of Rome involved, were voted with ill-humor, and not without objections. The queen was obliged to have recourse to many vexatious methods in order to procure the money which her husband constantly demanded of her, thus increasing every day the unpopularity of the Spaniards in the kingdom. All the English detested Philip. Mary alone loved him, with the sad tenderness of an unrequited affection. The king was almost always away from his wife, and only replied to her constant letters when he demanded of her the sums which he needed to maintain the wars with France. It was in vain that English prudence stipulated that peace should be maintained between France and England. What could laws effect against the devotion of the queen to her husband?

The weakness and timidity of Cranmer, deprived of the firm example of his companions in captivity, had been counted upon with good reason. The eighty days had elapsed, and the Primate, not having appeared at Rome, was declared guilty, degraded from his holy office, and delivered up to the secular power. Then began the attempts at conversion. The prisoner was transferred to the house of the Dean of Christchurch, where indulgences were lavished upon him. It was represented to him that he was still in the prime of life, healthy and vigorous; why should he be obstinate in his errors and die like Latimer, who had only renounced a few years of a miserable existence? The unhappy archbishop suffered himself to be gained over, and signed six abjurations successively, each time adding something to his shame. At

the end of these humiliations, at the moment when he believed that he had at last purchased his liberty, it was announced to him that repentance did not absolve from punishment, that his return into the bosom of the Church insured, indeed, to him eternal life, but could not save him from the stake, and that he was condemned to die on the 21st of March. In view of this perfidy, which deprived him of the reward of his recantations, Cranmer at length understood the greatness of his fault, and from the platform, where he was placed to read to the people his last confession, he boldly rejected the Papal authority and the doctrines to which he had assented a few days previously, protesting his attachment to the Reformed religion, and his resolution to die faithful to it. At the same time he humbled himself before God and men for the base fear of death which had led him to be false to the truth and his conscience. The excitement of the crowd was great; something totally different had been expected. "Play the Christian man," Lord Williams called out to him; "remember yourself; do not dissemble." "Alas! my lord," the archbishop answered, "I have been a man that all my life loved plainness, and never dissembled till now, which I am most sorry for." When he was conducted to the stake, before the flames had reached him, he thrust his right hand into the raging fire to punish it for having signed his abjuration. "This hand hath offended," he exclaimed. Motionless in the midst of the flames, he appealed neither to the mercy nor the justice of men. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," he said, and expired. The impression produced by his execution was immense; he redeemed, by his firm courage at the stake, all the vacillations and inconsistencies of his life, and his executioners placed the seal upon his glory as the Reformer of the Church of England, by employing against him a base act of perfidy rare even in the annals of the Marian persecutions.

Those from whom abjuration had been obtained sometimes died of remorse, as happened to the diplomatist, Sir John Cheke; they were rarely dragged to the stake.

Cardinal Pole was immediately appointed Archbishop of Canterbury; but his counsels could not arrest the persecutions, stimulated by the violent zeal of Pope Paul IV., recently raised to the pontifical throne. Eighty-four persons perished that year by the flames. Nor did the living only suffer condemnation; the bones of Martin Bucer, who had died in England, whither he had been summoned by Cranmer during the reign of Edward VI., were disinterred and publicly burned. The body of the wife of Pierce, the martyr, suffered the same outrage; her grave was first desecrated, and she was afterwards buried in a dunghill. The reign of Mary lasted only five years; but in this short space of time two hundred and eighty-eight persons were legally condemned to execution on account of religion, and it would be impossible to enumerate the obscurer martyrs who died of hunger or suffering in the prisons. Most of the victims belonged to the middle class and to the people; it was here that was manifested the most faithful attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation. The great, enriched by the spoliation and governmental reform of Henry VIII., cared only to preserve their possessions. The poor defended in their way their precious faith by dying for it. Secret discontent was great even among the Roman Catholic population; the Spaniards were detested; crimes increased. Notwithstanding the stern repression which they had undergone in the time of Henry VIII., — seventy-two thousand murderers, thieves or vagabonds, had, it is said, perished upon the gallows during his long reign, — the executioners of Queen Mary had also much to do: repeatedly, men of good family, who had degraded themselves to the condition of highwaymen, were detected and seized. Certain parts of

the kingdom remained in a state of dull discontent; it was amid this general uneasiness that Philip, who had become King of Spain in 1556, upon the abdication of the Emperor Charles V., at length succeeded in involving his wife and England in his quarrels with France.

The personal influence of Philip over Queen Mary was alone able to obtain this concession; the king was aware of this, and he arrived in England in the month of March, determined to recruit his armies with English forces. The whole of Mary's council, with Cardinal Pole at their head, at first opposed this measure. In vain did Philip threaten his wife that he would leave her forever; the ministers of the queen appealed to the marriage contract, affirming that England would find herself reduced to the state of a vassal if she allowed herself to be dragged at the heels of Spain into a war of no interest to herself. An enterprise attempted by an English refugee in France, Thomas Stafford, who crossed the British Channel with some few troops, and took the castle of Scarborough by surprise, happened to second the solicitations of Philip II. Being made a prisoner, Stafford asserted that the King of France, Henry II., had encouraged him in his attempt, and the queen eagerly seized this pretext to satisfy the wishes of her husband by declaring war against France. When Philip quitted England, upon the 6th of July, 1557, never to return, he was shortly afterwards joined, before Saint-Quentin, by a thousand English knights and six thousand English foot-soldiers, commanded by the Earl of Pembroke. Queen Mary had great difficulty in raising this small corps; perhaps for the first time, war with France was not popular in England.

It was soon to become even more unpopular, notwithstanding the successes of the King of Spain in France. The capture of Saint-Quentin, and the fear of seeing the victorious

army advance against Paris, recalled the Duke of Guise from Italy, where he was threatening the territories of Philip; the latter had just taken up his winter-quarters in Flanders, when the French general laid siege to Calais. The Spaniards had foreseen the danger and had proposed to strengthen the garrison, but the English council had jealously rejected this offer, and were preparing to send reinforcements. Meanwhile the French appeared before Calais on the 1st of January, 1558; on the 8th, after a skilful attack upon the ramparts, the town capitulated and the garrison issued forth with their arms and baggage, while the English troops were waiting at Dover until the state of the sea should permit them to proceed to the assistance of their fellow-countrymen. On the 20th, Guisnes succumbed in its turn, and the English lost the last foot of ground which they possessed in France. Calais had been in their hands two hundred and eleven years, and its loss was bitterly painful to the queen and the people. Parliament immediately voted subsidies to prosecute the war more vigorously. The Dauphin, subsequently Francis II., had recently married the young Queen of Scotland (April 24th, 1558), and the Scotch took up arms upon the border, thus associating themselves with the quarrel of their sovereigns by one of those aggressions towards which they were always disposed. They refused, however, formally to declare war against England, as they were urged to do by Mary of Guise, the regent of Scotland in the name of her daughter. The English fleet, under the orders of Lord Clinton, had ravaged the coast of Brittany without much result; but a small squadron of ten vessels contributed to the victory of Gravelines by ascending the Aa, as Egmont was beginning the combat, and opening fire upon the right wing of the French. The Marshal de Termes and a great number of French noblemen were made prisoners in this battle, which cost dear to France, yet brought nothing

to England but a little glory in the wake of the Flemish general.

Meanwhile Mary was ill; she had seen her deceitful hopes of issue fade away, and the eyes of all turned towards the prudent Elizabeth, in retirement at her manor of Hatfield. The princess professed a scrupulous attachment to the practices of the Roman Church, following, in that matter, without difficulty the counsels of her politic adviser, Cecil. She had refused the proposals of marriage made her by several princes, among others the Duke of Savoy and Duke Eric of Sweden. Philip II. would have been glad to rid himself of his sister-in-law by causing her to marry, but Elizabeth contrived to thwart his projects without offending her sister, who as a rule adopted all the wishes of her husband. Elizabeth replied to the emissaries of the King of Sweden, who addressed themselves directly to her, that she could not think of listening to any proposal which had not been sanctioned by her Majesty. Mary was touched by this confidence, and she manifested more friendliness to the princess, who always walked with caution upon the brink of abysses into which the imprudence or the ill-timed zeal of her friends might have precipitated her. The great nobles attached to the Reformation lived, as she did, in retirement. The earls of Oxford and Westmoreland, as well as Lord Willoughby, had been reprimanded by the council, upon a question of religion. The Earl of Bedford had even suffered a short imprisonment. Sir Ralph Sadler, one of Henry VIII.'s trusted agents, and destined to be often thus employed by Elizabeth, had quitted the court, weary of the fanaticism which was displayed there. All awaited in silence the death of Mary, bowing their heads under a yoke which could not last long. The queen, always delicate, had for several months been suffering severely with

slow fever. She had vainly hoped to recover her strength at Hampton Court. She was brought back to London, and expired in St. James's Palace, at the age of forty-three, on the 17th of November, 1558, without^d having again seen the king her husband. She sighed so bitterly at the last that the ladies asked her if she were suffering, commiserating her for the absence of King Philip. "Not that only," she said, "but when I am dead and opened you shall find Calais lying in my heart." The following morning, at nearly the same hour, Cardinal Pole died at Lambeth. The two pillars of the Catholic Church in England fell at the same time. Pole had hoped to insure the triumph of his cause by gentleness and justice; Mary had supported it by steel and fire. Both were equally sincere and conscientious. Mary was of a narrow mind; her character, naturally stern and harsh, had been embittered by injustice and suffering; but she was upright and honest, avoiding the subterfuges and deceits which Queen Elizabeth too often practised; she was animated by a fervent faith, which she deemed it her right and duty to impose by force upon all her subjects. The sufferings of heretics excited little compassion in her breast; she was hardened against them, but in her private life, and towards her servants, she was kind and generous, capable of affection and of devotion. She blindly loved her husband, who neglected and despised her on account of her age, and the few charms which nature had bestowed upon her. Mary, however, was learned; she wrote pure Latin, she had studied Greek, and spoke French, Spanish, and Italian with ease. She was a good musician, and danced gracefully. Her household was a model of order and regularity. The queen set an example of piety and virtue. The memory of these good qualities and misfortunes pales in the presence of a supreme fault: a terrible stain remains

imprinted upon the brow of the unfortunate queen by her fanaticism and her conscientious cruelty. She persecuted piously, she burnt sincerely; her acts, more than her character, merit the odious name which history has given her. On examining her life closely, one is tempted to pity Bloody Mary.

CHAPTER XXI.

POLICY AND GOVERNMENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, HER FOREIGN RELATIONS. 1558-1603.

ELIZABETH was at Hatfield when Mary died, a striking proof of the distrust which reigned between the two sisters, and which banished one from the deathbed of the other. The princess was devoting herself, as usual, to the serious occupations which were dear to her. Still more learned than her sister, brought up with care by the famous Roger Ascham, Elizabeth had continued the practice of reading some Greek every day; she even translated the rhetorician Isocrates. These literary recreations were interrupted by more urgent cares when the mortal illness of her sister began to bring about her the worshippers of the rising sun. Philip II. had sent to her an ambassador upon whom he depended. The Count de Feria had seen the princess before the queen's death, and the king believed her to be gained over to the great Catholic confederation, and compelled to rely upon him and to regulate her conduct according to his advice. She did not, however, consult him upon the course to be pursued when she was apprised of the death of her sister. Sir William Cecil, secretary of state under Edward VI., who, being in disgrace under Mary, had prudently submitted to the Roman Catholic requirements, had received all his orders in advance. Parliament was in session; Chancellor Heath repaired to the Houses, and there announced the accession of Queen Elizabeth, "the legitimate and rightful heir to the throne." Cries



PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH

were raised of "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" Couriers were dispatched by Cecil to all the sovereigns of Europe, announcing the accession; and the Lords hastened to Hatfield to present their homage to the new sovereign. They asked themselves, on arriving, what attitude she would probably assume. The Protestants, delivered from an odious yoke, rejoiced, being convinced that, under her sister's reign, the princess had concealed her real opinions. The Catholics, in some anxiety, counted upon the influence of Philip II. The first remarks of Elizabeth did not enlighten them; she was cautious and moderate, announcing no intention of abrupt changes. One indication alone, though slight in itself, soon showed from which quarter the wind blew: when the queen arrived at Highgate, the bishops came to meet her, and all kissed her hand, with the exception of Bonner, Bishop of London, the principal persecutor of the Reformers, upon whom she turned her back. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the Catholic services performed in honor of Queen Mary and the Emperor Charles V., who had died a short time before, judicious observers saw the queen inclined towards the party of the Reformation. Her ministers were more decided than herself. Cecil, Pembroke, Northampton, and Lord John Grey, her intimate councillors, were all convinced of the immense progress which Protestantism had silently made during the Marian persecutions. They perceived, moreover, that the throne of their mistress rested exclusively upon the Protestant principle. Submissive to the Pope, England must reject Elizabeth as illegitimate, since the marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn had not been sanctioned by the Catholic Church, and the succession would lie between Lady Catherine Grey, the younger sister of the unhappy Jane, grand-daughter of Mary Tudor, and Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, Dauphiness of France, grand-daughter of Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV., King

of Scotland. The legitimacy of Elizabeth and her right to the throne sprang naturally from the Act of Supremacy. At her coronation, on the 15th of January, all the bishops, with the exception of Doctor Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, refused to officiate, striking a fatal blow to Roman Catholic influence in the kingdom by the hostile attitude which they thus assumed from the outset, either at their own instance, or in obedience to orders emanating from Rome. Elizabeth was, however, crowned by Oglethorpe with all the ancient ceremonies, to the passionate delight of the population of London, always favorable to the Reformation; they crowded the streets through which she was to pass upon her issuing forth from the Tower, where she had been formerly detained in terror of death: flowers rained into her carriage, shouts of gladness resounded on every side. Elizabeth received them with that kindly condescension which bound the hearts of her people to her, smiling when she heard the old men in the crowd declare that she resembled King Henry. "Be ye well assured," she said to the multitude that thronged around her in front of Guildhall, "I shall stand your good queen." Amid many faults and some crimes, Elizabeth kept this promise.

The Protestants were eager to enjoy their triumph, and the more eager because they were a little anxious; the queen had preserved in her chapel a crucifix and a holy-water basin; she had forbidden controversial preaching and the sermons at St. Paul's Cross. These measures were taken in the interest of peace and concord, it was said, but they did not satisfy the ardor of the Reformers. Lord Bacon relates that the day after the coronation one of the courtiers presented to Elizabeth a petition in favor of certain prisoners, entreating, since she had in honor of her accession set free many captives, that she would please also to release the apostle Paul and the four evangelists, so long detained in prison in a foreign tongue, so

that they could not converse with the common people. The queen gravely replied that it was necessary first to ascertain from them whether it would be agreeable to them to be released. She had, however, already authorized the reading of the liturgy in English; a commission of theologians had been secretly appointed to revise the Prayer-book of Edward VI., before restoring it to use. Elizabeth did not approve of all the reforms instituted by Cranmer; the crowd of English who had taken refuge abroad on account of their religion, and who had returned to England at her accession with a zeal increased by persecution, would soon have drawn the Church of England into a path which was not hers, if the secret tendencies of Elizabeth towards Romanism and her resolution to maintain the royal prerogative had not energetically resisted their influence. When Parliament met, on the 25th of January, 1559, the queen made no proclamation, leaving to Cecil and to the Keeper of the Seals, Nicholas Bacon (father of the great Chancellor Bacon), the duty of making known her wishes. She allowed the bill of supremacy and the restoration to the crown of the tithes and annates to be proposed and voted. She allowed the laws of King Edward concerning religion to be re-established, and also the Prayer-book as modified by her orders; but the law to reinstate the married clergy, who had been dispossessed under the reign of Mary, was set aside by her desire. She never could tolerate the marriage of priests. She also discountenanced the project for a code of canon law, being uneasy, no doubt, concerning the discussions which might spring from it. This twofold check dissatisfied the party ardent for the Reformation. Elizabeth subsequently asserted that the Protestants had impelled her in her course at the moment of beginning her reign. This was untrue; Parliament had not as yet asserted its rights. It was under the prolonged influence of the Reformation that it was destined to foster noble

instincts of liberty, and even at times to triumph over the firm will of Elizabeth.

Everything depended upon the queen's marriage, and of this all parties were sensible. The great bulk of the nation were not so anxious about the selection of a husband as about the husband himself. They ardently desired to see the succession assured, and in the first session of Parliament in 1559, a deputation was sent to the queen at Whitehall, with the message that the Commons conjured her Grace to think of marriage, in order that her posterity might reign over the kingdom. On this occasion for the first time Elizabeth proclaimed that aversion to marriage which was definitively to triumph over so many assaults and momentary hesitations. "From my years of understanding, knowing myself a servitor of Almighty God," she said, "I chose this kind of life in which I do yet live as a life most acceptable unto Him, wherein I thought I could best serve Him, and with most quietness do my duty unto Him." Then, laying stress in a few sentences upon the difficulties which she had overcome during the reign of her sister, in remaining faithful to her resolution, she added, without promising the Commons to marry, that she would never choose any husband but one as devoted as herself to the happiness of her people. "I take your petition in good part, for it is simple, and containeth no limitation of place or person. If it had been otherwise, I must have misliked it very much, and thought it in you a very great presumption, being unfit and altogether unmeet to require them that may command. And for me, it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen, having reigned such time, lived and died a virgin." The Commons retired without having obtained anything definite. The same demand was to be repeated many times, and to receive answers of different kinds; but until the end of her life Elizabeth

took pleasure in keeping the world in suspense by her grave coquetries, expecting a marriage which she herself never seriously desired.

While the Parliament of England was imploring the queen to take a husband, the King of Spain, Philip II., solemnly determined, by a conscientious sacrifice, to do her the supreme honor of offering her his hand. Being resolved to preserve the place which he had acquired in England, and to retain that powerful kingdom in the bosom of the Catholic Church, he had written to Feria on the 10th of January, 1559, enumerating the objections which might be made to his union with his sister-in-law, and the inconveniences and sacrifices which must result to him from the step; but with a magnanimity which he himself was the first to admire, Philip had resolved to set aside all obstacles. "You will understand in this what service I render to our Lord; through me her allegiance will be regained to the Church." Philip ended by settling beforehand all the conditions to which Elizabeth must conform, all the acts of submission which she must make to the Pope and to the Church, before she could aspire to the elevation which the King of Spain destined for her. Paul IV. had been unfortunate in preparing the way for the contrition of Queen Elizabeth. Immediately upon her accession, when that event had been communicated to the Holy See, as well as to all the sovereigns of Europe, the Pope had abruptly replied that, the Princess being illegitimate, she must beware of laying hands upon the crown, and must relinquish it instantly until he should have declared concerning her rights. This claim did not incline the queen to appreciate Philip's generous sacrifice; she gently put aside the advances of the Count de Feria, asserting that the friendship of her brother of Spain was as dear to her as his love could be, and that the Pope himself could not unite her to the husband of her sister.

Feria spoke of the Queen of Scotland. Elizabeth did not suffer herself to be frightened, and without positively refusing the honor which the King of Spain did her, she said laughingly, that she was afraid he might be a bad husband, since he would come to England simply to marry her, but would not sojourn there with her. The confidential letters of Philip had transpired: Feria understood that the definitive reply would be unfavorable, but Elizabeth loaded the ambassador with attentions. A peace with France was negotiating at Cambray, and the queen, who hoped to recover Calais, wanted the support of Philip in this important business. When peace was at length signed at Cateau-Cambrésis, and the violence of the English resentment was appeased, on the 2d of April, by the promise of the surrender of Calais at the end of eight years, Philip II. transferred to another Elizabeth the honor which he had wished to do his sister-in-law, by marrying the young Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry II. "My name brings good fortune," said the Queen of England on learning, not without vexation, the conditions of the treaty, with that singular coquetry which impelled her all her life to make use of every means to retain around her the suitors to whom she would grant nothing. The alliance between England and Spain still subsisted. "You will assure the queen that I remain her good friend," wrote Philip II. to Feria. He feared that she would turn towards the court of France, which was making her great advances. He might have reassured himself. France was then represented, in the eyes of Elizabeth, by Mary Stuart, and that princess had recently committed an offence forever inexcusable in the eyes of Elizabeth, by quartering upon her escutcheon the arms of England with those of Scotland and France. The Dauphin, in confirming the treaty, had also taken the title of King of England, Scotland, and Ireland: a fatal pretension, and one which was destined to engender many crimes.

The Parliament was dissolved when Elizabeth called upon the bishops to conform themselves to the laws which had recently been re-established. All refused to do so with the exception of Kitchen, Bishop of Llandaff, formerly a Benedictine, whose habit it was to adopt at all times his sovereign's religious belief. A certain number of dignitaries of the Church followed the example of the bishops, who found among the lower orders of the clergy very few adherents. Several bishoprics chanced to be vacant at the accession of Elizabeth. She gave pensions to a few of the clergy who retired on account of their religion, and filled all the livings by placing in them the greater number of the exiles driven forth by the fanaticism of Mary. The Church of England was forever lost to the Holy See, whatever hopes in the future the Catholic party might conceive. The two statutes generally known under the names of the "Act of Supremacy," and the "Act of Uniformity," debarred from public offices all conscientious Catholics who refused to recognize the religious authority of the queen, and forbade them at the same time the practice of their form of worship. Then began for the Catholics a quiet, scrutinizing, continuous persecution, penetrating into families, maintained by espionage, always vexatious, sometimes bloody, mingling with politics and drawing therefrom the pretext for tyranny. This oppression did not break out at first; it was in 1561 only that Sir Edward Waldegrave and his wife were sent to the Tower for having entertained in their house a Catholic priest. The bishops themselves were at first simply deposed; but their injudicious zeal having led some of them, towards the end of 1559, to present a petition imploring the queen to follow the example of her sister, of blessed memory, Elizabeth, greatly incensed, sent the petitioners to prison. Bonner was detained there until his death; the other prelates were at length released and even installed, sometimes with the Prot-

estant bishops who had succeeded them, at other times with the rich clergy, to the great displeasure of both. The monasteries recently restored by Mary were once more closed, and the crown again took possession of the property of the Church, of which restitution had been made under the last reign. In the main, and notwithstanding a few modifications, the work of Cranmer and of Edward VI. was restored. The opinion of the majority of the nation and prudent policy had overcome, in Elizabeth's mind, her personal tastes and tendencies.

Political motives were about to unite her more and more with the Protestant party in Europe. When she learned the impertinent pretension of the Dauphin to the title of King of England, she exclaimed, "I will take a husband who shall cause the head of the King of France to ache; he does not know what a rebuff I intend to give him." Upon this, public rumor immediately attributed to the queen the intention of uniting herself in marriage to the Earl of Arran, son of the former regent of Scotland, now known under the French title of Duke of Châtelherault, heir-presumptive to the throne of Scotland, after the Stuarts. The Earl of Arran had ardently embraced the Protestant faith, and was in London in 1559, at the moment when Mary Stuart mortally offended "her good sister of England." He had a secret interview with the queen at Hampton Court, and immediately set out, under a fictitious name, for Scotland, accompanied by Randolph, Elizabeth's confidential emissary. The state of Scotland had become both complicated and aggravated by the death of the King of France, Henry II. Francis II., the husband of Mary Stuart, had determined, it was said, to expend all the property of France, if it were necessary, to put an end to the insurrection. It was to the support of the insurgents that the Protestant policy, then represented by Cecil, wished to pledge Queen Elizabeth, in order to bring about her marriage with the Earl of Arran, after he

should have become King of Scotland, and thus to achieve that union of the two crowns which Henry VIII. had contemplated in his plan for the marriage of Edward VI. with Mary Stuart.

Nowhere had the Catholic Church offered so many vulnerable points to the Reformers as in Scotland, for nowhere were the clergy so corrupt. The Protestant doctrines, in their most austere and aggressive form, had made such great progress there, that Knox may be regarded as the real chief of that insurrection which everywhere held the regent, Mary of Guise, in check. The violence of religious passions had already occasioned the destruction of a great number of churches and monasteries; already had the greater part of the nobility abandoned the regent, and formed themselves into a "Congregation of the Lord," under the direction of Lord James Stuart, illegitimate son of James V., and brother of Mary Stuart. The troops coming from France were the sole support of the regent against the insurgents; but these reinforcements were numerous and efficient. A French garrison had taken possession of Leith and threatened Edinburgh, when the agents of Queen Elizabeth set themselves to work: Randolph in Scotland; Sir Ralph Sadler at Berwick, whither he had been officially sent to negotiate with the emissaries of the regent concerning the question of outrages upon the borders. The negotiations with the Lords of the Congregation were taking their course, still profoundly secret. Elizabeth was naturally parsimonious, and she had found the finances of England in great disorder; however, at Cecil's instigation she sent to Sadler considerable sums for the support of the malcontents. No blows had been struck since the last agreement between the regent and the great noblemen, and it was not until the month of October, 1559, that the insurgents laid siege to Leith. Hitherto Elizabeth had haughtily denied all relations with the Lords of the

Congregation; but one of her agents had been arrested, having in his possession a sum of two thousand pounds sterling. The hesitations and doubts of the queen often impeded the action of Cecil. She had no liking for the ardent Presbyterians. Knox, in particular, was odious to her; she had never forgiven him for a pamphlet upon female government, entitled, *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women*. "I like not the audacity of Knox, whom you have well brought down in your answer," wrote Cecil to Sadler; "it does us no good here, and I suppress it as much as I can; however, fail not to send me what he writes." The subsidies did not suffice to maintain courage and discipline in the Scottish army. Being repulsed before Leith, the Lords of the Congregation evacuated Edinburgh, and fell back during the night to Stirling. Elizabeth resolved to adopt more efficacious measures. On the 27th of February, 1560, through the agency of Maitland of Lethington, formerly secretary of the queen regent, but now among the insurgents, she concluded a treaty of alliance with the great Scottish noblemen, for the whole duration of the marriage of the Queen of Scotland with the King of France, undertaking not to lay down arms so long as the French should remain in Scotland. An English army crossed the frontier, under the orders of Lord Grey of Wilton; an English fleet, commanded by Winter, entered the Frith of Forth; and the Lords of the Congregation, having assembled all their forces, on the 6th of April laid siege to Leith. The siege was still in progress on the 10th of June, when the queen regent, Mary of Guise, expired in Edinburgh Castle, where Lord Erskine had received her, as upon neutral ground. This death precipitated the conclusion of a peace desired by both parties. The French surrendered Leith and returned to their vessels, thus delivering Scotland from their presence; and a council of twelve noblemen, chosen

partly by the queen, partly by the Parliament, was empowered to govern the country in the absence of the sovereign. The court of France recognized Queen Elizabeth's right to the throne, and "her good sister Mary" gave up bearing the English arms. The treaty of Edinburgh secured in Scotland the supremacy of Protestantism, which had now become the religion of the majority of the population. The vote of the Scottish Parliament, in the month of August, 1560, officially severed all bonds with the court of Rome, by adopting a confession of faith drawn up by Knox and his disciples, according to the doctrines of Calvin, and striking at the root of ecclesiastical organization, as well as at the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic faith. Matters having gone thus far, Parliament deigned to think of the assent of the queen. Sir James Sandilands, formerly Prior of the Hospitallers, was dispatched to France to ask for a ratification, which was at once refused. It was said that Mary's uncles, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, were making preparations to invade Scotland, when the young King of France, Francis II., expired suddenly, on the 5th of December, 1560, after a reign of seventeen months. The power of Mary Stuart was suddenly eclipsed; the bright morning of her life was about to disappear behind a dark cloud heavy with misfortunes and with crimes.

While Mary, but lately Queen of France, was preparing to return to her cold and rugged country, Elizabeth was keeping in check the suitors who were contending for her hand. The King of Sweden, who had already been ambitious of the honor of becoming her husband when he was but heir-apparent, and she scarcely better than a prisoner at Hatfield, dispatched his brother, the Duke of Finland, to renew his proposals. The ambassador was courteously received and treated with distinction by the queen; but no sooner had he been installed by

order of Elizabeth in the bishop's palace at Southwark, than the King of Denmark sent his nephew, the Duke of Holstein, as an aspirant to the same honor. "It is said that the Archduke of Austria is on the way here," wrote Cecil, "without pomp, and, so to say, in secret. The King of Spain is earnest for him. I would, in God's name, that her Majesty might accept one, and that the rest should be honorably sent back." The Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor Ferdinand, did not come; like Elizabeth herself, he hesitated. The King of Sweden was not easily put off with refusals, but his ambassador was obliged to depart without having obtained anything. The Duke of Holstein carried away at least, for his uncle, the Order of the Garter, and received a pension for himself. The queen trifled with all these suitors, taking pleasure in keeping them upon the alert by her coquetry, but was more tenderly interested in a young nobleman of her court than in all the princes who were seeking her alliance. For several months past the attention of the courtiers had been excited by the signal favor which she had manifested towards Lord Robert Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland and brother of Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey. The passing fancy which Elizabeth had displayed for Sir William Pickering and for Lord Arundel had given place to a more durable attachment. Lord Robert, subsequently known in history under the title of the Earl of Leicester, had taken possession of the queen's heart. He nourished the hope of marrying her, but he had a wife whom he kept in a secluded spot in the country. One day this lady fell down a staircase and broke her neck, without any one being a witness of the accident. Court rumors were unfavorable to Lord Robert; he was loudly accused of having caused the death of his wife, and the queen felt how strongly public opinion in England was opposed to her desire to marry the man whom she loved.

Mary Stuart had returned to Scotland. Elizabeth, always uneasy in respect to her rival's claims to the English crown, had tartly refused an authorization to pass through her dominions, which Mary had asked, and the bitter feeling always existing between the two princesses had only increased. The Lords of the Congregation had begged for the Queen of England's support, when Mary Stuart refused to ratify the separation which they had decreed between Scotland and Rome. Scarcely had the young widow, leaving with regret that France in which she had been brought up, set foot within her own kingdom, before she encountered the violent opposition of her subjects to the worship which she had sincerely at heart. Her Roman Catholic friends, among others the Bishop of Ross, had urged her to land in the Highlands, and surround herself with the forces of the Earl of Huntley, a fervent Catholic, before making her entrance into Edinburgh. She rejected this clumsy proposal, which placed her at the outset in strife with the majority of the nation, and the plaudits of the people greeted her at Leith, on the 19th of August; but, on the first Sunday after her arrival, when the fierce Protestants saw the altar prepared in Holyrood Chapel, an outcry was raised against the Mass, and Lord James Stuart was obliged to remain before the door, with his sword drawn during the whole time of the service, in order to prevent an outbreak. He did not succeed in preventing a visit from Knox. That ardent and indomitable preacher repaired to the residence of the queen, now urging her with pious solicitations, now loading her with reproaches. Mary wept; but she refused to listen any longer to Knox, and the Reformer from this time forward made it a practice to refer to her from the pulpit under the name of Jezebel. The abyss was already beginning to open between Mary Stuart and her people; the crimes of both were soon to render the evil irreparable.

Queen Elizabeth had opened negotiations for persuading her "good sister of Scotland" publicly to renounce all claim to the English crown, but Mary demanded to be recognized as the second person of the kingdom, heiress to the throne in case of Elizabeth's death without issue. This claim the queen would not admit; she experienced an inexpressible reluctance to settling the succession to the crown. Mary Stuart was not destined to be the only sufferer from this mean jealousy. Elizabeth was at times more than a man, as her minister, Robert Cecil, son of the great Burleigh, said subsequently, but she also became sometimes less than a woman. She had conceived suspicions concerning Lady Catherine Grey, sister of Lady Jane, and heiress to the latter's rights, such as they were. It was discovered that Lady Catherine had secretly married Lord Hertford, son of the Duke of Somerset, formerly Protector. She was imprisoned in the Tower, as though she had conspired against the life and power of the queen. Her husband, who was travelling in France, was peremptorily recalled and thrown into prison in his turn. The marriage was declared null, and the child that had recently been born to this pair was pronounced illegitimate. Without any other pretext but state reasons the husband and wife were detained in the Tower, where Lady Catherine Grey died in 1569. The same cause had already cost the lives of two daughters of the Duchess of Suffolk; the third was shortly afterwards to pay, like them, for the royal blood which ran in her veins.

Arthur and Anthony Pole, nephews of the Cardinal, had made a vain attempt in favor of Queen Mary, who would marry, it was said, one of the two brothers, when they should have placed her upon the throne of England; but the queen had felt no uneasiness from this source, and she pardoned all the accused persons. She could not, however, conceal from herself that the Catholic princes in general looked upon her

with distrust, and would willingly seek a pretext in the illegitimacy of her birth to conspire against her in favor of the Queen of Scots. This secret motive, far more than her religious convictions, led Elizabeth to maintain abroad the cause of the oppressed Protestants, who turned their eyes towards her for help. In France, the Reformers, under the orders of the Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligny, had risen at the beginning of 1562, upon the violation by the Duke of Guise of the recent treaties and his massacre of the Protestants at Vassy. They immediately besought the assistance of Queen Elizabeth. Philip II., who had recently sent six thousand men to support the Duke of Guise, advised him to keep out of the quarrel and to remain neutral; but Elizabeth had adopted the theory that she was seconding the wishes of the King of France by fighting against the Guises, who endeavored to tyrannize over him. Under this pretext she sent three thousand men to France, with instructions to take possession of Havre, as a pledge for the good intentions of the Huguenots towards her. At the same time she furnished money to the Prince of Condé. An English detachment, sent to the assistance of the besieged city of Rouen, was cut to pieces upon the occasion of the capture of the town. But the garrison of Havre had been reinforced; the Earl of Warwick, brother of Lord Robert Dudley, was in command of the town; he remained firm for nine months both against treachery and the armies of the French. He only yielded to the plague, and after infection had thinned his forces. Wounded and ill himself, he was concerned only for the fate of the soldiers whom he brought back when he returned to England in the month of July, 1563, bringing with him the pestilence which had triumphed over all his efforts. Thousands of victims succumbed to the plague which ravaged London during the months of September and October. Elizabeth was negotiating with Queen

Catherine de' Medici. The Protestants had been vanquished, but the Duke of Guise was dead, assassinated by Poltrot. Peace was signed on the 11th of April, 1564, at Troyes, and the last hope of regaining Calais vanished with the departure of the hostages whom France had given shortly before; Elizabeth received in exchange the sum of a hundred and twenty thousand crowns, a sum very useful to her treasury, which was then empty.

The Parliament of England had, nevertheless, voted considerable subsidies in the preceding year, not without repeating its constant request in relation to the queen's marriage. The Commons had added on this occasion another petition, which sounded ill in the royal ears. In the event of her Grace having decided forever against marriage, she was implored to permit Parliament to designate and recognize her legitimate successor. Once more Elizabeth led her people to hope that she was thinking of marriage. She was at this time engaged in the Scottish intrigues respecting the marriage of Mary Stuart, more probable, although as much debated as her own. Religious and political parties continued to rend Scotland asunder. The Catholics, under the orders of the Earl of Huntley, had been defeated at Corrichie by the Earl of Murray, formerly Lord James Stuart, at the head of the Protestants. It was constantly repeated that such or such a one of the great opposing noblemen aspired to Queen Mary's hand, and they were not the only aspirants. Her beauty, her charms, and the prospect of the crown of England added to the Scottish crown, drew upon her the eyes and the ambitious hopes of a crowd of princes. The King of Spain proposed his eldest son, Don Carlos, and the negotiation had been considerably advanced by the care of the skilful ambassador of Philip in London, the Bishop of Quadra, when that prelate died, and the matter was given up. The Guises spoke of the Duke

of Anjou, who subsequently became Henry III., of the Duke of Ferrara, and of several others; but all these suitors were Catholics, the Scottish nation was hostile to them, and Queen Elizabeth did not conceal the fact that any union with a foreign prince, opening up to her enemies the road to her dominions, would bring about war. A personal interview had been projected between the two queens. Mary was, it was said, desirous of consulting "her good sister," and of proceeding according to her advice, but Elizabeth, vain as she was and willing to let her beauty be extolled by her courtiers at the expense of her rival's charms, had no wish to risk the comparison; the two princesses never saw each other. The Queen of England, meanwhile, proposed for Mary Stuart's husband the man whom she herself loved, Lord Robert Dudley, whom also she soon raised to the rank of Earl of Leicester. Did she act sincerely? Did she honestly wish to make the fortune of Leicester at Mary's hands, when state policy and her personal scruples did not allow her to raise him to her own level? These questions can never be answered; but the negotiations were renewed several times, Elizabeth continuing to insist upon marrying the Queen of Scotland to a great English nobleman, and refusing to hear of any but Leicester. People spoke of Lord Darnley, the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, and grandson, by his mother Lady Margaret Douglas, of the Earl of Angus and of Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland, and aunt of Elizabeth. He was, therefore, cousin to Mary Stuart, and his father, who had long been exiled from Scotland, but had now recently returned thither, had immediately undertaken to bring about his marriage with the queen. Darnley's birthplace was in England, and he was an English subject, but Elizabeth was not in favor of his pretensions. Resting her hand upon Leicester's shoulder, she said to Melville, the skilful and faithful emissary of Mary Stuart, "What do you

think of this man? Is he not a good servant? Yet, ye like better of yon long lad," referring to Darnley, who bore the sword of justice before her. Notwithstanding these objections, Darnley arrived in Scotland at the beginning of the year 1565, and was well received by Queen Mary. He was handsome and of good figure; his mother was skilful and intriguing. The confidants of Mary were all gained over; the queen was not opposed to this union. Lord Murray, who counted upon retaining power, counselled the marriage, and Parliament did likewise. Queen Elizabeth was informed of what was going on; her anger was violent. Cecil still hoped that Mary Stuart would marry Leicester and would ward off from the head of his mistress the danger of a union which constantly occupied his thoughts. The grave objections of "her good sister" were made known to the Queen of Scotland. Elizabeth went further: the property which the Lennoxes possessed in England was confiscated, and the Countess of Lennox and her second son were sent to the Tower. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, in whom Elizabeth had confidence, was dispatched to Scotland, to intrigue with the Lords of the Congregation; by slow degrees they separated themselves from Mary, and Murray was the first to blame what he had himself advised a short time before. The preachers thundered against the possibility of a union with a Roman Catholic king, and Mary was solemnly invited by the assembly of the Church to conform herself to the Protestant faith, and abolish everywhere in her dominions the Catholic worship. Plots succeeded plots, but Mary was, she said, too much involved to draw back, and, on the 12th of July, Darnley, whom the queen had recently raised to the rank of Earl of Ross and Duke of Rothsay, married Mary Stuart in Holyrood Chapel, and was proclaimed king at the Cross in the market-place of Edinburgh. The Earl of Murray and most of the Lords of the Congregation immediately rose

in insurrection ; but before they could gather their forces, the queen marched upon them at the head of the royal army, with pistols at her saddle-bow. The lords turned their horses' heads and retired without fighting. The Earl of Murray and the Duke of Châtelherault only stopped in their flight when they had crossed the frontier. They were ill received by Elizabeth, though she had encouraged them in their revolt, for she liked neither insurgents nor men who had been vanquished, and she did not intercede in their favor with Mary when the latter had obtained from her Parliament a bill of attainder against the chiefs of the insurrection. At this time Mary committed the error to which she had for a long time been solicited by her uncles of Guise: she united herself to the great Catholic alliance formed many years before between France and Spain, and renewed, it was said, at Bayonne in 1564. The continual difficulties caused by the rebellions of the great nobles and by the intrigues of England naturally tended to throw Mary into the arms of the Catholic sovereigns ; it was a fatal mistake on the part of the Queen of Scotland, but her guilt lay in another direction.

Darnley was both incompetent and unmannerly, violent and weak. The affection which he had inspired in Mary Stuart soon disappeared and gave place to contempt. Nor, according to public rumor, was this all: the niece of the Guises, brought up by Catherine de' Medici amid all the dissoluteness of the French court, had a bad reputation among the austere Presbyterians, and her inclination to surround herself with young men, foreigners, and artists, was attributed to the most disgraceful motives rather than to the elegant tastes and the love for frivolous pastimes which were probably its real cause. No one was more disliked among Mary's favorites than an Italian, David Rizzio, who had won her favor by his musical talents, and to whom she had gradually confided important trusts. Rizzio

had especially aroused the jealousy of Darnley; the Italian had, it was said, taken the liberty of reproaching the young king with his behavior towards Mary; he also encouraged the queen in her refusal to confer upon Darnley the crown matrimonial instead of the vain title which he bore. A plot was formed against the life of Rizzio. At the head of the conspirators was Lord Ruthven, who had been a short time before in a dying condition, and who arose from his sick-bed to take part in a deed of blood with Lord Morton, chancellor of the kingdom. Their aim was to recall the Earl of Murray and the exiled lords, by revoking the acts passed against them by Parliament.

On the 9th of March, 1566, Mary was at supper in her apartment with her ladies, and Rizzio was in the room, when the young king came in, followed almost immediately by Ruthven. The queen rose in much alarm when the other conspirators also entered. Ruthven ordered Rizzio to leave the apartment, but Mary placed herself before her favorite, who clung to her dress. Darnley seized the hands of his wife; the table was overthrown; the unhappy Italian cried, "Mercy! justice! justice!" George Douglas seized Darnley's dagger and struck Rizzio. Andrew Ker, one of the conspirators, drew his pistol upon the queen, who was begging them to spare her favorite. He was dragged out, and was pierced by numerous dagger-thrusts in the antechamber, while Morton, outside, guarded the doors of the palace with a troop of armed men. When Mary learned that Rizzio was dead, she is said to have exclaimed, "I will then dry my tears and think of revenge." Darnley endeavored to console the queen; she suffered him to believe that she accepted his excuses, and when her brother, Lord Murray, presented himself on the morrow at Holyrood with the banished noblemen, she received him without anger, and succeeded in detaching him from those who had exerted



"GEORGE DOUGLASS SEIZED DARNLEY'S DAGGER AND STRUCK RIZZIO."



themselves in his behalf, perhaps without his knowledge. Morton and Ruthven, abandoned by Darnley and Murray, immediately took flight, while the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Huntley brought to the queen an army of eighteen thousand men, levied upon the spur of the moment. Mary was once more mistress of the situation. Two obscure accomplices in Rizzio's murder alone bore the penalty of the crime, and on the 9th of June, 1566, the queen gave birth to a son, who was to become James VI. of Scotland and James I. of England. Elizabeth had promised to act as godmother to the child of the Queen of Scotland. As soon as the prince was born, Melville departed in all haste to bear the news to London. Cecil was the first informed; he repaired to Greenwich; the queen was dancing after supper. "But," wrote Melville, "so soon as the secretary, Cecil, whispered in her ear the news of the prince's birth, all her mirth was laid aside for that night. All present marvelled whence proceeded such a change, for the queen did sit down, putting her hand under her cheek, bursting out to some of her ladies that the Queen of Scots was mother of a fair son, while she was but a barren stock." On the morrow Elizabeth had regained her composure, and she graciously congratulated the ambassador, dispatching the Earl of Bedford to Scotland with her gifts, to be present at the baptism of the little prince. Darnley refused to take part in the ceremony; he knew that the Queen of England had forbidden her emissaries to render to him royal honors.

He had, besides, other causes for dissatisfaction. A growing coldness existed between his wife and himself. The apparent reconciliation which had followed Rizzio's murder had not lasted, and Darnley was intending to leave Scotland and travel on the Continent. Queen Mary had addressed a letter to the privy council of Elizabeth, claiming the recognition of her

hereditary rights, a matter which had recently been mooted in the English Parliament, to the great exasperation of her Majesty. The Commons had been more urgent than usual, notwithstanding the ordinary promise of the queen to think of marriage. Elizabeth had recently been ill, and the terrors of a contested succession had drawn forth the members from their ordinary state of submission. When Mary's request arrived, the Queen of England abruptly imposed silence upon the Commons. "Under the pretexts of marriage and succession, many among you conceal hostile intentions," she said; "but I have learned to distinguish my friends from my enemies; and take care, whoever be the sovereign who holds the reins of government, not to wear out his patience as you have done mine." She instructed the Earl of Bedford to induce Mary to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, which yet remained pending, and which contained verbally the renunciation of the rights which Mary claimed, promising to regulate the question of the succession by a fresh treaty. Mary refused, but, not to irritate her powerful rival, she consented at Bedford's request to pardon Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsay, who had taken refuge in England after the murder of Rizzio. Darnley no doubt experienced fears at the news of Morton's return, for he immediately left the court and sought retirement at the residence of the Earl of Lennox near Glasgow.

Scarcely had the young king arrived at his father's house when he caught the small-pox. He was in great danger, and the queen sent her physician to him, without going to see him herself, so long as he was seriously ill. She remembered, no doubt, that, being apparently in a dying condition in the preceding summer, at Jedburgh, her husband had not troubled himself to go and see her. When Darnley was convalescent, Mary consented to a fresh reconciliation. She repaired to Glasgow and brought the king back with her to Edinburgh.

She took up her residence as usual at Holyrood, but the fear of contagion caused Darnley to be installed in an isolated house, where the queen visited him. Rumors of conspiracy were already afloat; the insolent Darnley had few friends and many enemies. He was, however, warned by the Earl of Orkney that if he did not promptly quit this place, he would lose his life there; but the king had been smitten again with a capricious passion for his wife. He judged by appearances only, and a word from Mary's mouth was enough to quiet his suspicions. On the 9th of February, 1567, the queen took supper with him, then left him at eleven o'clock for a ball which she was giving at Holyrood, in honor of the marriage of one of her household. Three hours after her departure, at two o'clock in the morning, the house in which Darnley had remained alone with five servants was blown up, and the body of the unhappy king was found in the garden, near that of a page, without trace of fire or of any violence, while the other victims remained buried beneath the rubbish. No one had escaped. The blow had been struck by a sure hand, and Mary was again a widow.

Public rumor immediately accused the Earl of Bothwell. His violent passion for the queen was known; it was even whispered that the affection was mutual, notwithstanding the signs of grief shown by Mary, who remained shut up in an apartment hung with black. The details of the crime indicated long premeditation and skilful accomplices. Nearly all the ministers of the queen, Maitland especially, were implicated in the suspicions of the public. No one laid hands upon the principal person accused, even when the Earl of Lennox demanded his arrest. He was allowed to take possession of Edinburgh Castle before a warrant of arrest was made out against him. He appeared at the bar of the court of justice, but rather in triumph than as an accused person. The Earl

of Lennox, alarmed at the attitude of the assassins of his son, had fled, taking refuge in England.* Bothwell was acquitted, and bore the sceptre before the queen at the opening of Parliament. Darnley had been sleeping but a month in his bloody tomb, and already the rumor was afloat that the queen was about to marry the Earl of Bothwell, whom current opinion regarded as her husband's murderer. Bothwell, moreover, had been married six months before to the sister of the Earl of Huntley.

The faithful friends of the queen — and she had yet a few, in this court agitated by such violent passions and pierced by such dark deeds of treachery — warned her of the sinister rumors which circulated concerning her. Her honest envoy, Melville, relates how he took her a letter coming from England upon this subject; the queen showed it to the secretary, Maitland. "Bothwell will kill you," said the statesman; "reire before he comes within this place." And as Melville persisted, the queen sharply replied that matters had not yet come to that, without being willing to enter into more details.

Bothwell had in the meantime taken his precautions and secured powerful partisans. He brought together at a banquet all the principal members of the Parliament, and there, protesting his innocence of the murder of Darnley, he announced his intention of marrying the queen. Whether from fear or from interested motives, the guests signed a paper which Bothwell had prepared, recommending the earl for the husband of Mary, and they undertook to favor the marriage by every means. Four days later Bothwell had gathered a thousand horse, and posting himself in the way of the queen, who was returning from Stirling, between Linlithgow and Edinburgh, whither she had been to see the little prince, he attacked the royal escort, and, himself laying hands upon the bridle of Mary's horse, he carried her off, with her principal councillors,

to Dunbar Castle, exclaiming at the moment of the capture, that he would marry the queen, "who would or who would not; yea, whether she would herself or not." He detained her for five days in his fortress, without her subjects making the slightest effort for her rescue. On the 29th of April, when she was restored to liberty, the queen appeared in the session court, and there declared before the chancellor that notwithstanding the outrages which the Earl of Bothwell had made her suffer, she was disposed to pardon him and to raise him to still greater honors. On the 15th of May the marriage was celebrated at Holyrood, publicly according to the Protestant rites, and in private according to those of the Catholic Church. Bothwell had legally separated himself from his wife; the murderer had obtained the object of his crime.

Hitherto silence had been preserved as to Bothwell's guilt, but the public conscience was shocked by this marriage. All at once the plots burst forth which had long been in preparation to hurl Mary from the throne. Scarcely had she, whether willingly or under compulsion, concluded this odious union, when revolt suddenly threw off the mask. The great nobles had signed an engagement with Bothwell; now they loudly accused him of the murder of Darnley, made public their fears for the life of the little prince, and announced their intention of delivering the queen from her husband's yoke. An attempt to take possession of Bothwell's person having failed, the confederates marched upon Edinburgh, where they seized the government. But Mary rarely shrank from violence; she was resolute and quick. On the 15th of June, a month after her marriage, she was at Carbery Hill at the head of the troops that she had raised, in the face of the insurgents' army. No engagement took place. The ambassador of France, the aged Le Croc, endeavored to negotiate between the two parties. The forces of the confederates

increased every moment; the soldiers of the queen appeared valiant. Bothwell proposed single combat to the hostile chiefs. Several accepted, but without result. It was at length agreed to let Bothwell go unimpeded, provided the queen would consent to return to her capital, where her faithful subjects would receive her with honor and respect. Two hours later Bothwell departed at a gallop, a free man; but Mary was a prisoner, and she was conducted to the house of the Provost of Edinburgh, where she remained shut up for twenty-four hours without being approached by any one. On the morrow, after nightfall, a numerous guard took the captive to Lochleven Castle, under the custody of William Douglas and his mother, who was also the mother of Murray, Mary's illegitimate brother. Bothwell soon left the kingdom.

The anger of Elizabeth, at the news of Mary's arrest, was violent and unfeigned. Not that she took much interest in the rival whose authority she had incessantly endeavored to undermine, through fear of the enterprises which the latter might attempt against England, but the outrage suffered by the Queen of Scotland was an insult to all sovereigns. It was a blow to the regal dignity, a fruit of the pernicious principles propagated by Knox and his adherents. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton was sent to the confederate noblemen to command them to set at liberty their queen; but Cecil was not in such a hurry as was his mistress to see Mary out of prison. His private instructions in some slight degree abated the negotiator's ardor. The lords of the council meanwhile lost no time. Lord Lindsay appeared at Lochleven, the bearer of an act of abdication in favor of the little prince. The queen was desired to sign it; she refused. Lindsay grasped her arm with his iron gauntlet. "Sign," he said, "if you do not wish to die as your husband's murderess." The queen signed without looking at the paper, then

raised her sleeve to show to those present the marks of the violence which she had just suffered. The uncouth warrior was himself ashamed. "I did not know that a woman's flesh was like new-fallen snow," he muttered; but he carried away the document. King James VI. was proclaimed and crowned on the 20th of June, and on the 22d of August the Earl of Murray, who had returned to Scotland after a prudent absence, was declared regent of the kingdom. He paid a visit to his sister at Lochleven, and afterwards asserted that he had only accepted the office out of consideration for the prayers and tears of Mary. In the month of December, an act of the council declared the queen an accomplice in the murder of her husband and the abduction of her person by Bothwell. The deed was proved, it was said, by a correspondence between Mary and Bothwell recently discovered by the Earl of Morton. The responsibility for the queen's deposal fell entirely upon her own head, and was but the just punishment of her crimes.

The violence or the justice of men could take everything from Mary Stuart except the power of her charms. Even at Lochleven she was able to make partisans and to find friends. On the 2d of May, 1568, the lords of the council suddenly learned that the queen had escaped from Lochleven through the skill of a young man who had contrived to steal the keys. She arrived by night at Hamilton Castle, and had already revoked her abdication. Before the end of the week she had gathered an army around her.

The situation was critical, but the regent and his friends knew how to meet the emergency. As Mary advanced towards Dunbarton Castle, she encountered a body of troops, small in number, but disciplined and well armed; her partisans sprang to the combat with more zeal than strategy, and they were soon defeated and put to flight. The deserted queen at first escaped

the pursuit of her enemies, but she felt that she was closely pressed. The thought of the horrors of a prison chilled her with fear; she had expected death before when she was in the hands of her revolted subjects; and she now resolved to place herself under the protection of "her good sister," Queen Elizabeth, and to escape into England. The friends who yet surrounded her were opposed to this project. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's implored her upon his knees to abandon it; but Mary would listen to nothing; crossing the Solway in a little fishing-boat, she landed at Workington on the 16th of May, a fortnight after her escape from Lochleven, and thence directed her course at once towards Carlisle. Arrived there she dispatched a messenger to solicit an interview with Elizabeth. The fugitive queen was already lodged in the fortress, rather as a prisoner than as a sovereign, when she received Elizabeth's reply to her request. The Queen of England could not see her, it was said, until she should have cleared herself of all suspicion with regard to the death of her husband.

Elizabeth had refused to grant the title of Regent to Murray, and she had appeared to espouse Mary's cause; but the policy of Cecil received too opportune an assistance from the imprudent confidence of the Queen of Scotland, to allow the opportunity to pass without profiting by it. The captive committed the mistake of asking, that, if the queen could not protect her, she would at least allow her to traverse her kingdom, to go and beg the support of foreign princes, "the King of France and the King of Spain being bound to come to her assistance on this occasion." The Catholic confederation in Scotland, at the threshold of England, was too real a danger to escape Elizabeth's sagacity. She consented to Cecil's proposal, and made an offer to serve as arbitrator between the Queen of Scotland and her subjects, by means

of an English commission. Mary indignantly refused. She could not and would not degrade the crown of Scotland to the condition of vassalage: she was a queen and independent. The arbitrators proposed to her had at all times fomented the disaffections in her kingdom, and had supported her enemies. She asked no other favor than liberty to return to Scotland, or to repair to France. She had come into England upon the faith of the assurances of friendship which Queen Elizabeth had transmitted to her while she was at Lochleven. "Being innocent, as, thank God, I know I am, do you not," she asked, "do me a wrong by keeping me here?"

In reply to this appeal, which in common justice it was difficult to reject, Mary was transferred from Carlisle to Bolton Castle. The agents of Elizabeth, in all the European courts, appeared to have agreed to alarm their mistress concerning the consequences of the liberation of the Queen of Scotland. "Her Grace now holds the wolf that would devour her," wrote, from Paris, Sir Henry Norris; "it is said that there is a conspiracy between the King of France, the King of Spain, and the Pope, to ruin her Majesty, and to put the Queen of Scotland in her place."

Elizabeth sent a messenger to Scotland, to summon the regent and the confederate lords to cease hostilities; but her representations had little effect, while the arguments of the Scottish insurgents produced a powerful impression upon her. She began to believe in the crime of which Mary so vigorously protested her innocence, and she insisted that the Queen of Scotland should exculpate herself fully in her eyes, promising to place Mary again upon the throne if her innocence should be proved; for, at the bottom of her heart, and in her royal sympathy for sovereigns, she had been and remained shocked at the audacity of the Scots, who had dared to dethrone their queen, whatever might have been

her faults. The regent had replied to the reproaches and threats of the Queen of England, that "if Elizabeth wished to wage war against them, they would not sacrifice their lives, and would not risk their possessions, by passing as rebels in the world, when they had in their hands the means of justifying themselves, whatever regret that might occasion them."

The die was cast; the accusers of Queen Mary, her brother, Lord Murray, and her constant enemy, Lord Morton, were to come from Scotland, to be confronted with her before the commission of English judges. All parties were equally uncertain respecting the result of the conference, for all distrusted Queen Elizabeth, who had lavished upon both sides the most contradictory promises. Mary counted upon her to replace her again upon her throne. "I have abandoned dispatching my letters to the courts of France and Spain, relying upon the promises of your Grace, and wishing, if I am to be restored to the throne, that it may be solely by the means of the court of England." However, Cecil had assured Murray "that it was not intended to re-establish the Queen of Scots if her crime is proved, whatever her friends may say."

The conferences opened at York, upon the 4th of October. There were repeated all the arguments, there were enumerated all the facts which have since been well known in history. Mary threw the guilt of the crime not only upon Bothwell, but upon his accomplices, causing it to be clearly understood that her accusers had good reasons for making the whole weight of it fall upon her. She resolutely denied the genuineness of the letters found in her casket, of which copies only had been produced at first, and she demanded to be admitted to the queen, to defend herself in her presence. The conferences were transferred from York to West-

minster. The Queen of England and her ministers felt the necessity for following more closely the dark intrigues which intersected each other in all directions around the captive queen. The secretary, Maitland, had opened a negotiation for the marriage of the Queen of Scotland with the Duke of Norfolk, affirming that the Protestantism of the great English nobleman would reassure the reforming party in Scotland, and would definitively re-establish the throne of the queen. It is probable that the designs of the skilful intriguer went further. He was aware of the secret discontent of the English Catholics, of the powerful friends whom Norfolk could rally around him, and he hoped no doubt to raise a revolt in England. The wisdom of Cecil saw through the manœuvre. Mary's liberty was forever lost, even could her innocence have been proved, which it assuredly was not. Mary in Scotland constantly threatened the throne of Elizabeth. The servants of the Queen of England went so far even as to fear for her life. Mary in prison was dangerous, no doubt, but the peril was less, and the question of the justice of the detention of a sovereign who had voluntarily come to place herself under her relative's protection, did not at all enter into the matter. On the 11th of January, 1569, after three months of conferences and of intrigues, Elizabeth publicly declared to the regent, Murray, that nothing had been proved against his honor or that of his partisans, but that the crimes imputed to Queen Mary had not been demonstrated with sufficient clearness to inspire her with a bad opinion of "her good sister." Nevertheless, Murray returned a free man to Scotland, supplied with the money which was necessary to him for the support of his government, and Mary remained in prison, in spite of her protestations and her anger. Elizabeth had several times caused her to be advised to relinquish the crown and to lead a peaceful life in England, but Mary had firmly

replied that she was resolved to die rather than to do such a thing; that justice required that she should be re-established upon her throne, after which "she would show as much clemency to the authors of her troubles as should appear to her compatible with her honor and the good of her kingdom." The captive had also protested that she would not consent to proceed further away from the frontier; but, on the 26th of January, in cold and gloomy weather, the beautiful queen was compelled to mount a wretched horse, and accompanied by some ladies and a small number of servants, to proceed as far as Tutbury Castle, in Staffordshire, a fortress belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury. This nobleman was henceforth intrusted with her custody, a constant anxiety to the sovereign who under the influence of female jealousy had belied the nobler side of her character, and who could now find no place strong enough, no jailer vigilant enough to keep the prisoner whom she was unjustly detaining.

The affairs of Queen Elizabeth were as complicated abroad as at home, and her foreign policy was not more honorable or more sincere. The oppression of the United Provinces by the King of Spain had aroused a general discontent which brought about insurrections in the towns, and the beginning of that indomitable rebellion which was to end in the dismemberment of the Low Countries. The Prince of Orange had placed himself at the head of the oppressed people, protecting the religious and political liberties of his country, and his great struggle with the terrible Duke of Alba had begun. Everywhere the Protestants felt themselves threatened, and conspiracies recommenced in France. The Prince of Orange and the Prince of Condé both applied to Queen Elizabeth to obtain assistance and money. The queen secretly supported them in a niggardly and unwilling fashion, though urged by Cecil, whose policy was more firm, whose intel-

ligence was more clear-sighted, and whose views were broader than those of his mistress; but she took care loudly to protest her friendship for the King of Spain and Charles IX., while encouraging the enemies, declared or secret, who strove against their power. Upon every stage and in every country of Europe the policy of the sixteenth century constantly presents that character of duplicity and falsehood which necessarily results from the absence of publicity and control, but which renders history difficult to understand and more difficult to relate.

In presence of the embarrassments which the claimants of the succession to the English crown caused her, Elizabeth had resumed — if indeed she had ever abandoned — her matrimonial negotiations. The Archduke Charles was yet unmarried, and in 1567 the queen solemnly sent the Earl of Sussex as ambassador to Vienna, to deal with the great question of religion. The archduke had never come to England, although he had often been invited so to do, and the queen declared that she would never marry a man without having seen him. Sussex lavished upon her descriptions of the archduke's person and of his estates, also insisting much upon the high position which he occupied at the court of the Emperor. He assured the prince that this time the queen was quite in earnest in the matter, that she was free to marry whomsoever she pleased, and that she had never inclined towards any other union. The archduke professed himself much honored, but when the question of religion came up, he frankly declared that his religion was that which his ancestors had always professed, that he recognized no other, and would never change it. Elizabeth then urged the Protestant feeling of her subjects, without, however, breaking off the negotiations, which only ended on the day when the archduke married the daughter of the Duke of Bavaria.

The embarrassments of Elizabeth in England were complicated through the progress of the intrigue having for its object the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk. Elizabeth had openly spoken of it to the duke, who had excused himself, affirming that he could never think of uniting himself to a princess who had raised claims to the throne of England, nor to a woman whose husband could not sleep peacefully upon his pillow. This allusion to the fate of Darnley had for a moment lulled the queen's distrust, but Cecil was keenly alive to all the dangers which threatened his mistress. He had a short time before discovered the marriage of Lady Mary Grey, sister of Lady Jane and Lady Catherine. "Here is an unhappy chance and monstrous!" he wrote. "The serjeant-porter, being the biggest gentleman in this court, hath married secretly the Lady Mary Grey, the least of all the court. They are committed to several prisons; the offence is very great." And the jealousy of Elizabeth towards any who had claims, nearer or more remote, upon the throne was so excessive, that the unhappy Mary remained in prison until her death, without ever seeing her husband again. Deplorable end of a family doomed to the most tragic reverses!

Cecil had personal reasons for watching the intrigue for Mary's marriage with the Duke of Norfolk. The Earl of Leicester, always jealous of the influence of the great minister with his mistress, endeavored secretly to undermine a power which he dared not openly attack, and now exerted himself to make a friend of the powerful Norfolk by urging him in his perilous undertaking. The duke hesitated, but the Earl of Arundel and the Earl of Pembroke, uniting themselves with Leicester, dispatched to Queen Mary articles of marriage, intended to insure the security of Elizabeth by the total renunciation by Mary of her pretensions to the crown of England, and by an alliance, offensive and defensive, with

the English queen. Mary Stuart was to allow the reformed religion to be established in Scotland, and to give her hand to the Duke of Norfolk.

In order to escape from prison people are willing to accept harsh conditions, especially when they are not firmly resolved to observe them. Mary promised all that was desired, merely stipulating that the consent of Elizabeth should be obtained to the marriage. "All my misfortunes," she said, "have arisen from the anger of my sister, when I married Darnley." Leicester was counted upon to obtain this favor, and the duke wrote the most impassioned letters to Mary, through the agency of the Bishop of Ross, who was still faithful to his mistress. The consent of the kings of Spain and France had been asked for, and Murray was to propose to the Scottish Parliament the liberation of the queen.

This he did, though probably without any great sincerity. Mary had brought many misfortunes and few benefits to Scotland, and her brother had not that attachment for her which causes all other considerations to be forgotten. The articles coming from England were rejected; the question of the divorce which Bothwell had caused to be declared in Denmark was not even examined, and Queen Elizabeth was warned of what was preparing in the dark. She was at Farnham; the rumor of the marriage circulated at the court. Leicester had as yet said nothing to his mistress. Norfolk was there, not daring to go away; he dined at the table of the queen, who one day said to him with a significant air, which recalled to him his own words: "Good evening, my lord duke; be careful upon what pillow you rest your head." Norfolk took alarm. A few days afterwards the court was at Titchfield. Leicester fell ill; the queen hastened to his bedside, and there, impelled by remorse and keeping up the farce of passion, Leicester avowed

to her with tears that he had acted disloyally towards her, by endeavoring, unknown to her, to marry her rival to the Duke of Norfolk. Leicester obtained his pardon, but the royal displeasure rested upon the Duke of Norfolk. The disfavor of Elizabeth was dangerous; the duke retired to Kenninghall, whence he was soon recalled. A French servant of Mary Stuart, arrested in Scotland, had, it is said, made fresh revelations upon the complicity of his mistress in the murder of Darnley: the servant was executed, but the imprisoned queen remained exposed to the anger and indignation of Elizabeth. An insurrection in the north was feared, for the earls of Arundel and Pembroke had both quitted the court. Norfolk was conducted to the Tower; the Bishop of Ross was arrested, although he pleaded the privilege of an ambassador, and all the noblemen compromised in the intrigue received an order to retire to their homes. The anxieties of Elizabeth, real or feigned, were not without some foundation. The Catholics of her kingdom, groaning under a secret but cruel oppression, naturally looked towards the Queen of Scotland, in their eyes the legitimate heiress to the throne, sanctified by her misfortunes, surrounded by the double fascination of her charms and of that faith towards which she had always manifested the most sincere attachment. The Huguenots had recently suffered great disasters at the battle of Jarnac, where the Prince of Condé had been killed, and also at the battle of Moncontour. The English gentlemen whom the queen had gradually allowed to pass into the service of the French Protestants were compelled to return to England, whither they brought back gloomy tales of the cruelty of the victorious Catholics, and their resolve to cause Catholicism to triumph everywhere, no matter by what means. To complete the hostility of the Continent, Queen Elizabeth, always greedy for money, had seized in time of peace upon

a fleet of Spanish galleons, bearing to the Duke of Alba the sums sent to him by the King of Spain, which fleet had taken refuge near the English coast in order to escape some Huguenot vessels. It was asserted at the court of England that the money did not belong to Philip II., but to some Genoese and Lombard bankers, who could not object to lending it to Queen Elizabeth. The vessels of the English merchant navy had all become pirates, stopping and pillaging the Spanish and French ships, seconding the attempts and projects of the Huguenots upon all coasts, and bringing arms and supplies to them. Convoys setting out for La Rochelle were even accompanied by royal vessels, and the queen secretly authorized a great number of noblemen to take service in the army of the Huguenots, or in that of the Prince of Orange, while she replied to the complaints of the Spanish and French ambassadors by the assurance of her friendship for their sovereigns and of her wish to preserve the peace. Treachery was met by treachery. A conspiracy, half Spanish, half French, was preparing upon the Continent to encourage the insurrection of the Catholics. Ridolfi, an agent sent from Italy, had communication with the Duke of Alba on passing through the Low Countries. Designs were secretly entertained against the life of Elizabeth, and the representations of the governor-general, who did not believe in the possibility of success, having had no effect upon his master, the intrigue went on in the north of England, Elizabeth's tyranny having itself paved the way.

Captive princes always find means of communicating with their partisans, however close may be their prison, and however strict the supervision may appear. Mary Stuart had entered into relations with all the great Catholic noblemen of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. An attempt at escape had even been organized, which was to place her at

the head of her little army, but the project failed, and, on the 16th of November, 1569, the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, with a great number of noblemen and retainers, raised the standard of revolt, with the intention of marching upon Tutbury, to deliver and proclaim the captive queen. Upon the way the insurgents burned in the churches the prayer-books, announcing everywhere that the Catholic religion was re-established, and summoning all good Catholics to join them. But Mary had already been transferred from Tutbury to Coventry. The people did not respond to the appeal of the rebels; the southern counties took up arms against them. A goodly number of Catholics united with the royal army assembled at York. Uneasy and irresolute, the two earls fell back upon Raby Castle. They besieged Sir George Bowes, in Barnard Castle, compelled him to capitulate, and planted themselves in the little port of Hartlepool, hoping to receive Spanish assistance through the Low Countries.

Meanwhile the Earl of Sussex, who had delayed so long at York that suspicions had been aroused as to his loyalty, at length advanced against the rebels with the reinforcements which the Earl of Warwick had brought to him. The insurgents fell back slowly towards the frontier of Scotland, and soon took refuge, without fighting, in that kingdom, the support of which they had hoped for. Elizabeth at once demanded the surrender of all the chiefs. Murray could not or would not satisfy this requirement. The Earl of Northumberland alone was in his hands. The Earl of Westmoreland, Egremont, Ratcliff, and the other great noblemen, were in safety at the residences of their Scottish friends, who furnished them with means for proceeding to the Spanish Low Countries. The regent sent his prisoner to Lochleven, saying that he would exchange him for Queen Mary; but before the negotiation had begun, even before Lord Leonard Dacre, the last

of the insurgents who still held out in England, had been in his turn obliged to take refuge in Scotland, Murray was assassinated on the 22d of January, 1570, in the streets of Linlithgow, and Queen Elizabeth wreaked her vengeance upon the counties which had taken part in the insurrection. "There are so many guilty persons to condemn," wrote the Bishop of Durham to Cecil, "that difficulty is experienced in finding enough men innocent of all rebellion to make juries of them." A royal declaration was read in all the churches, in the peaceful districts as well as in the regions bristling with gibbets, which reminded the people of the tranquil years that England had enjoyed under the reign of Elizabeth, and affirmed that she claimed, as chief of the Church, no other authority than that which her predecessors had exerted, her noble father, King Henry VIII., and her dear brother King Edward VI. She did not intend to put a constraint upon the conscience of her subjects, provided the Christian religion, as it was established in the Acts of Faith, was in no wise molested, and that people conformed themselves to the laws of the kingdom for the practice of public worship. Liberty, as understood by Queen Elizabeth, consisted in doing exactly as she commanded.

The death of Murray, the only man sufficiently skilful and influential to maintain a little order in unhappy Scotland, had again delivered up that kingdom to the dissensions of parties. The Duke of Châtelherault and the Earl of Argyle immediately took possession of the government in the name of Queen Mary; but Morton, at the head of the *king's men*, as the partisans of James VI. were called, had taken up arms, summoning England to his aid. Elizabeth sent him an army and a regent. She had taken back into favor the Earl of Lennox, father of Darnley and grandfather of the little king, and dispatched him to Scotland, to govern in the name of his grandson, while the English troops several times entered

Scotland, devastating all the southern counties, burning the towns and villages, and supporting the efforts of the new regent, who was implacable in ravaging the domains of the Duke of Châtelherault and of all the family of the Hamiltons. When Sir William Drury returned to Berwick, on the 3d of June, after the recent campaign, the ravages had been so great that the authority of Lennox appeared to be established upon the ruin of all his adversaries.

Catholic arms as well as Catholic conspiracies had failed. Pope Pius V. proposed to try the spiritual thunders of the Vatican. A bull declaring the excommunication of Elizabeth, depriving her of her pretended rights to the crown of England, and absolving her subjects from their allegiance, had been for some time prepared; it was signed after the insurrection had failed, and several copies of it were sent to the Duke of Alba, but Philip II. prohibited the publication of them in the Low Countries. On the 13th of May, 1570, however, the bull was posted upon the door of the palace of the Bishop of London. During the investigations which were immediately made in courts of law, of evil notoriety both in political and religious affairs, it was ascertained from a student under torture, that he had received a copy of the bull from a rich Catholic gentleman named Felton. The latter was arrested, and he avowed without hesitation that he had posted up the bull, but no punishment could make him reveal the names of his accomplices. Being condemned to a traitor's death, he walked to the place of execution as to a martyrdom, designating the queen by the name of "Pretender," and remaining firm in his enthusiasm until the last moment. While upon the scaffold, however, he asked that the pardon of Elizabeth might be solicited for aught in which he had offended her, and sent to her, in remembrance of him, a magnificent ring of great value, which he took from his finger. Even in

the case of those who contended against her with the greatest tenacity, Elizabeth had been able to win from her people so sincere and loyal an affection, that condemned persons sent presents to her, and criminals whom she had caused to have a hand cut off for having written against her, seized their hats with their left hands and waved them above their heads, exclaiming, "God bless Queen Elizabeth!"

The faithful attachment of the English nation to its sovereign did not, however, prevent the progress of a new principle of liberty which grew with the firm and independent opinions of a portion of the Protestant population. Elizabeth had preserved at the bottom of her heart much liking for Catholic doctrines, and still more for the Catholic forms of worship. She loved sacerdotal vestments and pompous ceremonies. She retained candles and a crucifix in her chapel, and she had a horror of married priests. All the weight of her authority did not prevent the most fervent Protestants of her kingdom from being convinced, especially among the middle classes, that the Reformation had been too quickly checked in England, and had not been sufficiently thorough. They thus inclined more and more towards the religious practices and doctrines of the Continent in their austere simplicity. The "Puritans," as they were already called, were in bad odor with Elizabeth, and she often persecuted them, with all the more severity because she attributed to them, and not without reason, the republican and democratic tendencies spread abroad in Scotland by Knox, the effect of which had appeared in the revolts against Mary Stuart. A certain number of bishops and many great noblemen secretly inclined towards the Puritan ideas. Even Cecil was not hostile to them, although he had the royal favor more at heart than all sects and doctrines of whatever kind. In the Parliament of 1571 the Puritans for the first time asserted themselves. Thomas

Cartwright, a distinguished professor, who occupied, at Cambridge, the Margaret Professorship of Theology, maintained that the Episcopal system was opposed to the Holy Scriptures. He was suspended, not without commotion among the public. The laws proposed in Parliament were hostile to the Catholics; they prohibited, under the penalties of treason, claiming the succession to the crown, for any person whatsoever, during the queen's lifetime; they placed an absolute veto upon all communications with the Pope and all obedience rendered to his bulls; but at the same time they required assiduity in the worship established by the State, and, four times a year, reception of the sacrament in the Anglican Church. This last article was abandoned by the queen, but the Anglican worship was as odious to the Puritans as to the Catholics. They presented in Parliament seven bills for the progress of reform and the repression of abuses. The queen, in a passion, ordered Mr. Strickland, the member who had proposed them, to abstain from appearing in the House; but the Puritans had gained more ground than the queen was aware of; they introduced a motion to summon Strickland to the bar, and to cause his exclusion to be explained to him, declaring that the House which could decide the right to the throne had the privilege of occupying itself in ecclesiastical matters. The prudence of Elizabeth prevailed over her anger. Strickland reappeared on the morrow, and took his seat amid the acclamations of his colleagues: the queen had been vanquished, and her aversion to the Puritans was thereby increased. This was the first triumph gained by the fathers of the liberties of England over the political and religious despotism which was growing up in the shadow of the Tudor throne. At the end of the session, after the Commons had been reprimanded for their indocility by Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Seals, Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, caused Mr. Went-

worth, one of the great orators of the House of Commons, to be summoned, and demanded of him how they had dared to suppress some of the articles of faith which had been presented to their vote. "We were so occupied in other matters, that we had no time to examine them, how they agree with the Word of God," boldly replied Wentworth. "What?" said the bishop; "surely you mistake the matter; you must refer to us in this." "No," said the Puritan, "by the faith I bear to God, we will pass nothing without understanding what it relates to, for that were but to make you Pope; it will not be by our hands." However, notwithstanding the haughty resistance of the Houses, the bishops continued to insist upon the observance of the newly issued Articles of Faith, under thirty-nine heads, which had replaced the forty articles of Edward VI. A complete submission was required of the pastors, and they were deprived of their livings at the first refusal declared before the court of high commission, to which was intrusted the decision of all ecclesiastical disputes. "Matters will soon be ended with them," wrote Parker to Cecil, speaking of the nonconformist ministers, "for I know them to be cowards." The learned archbishop was never more completely mistaken. The courage of the Puritans remained firm through all persecutions. A hundred years were not destined to elapse without bringing the day of its triumph.

The friends of Queen Mary had resolved upon her marriage. The Duke of Norfolk being in the Tower, a plan was formed for marrying the Queen of Scots to her brother-in-law, the Duke of Anjou. Elizabeth was alarmed, and, to cut short this new intrigue, she made overtures on her own behalf to the court of France. Her most skilful diplomatist, Walsingham, was sent to Paris, intrusted with this negotiation, complicated by the secret support which the queen continued to give to the Huguenots. The parleyings lasted for several

months, until finally the Duke of Anjou positively refused to change his religion; whereupon people turned their eyes towards the Duke of Alençon, the youngest son of Catherine de' Medici; he had scarcely reached his eighteenth year; the queen was drawing near her fortieth. The negotiations nevertheless took their course, amusing Elizabeth by outward tokens of gallantry, in which she still took delight, and, at the same time, preventing all the assistance which the court of France might have brought to the unfortunate Mary Stuart. Charles IX. had claimed for his sister-in-law permission to live in France; but, piqued at the reports of the French ambassadors in respect to the relations of the captive with the King of Spain, and by her correspondence with the Duke of Alba, he at length exclaimed, "Ah! the poor fool will never cease till she lose her head; in faith, they will put her to death. I see it is her own fault; I meant to help, but if she will not be helped, I can do no more." The prospect of the throne of England for the Duke of Alençon was too brilliant to be sacrificed to the interests of Mary; Queen Catherine negotiated an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Walsingham.

Abandoned by her relatives and her friends in France, Mary Stuart had not ceased to conspire with Spain; but her agents were so closely watched, the supervision of Cecil was so strict, that several emissaries fell, one after another, into his hands. On one occasion, the Bishop of Ross, recently restored to liberty, contrived to substitute innocent letters for the compromising papers which his messenger had brought; but enough was soon known to make it certain that Mary was urging the Spaniards to attempt an invasion of England, and that the Duke of Alba promised to make arrangements with a person designated in cipher. Suspicion immediately fell upon the Duke of Norfolk. The plague having broken out in the Tower, he had been guarded in his house in London for fifteen

months. He was taken back to his prison, and his trial began. The duke at first made a bold denial; then, when he was shown the confessions wrung by fear or torture from his servants and the agents of Queen Mary, including the bishop of Ross, he admitted certain things, still maintaining that he had never conspired against the queen, that he had even engaged in the negotiation for the marriage only because he thought she was informed of it, and that in marrying Queen Mary he would do nothing prejudicial to her Majesty. He solemnly denied all accusations of correspondence abroad or with the rebels during the insurrection. No witness was confronted with him; only the depositions taken after torture were communicated to him. He was accused of having maintained relations with the Pope; Norfolk, the old pupil of Fox, the author of the Protestant martyrology, declared that he would rather be torn to pieces by wild horses than change his religion. He recalled the solicitations which the Earl of Leicester had made to him, before he had become concerned in this affair. Leicester sat at the council, listening without pity to the complaints of his confiding victim. He voted the death of the duke, who immediately turned towards his judges. "This is the judgment of a traitor, my lords," he exclaimed: "but I am a true man to God and the queen as any that liveth, and always have been so. I do not now desire to live. I will not desire any of your lordships to make petition for my life; I am at a point. And, my lords, as you have banished me from your company, I trust shortly to be in a better company. This only I beseech you, my lords, to be humble suitors to the queen's Majesty, that it will please her to be good to my poor orphan children." Even in his letters to the queen, full of repentance for having offended her, and for having acted in several matters without her knowledge, the duke never asked for mercy, and refused to make any confes-

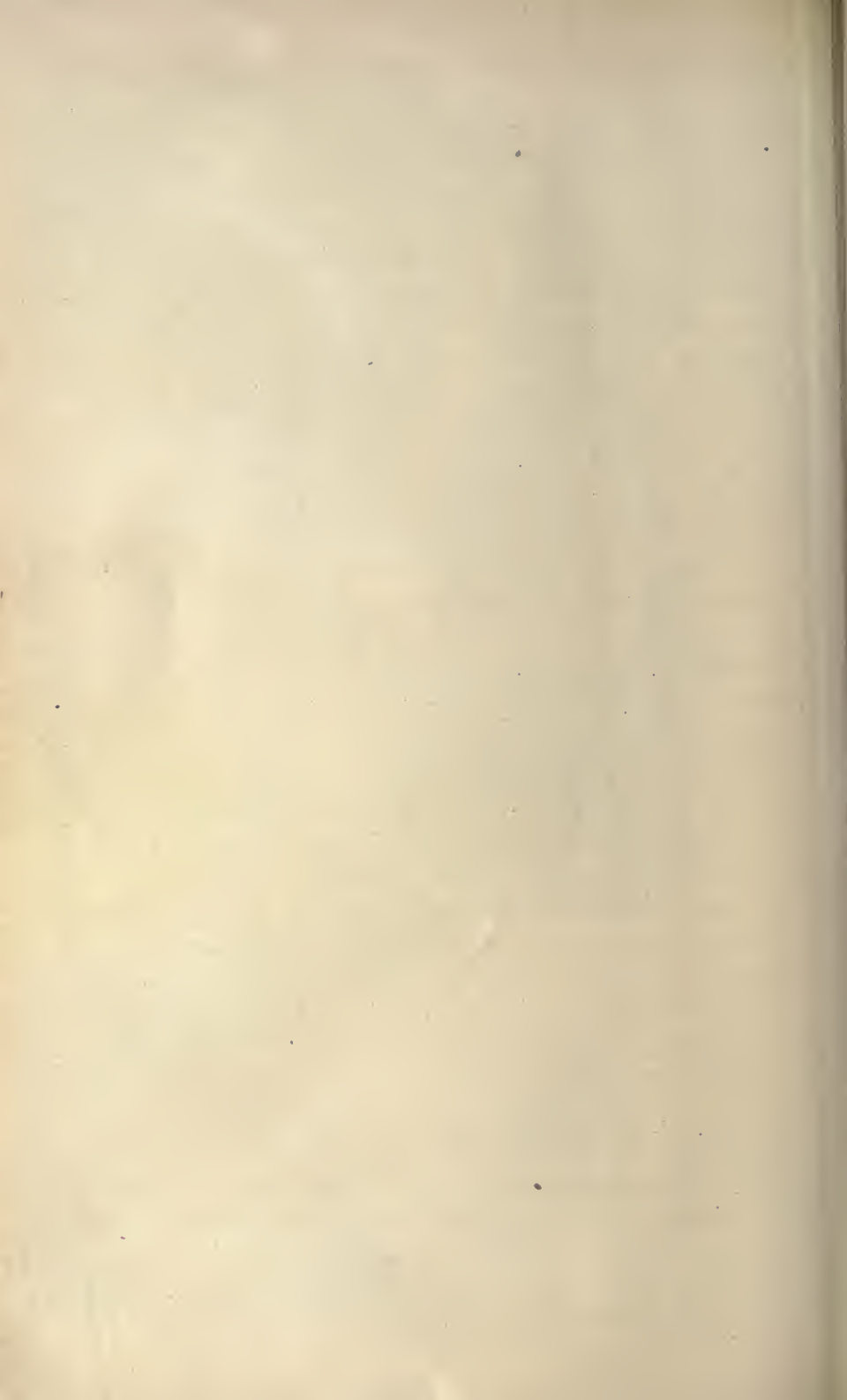
sion which might involve other victims in the doom which awaited him. Norfolk had been condemned since the middle of January, and the queen signed his sentence on the 8th of February; but during the night she became agitated, and caused Cecil, whom she had raised to the rank of Lord Burleigh, to be summoned. She forbade him to have the sentence executed, saying that she wished to reflect further; three times the sentence was signed, and three times Elizabeth recalled it, hesitating to put to death her relative and former friend.

At length Parliament intervened. The nation was profoundly agitated by rumors of plots. The documents found upon the emissaries of Mary had circulated among the public; already they saw the Duke of Alba, the ferocious butcher of the Low Countries, invade England at the head of those Spanish soldiers whose cruel exploits had terrified Europe. On the 16th of May the Commons presented to the queen a petition, in which the Lords concurred, desiring the execution of the duke for the security of the country. This time the sentence was not withdrawn, and on the 2d of June, 1572, the Duke of Norfolk was beheaded on Tower Hill, protesting to the last his devotion to his sovereign, and his attachment to the reformed faith. He refused the handkerchief with which it was proposed to bind his eyes. "I do not fear death," he said. When his head fell, the crowd wept as they had wept twenty-five years before at the death of his father, the Earl of Surrey, beheaded on the same spot by order of King Henry VIII. Two months later, on the 22d of August, the Earl of Northumberland, captured by treachery, when he thought himself delivered at the price of an enormous ransom paid by his wife, died upon the scaffold at York. He was seized upon the vessel which was to take him to the Low Countries, and the attainder which overtook him avoided the



EDINBURGH CASTLE

TAYLOR



embarrassments of a trial. His father had also died upon the scaffold, upon the same day, nineteen years before.

All these trials and executions tended towards the same end. Mary Stuart was condemned before her accusation had been spoken of. Protestant opinion, Protestant fears, were violently excited against her. Burleigh and Walsingham were both convinced that the repose of England was only to be purchased at the price of her blood. Parliament, always ardent in such cases, had proposed to proceed against the prisoner by means of an attainder, but the queen opposed this. The Houses contented themselves with depriving Mary of her hereditary rights, and declaring her unfitted to succeed to the English throne. The captive queen was at this time at Sheffield, in the custody of Sir Ralph Sadler and of the Countess of Shrewsbury. None of the details of the Duke of Norfolk's death had been spared to her; and she had refused to leave her apartment during all the time of the trial. Her faithful servants were everywhere losing ground in Scotland. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, seized by Lennox in Dunbarton Castle, had been hanged without process of law, and the murder of Lennox himself by the Hamiltons was not enough to compensate for the disasters to the Catholic cause. The new regent, the Earl of Mar, was less powerful than Morton, the queen's fiercest enemy. However, Edinburgh Castle still held out for Mary, and the Highlanders recognized no other sovereign.

A crime committed in another country, and for which she was in no wise responsible, was destined to bring the unfortunate Mary to the scaffold, however long the alternations between hope and fear might yet be. On the night of the 23d and 24th of August, 1572, St. Bartholomew's Day, the Protestants, assembled in great numbers in Paris, upon the occasion of the marriage of the King of Navarre to Marguerite of Valois,

sister of King Charles IX., were suddenly massacred in their beds, in the streets, or while escaping over the housetops; and the same slaughter, spreading like a conflagration from town to town, soon extended through the whole of France. Thirty or forty thousand persons perished thus in a few days. Almost all the chiefs of the Protestants were gone. The most illustrious, Admiral Coligny, was killed in his apartment, and his body thrown out of the window. It was to free themselves from the preponderating influence which he was beginning to exert over the king that Catherine de' Medici and her son, the Duke of Anjou, formerly an aspirant to the hand of Elizabeth, and at this time king-elect of Poland, had concerted and accomplished this massacre, for which they had obtained the authorization of Charles IX. only by dint of harassments which had almost reduced the monarch to imbecility.

The public outcry was terrible in all Protestant countries; nowhere, however, greater than in England, whither refugees, fleeing for their lives, now hastened from all parts of France. The queen went into mourning, and refused for several days to receive the French ambassador, M. de la Mothe-Fénelon; but she felt no real sympathy for the French Huguenots, and the horrors which caused the blood of her subjects to boil in their veins had not interrupted the negotiations of her foreign policy. Walsingham courteously thanked the king that his house had been spared during "the riot." The excuses and explanations of Charles IX., transmitted by his ambassador, were accepted. The project of marriage with the Duke of Alençon was not abandoned: only Walsingham gave Queen Catherine to understand that it was not a favorable moment for the visit of the Duke of Alençon to England, by reason of the extreme exasperation of the population against the Catholics.

The first-fruits of this exasperation were the counsels which Queen Elizabeth received from all quarters to put an end to the life of her rival, who had been so long her prisoner. The bishops, in a body, advised her to rid herself of the Queen of Scots, "the origin and source of all the evils;" but Elizabeth as yet shrank from the state crime which has sullied her name in the eyes of posterity. She would have been glad to have the natural enemies of Mary Stuart, the subjects whom she had misgoverned and who had revolted against her, imbrue their hands in their sovereign's blood. She dispatched Killigrew, one of her most skilful agents, to negotiate for Mary Stuart's liberation, who was to be consigned to the justice of her people, in exchange for certain hostages from the great families of Scotland. It was becoming too difficult to keep the Queen of Scots, Killigrew was to say; she drew too many dangers upon the kingdom, and the queen preferred to consign her into the hands of her subjects.

This attempt failed through the loyal uprightness of the Earl of Mar, at that time engaged in the difficult task of reconciling the factions. After taking part in a banquet at the residence of Lord Morton, in the course of his patriotic negotiations, he fell ill and died, not without suspicion of foul play, and on the 24th of October, 1572, Morton, who had long been a dependant of Elizabeth, was raised under her auspices to the dignity of Regent. Killigrew assisted him in negotiating for the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, which was reduced to the last extremities by the private treaty concluded by Lord Huntley and the Hamiltons. The secretary, Maitland, shut up in the castle with the brave Kircaldy of Grange, poisoned himself a few days after the capitulation, ending by suicide a life of subtle and ingenious intrigues which were almost always doomed to failure. Kircaldy was hanged as a traitor, and Queen Mary lost her last friends in Scotland.

Charles IX. had refused to send assistance to the faithful defenders of the citadel of Edinburgh, for fear that Elizabeth might support the Protestants, who depended upon La Rochelle. Secretly, she had several times assisted them, and she encouraged the naval expedition of the Earl of Montgomery in their favor. When the unhappy Charles IX. died in 1574, haunted even to his deathbed by the remembrance of his victims, the efforts of the French Reformers were suddenly seconded by the support of the Duke of Alençon, leagued with them against his brother, Henry III., who had returned from Poland to ascend that throne of France whereon the sons of Catherine de' Medici sat successively, to the misfortune and shame of their country. When the new king had discovered the plot, the Duke of Alençon was already engaged, in concert with the young King of Navarre, in raising an army: both of the brothers asked assistance of Elizabeth, but she preferred the position of mediator, and it was through her good offices that the peace of St. Germain's was concluded in 1576, securing to the Protestants the free exercise of their religion, and to the Duke of Alençon the appanage and title of Duke of Anjou. The peace was not of long duration, and the formation of the League, the progress of the influence of the Guises in the kingdom, their authority over King Henry III. as well as over the fanatical party, soon put arms once more into the hands of the Reformers. A brilliant prospect opened at the same time in the Low Countries to the new Duke of Anjou.

The affairs of the Prince of Orange and the cause of liberty in the United Provinces had steadily been advancing since the commencement of the struggle; amid defeat, disaster, and oppression, the indomitable courage of William the Silent and his fellow-citizens had by degrees gained so much ground, that Spain was on the point of losing forever half of the

LOW Countries. The Duke of Alba had been recalled after that government, whose fearful memory yet makes us shudder. His successor, the Grand Commander Requesens, died in 1576. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Orange, not knowing where to look for support in his growing embarrassments, offered the protectorate of Holland and Zealand to Queen Elizabeth, as the descendant of the former sovereigns of the country through Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III. The Queen of England refused, not desiring, she said, to encourage in revolt the subjects of her good brother, the King of Spain. William the Silent then offered the sovereignty to the Duke of Anjou. Don John of Austria, at that time governor of the Low Countries, longed to invade England, to deliver Queen Mary, marry her, and sit with her upon Elizabeth's throne. The project was chimerical, it was not encouraged by Philip II.; but it was a plausible pretext for Elizabeth with regard to the King of Spain. She affirmed that the offensive and defensive alliance which she had concluded with the Prince of Orange, was intended solely to defend the Low Countries against the encroachments of France, and to protect England from the invasions of Don John. Queen Elizabeth had already sent a great deal of money to the revolted provinces; she gave yet more upon the pledges which the States-general furnished her; but the Duke of Anjou took no steps, and the patriot armies were twice defeated by Alexander Farnèse, nephew of the King of Spain. The French prince excused himself for his tardiness by his fear of offending the Queen of England, with whom he had lately resumed his matrimonial negotiations. The agent whom he had sent to London, M. de Simier, a man of talents and of pleasant manners, obtained great influence over the queen, and revealed to her a circumstance of which she was ignorant, namely, the secret marriage of

the Earl of Leicester with the widow of the Earl of Essex, then very recently deceased. Elizabeth flew into a passion, the man who had occupied for thirty years the first place at her court was closely confined in his mansion at Greenwich.

Simier did still more: he induced his master to attempt a romantic venture with the queen; in the middle of the summer of 1580 the Duke of Anjou appeared in England under a disguise. He was short, thin, marked with the small-pox; but his amorous ardor, his youth, his journey, pleased the queen. When the duke was about to return it seemed that, for the first time, Elizabeth really wished to contract a princely union. The council was much divided: the queen was forty-eight years of age, the prince was very young and a Catholic. The most skilful politicians could not contrive to discover the secret feelings of their sovereign; but the time of petitions for her marriage had gone by; the queen bitterly felt it. The negotiations with Simier continued with alternations of favor and discontent on the part of Elizabeth. It was at length announced that the marriage would take place in six weeks. The States-general of the Low Countries had proclaimed the Duke of Anjou, and when he entered the provinces with an army of sixteen thousand men, Elizabeth sent him a present of a hundred thousand crowns. After having achieved some successes and delivered the city of Cambray, besieged by the Spaniards, the Duke of Anjou returned to England, where he was favorably received. The queen gave her ring to him, and commanded that the contract should be prepared. In Paris and in the Low Countries there was rejoicing at the marriage. Even in England it was believed that the queen was at length about to take a husband. This was on the 22d of November, 1581. When the duke appeared before the queen on the 23d, in the morning, he found her pale and in tears; it is said that she had

changed her mind during the night upon the representations of her ladies, and at the idea of the danger which threatened her if she should have children; she declared to the prince that she would never marry. The Duke of Anjou, in a passion, returned to his residence; he threw the queen's ring upon the floor, accusing the women of England of being as capricious as the waves of their seas. The change which had been wrought in Elizabeth's designs was not yet made public: the Protestant preachers continued to thunder against the Catholic marriage, and libels against the Duke of Anjou abounded, severely punished by the queen, who accompanied him as far as Canterbury, weeping bitterly at his departure. She was never to see him again; the defeats suffered by his arms in the Low Countries, his retreat into France, and his death in the month of June, 1584, caused the queen so much sorrow, that her Majesty's ambassador in Paris dared not write to his mistress the details of the duke's death, for fear of "ministering cause of grief" to her.

The affairs of Scotland caused grave anxieties to Queen Elizabeth. So long as Morton governed she was assured of the support of a mortal enemy of Queen Mary; but the great Scottish noblemen had become wearied of the iron hand of a master sullied by so many crimes; and in 1578 a convention of the nobility declared the young king, then thirteen years of age, competent to exercise his authority personally. Morton retired to Lochleven Castle, then he reappeared at the court, powerful with the young king, and abusing his power as usual; but the ground was mined beneath his feet: King James had a favorite, the first of a long list, Esmé Stuart, his cousin, son of a brother of the Earl of Lennox. The young monarch had conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lennox; he was seconded by another Stuart, James, son of Lord Ochiltree: both accused Morton of the murder of Darnley. The earl

was arrested. Queen Elizabeth sent Randolph, her former agent, to Scotland, to intercede in his behalf. It was even attempted to intimidate the Scots by movements of troops; but all was useless. Elizabeth was not willing to wage war for the sake of saving Morton's life; he was condemned, and perished upon the scaffold. The young Duke of Lennox and James Stuart, who had become Earl of Arran, governed the kingdom in the name of James VI.

This revolution in Scotland, this resistance to the pressure of Elizabeth and even of the Protestant princes of the continent, revived the hopes of the Catholics. James had been brought up with great care in the Protestant religion. His tutor, George Buchanan, a learned and able man, was specially distinguished for his attainments in theology, and had inspired the young king with a taste for that science; but it was hoped that the Catholic blood of the Guises would assert itself, and that the desire of delivering his mother might inspire in the young monarch opinions favorable to the intrigues which were still forming on her behalf. The Earl of Arran, who wished to supplant Lennox in James's favor, lent himself to these manœuvres. Queen Mary offered to legalize the irregular accession of her son, and to abdicate in his favor. But at the moment when the agents of the Catholic party abroad brought to James the subsidies of the Pope and of Spain, he was lured into the residence of the Earl of Gowrie, son of the old Ruthven, and suddenly found himself a prisoner there. The power fell again entirely into the hands of the Protestant lords. Arran was cast into prison. Lennox fled to France, where he perished shortly afterwards, and Queen Mary, trembling for her only son, wrote to Elizabeth to implore her to preserve the young king's life. James had already succeeded in delivering himself from the snares of his enemies; he had promised pardon, he was free, and lived in the midst of a

crowd of contradictory and confused intrigues which occasionally embarrassed even the penetration of Walsingham, who had been sent to Scotland by Queen Elizabeth. However, the presence of the son upon the throne of Scotland had awakened the hopes of the mother in her prison, as well as the ardor of her friends in England and on the Continent. A number of isolated Catholic plots, of no serious importance, were constantly renewed and were inevitably followed by torture and the gallows. The penal laws against Catholic priests were applied with an extreme rigor, often favored by public opinion, which saw in them so many conspirators. The most celebrated victim of this persecution was the Jesuit Champion, a distinguished and able man, whose execution excited a certain amount of compassion. Burleigh was compelled to exculpate himself from the charge of putting him to the torture. The wooden horse had been applied so gently, he affirmed, that the Jesuit had been able to walk at once, and to sign his confession. The prisons were filled with Catholics: those whom the persecutors dared not send to the gallows sometimes died there of grief and physical suffering. This was the case with the Earl of Arundel, son of the Duke of Norfolk, formerly in great favor with Elizabeth. Having become a Catholic and fallen into disgrace, he had been arrested when endeavoring to escape: being thrown into the Tower, he languished there for several years, and finally died without being permitted to see his wife and children again. The formidable abuses of absolute power manifested themselves all the more vigorously, because the strong intellect of Burleigh had not, any more than that of his mistress, conceived the least idea of the rights of conscience. While Elizabeth was forbidding Catholic priests to say mass until as late as 1589, she continued to expel the nonconformist ministers from their livings, and caused heretics and anabaptists to be burned. A

circumstance which aggravated the situation of the Catholics was the suspicion, very often well founded, that they had a secret understanding with foreign powers, and mixed politics with their religious interests. In 1584, the ambassador of Spain, Mendoza, received his passports and quitted the kingdom, much compromised by the revelations of Francis Throgmorton, who was condemned to death for having conspired against the queen, with the object of delivering Mary Stuart. Parliament voted fresh measures against the Catholic priests; these measures were attacked by a Welsh member named Parry, and he was sent to the Tower; whereupon his confessions were so complete, he denounced so many accomplices, he revealed dangers so imminent, that he was suspected of being simply a tool of the Protestant party, employed to prove the peril which surrounded the queen. But if Parry had counted upon pardon, he was mistaken; he was executed on the 25th of February, 1585, retracting at the last moment all his revelations, and exclaiming upon the scaffold, "God grant that in taking my life Queen Elizabeth may not have killed the best keeper in her park." It was supposed that Parry was mad, but his accusations had agitated the Catholics, who protested loudly against any disloyal project, and in particular against the theory of *permissible assassination*, which Parry had attributed to their Church. The gentleman who presented this protest to the queen was cast into prison, where he died. A Protestant association was formed to protect the life of her Majesty, and to avenge her death in case of crime. The Earl of Leicester placed himself at the head of this movement, which received the sanction of Parliament. Mary Stuart looked upon this league as her death-warrant; she trembled, with good reason, in her prison, for her son made no effort in her favor; he was negotiating with the Queen of England a treaty of alliance against the Catholic powers, without the name of Mary

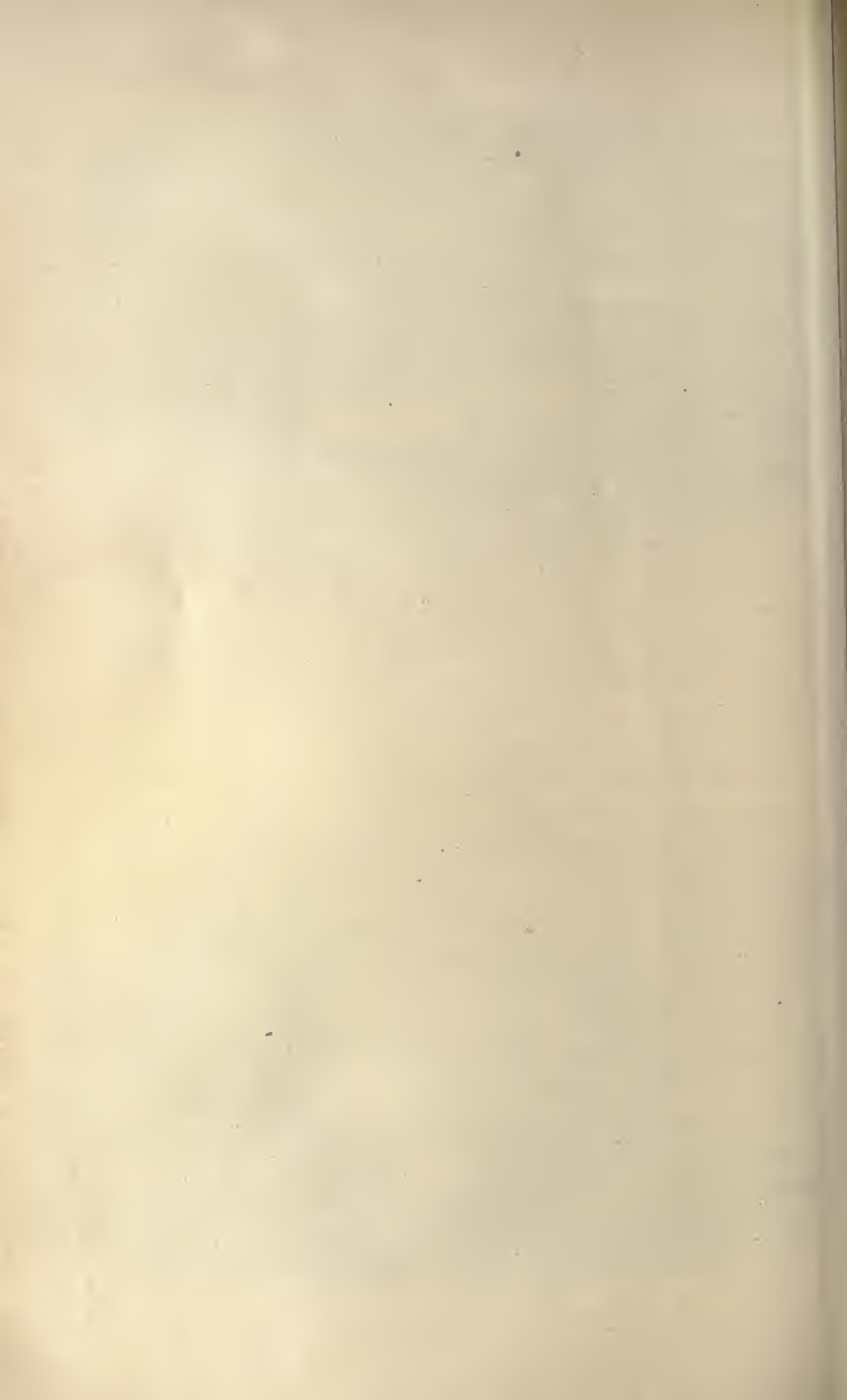
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HOLYROOD PALACE.



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT, TIME OF ELIZABETH.



being once mentioned between them. In reply to Mary's pathetic appeals James VI. had contented himself with replying that she was Queen-Mother, and had nothing to do with the affairs of Scotland. "I love my mother, as I ought, by duty and by nature," he said to the French ambassador, "but I cannot approve of her conduct, and I know that she wishes no more good to me than to the Queen of England." The end of the long drama was approaching.

The Protestant policy had completely gained the ascendant in the councils of Elizabeth: she was still officially at peace with Spain; but for many years her great admirals, Drake, Hawkins, and Sir Walter Raleigh, furnished with letters of marque, scoured the seas, seizing all Spanish vessels which they encountered, pillaging at times Spanish towns, and constantly invading the Spanish settlements in America. For a long while, moreover, the cause of liberty in the Low Countries had been secretly protected by the money and assistance of Elizabeth, and she had just now conspicuously lent her support to it by sending an army of six thousand men, under the orders of the Earl of Leicester, to carry on the war which, a year before, on the 10th of July, 1584, had lost its illustrious chief, William the Silent, beneath the dagger of Balthazar Gérard, an assassin in the pay of Philip II. The Queen of England had again declined the Protectorate of the United Provinces; but she had accepted as a pledge of her close alliance with that rising state the surrender of the towns of Brill and Flushing. Acting independently, and without consulting the queen, Leicester even went so far as to cause himself to be appointed governor by the States-general of the Low Countries. But he had presumed too much upon his past influence over Elizabeth; she had never forgiven him for his marriage with the Countess of Essex; he had gained no success in the Low Countries; his military talents were no greater

than was his political skill. The queen became so angry that it caused much uneasiness to the members of the council; great difficulty was experienced in preventing her from recalling Leicester at once, and the States-general, who believed themselves giving satisfaction to the court of England, soon perceived with grief that Elizabeth was growing cold to their cause.

A fresh effort was in preparation in Queen Mary's behalf, the last link in the long succession of plots which were to bring her to the scaffold. Anthony Babington, a young man of good family, a fervent Catholic, rich, and for a long while devoted to the unhappy captive, engaged in a project of conspiracy, supported, it was said, by the Duke of Parma, Alexander Farnèse, who was to make a descent upon England as soon as Queen Elizabeth's death should have been brought about. Babington was desirous of delivering Mary Stuart and placing her upon the throne; he paid little heed to the means proposed to him by Savage, the prime mover in the plot, and he gathered around him a few friends as bold and imprudent as himself. It appears certain that from this point Walsingham was aware of the conspiracy, but he allowed matters to proceed until Queen Mary had written twice to Babington. As soon as the captive was compromised, the accomplices were all arrested. Savage and Babington alone had desired and plotted the murder of the queen; a few of the conspirators had contemplated only the deliverance of Mary Stuart, others had limited themselves to keeping silence concerning the conspiracy. "It is my cruel destiny," exclaimed Jones before the tribunal, "that I should betray my friend whom I love as myself, or fail in my allegiance and become a false friend or a miserable traitor. My tender feeling for Thomas Salisbury has ruined me, but God knows that I meditated no treason." The less guilty among the conspirators were

condemned to be hanged; the chiefs of the conspiracy suffered the horrible punishment of traitors. They were so young and of such good appearance that their punishment caused a certain degree of emotion in London. These were the last victims of the beauty and misfortunes of Mary Stuart.

The captive queen had been transferred from prison to prison, each day more closely confined, each day treated with less consideration and respect. She had at one time reproached Lord Shrewsbury for too much severity, but she felt herself protected by his honor; Lord Shrewsbury was no longer her guardian: she was intrusted to Sir Amyas Pawlet and Sir Drew Drury, fierce Protestants, almost Puritans, who felt no pity for the corrupt, murderous, and idolatrous woman whom they held in their hands. A few days before the arrest of Babington, Mary had been removed from Chartley Castle in Staffordshire; when she was taken back there, she found all her cabinets open, her papers abstracted; her two secretaries, De Naou and Curle, had been taken to London. She looked for a moment at the havoc, then turning towards Pawlet, "There are two things, sir, which you cannot take from me," she said, with dignity: "the royal blood which gives me the right to the succession, and the attachment which unites me to the faith of my ancestors." Alas! Mary would have been glad to buy back her life and liberty at the price of her ancestral faith; she had once made this offer to Elizabeth, but the approach of a death which she felt to be inevitable brought her back to the real convictions of her soul. Amid all the faults and crimes of her life she had been sincerely a Catholic; purified by long sufferings, she was to die a Catholic, leaving to a rival whose life she had imbittered the odious stain of her execution.

Parliament had passed a law, which, without naming Mary, condemned her by anticipation. Elizabeth's council urged the

queen to place the captive upon trial. The repeated plots of which she had been the occasion, the inexhaustible interest which she excited in Europe, appeared to Burleigh, Walsingham, and Sadler, sufficient reasons for Mary's destruction. Elizabeth hesitated, irresolute and perplexed; she foresaw, perhaps better than her councillors, the harm which would come to her from the death of her relative, a person who had taken refuge under her protection and was defenceless in her hands. Leicester, who had recently returned to England, proposed to have recourse to poison; Walsingham openly opposed this suggestion; he was specially intrusted with the matter. Burleigh was old, and perhaps, like the queen, was reluctant to strike the final blow; but Walsingham insisted upon a trial in due form and a public condemnation. "That conduct is alone worthy of your Grace," he said. He carried with him the majority of the council, and the queen nominated a commission to try "her good sister, the Queen of Scots," according to the new law of Parliament, against "any person claiming the succession who might have encouraged or supported plots, invasions, or attempts against the safety of the kingdom and the person of the queen." It was scarcely necessary to bring together the great names which formed the commission to sign a sentence which was already written in the law itself.

Mary had quitted Chartley, and had been brought, a few days after the execution of Babington, to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire. Here the commissioners arrived on the 11th of October, 1586, the bearers of a letter from Queen Elizabeth, which informed the captive that she was compromised in the recent conspiracy, and that she was about to be tried upon that count, as well as upon several others, according to the laws of England, under the protection of which she had lived. Mary was old before her time, feeble, and overwhelmed with sorrows, but her royal pride was aroused

by this arrogant claim on the part of her rival. "Whereas the queen hath written," she replied, "that I am subject to the laws of England, and to be judged by them because I have lived under the protection of them, I answer that I came into England to crave aid, and ever since have been detained in prison, and could not enjoy the protection or benefit of the laws of England; nay, I could never yet understand from any man, what manner of laws these were. But I will not derogate from the honor of my ancestors, kings of Scotland, by submitting to be tried as the subject of my sister of England, and as a criminal." The commissioners were before her when she made this protest. "We will try you then as absent and contumacious," said Burleigh. "Look to your conscience, and remember that the theatre of the whole world is much wider than the kingdom of England," replied Mary. "Show your innocency," insisted the vice-chamberlain, Hatton, "lest, by avoiding trial, you draw upon yourself suspicion, and lay upon your reputation an eternal blot and infamy." Mary at length yielded, on condition that her protest should be admitted. Protestation and resistance were alike useless.

On the 14th of October, the commissioners assembled in the great hall of Fotheringay Castle. A throne, with a canopy, occupied the place of Queen Elizabeth; lower down a chair without a canopy awaited Queen Mary. The judges were surrounded by their assistants, and furnished with tables for their documents. The accused queen had neither counsel, advocates, nor documents; but her pride, her skill, her presence of mind sufficed, for two days, to hold in check the ablest lawyers of England. It was no longer a question of defending herself against past accusations, the murder of her husband, or her complicity with Bothwell; she was accused of having participated in plots for the overthrow and death of the Queen

of England, and, notwithstanding her denials, it is difficult for history to exculpate her of this crime. She had probably been implicated in conspiracies against Elizabeth even at the time when she was yet a sovereign and free. What a temptation to take part in them when she was detained a prisoner, in defiance of justice as well as of royal hospitality! The lovely eyes which had made so many victims were now dulled, the elegant figure bent; but the subtle wit, the stately grace, the infinite seductiveness, which had been the danger and the charm of Mary Stuart, existed still. She covered her face with her hands when the Earl of Arundel, still in prison in the Tower, was mentioned. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "what hath that noble House of the Howards endured for my sake!" She had asked that her two secretaries, whose depositions had been read, should be brought before her. They were in London, and she challenged the authenticity of their testimony, as well as that of a letter written, it was said, by her, to provoke an invasion of England; which letter, she declared, she believed to be the work of Walsingham, "to bring her to her death." The secretary rose, protesting that he had never acted through malice, and had done nothing which was unworthy of an honest man. He, no doubt, congratulated himself inwardly on having rejected the proposal of poison put forth by the Earl of Leicester. The weight of the accusations rested upon the recent conspiracy of Babington and upon the testimony of the two secretaries. Mary demanded to be heard by Parliament and to see the queen in person. The instructions of the commissioners were positive. Elizabeth was not willing to see the captive. When the judges quitted Fotheringay and assembled at Westminster, the witnesses were summoned before them, but the accused was not there. On the 25th of October, 1586, in the Star Chamber, the commissioners declared that Mary Stuart, daughter of James V., known

under the name of Queen of Scotland, had taken part in the conspiracy of Anthony Babington and in several others, to the prejudice of and against the life of her Majesty the Queen of England, in the name and under the pretext of her pretended rights to the crown; consequent upon which, she was condemned to death, without this sentence being in any wise prejudicial to James VI., King of Scotland, who retained all his rights and privileges as though the said condemnation had not existed.

The sentence was pronounced, but Elizabeth hesitated to put it in execution, as she had hesitated to bring her royal cousin to trial. Parliament made an effort to deliver her from the odious responsibility which she dreaded, and on the 12th of November the two Houses implored the queen to provide for her own safety, by causing, as soon as possible, the deserved punishment to fall upon the criminal. Elizabeth replied to her faithful subjects, asserting the absence of any rancor in her soul: "If we were two milk-maids, with pails upon our arms, and it was merely a question which involved my own life, without endangering the religion and welfare of my people, I would willingly pardon all her offences." She prayed God to enlighten her upon the course to follow, promising to make known her resolution within a short time. In the meanwhile she caused the two Houses, through the chancellor, to be asked whether there were not some means of placing her life in safety without interfering with that of Mary. Parliament replied in the negative. But Elizabeth's hesitations were not yet at an end; a fresh speech expounded her scruples to her people. "I have," she said, "since first I came to the crown of this realm, seen many defamatory books and pamphlets against me, accusing me to be a tyrant. Well fare the writers' hearts: I believe their meaning was to tell me news. And news indeed it was to me to be branded

with the note of tyranny. But what is it which they will not write now, when they shall hear that I have given consent that the executioner's hands should be imbrued in the blood of my nearest kinswoman? But so far am I from cruelty that, to save mine own life, I would not offer her violence; neither have I been so careful how to prolong mine own life as how to preserve both, which that it is now impossible, I grieve exceedingly. I am not so void of judgment as not to see mine own perils before mine eyes; nor so mad to sharpen a sword to cut mine own throat; nor so careless as not to provide for the safety of mine own life. And now for your petition. I pray you for this present to content yourselves with an answer without answer. Your judgment I condemn not; neither do I mistake your reasons, but pray you to accept my thankfulness, excuse my doubtfulness, and take in good part my answer answerless. If I should say I would not do what you request, I might perhaps say more than I think. And if I should say I would do it, I might plunge myself into peril, whom you labor to preserve." The sentence of death was, however, posted up in all parts of London, and greeted with cries of joy by the populace.

Lord Buckhurst had been chosen to announce her condemnation to Mary; it was hoped that some confession might be obtained from her, in her agitation and despair at approaching death. But whatever might have been Mary's crimes in the past, and her misdeeds towards Queen Elizabeth, her courage had not relaxed in misfortune, and it did not fail her at the supreme hour. A bishop had accompanied the fatal messenger; the queen refused to see him, asking for her chaplain. "I am a-weary of this world," she said, "and glad that my troubles are about to end." She repeated that she had never taken part in any plot against the life of Elizabeth, and her last care was to write to the Pope and to the Archbishop

of Glasgow to enjoin that her reputation should be cleared of all stain, it was a task above the power of those to whom it was intrusted by this unfortunate woman, who could not appeal to her son to defend her. As a condemned criminal, the Queen of Scots was now deprived of all the honors which had hitherto been rendered to her. Her jailer, Sir Amyas Pawlet, sat down in her presence without permission.

“I am an anointed queen,” said the fallen sovereign; “in spite of the Queen of England, her council, and her heretical judges, I will still die a queen.” Mary’s last letter to Elizabeth was truly a royal epistle, without complaints or recriminations, thanking God that He had deigned to put an end to a sorrowful pilgrimage, and asking no other favor than that of dying in the presence of her servants, to whom she begged the queen to cause to be given the small legacies indicated in her will. It was in the name of Jesus Christ, of their kinship, of the memory of Henry VII., their ancestor, and of the royal dignity which was common to them, that the captive, about to die, proudly besought these trifling favors from her triumphant rival.

The King of France, Henry III., had not absolutely abandoned his sister-in-law in her extremity; he sent to the court of England an ambassador extraordinary to plead her cause. Elizabeth delayed before giving him an audience; when she admitted him into her presence, with great ceremony, it was not without emotion that she affirmed that the Queen of Scots had three times attempted her life. All Bellièvre’s arguments were useless; when he declared that his sovereign would consider as a cause of rupture the execution of a dowager queen of France, Elizabeth became angry. The envoy received his passports. The resident ambassador, M. de l’Aubespine, accused of being implicated in a fresh conspiracy

against the queen's life, saw his secretary cast into prison. A third emissary was no more successful.

While he was interceding for Mary with the Queen of England, King Henry III. was endeavoring to awaken in the breast of James VI. the natural feelings of a son for his mother. What severer condemnation of the conduct of the King of Scotland can be imagined than the fact that it shocked and scandalized Henry III.! He succeeded in obtaining a preliminary mission to Elizabeth, but by a personage of so little importance, and so deep in the interests of England, that France was not satisfied with this proceeding, which had, nevertheless, aroused the anger of Queen Elizabeth. James hastened to write to her, excusing himself humbly, alleging that he in no wise imputed to her the blame of what had been done against his mother. Sir Robert Melville accompanied the second embassy. "Why does the Queen of Scots seem so dangerous to you?" asked the emissaries. "Because she is a Papist, and they say she shall succeed to my throne," said Elizabeth bluntly. "Does her Grace still live?" said Melville tremblingly. "I think so," replied the queen, "but I would not answer for it in an hour." Mary's old servant interceded passionately for her, but his colleague, Gray, assured the ministers that it was not a dangerous affair, adding coarsely, "A dead woman does not bite." Walsingham was seriously astonished that a Protestant monarch like James should not feel that his mother's existence was incompatible with the safety of the Reformed churches in England and Scotland. The king recalled his ambassadors, and contented himself with recommending his mother to the prayers of all his subjects; the greater number of the Presbyterian pastors refused obedience to his orders.

Elizabeth had repelled all foreign interventions; and still she hesitated; she was heard to mutter to herself in Latin,

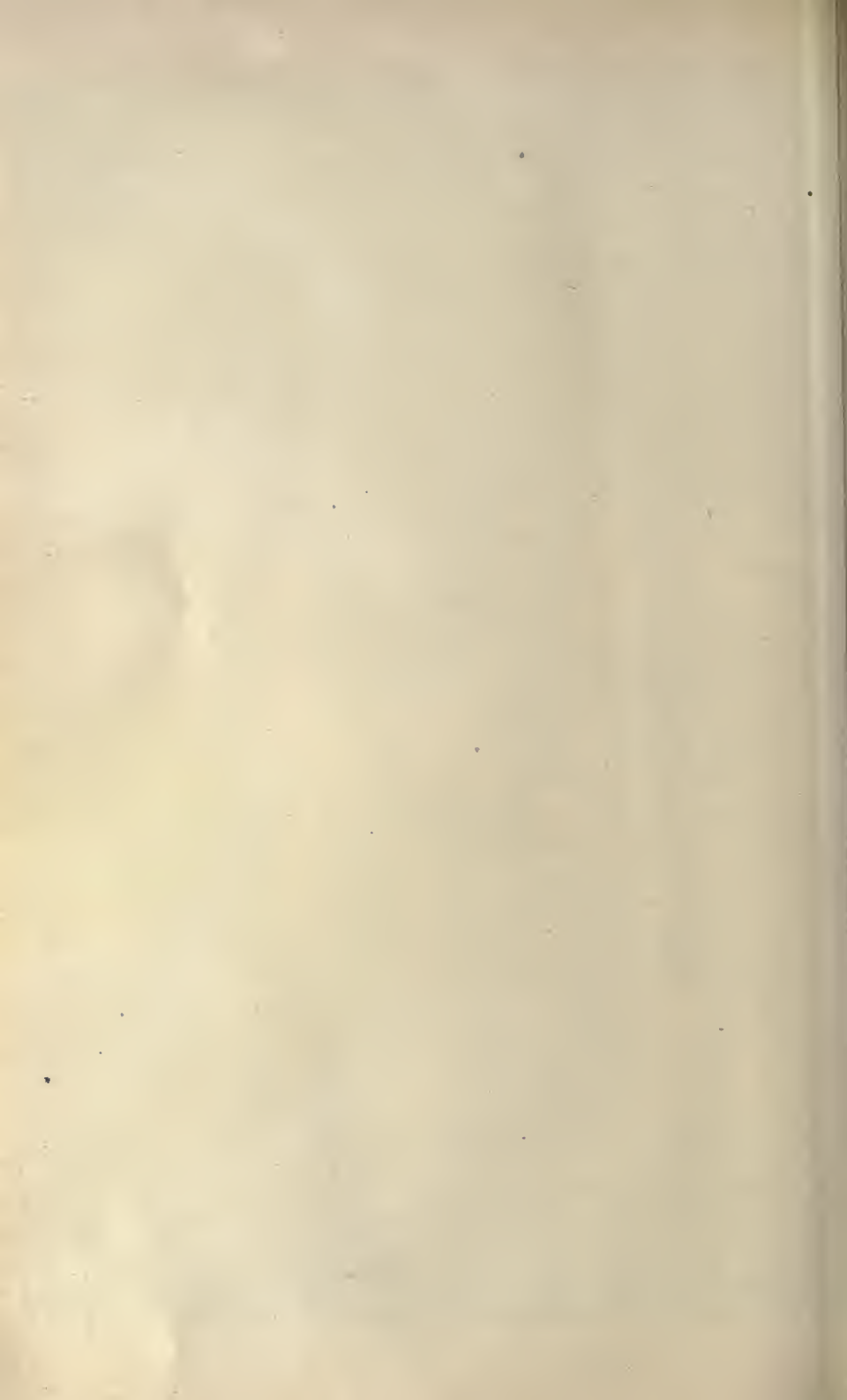
Aut fer aut feri, that is, "Either bear strokes, or strike;" and, *Ne feriare, feri*, "Strike, lest thou be stricken." The warrant had been ready for six weeks, when the queen signed it, in private, on the 1st of February, consigning it to the secretary of state, Davison, "without other orders," as she subsequently asserted. She made the suggestion that Sir Amyas Pawlet might have spared her all this trouble, and she commanded that he should be written to in that strain. Pawlet refused in set terms, saying that his property and life were at her Majesty's disposal, but that God did not permit him to sacrifice his conscience, nor to leave an infamous stain upon his name. None would incur the responsibility of the crime; the queen did not even command the warrant to be sent. It went, however, without her having informed herself on the subject: a precaution which was useful to her subsequently. On the 7th of February, while the scaffold was being erected in the court-yard of Fotheringay, Elizabeth told Davison that he must write again to Sir Amyas. "It is useless, I think," began the secretary. She did not allow him time to explain himself, and turned towards one of her ladies who was entering. Davison was never to see his mistress again.

The Earl of Shrewsbury had arrived at Fotheringay. Queen Mary immediately understood what the arrival of the Earl-Marshal meant. When the sentence had been read, Mary made the sign of the cross, and said tranquilly that death was welcome, but that she had not expected, after having been detained twenty years in prison, that her sister Elizabeth would thus dispose of her. She at the same time placed her hand upon a book beside her, swearing that she had never contemplated nor sought the death of Elizabeth. "That is a Popish Bible," exclaimed the Earl of Kent brutally; "your oath is of no value." "It is a Catholic testament," said the captive, "and therefore, my lord, as I believe that to be

the true version, my oath is the more to be relied on;" and she asked what would be the time of the execution. "To-morrow, at eight o'clock," said Lord Salisbury, in great agitation. "Your death will be the life of our religion," said Kent; "as, contrariwise, your life would have been its death." The queen smiled bitterly. She was left alone with her servants: she bade farewell to them, drinking to their health at her last repast, and asking pardon of them all. She passed a portion of the night in writing to her confessor, to the King of France, and to the Duke of Guise. At eight o'clock the sheriff of the county entered the oratory where she was at prayer; she rose immediately, took the crucifix from the altar, and advanced with a firm step; she was clad in the rich and sober costume of a dowager queen. At the door of the antechamber she found her faithful servant, Melville, who for three weeks had waited in vain to be permitted to see her. He threw himself upon his knees before her, weeping and sobbing. "Cease to lament, good Melville," said the queen, "for thou shalt now see a final period to Mary Stuart's troubles; the world, my servant, is all but vanity, and subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can wash away. But I pray thee, take this message when thou goest, that I die true to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have done nothing to prejudice the kingdom of Scotland." She asked that her servants might be present at her execution. The Earl of Kent refused; she insisted with warmth. "I know my sister Elizabeth would not have denied me so small a matter," she said, "that my women might be present even for honor of womanhood." The point was conceded: two of the ladies of the queen accompanied her to the scaffold, as well as Melville and a few servants. When the sentence had been read, Mary reminded the spectators that she was



MARY STUART SWEARING SHE HAD NEVER SOUGHT THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH



a sovereign princess, and had nothing to do with the laws of England; that she died by injustice and violence, without ever having conspired against the life of Elizabeth. The Dean of Peterborough began a discourse; the queen interrupted him several times. "I am fixed in the ancient religion," she said, "and by God's grace, I will shed my blood for it." Seeing that she could not impose silence upon him, she turned round looking away from him; but he followed her movements, and proceeded to place himself in front of her. While he prayed aloud in English, the queen repeated in Latin, with profound contrition, the Penitential Psalms. When the dean had finished, she prayed aloud in English for the Church, her son, and Queen Elizabeth. She kissed the crucifix; the Earl of Kent exclaimed, "Madam, you had better put such Popish trumpery out of your hand, and carry Christ in your heart." "I can hardly bear this emblem in my hand without at the same time bearing Him in my heart," said the queen. The executioners had laid hands upon her to undress her; as her women burst into sobs in their indignation, she placed a finger at her lips and embraced them, saying to the spectators, "I am not used to be undressed by such attendants, nor to put off my clothes before so much company." Her eyes were bound with a handkerchief embroidered with gold, and the executioners conducted her to the block. She laid her head upon it without trembling. "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," she said aloud. The executioner was more agitated than the victim; he was obliged to strike three times. When he raised the bleeding head, exclaiming, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" the dean and the Earl of Kent alone replied, "Thus perish all her enemies." No one said "Amen." The queen's little lap-dog had hidden himself in her clothing, nor could he be separated from the body while it remained upon the scaffold.

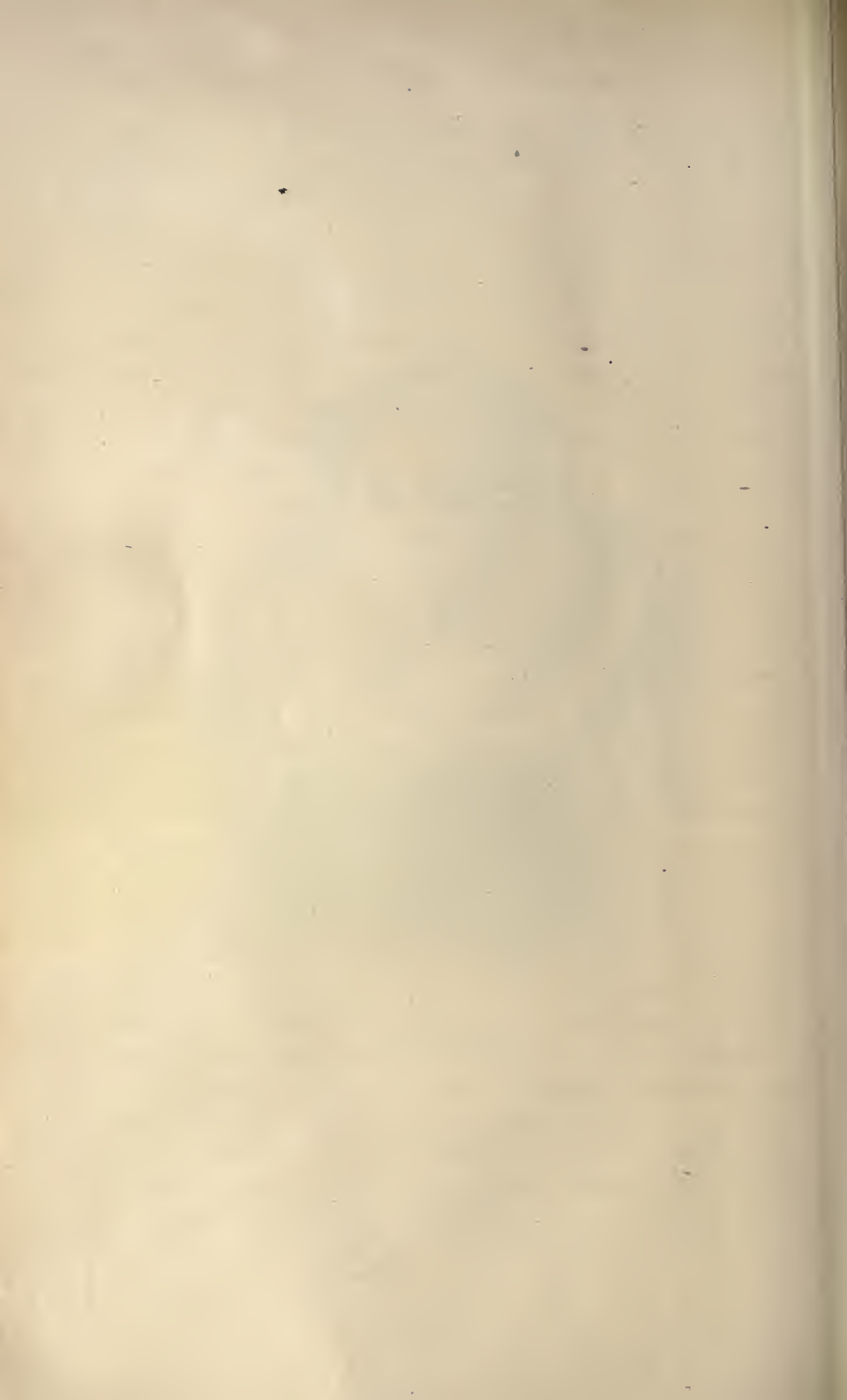
The news of the execution had spread abroad in London, and many people were manifesting their joy thereat, before any one had dared to announce the fact to the queen. She feigned great anger, shedding tears, and asserting that she had given no order. The secretary of state, Davison, was sent to the Tower; Burleigh and the other ministers were disgraced. Walsingham had been prudent enough to absent himself; when he reappeared, his colleagues were not long in returning into favor; but a victim was necessary. Davison remained in prison during all the remainder of the reign of Elizabeth, and his whole fortune was confiscated to pay the fine which was imposed upon him.

Elizabeth's first care had been to communicate to King James the grief which she experienced at the unhappy event which had occurred without her knowledge in her kingdom. The king wept on learning the death of his mother, asserting that he would move heaven and earth in his vengeance. His anger, however, was soon appeased: the pension which he received from Elizabeth was increased; one of the obstacles which might impede his succession to the throne of England had disappeared. The royal aspirant consoled himself with this expectation. "Could an only son forget his mother?" Mary Stuart had asked on learning her condemnation. The conduct of King James proved that it was possible.

King Henry III. would have been much embarrassed to accomplish his threats and to wage war in England to avenge his unhappy sister-in-law. He was groaning under the yoke of the League and of the Guises, and no doubt easily forgave Elizabeth the blow which she had struck at the haughty House of Lorraine. L'Aubespine reproached Elizabeth for the assistance which she had so long been giving to Henry of Navarre. "I have done nothing against your sovereign," said the queen, resorting to her former argument; "I support the



MARY STUART



King of Navarre against the Duke of Guise." L'Aubespine did not persist.

For a long time past, the expeditions of the English buccaners in the West Indies had completed the exasperation caused to Philip II. by the assistance which Elizabeth furnished to the rebels of the Low Countries. The death of Queen Mary supplied him with a natural pretext for the explosion of this resentment. The Queen of England made some efforts to propitiate him as she had propitiated the kings of France and Scotland. In the Netherlands her arms had not been triumphant. Leicester was the weakest and the most incompetent of the generals, and during his absence in England, to assist in the condemnation of Mary Stuart, a body of his troops, commanded by malcontent officers, had restored Deventer to the King of Spain, passing over at the same time into his service. The earl's return into the Low Countries did not repair matters. The Dutch were discontented and uneasy; the queen recalled her forces, retaining merely the hostage towns, and she accepted the provisional appointment of Maurice of Nassau, son of William the Silent, as stadtholder of the United Provinces. She had even opened a secret negotiation with the Duke of Parma, who still held out in the Low Countries; but while endeavoring to preserve peace, she understood that war was becoming imminent, and the great preparations in which the King of Spain was employed were not unknown to her. As a preliminary to hostilities, Sir Francis Drake was dispatched with a fleet of thirty vessels, and with orders to destroy, even in their ports, all the Spanish vessels which he might encounter. Never was mission executed with more satisfaction and success. On the 19th of April, 1587, the bold seaman forced the entrance of the port of Cadiz, where he destroyed thirty great vessels; then, following the coast-line as far as Cape St. Vincent, he cap-

tured, burnt, and sunk a hundred other ships, and destroyed on his way four fortresses. At length he entered the Tagus, recently become tributary to Philip II., who had taken possession of Portugal to console himself for the loss of Holland, and there took possession, under the very shadow of the Spanish standard, of the St. Philip, a ship of the largest size, laden with a precious cargo. The exploits of Drake delayed by more than a year the expedition which the King of Spain contemplated, and gave time to Elizabeth to complete her preparations. "I have singed the King of Spain's beard," said the victorious admiral on returning to England. Philip's anger redoubled under these insults. The Pope, Sixtus V., supplied him with money and renewed the bull of excommunication against Elizabeth. All the vessels of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were confiscated for the service of the king. The republic of Venice and that of Genoa lent him their fleets. In all the ports of Spain ships were in course of construction. A fleet of flat-bottomed vessels, prepared in Flanders, were to transport to England the Duke of Parma and his thirty thousand soldiers. The humblest Spanish sailor thought himself assured of the conquest of England. Philip II. promised himself the triumph of the Catholic faith in this haunt of heretics. We may doubt whether Pope Sixtus V. was equally sure of success. *Un gran cerviello di principessa*, ("She has the mind of a great princess,") he often said in speaking of Elizabeth. But Europe, Protestant or Catholic, had not yet lost the habit of trembling before the power of Spain. All eyes were fixed upon England, against which so many preparations were going forward.

England, meanwhile, did not remain idle. In the month of November, 1587, the queen convoked a council of war, to which she summoned all her distinguished soldiers and the great sailors of that time, who were destined to be the

founders of the English navy. Sir Walter Raleigh took a large share in the deliberations, and vigorously maintained the opinion that it was necessary both to meet the enemies at sea, and to prepare for them on land. Elizabeth's fleet was not large. She had not made war, and the money of which she could dispose did not suffice for the appeals which she received from all the Protestant countries of Europe, oppressed and struggling for their faith. Thirty-six vessels composed the royal navy, but merchant ships abounded. The country had greatly increased in wealth under the reign of Elizabeth; the devotion of her subjects provided for everything; private individuals fitted out merchant ships for war, and offered them to the queen, while the great seamen who had acquired experience and fame as buccaneers against the Spanish in all seas, — Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, — took command of the vessels, under the orders of the High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham. One hundred and ninety-one ships were at length gathered together, and the Dutch sent to the assistance of their allies sixty more, manned by the fierce Zealanders, ever eager to fight against the Spaniards. The fleet was disposed in squadrons to cover the coasts, while the land forces, under the orders of Leicester, assembled from all parts to resist invasion. All the ancient fortifications were repaired, and new works were raised as if by magic. A camp was formed at Tilbury Fort, opposite Gravesend. The queen repaired thither herself to review the troops. Her subjects had vied with each other in devotion. Catholics as well as Protestants had generously responded to her appeal. The Catholic gentlemen, when a command had been refused them, enrolled themselves as common soldiers. One hundred and thirty thousand men had been raised in the different parts of the territory. When the queen assembled her forces at Tilbury, she had around her more than sixty thousand men.

The earls of Essex and Leicester marched at the bridle of her war-horse; she carried in her hand a marshal's baton. All her courage shone in her eyes. "My loving people," she said, "we have been persuaded by some that are careful for our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery, but I assure you that I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects; and therefore I am come among you at this time, not as for my recreation and sport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die among you all, to lay down for my God, for my kingdom, and for my people, my honor, and my blood even, in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too, and think it foul scorn that Parma or Spain should dare to invade the borders of my realms. To which rather than any dishonor shall grow by me I myself will take up arms." The popular enthusiasm was great, but the general alarm equalled the enthusiasm. The terrible reputation of the Spanish troops had preceded them. The raw recruits who formed the greater portion of the land forces would have been unable to resist the veterans of the Duke of Parma; but the English navy was destined to save England.

The Invincible Armada, as the Spaniards arrogantly called it, issued forth from the Tagus on the 29th of May, 1588. It numbered about one hundred and thirty ships, of which some were of very large size. The sea appeared to fight in favor of England; on their way to Corunna, where the fleet was to receive reinforcements, in the vicinity of Cape Finisterre, a storm arose which dispersed the squadron and destroyed a

number of vessels. The news of the disaster arrived in England; the people thought themselves delivered from the enemy. Elizabeth, always economical, immediately wrote to Lord Howard to lay up four of the largest vessels of the fleet, and to discharge the crews. The admiral refused to do so, saying that he would rather pay them out of his private fortune. This was a most fortunate decision, for the Armada had reformed, and on the 19th of June it was signalled in the vicinity of Plymouth. It advanced majestically in the form of a crescent, covering the sea for an extent of three leagues. An immediate landing was expected, but the orders of Philip had been to approach the coast of Flanders, there to be reinforced by the Duke of Parma, his fleet and his soldiers. Lord Howard was following the enemy, in readiness to attack any ships separated from the squadron by accidents of the sea. Thus began a series of combats, all disastrous to the Spaniards, though often impeded on the side of the English by the failure of munitions. On the 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th of July, Howard, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, engaged either in concert or separately, fought almost without intermission. On the 28th, at length, "this morris-dance upon the waters," as Sir Henry Wotton called it, was approaching its end. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia, a Spanish admiral, had sent for assistance to the Duke of Parma; he was in the vicinity of Calais, but the English vessels blockaded the Strait between Nieuport and Dunkirk. The Flemings could not pass, and a great battle began. The Spaniards presented a compact mass which impeded the movements of the English vessels, smaller than theirs. During the night, fire-ships were launched against them. The Spaniards had terrible experience of this method of warfare employed by the Dutch in the Scheldt; confusion set in among the ranks of the squadron. The vessels quitted their positions and crowded all sail to escape

the explosion of the fire-ships; in vain did their admiral endeavor to reassemble them; the English attacked the isolated vessels at their ease. Everywhere minor encounters were going on; almost everywhere the English were the victors. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia decided to abandon the invasion, and return to Spain by doubling Scotland. The English pursued him. "We have the Spaniards before us," wrote Drake to Walsingham, "and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a pull with them. God grant that we have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt it not but ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Mary's Port among his vine-trees." The failure of ammunition put an end to the pursuit, and the Spaniards were abandoned to the mercy of the sea. A terrible storm assailed them near the Orkney Islands. A great number of vessels went aground upon the coast of Scotland, and the crews were made prisoners. Those ships which were driven to Ireland did not save a single man. The English colonists cut them to pieces to prevent them from seconding the Irish insurrection. When the Duke of Medina-Sidonia returned, in the month of September, to Santander, in the Bay of Biscay, he had but sixty vessels left, and those in bad condition, while their crews, worn out with fatigue, looked like spectres. The English had lost but one ship of importance.

For some time people feared a descent of the Duke of Parma, "who," wrote Drake, "I take to be as a bear robbed of her whelps;" but the alarm soon subsided, and the queen caused the camp at Tilbury to be broken up. The army was disbanded, and the Earl of Leicester set out for his castle at Kenilworth. He died there, on the 4th of September, shortly after his arrival. The queen, whose favorite he had been for thirty years, did not appear greatly afflicted at his

loss; she caused his effects to be sold at auction to pay his debts to the public treasury. She had chosen a new favorite, as yet almost a boy, the Earl of Essex, son-in-law of Leicester. The charm of his person, his gayety, and the frankness of his manners, amused Elizabeth. She was fifty-five years of age; Essex was not twenty, when, in 1587, she made him Knight of the Garter, and captain-general of the cavalry. At the death of Leicester, he was raised to the dangerous position of favorite at the court of an imperious, exacting woman, accustomed to the most extravagant flatteries, and, moreover, still vain of her beauty and personal charms. The greatness of Essex was to cost him dearly.

A fruitless expedition to Spain, in favor of Don Antonio, who aspired to the crown of Portugal, did more honor to the bravery of the Earl of Essex than to his military talents. When he returned to England, he imprudently entered into a fierce struggle against the influence of the Cecils. Walsingham had died, in 1590, and Burleigh desired the vacant place for his son, Robert Cecil. Essex supported the cause of the unhappy Davison, unjustly disgraced for several years; the queen gave the office to Burleigh, authorizing him to employ his son as his assistant. Hence arose a constant hostility which was to end in the ruin of Essex. Elizabeth had often differed in opinion from her great minister, she had been rude to him, had ill-used him, and contradicted him, but none had ever succeeded in destroying his influence with her. Leicester had attempted it in vain. Essex strove in his turn to do it, and with as little chance of success. The queen knew to whom she owed in great measure the prosperity of her reign, and the memory of the father was destined later to increase in her eyes the services and the merits of the son.

The Earl of Essex consoled himself for his defeat at court by setting out for France at the head of the troops sent by

Elizabeth to the assistance of Henry of Navarre, now become Henry IV., King of France. Henry III. had been stabbed by Jacques Clément, on the 21st of July, 1589, and since then, his legitimate successor had been laboring to obtain his kingdom from the Leaguers, obedient to the Duke of Guise, and supported by Spain. Henry was besieging Rouen when the Earl of Essex joined him, at the head of the English reinforcements. He distinguished himself in skirmishes, in one of which his brother, Walter Devereux, was killed: but the impatient fondness of his mistress recalled him to England. Duplessis-Mornay advised Henry IV. to send Essex back to the queen, if he wished to obtain of the latter fresh aids in men and money, which were becoming every day more necessary against the Duke of Parma, who had recently entered France. The war was popular in England, and English gentlemen had always been eager to enroll themselves in the ranks of the Huguenots. The queen had been for a long while the faithful ally of Henry of Navarre. When he decided, in 1593, to secure the peace of his kingdom and the establishment of his throne by abjuring Protestantism, the indignation in England was violent. Elizabeth accused the king of treachery, but the Edict of Nantes soon satisfied the English Protestants by assuring to their brethren the free exercise of their religion, and the hostilities which continued between France and Spain served Elizabeth's policy too well for her to withdraw from her ally the efficacious support which she had always given to him. The moment would not have been propitious for abandoning him; for the Spanish armies had again penetrated France, and in the month of April, 1596, the Archduke Albert of Austria took possession of Calais, which Elizabeth claimed of Henry IV. in return for her services. Amiens, Doullens, Cambrai, were captured in succession. "I have enacted the King of France long enough,"

exclaimed Henry IV., on placing himself at the head of his troops; "it is time to play the part of King of Navarre," referring to his early renown as a soldier; and he repulsed and defeated his enemies, while Queen Elizabeth, carrying war along the coast, sent the Earl of Essex to Spain with Sir Walter Raleigh. The fleet commanded by Lord Howard bombarded Cadiz. Essex stormed the town and took possession of it; he would have been glad to retain his prize, but, the council of England not approving of that measure, Cadiz was delivered up to the flames before the English weighed anchor to return to their country. A second expedition, directed against the Azores, had but little result. The influence of the Cecils with the queen was still hostile to Essex, notwithstanding an apparent reconciliation. The earl withdrew to Wanstead House, occupied by his wife, the daughter of Walsingham, and widow of the celebrated Sir Philip Sydney, the Christian hero of the chivalry of the sixteenth century, slain at thirty years of age, before Zutphen. The jealousy and the affection of the queen soon recalled Essex to court; he was appointed earl-marshal.

Notwithstanding the opposition of England, the King of France had concluded, in 1598, with Philip II., the treaty of Verdun, and Sir Robert Cecil, who had been sent to Paris, brought back the Spanish proposals for peace. Essex, who only lived for war, and who could not exert his authority at other times, vigorously opposed these overtures. The queen was not in favor of peace, but the Cecils dwelt upon the embarrassments of the situation, upon the gravity of affairs in Ireland, upon the distress of the treasury. Burleigh, drawing from his pocket a book of Psalms, showed this prophetic verse: "The bloodthirsty man shall not live out half his days." The quarrel became bitter. Essex lost his temper, and being reprimanded by the queen, turned his back upon her. Elizabeth started up and gave a box on the ear

to her insolent subject. Essex had his hand upon his sword. "I would not have taken such an affront from the hands of the king, her father," he said, "and I will not accept it of a petticoat." Lord Howard grasped his arm, and the earl impetuously quitted the council, and at once proceeded to Wanstead, where he remained in retirement four months. When he reappeared at the court, still apparently powerful, Burleigh was gone: he died on the 4th of August, 1598, at the age of seventy-eight. His loss had caused the queen bitter tears. Sir Robert Cecil, able and sagacious, but less upright than his father, and less faithfully attached to the interests of the queen, could not replace with Elizabeth the sincere and steadfast union of the sovereign and the minister during forty years. The queen's great consolation at this period was the death of Philip II. The war soon languished, and peace being concluded at the end of the year 1598 between the Spaniards and the United Provinces, delivered Elizabeth from the enormous subsidies which she had for a long time furnished to her Dutch allies. The States-general acknowledged their debt towards her Majesty, and undertook to discharge it by degrees. People in England were now only occupied with the plots, real or imaginary, which were discovered every day against the queen's life, some devised, it was said, by the Catholics, who still groaned under the weight of very oppressive penal laws, others attributed to the Spanish influence. The King of Scotland was even accused of a project of assassination. He defended himself warmly against the charge. The queen wrote to him that she could not believe him guilty; but her confidence in his honor was so like a pardon for the alleged crime, that King James was not content, and demanded the trial of the accused, one Valentine Thomas. The court of England contented itself with detaining in prison the wretch who had



ELIZABETH ROSE AND GAVE A BOX ON THE EAR TO FSSEX

dared to tarnish the name of James VI.; when the latter succeeded to the throne, he gave himself the pleasure of sending Valentine to the gallows.

The condition of Ireland had for a long while occupied the thoughts of Queen Elizabeth and her ministers. A serious insurrection at the beginning of the reign had for a moment placed Shane O'Neil at the head of all the Irish of pure race. He had been betrayed and assassinated, but his country had not been subjugated. The projects of colonization of the Earl of Essex, father of Elizabeth's favorite, and encouraged by her, had not succeeded better than the devastating campaigns of the Lords-Lieutenant, Sir Henry Sidney and Lord Fitzwilliam. The English had undertaken to civilize Ireland by destroying its inhabitants, as they had undertaken to establish Protestantism by prohibiting the Catholic worship in a country entirely devoted to that religion. Both efforts had justly failed, and the jealous rivalries of the Irish noblemen, the ever-recurring quarrels of the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds, the revolts, the submissions, the arrests, the murders of the chiefs of these two houses, the rival pretensions of the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, wearied the patience of the queen and council, exhausted the public treasury, and kept alive the hopes of the enemies of England. Two adventurers, Stuckely and Fitzmaurice, conceived the idea of taking advantage of the papal pretensions to the possession of the islands, to attempt a bold stroke upon Ireland. They had obtained a bull relieving the Irish of their allegiance to Elizabeth, besides assistance in money, a few soldiers, and some arms. Stuckely remained in Portugal, and perished at the battle of Alcazar against the Moors; but Fitzmaurice, brother of the Earl of Desmond, landed in Ireland, in 1579, in the hope of bringing about an insurrection. He was coldly received, and compelled to take refuge at the residence of his brother.

A reinforcement of pontifical soldiers, besieged in the fortress of Smerwick, were put to the sword by Sir Walter Raleigh. The Earl of Desmond, suspected of having taken part in the insurrection, was beheaded by the English troops, who seized him in a hut; Lord Grey de Wilton, who had become Lord-Lieutenant, restrained the revolt with a hand of iron, without obtaining any amelioration in the moral or material situation of the country. Sir John Perrot succeeded him in 1585; as severe as Lord Grey, but more just, he had had the misfortune to give himself up, in a fit of exasperation, to bitter words, not only against the queen, but against her "dancing chancellor," Hatton. The vengeance of the minister and the anger of the sovereign had appeared to slumber, but when Perrot, weary of asking in vain for assistance and money, had obtained his recall, he was accused of high treason, overwhelmed by the testimony of the men whose excesses he had restrained during his government, and soon condemned to death. His son had married a sister of Essex, and the influence of the earl counterbalanced that of his enemies. Grief or poison saved him from a death on the scaffold. He died on the 20th of June, 1591, at the moment when the position of the Earl of Tyrone, Hugh, son of O'Neil, Baron of Duncannon, was becoming important in Ireland. This nobleman was regarded by his fellow-citizens as the legitimate sovereign of Ulster. He claimed for his country liberty of conscience and the maintenance of the ancient local customs, — savage privileges quite incompatible with civilization. He also claimed all the estates which had formerly belonged to his ancestors. Handsome and skilful, he had been able to discipline his fierce soldiers, and he led them in battle array against the queen's troops. Sir John Norris had died of grief and anger. Sir Henry Bagnall had been defeated and killed at Blackwater, in County Tyrone, and the insurrection was spreading

throughout the whole of Ireland. It was asserted that the Pope and the King of Spain had promised assistance to the rebels. In this perilous situation, the council of the queen decided that no other than the Earl of Essex should take the command of the army. For a long time he refused. The viceroys of Ireland had all suffered disgrace or death. He finally yielded to the personal entreaties of Elizabeth, and quitted London in the month of March, 1599, accompanied by the flower of the English nobility. His absence was to inflict upon him a mortal blow. The troops were dispatched slowly, ill armed, ill fed. In vain he demanded reinforcements. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Robert Cecil assured the queen that her general had no other desire than to prolong the war. When he entered the province of Ulster, the centre of the rebellion, he had not six thousand men with him. He concluded an armistice with the Earl of Tyrone, then, without waiting for permission, he embarked in haste for England. Immediately on his arrival in London, he repaired to the palace; the queen was at her toilet; he entered and threw himself upon his knees before her, kissing her hands. When he issued forth, he appeared radiant, congratulating himself that after having suffered stormy troubles and inward griefs while far from home, he had found peace and quietude again in his own country. On the morrow everything was changed. The earl received orders to remain a prisoner in his apartment. Sir John Harrington, who had accompanied Essex to Ireland, was summoned to appear before the queen. "She chafed much, walked to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage," says Sir John, "and when I kneeled to her, she caught at my girdle, saying, 'By God's Son, I am no queen, that man is above me! Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' She bade me go home; I did not stay to be bidden twice.

If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels I should not have made better speed." The next day Essex was summoned before the council. He replied with gravity and moderation. He was consigned into the custody of the Keeper of the Seals. All the affection of the queen for the earl appeared to have turned to anger. She forbade the friends, the physicians, and particularly the wife of the prisoner, to have any access to his person. Essex was ill and had been now detained for eight months, when in the month of May, 1600, he wrote to the queen, reminding her of her former favor, of which his enemies had been so jealous that they continued to hate him habitually, now that he was forgotten and thrown into a corner, like a dishonored corpse. On the 26th of August, liberty was restored to him, but orders were given to him not to appear at the court. Terrible is the intoxication of power and royal favor! Essex was a scholar; he had a taste for literature and the arts; he might have retired into the country, and hidden his disgrace. But he preferred to try his fortune once more. His secretary, Cuffe, an enterprising and unprincipled man, urged him to attempt by a bold stroke the ruin of his enemies. He was beloved by the population of London. An insurrection might rid him of Cecil, Raleigh, Cobham, the court party as they were called. The earl opened the doors of his house to all malcontents, and assembled together the officers who had served under him. He involved in his cause King James VI., asserting that Cecil and his friends were endeavoring to banish the Scottish king from the succession, in favor of the Infanta of Spain, Clara-Eugenia, daughter of Philip II., married to the Archduke Albert. Secret advices warned the earl that his projects were known to the council. He resolved to act. He was surrounded by his friends on Sunday, the 8th of February, 1601, preparing to march to the City, to rouse

to insurrection the populace assembled at St. Paul's Cross, at the moment of the sermon, and thus make his way to the queen with the assistance of the mob. The Lord-Keeper Egerton and Sir William Knollys arrived at his house at the same moment, demanding an explanation of this noisy assemblage. "There is a plot against my life; letters have been forged in my name; men have been hired to murder me in my bed!" exclaimed Essex violently; then, as the magistrates promised justice, he conducted them into an inner room, and bolted the door upon them. Essex then hastened to the city with Lord Rutland, Lord Southampton, and a few others. The streets were deserted; there was no preaching at St. Paul's Cross. The citizens remained shut up in their houses in obedience to orders which the lord mayor and aldermen had received from the queen. Essex called every one to arms; none responded. He had great difficulty in getting back to his house, which he in vain endeavored to defend. At the sight of cannon levelled against the walls, he surrendered with his friends, and was conducted to the Tower with the Earl of Southampton. When the two noblemen appeared, on the 19th of February, before the House of Lords, Essex asserted that he had only obeyed the law of nature in defending his reputation and his life. The prosecution was supported by Francis Bacon, whose career was soon to present so strange a mixture of greatness and infamy. He owed his elevation to the friendship and the protection of the Earl of Essex. He was less violent than his colleague Coke, who accused the earl of having desired to raise an insurrection. "He would have called a Parliament, and a bloody Parliament would that have been, where my Lord of Essex that now stands all in black would have worn a bloody robe; but now in God's just judgment he of his earldom shall be Robert the Last, that of a kingdom thought to be Robert

the First." All the arguments of Essex were demolished by Bacon, although Essex reminded the lawyer of the language which he had himself used regarding the party which he now supported. No witness was confronted with the accused, whose condemnation to death was unanimously pronounced by the peers.

When the usual question was put to the two earls, whether they knew any reason why they should not be condemned, Essex did not complain of the fate which awaited him. He was himself weary of life, he said, but he interceded warmly for his friend, Lord Southampton. He was urged to ask mercy of the queen. "Do not accuse me of pride," said the earl, "but I could not ask for mercy in that way, though with all humility I pray her Majesty's forgiveness. I would rather die than live in misery; I have cleared my accounts, and have forgiven all the world." A confession signed by Essex was circulated, but many people believed it to be forged. It was also asserted that he had expressly asked to be executed in secret, and the fact was formally denied by King Henry IV. "Quite the contrary," said that monarch, "he would have desired nothing so much as to die in public." The popularity of the Earl of Essex was dreaded, and the prolonged emotion which his death caused proved that this apprehension was not unfounded. He was beheaded on the 25th of February, 1691, at eight o'clock in the morning, in an outer court of the Tower. He was not thirty-three years of age. Sir Walter Raleigh witnessed the execution from a window, as well as that of several of the earl's friends. He did not know that the day would come in like manner when other eyes would in their turn come to contemplate his death. The Earl of Southampton remained in prison until the accession of King James, with whom he was soon in great favor.

If the King of Scotland had then found himself, as his mother had been, "under the protection of English law," he would have incurred serious dangers. His correspondence with Essex had compromised him so much that he felt compelled to send ambassadors to London to exculpate himself with Elizabeth. Sir Robert Cecil, faithful to the instinct of the courtier, who turns to the rising sun, was in the service of the King of Scotland. The queen was appeased, and augmented the pension of her successor. If the chroniclers do not wrong her, she had shortly before been concerned in a strange plot, in which the king had narrowly escaped perishing by the hand of the sons of the Earl of Gowrie, beheaded for rebellion in 1584. The queen and her destined successor had little liking for each other, and bitter recollections separated them. In dispatching his emissaries to London, the King of Scotland had recommended them to walk prudently between the two precipices of the queen and the people. The envoys were sufficiently skilful to secure the best of guides. It was then that Sir Robert Cecil began with King James a correspondence which would have cost him his head if his mistress had been aware of it. Less skilful, Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cobham did not contrive to gain in time the good graces of the future monarch, a fatal imprudence, as one of them afterwards found.

The war continued in Ireland, supported by a considerable body of Spaniards. Lord Mountjoy had shut them up in Kinsale and pressed the siege vigorously, when the Earl of Tyrone advanced at the head of six thousand Irish, to second his allies. He was repulsed after a desperate fight; the Spaniards were obliged to capitulate and to re-embark in their vessels. Mountjoy pursued Tyrone from one hiding-place to another, until he was compelled to surrender, towards the end of 1602. The expenses of the war were enormous; the

queen convoked her Parliament for the last time in the month of October, 1601. She was sick and depressed; but she appeared before the Houses more magnificently attired than ever, and obtained considerable subsidies. The Commons, however, had determined to cause their favors to be paid for. They protested violently against the monopolies granted or sold by the Crown, which allowed the possessors to fix the price of articles of first necessity as suited them. The sale of wine, oil, salt, tin, steel, and coal, were each of them a monopoly. It was asked why bread was not on the list. "If no remedy is found for these," said a member, "bread will be there before the next Parliament." The discussion, formal and categorical in its nature, lasted four days. The ministers endeavored to defend the prerogative, but the Parliament held firm; the Puritan spirit had been constantly gaining ground during recent years, and the queen was compelled to yield. A promise was given to abolish the existing monopolies, and not to grant fresh ones. This engagement was not strictly kept, but the worst features of the evil had diminished. Elizabeth no longer governed as of old. The energy of her will yielded to the growing feebleness of her body. She had always been able to recognize the moment when concessions must be made; and she felt, besides, with bitter sorrow, that her popularity had decreased among the nation.

The day of complete decline was approaching. The anxieties of absolute power, remorse for past cruelties, regret for the death of the Earl of Essex, weighed upon that head bent with age and illness. Elizabeth sought no confidants; secret in her griefs as in her resolves, she bore alone the burden of her weariness; but the beginning of the year 1603 saw her strength diminishing day by day. She no longer showed herself in public, alleging the sorrow which she experienced

at the recent death of the Countess of Nottingham. She no longer slept, and scarcely ate. "She remained seated upon cushions," wrote the French ambassador, at the beginning of March, "refusing to take any medicine or to lie down." Her eyes remained fixed upon the ground, and days elapsed without her saying a word. On the 21st of March her women put her to bed, and she listened attentively to the prayers of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Whitgift. On the morrow, the 22d of March, Cecil, the Lord Admiral, and the Lord Keeper of the Seals, approached the dying queen, begging her to name her successor. She trembled. "I tell you my seat has been the seat of kings; I will have no rascal to succeed me." The lords looked at each other, uncertain as to the meaning of her words. "I will that a king succeed me," she said; "and who but my nearest kinsman, the King of Scots?" "Is your Grace quite determined?" asked Cecil. She made a sign indicating Yes, asking that she should be left in peace. She had again seen the archbishop, and she was speechless when the lords of the council returned. "Will your Grace deign to make a sign to indicate if you have chosen the King of Scotland for your successor?" they asked again. She raised herself, and joined her hands above her head as though to form a crown. Then she sank back upon her pillows and died in the night of the 24th of March, 1603, without having uttered a word. She was nearly seventy, and had wielded the sceptre for forty-five years.

Throughout her reign Queen Elizabeth had willed and accomplished great things. She had governed England despotically, but was skilful, nevertheless, in observing the national tendencies and in yielding to them when resistance was becoming dangerous. Under the influence and upon the advice of her faithful minister, Lord Burleigh, she had often been the arbitrator of Europe, constantly the patron and protector

of the persecuted Protestants. She tarnished the brilliancy of her reign and forever sullied her glory by feminine follies and evil passions, while obstinately refusing to accept the duties and enjoy the legitimate happiness of a woman's life. Brave, proud, far-sighted, and persevering, she displayed much intellectual ability, and certain fine moral qualities, but rarely or never the tender and modest virtues which inspire and retain private affection. And yet for many years she was able to inspire sentiments of another nature. When in the midst of her glorious career, Elizabeth one day asked a lady of the court how she preserved the affection of her husband, the lady replied, "By assuring him of mine, madam." "Thus it is," exclaimed the queen, "that I possess the love of my many husbands, the people of England, making them feel that which I bear to them." She did indeed possess the love of her people, and she made common cause with them during long years, and through great trials. When she died, the evils and dangers inherent in absolute power had done their work; the English nation were beginning to grow weary of the rule of its great queen, and to dream of political and religious liberties which had no place in the mind or in the heart of Elizabeth Tudor.

In ascending the throne, Queen Elizabeth had found England profoundly divided upon religious questions, impoverished by the excessive exactions of her father and her sister, still agitated by the bloody dissensions of the great nobles and by the insurrections among the lower classes during the reigns which had just elapsed. She governed for forty-five years, amid religious dissensions yet subsisting, although stifled under her powerful hand. She oppressed the Catholics, and their number, which at her accession perhaps equalled that of the Protestants, rapidly diminished under the measures which she applied to them. Men who can neither practise the

rites of their religion, nor quit the kingdom, who cannot leave their homes without authorization, who are incessantly exposed to vexations and acts of injustice, not to mention the terrible risk of an accusation of treason, abandon their faith if they are weak, or take refuge in exile if they are energetic and zealous. Upon this destruction of the liberty of her Catholic subjects Elizabeth firmly established the Anglican Church; but the protection with which she surrounded it, while injuring the rights of the Catholics and the nonconforming Protestants, did not prevent the Catholic nucleus from subsisting in England, or the Puritan faith from developing itself. With all their exaggerations, their narrow minds, the severity of their principles, the Puritans were to become for their country the salt of the earth. They were to save it successively from despotism and from corruption, from the ruin both of liberty and of morals. Few things contributed more towards this progress of the Protestant faith in its austere simplicity, than the reading of the Bible in the English tongue. The translation of Miles Coverdale had replaced that of Wicliffe, and the venerable translator, imprisoned in his youth under Henry VIII., a bishop under Edward VI., and again persecuted under Mary, had paid dear for the privilege of placing within reach of his brethren the bread of life; but as literature and science advanced, his translation was found defective and full of errors. Parker, the first Archbishop of Canterbury under the reign of Elizabeth, caused the undertaking of a new version, which was ardently carried out by a commission of learned men. It was completed in 1572, and published under the name of Bishop Grindall's Bible, the latter having, in 1575, succeeded Parker as Primate. Grindall was in favor of the reading of the Scriptures, and was even a friend of the Puritans, who increased during his episcopate, notwithstanding the harshness of the queen towards them,

and the severe measures everywhere employed to bring about uniformity of worship. Notwithstanding the fines of twenty pounds sterling per month, imposed upon those who did not attend the services of their parish church, the "Brownists," a Puritan sect of the most radical kind, originated at this period and endured without flinching a violent persecution. A great number of the Fathers of the American States had frequented the assemblages of the Brownists, before taking the course of abandoning their country to worship God in liberty. After the death of Grindall, in 1583, the Puritans found an implacable foe in the new archbishop, Whitgift. The struggle began between the Primate and the nonconformist clergy; it lasted long; but during the later years of the life of Elizabeth it became less violent. The Puritans at that time grounded upon the succession to the throne of a Presbyterian prince hopes which were to be cruelly deceived.

If Queen Elizabeth at home oppressed those of her subjects who did not purely and simply accept the religious doctrines which she offered to them, she always supported upon the Continent the political and religious efforts of the Reformers. We have seen with what prudence she acted, and how her powerful instinct of government, her taste for absolute power, and her horror of rebellion, often compelled Cecil to urge her into the way of that great policy which tended to make England the protectress and chief of Protestantism in Europe. Amid all the duplicities, timid counsels, and meannesses of Queen Elizabeth towards the French Huguenots and the Dutch Protestants, it must yet be admitted that hers was the only aid constantly at the service of the continental Reformers, and it was only through an economy hitherto unknown in the royal expenditure that she was able to meet their oft repeated demands. Her father, Henry VIII., had confiscated the property of the monasteries and that of the subjects whom he put

to death, and he had overwhelmed his people with unheard-of taxes. Her brother and her sister, for different reasons, had left their finances in the saddest disorder. Under the wise direction of Cecil, and thanks to Queen Elizabeth's economy, the treasury of England was enabled to satisfy the constant calls from without and to provide for the requirements within, notwithstanding the reduction in the public burdens. The development of commerce and industry was encouraged. "The money which is in the pockets of my subjects is as useful to me as that in my treasury," said the queen, — a great economical maxim which the kings her predecessors had neither known nor practised.

Elizabeth had taken measures to second the industrial efforts of her people. In order to give an impetus to national manufactures, a sumptuary law of 1581-82 prohibited to certain persons expensive silk clothing and laces manufactured abroad; at the same time, as the exportation of wool formed the greater part of the commerce of England, the rearing of sheep was everywhere encouraged. Pasture-grounds had increased in all directions, in many parts of the country taking the place of ploughed land, and the cloth manufactories every day employed more hands. Linen cloth also began to be manufactured. The persecutions of Philip II. in the Low Countries brought to England skilled workmen, who gave fresh life to different branches of manufacture. It was at this period the happiness and honor of England to receive those who fled from the tyranny of the Spaniards, as she was subsequently to give shelter to the French Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Commerce and industry prospered under the reign of Elizabeth; but the predominant achievement of this period was the formation of the English navy, which at her accession was yet only in its infancy, but which had become queen of

the seas before her death. The protectionist system, practised in all its rigor by King Henry VIII., soon gave way to the wise liberality of Cecil. An Act of the first Parliament of Elizabeth relaxed the navigation laws, authorizing trading by foreign vessels on certain conditions, and favoring the development of the great commercial companies. In 1566 the Royal Exchange of London was built under the auspices of Sir Thomas Gresham, and the relations with the Low Countries, Germany, and the kingdoms of the north suddenly took a fresh impulse, making up for the progressive decrease of the fisheries. "Fish is no longer eaten," said Cecil regretfully.

A new trade for England, the monopoly of which had hitherto been left to Spain and Portugal, was the odious slave-trade. An English sailor, John Lock, had been the first to embark in this traffic. Hawkins engaged in it with success, seizing a shipload of negroes upon the coast of Guinea, and selling them in St. Domingo; but this detestable commerce was not to attain its full development until later: it was the Spaniards and their colonies, not the unhappy blacks, whom the English sailors of the time of Elizabeth regarded as their legitimate prey.

Under the reign of Queen Elizabeth began the great voyages of discovery which gave rise to the abuses of buccaneering, at the same time that they opened a vast field to the enterprise and researches of the human mind. Martin Frobisher first entered upon this career in 1567. He desired to find a new route to India; but he stopped in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay, where he took possession of certain territories in the name of England, and discovered the strait which still bears his name. Hence was conceived the first idea of a northwest passage, subsequently sought for ardently by John Davis, who, as well as his predecessor, gave his name to a strait. Frobisher made three voyages to this region, where he

thought that he had found gold, but he was finally employed in the queen's service, commanded one of the vessels which repulsed the Spanish Armada, and was killed in 1594, in attacking a fortress near Brest, which held out for the Leaguers against Henry IV.

While Frobisher was seeking the polar passage; Drake accomplished the journey round the world, an undertaking which had yet only been attempted by the Portuguese, Fernando Magellan, who has given his name to a well-known strait. His voyage had been secretly authorized by Elizabeth, in defiance of the claim of the Spaniards to the islands and seas of America, which had been, they said, solemnly conceded to them by the Pope. Drake paid no heed to their complaints, pillaging the coasts, capturing ships, and accumulating by his acts of piracy enormous wealth, of which he brought her share to the sovereign, who received him honorably upon his return, without recognizing the errand upon which he had been employed. The little vessel in which Drake made his voyage was preserved at Deptford until it fell to pieces.

The projects of Sir Walter Raleigh had not been exclusively directed, like those of Hawkins and Drake, towards those parts of the world occupied by the Spaniards. He had conceived the hope of enriching his country and himself in other ways than by buccaneering, and had attempted several successive expeditions towards the southern part of North America. He had already failed twice, and had lost his brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in one of his voyages, when, in 1584, he set sail, with the authorization of the queen, to take possession, with full ownership, of the lands he might discover, upon condition of reserving a fifth part of the produce of the mines for the crown. It was in this expedition that he accidentally discovered the territory which now composes the states of Virginia and North Carolina, possessions which Queen Elizabeth

deigned to distinguish by the name of Virginia. The letters-patent granted to Raleigh were confirmed by an act of Parliament, and in the following year Sir Richard Grenville, a relative of Sir Walter, sailed for the new colony with eight hundred emigrants, who established themselves in the island of Roanoke. They had nearly perished from hunger and privation, when, in the following year, Sir Francis Drake, returning from an expedition against the Spanish territories, received them on his ship. Two other attempts at colonization had the same result, and Virginia remained abandoned to the savages without having yielded any other result to England than the discovery of tobacco, which for a long time bore the name of Virginia grass.

We have seen that at the time of the attack of the Spanish Armada the royal navy was of little importance; but the number of merchant vessels was considerable. The latter had increased by a third in fifty years. Whale-fishing, which began to develop in 1575, soon employed a large number of vessels. The protracted war with Spain and Portugal having hindered the arrival of the productions of India, a company of traders was formed in the city of London to undertake voyages to the East Indies. In December, 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to them: this was the origin and the modest germ of the great East India Company. The political and religious animosity which nourished the buccaneering expeditions against Spain, and the cruel revenge which the Spaniards took upon the English sailors who fell into their hands, served to develop the taste for remote enterprises, and to form that race of bold sailors who have so powerfully contributed to the grandeur and independence of their country.

At the same time that material and social prosperity received so powerful an impulse under the reign of Elizabeth, literature burst forth into a splendor whose light has not

yet in the least degree faded. The intellectual movement had preceded all the others. It began towards the close of the civil war and the desolations which it brought in its wake. Scotland had had its share in this glory as well as England, although civil war was still prevailing in that country. From 1494 to 1584 seven colleges had been founded at Oxford and eight at Cambridge; the university of Aberdeen in 1494, that of Edinburgh in 1582, two colleges of the university of St. Andrew's founded between 1512 and 1537, the university of Trinity College at Dublin in 1591, assured in Great Britain the development of learning. The suppression of the monasteries retarded this movement momentarily, but Reformers were not regardless of the danger. Cranmer in particular made serious efforts to remedy the evil. The so-called grammar-schools, then established in great numbers, spread abroad elementary education and a certain degree of intellectual culture; but the higher instruction, and, in particular, the study of the classics, had received a blow from which they were long in recovering. Great disorder reigned in the universities: morals there were lax and the studies very deficient. The revival of letters began with the study of foreign languages. We have seen that Queen Mary, like Queen Elizabeth, understood French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as Latin and Greek. From this usage, more and more diffused, sprang a strange abuse of foreign words, which introduced something like a new tongue into the English language. Under the reign of Elizabeth the lords and fine ladies at the court spoke a language designated by the word "Euphuism," composed of the harmonious syllables of all languages, which is now difficult to understand, and especially to read aloud. Traces of it are found even in the poems of Spenser.

Amid this momentary decline of learning, a natural result of violent convulsions, it is impossible not to recognize the

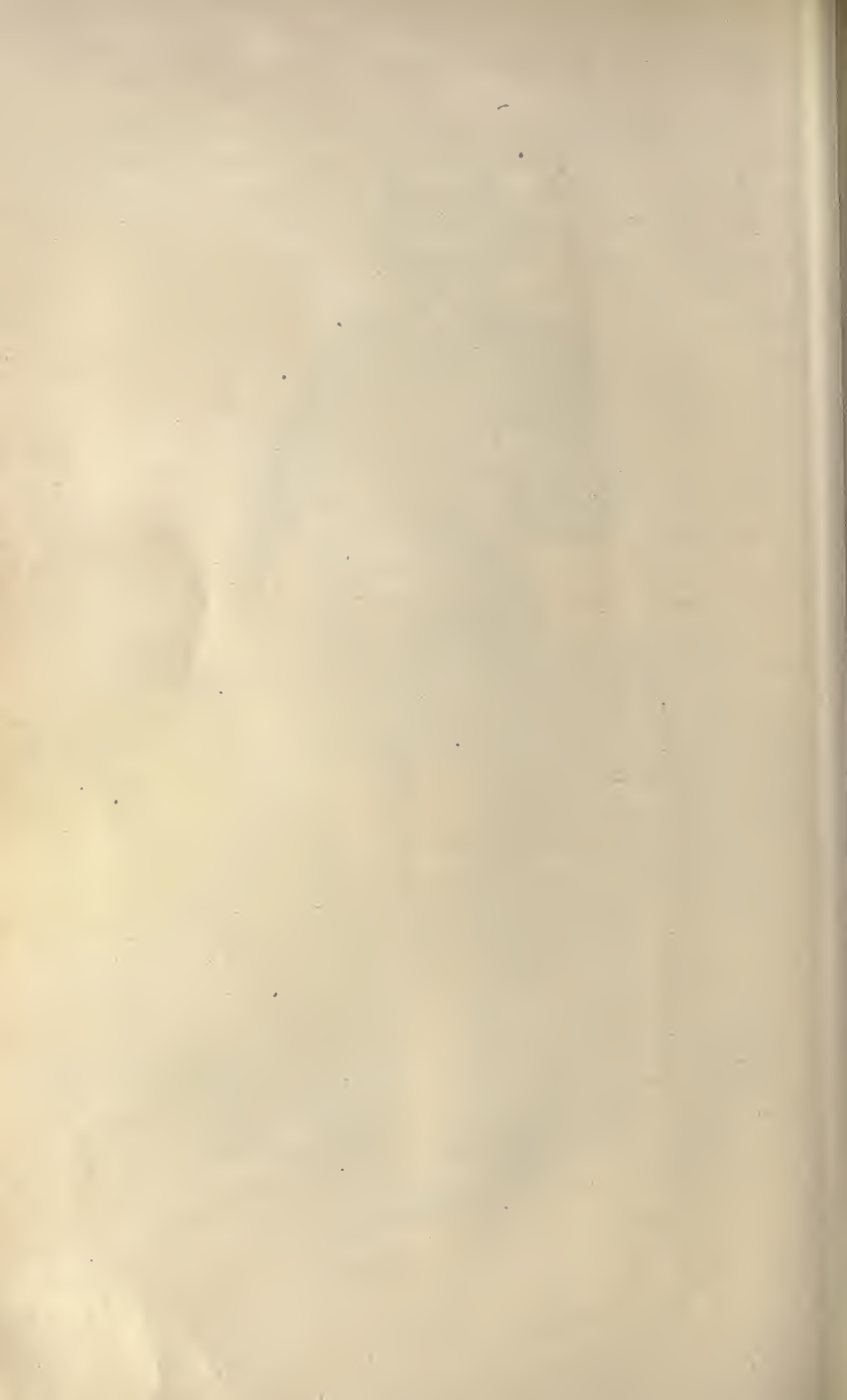
fact that the sixteenth century furnished, in England as elsewhere, a great number of men as learned as they were distinguished by natural gifts. Without going beyond the reign of Elizabeth, we may mention Roger Ascham, her tutor, born in Yorkshire in 1515, whom the Queen retained beside her in the capacity of secretary, until his death in 1568. His most esteemed work is entitled *The Schoolmaster*. The tutor of King James VI. of Scotland has left a name even more celebrated. A historian and a poet, George Buchanan, born at Killearn, in 1506, began by being a soldier. He lived for a time in France, in Portugal, in Piedmont, leading a life crowded with adventures, and returned to Scotland in 1560. Being appointed by Queen Mary to a post of public instruction, he nevertheless continued to attack her, and to write violent pamphlets against her. The Scottish Parliament appointed him tutor to the young king, whom he instructed with considerable care. When he was accused of having made his pupil a pedant, he replied, "That is the best thing I could make of him." His *History of Scotland* possesses real interest, although it is characterized by much partiality. He died at Edinburgh in 1582.

Doctor Hooker had no disposition to take part in the great agitations of his time. He was born in 1554, and domestic dissensions, caused by the temper of his wife, led him to seek a modest and retired life. He had been Master of the Temple in London, but a preacher, who was his colleague, an ardent Puritan, made existence so hard for him that he retired to a country living, where he wrote his great work *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, a book full of judgment, moderation and learning, a model of the most beautiful English style. He died in 1600, being only forty-seven years of age, shortly after he had ended his book.

The courtiers did not abandon exclusively to the learned



SHAKESPEARE



the cultivation of letters. Lord Surrey, beheaded during the last days of Henry VIII., has left some charming verses. The Lyon King-of-Arms of Scotland, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, was also a poet. The type of knight and gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, nephew of the Earl of Leicester and son-in-law of Walsingham, who has left in a lifetime of thirty-two years an accomplished model and an ineffaceable remembrance to posterity, wrote in prose and in verse. His romantic allegory of *Arcadia* is the most important of his works. He had dedicated it to his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, a worthy friend of such a brother. It was said of her that to love her was of itself a liberal education. She died young, like himself, having published the book which her brother had left to her, and which had an immense success.

We have mentioned the learned and the lettered courtiers. We now come to the real poets. England numbers two under the reign of Elizabeth: the one charming, elegant, and prolific; the other, unique in the history of the world: Spenser and Shakespeare. Edmund Spenser was born in London in 1533. He wrote at first some poems of little importance, but he devoted several years to the composition of the *Faery Queene*, of which Sidney was the first patron, and which was completed under the auspices of Raleigh. We might have placed Spenser among the courtiers, if that had not been to do too much honor to the latter, for his patrons often employed him among them, and he ended by obtaining considerable estates in Ireland out of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. The *Faery Queene* was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, who is constantly celebrated in the poem. She granted a pension to Spenser, and the success of the work was the greater from the fact that the court took pleasure in searching for the persons concealed beneath the allegorical names. An inexhaustible imagination, the most elevated sentiments, and the

most charming descriptions, cause one to forget the peculiar taste of the time, the confusion and complication of incidents, as well as the strange form of versification. Read without pausing, the *Faery Queene* may appear tiresome, but a great number of detached portions will always remain masterpieces. Spenser died in 1598, after having been obliged to flee from Ireland, then a prey to insurrection.

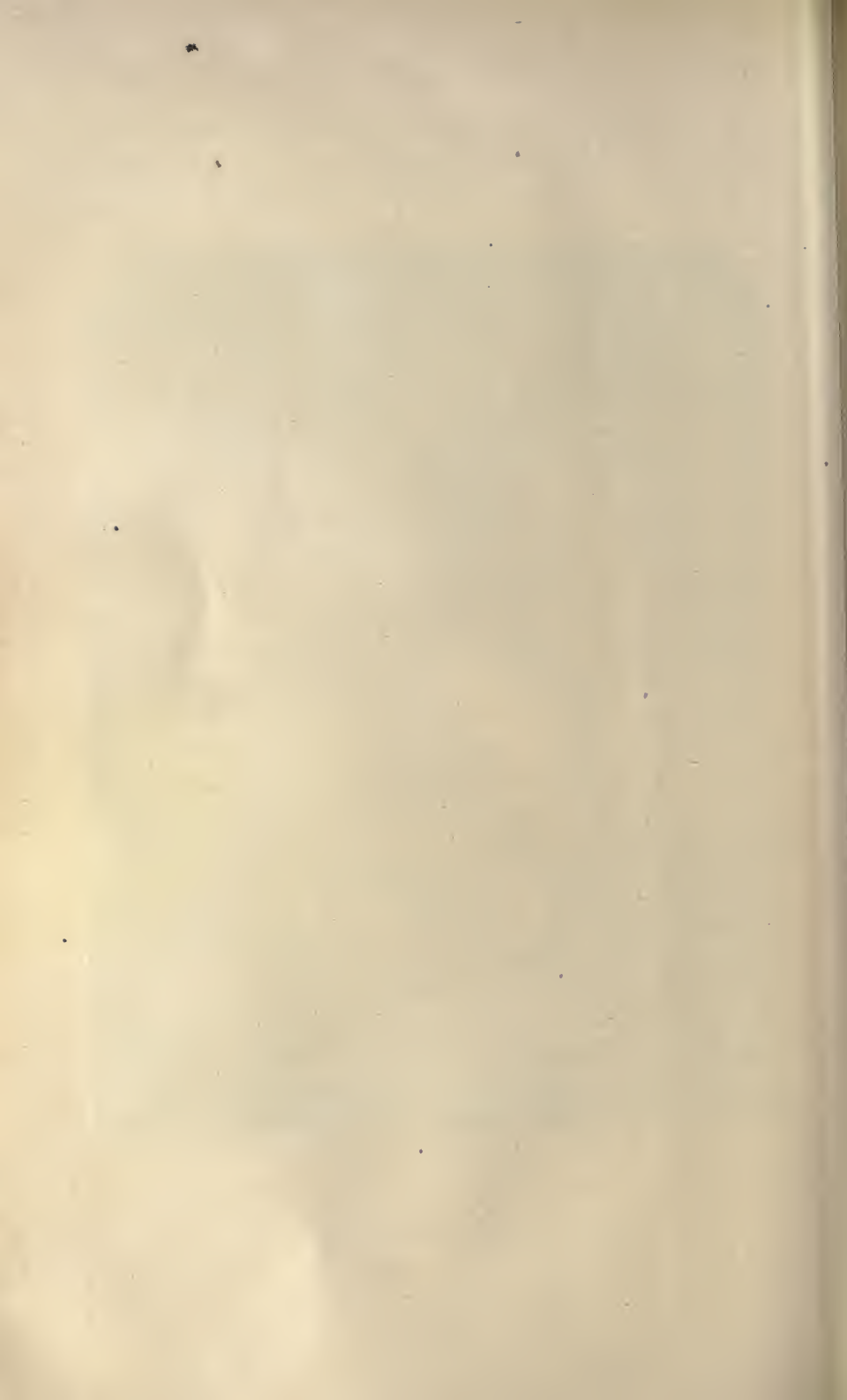
William Shakespeare * was born on the 23d of April, 1564, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick. Prosperity and respectability undoubtedly belonged, at this period, to his family, as his father became chief magistrate of his native town five years afterward. We may therefore suppose that Shakespeare's education, in his earlier years, was in conformity with the circumstances of his father; and when a change in his fortunes, from whatever cause it may have arisen, occasioned an interruption of his studies, he had probably acquired those first elements of a liberal education which are quite sufficient to free the mind of a superior man from the awkwardness of ignorance, and to put him in possession of those forms which he will need for the suitable expression of his thoughts. This is more than enough to explain how it was that Shakespeare was deficient in those acquirements which constitute a good education, although he possessed the elegance which is its usual accompaniment.

In the year 1576, the brilliant Leicester celebrated the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth by festivities, whose extraordinary magnificence is attested by all the chronicles of the time. Shakespeare was then twelve years old, and Kenilworth is only a few miles from Stratford. It is difficult to doubt that the family of the young poet participated, with all the population of the surrounding country, in the pleasure and admiration excited by these pompous spectacles. What an impulse would the imagination of Shakespeare be sure to receive! Neverthe-

* M. Guizot, *Shakespeare et son temps.*



SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.



less, the information which we possess regarding the amusements of his youth gives no hint whatever of the tastes and pleasures of a literary life.

In 1582, at the age of eighteen, he married; and two years later we know that he left his family and went up to London in search of the means of subsistence, or of some opportunity for the display of his talent. We can say very little with regard to the employment of the early part of Shakespeare's residence in London, to the circumstances which led to his connection with the stage, and to the part which consciousness of his talent may have had in forming the resolution which directed the flight of his genius. A tradition, which was preserved among the actors of the time, represents him to us as filling at first the lowest position in the theatrical hierarchy, namely, that of call-boy, whose duty it was to summon the actors when their time came to appear upon the stage. But, when turning his mind to the theatre, is it likely that Shakespeare would have stopped short at the door? At the time of his arrival in London, in the year 1584 or 1585, he had a natural protector at the Blackfriars' Theatre; for Greene, his townsman, and probably his relative, figured there as an actor of some reputation, and also as the author of several comedies. According to Aubrey, it was with a positive intention to devote himself to the stage that Shakespeare came to London; and, even if Greene's influence had not been able to secure his reception in a higher character than that of call-boy, it is easy to understand the rapid strides with which a superior man reaches the summit of any career into which he has once obtained admission. But it would be more difficult to conceive that, with Greene's example and protection, a theatrical career, or, at least, a desire to try his powers as an actor, would not have been Shakespeare's first ambition. The time had come when mental ambitions were kindling on every side; and dramatic poetry, which had long

been numbered among the national pleasures, had at length acquired in England that importance which calls for the production of masterpieces.

Even before Shakespeare's advent, theatrical representations had constituted, not only the chief gratification of the multitude, but the favorite amusement of the most distinguished men. A taste so universal and so eager could not long remain satisfied with coarse and insipid productions; a pleasure which is so ardently sought after by the human mind, calls for all the efforts and all the power of human genius. This national movement now stood in need only of a man of genius, capable of receiving its impulse, and raising the public to the highest regions of art.

Years nevertheless elapsed before Shakespeare made his appearance on the stage as an author. He arrived in London in 1584, and is not known to have engaged in any employment unconnected with the theatre during his residence in the metropolis; but *Pericles*, his first work according to Dryden, though many of his other critics and admirers have rejected it as spurious, did not appear until 1590. How was it possible that, amid the novel scenes that surrounded him, his active and fertile mind, whose rapidity, according to his contemporaries, "equalled that of his pen," could have remained for six years without producing anything? A probable supposition is that the poet spent his labor, at first, upon works which were not his own, and which his genius, still in its novitiate, has been unable to rescue from oblivion.

Shakespeare's comrades doubtless soon perceived what new successes he might obtain for them by remodelling the uncouth works which composed their dramatic stock; and a few brilliant touches imparted to a ground-work which he had not painted — a few pathetic or terrible scenes intercalated in an action which he had not directed — and the art of turning to

account a plan which he had not conceived, were, in all probability, his earliest labors, and his first presages of glory. In 1592, a time at which we can scarcely be certain that a single original and complete work had issued from his pen, a jealous and discontented author, whose compositions he had probably improved too greatly, speaks of him, in the fantastic style of the time, as an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers; an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, who is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in the country."

It was, we are inclined to believe, while engaged in these labors, more conformable to the necessities of his position than to the freedom of his genius, that Shakespeare sought to recreate his mind by the composition of his *Venus and Adonis*, in which a metre singularly free from irregularities, a cadence full of harmony, and a versification which had never before been equalled in England, announced the "honey-tongued poet;" and the poem of *Lucrece* appeared soon afterwards to complete those epic productions which for some time sufficed to maintain his glory.

The date of these two poems is uncertain, but whatever it may be, their place among Shakespeare's works is at a period far more remote from us than any of those which filled up his dramatic career. In this career he marched forward, and drew his age after him; and his weakest essays in dramatic poetry are indicative of the prodigious power which he displayed in his last works. Shakespeare's true history belongs to the stage alone; after having seen it there, we cannot seek for it elsewhere; and Shakespeare himself no longer quitted it. His sonnets—fugitive pieces which the poetic and sprightly grace of some lines would not have rescued from oblivion but for the curiosity which attaches to the slightest traces of a celebrated man—may here and there cast a little light on the obscure or doubtful portions of his life; but, in a literary

point of view, we have in future to consider him only as a dramatic poet.

We have already seen what was the first employment of his talents in this kind of composition. Great uncertainty has resulted therefrom with regard to the authenticity of some of his works. Shakespeare had a hand in a vast number of dramas; and probably, even in his own time, it would not have been always easy to assign his precise share in them all. For two centuries, criticism has been engaged in determining the boundaries of his true possessions; but facts are wanting for this investigation, and literary judgments have usually been influenced by a desire to strengthen some favorite theory on the subject. It is, therefore, almost impossible, at the present day, to pronounce with certainty upon the authenticity of Shakespeare's doubtful plays.

It is also a subject of controversy which of the works unquestionably his own appeared first in the order of time. In this unimportant discussion, one fact alone is certain, and becomes a new subject of surprise. The first dramatic work which the imagination of Shakespeare truly produced was a comedy; and this comedy will be followed by others: he has at last taken wing, but not as yet towards the realms of tragedy. How could it be that the frivolous spirit of comedy was his first guide in that poetic world from which he drew his inspiration? Why did not the emotions of tragedy first awaken the powers of so eminently tragic a poet? Was it this circumstance which led Johnson to give this singular opinion — "Shakespeare's tragedy seems to be skill; his comedy to be instinct"? Assuredly, nothing can be more whimsical than to refuse to Shakespeare the instinct of tragedy; and if Johnson had had any feeling of it himself, such an idea would never have entered his mind. The fact just stated, however, is not open to doubt; it is well deserving of explanation, and has its causes

in the very nature of comedy, as it was understood and treated in the Elizabethan age.

At the advent of Shakespeare, the nature and destiny of man, which constitute the materials of dramatic poetry, were not divided or classified into different branches of art. When art desired to introduce them on the stage, it accepted them in their entirety, with all the mixtures and contrasts which they present to observation; nor was the public taste inclined to complain of this. The comic portion of human realities had a right to take its place wherever its presence was demanded or permitted by truth; and such was the character of civilization, that tragedy, by admitting the comic element, did not derogate from truth in the slightest degree. In such a condition of the stage and of the public mind, what could be the state of comedy, properly so called? How could it be permitted to claim to bear a particular name, and to form a distinct style? It succeeded in this attempt by boldly leaving those realities in which its natural domain was neither respected nor acknowledged; it did not limit its efforts to the delineation of settled manners or of consistent characters; it did not propose to itself to represent men and things under a ridiculous but truthful aspect; it became a fantastic and romantic work, the refuge of those amusing improbabilities which, in its idleness or folly, the imagination delights to connect together by a slight thread, in order to form from them combinations capable of affording diversion or interest, without calling for the judgment of the reason.

The great poet, whose mind and hand proceeded, it is said, with such equal rapidity that his manuscript scarcely contained a single erasure, doubtless yielded with delight to those unrestrained gambols in which he could display without labor his rich and varied faculties. He could put anything he pleased into his comedies, and he has, in fact, put every-

thing into them, with the exception of one thing which was incompatible with such a system, namely, the *ensemble* which, making every part concur towards the same end, reveals at every step the depth of the plan and the grandeur of the work. It would be difficult to find in Shakespeare's tragedies a single conception, position, act or passion, or degree of vice or virtue, which may not also be met with in some one of his comedies; but that which in his tragedies is carefully thought out, fruitful in result, and intimately connected with the series of causes and effects, is in his comedies only just indicated, and offered to our sight for a moment to dazzle us with a passing gleam, and soon to disappear in a new combination.

In Shakespeare's comedy, the whole of human life passes before the eyes of the spectator, reduced to a sort of phantasmagoria — a brilliant and uncertain reflection of the realities portrayed in his tragedy. Do not expect to find probability, or consecutiveness, or profound study of man and society; the poet cares little for these things, and invites you to follow his example. To interest by the development of positions, to divert by variety of pictures, and to charm by the poetic richness of details — this is what he aims at; these are the pleasures which he offers. There is no interdependence, no concatenation of events and ideas; vices, virtues, inclinations, intentions, all become changed and transformed at every step. Thus negligent and truant is the flight of the poet through these capricious compositions! Thus fugitive are the light creations with which he has animated them! But, then, what gracefulness and rapidity of movement, what variety of forms and effects, what brilliancy of wit, imagination, and poetry! — all employed to make us forget the monotony of their romantic frame-work; and who but Shakespeare could have diffused such treasures over so frivolous and fantastic a style of comedy?

Five only of Shakespeare's comedies, the *Tempest*, the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Timon of Athens*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and the *Merchant of Venice*, have escaped, at least in part, from the influence of the romantic taste. Of these, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* may be said to be almost perfect in its composition; it presents a true picture of manners; the *dé-nouement* is as piquant as it is well-prepared; and it is assuredly one of the merriest works in the whole comic repertory.

According to tradition, this comedy was composed by order of Queen Elizabeth, who, having been greatly delighted with Falstaff, in the play of *Henry IV.*, desired to see him once again on the stage. Falstaff is, indeed, one of the most celebrated personages of English comedy, and perhaps no drama can present a gayer one. Born to move in good society, as we see him in *Henry IV.* he has not yet renounced all his pretensions of this kind; he has not adopted the coarseness of the positions to which he is degraded by his vices; he does not make a merit of his intemperance, nor does he base his vanity upon the exploits of a bandit. If there were anything to which he would cling, it would be to the manners and qualities of a gentleman; to this character he would pretend, if he were permitted to entertain, or able to maintain, a pretension of any kind. At least, he is determined to give himself the pleasure of affecting these qualities, even should the gratification of this pleasure gain him an affront; though he neither believes in it himself, nor hopes that others believe in it, he must at any cost rejoice his ears with panegyrics upon his bravery, and almost upon his virtues. This is one of his weaknesses, just as the taste of Canary sack is a temptation which he finds it impossible to resist; and the ingenuousness with which he yields to it, the embarrassments in which it involves him, and the sort of hypocritical impudence

which assists him to get out of his dilemmas, make him an extraordinarily amusing personage.

The *Merry Wives of Windsor* presents a different action, and exhibits Falstaff in another position, and under another point of view. He is, indeed, the same man; it would be impossible to mistake him; but he has grown older, and plunged deeper into his material tastes, and is solely occupied in satisfying the wants of his gluttony. Elizabeth, it is said, had desired Shakespeare to describe Falstaff in love; but Shakespeare, who was better acquainted with the personages of his own conception, felt that this kind of ridiculousness was not suited to such a character, and that it was necessary to punish Falstaff in a more sensitive point. Even his vanity would not be sufficient for this purpose; for Falstaff could derive advantage from every disgrace in which he was involved; and he had now reached such a point as no longer even to seek to dissemble his shame. The liveliness with which he describes to Mr. Brook his sufferings in the basket of dirty linen is no longer the vivacity of Falstaff relating his exploits against the robbers of Gadshill, and afterwards so merrily getting out of the scrape when his falsehood is brought home to him. The necessity for boasting of himself is no longer one of his chief necessities; he wants money, money above all things, and he will be suitably chastised only by inconveniences as real as the advantages which he promises himself. Thus the buck-basket and the blows of Mr. Ford are perfectly adapted to the kind of pretensions which draw upon Falstaff such a correction; but although such an adventure may, without any difficulty, be adapted to the Falstaff of *Henry IV.*, it applies to him in another part of his life and character; and if it were introduced between the two parts of the action which is continued in the two parts of *Henry IV.*,

it would chill the imagination of the spectator to such a degree as entirely to destroy the effect of the second part.

It would be superfluous to seek to establish in a very accurate manner the historical order of these three dramas in which Falstaff appears; Shakespeare himself did not bestow a thought upon the matter. We may, however, believe that, from the uncertainty in which he has left the whole affair, he was at least desirous that it should not be altogether impossible to make *The Merry Wives of Windsor* the continuation of *Henry IV.* Hurried, as it would appear, by the orders of Elizabeth, he at first produced only a kind of sketch of this comedy, which was nevertheless acted for a considerable period, as we find it printed in the first editions of his works; and it was not until several years afterwards that he arranged it in the form in which we now possess it.

The story of the *Merchant of Venice* is of an entirely romantic character, and was selected by Shakespeare, like the *Winter's Tale*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Measure for Measure*, and other plays, merely that he might adorn it with the graceful brilliancy of his poetry. But one incident of the subject conducted Shakespeare to the confines of tragedy, and he suddenly became aware of his domain; he entered into that real world in which the comic and the tragic are commingled, and, when depicted with equal truthfulness, concur, by their combination, to increase the power of the effect produced. What can be more striking, in this style of dramatic composition, than the part assigned to Shylock? This son of a degraded race has all the vices and passions which are engendered by such a position; his origin has made him what he is, sordid and malignant, timid and pitiless; he does not think of emancipating himself from the rigors of the law, but he is delighted at being able to invoke it for once, in all its severity, in order to appease the thirst for vengeance which

devours him; and when, in the judgment scene, after having made us tremble for the life of the virtuous Antonio, Shylock finds the exactitude of that law, in which he triumphed with such barbarity, turned unexpectedly against himself—when he feels himself overwhelmed at once by the danger and the ridicule of his position, two opposite feelings, mirth and emotion, arise almost simultaneously in the breast of the spectator. What a singular proof is this of the general disposition of Shakespeare's mind! He has treated the whole of the romantic part of the drama without any intermixture of comedy, or even of gayety; and we can discern true comedy only when we meet with Shylock—that is, with tragedy.

It is utterly futile to attempt to base any classification of Shakespeare's works on the distinction between the comic and tragic elements; they cannot possibly be divided into these two styles, but must be separated into the fantastic and the real, the romance and the world. The first class contains most of his comedies; the second comprehends all his tragedies—immense and living stages, upon which all things are represented, as it were, in their solid form, and in the place which they occupied in a stormy and complicated state of civilization.

In the year 1595, at latest, *Romeo and Juliet* had appeared. This work was succeeded, almost without interruption, until 1599, by *Hamlet*, *King John*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, the two parts of *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.* From 1599 to 1605, the chronological order of Shakespeare's works contains none but comedies and the play of *Henry VIII.* After 1605, tragedy regains the ascendancy in *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Othello*. The first period, we perceive, belongs rather to historical plays; and the second to tragedy properly so called, the subjects of which, not being taken from the positive history of England,

allowed the poet a wider field, and permitted the free manifestation of all the originality of his nature.

It cannot be doubted that, between historical dramas and tragedies, properly so called, Shakespeare's genius inclined in preference towards the latter class. The general and unvarying opinion which has placed *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello* at the head of his works, would suffice to prove this. The power of man in conflict with the power of fate — this is the spectacle which fascinated and inspired the dramatic genius of Shakespeare. Perceiving it for the first time in the catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet*, he feels himself suddenly terror-struck at the aspect of the vast disproportion which exists between the efforts of man and the inflexibility of destiny — between the immensity of our desires and the nullity of our means. In *Hamlet*, the second of his tragedies, he reproduces this picture with a sort of shuddering dread. A feeling of duty has prescribed to Hamlet a terrible project; he does not think that anything can permit him to evade it; and from the very outset he sacrifices everything to it — his love, his self-respect, his pleasures, and even the studies of his youth. He has now only one object in the world: to prove and punish the crime which had caused his father's death. That, in order to accomplish this design, he must break the heart of her he loves; that, during the course of the incidents which he originates in order to effect his purpose, a mistake renders him the murderer of the inoffensive Polonius; that he himself becomes an object of mirth and contempt — he cares not, does not even bestow a thought upon it: these are the natural results of his determination, and in this determination his whole existence is concentrated. But he is desirous to accomplish his plan with certainty; he wishes to feel assured that the blow will be legitimate, and that it will not fail to strike home. Henceforward

accumulate in his path those doubts, difficulties, and obstacles which the course of things invariably sets in opposition to the man who aims at subjecting it to his will. By bestowing a less philosophical observation upon these impediments, Hamlet would surmount them more easily; but the hesitation and dread which they inspire form part of their power, and Hamlet must undergo its entire influence. Nothing, however, can shake his resolution, nothing divert him from his purpose: he advances, slowly it is true, with his eyes constantly fixed upon his object; whether he originates an opportunity, or merely appropriates one already existing, every step is a progress, until he seems to border on the final term of his design. But time has had its career; Providence is at its limit; the events which Hamlet has prepared hasten onward without his co-operation; they are consummated by him, and to his own destruction; and he falls a victim to those decrees whose accomplishment he has insured, destined to show how little man can avail to effect, even in that which he most ardently desires.

The *Othello* is derived from an Italian story by Giraldi Cinthio, which Shakespeare changed by slightly varying the *dé-nouement*. In other respects, he has retained and reproduced every incident; and not only has he omitted nothing, but he has added nothing. He seems to have attached almost no importance to the facts themselves; he took them as he found them, without giving himself the trouble to invent the slightest addition, or to alter the slightest incident. He has, however, created the whole; for, into the facts which he has thus exactly borrowed from another, he has infused a vitality which they did not inherently possess. The narrative of Giraldi Cinthio is complete; it is deficient in nothing that seems essential to the interest of a recital; situations, incidents, progressive development of the principal

event, external and material construction, so to speak, of a pathetic and singular adventure—all these things are contained in it, ready for use; and some of the conversations even are not wanting in a natural and touching simplicity. But the genius which supplies the actors to such a scene, which creates individuals, imparts to each his peculiar figure and character, and enables us to witness their actions, to hear their words, to anticipate their thoughts, and to enter into their feelings; that vivifying power which commands facts to rise, to go onward, to display themselves and to effect their accomplishment; that creative breath, which, diffusing itself over the past, resuscitates it, and fills it in some sort with a present and imperishable vitality;—this is what Shakespeare alone possessed; and by means of this, from a forgotten novel, he made *Othello*.

So far as we are able, at the present day, to form any idea of Shakespeare's character, from the scattered and uncertain details which have reached us regarding his life and person, we have every reason to believe that he never bestowed much care either on his labors or on his glory. More disposed to enjoy his own powers than to turn them to their best account—docile to the inspiration, rather than guided by the consciousness of his genius—vexed but little by a craving after success, and more inclined to doubt its value than attentive to the means of obtaining it—the poet advanced without measuring his progress, discovering his own ability at every step, and perhaps retaining, even at the end of his career, some remains of ingenuous ignorance of the marvellous riches which he scattered so lavishly in every direction. His sonnets alone, of all his works, contain allusion to his personal feelings, and to the condition of his soul and life; but we rarely meet in them with the idea, so natural to a poet, of the immortality which his works are destined to achieve.

He could not have been a man who reckoned much upon posterity, or who cared at all about it, who displayed so little anxiety to throw light upon the only monuments of his private existence which have been left to posterity for a possession.

Externally, meanwhile, his life seems to have pursued a tranquil course. All the documents which we possess exhibit Shakespeare to us placed at last in the position which he was rightfully entitled to occupy, and valued 'as much for the charm of his character as for the brilliancy of his talents, and the admiration due to his genius. A glance, too, at the affairs of the poet will prove that he was beginning to introduce into the details of his existence that order and regularity which are essential to respectability. We find him successively purchasing, in his native town, a house and various portions of land, which soon formed a sufficient estate to insure him a competent income. The profits which he derived from the theatre, in his double capacity of author and actor, have been estimated at two hundred pounds a year, a very considerable sum at that time; and if the liberalities of Lord Southampton were added to the economy of the poet, we may conclude that, at least, they were not unwisely employed.

Who would not suppose that a life which had become so honorable and pleasant would long have retained Shakespeare in the midst of society conformable to the necessities of his mind, and upon the theatre of his glory? Nevertheless, in 1613, or 1614 at the latest, three or four years after having obtained from James I. the direction of the Blackfriars Theatre, without having apparently incurred the displeasure of the king to whom he was indebted for this new mark of favor, or of the public for whom he had just produced *Othello* and *The Tempest*, Shakespeare left London and the stage to take up his residence

at Stratford, in his house at New Place, in the midst of his fields. It certainly is not easy to discern the causes which led to his departure from London; although perhaps the arrival of infirmities may have warned him of the necessity of repose; perhaps, also, the very natural desire of showing himself in his native place, under circumstances so different from those in which he had left it, made him hasten the moment of renouncing labors which no longer had the pleasures of youth for their compensation.

New pleasures could not fail to spring up for Shakespeare in his retirement. A natural disposition to enjoy everything heartily rendered him equally adapted to delight in the calm happiness of a tranquil life, and to find enjoyment in the vicissitudes of an agitated existence. The first mulberry-tree introduced into the neighborhood of Stratford was planted by Shakespeare's hands, in a corner of his garden at New Place, and attested for more than a century the gentle simplicity of the occupations in which his days were spent. A competent fortune seemed to unite with the esteem and friendship of his neighbors to promise him that best crown of a brilliant life, a tranquil and honored old age, when, on the 23d of April, 1616, the very day on which he attained his fifty-second year, death carried him off from that calm and pleasant position, the happy leisure of which he would doubtless not have consecrated to repose alone.

We have no information regarding the nature of the disease to which he fell a victim. His will is dated on the 25th of March, 1616; but the date of February, effaced to make way for that of March, gives us reason to believe that he had commenced it a month previously. He declares that he had written it in perfect health; but the precaution taken thus opportunely, at an age still so distant from senility, leads to the presumption

that some unpleasant symptom had awakened within him the idea of danger. There is no evidence either to confirm or to set aside this supposition; and Shakespeare's last days are surrounded by an obscurity even deeper, if possible, than that which enshrouds his life.

CHAPTER XXII.

JAMES I. 1603-1625.

SCARCELY had Queen Elizabeth's soul quitted her body, when a distant cousin of the great sovereign, Sir Robert Carey, set off for Scotland, being advised of her death by his sister, Lady Scrope, who formed part of the royal household. Cecil and the members of the council, distanced by the zeal of the courtier, had at least the advantage, in dispatching their messengers to Edinburgh, of being able to announce to the king that he had been solemnly proclaimed in London a few hours after Elizabeth's death. The wise promptitude of Cecil forestalled any other pretension. The only person who might have urged a claim to the throne, Lady Arabella Stuart, cousin, on her father's side, to the King of Scotland, and a descendant, like himself, of Henry VII., was in safe-keeping. None thought of stipulating for a few guaranties in favor of the liberties of the country or for the reform of the abuses grown old with the royal power. The lords of the council were expecting the reward of their intrigues in behalf of the new king, and the public mind saw with satisfaction the prospect of a union with Scotland, which promised to put an end to the continual wars between the two kingdoms. The Scots were hoping to enrich themselves in England.

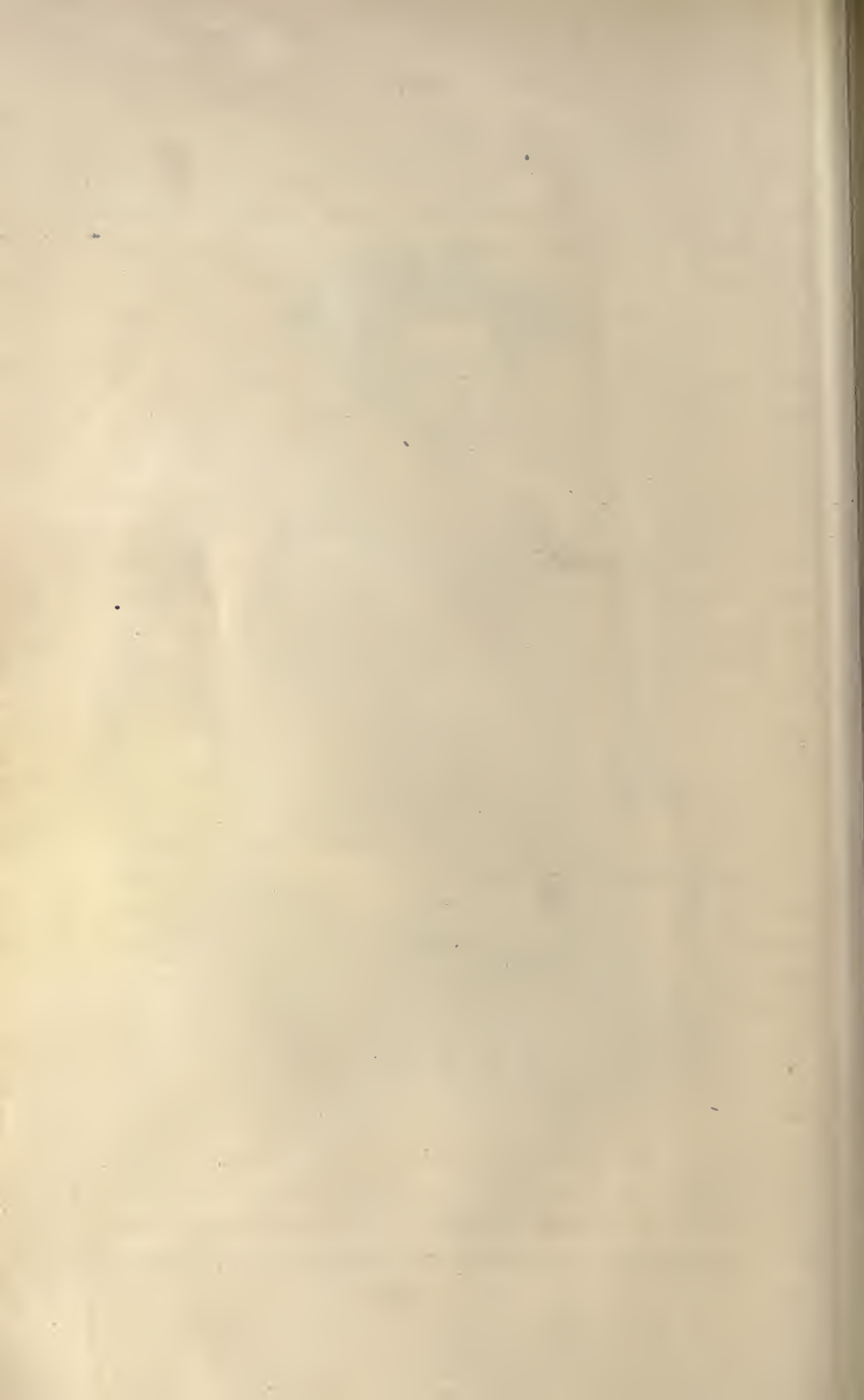
No one was more in need of such an opportunity than the king. His Majesty, James VI. of Scotland, now also James I. of England, was so poor that he could not set out for his new kingdom until Cecil had sent him money. He had, besides, no desire to see, even after her death, the sovereign

whom he had so much dreaded during her lifetime, and the journey, begun on the 6th of April, proceeded so slowly that Elizabeth had for three weeks been sleeping in her tomb when her successor at length arrived, on the 3d of May, at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, the country house of Sir Robert Cecil, where all the members of the council awaited him. He had lavished on his way the honor of knighthood upon all who asked for it: since his departure from Scotland he had made a hundred and forty-eight knights. Cecil took advantage of the sojourn which the king made at Theobalds to gain his favor completely. Alone, among the colleagues of whom he was jealous, the Earl of Northumberland contrived to preserve his honors. Lord Cobham, Lord Grey, and especially Sir Walter Raleigh, were disgraced. The first concession granted to the wishes of the nation was the suspension of all the monopolies. This favor was proclaimed, on the 7th of May, upon the entrance of the king into the city of London. Severe measures with regard to the chase immediately followed the arrival of the monarch, who was passionately fond of that amusement.

The plague had lately broken out in London, and it delayed the coronation, but it did not hinder conspiracies. The powerful hand of Elizabeth had been able to keep down, but not to prevent them. Her successor might disparage the wisdom and the political sagacity of the great queen who had raised him to his throne; but he was destined to see his authority often threatened and despised. He had begun by making a dangerous enemy in depriving Raleigh not only of his place in the council, but of the honors and monopolies which constituted his fortune. The favor which the king manifested naturally enough to his Scottish friends had made other malcontents. The Catholics, at first allured by the promises of James, had seen him go over to the side of the



PORTRAIT OF JAMES I.



Anglican Church. "I make the judges," he said sportively, during his journey from Scotland to England; "I make the bishops. By God's wounds, I do as I please, then, with the law and the Gospel." He naturally inclined to the side of power. Raleigh, Cobham, Grey, encouraged for some time by the Earl of Northumberland, always an enemy of Cecil, found support among the priests and lesser Catholic gentlemen, to whom the Puritans allied themselves. The conspirators proposed to seize upon the person of the king, in order to induce him, they said, to change his ministers. Before the day appointed all the conspirators were arrested. Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Cobham were conducted to the Tower. The plague delayed the judgment as it had delayed the coronation. The trial of Raleigh was, besides, difficult to conduct. Cecil took all the care therein that the matter deserved. Lord Cobham, in cowardly alarm, betrayed his accomplice. Both were accused of having sought to assassinate James in order to raise to the throne Lady Arabella Stuart. Raleigh defended himself in person with all the intelligence, all the animation, all the indomitable courage of which he had so many times given proof during his adventurous life. He was nevertheless condemned as well as Lord Cobham and Lord Grey. All three were pardoned when Cobham and Grey were already upon the scaffold. The tragic adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh were not yet at an end.

The king had hunted in peace since the conspirators, who so greatly alarmed him, had been in the Tower. He also amused himself with theological polemics. While king of Scotland he had been obliged to accept the yoke of the Puritans. Happy to escape from them, he pursued them in his new kingdom with bitter rancor. Suddenly converted to Episcopacy, he discussed in person with the doctors favorable to Presbyterian principles. "No bishops, no king," cried

James, and left his adversaries no opportunity to reply to him. Then, making use of the prerogative which he so resolutely claimed, he gave orders to all his subjects to conform themselves to the ordinances, doctrines, and ceremonies of the Church of England, authorizing the bishops to dismiss from their livings all clergymen who should refuse to obey. More than three hundred pastors were thus deprived suddenly of their occupation as well as of their means of subsistence. A great number left the country; others remained at home, and the spies, formerly exclusively commissioned to ferret out the Catholics who dared to hear mass, added to this duty that of discovering the secret meetings which the dismissed pastors often held even in their former parishes. King James was preparing by religious persecution that great Puritan party which was to contribute so powerfully to the overthrow of his son.

The Parliament had assembled on the 19th of March, 1604, and the leaven of opposition which had already appeared under Elizabeth, had not been wanting in the first relations of the new sovereign with the representatives of his people. The contested election of Mr. Goodwin marked the commencement of the struggle; the Commons had the audacity to complain of some abuses, and they did not prove themselves generous in the voting of supplies. King James was profoundly imbued with the doctrine which he had set forth in a pamphlet entitled *The True Law of Free Monarchies*, namely, that the king has the right of commanding, and the subject the duty of obeying. He dissolved Parliament as quickly as possible; but the Commons had, nevertheless, time to call the royal attention to the Papists, recommending them to all the rigor of the laws. The bishops and the Puritans were agreed upon this point. The enormous fines regularly imposed upon Catholics for their absence from the established

worship, were exacted with a severity that filled the coffers of the king while ruining numerous families. James required payment of all arrears for the past year. The wealthy Papists were threatened with judicial prosecutions. They knew the sentence beforehand. Many ransomed their lives by the payment of large sums. The king had begun to hunt again, forbidding anybody to speak to him of business on the days which he devoted to that pastime. The counties which he honored with his presence groaned under the burden. One of the hounds of his Majesty appeared one morning bearing upon his neck a petition addressed to him in these terms: "Good Medor, we beg you to speak to his Majesty, who hears you every day and does not listen to us, that he may kindly return to London to his business, for our provisions are exhausted, and we have nothing left to give him to eat." The king laughed and remained where he was; but matters were preparing in London to recall him.

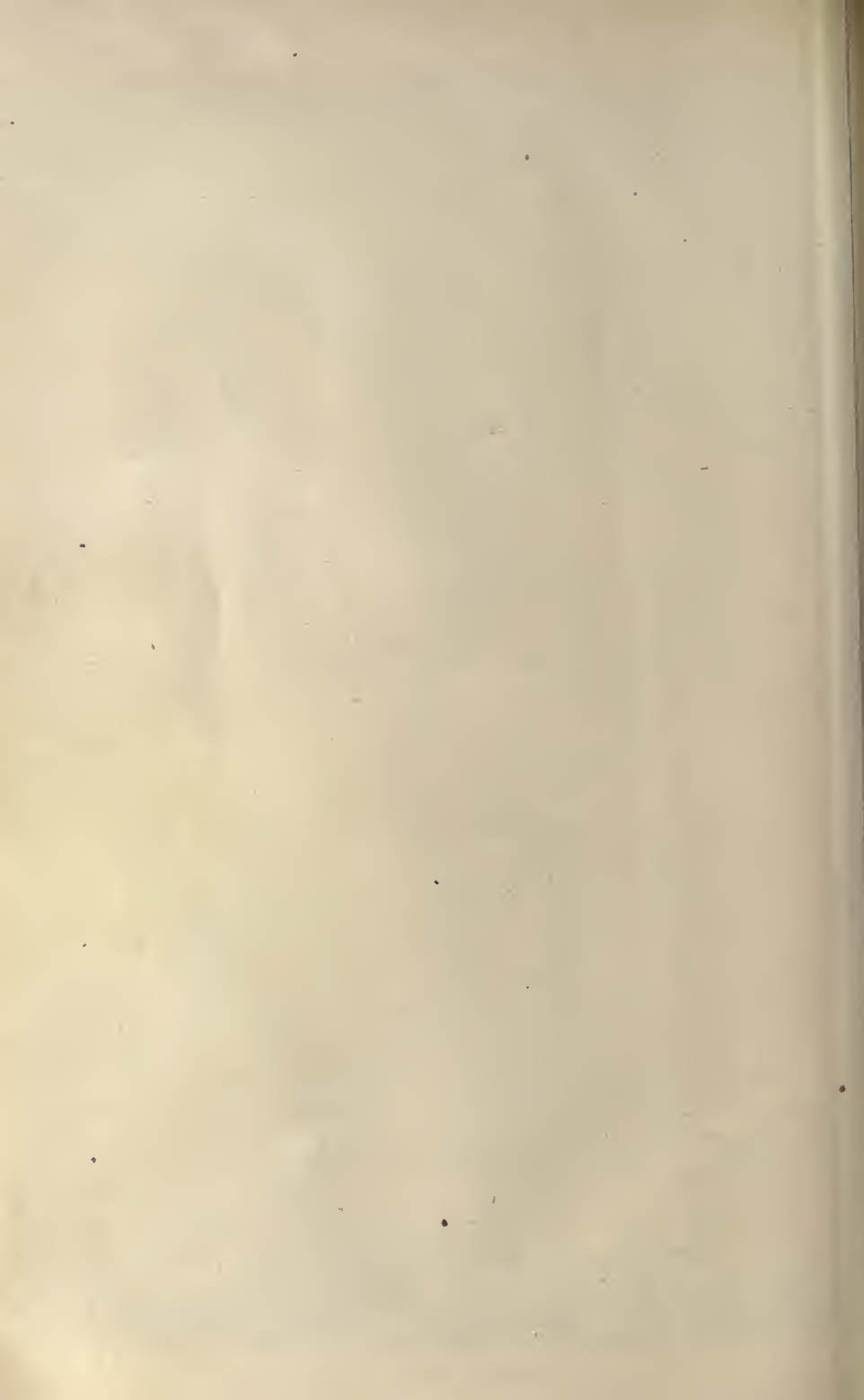
Among the Catholics ruined by the successive exactions which they had suffered was Robert Catesby, a renegade in his youth, who had, however, returned with zeal to the faith of his fathers, and had been since then engaged in all the Catholic intrigues. Weary of persecution, and seeing no hope of relief either in the earlier promises of the king, or in the influence of Spain which had been counted upon to some extent, he conceived the atrocious idea of destroying all the persecutors at a blow — King, Lords, and Commons — upon the opening of the Parliament convoked for the 7th of February, 1605. Prudent and circumspect, he sought accomplices. Thomas Winter, a gentleman and a Catholic like himself, formerly employed by Spain in the Low Countries, only consented to enter into the plot after having asked the Spaniards if they had no longer any hope. Upon his return from Ostend, with a reply in the negative, he brought back a for-

mer comrade, Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, resolute and fanatical like the two other conspirators. Seven persons in all were bound by the most solemn oath, when the plotters set at work in a house which they had hired adjacent to Whitehall, under the name of Percy, one of the conspirators, an officer of the royal household. Their plan was to dig a mine extending under the Houses of Parliament. "No one set to work to dig or to transport the powder who was not a gentleman," said Fawkes in his examination. "While the others worked I acted as sentinel, and the work was stopped if any passer-by appeared." The stores were deposited at Lambeth, on the other side of the river. They were brought in small quantities as the subterranean passage progressed.

Twice the work was suspended: the prorogation of the Parliament was delayed; at first until the month of October, then until November. The conspirators, who were no longer pressed for time, separated in order not to arouse suspicion. At the end of May the work was completed. They had been able to hire a cellar which extended beneath the floor of the House of Lords, and thirty-six barrels of powder were deposited therein. But to these minds, agitated by dark designs and burdened with a weighty secret, idleness was fatal. They were, besides, nearly all without resources, and the successive delays brought about in their enterprise had reduced them to great difficulties. The want of money induced Catesby, still the prime mover in the plot, to admit among the conspirators two rich men upon whom he thought he could rely. One, Sir Everard Digby, promised to invite to a great hunting expedition all the Catholic gentlemen, members of Parliament, whose lives it was desired to save. The other, Tresham, a relative of Catesby, and already compromised with him in certain intrigues, undertook to provide the necessary funds; but scarcely had he taken the oath



GUNPOWDER-PLOT OF GUY FAWKES.



when the confidence with which Catesby had hitherto been animated suddenly failed him. He became dispirited: day and night he felt himself haunted by the most sinister forebodings.

All was ready. Prince Charles, the second son of King James, was to be proclaimed by Catesby at Charing Cross at the moment of the destruction of Whitehall. Tresham was to depart in a vessel chartered for that purpose, and repair to Flanders to invoke the assistance of the Catholic powers. Guy Fawkes was designated to set fire to the mine. The rendezvous was at Dunchurch. The uneasiness of the greater number of the accomplices was concerning their friends, who they were afraid might be the victims of their scheme. Catesby had, it was said, taken steps for keeping a great number of Catholics away from Whitehall. "But were they as dear to me as my own son, they should be blown up with the rest rather than cause the affair to fail," he added. Meanwhile, on the 26th of October, ten days before the opening of Parliament, Lord Monteagle, father-in-law of Tresham, received a letter in a disguised hand, enjoining him not to repair to Whitehall on the 5th of November. "The Parliament will receive a terrible blow," said the anonymous writer, "and yet they shall not see who hurts them."

Lord Monteagle immediately carried the warning to Cecil. On the morrow the conspirators learned that they were betrayed. Nothing happened, however, to show that the mine had been discovered. Guy Fawkes recognized all his secret marks again, and, notwithstanding the growing uneasiness engendered by the information received, he continued to mount guard in the cellar. The other conspirators waited the event with a courage bordering on insanity. On the 4th, in the daytime, Fawkes was at his post when the Earl of Suffolk, High Chamberlain, intrusted with the preparations for the

opening of Parliament, appeared at the door of the cellar. He cast a careless look around him. The barrels of powder were hidden beneath a heap of wood and fagots. "Your master has made great provision of fuel," he said to Fawkes, who had represented himself as the servant of Percy, and he quitted the dangerous cellar. Fawkes hastily gave intimation to Percy, who had remained in London, then he returned to his mine. At two o'clock in the morning he was arrested.

All the conspirators had fled. Catesby still hoped to rouse the Catholics to insurrection, but none responded to the appeal. On the 7th of November they were assembled in a house at Holbeach, upon the borders of Staffordshire, being resolved to perish to the last man in defending themselves. Sir Robert Walsh, sheriff of Worcester, caused the residence to be surrounded by his troops. There was no means of escaping, the house had already been fired. "Stay, fool!" cried Catesby to Winter, "we will die together." Both grasped their swords and sprang upon the assailants. They were immediately killed. Several others perished likewise. Sir Everard Digby was arrested, as well as other less distinguished conspirators. Tresham had remained quietly in London, counting upon his treachery to save him. He was arrested and taken to the Tower with his accomplices.

Guy Fawkes, meanwhile, questioned by the king himself, remained indomitable even in the ruin of his hopes and the mortal peril in which he was situated. "How could you bear the thought of destroying my children and so many other innocent persons?" said King James. "For desperate ills there must be desperate remedies," replied the bold conspirator. "Why did you collect so much powder?" asked a Scottish courtier. "I had purposed to cause all the Scots to be blown as far as Scotland," Fawkes said gravely. He was several times put to the torture, always refusing to tell

the names of his accomplices. He was assured they had fled and were arrested. "It is useless, then, to name them," maintained Fawkes, "they have named themselves." It was through Bates, a servant of Catesby, that the complicity of the Jesuits Greenway and Garnet was discovered. Tresham had also given evidence against them, but being attacked in his prison with a serious illness he retracted his accusations, and died on the 23d of December, not without some suspicion of poison.

Greenway had succeeded in escaping; but Garnet, a provincial of the order of Jesuits, was arrested with Oldcorne, one of his brethren. Both were submitted to the torture; both finally confessed their knowledge of the plot, which, they said, they had always opposed, the order of Pope Paul V. being to suffer all and to win by patience the crown of life. In spite of the skill and eloquence of Garnet the two Jesuits suffered death, but Garnet himself was not executed till the 3d of May. All the conspirators who had fallen into the hands of justice had expiated their crime on the 30th of January. Oldcorne died at the end of February.

The terror which the plot had occasioned, the horror excited in all classes of society, of which we still find traces in the custom of burning in the streets, upon the 5th of November, an effigy bearing the name of Guy Fawkes, fell back upon the Catholics, who were persecuted in a mass with fresh rigor, even though they were strangers to the conspiracy. Parliament urged the king forward in this fatal path. The ministers were obliged to moderate the ardor of the members who had been threatened with being blown into the air with his Majesty.

Royal visits amused James, and relieved him for a while from the anxieties which his people occasioned him. The King of Denmark, brother-in-law of the King of England, who

had married Anne of Denmark, and the Prince of Vaudemont, of the House of Guise, spent a few weeks in England, setting to the courtiers an example of debauchery which did not, however, prevent James from continuing to discuss all the theological questions of the time, in writing or by word of mouth, with Catholics as well as with Puritans. He had always the resource of throwing his adversaries into prison when their arguments became too powerful, especially when it happened, as in 1607, that an insurrection broke out during the discussions. A question had arisen, as in the days of Edward VI., of the right of enclosure. The people of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire, claimed, with arms in their hands, the pasturage of waste lands. When the king was assured that it was not a plot of his theological antagonists, the insurrection was soon repressed, but not without revealing the extreme weakness of the government and the indolence of the king as well as of his ministers.

The Parliament meantime rejected the favorite project of James, who desired to unite not only the two crowns, but the two nations of England and Scotland by common laws and a common religion. The plan was good and useful, but premature. Scotland rejected it angrily, fearing to be subjected to England. The latter rejected it with scorn, asserting that the beggars of Scotland were coming over into England in sufficiently numerous bands, without its being necessary to make Englishmen of them. The subsidies were not voted. The king, dissatisfied, abandoned his proposals; but for two years he did not convoke Parliament. It was necessity alone which compelled him, in 1610, to claim the co-operation of his people in filling the treasury. Cecil, who had become successively Lord Cranborne and Earl of Salisbury, now sat at the Treasury and proposed enormous subsidies to the Commons; but Parliament presented a petition of grievances, and

refused to vote anything without being assured of the redress of their wrongs. Negotiations were carried on for several months. Parliament at length granted a greatly reduced subsidy, without having obtained all that they demanded in return. A weak, indolent monarch, often indifferent concerning the most important affairs, James was as obstinate when it was a question of his prerogative as he was in matters of theology. Cecil died, it is said, of the anxieties and vexations which Parliament had compelled him to endure in the two sessions of 1610 and 1611. He expired on the 24th of May, 1612. As crafty and as avaricious as his father, he had not always exhibited that breadth of view and firmness of resolve which had made Burleigh the worthy minister of Queen Elizabeth.

While the king was maintaining an argument with the Dutchman Conrad Vorstein, upon the nature and attributes of the Divinity, and demanding of the States of Holland the banishment of his adversary, — Lady Arabella Stuart, whose name had so often served as a watchword for conspiracies, without her ever having been implicated in them herself, for the first time in her life had become a plotter. Her object, however, was simply to marry William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hereford, to whom she had been attached from infancy. When the secret was discovered, the princess was imprisoned at Lambeth, and her husband thrown into the Tower. She saw him, however, sometimes, and was forcibly removed to Durham. She contrived to escape. Seymour also fled from his prison. Both desired only to live together abroad; but the husband alone reached a free country. The unfortunate Lady Arabella was arrested on board the vessel which was taking her across the Channel, and consigned to the Tower for the remainder of her life. She lost her reason, and died in 1615, after having been long forgotten even by those who had dreaded her name.

The favorites of James I. succeeded each other in the royal household without intermission, often arousing the jealousy of the queen. These favorites were loaded with riches and honors while they were all-powerful, abandoned and forgotten when they were replaced by another, unless they possessed some dangerous secret. Robert Carr, or Ker, of an old border family, had recently taken possession of this envied position, when Cecil died, in 1612. Still young, but having already become Viscount Rochester, a member of the Privy Council, and Knight of the Garter, he was created Lord Chamberlain, and fulfilled the functions of Secretary of State, thanks to the assistance of one of his friends, Sir Thomas Overbury, who was destined to pay dearly for the honor. Sinister rumors soon began to circulate concerning Rochester himself.

Prince Henry, the eldest son of James, was the idol of the people. Handsome in face and figure, brave and strong, skilful in all bodily exercises, he had, it was said, chosen the Black Prince for his model, and was studying the science of war with more pleasure than letters and theology. His father's pedantry was odious to him, and he did not scruple to blame his actions. A great admirer of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was still imprisoned in the Tower, he often said that no other king than his father would keep such a bird in a cage. "He has become a man too soon to live long," it was said among the people. Yet the greatest hopes were founded upon him. His life was regular, and his opinions appeared to incline to the side of the Puritans, the real party of the people, who looked upon him as the liberator promised by the Scriptures. King James was afraid of his son. "Will he bury me alive?" he said, when he heard of the multitude which surrounded the young prince. He was endeavoring, meanwhile, to marry his son, now to the Infanta of Spain, now to the Princess Christine of France; but the negotiations proceeded slowly,

and the English people flattered themselves with hopes of a Protestant alliance, like that which had recently been concluded for the young Princess Elizabeth, betrothed to the Count Palatine Frederick V. This prince had just arrived in England, on the 16th of October, 1612, for the celebration of the marriage, when Prince Henry, who had been ill for some time, suffered a sudden relapse. He was weak, and appeared to be in a state of stupor. An energetic will still triumphed, however, over the disease; he rallied several times, appeared in public and dined with the king. But the young man's strength was declining rapidly, and his physicians were not agreed as to the nature of the illness. On the 5th of November the king was informed of the desperate condition of his son. The prince was in London; but the king dreading the affliction which awaited him, immediately set out for Theobalds, of which Cecil had given up the ownership to him, and awaited the event from afar. The prince died on the 6th of November, 1612, amid general grief, mingled with indignation; Rochester was everywhere accused of having poisoned him, although the accusation seems to have been without just grounds. Henry had grown too rapidly, and had not had strength to bear the attacks of a putrid fever. The king did not manifest for his son the same regret as his people. He immediately resumed for Prince Charles the negotiations of marriage begun for Prince Henry, and also celebrated on the 13th of February the nuptials of his daughter with a pomp and splendor which were to be the only satisfaction of the young princess, who was destined to suffer to the last degree from the difficulties and trials of the regal state.

The king was more than ever embarrassed for money. He had endeavored to contract loans; he had re-established and increased all the monopolies; he had sold to all comers the honors of knighthood, a new order intermediate between the

nobility and the common people, which was soon after to take the title of "baronetage;" but the avidity of the courtiers, the prodigality of the king, in ministering both to his own pleasures and to those of his favorites, as well as old debts which oppressed him, exhausted all resources. It was necessary to have recourse to Parliament. Sir Francis Bacon, formerly a dependant of the Earl of Essex, afterwards his accuser, one of the greatest minds and the most despicable characters in a period accustomed to such contrasts, promised James to undertake the task of making the Parliament obey. Rochester, who had become Earl of Somerset, joined him. They were called with regard to this the *undertakers*. The Commons assembled in ill humor. They had got intelligence of the audacious project formed to constrain them. They consulted the Lords upon the right of the king to establish various taxes. The Upper House refused the conference, but the subsidies were not voted. The king caused Parliament to be warned that he would dissolve it if it did not fulfil its task, the only one for which it was convoked. Parliament replied that it would not vote as long as the grievances were not redressed. It was dissolved not to be recalled for six whole years. This Parliament did not pass a single act, but it powerfully contributed to establish that independence of the House which was soon to strike a death-blow to absolute power in England.

Already in the horizon was dawning the star of a new favorite, who was destined to have a hand in shaking the foundations of the throne. George Villiers, known in history under the name of Buckingham, was beginning to replace the Earl of Somerset in the king's affections. The latter had recently married the Countess of Essex, who had been separated by divorce from her husband, the son of the unfortunate favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Somerset and his

wife were accused by the public voice of having imprisoned, then poisoned a former friend of theirs, Sir Thomas Overbury. The growing favor of Villiers gave to the enemies of the declining favorite courage to denounce him to the king. The great judge Coke, rival of Bacon, adopted the vulgar calumny circulated against Somerset, and accused him of having poisoned Prince Henry. Several accomplices were arrested and the assassination of Overbury was proved; but the connivance of Somerset remained doubtful. The prosecution went on slowly and as though regretfully; the tone of the earl was often haughty; the king intervened in his favor: the favorite was in possession of many important secrets. Bacon conducted the affair with consummate prudence and ability. The countess was separately condemned to death. Somerset being declared guilty in his turn, was pardoned, as was his countess; and the earl received royal gifts even after retirement to his country-seat, which was soon afterwards granted to him as a prison. Either through fear or from a lingering affection, James I. did not abandon his former favorite, notwithstanding his growing passion for a new face. George Villiers was henceforth to reign undividedly over the father as well as the son. Prince Charles had assumed the title of Prince of Wales; his friendship for Villiers equalled that of the king.

Fourteen years had passed since James had quitted Scotland, and he had never visited his hereditary kingdom; he had had no money for that purpose; but the States of Holland, free from the war with Spain since the recognition of their independence in 1609, had recently paid their debts to England, and the journey to Scotland was resolved upon. The king, besides, had a great task to achieve there; he was laboring to establish religious uniformity among his subjects. Twelve years previously he had undertaken to introduce

Episcopacy in Scotland. Persecution, imprisonment, exile, had by degrees disposed of the chiefs of the opposition. Welch and Decry, condemned to death, then to banishment, had left the country. Old Andrew Melvil, called to London for a conference, and forcibly detained as his nephew had already been, had left the latter in his prison in Scotland, where he had died, and was himself living at Sedan, ever indomitable in his aversion to Episcopacy and in his support of the rights of a free-born Scot. James had in Scotland an agent as able as he was unscrupulous. Sir George Hume, recently made Earl of Dunbar, succeeded at length, partly by intimidation, partly by corruption, in imposing silence upon the Scottish clergy. Two Courts of High Commission still more tyrannical than those of London, were sitting at St. Andrew's and at Glasgow when the king arrived in Scotland, in 1617. The Parliament presented for the royal sanction the bill which definitively constituted the Episcopal Church; but a remonstrance from the clergy arrested the king's arm as he extended the sceptre to give the authority of law to the project; the bill was withdrawn, Episcopacy was held to be established by the royal prerogative, and the refractory were cited before the High Commission. Calderwood went to swell the band of Scottish exiles upon the Continent, and the people, deprived of the religious form which pleased them and to which they were accustomed, allowed their resentment to slumber until the day when the Covenant was to protest against the work of the father as developed by the son.

King James had been much vexed in Scotland by the strict observance of the "Sabbath." When he set out to return to England, he composed a work to which he gave the authority of law, under the title of *The Book of Sports*. Under the pretext of regulating the pleasures permitted on Sunday, this new ordinance forbade the respectful observ-

ances which marked among the Puritans the return of the seventh day. The *Book of Sports* was ill received by the majority of the population. They refused to be merry by compulsion, and the new weapon, more dangerous to royalty than to the Puritans, lay in the arsenal of despotism, until Archbishop Laud subsequently drew it forth for his own injury as well as that of his master.

At the moment of setting out for Scotland, the king had raised Bacon to the dignity of Keeper of the Seals, and had intrusted extensive powers to him. This royal favor turned the brain of the illustrious lawyer; he played the king during the absence of the legitimate monarch. Upon the return of James, however, Bacon resumed his accustomed humility in presence of the great men of the land. After waiting for two days at the door of Villiers, who had become Duke of Buckingham, he at length obtained admission, and threw himself prostrate before the favorite, kissing his feet. He did not rise until he had obtained his pardon. "I was obliged to kneel myself before the king to make him revoke your disgrace," said the haughty favorite to the repentant magistrate. The disgrace had reference especially to the part which Bacon had played in a project of marriage for the brother of Villiers with the grand-daughter of Coke. The union was accomplished, but Coke, by the sacrifice of his grand-daughter, gained only a place in the Council, while Bacon, reconciled with Buckingham, became Chancellor and Lord Verulam, thus adding fresh riches to the treasures which he dissipated as quickly as he acquired them.

Bacon was not the only person who sold justice and favor. Buckingham, his family and his friends, were publicly trafficking in offices, posts, and titles, which were even imposed sometimes upon those who did not ask for them. The favorite had been created a marquis, and appointed high admiral,

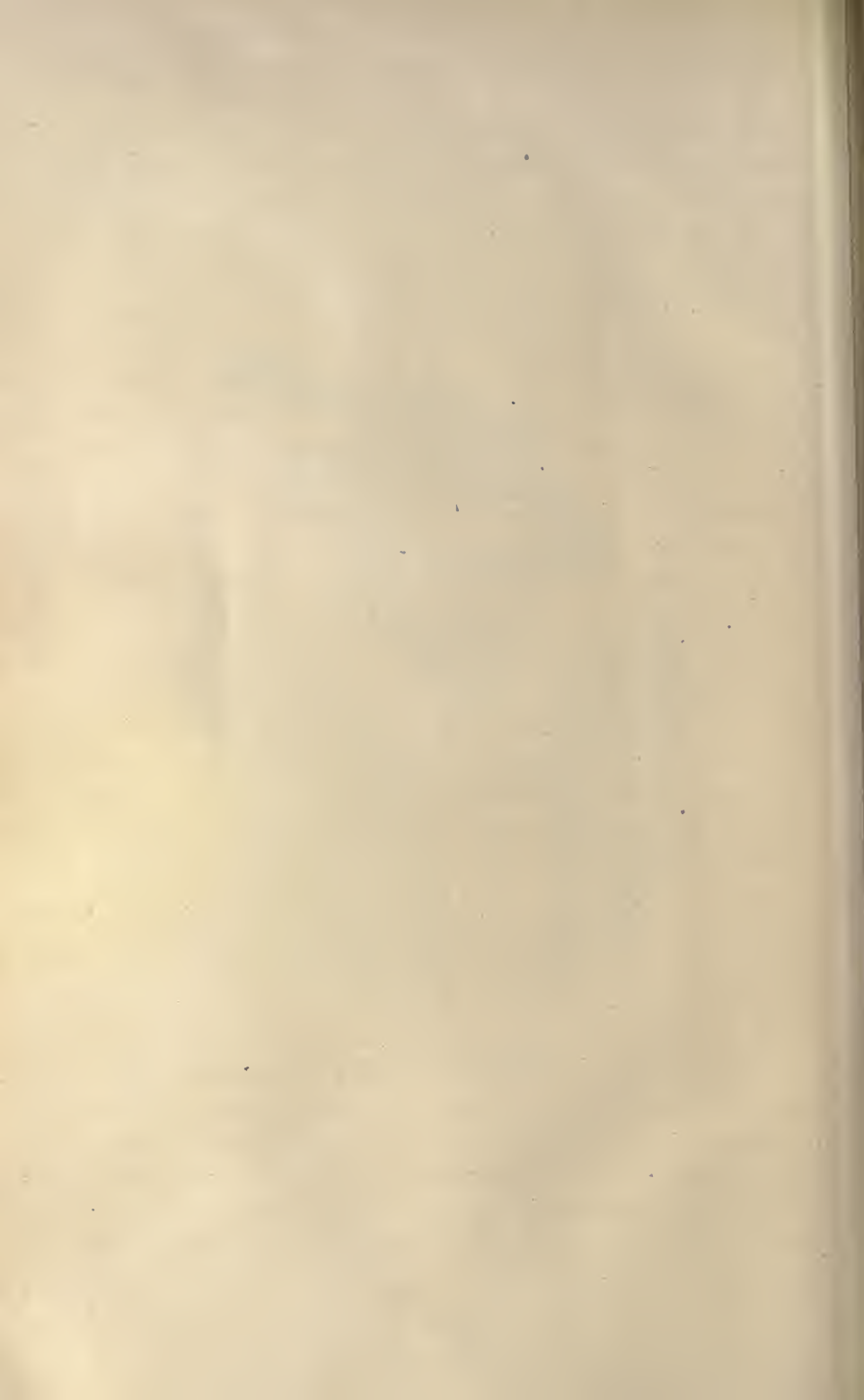
to the detriment of the aged Howard, formerly commander of the fleet that had vanquished the Armada. Trials, skilfully conducted by Bacon and Coke, added fines and confiscations to the revenue obtained by the malversations. All articles of primary necessity were the subject of monopolies. The people regretted Somerset, and still more the wise administration and the economy of Queen Elizabeth.

Amid the system of plunder which he tolerated, the king was still poor. He had for a moment hoped for a fresh source of wealth: Sir Walter Raleigh, still confined in the Tower, had succeeded in bringing to the knowledge of the king details of a gold-mine, formerly discovered by himself in Guiana. Raleigh was quite ready to direct an expedition, promising to pay all expenses, and asking from the king nothing but his liberty. A fifth of all the profits was to belong to the crown. James hesitated for a long time. He dreaded the valor of Raleigh, which might involve him in a war with Spain; but the skilful adventurer contrived to purchase the good will of the favorite. Raleigh came forth from the Tower, free but not pardoned. Protesting his pacific intentions with regard to the Spaniards, he set sail on the 28th of March, 1617, just as King James was preparing to start for Scotland.

From the moment of its departure misfortune attended Raleigh's expedition: sickness decimated his crews and stretched him upon a bed of suffering. He found the Spaniards warned of his approach, and disposed to oppose his progress. The little squadron which he commissioned to ascend the river Oronoco, in search of the gold-mine, was attacked by the Spaniards of the town of St. Thomas; in retaliation, the English captured and burned down the town. Raleigh's son was killed, the crews mutinied, and the expedition returned without gold and almost without soldiers. Sir Walter, distracted



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



with grief and anger, violently reproached Captain Kemys who commanded the detachment; his old friend, in despair, killed himself. Other captains abandoned the unfortunate leader. The sailors were in revolt; those who remained urged Sir Walter to return to former methods, and to overrun the sea and the coasts with them, in order to seize and pillage the Spanish ships and settlements. Raleigh resisted, not without some efforts and relapses. Finally he set sail for England. When he landed in the month of June, 1618, he learned that a warrant of arrest had been issued against him. Spain had complained of the capture of St. Thomas. The governor, who had been killed, was a relative of Gondomar, the ambassador in England; the latter had raised the cry of piracy, and made threats of the royal vengeance. The moment was fatal to Raleigh. James was negotiating for the marriage of his son with the Infanta, Donna Anna, daughter of Philip III. He was resolved to please Spain at any price. Raleigh was soon lodged in the Tower once more. "The guilty man is in our hands," wrote Buckingham to Gondomar, "and we have seized his ships; if it please the king your lord, his Majesty will punctually fulfil his engagements, by sending the criminals to suffer their punishment in Spain, unless he should find it more satisfactory and exemplary that the chastisement should be inflicted upon them in England." Philip III. deigned to intrust this business to King James.

Raleigh was still under the weight of the old sentence of death pronounced against him fifteen years previously, without which it would have been difficult to convict him this time of a crime involving capital punishment. "Your recent offences have awakened the justice of his Majesty," declared the great judge Montague; "may God have mercy on your soul!" Weak and ill as he was, Raleigh defended

himself with as much skill as coolness. He asked for a short delay, in order to put his affairs in order. "Not," he said, "that I desire to gain a minute of existence. Old, sick, and dishonored, and approaching my end, life has become wearisome to me." It was, indeed, the expression of supreme weariness in this man, who had always loved life more than he had dreaded death, even according to the statements of his enemies. The respite was refused. Lady Raleigh, on going to say farewell to her husband, announced to him that she had obtained the favor of receiving his body after the execution. The frightful punishment of traitors had been commuted. Raleigh was to be beheaded. "Well done, Bess," he said, smiling; "it is fortunate that you will be able to dispose in death of a husband whom you have not always had when alive at your disposal." He had cast aside, by an effort of his powerful will, all the ambitious projects, all the wild, romantic, adventurous ideas, which were crowding into his brain. The grandeur of his soul, often obscured during his lifetime by many faults and even vices, freed itself from clouds at the hour of death. On the 29th of October he was calm, grave, devout. He received the sacrament before walking to the scaffold, erected at Westminster. An immense crowd surrounded it. He addressed the people, and made a long speech, protesting his innocence. The morning was cold. It was proposed to the condemned man that he should warm himself for an instant before the fatal moment. "No," said Raleigh, "it is the day of my ague; if I were to tremble presently, my enemies will say I quake for fear. It were better to have done with it." He knelt, uttering aloud a beautiful prayer. He touched the axe. "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," he said, and he laid his head upon the block. The executioner delayed. "What do you fear?" exclaimed Raleigh; "strike." His



EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.



THE NOVEL PETITION-BEARER



head fell immediately. The great soldier, the illustrious sailor, the statesman, the man of letters, the incomparable adventurer, was not yet sixty-seven years of age. King James had truckled to Spain, and had added yet one more stain to his name.

One of the judges most eager for the ruin of Raleigh was already threatened in his exalted seat. At the beginning of 1621 the king was compelled to convoke a Parliament, to obtain the subsidies which he needed. His son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, called by the Protestant party to the throne of Bohemia, had imprudently accepted that offer without measuring the opposition which would be raised against him by the Catholics of the Empire. He was now in danger of being driven from Bohemia, and deprived at the same time of his hereditary states. The Lower Palatinate had been attacked by the Catholic armies. James hesitated, lamented, cursed the ambition of his son-in-law, which had brought this matter upon his hands; but he had already sent a small army corps to the assistance of the Elector, and promised larger reinforcements. Parliament alone could place him in a position to keep his promises.

Parliament had no objection to this war, popular in England as a Protestant crusade; but it desired to set a price upon its liberality, and demanded that prosecution should be made of several persons enjoying monopolies, who had shamefully abused their disgraceful privileges. From Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Mitchell, they soon came to the Attorney-General, Sir Henry Yelverton, and from him to one of the judges of the Court of Prerogatives, and to the Bishop of Llandaff, convicted of having sold or bought justice. The vengeance of the Commons aimed even higher still: the Chancellor Bacon had said that corruption was the vice of the time. He had been himself deeply tainted with it, and was

to bear a signal punishment for his offences. On the 21st of March, 1621, the Parliamentary commission intrusted with the inquiry into abuses in the matter of justice accused the Lord Chancellor, Viscount of St. Alban's, upon twenty-two personal counts, at the same time reproaching him with his connivance at offences of the same nature among his subordinates.

Bacon had hitherto resolutely denied the charges which the public voice made against him; but the blow was too bold and the accusations too plainly specified for him to be able longer to resist the evidence. His eloquence, the marvellous resources of his mind, the brilliancy of his genius, all failed him with the loss of the court favor. He felt himself abandoned by the king, who had never had any liking for him, even Bacon's servility not being able to veil his intellectual superiority. The Duke of Buckingham coveted his offices for some of his own dependants. The great chancellor fell ill; he took to his bed, and asked for time to prepare his defence. It was not a defence, but a complete confession which he caused to be presented on the 24th of April to the House of Lords. Being pressed with questions, he avowed successively all the shameful acts of which he was accused, palliating them as best he could, and asking mercy of his judges. "The poor gentleman," wrote a contemporary, "elevated formerly above pity, has now fallen below it; his tongue, which was the glory of his time for eloquence, is like a forsaken harp hung upon the willow, while the waters of affliction flow over upon the banks." The abasement was complete. The Lords had spared this great criminal the humiliation of appearing at their bar, but a deputation repaired to his residence to be certified of the authenticity of the writing and of the circumstantial confession. "It is my act, my hand, my heart. O, my lords, spare a broken reed!" sobbed the great philosopher, the brilliant genius, the profound thinker, who is still

one of the glories of England. Moral character was lacking to these intellectual gifts.

Bacon was condemned to lose all his offices, and to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds sterling, which was remitted by the king, for he was in no condition to discharge it. After two days' imprisonment in the Tower he was set at liberty, but it was forbidden him during his lifetime to approach the court, to sit in Parliament, or to serve his country in any capacity whatsoever.

No punishment could be more bitter to Bacon. Shut up in his country-seat, he revised his former works, his *Essays*, his *Novum Organum*, or New Philosophy, his two books on the *Progress of Science*. He caused them to be translated into Latin; he even wrote a *History of Henry VII.*; but his heart was still at court and in public life. He only asked to reappear upon that scene from which he had been so ignominiously expelled, and harassed with his petitions the king, Prince Charles, and the Duke of Buckingham. None gave ear to him, none replied to him; his temper became embittered, his health gave way, and this great man, fallen so low, died, at the age of sixty-five, in 1626, five years after his disgrace.

The affairs of the Elector Palatine, the new King of Bohemia, went from bad to worse. The five thousand Englishmen sent by King James, ill-paid and poorly commanded, had rendered little service. The embassies with which he importuned all the powers interested were able to exert no influence. The throne of Bohemia, as well as the hereditary states of Prince Frederick, had been taken from him, and, driven from Germany, he had been compelled to take refuge at the Hague with his wife and children, there to live upon a pension allowed him by the Dutch; but his father-in-law, King James, had conceived a project which would, he thought,

at least re-establish his son-in-law in the Palatinate. He counted in this affair upon the influence of Spain.

In spite of the national opposition to a Catholic marriage for the heir to the throne, in spite of the recent petitions of Parliament to this effect, King James, who had moreover quarrelled with the House of Commons, and had caused several of its members to be arrested, continued his negotiations with Philip IV. for the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta, Donna Maria. For nearly twenty years the King of England had, in common with Spain, dreamed of this alliance, which he at length regarded as on the point of being realized. The scheme had been proposed more than once in the shape of a union between Prince Henry with the Infanta Anne; the prince had died, and the Infanta had married the King of France. The King of Spain, Philip III., had at first appeared favorable to the marriage, but on his death-bed he had recommended his son Philip IV. to make his sister an empress by uniting her to her cousin the Emperor Ferdinand. King James did not know of the last wish of the dying king, and he hoped to find the new Spanish sovereign more accommodating than his father. After endless negotiations, and journeys to and fro, after Catholic pretensions on the part of Spain, and displays of pecuniary avidity on that of King James, that threatened to break off everything, an almost complete understanding had been arrived at in the month of January, 1623: the Infanta was to be undisturbed in the free exercise of her religion; the English Catholics were to enjoy a practical, if not a legal, toleration; the manner of payment of the dowry of two millions of crowns was settled, the dispensation from Rome was expected, and it was planned to celebrate the marriage by proxy through the ambassador forty days after the arrival of that important document. Everything appeared propi-

tious. Lord Digby, Earl of Bristol, ambassador at Madrid, wrote to the king: "I do not wish to inspire by uncertain reasons a vain hope in your Majesty, but I can inform you that the court of Spain openly manifests its intention of giving you real and prompt satisfaction. If this is not really their design, they are more false than all the devils in hell, for they could not make more protestations of sincerity nor more ardent vows."

The Spaniards could scarcely, however, be absolved from the disgrace of double-dealing in this affair; for notwithstanding appearances, the two negotiations in favor of the Elector Palatine and the Prince of Wales did not make progress. The towns of the Palatinate, which still held out for their hereditary prince, were falling one after another into the hands of the Emperor without Spain intervening in any manner, and the dispensation from Rome did not arrive. A strange and chivalrous project suddenly arose in the mind of Prince Charles, suggested, it is said, by Buckingham, who had himself conceived it upon a proposal of the Duke Olivarez, first and all-powerful minister in Spain. Why not go himself to Madrid to conquer and bring back the Infanta? Why not put an end to this interminable negotiation by a stroke worthy of a prince and a lover? King James consented to the scheme after much hesitation, and even after tears. He had the matter at heart; his self-love was at stake. The prince set out secretly, accompanied by Buckingham.

The undertaking was hazardous, and appeared even more so than it was. When it was known in England that the prince had departed, and with what object, the excitement and anxiety were extreme. The public agitation communicated itself to the king. "Do you think," he said to his Keeper of the Seals, Bishop Williams, "that this knight-errant journey will succeed?" "Sire," said the bishop, "if

my Lord Marquis of Buckingham treat the Duke Olivarez with great consideration, remembering that he is the favorite in Spain, and if the Duke of Olivarez is very polite and careful towards my Lord Marquis of Buckingham, remembering that he is the favorite in England, the prince your son may pay his addresses happily to the Infanta; but if the duke and the marquis mutually forget what they both are, it will be very dangerous for the design of your Majesty. God will that neither one nor the other fall into that error!"

The far-seeing good sense of the bishop had not deceived him. The whims and the vanity of Buckingham encountering the Spanish haughtiness, were to be the rock to this frail bark. The undertaking had succeeded well: the prince and the favorite had traversed Paris and France under an incognito, which was penetrated on several occasions, and they had arrived safe and sound at Madrid on the 17th of March, 1623, "more gay than they had ever been in their lives." The chivalrous freak, with all its frankness and imprudence, had appeared for a moment to fascinate the Spaniards. "It only remains for us to throw the Infanta into his arms," Duke Olivarez exclaimed, and the prince, laying aside all mystery, had been sumptuously received at the court of Spain, admitted to the presence of the Infanta, and entertained with hopes of a speedy triumph. Appearances were soon to give way to reality. Months elapsed, the Prince of Wales and Buckingham were still at Madrid. The demands of Pope Gregory XV. became every day more exacting, and the situation more treacherous. The three sovereigns reciprocally demanded an act of respect for religious liberty, which at heart and on principle no one of them recognized or intended to grant. The King of England wished his son to marry a Catholic princess, while he himself, his son, and his people remained exclusively Protestant. The King of Spain desired that his

daughter and all the personal servants of his daughter should remain openly Catholics, while living in a Protestant family and among a Protestant people, and while himself strictly excluding all Protestants from his realm. The Pope claimed for the Catholics of England full liberty of conscience; while peremptorily refusing the same privilege to the Protestants throughout his own dominions, and while calling upon the King of England to return, together with his people, to the yoke of the sole and sovereign Church.*

So many conflicting and obstinate pretensions could not be reconciled. King James yielded as much as he could; he signed the articles which were demanded of him for toleration of the Catholics, publicly so far as public opinion in England grudgingly permitted; secretly in respect to that which concerned the influence to be exerted upon the Parliament on the subject of the penal laws. He even sent to his son and to Buckingham a blank signature, approving in advance of all that they might concede. Matters proceeded from bad to worse; the first surprise at the proceeding of the Prince of Wales had subsided. There was no longer any hope of seeing Charles become a Catholic. "I have come to Spain to seek a wife and not a religion," he said frankly. The views of the English and Spanish favorites had clashed upon several occasions. Buckingham, irritated at not having succeeded immediately in an undertaking which his foolish vanity had suggested to him, had, in reality, altered his mind, and no longer urged the completion of the project. Nothing had been broken off, but everything remained in suspense, and King James as well as England demanded the return of the Prince of Wales, who had now been absent more than six months. "I care neither for the marriage nor for aught

* M. Guizot, *Un Projet de Mariage royal.*

else, provided I fold you once more in my arms," wrote the king to his son and to his favorite. "God grant it! God grant it! God grant it! Amen! amen! amen!" A leave-taking, tender at least in appearance, took place between the royal persons. The two favorites were less friendly. "I remain forever," said Buckingham to Olivarez, "the servant of the King of Spain, the queen, the Infanta, and I will render to them all the good offices in my power. As to you, you have so often thwarted and disobliged me that I make you no declaration of friendship." "I accept your words," dryly replied the Count Duke. "If the prince had come here alone he would not have gone away alone," it was said in Madrid. He embarked at Santander on the 28th of September, and landed on the 5th of October at Portsmouth, amid the acclamations and transports of joy of all England. This time, Buckingham was of the same opinion as the people of England, and he henceforth exerted all his efforts towards preventing this marriage for which he had toiled so much, and which Spain at length appeared to seriously desire. In the month of January, 1624, the Earl of Bristol was recalled from Spain, where he had loyally served the king his master, and had made himself a mortal enemy in the Duke of Buckingham. The sumptuous preparations for the nuptials were suspended. The Infanta renounced the title of Princess of Wales, which she already bore, and war with Spain became imminent. King James, who detested war, and who had striven so many years for a union with Spain, was greatly dejected. "War," he said, "will not restore the Palatinate to my son-in-law." The Protestant enthusiasm of England and the ill-humor of Buckingham, helped on by the tardiness and the demands of the Pope and of Spain, had triumphed. Parliament, reluctantly convoked in 1624, immediately offered large subsidies, and the rigorous laws against the Catholics,

suspended for a moment, were applied with more severity than ever. Alliances began to be formed against the House of Austria in Germany and in Spain. France, Savoy, Denmark, Sweden, united with England and Holland, which latter country had already resumed the war against her perpetual enemies. The object desired was now nothing less than completely to free the Low Countries from the presence of the Spaniards, and to retake the Palatinate. The English troops, placed under the orders of Prince Maurice of Nassau, had been defeated, and the prince had just died at the Hague. The Count of Mansfeldt, the great free-lance of those days, came to seek in England the reinforcements which had been promised to him. The soldiers were inexperienced, the quarters unhealthy; before arriving at the frontiers of the Palatinate half the troops were unfit for service. The Elector Palatine had not yet come very near the recovery of his domains.

While England was thus raising the standard of the Protestant war, King James was negotiating another Catholic marriage. He had long kept the court of Spain in suspense, pretending successively to seek for his two sons the hand of a French princess. When the affair evidently failed at Madrid, he turned again towards Paris. Cardinal Richelieu was more resolute, and his views were broader than those of Olivarez. "The marriage of the Princess Henrietta Maria with the King of England, and the league of the Protestant states under the protection of the King of France, were necessary to the greatness of France and to his own power."* He had formed the league against the House of Austria, and consolidated it by promising the sister of Louis XIII. to the Prince of Wales. A secret act, securing to the English

* M. Guizot, *Un Projet de Mariage royal.*

Catholics not only toleration, but more liberty and immunity, was signed on the 12th of December, 1624, by King James and the Prince of Wales. Preparations were already begun for receiving the French princess in London, when King James fell ill and died on the 6th of April, 1625, at the age of fifty-eight. He had been twenty-two years King of England. His foolish pretensions to absolute power, his religious tyranny, his bad and weak policy, had prepared the storm which was destined to burst upon the head of his son.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARLES I. AND HIS GOVERNMENT. 1625-1642.

KING JAMES I. had wearied his people, who had come at last to despise him. King Charles I. ascended the throne amidst popular enthusiasm. He was respected in advance, and his subjects were disposed to have confidence in him. Immediately upon his accession he convoked a Parliament, and when, on the 18th of June, 1625, the two Houses assembled at Westminster, the Parliament, as well as the king, was as yet ignorant of the profound hostility which separated a sovereign imbued with all the notions of absolute power which had been for half a century developing upon the Continent, and a people who, on their side, had made progress, and who now claimed to take a part in the affairs of the country and in their own government.

The struggle was not long in beginning. It was to the king that all the petitions and remonstrances of the House of Commons were addressed, but Parliament looked to everything and claimed to reform all abuses. The supplies necessary for carrying on the war against Spain were withheld during the examination of grievances. They had only been partially voted, when the king, young and impatient, wearied by delays and complaints, pronounced the dissolution of Parliament, and had recourse to a loan to procure himself money.

The loan succeeded ill, and the enterprise against Cadiz, which had rendered it necessary, having miscarried, the king found himself compelled to convoke another Parliament, which it was hoped would be found more docile; but at the court

of Charles, and in the closest intimacy with him, lived a man, the favorite of the son as well as of the father, to whom the English people attributed the differences in sentiment and opinion which separated them from their sovereign. The Commons arrived in London, resolved to overthrow Buckingham. The king protected him, and angrily rejected the accusations which were presented. Two of the commissioners intrusted with the impeachment — Sir John Eliot and Sir Dudley Digges — were placed in the Tower for insolent words. On the 15th of June, 1626, the second Parliament of the reign of Charles I. was dissolved like the first, and the monarch felt himself king.

He was resolved to govern alone, but he had no money. The war with Spain and Austria weighed heavily upon his finances. Buckingham, animated by personal spite against Cardinal Richelieu, involved his master in a struggle with France, in the name of the interests of threatened Protestantism. It was thought that the heart of the English people would be regained, and its purse everywhere opened on announcing an expedition for the deliverance of La Rochelle, which was besieged. This expedition Buckingham himself was to command.

But distrust was felt towards the favorite and his zeal for the Protestant cause. The new loan supplied little money; the tax called ship-money, imposed for the first time upon the ports and sea-side districts, produced fewer vessels, armed and equipped, than had been hoped for, and the expedition sent to the assistance of La Rochelle failed miserably. Buckingham, who had effected a descent upon the island of Ré, was not able to take possession of it. He lost many men, and returned to England after this sanguinary blow, more hated and more despised than ever. "All the known or possible resources of tyranny had been exhausted."* The king and

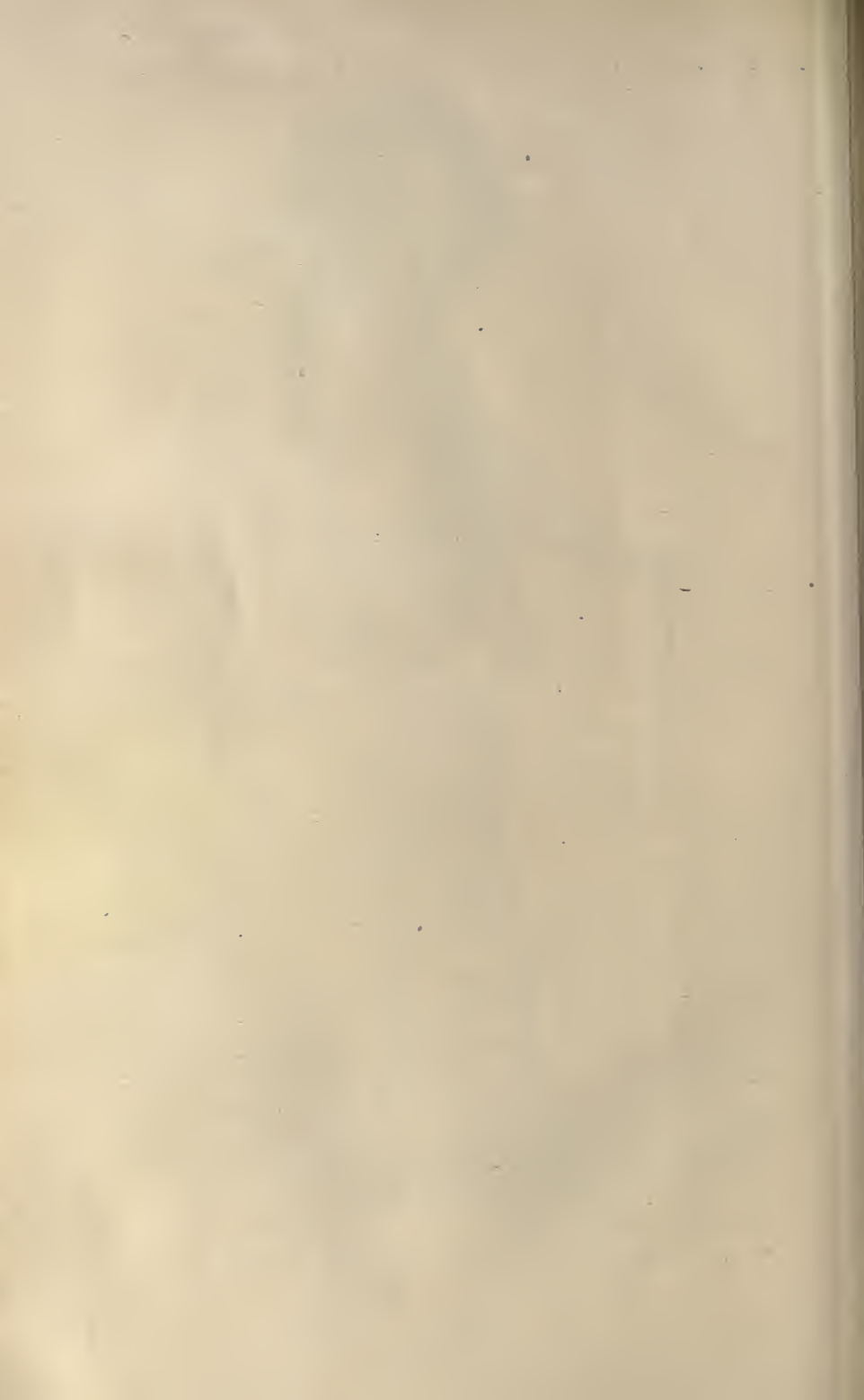
* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.



E. RONJAT

Handwritten signature

CHARLES I.



the favorite, haughty as they were, felt the necessity of becoming reconciled with the people. A new Parliament was convoked, and on the advice of Buckingham, as was everywhere announced.

This Parliament assembled on the 17th of March, 1628. There were numbered in it nearly all the men who, in their counties, had resisted the tyranny or exactions of the king. The language of Charles, on opening the session, was haughty and threatening. He had yielded, but he desired to raise himself in his own eyes as well as those of the world by an especially regal attitude. The Houses were not disturbed by his threats. They too were animated by a passionate and haughty resolve. Their purpose was openly to proclaim their liberties and have them recognized by the Government. The aged Coke, young Wentworth, destined shortly to serve the interests of absolute power under the name of Lord Strafford, Denzil Hollis, Pym, and many others, of different manners and different sentiments, but united in the same patriotic desire, were at the head of the Parliamentary coalition. Less than two months after its assembling, on the 8th of May, 1628, the House of Commons had voted the famous political declaration known under the name of the *Petition of Right*. After some hesitation, the Upper House accepted it also. The petition was immediately presented to the king, who, after struggling in vain for several weeks, ultimately promised his assent.

It was one of the misfortunes of Charles I., perhaps his greatest misfortune, to be unable to admit that a monarch owed to his subjects, however refractory, truth and fidelity. He evaded replying to the *Petition of Right*, contenting himself with protesting his attachment to *Magna Charta*, and he forbade the House to meddle in future with state affairs.

The exasperation was great. Charles and Buckingham

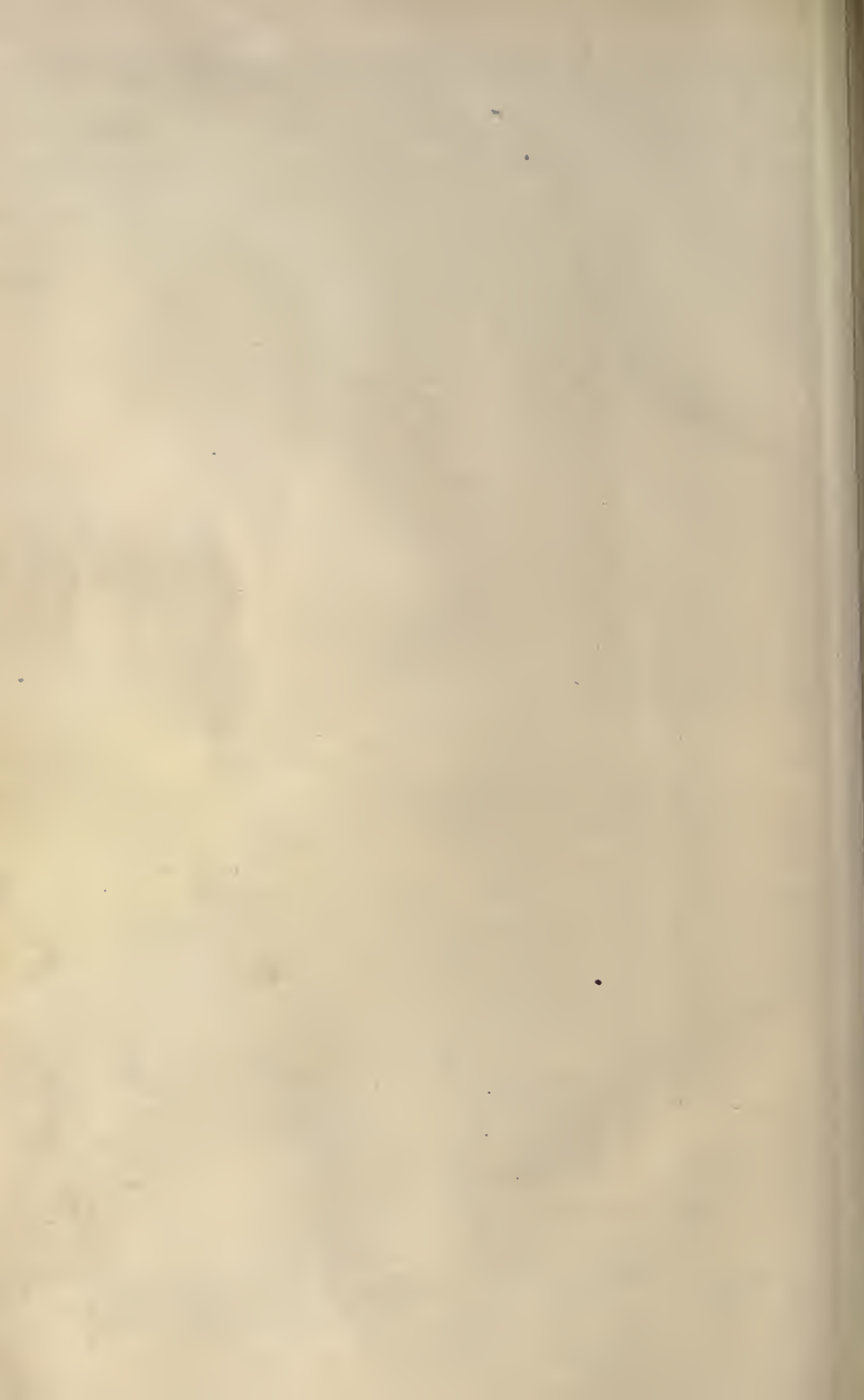
took alarm; they yielded. This Parliament, which had but lately been thought of no use but to vote subsidies, was already treated with upon a footing of equality; the Petition of Right was again presented to the king, and he replied with the usual formula, always uttered in French: *Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*. But the abuses were not reformed; it became a question of applying principles. The king collected the customs dues without the authority of Parliament. The conflict recommenced; the king wished to gain some respite without dissolving the Parliament. He prorogued the Houses until the month of January, 1629. Before that period, on the 23d of August, 1628, the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by a disaffected officer named Felton, and in the hat of the latter was found some writing which recalled to mind the recent remonstrance of the House. The king, indignant and disconsolate, returned noiselessly into the path of despotism which he had, for a moment, appeared to forsake. He had lost a favorite odious to the Parliament; he detached from the coalition of the Commons one of its boldest and most esteemed chiefs. Sir Thomas Wentworth, soon afterwards Lord Strafford, entered the council of the king, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends. When the House again assembled, on the 20th of January, 1629, it learned that the evasive reply of the king to the Petition of Right had alone been affixed at the bottom of the petition. The printer had received orders to modify the legal text in this manner. The commissioners of the Commons, intrusted to verify the matter, did not mention it,* as though ashamed to disclose such a breach of faith; but their silence did not promise oblivion.

All the attacks against still subsisting abuses recommenced. The king, on his part, endeavored to secure the concession of

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.



ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.



the customs dues, which he claimed to obtain in advance and for all the duration of his reign, like the majority of his predecessors. The Commons remained immovable, the voting of subsidies being the sole efficacious weapon which remained to them wherewith to fight against absolute power. The king spoke of proroguing the Houses again. The Commons caused their doors to be closed in order to deliberate without restraint. As preparations were being made to open them by force, the Council were apprised that the members had retired, after having voted that the collecting of the customs duties was illegal, and that those who should raise them, or who should merely consent to pay them, were traitors to the country. On the 16th of March, 1629, the Parliament was dissolved. A few days afterwards the king published a declaration, which ended in these terms: "It is spread abroad, with evil design, that a Parliament will soon be assembled. His Majesty has well proved that he had no aversion to Parliaments, but their last excesses have determined him against his wish to change his conduct. He will in future account it presumption for any to prescribe a time to him for convoking a new Parliament."

The king was about to endeavor to govern alone, after having attempted in vain to govern with his Parliament.

The English people did not rise in revolt. They were exasperated and distrustful, their attention was occupied with the prosecutions which everywhere awaited the leaders of the parliamentary resistance; but there was nowhere any popular outbreak. At the beginning of his exercise of absolute power, Charles I. met no obstacle on the part of his subjects. It was his friends who soon caused embarrassment to his government. The capricious frivolity of Queen Henrietta Maria, her attachment to favorites ambitious and frivolous as herself, the court intrigues, and the division which was be-

coming greater and greater between these persons absorbed in pleasure and the nation, serious; zealous, passionately devoted to the affairs of this world and to those of eternal life,—such were the first obstacles encountered by King Charles and the two ministers to whom he had given his confidence, Lord Wentworth and Bishop Laud.

In forsaking the national party, to which he belonged rather through his hatred to Buckingham than from any fixed principles, Wentworth had embraced the royal cause with all his heart. “With an intellect too great to confine itself to domestic intrigues, and a pride too tyrannical to bow to the rules of court life, he gave himself up enthusiastically to business, braving all rivalry and breaking down all resistance, ardent in extending and strengthening the royal authority, which had become his own, but assiduous at the same time in re-establishing order, in repressing abuses, in subjugating private interests which he deemed illegitimate, in serving the general interests which he did not fear.”* Laud, a friend of Wentworth, who was soon appointed archbishop of Canterbury, had, with passions less worldly and with sincere piety, carried to the Council the same dispositions and the same designs. He had less mental ability than his colleague, and “pursued incessantly, with an activity indefatigable but narrow, violent, and harsh, whatever fixed idea dominated him, with all the transport of passion and the authority of duty.”*

Such counsellors would necessarily before long enter into contention with the court. Strafford (to give him the title under which he is known in history, although he did not yet bear it) went over to Ireland, where he re-established order in the country and in the finances, so that this kingdom, but lately a source of great expenditure, furnished, on the contrary, revenues to the king. Laud was commissioner of the treasury,

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

and endeavored to apply the same rules in England; but the queen's prodigality, the somewhat disdainful generosity of the king, who readily granted pensions, and the sumptuous life of the court, exhausted the resources of the arbitrary but regular government of the two ministers. The central power was weak and inefficient, the foreign policy ill-directed, and the King of England was held in but little respect upon the Continent. The Barbary Corsairs ventured into the British Channel, and as far as St. George's Channel, landing, pillaging the houses along the coast, and making prisoners. The merchant navy in vain asked for protection; the royal fleet was unarmed and ill equipped. Everywhere money was wanted; recourse was had to ever-increasing exactions. Strafford had convoked the Irish Parliament, and had succeeded in chaining it at his feet like a docile slave. The king forbade him to assemble it again, for both he and the queen dreaded the very name of Parliament. There, as elsewhere, the able, skilful, and foreseeing minister suffered under the yoke of ignorant incompetence. Monopolies reappeared, affecting the trade in all the necessaries of life: justice was sold, and everything furnished matter for litigation, out of which there was no escape but in the payment of money. Absolutism continued without strength, while its contemptible tyranny and administrative abuses weighed upon all classes of the nation. The county gentlemen especially were always a mark for the rigors of authority, and saw grow up beside them, in every village, a new power. Laud had enrolled the Anglican Church in the service of his king; thus bringing to him a faithful and numerous militia. Charles, sincerely devout and an ardent Protestant, notwithstanding the weaknesses charged against him with regard to the Catholics, had the utmost confidence in this army which came to his assistance. The alliance between the king and the Church soon became close and irrevocable.

It was the Puritans, as the dissenting sects were then called, who bore the burden of this alliance. Laud insisted upon establishing everywhere an absolute conformity in rights and ceremonies, modifying them without scruple in a Roman Catholic direction. In all cases where the conscience of the Anglican ministers opposed these innovations they were dismissed from their livings. The churches which they went forth to found in France, Holland, and Germany, did not even secure to them the liberty of their faith. Laud claimed to extend his jurisdiction upon the Continent, and pursued them with his tyranny even on the foreign soil where they sought to find a home.

The numerous refugees who had been driven from their country by religious persecution, and who had obtained permission for the free exercise of their national worship in England, now found this permission recalled. Absolute conformity with the Anglican rite was required by the Archbishop, supported by the royal power. Imprisonment and exile overtook the delinquents on all hands.

The anger and terror of the English people were becoming great. The Reformation had been, in England, of a twofold character. Interested and worldly on the part of the king and the great noblemen, it had been earnest, sincere, profound, among the nation properly so called, and it had always leaned to the side of the Puritans. The novelties introduced by Laud into the forms of worship troubled minds and consciences alike. The Catholics rejoiced, and the Pope thought himself justified in offering to the Archbishop a cardinal's hat; but Laud wished only to secure the supremacy of the Anglican Church and of the bishops in the Anglican Church. When he caused the office of high treasurer to be given to Juxon, Bishop of London, Laud exclaimed in the excess of his joy, "Now that the Church subsists and supports itself unassisted,

all is consummated; I can no more." He had done enough, for he had brought the Anglican Church to the brink of destruction, and had prepared for it the most serious disasters.

For some time discontent had been increasing among all classes of society. The weakness and incapacity of the general government, notwithstanding the efforts of Strafford and Laud, the pecuniary exactions and religious tyranny, threatened and exasperated all; numerous emigrations had begun; men passionately attached to their faith went to seek upon the Continent, and soon even in America, that liberty of worship which had been denied them in their own country. Obscure and unknown sectaries had been the first to adopt the refuge of exile; by degrees men of more importance followed their example. When an order of the royal council forbade emigration, a ship anchored in the Thames already had on board the future heroes of the revolution of England, about to expatriate themselves in order to escape an odious government. It was the king's own hand which retained in England Pym, Haslerig, Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell.

The popular indignation did not yet burst forth, but it began to be heard in suppressed tones; the assemblages of nonconformists increased everywhere under different names. The Independents, or Brownists, were the most numerous of those who separated themselves openly from the Anglican Church, and all the vigilance of Laud did not suffice to disperse these believers, nor his severity to punish them. Numerous pamphlets of a daring and vigorous kind circulated among the people. They were eagerly bought, and the rigors of the Star Chamber did not succeed in arresting the smugglers who brought them from Holland, and the peddlers who spread them throughout the country. It was resolved to make a great example: a lawyer, a clergyman, and a physician — Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick — were arrested at the

same time, and, after an iniquitous trial, were condemned to the pillory, to lose their ears, to pay an enormous fine, and to be imprisoned for life.

The populace of London thronged around the pillory, when the three prisoners, pale and bleeding, were placed there. Their courage had not faltered for a moment, and their sufferings served their cause better than all their writings. A pamphleteer by profession, John Lilburne, condemned to a punishment of the same kind, received at the hands of the nation the same impassioned, albeit still silent sympathy. The whole country was moved, but it awaited a chief who should give the signal of legal resistance — a name around which the scattered forces might range themselves. It was John Hampden who had the honor to be this chief.

Hampden was a man of wealth, a serious and high-minded person. He lived quietly in Buckinghamshire, esteemed and honored by all. He was known to be adverse to the government, but not violently so, and when, in 1636, the king was desirous of collecting ship-money, which was illegal without the authorization of Parliament, Hampden was rated at twenty shillings only. He refused to pay, determining to bring the question before the courts. The trial was conducted with moderation on the part of the accused as well as on that of the prosecution and judges; there was no disrespect towards the royal government, there was no violence towards Hampden; but justice was not in the proceeding, and Hampden was condemned. The court congratulated themselves upon the decision which gave sanction to arbitrary power. They did not foresee that the name of Hampden was about to serve as a rallying-point to all discontents and all intrigues. The party of resistance was beginning to form in England.

The outburst came sooner and with more violence in Scotland. King James had succeeded in founding Episcopacy there against

the wish and notwithstanding the traditional habits of a population ardently attached to the Presbyterian system; but the new bishops had been prudent and had attempted nothing, either against the clergy whom the people loved, or against the forms of worship to which they were accustomed. Charles I. and Laud were more bold. By degrees the bishops began to assert themselves; secure of being acknowledged and supported, they had become imbued with the doctrine of the divine right of Episcopacy, and had taken their place in political councils. The Archbishop of St. Andrews was chancellor of Scotland, the Bishop of Ross was about to become treasurer, nine bishops sat in the privy council. On the 23d of July, 1637, the Anglican liturgy was suddenly put in force in the cathedral at Edinburgh.

When the astonished people heard these accents, foreign to their ears and regarded by them as an approach to Popery, a profound and spontaneous emotion took possession of the whole assembly. An old woman threw her foot-stool at the head of the officiating clergyman; a popular tumult sprang up in the streets. Repression did not calm the excitement. From Edinburgh it spread into all the counties of Scotland. Every day the privy council, the municipal council, were besieged by a crowd, numerous, earnest, and ardent; by gentlemen, farmers, townsmen, artisans, peasants, who complained of the innovations introduced into their worship. Upon being ordered to retire, they gave way without violence, but the petitioners came back in greater numbers on the morrow. Everywhere resistance was organized, and when a royal order came finally, prohibiting any assemblage under pain of treason, following in the steps of the herald who read the royal proclamation, the Lords Hume and Lindsay, both peers of the realm, posted on the walls a protest which they had signed in the name of their fellow-citizens. The same thing was done in all places in which the

king's proclamation was made public. Six weeks after the imprudent and arbitrary act of Charles, all Scotland was confederated under a solemn pledge called the "Covenant," at once a profession of religious faith, and a national protest against the new liturgy which the Government sought to impose upon them. The king and Laud had roused the whole Scottish nation to rebellion.

Charles was both astonished and indignant. Imbued with all the Continental principles respecting royal dignity and authority, he looked upon resistance as a crime of the lower classes, and marvelled to see the noblemen and gentlemen united in the same feeling to serve the same cause. He resolved immediately to have recourse to force in order to chastise the rebels, but he required time to raise an army. The Marquis of Hamilton, dispatched into Scotland to negotiate with the Covenanters, promised all that was desired, and authorized the assembling of a General Synod, wherein all controverted questions might be discussed. The assembly met at Glasgow; but the Scots, distrusting with good cause so much condescension, soon perceived that Hamilton sought only to delay matters. At the moment when the Synod was ready to accuse the bishops, the marquis suddenly pronounced its dissolution. At the same time it was learned that war was imminent, and that a body of troops raised in Ireland by Strafford would shortly disembark in Scotland. The king was preparing to chastise his rebellious subjects. Hamilton returned precipitately to London, while the Synod, without being disturbed at its dissolution, continued to deliberate, and abolished Episcopacy.

The Scottish Covenanters did not confine themselves to words, however serious and impassioned. They raised troops. The Scots who were serving upon the Continent, and one of their best officers, Alexander Lesley, formerly in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, were enjoined to return and defend their country.

The Scottish people addressed to the English, their brothers, a declaration intended to expound to them their grievances. Before the common beliefs and sentiments which now united the two peoples, the old national hatred between England and Scotland disappeared. When the king arrived at York with all his court, and his general, the Earl of Essex, entered Scotland, the two armies communicated with each other fraternally. The soldiers were more disposed to embrace than to fight. The royal troops did not begin the struggle. Lord Holland, who commanded the first corps, fell back without fighting. Negotiations were soon resorted to, and peace was concluded at Berwick on the 18th of June, 1639, without the firing of a shot. The disbanding of the two armies was resolved upon, as well as the convocation of a Synod and a Scottish Parliament; but the treaty did not affect the root of the difficulties, and the situation remained the same. It was a suspension of hostilities, not a peace.

Both parties felt this. The Scots disbanded their troops, but retained the officers. Charles summoned Lord Strafford from Ireland to his assistance; this was equivalent to announcing that he refused in advance all conciliation. "It is necessary," said the earl, "to bring back all these people to their senses with the lash." The conditions of peace with the Scots, ill-defined and scarcely reduced to writing, gave occasion to interminable discussions. The Parliament and the Synod assembled at Edinburgh raised every day fresh pretensions. War was resolved upon in the royal council, but a pretext was necessary. A letter, written by the Scottish chiefs to Louis XIII., with this simple address, *To the King*, fell into the hands of Strafford. The support of a foreign monarch was invoked. Charles I., indignant himself, thought that his indignation would be shared by all his people. He needed money wherewith to fight against the Scots; his coffers were empty, and he had

exhausted every means, legal or otherwise, of obtaining resources. With a sudden resolution he convoked Parliament.

Great was the astonishment in England. Time had calmed the public excitement. The king, in his own person, had governed ill, but people remembered the impediments which the last Parliament had placed in the way of the royal administration; they desired more prudence and moderation in the newly-elected members. The former leaders of the liberal party re-entered the House; but they found themselves surrounded by a group of sensible, moderate men, resolved to abolish abuses without violence, and without insult. They desired neither to alienate the king nor to disturb the peace of the country. Charles himself was animated by the same spirit towards the Parliament which he had been compelled to summon.

The power of circumstances easily triumphs over good intentions. Upon the reading of the letter of the Scots to the King of France the House remained cold; and thus the weapon upon which the king had reckoned failed him completely. Charles had decided for war, and demanded supplies, but the House was resolved that the public grievances should be redressed before the voting of the taxes. Negotiations were of no avail; the king began to grow angry; the Parliament was still calm, urging forward their discussion, but without departing from their pacific resolutions. At length the king caused the House to be informed that if they would vote twelve subsidies, payable in three years, he would abandon the system of demanding ship-money without the approbation of Parliament. The sum was enormous, they became alarmed and angry, but the House would not break with the king. They were about to proceed to the voting of some subsidies without fixing the amounts, when Sir Henry Vane, a favorite of Queen Henrietta Maria, who had been raised against the wish of Strafford to the post

of Secretary of State, rose in his seat, and announced that, without adopting the entire message, the vote was useless; for the king would not accept a reduction of his demands. The anger and amazement of the Commons were at their height, when, on the morrow, at the moment of opening the sitting, the king caused them to be summoned to the Upper House, and announced the dissolution of Parliament; it was on the 5th of May, 1640; the Houses had assembled on the 13th of April.

Strafford had succeeded better than his master; he had obtained from the Irish Parliament all that he had asked, and the voluntary subscriptions which he instigated brought to the royal treasury nearly three hundred thousand pounds sterling. Vexations of all kinds resumed their course; the policy was to get money at all hazards. Strafford impelled the king towards despotism; it was necessary either to conquer or die. Twice the earl fell seriously ill; but he raised himself from his bed when scarcely recovered, and set out with the king for the army of Scotland, which he was to command.

The Scots did not wait for his arrival. They entered England, and defeated at Newburne the first English army which they encountered. It was an easy matter; the war was still less popular among the English people than it was with Parliament, and the secret dealings which existed between the Scottish generals and the chiefs of the malcontents in England were repeated among the soldiers. When Strafford assumed the command of the army, he found it undisciplined and disaffected. The two camps confronting each other were in reality animated by the same feelings as well as by the same beliefs. An action took place upon the banks of the Tyne, insignificant in itself, but the Scots crossed the river, and Strafford was compelled to fall back upon York, leaving the enemy masters of the north of England. The royal ardor had been

vanquished by the popular ardor. All the authority and enthusiasm of the general could not make the soldiers fight against those whom they called their brothers, and Charles even had gone so far as to feel a dread of the energy of Strafford's policy. The negotiations between the two armies continued without regard to the king, notwithstanding the protestations of loyalty of the Scots. With the cry of *peace* began to be associated the word *Parliament*.

The king dreaded Parliaments. He endeavored to escape from the dilemma by convoking at York the great council of the peers of the realm, a feudal assembly, fallen into disuse for four centuries past. The peers had not yet assembled when two petitions, one from the City of London and the other signed by twelve of the most powerful noblemen, formally demanded the convocation of a real Parliament. The king no longer resisted. The great council of the peers appointed a commission who were to negotiate with the Scots. As a preliminary, it was decided that the two armies should remain on foot, both to be paid by the king. It was found necessary to provide for this expense by a loan, and the signatures of the sixteen commissioners were added to that of the king to guarantee the objects for which it was to be raised. Charles departed for London, weary and sad. The whole of England was ardently engaged in the elections, of which the importance was felt. Everywhere the candidates of the court were rejected. The assembling of the new Parliament was fixed for the 3d of November, a fatal date, it was said, for Laud. The Parliament assembled upon the same day under Henry VIII. had begun by overthrowing Wolsey, and had ended with the destruction of the abbeyes. Laud refused to alter the date of the convocation. He was, like his master, weary of the struggle, and he abandoned himself, without further resistance, to the chances of a future as yet veiled in obscurity.

The session opened, and scarcely had the king quitted Westminster when his friends—few in number among the Commons—were compelled to realize that the public wrath was even greater than had been foreseen. The dissolution of the last Parliament had made the cup overflow. Charles, imbued with the haughty idea of absolute power, had desired to govern alone. In principle Parliament did not claim the sovereignty, but the Commons felt their strength, and were resolved to exert it. The monarch was foredoomed to defeat.

The session began with a long and complete enumeration of grievances. Tyrannical misdeeds were numerous, and all were brought to light. Monopolies, ship-money, arbitrary arrests, venality of justice, the bishops' exactions, the Star-Chamber proceedings, nothing was spared. Before considering the redress of wrongs, it was voted that complaints were legitimate; they rained down from all quarters, and more than forty committees spent their days in receiving the petitions which came from the counties. Everywhere were drawn up lists of "delinquents," a name given to the agents of the crown who had taken part in the execution of the measures reprobated. Without any definite action being taken against these numerous offenders, they found themselves suddenly in danger of being summoned before the House, and condemned to a fine, imprisonment, or confiscation. All the king's servants were thus placed at the mercy of their enemies. Once inscribed upon the list of "delinquents," no man could enjoy an instant's repose.

The explosion of the new power was sudden and terrible. Strafford had foreseen it. He begged the king to excuse him from appearing before the Parliament. "I cannot," Charles answered him, "do without your counsels here. As truly as I am King of England, you incur no danger; they shall not touch a hair of your head." Strafford was not reassured. He

set out, however, bold as usual, and resolved to strike the first blow. He was not allowed time to do so: on the 9th of November he arrived in London ill; on the 11th, upon the motion of Pym, the House of Commons charged him with high-treason. "The least delay may ruin all," the latter said. "If the earl has communication but once with the king, the Parliament will be dissolved; besides, the House are not judges, but only accusers." At this moment Strafford arrived at the House of Lords, but his impeachment had preceded him. The door was closed; the earl caused it to be opened to him, and he was entering the House when his colleagues called out to him to withdraw. He stopped, looked round him, and obeyed after a few minutes' hesitation. Being recalled an hour afterwards, he was enjoined to kneel down at the bar. There he learned that the House had admitted the impeachment of the Commons. On the same evening he was conducted to the Tower, whither Laud was conveyed not many days afterwards.

Some other important personages were accused with Strafford; but it was upon the latter that vengeance concentrated itself. Scotland and Ireland united with England to overwhelm him with the proofs of his arbitrary rule. For nothing less than this league of three nations against the imprisoned minister could satisfy the feeling of hatred and apprehension among the people.

The House of Commons was henceforth master of the Government; commissioners taken from its midst alone had the right of administering the supplies which it voted, and the loans which it decreed in its own name. Political reforms, important and radical, succeeded each other almost without discussion, upon a simple exposition of grievances. The exceptional tribunals were all abolished, a law was passed requiring triennial Parliaments. If the king should fail in this duty, twelve peers of the kingdom assembled at Westminster were empowered to

summon the Houses without his concurrence. Parliament could not be dissolved or adjourned without the approbation of the two Houses, at least for fifty days after its assembling. The king accepted the bill with ill-humor; but he attempted no resistance. He hoped, and he had some reason to hope, for divisions among his enemies.

Upon political questions there was agreement. Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Stapleton, moderate leaders of the Commons, were followed by Cromwell and Henry Martyn, more violent, but as yet obscure. The divergences of feeling were made manifest when the discussion turned upon matters of religion. The question of Episcopacy, passionately attacked by the numerous Presbyterians in the House, was not yet settled, and in the nation opinions were as various and conflicting as in the House. The friends of the king advised him to attach himself to the more moderate of the political chiefs, and to take advantage of the religious differences which were at work in the party. Secret negotiations were opened; but at the same time, through the intervention of the queen, Charles was receiving the proposals of a certain number of officers of the army, dissatisfied with the favor which Parliament manifested towards the Scots. Various schemes, all menacing for the House, were discussed without much result and without the proposal of any practicable measures. The king listened to all, and often accorded his approbation. He even consented to affix the initials of his name to the petition which the army was to lay before the Houses. This petition was never presented; but the chiefs of the popular party were apprised of it, and without a word, not even breaking off their negotiations with the king, they came to the decision to unite with the fanatical Presbyterians, and to ruin Strafford. The trial of the earl began.

The Commons of England were the prosecutors, supported by commissioners from Scotland and Ireland. Eighty peers

were present as judges. The bishops were absent against their wish, yielding to the desire of the Commons. The king and queen were there, "in a closed gallery,* eager to see all, but concealing, the one his anguish, the other her curiosity." The crowd of spectators was immense.

The accused arrived without suffering any insult from the multitude. "As he passed, his frame prematurely bowed by illness, but with the proud and brilliant look that had distinguished his youth, the crowd gave way, all raised their hats, and he bowed courteously, looking upon this attitude of the people as of good augury." He was full of hope, not at all doubting the happy issue of his trial. He was soon undeceived.

For seventeen days he sustained his cause without aid against thirteen accusers. The most odious impediments embarrassed his defence; but the earl manifested neither bitterness nor anger.† He simply claimed his right, thanking his judges if they consented to recognize it, forbearing from complaint if they refused, and replying to his enemies, angered by the delay arising from his skilful resistance, "It is as much my business, I think, to defend my life, as for any other to attack it." The Commons trembled with rage, for Strafford was gaining the ascendancy. The examination into the facts cleared the earl from the charge of high-treason. The text of the law, and the steadfast ability of the accused, had triumphed over all the obstacles opposed to the defence. Sir Arthur Haslerig proposed to declare Strafford guilty by Act of Parliament, and to condemn him by a bill of attainder. This proceeding was more violent and arbitrary than most of the acts with which Strafford had been so loudly reproached; but passion easily blinds even the most sincere. The bill, resting upon certain notes of Strafford delivered

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.*

† *Ibid.*

by the son of Sir Henry Vane, at once obtained a first reading. This time, Strafford was accused of having advised the king to employ the army of Ireland for the subjugation of England. "Some thought they sacrificed law to justice; others, justice to necessity."*

The trial meanwhile continued. Before his counsel began to speak to the question of law, Strafford himself summed up his defence with admirable eloquence. "My Lords," he said, in conclusion, "your ancestors have carefully bound with the chains of our statute law these terrible accusations of high-treason; do not be ambitious of being more learned in the art of killing than our forefathers. Let us not awaken those sleeping lions to our destruction, by raking up a few musty records that have lain by the walls so many ages forgotten or neglected. I have troubled you, my Lords, longer than I should have done; were it not for the interest of those pledges that a saint in heaven left me" — at these words he stopped, burst into tears, but immediately raising his head, continued — "I would not give myself so much trouble to defend this body already falling into decay, and burdened with so many infirmities, that of a truth I have little pleasure in bearing the burden of it any longer;" here he stopped, as if in search of an idea. "My Lords," he resumed, "you will pardon my infirmity of weeping. I should have added, but am not able, therefore let it pass. And so, my Lords, even so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment, and whether that judgment be of life or death, *Te Deum laudamus.*"

Compassion and admiration had moved the most implacable enemies of the earl. Pym, in agitation, sought in vain for the paper upon which he had written his reply. None gave ear to him, and the prosecuting officer hastened to con-

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.*

clude his speech, vexed and confused by his involuntary emotion.

It was necessary at all cost to have done with an enemy so able, and even when a prisoner, so powerful by the mere force of his courage and eloquence. The second reading of the bill of attainder was hastened on; the most able and distinguished lawyers contended against it; the infuriated Commons sought to prevent the Lords from listening to Strafford's counsel. The Lords resisted, and heard the pleadings, but the Lower House were not present, and, four days later, on the 21st of April, 1641, the bill was definitively passed. Fifty-nine members alone voted against it.

The king was most unhappy and anxious. He had himself exposed Strafford to this danger. "Be assured," he wrote to him, "upon my word as a king, that you shall suffer nothing, either in your life, or your fortune, or your honor." Negotiations and conspiracies were tried by turns, or together. Attempts were made to mollify the chiefs of the Commons, or to obtain in the House of Lords a majority in favor of the earl. Enormous offers were made to the Governor of the Tower, Sir William Balfour, to allow the prisoner's escape. All attempts failed in the presence of official fidelity and popular passion. The king at length caused the two Houses to be summoned, and, admitting the faults of the earl, and promising that he would never employ him again, even in the humblest office, he at the same time declared to them also that no reason, nor any threat, would ever make him consent to his death.

Charles presumed too much upon his own courage. He did not yet know how skilful and bold was the hatred of the Commons for Strafford. Popular violence was added to the Parliamentary prosecution. The Upper House, before which the bill of attainder had been brought, was besieged

daily by a furious multitude, crying, "Justice! justice!" The Lords were insulted and were summoned to declare themselves, Pym had held in reserve what he knew of the plot of the court and the officers to excite the army against the Parliament; he now made it public. Some of the accused who had received warning fled, and terror spread in the House as well as among the people. It was decreed that all ports should be closed, and that all letters coming from abroad should be examined. Calling to mind the conspiracy of Guy Fawkes, some circulated a rumor that the Houses were undermined, and the people hastened thither to ascertain or to share the danger. Meanwhile the two Houses united themselves by an oath for the defence of the Protestant religion and of the public liberties. An attempt was even made to impose the same pledge upon all the citizens. In vain the Lords strove against the rising tide; they endeavored to modify the bill of attainder. This the Commons refused; they were resolved to obtain their complete vengeance. The Upper House yielded; thirty-four of the Lords who had been present at the trial absented themselves; twenty-six voted for the bill, fourteen against it; nothing was now wanting but the acquiescence of the king.

Charles still resisted. His affection and his honor were equally shocked. Hollis, brother-in-law of Strafford, advised the king to go himself and present to the Houses the petition of the earl, asking a respite. He promised to induce his friends in the House to be content with banishment; but the queen beset her husband with her apprehensions. She did not like Strafford; she was terrified by the riots; she wished to fly, to embark, to return to France. The king listened to her, troubled and undecided. He convoked the privy council, then the bishops. Juxon alone advised him to follow his conscience; all the others persisted that

Charles should sacrifice an individual to a throne, his conscience as a man to his conscience as a king. The Earl of Essex had said shortly before: "The king is obliged to conform both in regard to his person and his conscience to the advice and conscience of the Parliament." His servants were repeating to him under another form this harsh truth, when Charles received a letter from Strafford himself. "Sir," wrote the earl, "with much sadness I am come to a resolution of that which I take to be best becoming me, and to look upon it as that which is most principal in itself, which doubtless is the prosperity of your sacred person and the commonwealth,—things infinitely before any man's private interest. And therefore in few words, as I put myself wholly upon the honor and justice of my peers, so clearly as to wish your Majesty might please to have spared that declaration of yours on Saturday last, and entirely to have left me to their lordships; so now, to set your Majesty's conscience at liberty, I do most humbly beseech your Majesty to remove this unfortunate thing forth of the way towards that blessed agreement which God I trust shall ever establish between you and your subjects. Sir, my consent shall more acquit you herein to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing man there is no injury done, and as by God's grace I forgive all the world with a calmness and meekness of infinite contentment to my dislodging soul, so, Sir, to you I can give the life of this world with all the cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favors; and only beg, that, in your goodness, you would vouchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son and his three sisters less or more, and no otherwise than as their (in present) unfortunate father may hereafter appear more or less guilty of this death."

On the morrow Strafford learned in his prison that the

king had given his assent to the fatal bill. He did not reply, but raising his hands towards heaven, he softly repeated this passage of the Psalm: "Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."

This was on the 10th of May. On the morrow, the 11th, the Prince of Wales presented himself before Parliament with a letter from the king ending with these words: "If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday." Without taking heed of this last and miserable effort of Charles in favor of his great servant, the House appointed the morrow for the execution.

Strafford came forth on foot from his prison, walking before his guards as though he were marching at the head of his army. He had declined the coach offered him by the Governor of the Tower, who feared the violence of the people. "No, Master Lieutenant," he said, "I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too. I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner or by the madness and fury of the people. If that may give them better content, it is all one to me." Passing under the window of Laud's prison, he stopped. The old archbishop, informed on the previous evening of what was about to happen, stretched out his arms to bless the condemned man; but, agitated and enfeebled, he swooned and fell. "Farewell, my lord," said Strafford, as he went away, "God protect your innocence." He knelt upon the scaffold; then, rising, he addressed the immense crowd which surrounded him. "I wish," he said, "to this kingdom all the prosperity on earth: alive, I have always done so; dying, it is my only wish. But I implore each of those who listen to me to consider earnestly, with his hand upon his heart, whether the beginning of the reformation of a kingdom should be written in characters of blood. Think of it in returning to your homes. God forbid that the least drop of my

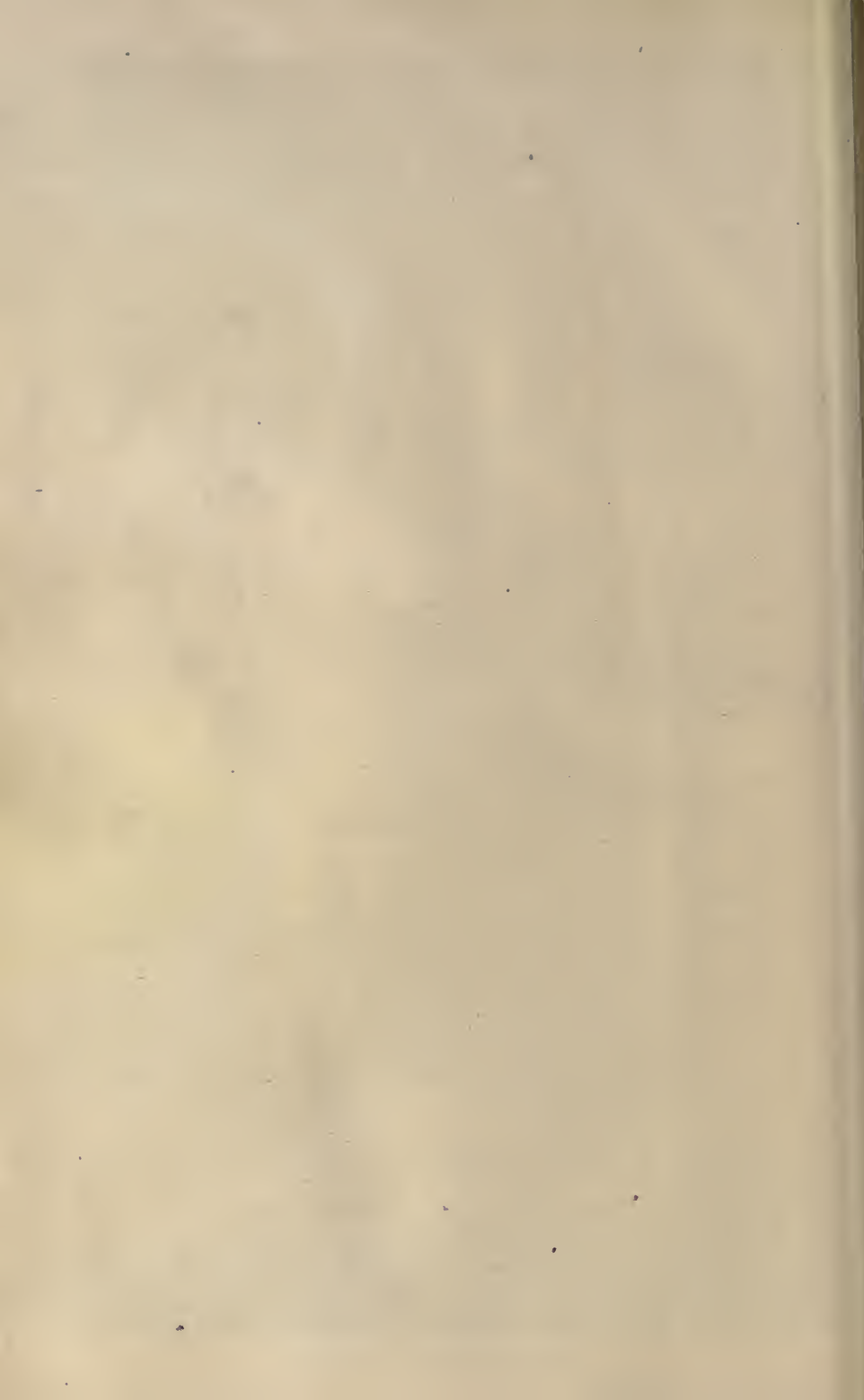
blood fall upon any of you! But I fear that you are in a bad way." He knelt again, then shook hands with the friends who accompanied him. "I have nigh done," he said; "one stroke will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, and my poor servants masterless. But let God be to them all in all." He prepared himself to receive the fatal blow. "I thank God," he continued, "I am no more afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragement arising from any fears, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." He called to the executioner, and himself gave the signal.

"God save the king!" exclaimed the executioner, as he held up the head to the people. Shouts of triumph answered him; but some were silent, and many people returned to their houses sad, uneasy, and almost doubting the justice of the act which they had so ardently desired.

The feeble policy of the king had missed its mark, as such a policy always does. Strafford's death had not removed the obstacle in the way of a reconciliation between the king and his subjects. In accepting the bill which struck down the most illustrious of his servants, Charles had at the same time, and almost without observing it, sanctioned a bill which prohibited any dissolution of Parliament without the consent of both Houses. But harmony, far from being re-established, became every day less possible between the king and the people. The power which the Commons had wrested piece by piece from the sovereign seemed to impel them more and more towards tyranny. The political reform was accomplished, but the religious reform remained to be effected. Notwithstanding the moral enfeeblement of the Anglican Church it retained its position. It was henceforth against this object that were directed the confused and often contradictory efforts of many of the leaders of the Commons and of the people; but on the



STRATFORD GOING TO EXECUTION.



religious question their unanimity was not so complete as on the political, and the bold innovators were uneasy in the very midst of their success.

Charles suddenly announced his intention of visiting Scotland, where his presence had, he said, become necessary for the execution of the treaty of peace. At the same time the queen prepared to make a journey to the Continent. The House took alarm; they dreaded the king's passing through the army, which was being disbanded and was known to be disaffected; they feared the secret manœuvres of the queen among the absolute sovereigns. They asked Charles to delay his departure; they implored the queen to remain in England: both consented. The disbanding of the army was in vain hurried on by promising the soldiers the arrears of their pay. Money was borrowed, plate was melted down to suffice for this enormous expenditure. The work was not completed when the king at length set out on the 10th of August. On the 27th the House adjourned, and a committee, with Hampden at its head, was sent to Scotland to remain with the king, in order to watch over the interests of Parliament.

The measure was prudent and effective. Charles passed through the English and Scottish armies without daring to stay long; but his attempts to influence the officers had meanwhile engaged the attention of Lord Holland, who was intrusted with the disbandment. He wrote on this matter with uneasiness to the Earl of Essex in London. On arriving in Edinburgh the king accorded to the Scottish Parliament and Church all the religious and political concessions which they asked. He attended the Presbyterian worship with a pious gravity which touched the Scots. He appeared to have again taken into favor and confidence that early kingdom of his fathers, which had once risen as one man against the tyranny that attempted to interfere with its faith. The chiefs of the

Covenanters themselves were received with eager kindness. Distrustful people in Scotland, anxious lookers-on in England, in vain endeavored to penetrate the mystery of this conduct.

Suddenly it became known that the two most influential of the great lords in the Scottish Parliament, Hamilton and Argyll, had left Edinburgh with their friends, and had retired into the country to escape the danger of arrest. The king loudly complained of the conjectures which were in circulation; the Parliament ordered an inquiry. The proceedings were in secret; the committee declared, without any particulars, that there was no claim on the side of the king for any reparation nor ground for any alarm on the part of the fugitives. The latter resumed their seats in the Parliament, and the public knew nothing of what had happened.

Nothing was known, but the object of the king's journey into Scotland had failed. It had been his expectation to collect upon the spot such proofs of the correspondence of the English malcontents with the Covenanter chiefs of Scotland that the judges could not help declaring guilty of high-treason those leaders of the Commons who had, by their intrigues, caused the invasion of their country. He intended to hurl against them the accusation which Strafford had not had time to prepare. The hopes of the king were sustained by his correspondence with a young and impetuous nobleman, the Earl of Montrose, formerly attached to the Covenant, but who had now given himself up body and soul to the royal cause. In Scotland the king had found Montrose in prison, suspected by Argyll; but the prison bolts were drawn now and then. Montrose had come by night to see Charles; he had led the king to be suspicious of Hamilton and Argyll, asserting that their papers would furnish the desired proofs. The arrest of the two noblemen was agreed upon, when the latter frustrated the scheme by publicly quitting the Parliament and the city. Far from

ridding himself of his enemies, Charles was compelled to load them with favors: Hamilton was made a duke, Argyll a marquis, Lesley, the general of the Scottish troops, became Earl of Leven. But appearances did not deceive Hampden; he knew all, and informed his London friends of the facts. The recess of Parliament was nearly at an end.

Great was the terror among the Parliamentary leaders when they received proof of the vindictive rancor of the king. They consulted with one another anxiously upon the course to be pursued. The Scottish Parliament had wisely suppressed the affair. The English Parliament could not make use of it to agitate the people. Ireland undertook this task.

On the 1st of November, 1641, it was suddenly reported that a great insurrection had broken out in Ireland, threatening the most imminent danger to the Protestant religion and the Protestants of the country. The Catholics had everywhere risen, chiefs and people, claiming the liberty of their faith, vaunting the name of the queen and even of the king, setting up a commission signed, it was said, by the latter, and announcing the design of delivering Ireland and the throne from the tyranny of the English Puritans. On the very day before the conspiracy was to break out it had been accidentally discovered and quelled in Dublin. Throughout the country it had met with no obstacle. Murders, fires, horrible and nameless crimes, it is said, were rife throughout Ireland. Everywhere the Protestants were massacred without resistance. The Government, disarmed by hatred of Strafford and the crown, found itself powerless in the presence of a half savage people eager to avenge in one day centuries of outrage and misery. The Earl of Leicester, appointed viceroy in the place of Strafford, had not yet arrived. Against so terrible a storm the English Government had in Ireland only two judges, men of no ability, of

no credit, whose Presbyterian zeal alone had caused them to be invested with that difficult employment.

England uttered a prolonged cry of terror and rage; every Protestant considered himself attacked in common with his Irish brethren. The king, who had no knowledge of the insurrection, hastened to communicate to Parliament the information which had reached him in Scotland, placing the affair in the hands of the Commons and intrusting them with the repression, partly to rid himself of all complicity, partly to avoid in the eyes of his Catholic subjects, whom he had not encouraged, but whom he was in no hurry to restrain, the responsibility for the severities to which they might be compelled to submit.

The leaders of the Commons were not much more eager than the king to stamp out the Irish insurrection. It furnished them with the popular agitation and general uneasiness of which they stood in need in order to continue their work. They had eagerly seized upon the power which the king offered them; but their efforts against the Irish insurgents were more ostentatious than sincere, and more noisy than efficacious. The Protestants of Ireland were left in the hands of their enemies. All speeches and all acts were directed towards England; the moment for striking the great blow had come.

Shortly after the opening of the session, in the month of November, 1640, a committee was chosen to prepare, together with an exposition of grievances, a solemn remonstrance to the king; but political reforms had been so rapid, and the king had so completely given way before the growing power of Parliament, that most of the grievances had in reality disappeared, when, on the morrow of the Irish insurrection, amid the popular excitement, the committee received orders to resume and complete its work without delay. The remonstrance but lately intended for the king became a sombre exposition

addressed to the people, going over all past evils, and all which yet subsisted, the king's misdeeds, the virtues of Parliament, and the dangers which faith and liberty incurred so long as the nation was not unreservedly devoted to the House of Commons, the only power capable of saving them from Popery, the bishops, and the king.

So much violence, without fresh prettexts or any direct or apparent aim, raised numerous murmurs. The ever-growing pretensions of Parliament began to create, even in its midst, a party of resistance, favorable, in a certain measure, to the threatened royal power. The popular chiefs sought to quiet the distrust and exasperation, asserting that they only wished to intimidate the court and to thwart its intrigues, and that, the remonstrance being once adopted, it should not be promulgated. They asked for the vote towards the end of a sitting, at the moment when the House, being fatigued, was about to separate. Lord Falkland, Hyde, Colepepper—the friends of the king as they were called—desired that the question should be postponed till the morrow. “Why,” said Cromwell to Falkland, “do you so greatly desire this delay?” “Because it is too late to-day, and sure it will take some debate.” “A very sorry debate,” replied Cromwell tranquilly. On the morrow the discussion began; sides were taken. For the first time two national parties were arrayed against each other. It was no longer the court and the country; the nation itself was divided, and both sides found support in public interests and opinions. There were discussions; there was vehement speaking. Hour after hour passed by; the sitting had opened at three o'clock; it was now midnight. Members in feeble health or advanced in years had all retired. “This,” said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, “will be the verdict of a starved jury.” When the vote

was taken, a hundred and fifty-nine members adopted the remonstrance, a hundred and forty-eight rejected it.

The result had scarcely been announced when Hampden rose and demanded that the remonstrance should be printed. "We said so," it was exclaimed on the other side: "you wish to take from the Lords their legitimate share of authority; you desire to walk alone and arouse the people to insurrection." "I protest, I protest!" exclaimed Mr. Palmer, and his friends followed his example. Protests were usual in the House of Lords; they were not so in the Lower House. Indignation was felt at this new proceeding, and the disturbance increased; several members had their hands upon their swords. Hampden addressed the House, deploring this sad disorder, and proposing to adjourn the discussion to the morrow. This was agreed to. "Well," said Lord Falkland to Cromwell, on leaving, "has it been debated?" "I will take your word another time," replied Cromwell, and he added in a lower tone: "If the remonstrance had been rejected, I would have sold all I have the next morning, and never would have seen England more, and I know there are many honest men of the same resolution." The printing of the remonstrance was voted on the morrow without disturbance, almost without discussion, by a majority of twenty-three. To publish it they only awaited the return of the king, to whom it must first be presented.

He arrived and was magnificently received by the city of London, the new lord-mayor, Richard Gurney, being devoted to him. Already confiding in the movement which manifested itself in his favor, he at once allowed his new hopes to be revealed by withdrawing from the Commons the guard which the Earl of Essex had given to them for their safety in his absence.

The remonstrance was immediately presented to Charles:

he listened patiently to the reading of it. "Doth the House intend to publish this declaration?" he asked. "We are not authorized to answer the questions of your Majesty." "Well, then," continued his Majesty, "I suppose you do not expect a present answer to so long a petition; I will send it to you as soon as the importance of the affair will allow." The leaders of the Commons did not wait for the royal answer before proposing to the Houses what were no longer reforms, but innovations. A bill relating to the impressment of soldiers, another to the militia, a third excluding the clergy, of whatever grade they might be, from all civil offices, were presented and adopted in a few days by the Lower House. The remonstrance was published on the 14th of December. The popular ardor corresponded with the new attitude, from day to day more impassioned, of the leaders of the opposition.* The aspect of affairs was undergoing a change; to a unanimous national movement succeeded the strife of parties; to reform, revolution. Parliament asked to have their guard back again; but the multitude which thronged around Westminster, the committees formed in all places for the defence of liberty and the faith, represented a militia more formidable than any soldiery, on the watch to proclaim with loud outcries the common danger.

The king did not stand alone against this bold and persevering effort of the popular reformers. Among the most esteemed members of the House of Commons who had fought against tyranny, a certain number, and these of the best, had been brought back to the crown by the dread of innovations and excesses. Charles resolved to secure the attachment of the chiefs of this growing royalist party — Mr. Hyde, Sir John Colepepper, and Lord Falkland. The latter did not please him; on his part, Lord Falkland had little

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

esteem for the king, and a great effort of his friends was necessary in order to induce him to enter publicly into the royal service. He allowed himself to be overcome by the solicitations of Charles himself, constrained, as it were, by necessity; but when he accepted the office of Secretary of State, it was with a profound sense of discouragement and as the victim* of a devotion without affection and without hope. The three friends undertook the difficult task of directing the king's affairs in the House, and the latter promised to attempt nothing without their advice.

Charles could no more keep his word with his friends than with his enemies. He drew courage from the adhesion of the gentlemen attached by tradition to the throne, who arrived with clamor from their counties to offer to the king their service. Every day struggles took place in the streets, and particularly around Westminster, between the partisans of the king, the "Cavaliers" as they were called, and the "Round-heads," a name which the Cavaliers themselves gave to the citizens on account of the contrast which the short hair of the Puritans presented to the long curls of the courtiers. The bill for the exclusion of the bishops, still in suspension in the Upper House, was the special cause of outbreaks. The bishops every day ran risk of their lives in attending the session, and they were obliged on leaving to shelter themselves in the carriages of some popular noblemen. The House of Commons made no reply to the complaints of the Lords against the disturbance excited at its doors. "We need all our friends," said the leaders; "God forbid that we should prevent the people obtaining thereby that which they are right in desiring." At the same time the Commons decreed, that as the king persisted in refusing their guard, each of the members was entitled to bring an armed servant and to

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.*

keep him at the door. Blood was shed incessantly around Westminster Palace.

The bishops adopted their course, a course strange and somewhat frivolous in so grave a situation: they resolved to absent themselves, protesting in advance against all bills which might be adopted during their absence, as not invested with the assent of the necessary members of Parliament. This declaration, signed by twelve bishops, being communicated to the king, was approved by him; he seized it as a pretext which would one day permit him to annul the acts of this indomitable Parliament against which he was struggling without success. He did not speak of the matter to his new councillors; but, on the same day, the Keeper of the Great Seal carried, by his orders, the protest of the bishops to the Upper House, who sent it immediately to the Commons.

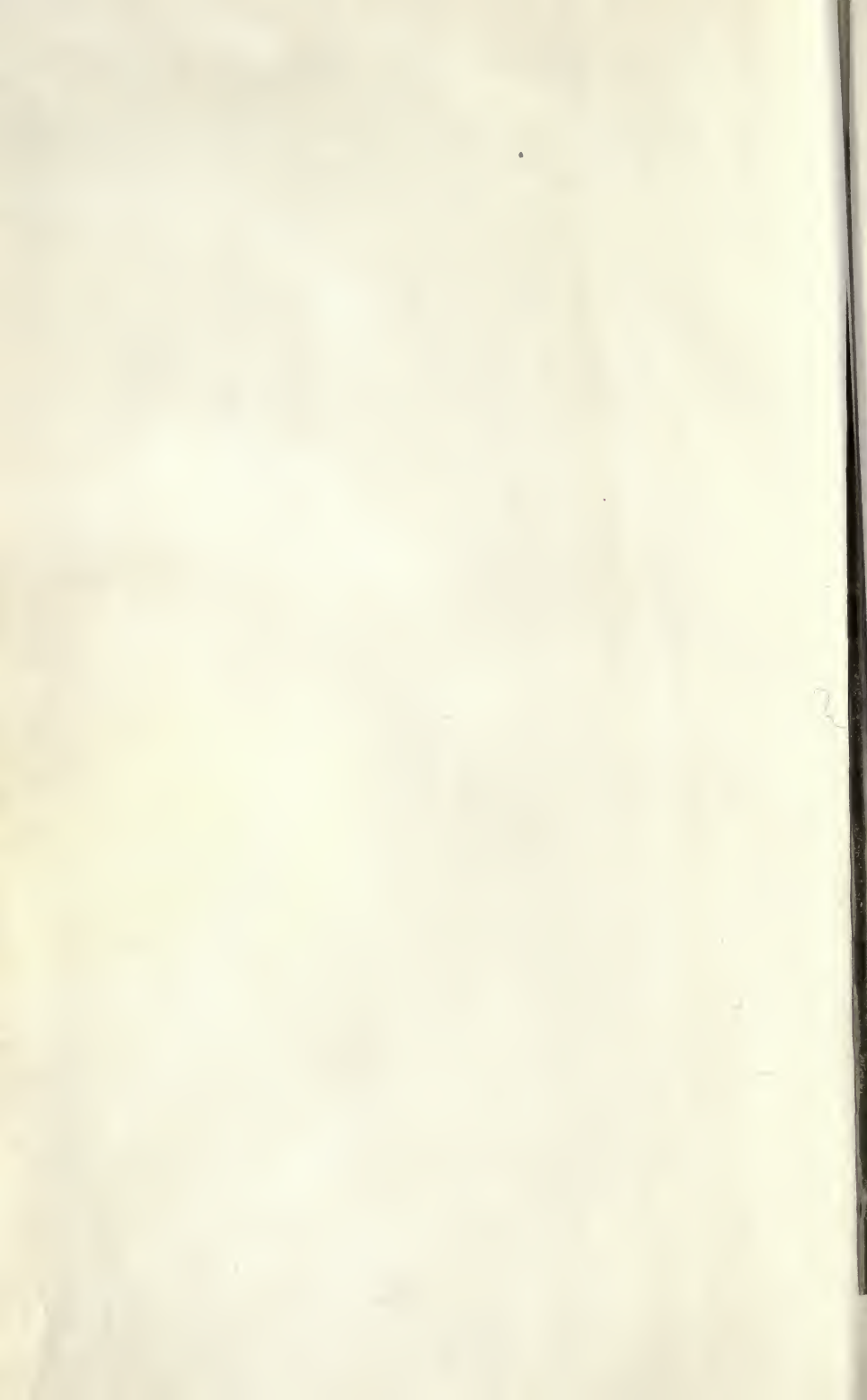
The surprise of the Lords and the anger of the Commons were great, and the popular leaders were able immediately to find therein a new weapon. The impeachment of the bishops was suddenly proposed and resolved upon; they had assumed to determine the fate of Parliament itself, and to destroy it by absenting themselves from its sessions; they were conducted to the Tower, upon the vote of the Upper House, which received the indictment of the Commons. The point was urged further. The king had taken the government of the Tower from Sir William Balfour, to intrust it to a Cavalier, Sir Thomas Lunsford, a man of ill repute and very violent. The appointment of a new governor was demanded. Lord Digby, formerly animated with a patriotic zeal, but now become the most intimate confidant of the king, was denounced for having said that the Parliament was not free. The Commons again claimed their right to have a guard.

Charles did not lose his temper at so many proofs of growing distrust; he named as governor 'of the Tower, Sir John Byron, a man esteemed by all, and to the request of the House he replied: "We do engage to you solemnly on the word of a king, that the security of all and every one of you from violence is and ever shall be as much our care as the preservation of ourselves and our children;" but he refused the guard. The House caused the militia of London to be mustered, and bodies of troops were posted in different parts of the city.

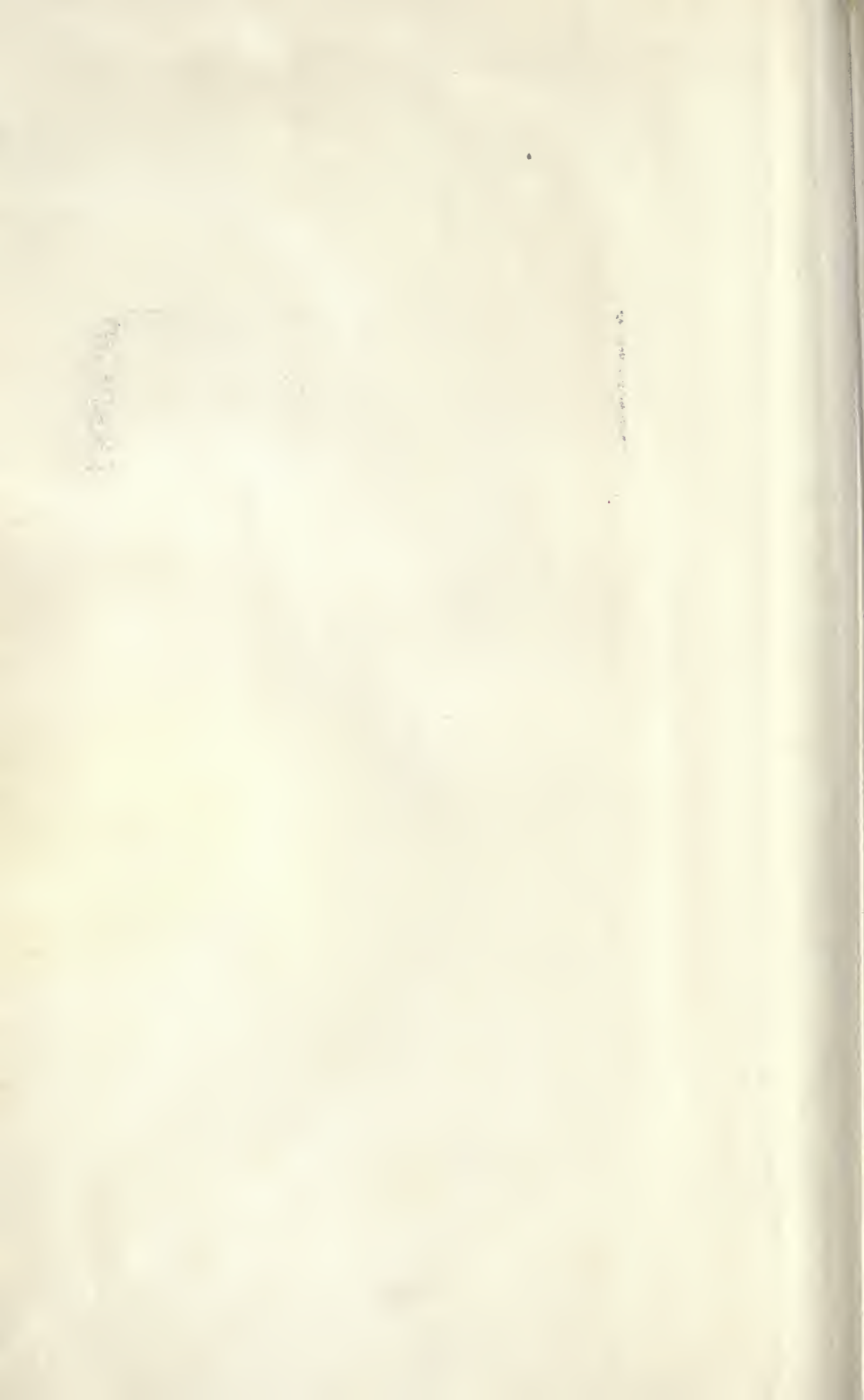
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